

# Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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## The Republican.

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**J. H. LARRIMER.**

**BUSINESS CARDS:**

**D. O. CROUCH,**  
PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville, Pa. May

**DR. R. V. WILSON,**  
HAYING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

**C. KRATZER,**  
Merchant and Lumber Dealer, corner of Front and Locust streets, Clearfield. Dec. 29, 1851.

**J. H. LARRIMER & TEST,** Attorneys at Law Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 20—y

**JOHN TROUTMAN**  
STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Little's Foundry. June 15, 1858.

**DR. GEORGE WILSON** respectfully gives notice that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Lutherburg, April 2, 1856.

**THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.** Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order Dec. 29, 1851.

**L. JACKSON CRANS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining 1 1/2 residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1851.

**H. P. THOMPSON,**  
Physician, may be found either at his office at Seofeld's hotel, Curwensville, when not professionally absent. Dec. 29, 1851

**FREDERICK ARNOLD,**  
Merchant and Produce Dealer, Lutherburg Clearfield county, Pa. April 17, 1852.

**ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,**  
At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber, July 23, 1852.

**J. D. THOMPSON,**  
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville. Dec. 29, 1851.

**DR. M. WOODS,** having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite to that of J. Crans, M.D. May 1, 1856.

**WM. P. CHAMBERS,**  
CARRIAGES on Charming, Wheelwright, and house and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to Jan. 5, 1858.

**DR. W. M. CAMPBELL** having located at Kyrtown, tends his professional services to the citizens of Morris and the adjoining townships. He will always be found at the residence of Thos. Kyles, when not professionally engaged. May 21, 1856.

**A. T. SCHRYVER,**  
HAS resumed the practice of medicine, and will attend promptly to all calls in his profession, by day or night. Residence opposite the Methodist church. May 4, 1858. 6 mos.

**JOSEPH PETERS,**  
Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna.

**P. W. BARRETT,**  
MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Lutherburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

**J. L. CUTLER,**  
Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March 3, 1853.

**A. B. SHAW,**  
RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

**ALL friends of VEBECLE and FREEL-MINDED CHILDREN,** Please procure circulars gratis of Dr. GEORGE BROWN, Barrs, Mass.

**CUBA HOTEL, JAYNESVILLE, PA.**  
THE above Hotel, having recently been fitted up for a house of entertainment, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Travelers will find this a convenient house. May 19, 1855. JOHN JORDAN.

**RAILROAD HOUSE,** corner of Main and R. White Streets, Brookville, Pa. (Feb. 24, '58.) H. R. MEANS, Proprietor.

Job Printing neatly executed here

## Select Poetry.

**AT THE NIGHTFALL.**  
BY EMMA A. BROWN.

I must weep alone in fading light,  
Where the mournful winds forever  
Sweep down from the dim old hills of night,  
Like the wail of a haunted river.

Alone by the grave of a buried love,  
The ghostly mist is parted,  
Where the stars shine faint in the blue above,  
Like the smile of the broken-hearted.

The living turn from my fond embrace,  
As if no love were needed;  
The tears I wept on the young dead face,  
Were never more unheeded.

Than my wild prayer for peace unwon—  
One pure affection only,  
One faithful heart to lean upon,  
When life is sad and lonely.

Thy low groaning roof, my glorious dead,  
Is bright with the butter cup's blossom, [red  
And the night-blooming roses burn dimly and  
On the green sod that covers thy bosom.

Thy pale hands are folded, oh beautiful saint!  
Like Lilly buds chilled and dew-wet,  
And the smile on thy lip is as solemn and faint  
As the beams of a norland sunset.

The angel that won thee a long time ago,  
To the shore of the glorious immortal, [know  
In the sphere of the star-land shall we see you,  
When I pass through the beautiful portals.

## Miscellaneous.

### THRILLING ADVENTURE.

**Descent into the Mammoth Cave.**

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, says the Louisville Journal, there is a pit, dark and deep and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe whilst beam-lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depth visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insane to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the Cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago, a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do, and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point, his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength expressly for the purpose; the rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the young man, with a heavy fragment of rock attached to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit, and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge, from which as he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and as he descended by the side of the falling water, and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of siliceous mineral, vast quantities of which were discovered in other parts of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of excellent formations of pure and white virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet from the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that Cave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach.

This situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the av-

enue one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but not being able to swing himself into it, he fastened the rope round his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The rope being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon this was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit, and one hundred from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright from over exertion and excitement, fainted and remained for a time insensible.

### The Spiritualists at the Magnetic Springs.

In pursuance of notices published in newspapers and handbills, a Grove Meeting of Spiritualists was convened at the Magnetic Springs in Kiantone, Chautauque Co. N. Y., on Friday last and continued till Sunday evening. On the last day there were between 2000 and 3000 persons on the ground; of this number probably not over one-tenth part were believers in spiritualism. On Sunday afternoon we witnessed some scenes which were disgraceful to the age in which we live. A poor crazy woman had forced herself upon the front of the stand erected for the speakers, and commenced an incoherent speech, without sense and without intelligence. At this, the mob hooted and yelled in demoniac glee—the lunatic was pulled from the stand and rudely and obscenely treated, and at last she was carried around the camp-ground and into a building, followed by a crowd of fools, to say the least of them. The only speech which had a particle of reason of sense in it, was made by Mrs. BRITT, of St. Louis. Her voice was excellent, and her gestures unexceptionable. On the whole we do not believe this Grove Meeting has been of benefit to the cause of Spiritualism. Some of the ultra opinions and ideas advanced by a few of the speakers in regard to Free Love produced a violent reaction in public opinion, and what might have been leniently looked upon is now held in utter disgust.

The "Magnetic Springs" are situated near the State Line between Pennsylvania and New York in Kiantone; 12 miles from Warren Pa., and 10 miles from Jamestown N. Y. The principal Spring has its outlet within a few feet of the State line, its fountain-head being 131 feet and three inches within the hill into Pennsylvania. This tunnel was dug under the advice and directions of "Spirits," and the laborers were told that a treasure existed within the hill at this precise point. After digging the distance above named, a vein of water was struck, and the tunnel filled, and where was the treasure? The water itself is strongly impregnated with iron, sulphur, etc. and Spiritualists inform us that its health-giving and health-restoring qualities are past comprehension by the unconverted. We have no doubt of it.

We learned, by the last speaker at the Grove Meeting, a Mr. STERLING, of Cleveland, that it is the intention of the Spiritualists to erect a large college at the Springs—similar to Oberlin College, Ohio. We were permitted to examine a model of the "Temple" which is to be erected at that place. The style of architecture is decidedly "spiritual," and it is expected that the city which is to be built there, will be in the same style.—Warren Ledger.

### Bampfyde Moore Carew.

(KING OF THE GYPSIES OR BOHEMIANS.)

This strange man was born in 1653, at Bickley, in Devonshire. His family was ancient and respectable, and his father was rector of the parish in which he lived. At the age of twelve years he was sent to school at Tiverton, and during the first four years of his school-life he was remarkable for his application to and success in his studies. But being soon possessed with a desire for the chase, he and three of his school-mates gave themselves up to it with such ardor that their studies were neglected and their conduct entirely changed. One day the four boys damaged considerably a wheat-field in the neighborhood,—whereupon the owner complained to the master at Tiverton. In order to escape the consequences of their folly, Carew, and his companions committed a still greater one. They entered a band of gypsies who were passing and disappeared with them.

Carew soon distinguished himself by his rare skill in all kinds of legerdemain and trickery, which were the only means of living of these vagabonds. His family in the meantime, entirely ignorant as to what had become of him, mourned him as lost, and in order if possible, to hear of him, published an advertisement of him. This reached him and he immediately changed his costume and went to visit his parents, who received him with transports of joy and tenderness. But he had be-

### The Intrepid Lover and the Magic Grocery.

THE LATEST CENTSATION NOVEL.

BY WALTER SCOTT FENNINGHAM COOPER, JR.  
Author of the "Flying Tin Pan," "The mysterious Natchez Gravel," "The Magnetic Gridiron," &c., &c. [Copyright Secured.]

CHAPTER ONE.

I'll steel the heart of the old man's daughter.

—Old Fellow.

A young grocer of good character and correct habits commenced business in a good and improved neighborhood. His stock was small as were his means, and his stock of his customers still smaller. His sales hardly met his expenses, and an old grocer on the corner predicted that he would be at the bottom.

The young grocer had reason to regret this opinion of the old grocer, as will appear. The latter had a daughter that had won the heart of the former. He offered himself to her and was rejected. It was done, however, with the assurance that he was the man of her choice, he set himself about removing the only obstacle in the way of their union, the father's objection of the pecuniary prospects.

A presto change comes over them both.

—Deserved Anonymous.

A year had elapsed, and lo, what a change! The young grocer now going up hill, with the power of a locomotive, customers flocked to his store from all quarters, and even many had left the old established store on the opposite corner for the young favorite. There was a mystery about it which puzzled the old grocer sorely, but which he could not unravel. He at length became nearly sick with losses and aggravations, and vain attempts to discover the secret of his neighbor's success.

CHAPTER TWO.

CHAPTER THREE.

I'll relent—come to my arms!

—Never written.

At this juncture Angelica—for that was the daughter's name—contrived to bring about an apparently accidental interview between the parties. After the old man had become, through the intervention of the daughter tolerably good humored, he inquired with great earnestness of the young man how he contrived to effect so much in one year, to this extent his business and draw of the customers from older stands.

The young man evaded an answer—but inquired if he had any further objection to his union with Angelica.

"None," replied he, "provided you reveal the secret of your success."

This the young man promised when his happiness was made complete. The old man commended his prudence on this point. The affair was all settled, and the marriage soon took place.

CHAPTER FOUR.

A secret most mysterious, most important.

—Cinder Reel—ah!

The friends of the young couple all assembled and among them many of the customers of the two stores, Angelica and Thomas looked as happy as well could be, and the old gentleman was, if possible, happier than they. The bride cake was the about to be cut, when the old man called out for "THE SECRET."

"Aye, the secret! the secret!" exclaimed fifty others.

"It is a very simple matter," says Thomas:—"ADVERTISE!!!"

The old gentleman was very, very old-fashioned, and while he shook Thomas heartily by the hand, and kissed Angelica fifty times over, he merely muttered, "Why the dickens didn't I think of that!"

A BARRFUL BRIDEGROOM.—The following account of the marriage of a young man to a woman twice his age, in New Orleans, we recommend to be read after the prayer at the next woman's rights convention:

The guests were assembled, the minister was ready, the happy pair stood up to be tied, and—the young man bolted. He ran into the street, but was pursued and caught by the crowd, foremost of whom was the bride. Again they stood forward and again the minister began when away went the youngster the second time! He was pursued, caught and brought back as before and a third time the minister began the awful ceremony. But would you believe it, the young man once more stampered! This time the bride alone gave chase, caught, brought him back, and held fast to him. The fourth effort of the minister was successful. He made the twain one, blessed them and left. After being married, the young man became perfectly docile, and permitted his antique bride to lead him off like a sheep to the slaughter.

Mr. Jerold and a company of literary friends were out in the country, rambling over commons and down lanes. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew as eloquent as Sterne over it's shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed he would like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto:—Wheu this you see, remember me!"

There is no occasion to trample upon the meaneast reptile nor to sneak to the greatest privacy. Insolence and baseness are equally unmanly.

### APPALLING CALAMITY.

The Steamer Austria Burned at Sea. ONLY SIXTY-SEVEN SAVED.

HALIFAX, Sept. 27.—The brig Lotus arrived yesterday with twelve of the sixty-seven survivors of the destruction of the steamer Austria, burned at sea on the 13th.

A passenger reports that a little after 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th, a dense volume of smoke burst from the after entrance to the steerage. The speed was instantly slackened one half, at which speed she continued going until the magazine exploded, when the engineers, it is supposed, were instantly suffocated. The fire next burst through the lights, amid ships, traveling aft with fearful rapidity.

A boat let down on the port side was instantly crushed, and another on the starboard side was swamped from the numbers rushing into it.

All the first cabin passengers were on the poop deck excepting a few gentlemen, who must have been smothered in the smoking-room.

Many of the second cabin passengers were also on the poop, but a number were shut up in the cabin by the fire. Some were pulled up through the ventilator, but the greater number perished in the flames. A woman was drawn up who said that six were then already suffocated.

Several men and women jumped into the sea by twos & threes. Some of the women were then already in flames. Others hesitated till driven over at the last moment by the advancing flames. In half an hour not a soul was left on the poop deck.

The French barque Maurice, Captain Ernest Renaud, came alongside at 5 o'clock, rescued forty passengers, who were chiefly taken off the bowsprit, but some were struggling in the water.

At eight o'clock one of the metallic boats came up, with twenty-two persons, including the first and second officers, and subsequently four men were picked up, floating on a piece of broken boat.

The second officer was afterwards rescued from the water. Both he and the third officer were severely burnt.

Many of the male passengers were frightfully burnt.

Only six women were saved, three of whom were shockingly burnt.

A Norwegian barque went along side of the steamer the next morning, and sent out her boat. She may have picked up a few persons.

The barque Maurice had no communication with her. We have not yet ascertained the names of the saved.

### The Epidemic at New Orleans.

The New Orleans Bulletin says that the ladies are nobly co-operating with the Young Men's Christian Association in relieving the sick and suffering in that city. As usual, they are devoting themselves to this labor of love with a courage, a zeal and faithfulness that astonishes the stronger sex. The Bulletin says:

"It must not be supposed that these women, young and middle aged, many of them delicate and educated, the ornaments of society, only go where and when they are called upon for assistance. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, with the slight protection of their bonnets, and parasols, they take to the streets, they explore the alleys, they seek out those who would otherwise never receive the blessings of their presence. They push into the abodes of the lowly, the crowded and filthy apartments where epidemic rages with the greatest power. Nor must it be supposed that they confine themselves to the yellow fever alone. They relieve the suffering wherever they find it, and take care of the destitute sick whatever be the nature of their disease. Very touching, as well as terrible, are some of the scenes which some of these light-robed messengers of mercy have witnessed.

In one place on Girod street, they found a German family of eight persons in the second story of a house, seven of whom had the yellow fever, and the eighth, an infant, lay a corpse by the side of its sick mother, who, in her delirium, was all unconscious that her little one had been released from its sufferings! The little corpse was let down outside, lest its mother should become conscious and the shock be too great for her to bear. In another case, a well educated woman, a native of Philadelphia whose father, we understand, is living and wealthy, was found almost entirely destitute, and upon whom the progress of the fever had gone too far to be arrested. She soon passed from her sorrows, and unwilling that her father should know anything of her fate, we might mention the particulars of other cases almost as touching as these, but space forbids it."

DETERMINED TO STAY IT OUT. Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Niblo's in New York, during ball season. When the short-skirted, gosamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and filigetty. "Oh! Annie!" exclaimed one soto voice "Well, Mary?" "It ain't nice—I don't like it." "Hush, the folks will notice you." "I don't care, it ain't nice, and I wonder-nant brought us to such a place." "Hush Mary, the folks will laugh at you. After one or two things and a pro-ou-ute, the blushing Mary again said: "Oh, Annie, let's go—it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination: "it's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just going to stay it out, if they dance every rag off their backs."