

# Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

"EXCELSIOR."

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## The Republican.

## Original Poetry.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

### The Daughter of the Regiment.

The gallant National Guards of New York have a fair orphan protegee, familiarly designated the "Daughter of the Regiment." Her father was a brave man, and served with distinction in the Mexican war, but for some unknown cause was led to commit suicide shortly after his return home. He left an orphan child, a bright promising little daughter, who is the subject of the following poem. She was alone in the world—friendless and forsaken—the Regiment of her father adopted her; and thus she became "a child of the Regiment." And that Regiment the New York "National Guards." Two thousand dollars a year are appropriated by the Regiment for the orphan's support. What is not expended in her education is duly put away in investment as a dowry for their daughter. She is now sixteen, beautiful, rich, and accomplished, looks upon her gallant benefactors with pride and affection, and is beloved by them in return.

Not when the gallant Seventh stood  
On Mexico's fields bedewed with blood;  
Not there "Ten Hundred" bold and brave,  
Who found—some glory—some the grave.

Not when the Eldorado sweeps,  
Nor where the inland willow weeps,  
By strong De Ulla's stony walls,  
Nor yet in Montezuma's halls,

Found you the magic pen of fame,  
Which on the scroll inscribed your name,  
And hid you free and seen—  
But brighter grew as years roll by.

'T was when your gallant comrades died,  
And you received his Orphan Child,  
Your name became as nectar sweet—  
The measure of your fame complete.

No pride nor pomp of doubtful war,  
Nor victories won in climes afar,  
Can equal in succeeding years,  
The hour you doted the orphan's tears.

No columned tower nor sculptured niche  
Can yield a lasting fame as rich,  
As that which in this tribute lies—  
The men who heard the orphan's cries.

Untried glory, let it rise!  
A monument to pierce the skies,  
Not bathed in gore—not stained with blood,  
But draped in God's own mantle—good!

Seek not on history's radiant page,  
A deed to equal thine own age—  
Great Marlborough falls! Napoleon dies!  
Still will the orphan's victory rise.

And in the lapse of future years,  
A Nation's best and holiest tears  
Will fall from eyes unshed to weep,  
That men in good, so soon must sleep.

When twilight drapes the Earth in gloom,  
Thy Daughter wandering to thy tomb,  
Shall weep above the well marked grave,  
That holds the ashes of the brave.

Hennings, Aug. 27th 1853. Jas. S. BRISLEN.

## Miscellaneous.

### The U. S. Brig Dolphin and the Captured Slaver.

The U. S. brig Dolphin arrived at New York on Monday, having on board Capt. Townsend, the commander of the Echo, as a prisoner. He will be kept in the custody of the frigate Sabine to await the requisition of Mr. Hamilton, the United States Marshal of South Carolina, who has the Echo in custody for adjustment. Captain Townsend is a native of Rhode Island, and has a wife and three children residing in Providence. He is about 33 years of age, and a man of superior address and education. He is tall and well formed, and has prepossessing features. He speaks freely upon the affairs of the voyage of the Echo, and states that he was driven to engage in the slave-trade because of ill success in voyages in legitimate commerce. After the Echo left New Orleans, he states that he called the crew aft and said to them that he proposed to go into the slave-trade, and promised them \$800 each if they would continue on the voyage. The Portuguese and Spaniards were probably aware of the nature of the voyage before it was projected. All the crew acceded to the proposition. Instead of proceeding to St. Thomas, for which port she had shipped, the Echo shaped her course for the Coast of Africa. When she reached Congo River she landed two Spaniards, the slave agents, who went to look for the cargo, and the Echo proceeded to an Island on the coast for water and fresh provisions. They were chased from the Island by a French brig-of-war, from which they escaped in the fog.

Returning thence to the coast, they took 470 slaves on board, 160 of whom died on the passage. Captain Townsend then gave up the command of the vessel to a Spaniard, and shipped as a passenger on the brig. This is the frequent ruse in the slave-trade to avoid the responsibility in case of capture. The Spanish captain having calculated the reckoning incorrectly, the brig ran ashore in the night at Abaco, in the Bahama Islands. Floating off at high water, she proceeded on her voyage, and at day-light passed Sagna Grande, when she discovered the Dolphin making toward her under British colors. She supposed the Dolphin to be a Spanish brig, which had hoisted British colors for a ruse, not supposing that there was any American vessel of war cruising among the West Indies, or if there was, that any American vessel would take a sufficient interest in the matter to interfere. When it became evident that the

Dolphin was gaining on her, the crew of the slaver knocked out the hedges from her masts, and sawed down and cast overboard her bulwarks, to increase her speed. At the same time the liquor casks were opened, and the excitement of the chase was heightened by the general intoxication of the crew. No less exciting was the scene on board the Dolphin, though the artificial stimuli were not resorted to there. The Dolphin's men were confident of a capture, and this confidence was increased when it became evident that they were rapidly gaining on the slaver. Already the negroes were observed on the deck of the Echo. After a chase of nearly nine hours the Dolphin fired two blank cartridges at the Echo to make her show her colors. This was not regarded, and Captain Maffi ordered a shot to be fired, which passed a few feet from her stern. The Echo then ran up American colors, and the Dolphin immediately hauled down the British flag and ran up the stars and stripes. The next shot fired passed between the mast of the slaver, and seeing that she was now entirely at the mercy of the Dolphin, the Echo then hauled down the American colors. Captain Maffi despatched Lieut. Bradford, two other officers, and about sixteen men aboard the slaver, who took possession of her. Captain Maffi himself subsequently visited the Echo. He states that although presenting a sad spectacle, the condition of the Echo and the slaves was much better than that of most slavers and cargoes. Captain Townsend states that they had been allowed extra rations to improve their appearance and enhance their value in market. They were the captives of warlike tribes brought to the Coast and placed in barracoons. While awaiting the arrival of the slave ship they were fed on roots and esculents, and scantily fed at that, and their close confinement was terrible. On the Echo, Captain Townsend states, they were fed on rice, beans, shivers of pork, a quart of water, and a small quantity of whiskey each day. Tobacco was also given them, and they were exceedingly fond of it.

Capt. Townsend is at no loss to find excuses for his act. He states that the slave-trade is humanity to the prisoners taken by the warlike tribes in Africa; that before they were sold to traders, they were put to death in cold blood, and that the captives in the Echo would prefer a life in a plantation to the suffering they endure at the hands of their enemies in the barracoons. He says that the horrors of the slave trade, as depicted by writers, are based upon the imagination, and are only true as regards the trade carried on by the Spanish and Portuguese.

### LETTER FROM THE EAST.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, July 20th, 1853.

Should I discover in the course of my rambles, a virgin spot untouched by Murray, I will send it to him with my initials, and ask at the hands of the publishers, the acknowledgment of a "Geographical Romance." In the mean time, sufficient interest attaches to personal experience of Eastern life, and the time-honored monuments of the Orient, to claim the monthly space you allow my letters in your valuable columns, as well as a share of your readers' attention. Alexander, where I have just landed the second time, is one of the most ancient, and at present, the most important City of Egypt. Alexandria, its founder, fresh from a seven months' siege of Tyre, found a Greek colony settled on its ancient site—Bacosis, and by his benevolent powers, discovered what is now being practically demonstrated, that this City is the Sea-port to all India. His Commissioner Diocretes, created a city with its ancient walls five miles in circumference, which the son of Philip inherited with his name, and thus sprung into existence this modern Pharos, inheriting at present but little of its former magnificence and splendor—at one time the Emporium of the East, the birth-place of learning and civilization, and the cradle of the fine arts and sciences. Its country's early monumental history is coeval with the arrival of Abraham and the reign of Joseph, and we know from the Moslem record what was the State of the world at that time. Its present population is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand, of which twenty-five thousand are Europeans, who are rapidly gaining numerical strength, and have converted a large square of the city (formerly occupied by a mongrel set of Arabs, Turks, Couls and Moors,) into handsome residences, occupied by the various Consuls, stores displaying every variety of merchandise, and two excellent hotels—"Hotel d'Europe" and the "Pensionnaire et Oriental Hotel." The ancient city had six hundred palaces and numerous other mansions, with its splendid Temple of Serapis, on its platform of one hundred steps. Here was also the great library of antiquity—the assembled souls of all that men called "great." The immense collection of manuscripts comprising the library, which amounted to seven hundred thousand volumes, heated for six months the four thousand bates of the city, by the barbarous decree of Omar. According to its Saracenic conqueror, Amrou, there were four thousand theatres, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetables, and forty thousand tributary Jews at the commencement

of the Christian era, where Mark first preached the gospel. There were also manufacturers of glass, linen and papyrus, this plant, with which the Egyptians so skillfully wrought their paper, is now unknown in Egypt, and the only streams that produce it are Anapus in Sicily, and a small stream two or three miles north of Joffa. It was here also that Cleopatra, the "Vanquisher of the Vanquishers of the world," held her orgies with her Italian Conquerors, Cesar and Antony, who dined, but too treacherously, with her charms. Cleopatra's needle is still standing, (faced with numberless hieroglyphics, and one of the first objects to be visited by the tourist,) the vestiges of her canal-project to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, (which Napoleon approved with his hundred Saravats,) are yet traceable. The pillar of Diocletian, known at present as Pompey's pillar, may still be seen—a stupendous monolith of polished Granite, a monument of buried Empires, a sentinel over a vast charnel-field of tombs and mummies. It has witnessed the decay of Egypt, (the basis of Empires,) the downfall of Greece and of Rome, on the soil where it still disputes with time the Empire of the past. A mile and a half from the city is Marabout, the scene of Napoleon's victory over the Mamelukes, Arabs, and Janizaries, who defended the city for a few hours, when the tri-color waved over the crumbling walls of Alexandria. The French fleet was utterly destroyed by Nelson, in the bay of Aboukir, a few miles north of the city. It was at the onset of his second battle with the Turks that "the little Corporal" remarked to his daring General Murat, "Go how it will, the battle to-morrow will decide the fate of the world." By a stroke of Murat's sword, Turkish General Mustafa Pasha was disabled, and brought before the victor, who said, "It has been your fate to lose this day, but I will take care to inform the Sultan the courage which you have contested it." Spare yourself the trouble," replied the laughing Pasha, "my master knows me better than thou." Here, also, the "man of destiny" became weary of the conqueror's laurels, and is said to have suffered from despondency, amid the awfully grand game of destiny his youthful hand was playing. The name of Napoleon Bonaparte to this day is respected everywhere in the East, and his check-mate at Acre, "the key of palestine," is apparently lost sight of in the admiration and fear with which he everywhere inspired the Turkish breast.

Alarming accounts of recent outrages reach us from the neighborhood of Suez. At Jeddah, the English Consul, the English Commercial Agent, and the French Consul, with twenty-three private Europeans, were butchered by the Arabs. The French flag was trampled in the dust, and the mangled body of the French Consul dragged through the streets. Active measures have been taken by Said Pasha, (the present Viceroy of Egypt,) to quell the insurrection. He has gone in person, at the head of five thousand soldiers, and by this energetic step has greatly quieted the fears of the Christians throughout the country. *Bismarck* or the *Male of Rheims*, the great feast of the Mohammedans, will exhaust to some extent the fanaticism of the Moslems, should no further cause of alarm exist, than the present rumors afloat, of a general slaughter of Christians throughout the country, actual danger may be considered at an end. One can scarcely move without an attendance of a score of donkey boys, who offer themselves and donkeys as carriers to "see up" the ancient remains of this city, at the rate of five or six pisters per day; and at every place we visit standards of poverty stare us in the face, and a clamorous appeal for *Buckshish* is set up by the miserable paupers who loiter around the traveler's heels. At one of the beautiful gardens in the environs, a dourish nondescript ran before us and threw his heels into the air, and for some minutes walked on head and hands, then presented himself most piteously for *Buckshish*. For hours we drove among these beautiful gardens bordering the Mahomedan canal, which was built by Mehemet Ali at such enormous sacrifice of life, thirty thousand persons perished under his merciless lash. The Pasha's palace, near the barracks, is one of the most magnificent buildings in Egypt, and will compare favorably with any of the lordly mansions of Europe. We were informed by our guide that the slave market of this city has been abolished for three or four years, and that no public mart or bazaar is now kept. The price of these Nubians and Abyssinians ranges from thirty to a hundred dollars. They were formerly confined in large numbers, crowded together in small huts, and guarded by eunuchs, who were always ready to admit visitors for a small *buckshish*, the open seams throughout this country, and the only available argument in the hands of the traveller. Facilities for travelling have greatly increased within a few years, and communication between this city and Cairo is now had twice a day by railroad, thus bringing the cities of Philadelphia and Cairo within a journey of thirty-two days! Quite an extensive trade in ice between this city and Boston is carried on, an indication of good taste on the part of the Moslem, though he refuse to take meat at the hands of "Christian dogs." Fruit of every description is abundant in the bazaars, and sold on the most moderate terms. The city is remarkably healthy for the season of the year, though it is reported that the plague is raging twelve miles from the city. It is extremely hot during the day, the thermometer standing at 100° in the shade. To-morrow we take the French steamer for Jaffa, thence by the coast to Beirut.

### PHILO.

There are thirty-two pounds of blood in the human frame, and two hundred and forty-eight bones. The latter do not include whale's ones.

## THE BIBLE.

By Wm. H. ALEXANDER.

Those who merely read the Bible for the sake of conforming to any certain rule, do not derive, of course, the same refreshment and attending desire to improve in its knowledge, as those who persevere in the study of being instructed and comforted by its holy teachings.

The Bible has often been looked upon by some as inconsistent in regard to its truth. But so many attempts have been made to frustrate the well intended theory of its composition that, were it not a book of divine truth, the arguments brought against it would have, ere this, annihilated all respect to its weight or its teachings.

The Bible is an invaluable gift to the poor sinner, for it contains the words of God, and its pages are filled with that consolation and comfort which no other book has ever yielded. The wisdom of Solomon, and the good advice given to us by him, are manifested in his justifiable "Proverbs," and an earnest reader cannot but derive some counsel, which, if but properly used, will prove a blessing to him in all his trials and temptations, and soften at once the hardening tendency of his heart.

The Bible teaches us of the wonderful attributes of God, and of our duty toward Him and our fellow men. It tells us of a blessed Saviour, who took upon himself the form of man that he might live with us here below and suffer for us on the Cross of Calvary. It tells of the character of His blessed Apostles, who went about doing good. It tells us of the great faith of Noah, Abraham, and of Jacob. It tells of the mercy of our Lord, of His loving kindness, and of the reward waiting for those who truly love Him and unfeignedly believe His holy word. And it tells us of the dreadful punishment in store for those who still refuse to accept His glorious promises and who are living in trespass and in sin. This is addressed to those who are careless and unconcerned, and very often no impression is made on our stony hearts, and we go on, continuing in old habits and conforming still more to the world. Such a man, a profligate creature, who foolishly prefers the enjoyment of a few years of life here to the enduring bliss of Heaven.

### What a Newspaper Does For Nothing.

The following article should be read and pondered well by every man that takes our paper without paying for it:

The result of my observation enables me to state a fact, that the publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any men in the United States, who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay; to stand more spitting and dead leading; to puff and defend more people without feast; or hope of reward, than all other classes. They credit wider and longer, get often cheated, suffer more pecuniary losses, are often the victims of misplaced confidence than any other. It goes harder for some men to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on needless gew gaws, yet everybody avails himself of the editor's pen and printer's ink.

How many professional men and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited pen of the editor? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have languished but for the "lover that moves the world"? In short, what branch of industry and activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended substantially by the press?

And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazaar of fashion and the haunts of appetite and dissipation, are thronged by an eager crowd bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there needed are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless and paid for with scrupulous punctuality, while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jehing, cheapening trade, prices and penalties. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.

### A WITTY FELLOW.

The great Duke of Marlborough, passing the gate of the Tower, after having inspected the fortress, was accosted by an ill looking fellow, with "How do you do, my Lord Duke? I believe your Grace and I have been in every goal in the kingdom?" "I believe, friend," replied the Duke with surprise, "that this is the only goal I have ever visited." Very likely," replied the other, "but I have been in all the rest."

## A RESIDENCE IN TWO STATES AND THREE COUNTIES AT THE SAME TIME—At a place called "College Corner," an individual occupies a house that is rather singularly situated. One-half of the house is in the State of Indiana, and the other half in Ohio. The boundary line between Butler and Preble counties, in this State, runs directly through the house; so that the occupant lives in two counties in Ohio and two in Indiana at the same time. Of course, if he was charged with some offense, it would be right sharp work for an officer to catch him armed with a process from Preble county. He would only have to pass from one room to another, in his dwelling to be beyond the jurisdiction of an officer, by going into Butler county. And if officials from both counties should come at him at the same time, he takes to the kitchen, or the parlor, as the case might be, and he is beyond their reach in another State although he might be within arms length of the officers. It would require three warrants to catch a man so peculiarly domiciled, and if wanted in this State, he would not be compelled to cross his own door all with out a requisition.

The house of an old resident in this county is similarly situated. The city line just cuts off the porch of his house so that he sleeps in the country, and takes his ease on the porch in the city. Where he sleeps and eats is of course his voting place, so he necessarily put down amongst the "country constituents."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

### AN INDIANA EDITOR IN TROUBLE.

There is nothing to make note of, Congress has adjourned—Brigham Young is about leaving—the right of search is abandoned, and the floods in the West have subsided. We have been endeavoring to chase up something—something great of course—and have been thinking of Herod and Hannibal, of Scipio and Cesar, of Romulus and Lycurgus, of Charlemagne and Genghis, of Peter the Great and Peter the Hermit, of Bunyan and Byron, of Shakespeare and Goethe, of Cromwell and Charles the Fifth, of Napoleon and Kutuzoff, of Blucher and Wellington, of Washington and Jackson, of Black Hawk and Tecumseh, and even of Robinson Crusoe and Sardan the Sailor, with a view of preparing and serving up some sort of intellectual feast for the benefit of our readers, but we must confess we have failed "pink, blank," as General Ogle used to say, and are compelled to end this epistle just as we began it—with nothing. Should any kind friend be able to do better these warm days, we shall feel forever "obliged" to him if he will send us the result of his cogitations.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

### THE WINDS OF LIGHT.—Not only does light fly from the grand "ruler of the day," with a velocity which is a million and a half times greater than the speed of a cannon ball, but darts from every reflecting surface with a like velocity, and reaches the tender structure of the eye so gently, that, as it falls upon the little curtain of nerves which is there spread to receive it, it imparts the most pleasing sensations, and tells its story of the outward world, with a minuteness of detail and boldness of truth. Philosophers once sought to weigh the sunbeam; they constructed a most delicate balance and suddenly let in upon it a beam of light; the lever of the balance was so delicately humbled that the fluttering of a fly would have disturbed it. Everything prepared, the gravimeter took their places, and with keen eye watched the result. The sunbeam then was to decide the experiment had left the sun just eight minutes prior, to pass the orbital. It had flown through ninety-five millions of miles of space in that short measure of time, and it shot upon the balance with unabated velocity; but the lever moved not; and the philosophers were dumb.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—The Rev. P. Bellows, of New York, in an excellent address on "Mirth," remarked—"For my part, I say it is all solemnity. I have been so sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form, I cannot trust the man that never laughs, that is always sad; that has no apparent outlet for natural springs of sportive and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that Nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find some victims, malignant sins, or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and therefore, it gives us a sincere moral gratification, anywhere and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements restoring the religious bigotry that that frowns so unavishly upon them. Anything is better than dark, dead unhappy social life; a prop to a sad and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop usually is unbridled license and infamous folly."

HOW FRANKLIN WAS TREATED.—In speaking of the first publication of his papers on Electricity, Franklin himself says: "Obliged as we were to Mr. Collinson, for the present of the tube &c., I thought it right I should be informed of success in using it, and wrote him several letters containing accounts of our experiments. He got the read in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their transaction. One paper, which I sent to Mr. Kenney, on the same subject of lightning with electricity, I sent to Mr. Mitchell, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members of the Society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the courtiers."

Read the biographies of great and good men and you will find that not one of them had a fashionable mother. The newly all sprang from the plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with the fashions as with change of clouds.

Job Printing neatly executed here.