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Clearfield Republican

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE. Volume 3, Clearfield, Pa., June 11, 1852. Number 25.

THE REPUBLICAN. Published weekly at Clearfield, Pa., by D. W. MOORE. Editors and Proprietors, upon the following very favorable terms...

SACKET & GULICH, CABINET AND CHAIR MAKERS, located between Second and Third, Clearfield, Pa. April 16, 1852. R. V. WILSON, PHYSICIAN - Office on Second Street, opposite the residence of Mrs. J. G. Wagon.

THE BEGINNING AND END. I - THE TWO INFANTS. It was a pleasant though rather chilly morning towards the last of May. The young grass on the Common glittered green and silvery in the sun-light; the young trees reached out on every hand graceful promise for leafy summer.

11 - THE TWO SCHOOL BOYS. A dozen years have flown. Slight changes are visible in many things. The trees on the Common are larger, but their buds are not so much swollen as when my readers were with me their last, for it is now April. Dry and hard are the pathways; brown, with the shade of awakening green, is the grass; clear, blue, and far away looks the sky, but it will not look so for many hours, for the wind blows chilly from the East, and there is that peculiar something, not dimness but almost haze in the atmosphere, which when I was a child gave me the impression that I saw the gods.

IV - THE TWO CITIZENS. Twenty circles more added to the past. Many changes are visible on our favorite region, the common and its environs. Increasing knowledge, enterprise and wealth have led on the march of improvement, everywhere, beyond the wilderness dreams of the most daring theorists of forty years ago. I will not linger now to enumerate; the imagination of my reader shall supply the omission. It is mid-winter. The cold glistening stars looked keenly down on the cold glistening snow that carpets the common and cushions and terraces leading to the State house. Gas-lights gleam through the gloom in all directions like gems on velvet drapery. From the State House window pour floods of light, for although from Park Street belfry has tolled the New England curfew, both branches of the Legislature are still in session. A debate is pending in the Senate of vital moment to the well being of society. All eyes are turned to him who at present has the floor, and who for more than an hour has charmed his listeners by his irresistible arguments and eloquent appeals on the behalf of Humanity and the Right. The speaker concludes—the years and nays are taken—a motion for adjournment is made and carried, and the Hon. Charles Dalton leaves the chamber surrounded by grateful and applauding fellow-citizens. In a spacious family parlor of a handsome dwelling not many rods distant an interesting group awaits his return. The apartment and its furniture have been arranged by the hand of good taste, competence, and a wise appreciation of home comfort. There is an air of easy, cheerful elegance about the room and its occupants are especially attractive. A fair, serene, intellectual, maternal face, of about forty, with a full dignified person and bearing characteristic of the principal figure in the group; she is busily plying her needle on some article of household utility, assisted by an idolized picture of herself in the person and features of her oldest daughter, a girl of seventeen. Opposite them sits another, younger and yet fairer, with a book before her from which she is or has been reading aloud. Somewhat removed, at a side table, a brother and sister are busy with lessons for to-morrow; an hour ago the youngest trio were taken to bed. There are books and flowers and pictures, and an open piano-forte with plenty of written music in the stand near by. Last, though by no means least in importance to any one there, in the most quiet and comfortable arm-chair in the world,

an elderly lady sits dozing, her favorite cat on the soft carpet at her feet, and her feet, and her glasses lightly held in one of her folded hands, which, their days of toil all gone by, gratefully repose on her lap. Something out of the common way seems to have disturbed the equanimity of the group at the centre-table, for a look of sadness is on all three faces at this moment, especially that of the mother. The well known ring and step of the father are heard—a thrill of bright joy darts through every spirit and rays itself on every face, as with a glow of noble success and deep heart happiness on his fine countenance, he seats himself in the midst of his family. A few soulful questionings and replies; then Mrs. Dalton says, while the shade gathers again over her features—"Mr. Plympton has another attack of his terrible disease this evening. His aunt Louise has been here herself to beg you would come in when you returned from the House. She says they are all so alarmed, and no one can manage him so well as you. After your great fatigue it is too bad, my dear husband." "What is fatigue to his condition, poor, miserable man! Do not think of it, my dear. I will go this instant. Dr. —" told me this morning he could never survive another attack. In about two hours, Mr. Dalton returned; his wife and eldest daughter were still in the parlor awaiting him. It was all over—an hour ago Henry Plympton had died of Delerium Tremens. Cambridge Chronicle. THEIR BOY AND THE ROBBERS. The Ellings 'Advertiser' gives the following account of a fearful tragedy which occurred recently at a farm house in the district of Neidenburg, on the Poland frontier. In order to give credence to the matter the reader must know that the place referred to is situated in a country which has for a long time past been the chosen spot of accomplishing the most extensive smuggling operations—where the child from its tender years becomes familiar with scenes of violence and outrage, and thus becomes prepared to follow the career of its father at a much earlier period than others who are born and bred amid comforts and peace. A peasant had left his farm early in the morning accompanied by his wife, to dispose of weekly stock at the town of Neidenburg. His son Franz a boy of 15 and a daughter of 5 years younger, remained to take care of the house, and about two hours after the parents had gone, a stranger suddenly entered the humble domicile, and ordered the boy to surrender whatever money was in the house, at the same time exhibiting a knife and pistol, with the intimation that the slightest show of resistance would be punished with death. Franz opened a bureau, when the robber found \$10 in money, but far from being satisfied with this, the fellow insisted that there was more in the house, and that he would have it. Franz then opened a chest and pointed to a chest, told the robber that it contained what he sought; but the man had scarcely entered when Franz closed the door upon him, drew out the key, and started his sister to run to the village for help. Little Lisette was not slow in following the order; rushed out, but scarcely had she cleared the door when she was seized by two other men, accomplices of the first, who strangled her, and her cries could alarm the neighborhood. Franz heard the dying groans of his darling sister, and resolved to avenge her. The double barreled gun hung on the wall. In a second he had seized it, and scarcely had he finished loading when he heard the steps of the robbers coming towards the room in which he was. The entrance of the first ruffian was the signal for the gallant boy to discharge one of the barrels of the gun, and without uttering a groan, the man fell lifeless to the floor. The second appeared. He saw the deadly weapon aimed at him, and sought to retreat, but too late! The fatal report was heard, and he fell over the corps of his guilty companion. Shocked by his own work, Franz now sat down to think of what he was next to do, but his resolution was soon taken.—Again the gun was loaded and the brave little fellow placed himself in a position before the chest of the captive robber, that he might guard him until assistance arrived. It was not long in coming. The double report had been heard, and a neighbor hastened to learn the cause of it. Being told of the capture of the ruffian, he laughed at the danger of freeing the man, whom he proposed to take to the village. The key was handed to him, and in another moment the closet door opened, but the robber, who had probably overheard the conversation, had plunged his knife several times into his body. The last blow had been scarcely inflicted when one more report was heard from Franz's gun, and the last robber fell to the ground weltering in his blood. The criminal authorities took possession of the parties and exhibited them publicly, with a view of identifying them. But not one of them was known in that part of the country.