

Merchant Tailors. New Store and New Goods. F. C. CHOMM, MERCHANT TAILOR, MARKET ST., CLEARFIELD, PA.

CLEARFIELD OILS. GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. VOL. 41—WHOLE NO. 2102.

THE CLEARFIELD STORE RECONSTRUCTED. GEO. L. REED & CO., CLEARFIELD, PA.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES. REMOVAL. HARTSWICK & IRWIN, DRUGGISTS, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN. CLEARFIELD, PA. THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1869. THE SENATORIAL QUESTION.

PROVERBS. From the cradle to the grave we are plied, warned, puzzled, and taught with proverbs.

OUR FISH LAWS. The propagation of fish by artificial means is now claiming great attention, both in Europe and in this country.

1869. Going it Alone. 1869. E. R. L. STOUGHTON, MERCHANT TAILOR, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. H. BRIDGE, MERCHANT TAILOR, (Base one door east of Clearfield House), Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

CHEAP FURNITURE. JOHN GULICH. DRESSERS to inform his old friends and customers, that he has enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing.

GROCERIES. We have a full supply of Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Molasses, Tobacco, Fish, Salt, lard, and all other Groceries.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP. SECOND ST., CLEARFIELD, PA. THE undersigned begs to inform his friends and the inhabitants of the borough of Clearfield.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP. THIRD STREET, CLEARFIELD. THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has located in the borough of Clearfield.

NEW SCHOOL SONG BOOK. W. would respectfully call the attention of Principals of Schools, Ministers, and Teachers of Singing to our New School Song Book.

THE SONG CABINET. By C. G. ALLEN. This book contains a very carefully prepared series of Primary Song Lessons.

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. We claim to have a full assortment, consisting in part of Muslin, bleached and unbleached; Prints of all grades and styles; &c.

Fall and Winter Dress Goods. Such as Alpaca of all shades; De Laines, Merinos and Flannels; hosiery, a full assortment of gentlemen's wear, consisting in part of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. Such as Alpaca of all shades; De Laines, Merinos and Flannels; hosiery, a full assortment of gentlemen's wear, consisting in part of

READY-MADE CLOTHING. Notions, Hosiery, Trimmings, BONNETS, &c. Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

GROCERIES. We have a full supply of Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Molasses, Tobacco, Fish, Salt, lard, and all other Groceries.

NEW ARRIVAL AND OF COURSE THE CHEAPEST! A Proclamation against High Prices! We are now opening up a lot of the best and cheapest goods in the market.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE. Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready-Made Clothing, &c. Also Knives, &c.

TOBACCO AND SEGARS. Confectionery, Spices, and the largest stock of varieties ever offered in this place, and warrant of us of the best the Market affords.

NEW ARRANGEMENT. J. I. SHAW, DRUGGIST, (Second street, opposite the Court House), CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

ROSDALIS, THE GREAT Blood Purifier. CONSUMPTION in its earlier stages, Enlargement and Ulceration of the Glands, Zittels, Rheum, Kidneys, Uterus, Chronic Rheumatism, Eruptions of the skin, Chloric Sore Eyes, &c. Also, Syphilis in all its forms.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Back, Irritability in Life, Disordered Stomach, and all diseases of the Uterus, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, in a few perfect Remedies.

CELEBRATED BITTER CORDIAL. THIS medicinal preparation is now offered to the public as a reliable substitute for the many worthless compounds which now flood the market.

Attention, Afflicted! THE subscriber gives notice that he has resumed the practice of Medicine in Lockwood, where he intends to devote his attention to the treatment of CHRONIC DISEASES in general.

Dry Goods, Groceries, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE. Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready-Made Clothing, &c. Also Knives, &c.

The Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, a loyal and influential Republican journal, thus expresses itself in reference to the action of the Republican members of the Legislature in electing John Scott to the U. S. Senate:

There are many indications that the pulpit has been seriously demoralized by the events of the past few years. It is true that a majority of the ministers of the gospel are still true to their high calling, that their lives are honorable and of good report among men, and that their teaching are in full accordance with holy writ.

Of all the great public forces which were enacted, the selection of the Republican candidate for United States Senator in caucus at Harrisburg was the most preposterous. Grow, Morehead, Marshall, Kemble, Brewster, and others who commenced the week with happy hopes to themselves, were before they knew exactly where they stood, rendered as unavailable as if they had been the most desperate Democrats all their lives.

There is no secret Quack remedy. The article of which it is made is published abroad each month. Recommended by the Medical Faculty and many thousands of our best citizens.

THE facts set forth in the above extract will not startle any of our readers. The relations of Thaddeus Stevens to the mulatto woman with whom he lived, were more than suspected to be such as the Reverend reprobate who penned the above states them to have been.

What a sad commentary upon the morals of the Radical party is exhibited in the revelation here made. What a spectacle is presented in the person of this defender of the feeblest immorality. He is not only a professed minister of the Gospel, but the President of a college in one of the principal States of the Union.

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she bequeathed between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

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THE OLD YEAR. It was the last night of December, and slowly the great hands of the clock were nearing the hour of midnight. The frostlight and shaded lamp cast fantastic figures over the furniture in the dark corners of the room, and glittered about glitter of marvellous frost pictures grew upon the window panes.

Then behind me I heard voices, and suddenly was surrounded by a numberless crowd of human beings. Passionately they hurried along, thronging into the cathedral, till I was carried on like a leaf on the surging ocean. On, on, but now like a phantom throng, noiseless and death-like, for even the footfall on the stone pavement awakened no echo.

But soon the crowd moved slower, and I saw we were approaching a barrier whereon something lay. Nearer, and we stood mute and breathless; for before us, lying low among faded flowers and sere leaves, wrapped in his winding sheet, was the Old Year we had loved so well, rigid and dead.

The weight of his last days had pressed heavily, and his face was furrowed and sad to look upon. Around him, in mockery upon the sombre pines, were scattered the joys he had given. All his wealth of hope and glory had perished, and the earth angels gazed downward with pitying faces, ever and anon smoothing the gray thin locks, for he was one of their children.

Still the soundless wave of human life surged onward. Some came eagerly to tell us such a joyous thing; others with lingering footsteps, and with sneering faces; but as they one by one looked upon the pale face, and laid some treasure or some burden down, feeling that the year was indeed dead, they turned away more sadly, and some with tears. They were bringing their care and sorrows, and fancied ills, and uncompleted tasks, each striving for self, each heavily laden, thinking it possible to bury all sadnesses under the snow of the foot that year, but passing to find the burden little lighter and but little left behind.

Some came with gloomy faces, whose cares were in imagination; and some bore bitter griefs. Many, mourning ventured, laid down carefully handfuls of sadness. These were they whose idols had been broken and beautiful garbines crumbled in dust; still they gathered the ashes to their hearts again, and went away mourning. An old man tottered along under the weight of a huge bag, from which a yellowish dust was sifted as he walked. With great effort he reached the dead, and with a sigh, gazed on the dead, still clutching the dust that all his long life he had called treasure.

But as he looked away he staggered and fell, and when he had risen up and brushed the gold dust from his glaring eyes, he was—dead. Children eagerly threw down their broken toys, and left no lingering sadness for the shrouded figure. Many a youth brought resolutions, and dead ambition, and lifting high his right hand, made solemn vows to redeem the future. The middle-aged laid down many an idle wish or holy thing, and called them good. One strong man, wealthy and heavily laden, knelt on the cold floor, clasping the shroud, and prayed. When he arose a light more than earthly broke over his face, and he went on ward with the music of a new song in his soul.

While yet they were urging in with their voiceless weariness, a bell commenced tolling in awful tones, that woke echoes in the corridors, and rent the air with a low wailing cry. The angels then the plants lifted and bore the dead year through the portals of Time's cathedral. And the multitude followed with their burdens. Ere long they reached a stream, sedge and black, were fearless boatmen waited to bear the dead to the ocean. As I stood mournfully gazing, I remembered my own withered garland, a hope and dream or two twined in the bright days when the year was young, but now dead and worthless; so I threw it, thinking it might rest on the pier. The boat moved slowly off, and my flowers sank in the bottomless waters; for the name of the river is Lethe.

As with saddened hearts we looked after the shadowy thing that grew mistier in the distance, we heard the sound of music and laughter, and, turning, saw that the New Year had come golden and glorious. The children shouted for joy, and the youth pressed forward to greet him. Even some of the sad ones, who had sighed so for the dead year, lifted their heads and smiled as he scattered his treasure. But I turned from these things I had seen so often, and from the dead year, and soon forgot in my dreams that all years, freighted with human hopes and sorrows, must pass from time through Oblivion to the ocean of Eternity.—Southern Home Journal.

At an inquest in New York city, on Sunday, on a little girl who was fatally burned by an explosion of kerosene oil, it was shown that the oil was below the lawful standard, being almost pure benzine, the coroner charged the jury, and they rendered a verdict to the culpable manufacturer, Reiser & Lehenmeier, the manufacturer, and Samuel Schoonmaker, the vendor of the oil. They also recommended that all oil in the city be properly tested. The coroner held the manufacturers and Schoonmaker under heavy bonds to await the action of the Grand Jury.