

Price of Advertising.
A liberal discount will be made to Merchants and others who advertise by the year.
Our publications in every neighborhood are read by every family in the county and therefore afford a comprehensive view of the business men of our county. We have the most complete and up-to-date knowledge of their location and business. We would like to see a card for every Merchant, Doctor, and Professional man in the county. We have every man without exception upon our mailing list, and none is in a better business will than to have his name put in a list for a general reference, the more extensive it is a man advertises the better it will be for him.

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.
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L. K. WILSON, Editor and Proprietor, at the office of the Republican, Clearfield, Pa.

From the American Union.
WISHING.—BY JOHN G. BAXE.
Amusements for the mind,
Logic down to fishing,
Mind's one that you can find
Very cheap as "wishing."

From the N. Y. Tribune.
HOT CORN.
OR, LIFE IN THE CITY.
CHAPTER I.
First Interview with Little Katy.
"Hot corn! Here's your nice hot corn, smoking hot, smoking hot, just from the pot! Over after hour, just evening, as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out the means of subsistence."

er as this, and especially so late at night.
"O dear, then, what shall I do?"
"Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad city at this time of night."

strong every time you hear this midnight cry, that you will devote, if nothing more;
"Three grains of corn, mother, Only three grains of corn,"
towards the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable object as the little girl, whose wailing cry has been the exciting cause of this present dish of "hot corn—speaking hot!"

step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water street and looked round inquiringly of the spirit, and mentally said, "which way now?"
It was a far-off scream of despair. We stood still with an open ear, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise to God, went up from the site of the Old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes ever concentrated under one roof. Hark, a step approaches. One unseen guide whispered "ask him. It was a curious question to ask a stranger, in such a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with over much care, toil or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by over work in young years, as his furrowed face and almost phrenetic eye hurriedly indicates, as we see the flash of the lamp upon his dark visage, as he approaches with that peculiar American step which impels the body forward at lightning speed. Shall we get out of his way before he walks over us? What if he is a crazy man? No, the spirit was right—no false raps here. It is that good missionary. That man who has done more to reform that den of crime, the Five Points of New York, than all the Municipal Authorities of this Police-hunting, and Prison-punishing City, whose misfortune is deemed a crime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened to their resolution to reform, by hard words rather than by prison bars. 'Sir,' said Mr. Pease, 'what brings you here at this time of night, for I know there is an object I can aid you?'

man that spoke kindly to her one night, and gave her money to buy bread.
"Will he come?"
"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unson paths, through dark places, he has come."

THE FAMILY OPPOSED TO NEWSPAPERS.
The man who don't take the county paper was in town yesterday. He brought the whole family in a two horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the "Kamschatskians" had taken Cuba, and if so where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for 25 cents—the price being 31—but upon going to deposit his money he told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent pieces, which they these same sharpeners had "run on him" for half dimes! His old lady smoked a "cob pipe," and would not believe that anything else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat hook, he piously took his seat on a butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be a preacher. He left before the "meetin'" was out, and had no great opinion of the sartorial.