

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, CLEARFIELD, PA. ESTABLISHED IN 1827. The largest circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers. VOL. 48—WHOLE NO. 2376. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1874. NEW SERIES—VOL. 15, NO. 26. TERMS—\$2 per annum in Advance.

Cards. A. G. KRAMER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. J. H. KLINE, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer. JOHN D. THOMPSON, Justice of the Peace and Scribe. W. ALBERT & BROS., Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c. FRANCIS COUTRIET, Merchant. THOMAS H. FORCE, GENERAL MERCHANDISE. CHARLES SCHAFER, LAGER BEER BREWER. J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. REUBEN HACKMAN, House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger. G. H. HALL, PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER. E. A. BIGLER & CO., SQUARE TIMBER. JAS. B. GRAHAM, Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards, SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS. JAMES MITCHELL, Square Timber & Timber Lands. PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT. DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the 5th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield.

THE REPUBLICAN. HOPE ON, HOPE EVER. William and Susan. An Hour of Terror. A Senatorial Scene. with the works and contains the monuments of the greatest minds of Italy; and at every turn you will see some fresh indication of Italian genius. Among the illustrious men it has produced are Dante, Petrarch, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Lorenzo de' Medici, Amerigo Vespucci and others who have made it the repository of some of the noblest creations. We were much interested in a visit we made to an old library, where are preserved in excellent condition some old manuscripts. Among these was one of Virgil, of the fourth or fifth century. The environs of Florence are very beautiful, but we were prevented by the inclemency of the weather from making any excursions into the surrounding country. Having spent a week very pleasantly in Florence, we struck our tents and pitched them in a city built upon the sea, where, in its broad and narrow streets, it is cbbing and flowing, and the salt sea weed clings to the marble of her palaces. Venice is built in the midst of a crowded cluster of islets, amounting in number to about seventy, and the buildings stand for the most part upon artificial foundations of piles. The principal of these islands is called Rialto, upon which Shylock is called to have had his place of business, and where he was accustomed to make his bargains. Here Shylock and his wife gathered the materials with which the insatiable avarice of the merchant of Venice has been immortalized. I inquired after the fair Portia, but she was not at home. Having been a great exponent of the laws, I had an elective affinity for her. We stood upon the famous Bridge of Sighs, and heaved several deep ones, but for a different reason than that which occasioned the long and deep-drawn sighs which were drawn there centuries ago. It seemed strange not to hear the sound of a carriage or the tramping of a horse, but here you glide up and down the water streets in the noiseless gondola. We were favored with moonlight, and as some one has said, Venice, like a faded beauty, shows better by candle light. From Venice we came to MILAN. To see what the Milanese regard as the eighth wonder of the world—the Cathedral. It is certainly one of the most impressive ecclesiastical edifices that I have seen, and we were much more impressed with it than St. Peter's at Rome. To attempt to describe the rich profusion of ornaments, spires, statues, pinnacles of Gothic fretwork which everywhere abounds, would be impossible within the limits of this letter, and even if possible I would be averse to attempt it. From Milan we came to GENOVA, situated in a canton of Switzerland only 15 miles long by as many broad, so limited in extent that Voltaire made of his well known sarcasm, "When I shake my wig I powder the whole Republic." Yet, although so insignificant in territorial extent, it has enacted an important part in the history of intellectual and religious progress. We visited the church and saw the pulpit and chair which were used by Calvin and from which his unbending zeal and energy he claimed and maintained the principles of the reformation. We also saw the house where the great reformer lived and died. To go to the other extreme, and by way of a sharp contrast, we drove five miles to a place called Fenice, where Voltaire built for himself a fine chateau and where are several rooms containing reminiscences. Adjoining the chateau is a chapel erected by him, over the portal of which is the ostentatious inscription, Deo Excelso Voltairae. "Voltaire erected it to God. We intended to go from here to Paris in order that I may see my physician, but I am so much interested in the history of this city that I do not intend to return until my health is restored or its restoration declared to be impossible. C. A. M.

Party Robberies.—Congressman Beck, of Kentucky, a Democrat and representing Henry Clay's district, charges home upon Senator Conkling's complicity with Sanborn, and in a recent speech said: "The Custom House Ring there is supported by the name Administration, of which that Senator is a leading man, and it uses the money thus stolen from merchants in order to carry on the party machinery. I insist that this third estate should be struck out of the bill as perpetuating a system which ought not to exist for a moment. The Custom houses have become dens of corruption, and are kept up by the aid of their political power to control popular elections, pack conventions, stuff ballot boxes, and perpetrate frauds such as ought to be impossible in any free country. The collector of New York has a salary of \$6,000; the Naval Officer has \$5,000, and the Surveyor has \$4,500; and yet during this Administration, the Surveyor has received for his share of penitentiary \$159,000; the Naval Officer, \$162,000; the collector, \$174,000, and the informers \$401,000, making a total of \$896,000 that has been paid to informers and officials. And why? Was it because there was so much duty withheld from the Government? No! In the Phelps Dodge case \$271,000 was paid when there was only \$1,000 due to the Government. The system is kept up so that the money stolen from the merchants can be used for the worst of purposes by the worst of men. State Senator Powell of Newport, R. I., returned \$50, sent him in payment of services as member of a special committee, with the statement that he never allowed himself to take pay for extra services as a member of the Legislature. Mr. Powell will never reach Congress. He has disfranchised himself. Moses of South Carolina stands on prerogative. Not that he denies the authority of which it is assumed, but he denies the authority of the courts to try him. He is so common thief, but an uncommon thief, and he must be impeached by the legislature, not tried by his peers.

A Turkish Wedding. A correspondent of the Alta California gives a graphic description of a Turkish wedding to which she was admitted. The bride was dressed in white silk, brocaded with silver and pearls, and around her waist was a belt containing a fortune in precious stones. Her cheeks were painted a deep crimson, her hair was dressed in curls, and another white was painted on her chin, the rest of the face white as a luminous cosmetic could make it. The eyebrows were painted intensely black; they met, and were stretched to the temples. Her fingers were dyed deep crimson, and her long black hair was braided full of little jingling coins. Her little feet were shod in velvet slippers, and her hands were adorned with a watch and several diamond earrings. After drinking coffee, which the writer would have immortalized, it was so very precious, and gulping down some rare Turkish tobaccos mixed with paste and peregore, they inspected the trosses of the bride. The chief priest who performed the ceremony was blazing with jewels, and wore a costly mitre. He kept the poor little bride waiting for an hour, while she was attending another wedding, but the people seemed to bear the delay with patience. The bride was rather under the ordinary height, and the bridegroom a very tall man, and they were obliged to stand with their foreheads touching each other during the entire ceremony which took a whole hour. After the ceremony the bride was placed on a high chair, and the bridegroom, carrying the bride, sat on a cushion bearing the bridal presents—a watch and chain, a diamond brooch, earrings, necklaces, and bracelets, and a large knitted purse filled with gold. The bridegroom parted the great veil which hung over the new wife, and adorned her with the jewels. Then she was lifted by men and seated beside a small barrel of wine, and the feast commenced. She was obliged to eat until she was full, and she was drunk out of the barrel, which was nearly two hours. She looked tired enough, for they gave her nothing to eat, and it was daylight before the feast was ended, and the bride borne away.

When Men Cease to be Revengful Perhaps Dogs Will. A little dog belonging to a gentleman, residing near Stony Brook, Long Island, was in the habit of following his master's wood-wagon to the land-day, some three miles distant. One day he was not upon the wagon, and he was followed by a large dog belonging to a resident in the next village. The big dog, though lame, sore and bruised, the little dog persisted in accompanying the wood-wagon again. When the wagon started, the large farm dog was found to be moving along quietly under it. He was never known to accompany the wagon team before. The teamster attempted to drive him back, but he was not upon the wagon. He had dug the way, limping and brooding over his wrongs. He was also contemplating the sweetness of revenge, and gloating over its near accomplishment. When he reached the place where he had received his ill treatment the day before, he limped up to where his enemy lay basking in the sun in the front yard, and snarled and snarled through the pickets in a most tantalizing manner. Thinking to repeat the chastisement of the day before, the village dog leaped over the fence, but only to encounter the large farm dog who had been watching the proceedings from under the slow-moving wagon, and who now came rushing to the rescue. The village dog was nearly killed before they could be separated. The large farm dog left the party after the fight and returned home. One dog had been upon the wagon and roughly fought for the purpose of aiding his little friend to obtain revenge. The little wretch was almost human in his air of triumph, and in his expressions of gratified malice. By what process, think you, did the little dog communicate his wrongs, or plan with his big canine friend this well-concocted scheme of retaliation?

Printers. We believe that the masses look upon the printer as a little above a tradesman, a little lower than mankind. It is expected of him to take nonsense of all sorts and make sense out of it. If a mistake should occur in the composition of what the author calls manuscript (but looks more like geese tracks round a frog pond), the printer is supposed to know all the words that the author intended and supply them accordingly. The printer must go to church and eulogize the sermon, even if it were not a sermon, or a piece of Dutch nonsense as for a matter of interest. He must go to the Mayor's court, and tell all that there occurs; but withal, he must not mention the names of parties arrested. Must drink with everybody, but must never get drunk himself—must "put" all sorts of liquors, although he is aware that two drinks of some of them would send him to the tombs of his fathers. Must pay his debts and give to every body of charity. If he has a wife, he must be a good father, and if he has a daughter, he must be a good husband, and if he has a young man, he must be a good master. The printer must be a good man in every respect. He must be a good man in every respect. He must be a good man in every respect.