

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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THE CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.
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Office in the Court House, Luthersburg, Pa.

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SECOND STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.

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CLEARFIELD, PA.
Having secured Mr. E. J. Schaefer's Brewery he hopes by strict attention to business and the manufacture of a superior article of BEER to receive the patronage of all the old and many new customers. Aug. 25, 71.

SURVEYOR.
This undersigned offers his services as a Surveyor, and may be found at his residence in Luthersburg, Pa. or at his office in Clearfield, Pa. JAMES MITCHELL.

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Negatives made in studio, as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good supply of PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPERS and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Frames, from any style of mounting, made to order. apr 27, 71

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE, CRAWFORD, PA.
Manufacture and dealer in Squibs, Trains and Sawed Lumber of all kinds. Orders solicited and all bills promptly paid. [17] 71

FRANCIS COUTRIET, MECHANIC.
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store. Will be sold for cash, or on credit as elsewhere in the county. Frenchville, June 27, 1871.

THE REPUBLICAN.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC. 14, 1870.

MY MOTHER.
BY H. TRENDS.
The midnight stars are gleaming
Upon the silent grave,
New sleep without dreaming
The friend we could not save.
The clock of grief is ringing
In shadows on my brow,
Oh, blame me not for weeping!
I have no mother now!

From the Cell (M.L. Demarest).
Having progressed so far in the course of degrading, it would be deemed impossible that the promoters of this philanthropic "reform" could do anything that would astonish those acquainted with what has been done, yet, the past fortnight has developed a step still in advance.

On the peak of one of the most picturesque peaks that adorn the picturesque Hudson, the predecessors of our philanthropic rulers, seated what was loudly boded would become one of the most noble institutions of the future America. A nation devoted to the arts of peace yet known that in time of war, it would be prepared for war, that armies are nothing without officers, and at West Point erected an academy where might be prepared the lives to be devoted to the country's service in the hour of need.

West Point graduated soldiers whose accomplishments astonished the world and gentlemen that Bayard might not scold. It was the glory of the brave and the pride of the fair women of America. A father sought no nobler badge of his citizenship, than to send his son through such a portal into the service of his country. A pride that when the darling of his life returned, after the curriculum had ended, with the badge of his country's acceptance upon his brow, and the vow to devote his life to that country's service enshrined in his heart. And well might the parental heart thrill with the fulness of its joy over such a consummation. A West Point graduate was an object of national pride. At no door did he knock and fall of admission. At no shrine did he kneel and reap contempt. His cultivation was of a part with his patriotism, and his edifying course harmonized a mind devoted to the accomplishments of the soldier, with a life accustomed to sacrifices and privations, and a heart attuned to all the noble impulses of chivalrous rectitude and honorable ambition.

Such was the West Point of the past. In an evil hour, the same evil hour that fastened the fangs of philanthropic Radical reformers on the vitals of the governments, West Point, too, fell a victim to the caprices of the same insensate crusades. Ere long, the car of his peculiar progress overtook it, and the seeds of their "equality" obliquities were planted in that sensitive soil. The West Point of the christian soldier and scholarly gentleman was replaced by a school for degraded men, a hot-bed for the fungus growth of negro equality. Negroes knocked at its portals, and the doors of conservatism and self respect were battered to give them admission. The recitation rooms where the nation's lights had fed their flame, were degraded to the primary tutelage of Africa's narrow brains. The mess room, redolent no less of precious memories of great leaders who had come out thence, than of the camp life it initiated, was made the arena for undignified social conningling. And the dormitories—we forbear. Has it come to this that white men and negro must lie down together? Ah, no, there does it stop. Thus far it is only equality. There is a step beyond. The white man must learn that he has "no rights that a negro is bound to respect," and where it places to teach it, as where the negro is bound to respect the white man's rights, and where the white man must learn that he has "no rights that a negro is bound to respect," and where the negro is bound to respect the white man's rights, and where the white man must learn that he has "no rights that a negro is bound to respect," and where the negro is bound to respect the white man's rights.

THE FOLLY OF WAR.
Removed, as we are, from the scenes of the present European war, we can but feebly realize its horrors. With comparative peace and prosperity in all our borders, it requires a painful effort to bring before the mind a distinct idea that in the other hemisphere, lands as beautiful as our own, renowned in arts and arms, and covered all over with monuments of their glory, rise in class associations, and richly still in the noble spirit and bravery of their people, and which, but a short time since, were the abode of happy millions, are now afflicted with the desolating curse of war. Their fields are ravaged, their villages laid waste, their cities besieged, their soil crimsoned and their streams discolored with the blood of their fellow men, and the cry of lamentation, and the cry of prayer.

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It is not time for us, a Christian people, whose religion is based upon forgiveness of injuries, to show that we cannot be outdone in magnanimity and generosity by the heathen? Is it not time to bury in oblivion the traces of our civil war, and grapple to our hearts with heroes of steel, as of old, our fellow citizens of the South, whose errors, great as they were, have been grievously atoned for? There are grave and momentous events agitating the world, and amid the struggles of contending nationalities on the other side of the ocean, and the complications and exasperations of the hour, no one can tell how soon this country may be embroiled in a foreign war. When that hour strikes, we want the hearts of our people to beat with looks of steel, as of old, our fellow citizens of the South, whose errors, great as they were, have been grievously atoned for? There are grave and momentous events agitating the world, and amid the struggles of contending nationalities on the other side of the ocean, and the complications and exasperations of the hour, no one can tell how soon this country may be embroiled in a foreign war. When that hour strikes, we want the hearts of our people to beat with looks of steel, as of old, our fellow citizens of the South, whose errors, great as they were, have been grievously atoned for?

Printing in the Chinese Language.
The editor of the New York *Observer* in "The Tour Around the World," gives the following description of the difficulties of book-making in China: "One of the first places that I visited on reaching Shanghai, was the Mission Press of the Presbyterian Church of the United States—a wisely founded institution, which has been doing a great work. It is the most extensive printing establishment in China, and has been sending its light into Japan as well. The great work of Dr. Hepburn of Yokohama—his quarto Japanese Dictionary—was printed at this press; and during the last year, the third edition, 2,400 copies, of another Japanese Dictionary, the first two editions of which were printed at Yeddo, had been printed. It is a type foundry as well as a printing house, and, with judicious and liberal management, it may be made an important engine for good in time to come as it has been in the past. During the year 1869, 25,000 pages were printed at this press; and in the present year the whole of the New Testament and of the Pilgrim's Progress has been admirably electrotyped. I have before me a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress in Chinese, illustrated with engravings drawn and executed there, and also a copy of the Peep of Day, in Chinese, from the same press.

The Old Couple.
The old house, so mossy and brown, with gray sloping roof and cambrous chimney—the lawn with its carpet of cowslips and daisies—the tall tree, a century old, with branches covered with foliage so dense that the wild birds sang in concert amid its shade—there, side by side, on one oak casken bed, beneath the open door at the sunset hour, sat the happy old pair bowed with age, yet young in heart, for time, with its many cares and changes has not had the power to dim the lustre of their true affection. A small light upon her aged face, as she bows her head to catch the tones of his well known voice, that brings back the happy days of girlhood—that voice that won by gentle love her early affection and smoothed her cares and sorrows through life. The twilight shadows deepen, yet they have not faded; but, seated more closely to each other's side, they have left the present and gone far, far back into the past. Sweet remembrance recalls their youthful hours, and in the bright recollections of the past they are again lovers—young, happy and free. A new world is before them, and life is a path of golden sunshine. He sees her a bird dressed in dazzling white—her bright eyes full of trusting love—her soft hair falling in sunny folds on her bosom—white and tender, and with her trembling hand within his own, he feels again the life blood quicken in his heart, and, gushing from that pure fountain, goes bounding through his veins. O, what a thrill of pleasure enlivens and animates that aged frame, as he recalls the happy bride that filled his heart when he brought her home to dwell beneath this roof to cheer and grace his home; and, as time sped on, the rosy little prattlers gathered around to kiss their love, those were the happiest moments of their peaceful and tranquil life; but, like a blissful dream, too bright to last, those little cherubs, passed away to a bright land and left their sad impression of sorrow in furrowed brows as now they sat silently alone. Yes, alone they sit in their old age, awaiting the summons that will call and unite them above with their buds of innocence now blossoming in glory, and awaiting there to welcome them to enjoy eternal youth in Heaven."

Fig's Eye is the romantic name of one of the new cities of Minnesota.

Principles, Not Men.
In the highest niche of their besotted pantheon, resolve to draw all men with themselves into it. Fortunately they cannot degrade human instinct or conquer human will, but, unfortunately, they can in some cases control human action, and wherever they have the power, they are exercising it in a manner that might arouse in decent souls a well-earned contempt. And, greater misfortune still, they are plying their pernicious vocation among the helpless and endeavoring to instill the poison of their debauchery in the minds of the youth of the land. Falling in persuasion, they resort to constraint, and by enactments in the form of law, exert their might to compel equality and fraternity between those whom the Creator by His unmistakable and inerradicable badge have "put asunder." They are putting the sword of their duty in the hands of public schools and compelling the poor white youth of the land to remain in ignorance or submit to the disgusting association. They are opening the doors of churches, and lotions and railway trains to the unrestricted access of their young gods, and thus everywhere exerting their might to equalize and to disturb nature's laws.

The Fruits of Philanthropy—Negroism at West Point.
One of the most effective weapons that Radicalism ever wielded against its foe, was the distortion of the language of the opinion of Judge Taney in the *Dred Scott* case, whereby it was made to appear that the Supreme Court of the United States had decided that "a negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect." One of the fiercest battle cries of the pseudo philanthropists who with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" have been doing the most desperate work of proscription and persecution known to modern times, was "equal rights for all men." With the first as a flimsy plea to the most reckless and cruel of an unthinking populace, and with the other as a dazzling pole star to light the way, the Republican party have been able to do more to upset old theories, to shock established order, and to introduce perilous innovations, in the course of a single decade, than even they who attempted to ride the whirlwind they had sown, and to direct the storm they had incited, believed it possible to accomplish in less than a century.

How to Save Money.
The times are hard, you'd like to know how you may save your dollars; they say to do it will show you. If you will read what follows. A man who lived not far from here, who worked hard at his trade, but had a household to support. He had a wife and three children. I met him once. Says he, "My friend, I look through bare and rough; I've tried to get myself a suit, but can't save up enough."

Miscellaneous.
BRISTOL'S CLOTHING HALL.
Where the cheapest, best and best clothing and good Furting Goods can be had to suit every taste and in every style. April 7, 71

NEW DRUG STORE.
Wm. B. Alexander, M. D., Druggist and Apothecary, CURWENVILLE, PA.
Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of DRUGS, Patent Medicines, Paints and Oils, Vanishing Dyestuffs, &c. His stock of Drugs is fresh and customers can rely upon getting the best of everything in his line. His stock of PERFUMERY, Toilet Articles, Hair Tonics, Cosmetics, Brushes, Toilet Soap, Combs, Pocket Books, Pens, Ink, Penknives, Cigar, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods, is all of the best quality. PURE WINES & LIQUORS. For medicinal purposes only. Glass, Putty, Labeling, Oil, &c., to suit the wants of the community. His extensive and well selected stock of Drugs and Medicines enables him to fill Physicians' prescriptions on short notice and on the most reasonable terms. Cheaper and Cheaper will find his stock of Clothing and ready-made Clothing, Cigars & Soap to consist of the very best brands in the market. A share of public patronage is solicited. Oct. 19, 70. W. B. ALEXANDER.

TO LUMBERMEN:
PERFECTION IN CANTHOOKS!
The Clearfield Excelsior Canthook will cut more wood in less time, being constructed with an solid hand from city to point.

Amos Kennard, Patentee.
Manufactured by Amos Kennard & Co., at CLEARFIELD, PA.
All orders promptly attended to. 6279

WESTERN HOTEL,
CLEARFIELD, PENN.
Accommodations first-class and charges moderate. JOHN F. YOZOG, Proprietor.

JUSTICES & CONSTABLES' FEES.
We have printed a large number of the new FEES BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty-five cents, mail a copy to any address.

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It is not time for us, a Christian people, whose religion is based upon forgiveness of injuries, to show that we cannot be outdone in magnanimity and generosity by the heathen? Is it not time to bury in oblivion the traces of our civil war, and grapple to our hearts with heroes of steel, as of old, our fellow citizens of the South, whose errors, great as they were, have been grievously atoned for? There are grave and momentous events agitating the world, and amid the struggles of contending nationalities on the other side of the ocean, and the complications and exasperations of the hour, no one can tell how soon this country may be embroiled in a foreign war. When that hour strikes, we want the hearts of our people to beat with looks of steel, as of old, our fellow citizens of the South, whose errors, great as they were, have been grievously atoned for?

Printing in the Chinese Language.
The editor of the New York *Observer* in "The Tour Around the World," gives the following description of the difficulties of book-making in China: "One of the first places that I visited on reaching Shanghai, was the Mission Press of the Presbyterian Church of the United States—a wisely founded institution, which has been doing a great work. It is the most extensive printing establishment in China, and has been sending its light into Japan as well. The great work of Dr. Hepburn of Yokohama—his quarto Japanese Dictionary—was printed at this press; and during the last year, the third edition, 2,400 copies, of another Japanese Dictionary, the first two editions of which were printed at Yeddo, had been printed. It is a type foundry as well as a printing house, and, with judicious and liberal management, it may be made an important engine for good in time to come as it has been in the past. During the year 1869, 25,000 pages were printed at this press; and in the present year the whole of the New Testament and of the Pilgrim's Progress has been admirably electrotyped. I have before me a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress in Chinese, illustrated with engravings drawn and executed there, and also a copy of the Peep of Day, in Chinese, from the same press.

The Old Couple.
The old house, so mossy and brown, with gray sloping roof and cambrous chimney—the lawn with its carpet of cowslips and daisies—the tall tree, a century old, with branches covered with foliage so dense that the wild birds sang in concert amid its shade—there, side by side, on one oak casken bed, beneath the open door at the sunset hour, sat the happy old pair bowed with age, yet young in heart, for time, with its many cares and changes has not had the power to dim the lustre of their true affection. A small light upon her aged face, as she bows her head to catch the tones of his well known voice, that brings back the happy days of girlhood—that voice that won by gentle love her early affection and smoothed her cares and sorrows through life. The twilight shadows deepen, yet they have not faded; but, seated more closely to each other's side, they have left the present and gone far, far back into the past. Sweet remembrance recalls their youthful hours, and in the bright recollections of the past they are again lovers—young, happy and free. A new world is before them, and life is a path of golden sunshine. He sees her a bird dressed in dazzling white—her bright eyes full of trusting love—her soft hair falling in sunny folds on her bosom—white and tender, and with her trembling hand within his own, he feels again the life blood quicken in his heart, and, gushing from that pure fountain, goes bounding through his veins. O, what a thrill of pleasure enlivens and animates that aged frame, as he recalls the happy bride that filled his heart when he brought her home to dwell beneath this roof to cheer and grace his home; and, as time sped on, the rosy little prattlers gathered around to kiss their love, those were the happiest moments of their peaceful and tranquil life; but, like a blissful dream, too bright to last, those little cherubs, passed away to a bright land and left their sad impression of sorrow in furrowed brows as now they sat silently alone. Yes, alone they sit in their old age, awaiting the summons that will call and unite them above with their buds of innocence now blossoming in glory, and awaiting there to welcome them to enjoy eternal youth in Heaven."

Fig's Eye is the romantic name of one of the new cities of Minnesota.

Amos Kennard, Patentee.
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