

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

"EXCELSIOR"

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The Republican:

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid charged according to these terms.
J. H. LARRIMER.

BY THESE HANDS

DR. R. V. WILSON.
Having removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer all annual calls as heretofore.

LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30.—

JOHN TROUTMAN
Still continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Howe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Litz's Foundry. June 13, 1858.

DR. GEORGE WILSON respectfully gives notice that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and will promptly attend to all calls on his profession. Luthersburg, 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 the residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1851.

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

FREDERICK ARNOLD,
Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg, 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 25, 1852.

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

D. 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 of Dr. Crans, Eq. my \$15.

WM. P. CHAMBERS,
CARRIES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to. Jan. 5, 1858.

D. W. M. CAMPBELL, having located as a citizen, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Morris and the adjoining townships. He will always be found at the residence of Thos. Kyer, 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 ch. May 4, 1858. 6 mos.

JOSEPH PETERS,
Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna.
ON 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, 1858. 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 5, 1855.

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

All friends of IMMORAL and FREE-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 may find this a convenient house. JOHN JORDAN.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to work in the above line, from plain to ornamental of any description in a workmanlike manner. His whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms. EDWIN COOPER.

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

Miscellaneous.

Death of an Eminent Chinaman.

The subject of the article, we presume, is from the pen of Fletcher Webster, whose diplomatic experience in China gives weight to his statement, vindicating the memory of Keying.

This statesman has been in bad odor ever since his repulse by the Allies at Teintsin, and their alleged exhibition to him of his letter found at Canton, in which he boasted of his success in deceiving them in 1842 and 1844, though we are not aware that there is any other authority for the statement than letters from English correspondents of London Journals.

From the Boston Courier of Oct. 13.

The latest foreign arrival brings the intelligence of the death, by order of the Chinese Emperor, of that distinguished statesman and diplomatist, Keying. It may seem singular that one of the antipodes should desire to pay a tribute of respect to his memory, but the writer of these lines had the honor of knowing him personally, and of seeing him on occasions of national interest and importance, as well as socially—and as he was the negotiator, on the part of the Chinese, of our first treaty with that government, a slight sketch of him may not be uninteresting to Americans.

Keying, at the time of his death, must have been about the age of seventy. When he met the American legation at Macao, in 1844, he had the appearance of a man past the middle age. In person he was large and strongly made, and his face of a brown hue, with high cheek bones, gave evidence of his Tartar origin. His manner was dignified, but at the same time courteous, and he had in a marked degree, the bearing of one used to command, and to receive respect and deference. He was a person of great decision of character, and those present at his first business interview with the American Plenipotentiary will never forget the unalterable firmness with which he declined all negotiation if the legation persisted in requiring to Pekin.

His fate, by the way, is a remarkable fulfillment of a prophecy which he made on that occasion. It being represented to him that if he did not go to Pekin the French mission would be repulsed, that if he did go, and the French mission did, he would agree to have his head cut off, accompanying the words with the gesture of drawing his hand across his throat.

There are two parties at the Court of Pekin, one consisting of the old-fashioned, strict ecclésiastiques, and the other of those who favor a more free and open intercourse with foreign nations. To the latter party Keying belonged. He was sent to negotiate the treaty with Sir Henry Pottinger, when at last the Imperial Court was forced to treat; he was sent to Mr. Cashin, when the recollection of their late calamities induced the Chinese to consent to another treaty with the outside barbarians; he negotiated the treaty with the French, and it seems that he was sent recently, again to Canton, when it appears that the Court was once more alarmed by the progress of western arms, "to try and soothe the barbarians" as his Majesty's proclamation is it, and it is doubtless owing to the fact that the French and English, by reaching the mouth of the river Peiho, frightened the Court into a sort of submission to their demands, and so wounded its consummate arrogance, notwithstanding the attempt of Keying to soothe them, that he has been put to death by way of satisfying the injured dignity of the empire. His enemies would readily seize upon any pretext to slouch themselves from the imperial wrath, and would not hesitate to represent to the Emperor that all these insults and misfortunes were caused by the evil counsels of Keying.

His is not an uncommon fate. Death or banishment, or imprisonment, or disgrace often await those who are in advance of their age or their country. Keying was greatly enlightened for a Chinese. He had enjoyed opportunities for learning the character and power of foreign nations which no other of his countrymen had met with, and his mind was great enough to enable him to improve them. As a man of eminent talent and vast experience in public affairs; of integrity and humanity—as his government of the two great Canton provinces shows—and as a statesman and diplomatist of the first rank, entertaining the most liberal sentiments of any known high Chinese official; his death, at this time, is a great loss to his country, and it may not be too much to say, a real loss to the world and the cause of civilization and enlightened and prosperous international intercourse.

F. W.

Improvement of Ireland.

Liverpool papers notice the cessation this year of the great influx of Irish laborers who annually cross the Channel to engage in the English harvest, and argue therefrom the improved condition of the Irish peasantry, who can now be more profitably occupied in the culture of their own farms, or those of their neighbors, than in seeking work elsewhere. In commenting on this fact the Liverpool Northern Times says:

There are harvest fields in their own land, at their own doors, which they are called upon to reap; and the cultivators of fields are now in a situation to afford them such wages for their labor as to render it quite unnecessary, and altogether undesirable, to look for work elsewhere. Surely, then, there must already have been effected a very marked and substantial amelioration of the condition of Ireland—These are among the unmistakable signs and assurances of such an amelioration.—Not that we did not know it already—by common report. There have been evidences of it, from time to time, of late, in various shapes. It is no news, we are well aware to be telling, at this time of day, of the improvement of Ireland. But such a further proof of it as we have now been adverting and animating upon, is interesting and important notwithstanding—not only as presenting a specific attestation of such improvement, but also as illustrating, very satisfactorily, the way in which it works.

The annual returns of Irish agricultural statistics, of which an abstract appeared in our columns a few days since, corroborate the testimony to the same gratifying fact.

Affairs in Mexico.

The U. S. mail steamship General Rank, Capt. Smith, arrived here this morning from Mazatlan, via Iloilo, with dates from the former place to the 14th inst.

The Brownsville Flag of the 1st, has dates from Victoria to the 25th ultimo, from Tampico to the 2nd instant, and from Monterey to the 19th inst.

The news confirms the accounts of a battle between the Conservatives, under Miramon, and the Liberals, under Vidauri, in which the latter were partially defeated. Vidauri himself was not on the field when the engagement commenced, and his army appears to have been attacked when least apprehensive and least prepared for an attack. The rumors at Brownsville were that the defeated army lost 50 men killed, 2000 prisoners, and their artillery and provisions taken.

Vidauri himself, in a despatch of the 20th ult., dated Hacienda de Espiritu Santo, and addressed to the Governor of Leon and Coahuila, acknowledged his defeat. The conflict took place in the vicinity of the town of Ahualulco, and lasted from the 25th to the 29th ult.

Vidauri's despatch was written under the impression that the defeat was a total one; but an express from Monterey, with dates of the 29th inst., arrived at Matamoros on the 15th, and reported that Vidauri had arrived at Monterey on the 8th inst., and that the loss sustained by his troops was not so great as was reported at first, and only a portion of the artillery and munitions had been captured by Miramon's forces, and the Liberal army had made their retreat from the field of battle in good order.

The official paper of Monterey states that General Vidauri has already sent orders to the commandant at Tampico for another park of artillery, where there is a plenty to be had, which will soon be on the field, together with many pieces that are concentrating about Vidauri, to resist the attack.

El Puma, published in Tampico, with date of the 3d inst., says that Col. Guadalupe Garcia, who had entirely recovered his health, would leave on that day for the interior, with 300 men of infantry and 3 pieces of artillery.

The Brownsville Flag of the 6th inst., gives some details of the preliminary movements by the two armies, previous to the battle which we above alluded to.—They are interesting.

General Miramon had entered the city of San Luis, seeing that it had been left entirely unprotected by Vidauri, and fortified himself within. General Vidauri was still at La Parada, eight leagues from San Luis, awaiting the arrival of Generals Blanco and Coronado, who were soon to join him with a well equipped force of about 3000 strong.

A letter written from Vidauri's camp with date of the 24th ult., states that an express had just been received there from General Degollado, with the news that the chief had defeated Casanova completely, who was guarding Guadalupe, and taken possession of that place.

Miramon had sent out two columns of his troops to force, if possible, two of the positions of Vidauri, but these were twice defeated in their attempt at doing so, losing thereby all the artillery and ammunition that they had taken out for the attack.

Col. Sayas and Arguelin, who a short time since had left the neighboring State of Tamaulipas with reinforcements for Vidauri, had arrived within 16 leagues of San Luis, with a force of 1000 Tamulipecos, well armed and full of enthusiasm.

Gen. Vidauri will begin an attack upon his enemy within San Luis as soon as he shall receive all the reinforcements that he expects, and are now marching him fast.

It will thus be seen that Miramon anticipated Vidauri's attack, and turned the tables upon him.

Progress at the Sandwich Islands.—It one desires to obtain a true judgment of the progress of the Sandwich Islands, during the present century, from Idolatry to Christianity, from barbarism to a high state of civilization, he should carefully peruse the two newspapers now published at Honolulu—the Polynesian and Commercial Advertiser—which are well printed and ably conducted papers. In addition to the editorial and news columns, he should not forget, of all things, the advertisements, for they often give the best idea of life and business in the community where they are issued. In the paper before us, which was printed only two months since, we have announcements of packages to various parts of the world; expresses to California, the United States and Europe; of daguerrean and ambrotype galleries; of a law firm of the First Judicial Circuit Court, (Island of Oahu); of the meeting of various Masonic Lodges; Oregon hams and California cheese for sale; of a depot for the sale of forty different newspapers published in California, Oregon, and Washington Territories; of a reward of \$1000 for the detection of a person who robbed the Custom House; of the Hawaiian Law Reports, comprising many of the most important decisions and rulings of the Superior Courts of the Kingdom during the ten years ending with 1856 of the meeting of the Hotel Keepers' Club; insurance notices; billiard tables for sale; and also every imaginable comfort and luxury, including jewelry of every kind. A coffee plantation containing fifty thousand coffee trees, upon 1059 acres, is offered as a bargain. In fact a complete map of busy civilized life is furnished to the reader. What a change is here and all accomplished in the space of fifty years! It is so evident that nearly the entire trade of these rapidly advancing islands is with the United States, and principally from Boston.—Boston Journal.

Humorous.

A VOLUNTEER BULL FIGHT.

I remember once seeing, when a lad at school, a fight between two bulls. Although I could not have been more than eight years of age, I shall never forget the spectacle. It happened in this wise:—Close by the school house—a very unpretending edifice it was—ran a deep and rapid river. Across it had been thrown a high wooden bridge, the hand-railing of which, at the time, and the winds and the weather, had become entirely destroyed. The land on the opposite sides of the stream was owned by different persons and farmed by them respectively. One bright summer day—I remember it as it were yesterday—the hour of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, fun-seeking troop of school-boys were let loose for an hour's recreation.

All at once the roaring and bellowing of two bulls, that had broken out of their enclosure on each side of the river, attracted our attention. The animals were not yet in sight of each other, but were approaching along the highway at a rate of speed which would cause them to meet near the centre of the high bridge which I have described, and beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran the river, between steep banks. The crowd of us gathered along the bridge, lining it, to see the anticipated fight. We were not disappointed. Nearer and nearer they approached, the proud, pawing combatants. Bashan never produced two brutes of finer aspect. They lashed their sides with their tails, they tore the ground with their feet. Occasionally they reared up, trying to gaze the earth with their horns. And as yet they were concealed, each from the other, by the arcment of the bridge at either end.

Presently as they simultaneously ascended the respective abutments, they came in full sight of each other. The horns were mutual and actually tremendous. Every arch of us sprang into the fields and ran. Finding, however, that we were not pursued, we hastily retraced our steps. There they were, the ferocious duellists, quite as sensibly employed as some of their human initiators. Front to front, their horns locked, every muscle strained, they were fighting as only bulls can fight. It seemed to be an even match. Now one would press his antagonist a few paces, and presently you would hear quick, sharp, short steps,—and presently his adversary would be pressed back in return. The struggling was hard, was long, was savage. For a while neither obtained an advantage.

Hitherto they had been pushing each other lengthwise of the bridge; suddenly they began to wheel, and in a moment were facing each other crosswise. They were at right angles with the length of the bridge, which shook, and creaked, and rocked again with their tramping and their terrible strife. It was the work of a single moment; one of the beasts—I could not tell which—one of them, however, as if conscious of his position, made a violent, a desperate plunge forward and pressed his antagonist back—back—back—fill there was but another step of the plank behind him—between him and nothing! The moment was one of intense interest to its juvenile spectators. Never was the amphitheatre of Rome the scene of a more exciting combat. Another step backward—yes, the unfortunate bull was forced to take it! Back he is pressed, and over he goes!

Such a sight I never saw—I probably shall never see again. Imagine a bull pitched backward over a bridge and falling at least thirty feet, over and over! He turned once or twice, probably, I thought he turned fifty times, there seemed such a confusion of horns and feet re-aring, flying through the air. But down he went; the water was deep, and he disappeared, leaving a whirlpool of foam behind him, and making the river undulate, far and wide with the concussion of his ponderous bulk.

The other bull did not laugh—merely because bulls, as I supposed, could not.—But we laughed and shouted our applause. There stood the victor, looking directly down into the abyss below, into which he had hurled his unlucky foe. He stood, however, but a moment, and then, as if frightened at the prospect, he began to snort and step backwards. Back, back, he retreated, with his head in the same pug-nacious attitude, as when in combat—back—still another step back—and over he, too, went, on the opposite side of the bridge, performing just so many ludicrous somersets as his adversary had done a minute before.

It was a scene to remember; and the performance called forth immense applause from the group of juvenile amateurs who witnessed it. In about five minutes both bulls might be seen, well sobered by their ducking, dripping wet, scratching up the steep, gravelly banks, each on his own side of the river. "Those bulls will never fight any more," said a boy behind me. His prediction turned out correct; two more peaceably disposed bulls than they were, never afterwards, could not have been found.

A REAL WAKE.—An Irishman in Cincinnati died, apparently, a short time since, was laid out, coffined, and a burial certificate obtained, and the friends of the family were called upon to "wake" him. The whiskey, tobacco and eatables were discussed loudly and continually. At about three o'clock in the morning, however, when the cry of lamentation was at its height, the supposed corpse rose upright in the coffin and demanded, "what the devil are ye all about?" The company fled in affright, when he deliberately got out of the coffin in a very thin costume, took a drink, and profanely demanded his pants.

Another Great Event of the Age.

A GENIUS OUT WEST, BY THE NAME OF THURLOW WOOD BROWN, IS DIVIDING THE HONORS OF A GRATEFUL COUNTRY WITH CURVA W. FIELD AND MR. EVERETT. HE WRITES THIS IN REGARD TO THE SUCCESSFUL LINGING OF A GATE, THE EFFECT OF WHICH ON SOCIETY IN GENERAL, WILL BE VASTLY MORE BENEFICIAL THAN ALL THE ATLANTIC CABLES THAT EVER SLID.

On the thirty-first the sun rose in the east, and went on the even tenor of his way. The hinges were not completed until 2 P. M. Precisely at 3 o'clock we commenced operations, the posts having been already set. The hinges worked to a charm, at 2 o'clock the gate was raised to its place. It looked majestic, and swung magnificently. At twenty minutes past 5 o'clock we elevated our hats into the air, shot a popper with two charges, and whistled a To Doom to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

The other post was then set, and at 6 o'clock the connection was complete, and signals came through from post to post with remarkable distinctness. With brow bared and locks flowing, we swung it through back and forward, thus proving to those who have believed not the reality of the event, and its capacity to take such messages through. That gate is a triumph; it will be a bond of union between the two fences, a sure thing against hogs, and a great evangelizer of those who go through. It hangs on an "easy simplicity," and has already elicited the most vociferous approbation. While the Atlantic Cable binds continents together, our gate binds the fence in one unbroken string, fraternizing the two in one. At the first swing of the gate, we forwarded a message to President Buchanan:—

THE OAKS, August 31.
DEAR BUCHANAN—We've got a gate. It is national in its arrangement. It knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but swings all around. Fetch over the children and have a swing.

A CANDID CUSTOMER.—A good many stories are told of Dr. Thompson, a hotel keeper of Atlanta, a celebrated joker and one of the best we give below:
A traveler called very late for breakfast, the meal was hurriedly prepared. Thompson feeling that the "feed," was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies all around the eater, who worked all in silence, never raising his head beyond the affirmative influence of his fork, or by any act acknowledging even the presence of nine-horn. This sulky demeanor rather "bleed" the doctor, who changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his vest arm holes, expanding his chest by robbing the room of half its air, and said:

"Now, Mister, dod darn me if I havn't made all the apology necessary, an' more too, considering the breakfast and who gets it; and now I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse cooked, worse tasted and worse looking and—of a sight smaller breakfast than this several times."

The hungry one, meekly laid down his tools, swallowed the bite in transitu, placed the palm of his hands together, and modestly looking up at the vexed and fuming landlord, shot him dead with the following words:
"Is—what—you—say—true?"
"Yes, sir," came with a vindictive promptness.

Well, then, I'll be d—, loss, if you hain't out traveled me!"

THE PRINTERS.—The conductors of the London Punch seem to know something about the difficulties which surround printers—in which class are embodied publishers and editors. We copy the following paragraph, in order that our readers may see the reasonableness of the demands of the public upon members of the craft:—"How nice is this thing being a printer! A public servant, and withal a servant of the Devil. A good natured fellow—must always smile—bow to everybody—must be killing polite on all occasions, especially to the ladies—must always be a dear-duck of a man; always witty, always dignified; must never do anything that would not accord with the strictest sense of propriety of the most precise old maid; and must always be correct in everything, he does and says; he is always expected to know the latest news, is styled "muggins" if he is not posted; must please everybody, and is supposed never to need the one thing needful; must work for nothing and board himself; must trust everybody, and is thought a ladder bore if he presents his bill, must be a great bore for all political aspirants to step into office, who very soon become independent, don't owe him anything, consider the Printer at best a sorry dog, who cannot expect any better treatment than kicks and cuffs, finally summing it up, he is expected to be a "man without a model, and without a shadow."

A NEW LUCKY.—The latest novel from Germany is a musical bed, which receives the weary body, and immediately "lays it in Elysium." It is the invention of a mechanic in Bohemia, and is so constructed that by means of some hidden mechanism, a pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air of Auber to be played which continues until the sleeper is lulled to sleep. At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to rise, when the time arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontini, with drums, cymbals, and in short, with noise enough to arouse the "Seven Sleepers!" starting the occupant of the melodious couch through wakefulness in an instant.

KIRWAN SAYS, that a pious Scotchman used to pray, "O, Lord! keep me right for thou knowest if I go wrong, it is you to torp me."