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CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

The tide of Time, still onward rolling,
Has swept another year around;
E'en now we hear its death-knell tolling,
With distant, solemn, far-off sound.

Yet 'mid the tones of mingled sadness,
Which waft the dying year away,
There breathes a strain of joyful gladness—
An infant year is born to-day!

While the mournful bells of death are ringing
Their lamentations o'er the dead,
A wing'd messenger is tidings bringing,
Of a lover in its stead.

Then, come join, dear PATRONS, in the greeting,
The year, though but dawning, is fleeting;
Its pleasures too bright to last;
Give thanks to that Divine, Almighty power,
Our shield in many a trying hour,
Mid the perils of the past.

And let high resolves our breasts inspiring,
Through the present year with hearts untiring,
Aid religion's holy cause;
That we may still that kind protection,
And not His stern, and just correction,
Deserve for broken laws.

Despoiled their land, usurped their thrones,
Impeis them still to wage the strife,
And deem dearly sold each Sepoy life,
If purchased with a dying Briton's groans.

When England her lamented dead deplores,
Who fell by Hindoo hands on Ganges shores,
And points, as her excuse for harsh decrees,
To bloody scenes of Indian cruelties,
She should not forget, when she strikes the brave,
That cruel master makes rebellious slave.

Decennial Europe seems now at rest—
A doubtful seeming at the best,
Her slumbering hates may soon awake—
From smiling hill and fruitful plain,
From smiling hill and fruitful plain,
The shout of war be heard again;
And strife and carnage sweep the land,
Before the new-born year has waned.

But choose we now another theme,
And tell a tale of peaceful scheme,
To bind in bonds of well-loved true,
The Old world to the willing New,
With magnetic cords by craftsmen made,
And in the Atlantic's bosom laid—
Beneath her mighty waves depending
And deep from shore to shore extending.
A mystic wire, supple and strong,
Within whose folds may dart along,
That swift electric messenger,
Whose subtle speed outstrips old Time,
(Who's left considerably in the rear
In the race from clime to clime),
And come to tell the tale it bears,
Of joy or woe, of hopes or fears,
Two thousand miles beneath the sea,
Oh, wondrous age! can such things be?
But we must own with deep regret,
That all these "things" have not been yet;
For up from the depth of Ocean weird,
The promised herald has ne'er appeared;
If we except the "signals" that De Santy
Gives, at Trinity Bay in his shanty.

This my muse speeds over the wave,
To the home of the free and brave;
Once more she's safe on freedom's soil,
Where she can rest from war's turmoil—
Call not the Telegraph a fable,
Sure she came over on the cable,
Or rather 'twas, ('tis all the same),
Upon that subject that she came;
On it she fearlessly braved the main,
And safely steered her home again.

A lofty theme now claims a line—
Land of the tall and waving pine,
Each low-lying hill that meets my view,
And nods its head amid the blue,
Reminds me of the tribute due.

Thy rugged face has charms for me,
Untold by my rude minstrelsy,
I love to climb thy mountains steep,
And to explore thy valleys deep;
I love to trace thy limpid streams
When warm'd by soft and vernal beams;
When summers East drinks up their wave,
My limbs within their depths to have;
And when they lie by frost congealed,
I love to skim their icy field,
And though to strangers few thy charms,
As swells the theme my bosom warms,
And fervent praise each glowing line
Should breathe in eloquence divine,
Could I while the muse command,
For oh! I love my native land,
Nor must our town be quite forgot;
Though humble, 'tis a lovely spot,
Planted by the winding river's side,
Where flows its softly murmuring tide;
The spot designed by nature's hand
When first this curious earth she planned;
Ordaining that such fitting place,
Some future day a town should grace.
And here, in quiet beauty, lies
Our little earthly paradise—
Embosomed 'mid the sloping hills,
Whose woody sides the picture fills;
And where, when summer's rays are strong,
We may retreat their shades among,
And find, in many a rude-leafed tree,
The dwelling of romance and love,
But not on outward charms alone,
Although in these excelled by none—
Is based the well-deserved renown
Conceded to our unequalled town,
Graces more exalted still, combine
To make her name with lustre shine.
It is her sterling moral worth,
And that which soars above the earth,
Seeking reward beyond the skies,
Wherein her greatest glory lies,
And here, to her beauty's bright array,
I'd fain a passing tribute pay;
But my dull wit could ne'er portray
Their heavenly charms in such a lay
As this. Still here may I declare,
How lovely CLEARFIELD'S daughters are;
And greatest boast—as pure as fair;
How versed in such accomplishment,
Their lives in useful occupation spent,
And which with justice can be said,
Alike of matron and of maid,
Her sons are comely, brave and true,
Their virtues many, their vices few.

Since last we held the opening year,
How oft has fallen affliction's tear,
And selfish man, with nought content,
Oft mourn'd as ill, true blessing sent;
How oft our fondest hopes been crushed,
Our gayest songs in sadness hushed,
As time rolls on, relentless death,
Still swings the scythe and stabs the breath;
His busy trade no longer knowing,
Nor favor to his victims showing,
The young he gathers with the old,
At his withering touch the heart grows cold
In the infant and the aged breast,
And both alike lie down to rest;
By a certain, yet unequal doom,
Condemned to fill a common tomb,
And who are they of all the throng,
Which crowd life's thoroughfare along,
That ere revolving time has brought
Another year, to mark the spot
Whereon they stand in life to-day,
Must fall the cruel spoiler's prey,
To swell the countless multitudes,
Death in his silent train includes.

Forgive the bard! this wailing strain
Shall not awake his lyre again;
Livelier now shall be the lay,
Although his heart may not be gay;
And we will sing of days gone by,
In tones so light that men's eyes rise,
To swell the heart with scarcely risen,
Or with its moisture dim the eyes.

To other lands now bid adieu:
My weary muse her flight renew—
Here let her lowly members swell
To 'xtol the land we love so well,
How 'tis with peace and plenty blessed,
And all its stripes calm'd down to rest,
Within the year whose parting sigh,
Upon the breeze is floating by,
Most marked events were crowded—
By which the land in gloom was shrouded.
Then, civil discord reached its height—
Each patriot heart abhorred the sight;
Yet traitors fanned the glowing flame
And thought—the deed they dare not name,
But still remained a noble band
Within the breach, who took their stand
By our own brave Buchanan's side,
And gave their aid to stem the tide
Of sectional hate, whose depths untold,
In dark fanatic billows roll'd
Its frenzied waves o'er northern lands,
Where only bold disunion stands,
But enough, the ordeal is past—
That band was faithful to the last,
Lecompton now lies cold and dead,
And with it, the *reb* perished,
Beneath oblivion's inky wave,
Be their remembrance buried deep;
Within that dark and gloomy grave,
May they, forgotten, ever sleep!

Yet has envy rous'd a neighbor's hate:
Too jealous of our best estate,
Their blood is stirred to vengeful heat,
To rob us of the county seat;
And they have made a solemn vow—
To them it must be yielded now;
But we deem their oath quite too rash,
Such things are not done in a flash,
And many moons may intervene
Before so great a *move* is seen.

But my address is waxing long,
And I must now cut short my song:
I sing for cash and not for glory,
So, shall tell no lengthen'd story,
Here let me then the lay conclude
With wishes for your future good;
And gently hint before I go,
That of your plenty you bestow
Upon the poor a liberal share,
That you may still the Maker's care
Deserve. And then remember too,
The trifle that's the CANON'S due.

ADIEU! ADIEU!
CLEARFIELD, PA., January 1st, 1859.

In Eastern lands, the tidings tell
Of bloody wars that there befall
The children of that genial clime—
The land of the spice-tree and lime,
Resistance to a foreign yoke,
To fierce rebellion did provoke
The brave, but hapless Hindoo race;
Which to their masters' deep disgrace,
Log's years had ground in galling chains,
Wh' the conquerors reap'd their cruel gains,
Until to live was worse than death—
In sudden rage they rose at last,
Resolved on vengeance for the past—
Vow'd to liberty their latest breath,
And fickle fortunes, false the while,
Allured them onward with her smile;
First, their valor by success she crowns,
Then soon o'erwhelms them with her frowns,
And now, though firm and dauntless still,
Their sinking cause no more can fill
With hope the Sepoy's breast. Hate alone
Of that race, which through years agone,

STRETCHING TIME.—An impatient
Welshman called to his wife, "Come, isn't
the breakfast ready? I've had nothing
since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the
third day!" This is equal to the call of
the stirring housewife, who roused her
maid at 4 o'clock with "Come, Bridget, get
up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-mor-
row's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—
half the week's gone, and nothing done yet!

It would be well if farmers would
surround their their barnyards, barns and
pin-pens with fruit trees. Such trees bear
abundantly, and heavy crops of plums can
often be obtained in such places, as the
stung fruit is sure to be picked up and de-
voured as soon as it falls, thus preventing
the increase of the curculio. Apples, peaches,
cherries and other fruits, do well,
for the same reason, and they are also pro-
vided with a plentiful amount of liquid from
the drainage of the barn and barn-
yard. Next fall or spring recollect this
and plant some trees.

DEATH OF A VETERAN PARIS RAG-PICKER.—
A Paris correspondent chronicles the de-
mise of an ancient rag-picker of that city,
in the following terms:—
"The oldest rag-picker in Paris died this
week, and at the age of ninety-one. Rag-
picking you see, is favorable to longevity.
This old man, like most of his profession,
was rich once, and his money being squan-
dered, he fell down the ladder of society,
rung by rung, until he reached the bottom.
He was well educated, too, and his broth-
ern of the rag-tag-tie looked up to him
with respect. The Rag-Pickers' Associa-
tion made him a free member, gave him
a free ticket to all their festivals, reserved
him a number of streets into which no one
was allowed to venture on his picking ex-
cursions, and gave him a monthly allow-
ance of pocket money, for his gin and to-
bacco. His comrades buried him, and his
funeral was largely attended by rag-pick-
ers."

One of the Baroy brothers is taming
horses at Vicksburg, Va.

Advice to the Ladies.

A pretty hand and a pretty foot always
go together,
When we speak of one we always think
of the other.

For this reason, stepping on a woman's
foot is equivalent to squeezing her hand,
and equally proper, but sometimes more
convenient, as it can be done under the table.
Be careful, however, never to attempt
it at a crowded table, for fear of making a
mistake. We once saw a lady very much
confused, who was trying to give a signal
to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his,
she trod and pressed on the corn covered
toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as
long as he could, when he very quietly re-
marked:
"Madame, when you wish to tread on a
gentleman's toes, be particular and get
the foot that belongs to him—for the last
five minutes you have been jamming my
toes most unmercifully."

The New York Tribune thus lets itself
out about the "last words" of De Santy:
"A voice from the desert! An ancient,
mystical, magnetic voice! The voice of
one unknown to mortal eyes, but not un-
known to fame! The voice of De Santy!
Like Juliet, he speaks, yet says nothing—
at least nothing new. "Well-marked cur-
rents," but "nothing intelligible," cries
De Santy, as he cried last fall, when he
first hallooed in the woods about Trinity
Bay."

SHARP RETORT.—Word was sent by Mr.
M., a defeated candidate, to a married
lady, who was supposed to have changed
the expected vote of her husband on elec-
tion day to the opposite party, to the fol-
lowing effect: "Go and tell Mrs. F.—
that I will send her by the first opportu-
nity, a pair of pantaloons for her political
services." "Go and tell Mr. M.—" was
the reply, "to send them along at once.—
Don't forget to tell him that I want a new
pair—not a pair that his wife has half worn
out."

TOPOGRAPHY OF PARAGUAY.
Paraguay is situated in the interior of
South America, nearly west from Rio Je-
neiro, and is separated from the sea coast
by the district of St. Paul's, a part of Bra-
zil. It lies in the fork of the broad riv-
ers, the Parana and Paraguay, the first of
which flows down its eastern border, and
the other runs along its western edge, and
they unite their waters in 27 degrees 30
minutes south latitude. From this point
up to its northern limits is nearly five
hundred miles, and its mean breadth, be-
tween those rivers is about two hundred
miles. Through the length of this coun-
try extends a range of low mountains, richly
wooded to their summits, which is the
water shed to the whole interior of this
state. On either side of this open and
beautiful valleys send out to those large
rivers, small, clear tributaries, east and
west—so that the entire territory is admir-
ably watered. The level lands along
these streams are extremely fertile, and
the valleys in the mountains are clothed
with forests of the yerba tree, the leaves of
which, prepared by drying over fires, is
the celebrated "mate," or Paraguayan tea.
These groves are called "yerbales," and
will be more particularly noticed again.

The southern section of the state, is an
exception to this topography. The Parag-
uay river overflows its banks for some
distance above its mouth, during freshets,
and spreads out shallow, broad marshes
on its western borders. The traveller, on
the road to Assumption, will be up to the
saddles in water for hours at a time with
only here and there patches of dry
land in view. This region is called the
"coast," and is inhabited by scattered bod-
ies of wood-cutters, who suffer every pos-
sible affliction from age and insects. Still
the Costeros, driven out, temporarily, by
high water, to the uplands, always eagerly
return to these sloughs. The insects particu-
larly the mosquitoes, are so formidable,
that but for an expedient of these peo-
ple, based upon a known habit of these
pests, a man could not exist there. Ex-
perience has shown to them that mosqui-
toes confine their depredations to the
surface of the ground, and do not rise
high in the air. The people, therefore, in
front of their houses, raise a scaffold upon
posts, fifteen feet high, set firmly in the
ground. Upon this they stretch bullocks
hides, and spread on these coarse straw
mats. At night the family retire to this
staging, and having drawn up the ladder,
sleep undisturbed. Besides, this arrange-
ment protects them from the fierce puma
and onca.

This low region extends up to the nar-
row of the river Paraguay. Here the high
lands are crossed by the river, which forms
the Angostura, above which, twenty seven
miles, is the Capital of the Republic, As-
sumption, finely situated on the east
bank of the Paraguay. A better descrip-
tion of the country about this city cannot
be given than is presented in a letter by
an English merchant, who visited it in
person. I will, therefore, give an extract
from it:

"Presently we were shut out from the
open country, and wended our way thro'
a road, embanked on either side to the
height of twelve feet. It was overarched
by the wood which met, and twined its
branches on both sides of this shaded
pathway. From springs in the banks on
each side of the road, gurgled the clear
waters, not a ray of sun could penetrate
this retreat; and we rejoined in this re-
freshing passage through which we bent
our course to the Capital. All the ap-
proaches (or passes as they may be more
properly called) to Assumption, are of
this kind. They were made originally for
defence against the frequent inroads of
the Indians; and these defiles may be easi-
ly guarded against any number of ene-
mies. These dangers now being past, the
approaches to the city serve as the pleas-
ant passages by which travellers enter, or
the rural inhabitants carry their fruit,
vegetables and meats to market. Of such we
overtook hundreds, chiefly females, some
on foot, others bestrode asses, some drove
horses and mules with panniers across
them, and those of a higher station had a
clumsy horse-cart.

"It was something more than pictur-
esque, to see the elegantly clothed fe-
male, with her full bust, roundly turned
arms, small hands, and smaller feet, short
petticoat, and braided hair, and black eyes,
pursuing her course of industry, either
with a picher of water, a bundle of tobac-
co, or parcel of yucca root, on her jaunty
head, clothed in pure white, she glided
like a sylph through the green foliage.
Through these shady lanes of twelve miles
I entered Assumption, with all the enthu-
siasm of a man, introduced for the first
time, into a country of such Arcadian sim-
plicity and happiness."

This Claude-like sketch paints graphi-
cally the happy primitiveness of this in-
nocent people, and the great abundance of
the necessities of life. Their remote situ-
ation, the mildness of the climate, and
the great productiveness of the soil, con-
stitute them a quiet, and contented popu-
lation. They are a mixed race—of Span-
iard and Indian—but the original blood
has become so attenuated, as to be scarce-
ly perceptible, and the females are as
pretty in features and figure—the com-
plexion as clear as a tint of olive, slightly
tinged with red—as the native Andalusian.
This greater beauty of person and docil-
ity of disposition is due to the fact, that
the negro was never introduced into this
beautiful country. This black element,
where it has been infused into the mix-
ture, in other parts of South America, gives
coarseness of face and viciousness and cru-
elty to the character. It drag-down the
superior race to a lower grade of mind
and morals—and hence of necessity, an in-
ferior civilization. This very peaceful
disposition of the native Paraguayan, has
been made an element of the oppression
of this people. Dr. Francis wrested from

them every attribute of sovereignty, and
successfully established the caprice of his
own arbitrary will; and they have not re-
sisted, nor does the world even know the
extent of their oppression, so completely
have they been shut out.

Having seen how favorably the surface
of this State is disposed, broad valleys,
wooded hills and rich plains, veined be-
tween by the beautiful rivers; we must
clothe all with the gorgeous forests of the
tropics, and people them with bright
winged birds, to get a proper conception of
the scene. The latitude south is the same
with that of Cuba and the Bahamas, north,
and the productions of the forests and
fields are very much the same. The fine
leaved tobacco for cigars, the luxurious
cane for sugar, the softest cotton for their
fine fabrics—so much in demand by all
their neighbors—mate, so highly prized as
a tea by all classes, are but some of the
rich products of their cultivated land. The
neatly white-washed cottage of the
poorest haciendas is embosomed in ever-
greens, orange, lime, and the delicate acacia,
while the distant line of the forest
frames in his fields, shooting up here and
there, the stately crown of a palm tree.

This is nature's bounty; but the ambi-
tion and enmity of man have marred these
beauties with oppression and wrong—as
the sequel will show.

Mr. Dallas as a Sportsman.

The London correspondent of the New
York Times, gives the following lively ac-
count of a late achievement of Mr. Dallas:
"You may not know that Mr. Dallas is a
capital shot, and wields the Manton as
cleverly as the pen. No accomplishment
can possibly come amiss to a diplomatist,
although our good people in general seem
to think even good manners and a decent
knowledge of their own language super-
fluous ornaments, unworthy the envoy of
a Republican State—and Mr. Dallas' skill
as a marksman served him very prettily
the other day in an extemporised match
with a certain veteran viscount who is
trying to console himself in the turnip
fields for his defeat upon the floor of St.
Stephen's, and pops away at partridges
with a sorer aim than at Jones. Our min-
ister was the viscount's guest at the char-
ming country seat immortalized by that
most modest of chroniclers, Mr. Henry
Weyell, and was enjoying the morning air,
when his host emerged from the man-
sion, gay with that inexhaustible gaiety
which fifty years of London life and gov-
ernment have not abated, and arrayed for
the field in his inevitable gaiters appro-
priate to the murder of birds.

He was apologizing for leaving his guest,
without a suspicion that an American di-
plomatist could think of meddling with
so particularly British a sport as shooting at
partridges in the turnip fields, involving,
as it does, six or seven hours of pretty
hard walking, with no slight pull upon
the whole system, muscular and nerv-
ous, when our Envoy most politely
insisted upon setting off, accoutred as
he was rather for the drawing room
than the open country, and trying his
hand at the business. The viscount of
course assented, no doubt with such a pri-
vate chuckle over the coming misfortunes
of his diplomatic friend as Rochefoucauld
would have delighted to witness, and the
illustrious gentlemen marched off togeth-
er, with the small array of dogs and game
keepers. The first American volley was
delivered from both barrels, "right and
left," and brought down as many birds,
Fancy the viscount's amazement. This,
however, might be a piece of luck. But
what could be said when every whirl and
rise in the field was followed by the same
prompt and precise results, till the hour
of luncheon found the unprepared game
bag of the Western representative rather
more than twice as heavy as that of
his distinguished companion? Only I fear
that we are often more fortunate than
wise, for I have known some of our am-
bassadorial corps whom I should have
been sorry to pit, either in point of skill,
strength, endurance, good humor, good
manners, or good sense, against the veter-
an ex-leader of English liberals, I should
be glad indeed to think that the half
of our young men of education and posit-
ive, could come as creditably out of such a
chance encounter as an actual minister
at the court of St. James. Meanwhile you
may easily enroll Mr. Dallas, with Chief
Justice Marshall, Chancellor Kent, Gen.
Scott and other vigorous worthies to whom
you once appealed against the notion
that our American breed of men carries
less weight and will stand less wear and
tear than the ancestral stock. We are
our own worst enemies, certainly, and
need only take honest thought of our
own bodies, and what they require in the
way of play and work alike, to hold our
own with our cousins or with all the world.
But of this honest thought we have the
sorest need, and I trust that every young
Yankee, who, on reading this, feels in-
wardly "convicted" that he should have
been unequal to the silent challenge of
the British sportsman, will forthwith should-
er his gun and hunt the fields until he
has brought himself up to the mark.

One of the curious facts recently re-
vealed by the publication of custom-house
tables is that there was imported into this
country last year three hundred thousand
pounds of opium. Of this amount it esti-
mated, from reliable data, that not more
than one-tenth is used for medicinal pur-
poses. The habit of eating opium is
known to be spreading rapidly among law-
yers, doctors, clergymen, and literary men;
and enormous quantities are used by the
manufacturers of those poisonous liqui-
which are dealt out in drinks in the sal-
oons and groggeries that infest every city
and village in the country.