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BANKERS,
Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa.
Money loaned at reasonable rates; exchange bought and sold; deposits received, and a general banking business will be carried on at the above place.
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Justice of the Peace and Surveyor,
Clearfield, Pa.
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Justice of the Peace and Licensed Conveyancer,
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All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he takes himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers, promptly and neatly executed. 1127-1128

THE REPUBLICAN.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 6, 1871.
A STERLING OLD PORN.
Who shall judge him by his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Purses may be fit for princes,
Prizes fit for something less.
Completed suits, for the jobber,
Or the dearest thoughts and feelings;
There are steams of crystal water
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, erubed and overthrown,
Lives who counts by souls, not dreams,
Lives he values through the highest
Of the human mind.

I had the sacks filled. I directed them miscellaneous all over the district. What were Republicans and Democrats to me? Weevil or Anti-Weevil?—that was the question.

I was threatened with prosecution by the Federal authorities. But still the weevil-wheat was carried over Licking, Pickaway, and Franklin by the score. The campaign waxed hot in September. A Democrat had bolted, and was to run against me. He was a decent lawyer, and quite ready to arraign me on Leocompton and the English bill. Indeed, in our first "joint high" discussion, he did arraign me. But the gravamen of his charge was that I had violated the postal laws in sending out among the farmers a bogus kind of wheat. He harangued the people to show that it was not anti-weevil; it was full of cheat, weevil, and all sorts of unclean things. My sacks were ransacked, my wheat sifted. It was ground between the upper and nether millstones of popular approbrium. The campaign grew hot and hotter. I became alarmed. Posters were stuck on trees, sheds, and tavern sign-post, in all the townships and towns:

"WEEVIL! WEEVIL! DOWN WITH THE WEEVIL CANDIDATE!"

Handbills were circulated, charging me with an insidious desire to ruin the agriculture of an honest, hard-working people. Central Committees issued private circulars and statistical tables, explaining the deleterious influence of the weevil upon the farming interest. The staff of life was called in, and the weevil-wheat was denounced. Orators harangued great crowds, in school-houses and in town-halls, on the deleterious nature of the Congressman and Weevil. The first was an enemy to free Kansas, and the second to fair agriculture. The best talent of Ohio, then full of election-year genius, was evoked to show the connection between Leocompton and wheat—Weevil and the English bill.

My friends were in the majority. Our County Central Committees were demoralized. Hasty meetings were called. Men unused to despair—old Jackson hickories, never uprooted in our Democratic forest by any adverse blasts—shook their heads wisely, like Barleghs; their young and sanguine candidate had spoiled the campaign. It was bad enough to be between Douglas and Leocompton, and to take the fire of both, and then Republicans also; but weevil! weevil! was too much.

I tried to explain. Bah! I tried to mention, in a weak way, that my paternal relative had tried it, and—Bah! I mentioned, on one occasion only, that I was a disinterested friend of that farming interest which had once elected me, and whose continued suffrage and crops were dear to my heart. I was a Democrat, and a Democrat, and so forth, was our candidate about when he broke the postal laws to send his infernal wheat over the district? If it were good wheat even—if it were weevil-proof—how could the fact be proved until after the election, next year? Heavens! That had not occurred to me.

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But all this in memory. *He jactet in Globe.*

After much acrimony, a compromise, called the English bill, was introduced by Bill English, of Indiana. It was a compromise, and was thought to be a safe middle course; as Train would say, *a tunc simus ubi*—you know the bird. Eheu! Then began my woes. How little they seem now, since the great events of the war! I had run between two fires—the Buchanan Old Lines and the Douglas Young Americans. I have not bored much since.

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On the comic stage, he says: "Your members vote to vote for him as a saddle-bag candidate, on both sides of Leocompton. How would he persuade you?" "Won't you take a little weevil?"

The roar of laughter among my enemies was indescribable for noise and extent. So I was told. I did not hear him but once, and then but a short time. That was after he had spoken at the Capital.

When he went to Newark to speak in the Fair Grounds, I was so audacious as to go out to hear. I hitched the horse and buggy in the woods, crept quietly under a slouched hat, and hid behind a hickory tree as a barricade. I sat on the grass in hearing distance. When I reached the grounds there were five thousand excited Republicans already assembled. There is unusual commotion in the throng. The Governor is driven up on a bench with six white horses. On each horse, above the ear, is a flag—"Down with the Weevil Candidate." Banners are borne into the mass, amid shouts, bearing mottoes: "For Congress, Lucius Case, the Farmer's Friend, and the Opponent of Weevil!" The stand, too, ornamented with flags. On them various emblems and devices: "Bread is the Staff of Life. Cox would poison it with Weevil!" "Squandering Dollars behind a Wheat Field!" "Free Kansas and a Fair Harvest!" Quite a tumult arises on the stand as the Republican magnates of that country rise to receive Governor Corwin. The band strikes up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

THE EVANS EMBROIDERY.
How Evans Minded his own Business—The Vision of a Seer.
Mr. Evans was not slow in presenting himself at the treasury gates in Washington and demanding cash. It has never been explained, and it does not yet appear, what was the nature of the special agent's services in getting debts clearly due the State paid, or that he did anything more than ask for the money and receipt for it. However, Evans set a notable example to his fellow rogues, and especially to his fellow rogues, in one particular. He minded his own business strictly. He did not seek unprofitable notoriety. He shunned newspaper fame. He did not even poster the government with the annual report he had bound himself to make, and he was slow and shy when he was wanted into his pocket about passing it over to the State Treasurer. And so the devoted fellow labored for more than four long years, silently but persistently, with a single eye to the public interests, and two to his own, and would, doubtless, have descended to the grave in affluence and cozy obscurity. But the newspapers will not let Mr. Evans bish unscathed. They have dragged him forth from his modest retirement and he has grown famous in a day. It seems that he has deducted from the amounts that he claims to have collected at Washington since 1867, for his services in signing receipts therefor, the real title sum of two hundred and sixty-one thousand, seven hundred and thirty dollars.

Was Shylock a Jew.
There are people who believe that Shakespeare made Shylock a Jew in order to pander to the popular hostility existing at that day to the Israelites. But, was Shylock—the Shylock of history, a Jew or a Christian? A correspondent, (M. E. G.) who takes an interest in the query, writes as follows: "The affair took place at Rome in the time of Pope Sixtus the Fifth. I have copied the same verbatim from a work entitled—'History of Pope Sixtus V.,' page 401."

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