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## SPEAK THE TRUTH

BY CHAS. KWANS.

Oh ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,  
Nor let thy lips betray  
Thy better reason into wrong,  
But truths great law obey!  
Thy way to fortune all inquire,  
But truth's a nobler prize;  
For truth, immortal as its sire,  
Still lives, when fortune dies.  
Then ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,  
Nor let thy lips betray  
Thy better reason into wrong,  
But truths great law obey!

With independent worth  
It is a joy that angels know,  
And maketh heaven on earth,  
Who first one step from honor took,  
Took one step to disgrace;  
Who keeps the truth, though poor, may look  
The whole world in the face;  
Then ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,  
Nor let thy lips betray  
Thy better reason into wrong,  
But truths great law obey!

## THE YOUNG REBEL.

A TALE OF THE CAROLINAS.

BY J. M. SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife, and an only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said—

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable; ah! me, I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me; but for it, I should be now shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed inquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's gaze for a moment, turned confusedly away.—

"The old man's brow darkened, and he exclaimed warmly:—

"David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much? Why, my son, I am ashamed of you. Twice before this I have spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit! What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely? For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army!"

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth; then do not speak so harshly to him. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against your country's enemies;—Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them—why, were it not for the boys of this land, where would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of David's age?"

The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word he had ever used to his boy.

David rose and left the house. He walked some distance, apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do?" he at last muttered. "Here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what? why, to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice; but now I will be myself again! What did he call me? was it not a *coleridge*? Now, by Heavens, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away, then, with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, no longer dream! Ere another fortnight my father shall hear of me, or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her of his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and may God be with you. My prayers shall attend you night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the

sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farmhouse, to which he proceeded boldly, in pursuit of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a Tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The Royalist produced his order after supper and insisted that David should join him in his potatoes; this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint, and became more and more communicative. To his horror, David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by Major Wilson, celebrated for his torridity and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the Royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partizan warfare to be assured that so mercy would be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the Major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others nearer home. Henceforth he set himself to discover from his half-inebriated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his ardent cross-examination.

"Why, you see," said the host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a sight received from these fellow's sister, mixed up with the Major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty they say, and the Major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now. Thank Heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest loyalist from doing as he pleases to those rascally rebels. But yonder is the Major now," suddenly said our host, starting up, "I will introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow you will find him. Lord love you he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the party's plans, and find means if possible, to circumvent them. He rose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly; pledged him immediately in a bumper, and so contrived to make the loyalists believe that he was anxious to join a troop, and take part against the rebels. This induced the Major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain was concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night. He pretended that several others of his friends were dissatisfied, and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took; the Major promised him a command in his troop, in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread discovery had been constantly before our hero during the argument of this negotiation, for his person was well known to many of the Major's troops, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not protect him from detection. He wished to get off that night as he proposed; but to this neither his host nor the Major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear that the Major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hearty breakfast, and, mounting his horse, rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the highroad, he turned aside into a more narrow and more circuitous way.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, again dashing into a gallop. "I pray God I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads, and march to the Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen, as they had expected, before the Tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march in the woods, it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, and that the brothers were

not aware of their presence, but were enjoying themselves in fancied security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the Tories, "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house, by way of introduction; we will then surround the house and enter it."

At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang on their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the Major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the windows was shattered, and the Tories yelled like savages. In an instant the lights in the house were extinguished—the violin as quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The Tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the Tories fell, fatally wounded. Another report succeeded, and another Tory fell. Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and beneath this the Tories sheltered from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it into pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The brothers were powerful men, and courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the wholo Tory force. The door being small, they stood their ground for half an hour, feeling during that time, some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overpowered them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The Tories inflamed to madness at the resistance which had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of their victims, when the Major addressed his men:—

"Now friends, as soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to the house—the old woman there," he said, with a brutal laugh, "may be left inside, but the young one I reserve for myself."

"List!" cried one of the men, in a loud voice. The Major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard, "when I say fire give it to them!"

A man with a blanched cheek now rushed into the house, exclaiming—

"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard. A general volley succeeded, and so well had been the aim directed in the door that several of the Tories fell, either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the Tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room, they had just left, and cut the ropes that bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers.

The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle.

The Tories fought for life; the whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost exterminated. The Major fell by the arm of our hero, who had sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed wife to his bosom, and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but hers was silent and tearful, yet how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him when they met, "but you are a clasp of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him in a few weeks, more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the end of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE SPIRIT?—This is a question asked by almost everybody, and has become a newspaper theme. The answer is, that it has gone to the "seat of war," where the bilgerents are killing each other by the thousands to "spread Christianity" among the benighted! This state of things is likely to continue for some time to come, the proud Kings and Emperors being involved in the controversy.

From the Macoups (Ill.) Statesman.

## Eighteen Years a Captive among the Indians.

We were visited, a few days ago, by a man by the name of Joseph Barney, who says that he is in search of a son, whom he supposes to live near Alton. He made his escape, on the 3th of May last, from the Flat Head Indians, near the head of Flat Head river, in Oregon. He stated that he had been with this tribe of Indians eighteen years. We listened for some length of time to his history, many portions of which are truly thrilling. He was taken prisoner in 1836, on the Upper Missouri river, while in the employ of a fur company. He is a native of France, and speaks English poorly; but we give what he communicated to us as nearly as possible. He was with a man by the name of John Robertson, both of whom were captured. They attempted to defend themselves, and killed two of the Indians, but they were overpowered—there being twenty-five Indians to contend with. They were secured hand and foot, and placed on ponies, and started to the northward, and travelled five weeks, when they came to the hunting ground of the tribe, where they were given up to the chief, who shook hands with them, and manifested much joy at their capture.—They were unbound and confined in a hut, where they were fed, but not allowed to escape. The chief offered them his two daughters if they would marry and remain with the tribe. Finding escape utterly impossible for the time being, the terms were accepted, and the marriage took place. The fruits of this marriage were two children, both of which are still living, a daughter sixteen, and a son fourteen, both of which he left with the tribe. Two years ago, Robertson attempted to escape, but was retained, scalped, and burned alive, leaving three children with the tribe. Seven years ago, Barney attempted to escape, but was recaptured and would have been put to death but for the interposition of his wife, who was the daughter of the chief. During the time of his captivity, Barney states, that he was engaged with his tribe in three battles, two with the Black Feet, and one with a tribe the name of which we do not know, in one of which he says over seventy Black Feet were killed.

The most of the time of his captivity he lived on the head of the Columbia river, and at times as far up as the head of the Flat Head river. During this eighteen years, he saw neither salt, bread, potatoes, coffee, tea, or anything of the kind, living upon meat of moose, deer, skunk, rattlesnake, turkey, prairie hen, &c. At the time he made his escape he was near Lake Superior about sixty miles from a trading post of the American Fur Company. The chief (his father-in-law) was a doctor, and on the 15th of May left, and while he was gone, Barney succeeded in making all the Indians dead drunk with the whiskey which had just been received, giving one and a half pint to each Indian. After they were asleep, he took his bow and arrow, tomahawk, pipe, two and a half pounds of tobacco, flint and steel, and two pounds of meat, being all there was in the hut. He started and traveled all night, having his dog along; the next morning he killed his dog, to prevent his returning to give a clue to his trace.

About 11 o'clock the same day, when about thirty-five miles, he was overhauled by his father-in-law (the chief's) dog, which he killed with his bow and arrow, and carried the carcass away from the path and concealed himself in the brush; while he was thus concealed the chief muttered to himself, in his language—"I will pass this mountain, and at the foot of it I will take the hand." Over-hearing this, Barney availed himself of this information. Following the chief to the foot of the mountain, he found, sure enough, that he had taken the left hand road, which he ascertained by the tracks of his pony. He continued his journey to the east until about two hours before daybreak on the next morning, when he sat down, fatigued and hungry; after daylight he killed a rattlesnake eight feet four inches in length, which he roasted and ate for breakfast.—He kept on in the same direction, when about five o'clock he was overhauled by his brother-in-law's dog, which he killed immediately and passed on. On the next day, about five o'clock he was overhauled by another dog belonging to the tribe, which he despatched in the same manner as the others; after which he proceeded without any molestation, traveling four days without daring to build a fire only in the day time. He was seven weeks traveling before he came to any tribe of Indians, during which time he had spent one week in despair, not travelling or expecting ever to reach a habitation of whites.

At the end of the above time he came to a tribe which he calls the Tomahawks. He was kindly treated by them. For fear of being taken again, he assured them he belonged to the Flat Heads, and was in search of two crazy Indians who had made their escape. After asking some questions in English concerning the "crazy Indians," he departed and after nine

miles' travel, came to the Missouri river. He made a raft of logs and crossed over. Traveling due east, he continued his journey nine weeks before he arrived at White Lake, in Minnesota, during all of which time he had subsisted upon game, which he killed with his bow and arrow. He remained there three days, and sold his accoutrements for clothing, and then made his way for this State. He arrived here in the cars.

Barney is a man of considerable intelligence, and seems to have a vivid recollection of nearly all that passed during his captivity. He seems familiar with Indian life, and gives many of their signs for determining causes, cures for diseases, &c. He would like to see his children again, but would rather forego the pleasure than to go back and remain with the tribe. He was married soon after he came to this country, and lived in Orsego county, New York, where his wife died, after which he was employed by the Fur Company. He is sixty-three years old, but still seems active and hardy. He describes the country where he has been as being the handsomest he ever saw. Truly, he has "seen the elephant," and if his story is correct, he can tell of more trials, tribulations, and adventures than any one now living.

MOR LAW IN ALABAMA.—In the town of Tuskegee, Alabama, lately, a Col. Benj. W. Walker was sent to jail for refusing to obey an order of Court directing him to pay over \$17,000, which he held as trustee of an estate. At the next session of the same Court, some of his friends broke open the jail, and took him out and carried him into Court, where he demanded a re-hearing. The Chancellor refused it, and after several fights had taken place in Court, Walker went back to jail. A few days afterward, Col. Reynolds, commander of a regiment, mustered his men, and marched to the jail, accompanied by a cannon, and carrying banners, inscribed "Walker," and "Alabama will protect her citizens." They broke open the jail, took Walker out, and bore him off in triumph on a platform, after he had made a speech, declaring his determination to conform to the will of his friends. A clergyman also made a speech, encouraging the riot. Walker was then borne to his own house, where a hundred men remained on guard with him. The Sheriff, with his posse, followed thither, but at the latest accounts had done nothing.

EXCITEMENT IN CAIRO, ILL.—Cincinnati, Dec. 2.—The Louisville papers of this morning contain a statement of an exciting circumstance which occurred at Cairo, Ill., a day or two since. A colored man, who kept a grog shop on a flat boat at Cairo, having been sued for \$60, and judgment rendered against him, threatened to shoot the magistrate if he persisted in his refusal to let him off. He afterwards armed himself and took his stand on his boat, determined not to be arrested. The boat was very soon surrounded by a large number of citizens, and some few attempting to go on board to arrest him, the negro fired into the crowd, wounding four persons. The boat was then set on fire and cut loose, and very soon drifted into the stream. When it had got well out into the river, the fire spreading rapidly, the negro tied a weight around his neck, and jumping overboard was drowned. The occurrence has caused unusual excitement.

THE DELEGATE ELECT FROM KANSAS.—Mr. Whitfield, just chosen to be the delegate from Kansas, is an Arkansas man, reared on the frontier. He is a gentleman of great energy and emphasis of character, and is "hard to beat" at anything he undertakes. For the comfort of our Northern fellow citizens who have undertaken to mold affairs in Kansas to suit themselves, rather than the people who have cast their lot there, we have to say that in his views of the fitness of things political, Mr. Whitfield will be found to be a second edition of Senator Robert Johnson, of Arkansas. They are emphatically chips from the same block, we hear. Wash. Eve. Star.

A paper has been started at Florence, Nebraska Territory, which rejoices in the title of the Rock Bottom. The cut on the top of the paper represents a big Indian, and under it appear the names Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, for President, and A. C. Dodge of Iowa, as Vice President, for 1856.

On the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield to Miss Sarah Jane Dove.

It is not often that you see  
So queer a kind of love;  
Oh what a savage he must be  
To *Thomas Hawk a Dove!*

A certain poor dyspeptic, whose physical inability to work was attributed to indolence, was advised by a medical friend that the only way he would ever convince people that he was sick, was to die.

On the 2d ult., a boat that was transporting specie on board the English steamer of Vera Cruz, was captured, with the loss of

SERIOUS MESMERIC EXPERIMENT.—An experiment in the mesmeric art was made on Saturday afternoon, at the house of a Mrs. Miller, No. 130 Church street, upon a girl boarding there, which for a time threatened serious consequences. It appears that Mr. George Farland, of No. 125 Forty-first street, had occasionally mesmerized the girl, and on the above afternoon invited Dr. Hoffman of No. 70 Suffolk street, to witness his experiments upon her. They proceeded to the house, and Mr. Farland soon placed the girl in a mesmeric slumber, after which he invited the doctor to exert his influence upon her and endeavor to deepen the slumber. He did so, and the experiment proved highly satisfactory to both; but when the time arrived for the girl to be restored to consciousness, they were unable to accomplish it, and after laboring about two hours unsuccessfully, they called in Dr. Hallock and Dr. Eager, both of whom endeavored for about six hours to restore her, and finally succeeded by administering medicine—the girl having, in the meantime, frequent convulsions. Previous to the restoration the Fifth Ward Police were notified, and Captain Carpenter and Lieut. Mason repaired to the house for the purpose of arresting the two mesmerizers, in case they failed to restore their subject, and the restoration not having taken place at 10 o'clock, they were conveyed to the station house, where they were detained until it had been effected. The subject was eight hours in the mesmeric state.—N. Y. Tribune.

HAVING A TRADE.—By all means have a trade. Do not go up and down the world, and find nothing you can put your hands to. You may not always be as prosperous as you are now. Thank heaven we live in no land of primogeniture, of hereditary succession. Each man is morally bound to labor. Have something you can turn your energies to when times pinch—have a trade we repeat. Educate your hands; it will be an everlasting resource. We never knew a man who, with a good trade, failed of getting a good living, and not only a good living but much more with right application. What tho' you are going to college, or into a profession? The case is not altered—you need it just as much. It will come in play every day in your life. Discipline of the hand should always go before that of the head. We never knew a college boy that wasn't better off a substantial trade. He always graduates with the highest honors. He is sure to be a scholar. The fact is, he knows how to work—to conquer. He but transfers himself from the shop to the study. Young man decide at once to learn a trade, apply yourself with all your mind and heart, and be its master, and if you are not obliged to work at it, you have laid by so much, and such a kind of wealth can never be taken from you. Examiner.

The New York Tribune, in referring to the way in which the Know-Nothing managed things at the recent elections, has the following:

"Prior to the late election the 'Know-Nothing lodge' at Lansingburgh, Rennselaer co., had enrolled the names of 298 members. These, as we are credibly informed, were numbered from No. 1 to 298 inclusive, in the order of the admission to the lodge, and each was provided with a ballot for Ullman & Co., bearing his own number both inside and out, which ballot he was required to deposit at an early hour while a sharp spy was deputed to stand at the poll and check each vote, as it came in, taking care that the right man voted it. If any one presented a vote that did not bear his proper number, he was spotted; and if any man was behind at the hour when he ought to have voted, a nimble committee was sent after him. When the boxes were turned, a committee stood ready to note every vote as it was opened and if number 178, or any other member did not happen to carry the Hindoo nominees throughout, then number 178, or whosoever was implicated by the revelation was kicked out of the lodge forthwith. It is possible that the above may be incorrect in some particular, but in substance it is well vouched for and undoubtedly correct.

A Cleveland, Ohio, paper commenting upon the late bank failures in that City, says:—"A poor Irish woman, upwards of 60 year of age, who for the last ten years has kept an apple stand in the vicinity of the Depot, deposited some three months ago the sum of \$300 in Gold in the Canal Bank. Yesterday morning with trembling steps she went to the Bank and asked for her money. But she was coldly refused the little all, which she had laid up to support her declining years. This poor old creature had borne the heat of summer and the blasts of winter to accumulate the sum, and now she finds it swept out of her reach, and squandered in luxurious living, or sunk in copperstock speculation. How much is the heartless swindler better than the open highway robber.

Every time that you avoid doing what you increase your inclination to do wrong.