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Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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PANATICS IN NEW YORK.

It was a favorite axiom of a great British statesman that "Rage and frenzy will pull down more in half an hour than prudence, deliberation, and foresight can build up in a hundred years." Certainly, at the present day, it requires no very diligent investigation to establish the truth of the maxim, nor an extensive range of vision to witness its practical application. In the great and enlightened city of New York, during the first week of September, 1853, there was assembled several concourses of people, whose disorganizing tendencies, and visionary conceptions, clearly establish their affinity to Citizen Robespierre, and richly entitle them to the Utopia of lunatics and traitors, which is by some supposed to be the "good time coming" of Horace Greely.

It would be an act of supererogation on our part were we to attempt a delineation, or even a transcript of the proceedings of these "Reformers." The remarks of the Reverend Miss Antoinette Brown and Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, the acts and doings of Miss Lucy Stone (the Hecator of the camp) and the savorily allusions of Mrs. Sojourner Truth, and others, are by this time scattered broad cast over the country. Therefore, we propose but to call attention to a few of the most remarkable scintillations of the playful fancy and patriotic sentiment of these Modern crusaders. For instance, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer thinks that "public sentiment is a nasty mobster, because it is in favor of women attending to their own affairs." Another lady is of the opinion that shortly "men will be compelled to rock the cradles." But Miss Lucy Stone (whose face does not belie her name) towering high above all others, evinces her moderation, sanity and love of country in the following extract: "WE MEAN TO HAVE A NORTHERN REPUBLIC. We go for the Abolition of Slavery or the dissolution of the Union. The South must abolish slavery or stand alone. The Union must be dissolved or slavery must be abolished." Has this miserable unsexed creature a drop of American blood in her veins? She cannot have an American heart, were she born beneath the very shadow of our flag. It is not enough that one, whose talents were entrusted to her for a higher purpose should attempt to cover her country with infamy before the world; it was not enough that such an one should cross the ocean, and under the mutilated banner of her country receive the wages of her shame; it is not enough that a United States Senator should entertain at his dwelling a band of negroes indicted for violating the laws; all this would not suffice. One would suppose there was no greater depth of human degradation; but alas for human frailty! It was reserved for one wearing the sacred name of woman, (though thank God possessing none of her attributes) to lay the cap-stone on the mosaic temple of the traitors to truth, virtue, and the constitution. Doubtless Miss Stone desires notoriety. She has it. With the apostates of every age, clime and character, from Judas Iscariot to Benedict Arnold, will her name be coupled, and like them her grave unhalloved and her memory a curse. Tell us not that she is a woman. Tell us not that she is not the excess of her sensibilities that prompts her action. Tell us not that her aim is good and her object holy. We deny the assertion. They of the Revolution who gave their husbands, sons and brothers, a free will offering on the altar of their country, were women—true women; those of the present day, who are not ashamed to consecrate with their presence the homo circle and the fireside; who do not aspire to rival the Amazons, or to pattern after Lady Macbeth and the Hon. Mrs. Norton; whose joy it is to reclaim the erring, smooth the passage to the grave, and lay the last flower of affection on the icy lips of their "tyrants," these are indeed true women—the pride of every manly heart, and the glory of every true American. But to those so lost to every sentiment of modesty and self respect as to herd with such libellers of their country as Mrs. Stone and Miss Sojourner Truth, the name woman is certainly misapplied. Is it not? We leave the question to be answered by the mothers and daughters of the United States.

But we cannot rest here. Who and what are the men who instigate and support these specimens of the "weaker sex"? Mainly the officious of the two great political parties—the blues and buzzards who, having been driven away from the field of battle, scent the carriage affair off and vent their rage and venom against the more fortunate participants in the plunder. Some, indeed, are too base and graveling in their aims, ever to be admitted into any respectable political organization, and wasp like, buzz around the outer walls of the body politic, annoy and irritate where they cannot wound. And yet these reasonable fanatics assume to themselves all the virtue and morality of the age, and in the garb of reformers, conspire against the perpetuity of the Union, and seek to undermine the Church of the Most High. They tell us that the Constitution is "an atrocious bargain," that until the Church anathematizes "slave-holding and trafficking," it is not a

THE BOY HEROES.

A Sketch of Early Western Life.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden down her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green River, in the western part of that State, an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his axe, he was shut in by the dense forest. Slater had two children with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel, the former fourteen, and the latter twelve years of age. His wife had died, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effects of severe rheumatism.

It was early in spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbus, where he had been to carry the products of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money, and he had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching his hut. He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat and also rest for the night. Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he kindly asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, and unslinging their packs and room was made for them at the table.

They represented themselves as travelers bound further west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for it was not his nature to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and the quick glances which they gave each other told their feeling. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into a conversation with his guests, but they were not very free, and after awhile the talk dwindled down to mere occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the boys noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly; his fears had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house; and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was finished, the two boys quickly cleared off the table, and then they went out of doors. It had become dark—or, rather, night had set in, for there was a bright moon, "two thirds full," shining down on the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look back over his shoulder, "what do you think of those three men?"

"I'm afraid they are bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So do I. I believe they intend to steal your father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were scare-crows."

"But we can watch 'em."

"Yes," returned the other, "and we will 'jes' watch 'em; but now don't let them know of it."

The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the dog house, they set the small door so the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. Soon afterwards they re-entered the house. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance for the strangers sat close by him all evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and he arose to go out of doors to see the affairs without. The three men followed him, but they did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in her chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed." "We may want 'em. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their buckles behind the great stone chimney, and carried them up to their sleeping place, and then they hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and the strangers returned they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor; one of them, in the end of the building, being the old man's sleeping room, while the other was the large living room, in which the company at present sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding reaching

POISONED BY CANDY.

A child of Lorain, of Somers, Connecticut, aged three years, died suddenly a few days since, after having eaten a sick of colored candy. Dr. Wood of that place subsequently made an examination of the contents of the stomach, and discovered the presence of a sufficient quantity of lead, which had been contained in the candy, and he attributed the death to that cause.

THE MAIN LAW WORKS IN VERMONT.

The Main law works in Vermont are fast being depopulated. The Burlington Courier, a Vermont paper, says: "Last year, when the present jailer took charge of the jail, there were seven in its cells, and there have since been—at different times—thirty others; but now, since the Vermont 'Maine law' has had time to produce its legitimate effects, locks and keys are useless, as the jail is without a tenant. This is the third jail in Vermont which has been emptied by the prohibitory law." The editor very properly remarks: "The simple truth is, the sale of liquor, peopled jails; prohibiting its sale empties them; and it is the power of the people to say which they will have."

THE MORMONS.

The Mormons are making an effort for the conversion of the world to the creed of Joe Smith. Thirteen ministers have been sent from the City of the Salt Lake, via California.

TROUBLES IN THE CHEROKEE NATION.

Several days ago we had an account, copied from the *Van Buren Intelligencer*, of the atrocious murder of the Messrs. Adair, in the Cherokee nation, by a mob of over 100 men. The *Intelligencer* of the 24th ult. says: "This bloody work was only the beginning of the end contemplated by the actors. A number of the Adairs and connections, who were marked for a similar end, fled to this State, and have taken refuge among our citizens.

"We have been informed in a reliable quarter, that this mob increased in numbers to over 200, when they divided into three parties, and proceeded to the residence of Messrs. Thomas Bigley, Lafayette Adair, and Wm. Foreman, who fortunately heard of the murder of the Adairs in time to make their escape. When called upon, as principal chief of the nation, to cause these parties to be dispersed, the leaders arrested, and that the persons and property of the threatened parties be protected, Mr. Ross, we understand, despatched a messenger to the mob, but they refused to disperse, and since that time the principal chief has been unable to put down this intestine warfare.

Two or three hundred men are under arms, bidding defiance to the authorities, so far as to refuse to give up to the present sheriff, although they have agreed to surrender to the new sheriff, who comes into office on the 1st of October. It is openly declared that these men cannot be hung if they should be convicted, as 'over two thirds of the nation are on their side.'

"A married couple," says the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, "after living together on bad terms for some time, resolved, a few days ago, to separate. They sold off all their furniture; but, finding that the sum they realized was not very important, they proposed to commit suicide; and they went to the Canal Saint Martin to execute the design. The husband leaped in first, but after a while being a capital swimmer, he raised his head above water, and perceived his wife standing quietly on the bank watching him. He began abusing her, and said that, according to their conventions, she ought to drown herself. Instead, however, of complying, she accused him of letting her drown whilst he saved himself by swimming. He called on her to plunge in at once, without any more talk, but she refused. Thereupon he got out of the water and gave her a tremendous trashing. Some persons who came up, went to seek for the guard, and the loving pair was arrested. On being questioned, they made the facts known."

ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY.—Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in the bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as it is the evening, or whether the wash and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is leaving a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

A THOUGHT FOR YOUR MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold, as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of the debauched inebriate, infamy is written. How Nature hangs labels over him, to testify her disgust at his example. How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame! The wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debauch himself, and to debauch others, whose heart has been spotted with sin so that it is black all over, is an object to the heart of the unblemished.

THE ROAD IN 1853.—The days of the highwaymen are over, but that need not be lamented by the admirers of the robbers of good old times. The highwayman has been succeeded by the railwayman.

ANOTHER DIETETIC RULE OF COMBEE.—Never to send a servant out on an errand after dinner, but always a little before. It is extraordinary how very quick in the latter case, he (or she) will return.

Dan Marble, speaking of a "young gentleman with moustaches," said: "He is a critter that wears hair on his upper lip to keep the spiders from crawling up his nose." "How square!"