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THE GREEN CHAMBER.
OF THE NIGHT VISITOR.
BY FRANCIS W. BURNETT.

Major Robert Stanley, a bold dragoon, in the service of his Majesty, George III., found himself one dark and blustering night in a village, riding towards London on the "old York" road. He had supped with a friend who lived in a village some distance off the road, and he was unfamiliar with the country. Though not raining, the air was damp and heavy, and the clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents. But the Major, though a young man, was an old campaigner, and with a warm cloak wrapped about him, and a good horse under him, would have braved very little for storm and darkness. He felt sure of a good bed for himself, and comfortable quarters for his horse when he had ridden far enough for the strength of his faithful animal. A good hostess's care as much for his steed as for his own case. To add to the discomfort of the evening, there was some chance of meeting highwaymen; but Major Stanley felt no uneasiness on that score, as just before leaving his friend's house, he had examined his holster, pistols, and freshly primed fowling-piece. A brush with a highwayman would enhance the romance of a night journey.

"Mine host" was an old campaigner, and had seen much service during the war of the American Revolution, and he was full of interesting anecdotes and descriptions of adventures. But while Maj. Stanley was apparently listening attentively to the narrative of his hospitable entertainer, throwing in the appropriate ejaculations of surprise and pleasure, at the proper intervals, his whole attention was really absorbed by a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the Colonel, who graced the table with her presence. Never, he thought, had he seen so beautiful, so modest and so lady-like a creature. And she, in turn, seemed very favorably impressed with the manly beauty and frank manners of their military guest.

At length she retired. The Colonel, who was a three bottle man, and had found a listener to his heart, was somewhat inclined to prolong the session into the small hours of the morning, but finding that his guest was much fatigued, and even beginning to nod in the midst of his choicest story, he felt compelled to ask him if he would not like to retire. Major Stanley replied promptly in the affirmative, and the old gentleman, taking up a silver candlestick, ceremoniously marshaled his guest to a large old-fashioned room, the walls of which being papered with green, gave it the appellation of the "Green Chamber."

From the Washington Union.
THE AMAZON AND THE ATLANTIC SLOPES OF SOUTH AMERICA—No. 6.

About one half of Bolivia, two thirds of Peru, three fourths of Ecuador, and one half of New Granada, are drained by the Amazon and its tributaries. For the want of steamboat navigation on these water-courses, the trade of all these parts of those countries goes west by caravans of mules to the Pacific. There it is shipped, and after doubling Cape Horn and sailing eight or ten thousand miles, it is then only off the mouth of the Amazon on its way to the United States or Europe; whereas if the navigation of the Amazon were free to these countries, the steamers on that river would land their produce at the mouth of the Amazon for what it costs to convey it across the Andes on mules to the Pacific.

"I was now, for the first time, fairly in the field of my operations. I had been sent to explore the valley of the Amazon, to sound its streams, and report as to their navigability. I was commanded to examine its fields, its forests, and rivers, that I might gauge their capabilities, active and dormant, for trade and commerce with the States of Christendom, and make known to the spirit and enterprise of the age the resources which lie in concealment there, waiting for the touch of civilization and the breath of the steam engine to give them animation, life, and palpable existence."

So, he jogged along; but mile after mile was passed, and no twinkling light in the distance gave notice of the appearance of the wished-for inn. The Major's horse began to give unmistakable evidence of distress—stombling once or twice, and recovering himself with difficulty. At last a dim light suddenly appeared at a turn of the road. The horse pricked up his ears, and trotted forward with spirit, soon halting beside a one-story cottage. The Major was disappointed, but he rode up to the door and rapped loudly with the but of his riding-whip. The summons brought a drowsy letter to the door.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Colonel," said the Major.

"I never knew a guest of mine to pass a quiet night in the 'Green Chamber,'" replied the Colonel, shaking his head gravely.

"I shall prove an exception," said the Major smiling. "But I must make one remark," he added seriously. "It is ill sporting with the feelings of a soldier; and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me, they will have occasion to repent it." And he laid his heavy pistol on the light stand by his bed-side.

"My servants, Major Stanley?" said the old gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any tricks upon my guests. Good night, Major."

From the New York Dutchman.
If every man and every woman
Could burn upon our throats
How many hearts would move to feel
That strive to crush us now.

"Don't you believe it! They'd run from you, as if you had the plague; you couldn't see the tails of their coats as they disappeared round the nearest corner. 'Wrie your brow' with any thing else than your 'troubles,' if you don't want to be left so-lus. You've no idea how 'good people' will pity you when you tell your doleful story! They'll 'urny for you,' and give you advice by the bushel; 'feel for you'—every where but in their pocket-books—and wind up by telling you 'to trust in Providence,' to all of which, you feel very much like replying, as the old lady did, (who found herself spinning down hill, 'will he nill he, 'I trust in Providence till the tacking broke.'" Now let me tell you—just go to work and hew out a path for yourself; get your head above water, and then snip your fingers in their pharasaical jaws! Never ask a favor till you are drawing your last breath; and never forget one if you find a generous soul on terra firma. 'Write your troubles on your brow!' That man was either a knave, or what was worse, a fool. I suppose he called himself a poet; all I have to say is, it's high time that city authorities took away his 'license.' FANNY FERN.

"I therefore introduce the reader upon that water-shed by an extract from his journal, which he has kindly permitted me to make. Standing in view of three beautiful lakes—one of them, Morococha, or 'Painted lake,' being that from which the head-waters of the Amazon flow—he remarks:—

"Though not yet sixty miles from the sea, we had crossed the great 'divide,' which separates the waters of the Pacific from the waters of the Atlantic. The last steps of our mules had made a striking change in our geographical relations—so suddenly and so quickly had we been cut off from all connection with the Pacific, and placed upon waters that rippled and sparkled joyously as they danced by our feet on their way to join the glad waves of the dark blue ocean that washes the shore of our own dear land. They whispered to me of home, and my heart went along with them. I thought of Maury, with his researches concerning the currents of the sea; and recollecting the close physical connexion pointed out by him as existing between these, the waters of the Amazon and those of our own majestic Mississippi, I missingly plucked a bit of green moss from the hill-side, upon the bosom of the placid lake of Morococha, and as it floated along I followed it, in imagination, down through the luxuriant times, the beautiful skies, and enchanting scenery of the tropics, to the mouth of the great river that this little lake was feeding; thence across the Caribbean sea, through the Yucatan pass into the Gulf of Mexico; thence along the Gulf stream, and so out upon the ocean off the shores of our own kind of flowers, Here I shivered it might meet with silent little messengers cast by the hands of sympathizing friends and countrymen high upon the head-waters of the Mississippi, or away in the far west, upon the distant fountains of the Missouri.