Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor. "EXCELSIOR." TERMS—$1.25 per Annum.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the **Ladies and Gentlemen** of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and despatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements, he is prepared to make **Artificial Teeth** in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row.
Sept. 14th, 1858. 1y.

DR. R. V. WILSON,

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

JAS. H. LARRIMER. T. 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 15, 1855.

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

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK N 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 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 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.

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 the house of J. Crans, Esq. my 7 '55.

WM. P. CHAMBERS.

CARRIES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and house and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield co. All orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 5, 1858.

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.

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, 1858.-y.

P. W. BARRETT,

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

J. L. CUTTLE,

Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March3, 1858.

A. B SHAW,

RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandize, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa
Shawsville, August 13, 1855.

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, 1858. JOHN JORDAN.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield would inform the public that he is prepared to do work in the above line, from plain to ornamental of any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms.
EDWIN COOPER.
Clearfield, April 17, 1887. 1y.

D. O. CROUCH,

PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville.
May

Miscellaneous.

A Visit to the Hermitage.

Mr. J. W. Kelly, who was one of the delegates to the Nashville Conference, publishes in the Yorkville Enquirer, the following account of a visit to the Hermitage.

Early in the session the South Carolina delegation resolved on a visit to the Hermitage, where Jackson lived, died, and is buried. It is a fine old homestead situate on the southern bank of the Cumberland, about eleven miles north east of Nashville. We invited, for the sake of variety and good cheer, a couple of ladies, one little boy, Jonie Stones, and four outside delegates, to wit: one from Virginia, one from Tennessee, one from Missouri, and another from Louisiana—and took a fine specimen of the "peculiar institution" in the person of Adolphus, from Georgetown, who generally attends annual conferences, with Rev. C. Betts, and as his body servant was also in attendance at the general conference. Thus, 18 in all, in four handsome and comfortable coaches, with a liberal basket of lunch, (and to tell the whole truth, a nice little box of segars, though I don't touch such things) we started at one o'clock, on the 8th, not of January, but of May, and rattled away for the hermitage, to many the Mecca of the South, as I hope that Mount Vernon will ever be to all American lovers of their country. A two hours' drive brought us all safe to a fine old country seat, away from the public road about a quarter of a mile in towards the river. You enter from a lane or cross-road an iron gate; stone posts, I think; and then up a gravelled cedar avenue; it should have been hickory; and halted at the front of a venerable old mansion now occupied by the family of Mr. Jackson, an adopted son or nephew of the old hero.

John, the old General's body servant, as he told us, during both Presidential terms, was soon forthcoming. Dr. Wightman, as our chief, sent in a card, and we soon had the liberty of the halls and parlors, gardens and grounds, and plenty of *fresh water*. We all sat down in an antique chair, said to have been Washington's, and given to General Jackson by Mr Custis—may be. It evidently appertained to another generation; nethless with feelings of reverence as well as of curiosty, we looked upon it, sat in it for a moment, having the honor of so doing without being in any manner rested. Paintings on the walls, quaint and tasteful gifts on the shelves and tables there were, but I am no connoisseur, and therefore will not attempt a description, especially as I made no notes at the time. The General and his wife lie buried under the same plain tomb, at the northeast corner of the garden, between the dwelling and the public road; "life's *fitful* fever over, they sleep well;" both having died in the faith and the hope of the Christian religion.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The following brief but comprehensive remarks on the decline of the authority of parents over their children, seems to us to have so much truth in them, and to be of such general application, that we cannot refrain from transferring them to our columns:

"One of our religious exchanges, alluding to the prevalence of crime among boys, very properly asserts that one of the main causes of the decline of morality is *the decay of parental discipline*. The family circle the domestic hearth, is the true fountain of purity or corruption to public morals. Most people become what they are made at home. They go forth into the world, to act out the character they have formed in the first fourteen years of their lives. It is alleged in excuse that children have become more unmanageable than they used to be. We reply that human nature and human relations are unchanged. Children are just as amenable to authority as they ever were. This is the main purpose for which Providence has made them helpless and dependent, that they may be trained to obedience, to order, to industry, to virtue. It is not true that parents have not as absolute control over their children as they ever had. When there is dependence, obedience may be enforced. The real fact is, that parents are too indolent, too negligent, too indifferent to take the pains to train up their children in the way they should go. It requires perpetual vigilance, and they get tired. It requires self-control to exercise a proper authority over others. Self-conquest is the greatest victory of all. There can be no just parental discipline when there is no character to back it.

☞Sorrows like ladies' ages, grow less every time they are told.

Sydney Smith on Sunday Observance.

The eccentric and satirical Sidney Smith was never charged with being "unrighteous." But there are veins of deep and noble thoughts in his papers, which it were well if some who are quite ready to commend his wit and laxity of opinion on a few subjects would resort to. Take the following impressive utterance as to the value and importance of the Sabbath:

"I must suspect the virtue and suspect the religion of that man who imagines he can attain the quality or the excellence, without submitting to the rules and practices by which the excellency and quality are found to be attained—who believes he can be a Christian without Sabbaths and without prayer, and reach the end without submitting to the means: and means, remember, not only sanctioned by the experience of men, but emanating from the will of God, reduced to a positive commandment—one of the laws of the pillar on which all Christian nations have founded their religious usages; and if we did no understand the reason of the law, what matter? if it is the law. But who does *not* feel the reason of the law? Who would hesitate one moment for an answer if I were to ask him why the Sabbath was instituted? to stop that thoughtless, oblivious creature man, in headlong pursuit of pleasure and of wealth; to tell him that his soul is immortal; that Christ came down upon earth for his redemption—that the heavens above are spread out to receive him; to stop him when he is acquiring, and to tell him to look into his own soul; to stop him when he is enjoying, and to warn him of his salvation; to suspend his contracts, to arrest his schemes—to calm his emotions, to quell his hatreds, to burst into his soul with the splendor of God's truth: and while he is making paltry acquisitions, and panting after foolish pleasures, to open to him the heavens, and to show him the throne of God, and to open to him the earth, and to show him the depth of hell, and to broach to him temperance, and righteousnes, and judgment to come."

The Killing a Desperado.

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

We have published something of the tragedy referred to below, but further and interesting particulars are here gven, and, as a moral that ought to be heeded every where is involved in it, we publish the following account of the transaction from the Abbeville (parish of Vermillion) *Meriadoc* of the 26th ult. The three persons charged with killing Lebleu, it has already been stated, were taken to Opelouses by a change of venue granted by the District Court of Calcasieu Parish, and the next day after their arrival they were set at liberty—we presume by competent authority.

"BLOODY TRAGEDY—JUSTICE.—A great criminal offender, Paul C. Lebleu—the cold-hearted murderer of Ewing and Parsons—the cold-hearted seducer and kidnapper, the lawless desperado of the parish of Calcasieu, who once dared and did force his own negro slave to sit on a bench of the District Court of that parish during court time, and in derision of the presiding judge—has at last met the fate he so richly deserved. As to the particulars of his death, we are indebted to the politeness of S. Belden, Esq. who has just returned from the court of the parish; and we here give them as communicated to us by that gentleman.

On Monday, the 13th inst., the District Court commenced its regular session at Lake Charles, the seat of justice of the parish of Calcasieu. Every thing about town indicated that a deep under current was at work for some purpose unknown to strangers; for the western wing of the hotel displayed in fine order and in good keeping, many double barrelled guns, pistols and bowie knives. Like implements of warfare were also conspicuously visible in the court room. Things remained in that state till Wednesday morning, at which time Paulin C. Lebleu, coming in from the country, rode up to the rack of the hotel, descended from his mule, and started towards the house with a pair of heavy dragoon pistols across his left arm, besides a repeater and a bowie knife in his belt. He had almost reached the steps of the west wing of the hotel, when he was shot from the front of the very same steps, four different times, by a man named Eugene Foux and several others, who had all been the victims of the lust and other depravities of Lebleu. Each discharge was deadly. His right arm was awfully mangled; four buckshots penetrating through his neck, one through his right breast, one through the lower part of the abdomen, and the balance, as he turned at the first fire—took effect in his shoulders and back. It appears that he received from thirty-five to forty buckshot through the most vital portions of his person.

Lebleu expired almost instantly. And thus closed the life of one whose earthly career has been stained with blood and ruin, all of which could have been prevented if those entrusted with the administration of justice in that parish had only performed their duty fearlessly and regardless of consequences. We are told that from his early manhood Lebleu prided himself in the violation of the laws of his country in the most outrageous manner, and that none dared to arrest him for doing so. Probably some immaculate officials will look upon this assertion as libelous; but we care not; and we say boldly, although with regret, that whenever criminals are permitted to escape, either through the leniency of juries, technical defects in the indictments, absence of the witnesses, or any other means—then let popular justice be done.

The Value of One Square Mile in Virginia.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says: One square mile in the city of New York, even calculating it at $100,000 per acre, which is much more than it would bring, except in favorite localities, would be worth $64,000,000, and yet we can find several localities in the mountains of Virginia, which are in reality, far more valuable. One of these may be found between Smyth and Washington counties, on the north fork of the Holeton, and is known as Saltville, the estate of Col. Thomas L. Preston. One square mile within the circumference of the salt basin, including also the gypsum formation within the same area, we can show by close calculations, to be worth not only more than one square mile in the city of New York, but more than the whole city.

The salt rock within this square mile ranges from seventy to one hundred feet in thickness, which would yield a net ton, or forty bushels of salt to every solid yard it contains, or over three thousand millions of bushels! which, when manufactured, is worth from forty to fifty cents a bushel. But, presuming it to be worth twenty cents per bushel in the ground, and we have six hundred millions of dollars, to which we must add two hundred and fifty millions of tons of plaster within the same space, worth with the ground about one dollar per ton, making a total of eight hundred and fifty million dollars! New York property is valued at seven hundred and fifty million dollars.

In another place we estimated the value of this mineral deposit at only twenty eight hundred million bush. salt, without reference to the plaster or the land improvements. But the present one we make as a boast against any thing that the world can produce, and, of course, have not allowed any "contingencies in our calculations. The one square mile alluded to above contains about all the salt, but not one tenth part of the plaster. The estate contains about ten thousand acres.

We migh also choose a square mile on the iron mountains of Alleghany County, which, when properly developed, would be worth more than all the farms in Virginia: or we might choose a square mile of the lead property at the Old Wayne Lead Mines, and, only estimating it according to the yield up to the present time, at a moderate profit in the ground, and our figures would run into millions.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

The Havana *Prensa* notices a remarkable incident as one of the results of the shock from the explosion; no less than the restoration to reason of a lady of that city, who had entirely lost her mind, some six moths ago, from a severe and protracted spell of sickness. During the whole of that period she did not recognize any one, not even her parents and other near relatives. When the explosion took place, she was instantly thrown into violent paroxysms, which the family considered as an indication of the speedy approach of death. The paroxysms gradually subsided, and all were rejoiced to find her situation quite the reverse of what was expected: her reason was entirely restored! This case presents an interesting question for our medical philosophers.

☞A lady once consulted Doctor Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madame," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school mate—David Garrick— who was always a little fellow—robbing ten or a dozen orchards with impunity; but the first time I climbed up an apple tree—for I was always a heavy boy, the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgement.—I suppose that is why justice is represent- with a pair of scales!"

THE FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female, than the posession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it; it is like the the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon the heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. When it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natual feelings of a bad heart.—Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love dwelling there. Study then to acquire a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, it captivates more than beauty, and to the class of life retains all its bower.

A MELANCHOLY BANQUET.

The following touching and suggestive incident, is sadly illustrative of the uncertainty of life, or rather the certainty of death, and of its inexorable disregard of all the ties which bind frail mortality to an earthly existence.

A Cincinnati paper notices the solitary last banquet of a "last man's" club in that city. In the cholera season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to meet annually and dine once together, as long as they lived, a bottle of vine to be sealed and drank in memoriam by the last survivor. The first re-union was held on the 6th of October, 1832, and on the 6th of October, 1858, Dr. Vattier, sole survivor of the seven, drank from the bottle and pledged the six dead friends, whose empty chairs and empty plates were his only society at the last melancholy feast.

THE BELLS OF MOSCOW.—Bayard Taylor, in an excedingly interesting letter from Moscow, gives an account of the great bells of that city—the largest and most costly in the world. The Russians have a peculiar *penchana* for large bells. The largest among them, which is on the Tower of the Kermlin, was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1730, and weighs one hundred and twenty tons. It is twenty two feet high, and twenty one in diameter at the bottom. It cost one million and a half of dollars. There is another bell near it which weighs sixty-four tons. It takes three men to tin its tongue. It is only rung 3 times a year, then all the bells are silent. It is said the vibration of the air is like the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannons.

Humorous.

Election Anecdotes.

The manner in which defeated candidates for political honors submit to their fate, often affords interesting illustration of the varietis of human character, and sometimes results in very good jokes being perdetrated by thomselves, or somebody else at their expense.

Among the most amusing that we have met with lactly, is related of a respectable gentleman in Windsor county, Vermont, who some years ago, had an ambition to represent his native town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good moral character, and in every way qualified to fill the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him," and was, in fact, the most unpopular man in the town. Going to 'Squire X, an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asked his influence: saying that he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X's influence he was sure to be elected. The 'Squire "put in his best jumps" for his man; but when the votes were counted, another man was declared elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the vote stood, and learned that he had got just three votes! "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the 'Squire with a chopfallen countenace.—"Nor I either," said the 'Squire, "I put in one vote; you put in another; but who the deuce put in the third is more than I can imagine!

But who wou'd not desire to possess such a genial temper as Mr. James A. Jones of Arkansas, who ran as an independent candidate for Congress, and was defeated by about seven thousand majority. Mr. Jones is the editor of the *Ouachita Herald*, and discusses his defeat in his paper in a manner that should at least entitle him to the credit of taking it coolly. Hear him:

DEFEATED, OR UP SALT RIVER,

"We cave."—*Magpies.*

"Not in vain shall such examples be."—*Byron*

We—that is to say, James A. Jones, editor of the Ouachita *Herald*, and late candidate for Congress—are ingloriously defeated. To use a classical and entirely original expression, "we have met the enemy and we are theirs." We evidently cast our pearls before swine. We magnanimously, and at a considerable sacrifice of our habitual self respect, offered it serve a people who had no appreciation of the offering. We cant help it. We didn't make the people, and are not under contract to supply them with brains. If they were wilfully blind to our merit, the fault is theirs. If they are opposed to receiving individually one hundred and fifty acres of land a piece, they have a perfect right to reject it—they ought to know whether or not they deserve it. If they don't want the rights of the south "*perseved* inviolate" why, they may have them *pickled* for all we care.

At an enormous expense of sixten dollars and thirty-two cents, we printed a multitude of circulars, sufficient, we thought to elect any man, with which we flooded this congressional district, and a large portion of the Cherokee nation. We wrote to our friends, and to some who were not our friends, to rally to our support. But they did'nt rally. We then concealed ourself as well as we could at home, refusing positively to extend our acquaintance, or to see more of the public than the public did of us. With these precautions we deemed success certain.—A great many persons wrote us that we should be elected, we should have an overwhelming vote; they were not deceived—it was overwhelming. Many credulous persons told us that we should be elected, we listened to them and were deceived. But we forgive them, for they made us feel comfortable—for a while; and all earthly happiness is transitory. We shall never become a candidate again without consulting somebody on the subject first, and ascertaining whether they do or do not desire us to run; for we are satisfied that it is folly to be a candidate unless *somebody* does want you to run, and will vote for you on the strength of that desire.

We are not without consolation. We are not the only candtdate that was defeated. There are numbers in as bad a fix as ourself. And besides, greater men than we claim to be, have been as badly beaten.

Among our numerous friends, ex Governor Drew is entitled to our warmest acknowledgements. His intention, doubtless was to assist us in beating Rust, by procuring a large and influentian majority of the Democratic party to vote for him.—With this object in view, he made a briliant canvass, ending in no less a briliant failure. But, notwithstanding he carried off a considerable portion of our vote, we honor him for his laudable intentions.—Hereafter he has but to command us, and we will obey—if it suits us to do so.

To the fifteen patriotic and chivalrous voters, who cast their suffrages in Pike county, we beg leave to tender our sincere and unfeigned gratitude. We owe them a debt that will be difficult to repay. As a slight evidence of our appreciation and lasting regard, we propose that if they will forward us a list of their names, we will send them the *Herald* for life at the usual price, three dollars per annum, *invariably* in advance.

In conclusion, we desire permission to remark, that the small experiment we have just made is eminently satisfactory. Whatever aspirations we may have had for glory are entirely subdued. The pursuit of a seat in congress, under difficulties "is one in which we have no desire to re-engage. We are satisfind that we carry with us into our retirement the best wishes of a generous though ungrateful people, and are content.

MORE ABOUT THE COMET.—The comet we regret to say, is exercising a most corrupting influence in Buffalo, and will probably fail to gain there that good will which the return of a so long absent visitor should be greeted. The mischevious paragraph setting forth that four o'clock in the morning is the best time to view the celestial visitor, has been widely circulated in that locality, and the consequence is that a great number of the Buffalo gentlemen have got into the habit of remaining until that time, about seven nights in the week, to pay their respects to it. There is nothing radically immoral in the mere matter of setting up till four in the morning, but it is said that owing to the stimulating processes which they find it necessary to resort to to keep awake so long, these amateur astronomers have commenced seeing two comets apiece, each with two tails, besides a great variety of other stars not distinctly specified. Some of the Buffalo papers are in great tribulation about it.