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THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

A number of years ago, a gentleman in Clydesdale offered me a situation as head-groom, which I accepted. He had one horse which was kept in a stable by himself, and was, without exception, the ugliest and most savage animal of his kind I had ever seen. There was not a single point of a strong or a fast horse about him. He was as black as charcoal; he was named Satan, and richly did he deserve the name. He would fly at you, like a dog, with his teeth; attempt to beat you down with his fore-feet; and strike round a corner at you with his hind ones. He had beaten off all the rough-riders, grooms and jockeys in that part of the country.

After being in the place for a few days, I was asked by the gentleman, if I thought I could make anything of Satan. I replied that if he beat me, he would be the only horse which had ever done so; but still I considered him to be by far the most savage I had ever seen. "Try him to-morrow at one o'clock," said he, as he turned to go away: "I will have a few friends with me to see how you succeed."

I determined, however, to try him that night, and without any witness to see whether I succeeded or not. My room was over the stables, and as the moon did not rise till eleven o'clock, I threw myself upon the bedclothes, and contrary to my intention, fell asleep. When I awoke, it was twelve, the moon was shining brightly, and rendering everything as visible as if it were day.

I went down to the stable with a bridle prepared for the purpose, and a heavily-loaded whip in my hand. I knew that it would be impossible to saddle him; and, indeed, I should be entering on his bare back in the event of his throwing himself down. I opened the stable-door gently and there he was prone on his side, his legs and neck stretched out, as I have often seen horses lying after sore fatigue. I clapped my knee upon his head, loosed the collar that bound him, slipped the bit into his mouth, buckled the throat-band, raised him to his feet, backed him out, and leaped upon his back before he had time to get his eyes right opened. But open them now he did, and that with a vengeance; he pawed, and struck the walls with his fore-feet, till the fire flashed from the stones; and then he reared till he fell right back upon the pavement. I was prepared for this, and slipped off him as he went down, and then leaped on him again as he rose. I had not as yet touched him with whip, bridle, or spur; but now I gave him the curb and the spurs at the same instant. He gave one mad bound, and then went off at a rate that completely eclipsed the speed of the fleetest horse I had ever ridden. He could not trot, but his gallop was unapproachable, and consisted in a succession of leaps, performed with a precision, velocity and strength, absolutely bewildering.

He fairly overturned all my preconceived notions of a fast horse. On he thundered, till we came under the shadow of a fir-wood, and then, whether out of mischief or dread of the darkness, he halted instantaneously, his fore-feet so close together that you might have put them into a bucket. Owing to the depression of his shoulders—for he had no more width than an ass—the way that he jerked down his head, and the suddenness of the stop, a monkey, although he had been holding on with his teeth, must have been unseated.

For me, I was pitched a long way over his head, but alighted upon a spot so soft and mossy, that it looked as if some kind hand had purposely prepared it for me. Had I been in the slightest degree stunned, or unable to regain my feet, that instant he would have torn me to pieces with his teeth, and beaten my mangled body into the earth with his hoofs. But I at once sprang to my feet, and faced him. I could have escaped by leaping into the wood; but my blood was not one extra breath clear, and my heart gave not one extra pulsation. There he stood upon his hind-legs—nearly upright, beating his up-per lip curled, his under one drawn down, his large teeth glancing like ivory in the moonlight. When he saw me upon my feet, he never uttered a cry, and which I believe is never uttered from that animal except when under the dominion of frantic rage or fear.

This unearthly cry roused every living thing within hearing. An army of rooks, startled from their encampment in the wood, circled and wheeled between us and the moon, shading her light, and filling the midnight air with their discordant screams. This attracted the attention of Satan, and, bringing his fore-feet to the ground, he pricked up his ears, and listened. I sprang forward, seized him by the mane, and vaulted upon his back. As I stooped forward to gather up the reins, which were dangling from his head, he caught me by the cuff of the jacket—luckily it was but the cuff—and tore it up to the shoulder. Instantly he seized me again; but this time he succeeded rather better, having a small portion of the skin and flesh of my thigh between his teeth. The intense pain occasioned by the bite, or rather bruise, of a horse's mouth, can only be properly judged

of by those who have felt it. I was the madder of the two now; and of all animals an enraged man is the most dangerous and the most fearless. I gave him a blow between the ears with the end of the whip; and he went down at once, stunned and senseless, with his legs doubled up under him, and his nose buried in the ground. I drew his fore-legs from under him, and then lashed him into life. He turned his head slowly round and looked at me, and then I saw that the savage glare of his eye was nearly quenched, and that if I could follow up the advantage I had gained, I should ultimately be the conqueror. I now assisted him to rise mounted him and struck him at once with whip and spur. He gave a few bounds forward, a stagger or two, and then fell heavily upon his side. I was nearly under him; however, I did save my distance, although that was all. I now began to feel sorry for him; his wonderful speed had been my respect; and as I was far from being naturally cruel, whip or spur I never used except in cases of necessity: so I thought I would allow him to get up of himself. However as I had no faith in the creature, I sat down upon him, and watched him intently. He lay motionless, with his eyes shut; and had it not been for the firm and fast beat of his heart, I should have considered him dying from the effects of the blow; but the strong pulsation told me that there was plenty of life in him; and I suspected that he was lying quiet meditation mischief. I was right. Every muscle began presently to quiver with suppressed rage. He opened his eyes, and gave me a look, in which fear and fury were strangely blended. I am not without superstition, and for an instant I quailed under that look, as the thought struck me, that the black, unshapely brute before me might actually be the spirit indicated by his name. With a muttered growl at my folly, I threw the idea from me—leaped up—seized the reins—with a lash and a cry made him spring to his feet—mounted him as he rose, and stuck the spurs into his sides. He reared and wheeled; but finding that he could not get rid of me, and being unable to withstand the torture of the spurs, which I used freely (it was no time for mercy), he gave two or three plunges, and then bounded away at a dreadful leaping gallop—that pace which seemed peculiarly his own. I tried to moderate his speed with the bridle; but found to my surprise, that I had no command over him. I knew at once that something was wrong, as, with the bit I had in his mouth, I ought not to have had the power to have broken his jawbone. I scooped forward to ascertain the cause; the loose curb dangling at the side of his head gave a satisfactory explanation.

He had it all his own way now; he was fairly off with me; and all I could do was to bear his head as well up as I could, to prevent him from stumbling. However, as it would have been bad policy to let him know how much he was the master, I gave him an occasional touch with the spur, as if wishing him to accelerate his pace; and when he made an extra bound, I patted him on the neck, as if pleased with his performance.

A watery cloud was passing over the face of the moon, which rendered everything dim and indistinct, as we tore away down a grassy slope; the view terminating in a grove of all trees, situated on a rising ground. Beyond the dark outline of the trees, I saw nothing.

As we neared the grove, Satan slackened his speed; this I thought he did with a view to crush me against the trunks of the trees. To prevent him from having time to do this, I struck him with the spurs, and away he went like fury. As he burst through the trees I flung my head forward upon his neck, to prevent myself from being swept off by the lower branches. In doing this, the spurs accidentally came in contact with his sides. He gave one tremendous leap forward—the ground sunk under his feet—the horse was thrown over his own head—leaves jerked into the air—and amid an avalanche of earth and stones, we were hurled down a perpendicular bank into the brown swollen waters of the Clyde.

Owing to a bend in the river, the force of the current was directed against this particular spot, and had undermined it; and although strong enough to bear a man or a horse under ordinary circumstances, yet down at once it thundered under the desperate leap of Satan. However, it did not signify, as nothing could have prevented us from surging into the water at the next bound.

A large quantity of rain had fallen in the upper part of the shire; and in consequence, the river was full from bank to bank. I was nearly a stranger to the place; indeed, so much so, that I had supposed we were running from the river. This, combined with the suddenness of the shock, and the appearance of a turbid, rapid river—sweeping down trees, brushwood, branches, hay, corn, and straw before it, with resistless force—was so foreign to my idea of the calm, peaceful Clyde, that when I rose to the surface, I was quite bewildered,

and had very serious doubts as to my own identity.

I was roused from this state of bewilderment by the snorting and splashing of the horse; he was making a bold attempt to scale the perpendicular bank. Had I been thrown into the body of the stream, I should have been swept away, and the animal must have perished; but in all heavy rapid runs of water, salt or fresh, there is what is termed an eddy stream running close in-shore, in a contrary direction to the main body of the water. I have seen Highlanders in their boats catching fish in the eddy stream of the Gulf of Corrievreckin, within a short distance of the main tide, which had it but the slightest hold on their boat, would have swept them with fearful velocity into the jaws of the roaring gulf. I was caught by its eddy, which kept me stationary, and enabled me by a few strokes, to reach the horse's side. To cross the river, or to land here, was alike impossible, so I took the reins in my right hand, wheeled the horse from the bank, and dashed at once with him into the strength of the current. Away we went, Satan and I, in capital spirits both; not a doubt of our effecting a safe landing ever crossing my mind. And the horse evinced his certainty upon that subject, by snatching a bite out of a heap of hay that floated at his side, and eating it as composedly as if he had been in the stable.

We soon swept round the high bank that had caused our misfortune, and came to a level part of the country, which was flooded far up into the fields. I then struck strongly out in a slanting direction for the shore, and soon had the satisfaction of finding myself once more upon the green turf. Satan shook himself, pricked up his ears, and gave a low neigh. I then stroked him, and spoke kindly to him. He returned the caress by licking my hand. Poor fellow! he had contracted a friendship for me in the water—a friendship which terminated only with his life; and which was rendered the more valuable, by his never extending it to another living thing.

A HINT FOR THE BOYS.

Boys, truth is one of the richest jewels you can ever find, and one you should cherish as of priceless value. Many of your class have been lost to honor and greatness by disregarding its divine precepts and have failed to become what they might have, men of renown, by foolishly casting it away from their bosoms. All have this gem in the beginning, boys, but it may be lost by wickedness and carelessness; if you have not lost it and we hope you have not, let nothing cheat you out of it: for its equal is hardly to be found when lost.

Profane language, boys, is a sure index of a wicked heart and low breeding. Do you know a man or boy who commands respect from his neighbors? You never hear them swear—no oath ever trembles from their lips—emulate their bright example. Will you read the catalogue of sin and crime? You will find the disgraced actor to have been profane. Reflect on this, boys, and let no word of profanity escape your lips.

Beware of the company of such as haunt the grog shop; they may induce, over-persuade you to partake of the cup of shame and poison; beware of them—the tempt-ing wine cup shun—it will lead you to every sin, and disgrace you forever. Our word for it, boys, we are dealing in facts with you. Touch not a drop, for you may become a drunkard in the end, and you know how painful an object the poor drunkard is.

Be honest, be generous, be frank, be sober, be virtuous, abounding in truth in your boys, and you need not fear the circumstances. Life is just opening her fiftieth path before you, but armed with these blessed traits you may rush fearlessly to the battle of life and fear no evil. You may be orphans, but if you have these as your jewels, you will meet with friends and encouragement in every lane of life. Men of business and wealth have their eyes upon you—watching you; they want clerks for their stores and apprentices for their workshops—if you have the virtues we have mentioned they will not ask a better recommendation, but will choose you at once, taking you to their confidence and make men of you, and when they sleep in their graves, as all must, you may fill their places with honor and renown, as they have passed away. Boys, will you think of what we have been saying, and thinking of it?

THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.—How beautifully does the law of proportion run through all the handiworks of God.—Those things which are most useful we everywhere find the most common. How cheap is steam, that mighty agency! It is but water, the most plentiful material given to man. Suppose our iron mines were exchanged for gold mines, could thousands of tons of the precious metal compensate the world for the loss of iron? What could make good the loss mankind would suffer, were our immense and un-diminished fields of coal to be changed into diamonds? We can eat bread without butter, but butter without bread would be a very poor diet.

SIMON SNYDER.

"Hamlet," the Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, tells the following anecdote in that paper of the 3d July.

Well, as I have idle time on my hands, I will tell you an anecdote of the 'good old time' of 1809, in Pennsylvania, when the animosity of party, the rancorous feelings of Federalists against Democrats, was even greater than it is now between the parties of the day, when the spirit of bitterness in the contest was not confined to the political character, or even personal life of prominent men, but invaded the sanctuaries of their homes, and retailed the petty scandal, real, or more often invented of the domestic circle.

In those days we had a very wealthy citizen and politician, yeilded Simon Snyder—Simon the tanner. You remember him no doubt. You don't? True—I beg pardon, you are of more recent days; but I do—that is, I remember hurrahing for him once, when I should have hurrahed for his opponent, Ross, at which all the rest of the boys set up such a shout of derision that I went off crying to my excellent mother, who "didn't know I was out," much less that I had been committing such a political blunder in the plenitude of my precocious ardor.

Now, Simon was a good man, and a rich man, a tanner, and a Democrat; he had frequented ward meetings and played the secretary and then the chairman; then he became a member of the Legislature; then Speaker, and finally—but I must not anticipate.

It was a raw and gusty night, from which you will infer that the wind whistled and the rain pattered; little children huddled close to the hearth-stone; the fat coach drivers (alas! for the jolly dogs of those good old days!) I could almost find it in my heart to run every car "off the track," if it were only to revive the race of amusing loquacity once more.

Simon, on an extra overcoat, took an ex-buttonee on a horn and drove their ways with a wind and weather! It was on "such a night" that Simon's most excellent wife, (we didn't say lady in those good old days, neither did Washington Irving, a few years later, when he wrote his Sketch Book, his wife sat comfortably by the blazing hickory, (shall I ever see such a fire once more?) and gradually lapsing into a sort of surprise as to what could have become of her excellent husband, (that's a homely phrase for these modern days; why should not a lady say my gentleman?) whose habits were, to tell the honest truth, the more regular from the placid bond of affection that existed between them.

At length his step was heard, and she prepared to meet him with one of those encouraging receptions, namely a sweet, smiling welcome, and a good supper.—But Master Simon entered with a rather sedate step, hung up his hat, and scarcely noticing his wife, so deeply was he absorbed in some engrossing subject of reflection, sank into a seat before the fire without even giving it a poke, and fell at once into a deep reverie. The wife saw that something was in the wind, although as her husband's countenance betrayed only anxious thought, without any traces of vexation or distress, and knowing well all his habits, she waited patiently the development of the mystery.

"Wife," said he at last, "Wife."

"Well, Simon, my dear, what is it?"

A long pause, and this time there was a punch at the fire with the tongs (in modern days poker, the ugly things, I hate 'em), and a stirring up of the beautiful hickory coals.

"Wife," said Simon.

"Well, husband, I am listening, what is it?"

"Are you on pretty good terms with all your neighbors?"

"Certainly. Why should I be otherwise?"

The fact is, that Mrs. Snyder was not only a very amiable woman, but a lady too, whom everybody esteemed.

"Sure you haven't had any little differences with any of them? Any small spats that grow, or are made to grow, if occasion should offer, into downright hostilities?"

"Why, no, my dear, not the slightest that I can possibly remember. Why do you ask?"

But her question was unheeded.

"Sure, now, that you haven't dropped any remarks lately before some particular friend' about little Tommy Jones's squint, or Nancy Sims's lame knee, that might have come to their dotting mother's ears? Nothing of that kind, eh?"

"Lord, no! My dear husband, what is the matter?"

"Well, nothing very particular. I was only a little anxious to know how you stood with all your neighbors, your dear friends, and even your relations. For you see, my dear Susan, I have (to tell you the truth at once) been such a good natured soul as to—"

"For heaven's sake, my dearest Simon, tell me at once what is the matter, and

CONSUMPTION OF GOLD.

The following curious statistics relative to the consumption of gold, were stated in a lecture lately delivered at the Geological Society at London:

The entire amount of gold in circulation is said to be £18,000,000, of which the wear and waste is stated to be 4 per cent annually, or £1,080,000. The consumption of gold in arts and manufactures is as follows:

In the United Kingdom,	£2,500,000
France,	1,000,000
Switzerland,	450,000
Other parts of Europe,	1,600,000
United States,	500,000
Total,	£6,050,000

In Birmingham alone there is a weekly consumption of gold for chains only, amounting to 1,000 oz. The weekly consumption for gold leaf in London is 4,000 oz.; in other places in Great Britain 185oz.

One of the potteries in Staffordshire consumes £3,500 worth of gold annually in gilding; and the whole consumption for gilding porcelain in England is estimated at about 8,500 ounces annually.

EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.—We are not believers in the capacity of ignorance successfully to execute social functions which require knowledge and experience for their beneficial exercise, and still less in the notion that any multiplicity of ignorance, will constitute knowledge. But in this we have no doubt, that if the people possessed political power, the mere selfish instincts of the upper and middle classes would render them as anxious to educate them, as they have hitherto been apathetic. When we visit the lion in his cage, and are satisfied that the bars have strength sufficient to confine him, on his indifference, or mere curiosity, on his teeth and claws; but break down the iron gratings, and let him loose upon us, or shut us up beside him, and we would hasten to extract, if we could, those implements of destruction. Thus it is with the people. While we are able by horse, foot, and artillery, criminal officers, judges and goals, to restrain them, with all their rude habits and fierce instincts rife within them, we quietly leave them in degradation until we settle our own ecclesiastical and theological disputes regarding the person by whom, and the manner in which, the teeth and claws should be removed.

Killed by a Leech.

We understand that a man by the name of Garnett, residing in Greene county, having attended a special election recently held in that county, started for home, which was some distance off, about dark. On coming to a branch, being very thirsty, he dismounted and drank. He had not gone far before he commenced feeling a ticklish sensation in his stomach, and on his arrival at home was quite unwell.—Getting worse, a physician was called in, to whom he stated that he was confident he had swallowed something while drinking from the branch which produced his sickness. After trying several remedies, a powerful emetic was administered, when a live leech was thrown up, which the unfortunate man had evidently swallowed at the branch above mentioned, it having remained alive in his stomach for several days. Although relieved from the leech, he died in a day or two afterwards from the injuries it had inflicted.

Charlottesville (Va.) Jeffersonian.

Illinois and Indiana papers complain much of a want of rain in those States, and say that in some sections the corn and potato crop will be almost a failure.

COLLECTIONS FOR THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.

As several communications from various parts of the United States have been made to the Board of Managers of the Washington Monument Society, suggesting the propriety and expediency of having boxes placed at different polls during the approaching Presidential Election, to receive contributions for the National Monument, now in the course of erection in this city, the Board in accordance with these suggestions respectfully request the judges or commissioners of election, the postmasters of the respective localities where the elections are held, or any other patriotic and public-spirited citizen or citizens to undertake this duty by having boxes fixed up at the polls with the label, contributions to the "Washington National Monument," &c., and collecting and transmitting the amounts so deposited to the Treasurer of the society, S. B. H. Smith Esq. Any expense which may attend these collections will be paid, and the service thankfully acknowledged by the Board of Managers. By order,

Geo. WATKINSON, Sec.

The press throughout the United States that may feel an interest in this object will confer a favor on the Board by publishing the above.

National Intelligencer.

EXPLORATION OF PARAGUAY.—Late foreign advices state that a French scientific expedition for the exploration of Brazil and Paraguay, under the directions of Mons. Deville, has been determined on by the French government. An earnest appeal has been made to the President of the United States by the New York Geographical Society, of which Mr. Bancroft is President, and Mr. Grinnell, the Arctic explorer, Vice President, to make a similar expedition. It is proposed to do this by sending one of the small vessels of the Brazil squadron up the Rio de la Plata.

A REPUBLICAN ARISTOCRAT.—On Crockett's return to his constituents after his first session in Congress, a nation of them surrounded him one day, and began to interrogate him about Washington. "What time do they dine at Washington, Colonel?" "Why," said he, "common people, such as you here, get their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big'uns dine at four. As for us representatives, we dine at four; and the aristocracy and the senate, they don't get their victuals till five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" asked another. "Old Hickory," exclaimed the Colonel, attempting to appoint a time in accordance with the dignity of the station. "Old Hickory! well—he don't dine till next day!"

TOMATO KETCHUP.—To a half bushel peeled tomatoes, add six table spoonful of salt; six do black pepper, finely ground; five of mustard, one of allspice, and ten pods red pepper, cut fine. Pour in two quarts of the best vinegar, and put the whole in a kettle over a quick fire, and boil briskly for four hours; strain through a hair sieve, and bottle closely. This ketchup will be fit for the table in two or three weeks, and will continue to improve for years.

A LARGE LUMP OF CALIFORNIA GOLD.—Mr. D. K. Minor has brought to New York, from San Francisco, a lump of quartz and gold rock, weighing 113 lbs, and valued at over \$2,500. When first taken from El Dorado, it weighed 500 lbs, but the difficulty of conveying it whole from that place to San Francisco obliged him to reduce it to its present weight.

How a fellow whose countenance was homely enough to scare the old one, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who asked him if he didn't fall into a brook when he was young.

"What do you mean, you impertinent scoundrel?"

"Why I didn't mean nothing, only you have got such an all-fired crooked mouth, I thought as how you might have fallen into a brook when you was a baby, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry."

It is generally conceded that Shakespeare wrote this sentiment: "he who steals my purse steals trash," especially for application to printers, for their purses always bear the appearance of having been stuffed with emetics. Ours does anyhow.

A parson preaching of the depravity of the age, said, that little children who could neither speak nor walk were to be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing.

A correspondent of the New York Recorder says, a friend of his on board the steamboat met with a young man of intemperate habits from Baltimore, who was emigrating to Maine to get out of the way of strong drink and its temptations.

During the present year, there have passed through Iowa City, about 40,000 emigrants for California, and 10,000 for Oregon.

The Iowa papers say the corn crop in Iowa is likely to be larger than ever.