

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

"EXCELSIOR."

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Business notices not exceeding 3 lines are inserted for \$2 a year.
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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.

JAS. H. LARRIMER, 1. TEST
LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30—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 Litz's Foundry. June 13, 1855.

D. GEORGE WILSON respectfully gives notice that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and will promptly attend to all calls as heretofore. Luthersburg, Apr 12, 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 his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,
Physician, may be found either at his office at Scofield's hotel, Curwensville, when no professionally absent. Dec. 29, 1851

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

WILLIS 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, 1853.

D. R. 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, at of J. Crans, Esq. my 7 1856.

WM. P. CHAMBERS,
CARRIES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting, at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to Jan. 5, 1855.

D. R. W. M. CAMPBELL having located as a Kyles town, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Morris and the adjoining townships. He will always be found at the residence of Mrs. Kyles, when not professionally engaged. May 21, 1856.

A. T. SCHRUYVER,
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, 1855, 6 mos.

JOSEPH PETERS,
Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna.
ONE door east of Montelius & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice. March 31, 1855, y.

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

J. L. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March 3, 1855.

A. B. SHAW,
CLERK of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawville, Clearfield county, Pa. and Luthersburg, Aug. 10, 1853.

ALL friends of DR. SCOTT and FERRIS-SENDS CHILDREN. Please P. WYN. Barre, Mass. Dr. GEORGE BR.

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 White Streets, Brookville, Pa. Feb. 24, '58. R. R. MEANS, Proprietor.

Job Printing neatly executed here

Select Poetry.

A SABBATH NIGHT.
BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I love this holy time. The forest leaves
Beneath the noiseless dew are bending low,
And faintly glowing in the starlight pale.
As if the visions that come o'er their sleep,
Were of the Spirit-land. The mountain pine
Has hushed its melancholy music now,
The weary winds are slumbering in the hazy
Or keeping sacred vigils in the clouds,
Far glimmering in the sunset all is still,
Save that the distant wave is murmuring low,
Like a lost angel mourning his sad lot
Of exile from the blessed.

It is sweet,
At such an hour to wander out beneath
The eternal sky, to gaze into its depths.
To picture angel shapes in every star,
To listen to the mystic songs that seem
To fancy's ear, to wander down to earth
From the far gates of Eden, and to feel
The deep and gentle spirit that pervades
The blessed air, sink like a holy spell
Upon life's troubled waters.

Hark! the bell
Tolls out the midnight! How glorious
And yet how lonely is the face of things
At this still hour of musing! Vale and hill,
And plain and stream, and lake & ancient wood
In silence sleep; while solemn darkness rests
Upon them like a mantle. O, I have,
On eyes like this, to kneel in solitude
At nature's shrine. The gentle dew that bathes
My brow seem God's own baptism, & each voice
That speaks in mystic eloquence from the sky,
And air, and earth, and ocean, calls "be soul,
To mingle with the holiness of Heaven."

Miscellaneous.

A Diabolical Exhibition.
"In the year 1852," said to us a distinguished legal gentleman of New Orleans, "I visited Paris in the course of an European tour, that my Americanism might be polished down by a little friction among the genteel parties of Parisian society. I found the world of Paris in a very considerable state of excitement in consequence of an extraordinary performance which was nightly exhibited by an eastern juggler and which was nothing more or less than the apparent decapitation of a man in the presence of an audience and under the very noses of a committee of medical gentlemen who stood only so far distant while the operation was being performed as to escape the swing of the long two edged sword with which the juggler smote off the head. I went to see this exhibition, which took place in a theatre in company with several American gentlemen. The theatre was crowded with two or three thousand spectators, and the curtain was up, displaying a common table six feet long upon the stage, at the five edge of which I obtained a seat, having gone very early."

At the given time the juggler, a very singular looking man, came upon the stage with his shirt sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, and bearing a long two edged sword. He upset the table upon the boards and showed that there was no concealed drawer or other recess, and placed it in the blaze of the footlights near the edge of the stage. In a few words he stated what he was going to do, and requested some of the audience to come forward and stand upon the stage, that they might see "was no deception." A number of medical gentlemen who had been chosen as a committee to investigate the matter, if possible, took their position upon the stage and soon after the victim, who had been sitting in the parquette, mounted the stage, removed his coat and cravat, turned back his shirt collar, and laying down upon his back on the table, elevated his chin to more fairly expose his neck to the headman's weapon. The juggler raised his keen and fearful looking sword, and giving it a sweep, brought it down—I say brought it down upon the neck, for no one could see that he did not, even those within three feet of him—upon the neck of the subject with great force!

Blood spirted high into the air, some of it falling on our party and deluged the stage, while the most fearful sound, as something between a groan and a shriek of horror from the whole assemblage shook the building, and numerous women and some males fell fainting in their seats, and were borne out by the ushers of the house. The juggler raised his sword again repeated the blow, the dismembered head fell upon the floor! Taking it by the hair he held it up to the audience for full five minutes, until the blood had ceased to flow from the severed arteries, the lower jaw had fallen and the face had assumed the appearance of a corpse; then throwing it heavily upon the stage he requested the committee to examine it, which they did, passing it from hand to hand. They then examined the body on the table from the headless neck of which the blood had not yet ceased to drop upon the floor of the stage; they lifted the limbs and let them fall with the limp inertia of lifeless matter and, of course, pronounced the man dead to all intents and purposes.

After they had concluded their investigation, the juggler informed the audience that he was going to put the man's head on again, and restore him to life. Taking up the head he laid it on the table, fitted the two parts of the neck to each other, and began to mutter and make signs over the corpse. In about five minutes the lately decapitated man slowly turned his ghastly, and altogether horrible face—white as snow—towards the audience, and an excitement followed, exceeding if any-

thing, that which occurred when the first blow of the sword fell. In a few moments the eyelids gradually opened and displayed the eyes wearing a glassy corpse like stare; by degrees a life-like speculation came into them, some colour returned to the face; and, after stretching his limbs, the man arose from the table, resumed his coat, walked down from the stage and mingled with the crowd.

The exhibition was over. The neck of the apparently decapitated man bore a red mark and scar around it, like the cicatrice of a newly healed wound. All this I saw with my own eyes, which were as effectually deceived as those of tens of thousands of other persons. I could in no way consistently with reason, account for any feature of this horribly thrilling feat of trickery. I have never heard of the trick being performed by any other man, and very possibly it originated and died with him. However it is scarcely more unaccountable than many often displayed feats of the adroit fraternity of Eastern jugglers.

The Little Hero.

A Correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following:

An incident, perhaps common in such places, but very uncommon in our section of the country, occurred on board the cars. I noticed when the cars set out from the station at Martinsburg, where we stopped for supper, two little boys seated on a car seat two removes from the one I occupied, who wore a very foreign appearance. The younger, a little lad of six years, seemed trying to cry, while the elder, evidently his brother, a bright lad of ten years, was giving him encouragement in a low voice, and glancing apprehensively at the front car door, through which the conductor was presently to make his entrance. In time he came, and after the usual question and some mumbled response by the elder boy, addressed him in rather a rough voice, "Ah, so you're on board again, are you? Well, you must get off at the stopping place." The next stopping place came, but the little boys never stirred from their seats. Presently the conductor came around again: "So you are on board, are you? Well, we will have you put off the next time the cars stop." At this the little boy began to cry audibly, and one of my Kentucky acquaintances who sat just in front of them, questioned the elder as to what ailed them. From his replies we gleaned the following account:

They were two brothers, and had left Baltimore, where they had previously resided, about a week before. Their mother had been dead some time, and their father lost his life by accident, while engaged at work on a building just two days before they had set out on their trip. They had been left destitute, and finding no resource but the usual place of refuge, had resolved to go west, where their big brother, Martin, who was married, and their big sister, Martha, who expected to be, were living. They refused to wait until, in answer to a letter, their brother could come or send for them; but without money, they had seated themselves in the cars, and been put off regularly and successively from each train at the station, usually making one, and very rarely the distance between two stations. They had experienced little difficulty in securing something to eat, and a place to sleep, from the charity of the villagers along the way. In this manner they had conquered over a quarter of the length of the Baltimore and Ohio road, with equal success could hope to attain Chicago, the goal of their journey, late in the fall. Upon becoming satisfied that their story was really one of truth, my friend, the Kentuckian, proposed and took up a collection among the passengers for their benefit, which resulted in the handsome sum of between thirty and forty dollars. The conductor, to whom they had simply stated they had neither money nor ticket, when told the circumstances, refused to take any fare from them, and so our little folks came all the way to Wheeling at one ride.

The following day, after dinner, as the Kentuckian and myself were sitting in front of the Spring House, smoking cigars, the little hero came tugging before us a sadward well dressed young man, whom he vociferously announced as his big brother, who had set out from Chicago to bring them to his home, and had, there, by the luckiest chance, met them in the hotel. The big brother made an earnest offer to return the money contributed to our keeping, saying that the boys had no need of it; that he was well to do, and had often vainly endeavored to get his father to come to his home. But we refused to accept it, and bade him use it for the boys. That evening they set out for Chicago, and long ere this, I presume the little heroes have been clasped in the arms of their big sister.

Ladies' Riding Costume.

With the great increase in the wholesale practice of riding on horseback which has recently taken place in this city and vicinity, we are persuaded that we should do a great service to our fair readers by copying from a book recently published in England, the following directions for the costume of women:

"Few ladies know how to dress for horse exercise, although there has been a great improvement, so far as taste is concerned, of late years. As to the head-dress, it may be whatever is in fashion, provided it fits the head or is not to require continual adjustment, often needed when the hands would be better employed with the reins and whip. It should shade from the sun, and, if used in hunting, protect the neck of the head from rain. The recent fashions of wearing the plumes or feathers of the ostrich, the cock, the capercaille, the pheasant, the peacock and kingfisher in the riding hats of young ladies, in my humble opinion, are highly to be commended. As to the riding habit, it may be of any color and material suitable to the season and the season of the year, but the sleeves must fit rather closely; nothing can be more out of place, incongruous, and ridiculous, than the wide hanging sleeves which look so well in a drawing room. For country use, the skirt of a habit may be short, and bordered at the bottom a foot deep with leather. The fashion of a waistcoat of light material for summer, revived from the fashion of last century, is a decided improvement, and so is the over-jacket of cloth or seal skin for rough weather. It is the duty of every woman to dress in as becoming and attractive a manner as possible; there is no reason why pretty young girls should not indulge in picturesque riding costumes, as long as it is appropriate. Many ladies entirely spoil the 'bit' of their riding by retaining the usual impedimenta of yokes, the best-dressed horsewomen wear nothing more than a flannel chemise, with colored sleeves. Ladies' trousers should be of the same material and color as the habit; and, if full flowing, like a Tuck's and fastened with an elastic band round the ankle. In this costume, which may be made simply warm by the folds of the trousers, plaid like Highlanders' kilts, fastened with an elastic band at the waist, a lady can sit down in a manner impossible for one incumbered by two or three short petticoats. It is the chest and back that require double folds of protection during and after stormy exercise. There is a prejudice against ladies wearing long Wellington boots, but it is quite absurd; they need never be seen, and are a great comfort and protection in riding long distances, when worn with trousers tucked inside. They should, for obvious reasons, be large enough for warm worn stockings, and easy to get on and off. It would not look well to see a lady struggling out of a pair of wet boots, with the help of a boot jack and a couple of chambermaids. The heels for riding boots, whether for ladies or gentlemen, should be low, but not long to keep the stirrup in its place."

Perpetual Sunshine.

Hayard Taylor, who last summer made a journey to the North Cape, writes from Humberfest, Finnmark, his impressions of the continuous polar daylight of the Arctic latitudes, from which we extract the following:

"I am tired of this unending daylight, and would willingly exchange the pomp of the Arctic midnight for the starlight darkness of home. We are confused by the loss of night; we lose the perception of time. One never sleeps but simply tired, and after a sleep of eight hours by sunshine, wakes up as tired as ever. He sleeps at last broken and irregular; he substitutes a number of short naps, disturbed throughout, and finally gets into a state of general uneasiness and discomfort. A Hibernian merchant, who has made frequent voyages to Spitzbergen, told me that in the latitude of 80 degrees he never knew certainly whether it was day or night, and the cook was the only person on board who could tell him.

"At first the nocturnal sunshine strikes you as wonderful convenient. You lose nothing of the scenery; you can read and write as usual; you never need be in a hurry, because there is time enough for everything. It is not necessary to do your day's work in daytime, for no night comes. You are never belated, somewhat of the stress of life is lifted off your shoulders. But, after a time, you would be glad of an excuse to stop seeing and observing, and even enjoying.

"There is no comparative rest, such as darkness brings—the sweet isolation—which is the best refreshment of sleep. You lay down in the broad day, and the sunbathed air attends on the refreshing of your eyes. I never went below and saw my fellow passengers sleep all around me without a sudden feeling that something was wrong, that they were dragged up under some unnatural influence, that they thus slept so fast while the sunshine streamed in through the portholes.

"There are some advantages of this northern summer which have presented themselves to me in rather a grotesque light. Think of what an aid and shelter is removed from crime—how many evils which can only flourish in the deceptive atmosphere of the night, must be checked by the sober reality of daylight! No assassin can dog the footsteps of his victim; no burglar can work in sunshine; no guilty lovers can hold solemn interviews by moonlight—all concealment is removed, for the sun, like the eye of God, sees everything, and the secret vices of the earth must be bold indeed, if they can bear his gaze. Morally, as well as physically, there is safety in light and danger in darkness; let the patrolling sun go off his beat for awhile, and show a little confidence in my ability to behave properly, rather than worry me with this sleepless vigilance."

Important from Japan.

We have received news from Japan up to the 10th July last. We learn by it that the Government continued to take measures in view of the treaties made with the several foreign powers.

A decree of the Emperor authorizes the establishment of exchanges in the cities of Simoda, Nagasaki and Hakodadi. Furthermore, it appoints a board of commercial brokers to facilitate commercial intercourse with the several nations. It is known that among the presents given by the United States to the Emperor are a little railroad and an electric telegraph. The latter has been put up by a Japanese engineer, and it works with perfection on a five league distance.

The Emperor is so pleased with the result of this invention, that he has ordered that Yedo, his capital, be bound by means of a telegraph with the provinces of Gokina, Tokaido, Fekou-ro-Kondon, Sunyodou, and Sakaido. This order may, perhaps, not be fulfilled for some time, but the idea which has inspired it is already an unquestionable thought of progress. However, an American house established in Simoda, has just made the Japanese government a proposition for the sale of the material needed for the realization of the measure decreed by the head of the government.

But the most important act of the present Emperor is the abolition or rather the reform of the edicts, rendered in 1647 by the Emperor Dai Fusama against the Christians. In future the foreign agents accredited to the Japanese ports will be allowed to bring with them one or several priests of their religion for their own service and that of their countrymen. This step is the more important, that since the seventeenth century the Catholic priests were not allowed to reside in the country under the most severe penalties.

AMBERG.—We learn from the *Boston Ledger* that a sale of 750 pounds of ambergris was made in that city on the 8th inst. for the sum of \$10,000, and upon which the purchaser will probably realize \$0,000. It was taken from one whale, and brought home in a chip recently arrived at Nantucket. This substance is a morbid secretion of the liver of the sperm whale, and is generally used in perfume. It is usually found in lumps of from one to thirty pounds in weight, and the largest piece hitherto known weighed 182 pounds, and was bought by the Dutch East India Company of the King of Tidore. Another piece from the inside of a whale near the Windward Islands was sold for £500 sterling.

THE LAST FASHION—Ladies getting their Hair Cropped.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin of the 10th inst. says:—To give you some idea how the croppie style of hair cutting spreading amongst the city, one of our barbers says he cropped three hundred and thirty ladies within the past three months. There seems to be a perfect rage on the subject with our young ladies.

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE.—The following beautiful passage from the pen of Washington Irving would almost make a March day cheerful.

"Here let us say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by change from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climate in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with its hazy none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snow storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam out with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most liquid radiance. And the joyous outbreak of our Spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life and the splendour of summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of smit clouds, piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempests of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder shake the airy atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our Autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forest the golden serenity of the sky. Truly we may say that in our climate, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.'"

WHAT MADE AUNT MILLIE HAPPY.
"Why are you always happy, Aunt Millie?" asked little Jamie.
"Because everybody is good to me, Jamie."
"Why isn't everybody good to LAY papa and me?" He is always fretting, he says everybody tries to hurt him; what makes everybody try to cheat and vex my papa and me?"
A shadow fell over Aunt Millie's face as she became silent. Jamie stood still looking at her. At length he asked "Aunt, were you always happy?"
Aunt Millie's work dropped from her hands. No my dear boy, but ten years ago, I left off speaking; ill of everybody, and instead, I tried to see excellencies in people's characters, and good in their conduct. Since that time all have treated me kindly. I do not think the same people are better than they were when they saw only the shady side. Their good is not positive than it was before I sought it when I expected only evil of them. If the same way looking, for it seemed to nurture the tendency to good in others, by the sun, by shining on the cold, dark ground, makes it bright and warm, developing flowers and ripening fruit. I see only good, expect and receive only good. Ought I not to be happy, Jamie?"—L. Illustrations.

THE SUGAR CROP OF LOUISIANA.—A correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune* expresses his opinion of the yield of the sugar crop as follows:

The general impression seems to be that there is an immense crop of sugar in Louisiana this season. Now this is a mistake which I wish to correct. There is a doubt that more sugar will be made than was last season, but the amount will not go above that of a fair average—say 3,000 hds. Putting the loss by evaporation (including seed required from others'—those submerged) at 75,000 hds, we make 4,000,000 hds. for the State.

The cane is not as good as it was in '53 there is not as much of it, and shall have as favourable a winter as that year when many planters were grinding March, and some in April '54. In Louisiana you cannot well estimate a crop in ten tons; and it is not ones in ten years that we get such a winter as that of '53.

At this moment the ratoons are sweet but very dry; the plant cane is very green though of good size. In time, I am willing to risk \$250 on my estimate against that of any speculator who may try to bid down prices by reports of an immense crop. This game is played every year, and unfortunately for the planter, with success.

I notice that the sugar of the some crop in Cuba has been sold at \$25 and 8 per box, and large advances made. It gives us hopes of good prices here, which would be but fair, after the short crops the last two years.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT—A Little Girl Hit.—A frightful accident occurred on Wednesday last, near the village of Friendsville, Allegany county, on the New York and Erie Railroad. A woman named Gifford, started with a little girl about 9 years of age, after locking up the house, 1800 of her neighbors. After proceeding a short distance, the mother remembered something which she had left behind her in the house, and sent the little girl back after it. Arriving at her place of destination, she waited a long time, but the girl did not appear, and she then returned home. On reaching home, she found the body of her daughter lying from the window, mangled and dead. It appeared that the little girl unable to effect an entrance by the door, had raised a window, and while endeavoring to crawl in, had fallen upon her neck and held it fast until life was extinct. She was an only child, always in delicate health, and parents are nearly distracted.

DAN RICE, the well known jester, is now lying dangerously ill at Zanesville.