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Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.
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For the Republican.
LAWRENCE TOWNSHIP, Dec. 8th, 1853.
Messrs. Editors:—Whereas the Constitution guarantees the right of speech to every one; and Messrs. Editors, as you have given the liberty to be heard through the medium of your valuable columns; I do, therefore, the liberty of addressing a few words for the benefit of the Democratic party of Clearfield county on the present system of nominating candidates for general offices of this county; and like Mr. Bellesena (for such I must call him) am not a writer neither am I in the habit of public speaking, but I am a Democrat and as I profess to be such I argue I ought to possess Democratic principles. While the great Democratic party holds to the established principle that the majority should rule, I ask Mr. Bellesena why he opposed to let the people of Clearfield county vote for or against the Crawford system, whereby it may be determined whether the popular voice of the voters of this county are in favor of that system or not. Let us look for a moment at the Delegate system; and then let any Democrat speak candidly and see whether he will say that the same unanimity exists under the Delegate system as did exist under the Crawford system? I will venture to say that every good Democrat will answer in the negative. By the Crawford system of choosing Candidates every Democrat could go to those primary elections, and vote for the man of his choice, not having to complain of his being gulled as is often the case under the delegate system. Under the delegate system delegates are elected to meet in county Convention. Now, if I would like Mr. Bellesena to tell me whether those delegates are elected by the majority or minority of the Democrats of this county, and are those delegates who are chosen to this convention representing a majority of their townships, or are they representing the minority? This is Messrs. Editors another question for Mr. Bellesena to answer. Having been acquainted with the intrigues of the delegate system, I have known delegates to be elected between the wringing of the bell and the assembling of the convention in Clearfield; behind the Court House, a most conspicuous place. There is always a clique who reside in the county seat, who generally have the tickets settled before the delegates assemble, and then they dare hardly open your mouth or if you do say any thing about this would be ticket, you are ridiculed and called a traitor to the Democratic party;—such sirs is the conduct of some of the members of the party, who profess that the majority should rule; and to establish this fact I would just call on the Democratic party to sustain me in the assertion that there has been bargain and sale under the delegate system sufficient to have supported respectively a public auctioneer; while under the Crawford system this could not be the case.
 Every man has a right to offer himself for any office in the gift of the people and if a majority elect him for a nominee under the Crawford system he ought to be the man, but this is not the case under the Delegate system, oft times the man, who by the majority would be the man if that majority were fairly expressed through the ballot box, but is not the man but one who would be in the minority if the majority were expressed; is the man, and if I am not mistaken such has been the case in Clearfield county at other conventions under the Delegate system. Now I ask the Democracy of Clearfield county to take a view of its political interests and say whether the mind could have conceived a system more Democratic than the Crawford system.
 It appears Mr. Bellesena finds fault with the Standing Committee for submitting to the people whether the Crawford or Delegate system should prevail for making nominations. He seems to think it was not altogether Democratic. Is it not Democratic to leave it to the voice of the people? If it is not then I do not understand the meaning of the word. I as a Democrat have always considered the voice of the people superior to that of any Convention however constituted. In 49 the Standing Committee ordered that each Township and Borough in the county to represent the county in Convention to decide whether the Crawford system should stand or be abolished, it being then in operation. The Delegates met in Convention and the question being fairly discussed, and votes taken, which resulted in favor of the Crawford system, six only voting against it, two from the Borough of Clearfield, two from Bradford, and two from the Township of... From the above it would appear that the Crawford system should have prevailed, but it appears by the above that the return judges, who abolished the Delegate system, and established the Delegate system, but from whom they derived their authority? I cannot comprehend it. I would like Mr. Bellesena to tell the Democracy of Clearfield county, who stand on corners of public thoroughfares, uttering bitter denunciations against the man Catholics. Much excitement has been caused by the report of one of these preachers.

resolution, but in doing this I performed that which was the will of my constituents and in doing so I was doing nothing more than my duty which is required of every man, of every Delegate, and of every good Democrat. It is also true that the Standing Committee ordered an election to be held on the 2d Tuesday of Oct., to vote for or against the Crawford system. J. A. T. Hunter of Pike and myself got tickets printed to answer both sides of the question and left them with the Editor to distribute with the rest of the tickets, but through some stratagem the proceedings of the Standing Committee were not printed and owing to this the object was not generally understood. As this is the first time I ever appeared before the public and shall be the last on this subject I shall therefore leave the result to the untried Democracy of the county.

S. H. SHAFNER.

A REVEREND HORSE THIEF.—The *Honorable Democrat* gives us the following account of the conviction of a "preaching chap" who thought that Jordan was a hard road to travel, and that he had better provide himself with easy means of transit:
CONVICTION OF REV. MR. MOLE.—We stated some weeks ago that Rev. John Mole, a Presbyterian minister who formerly taught school in this borough had been arrested in Duchess county, N. Y., for horse stealing. His trial came on at Poughkeepsie a fortnight ago. It appeared that he had stolen as many as six horses, and nearly as many wagons and harnesses. On the part of the defence an attempt was made to prove that the larceny was the result of insanity, but it did not succeed, for the jury returned a verdict of guilty. We have not heard what the sentence of the Court was.
 Mr. Mole was formerly from Orange county, N. Y., where he is respectfully connected. His wife is in every respect a very superior woman, and his family consists of eight interesting children, who have been carefully and excellently trained by their mother. The two oldest of them were on the stand as witnesses at the trial, and in most touching manner testified to the sympathies of all the spectators.

FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.—Some sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives.
 We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging but boasting of their ignorance of all house-work duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the esteem of their friends as the confession of an inability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat; or disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollection, we are free to say that taper fingers and lilly white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young Miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving romantic and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food and in homes kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for the husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lilly hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil or put the smallest piece of food in the pot.

HUMAN MONEY BAGS.—Many a man there is clothed in respectability, and proud of his honor, whose central idea of life is interest and ease—the conception that other men are merely tools to be used as will serve him; that God has endowed him with sinew and brain merely to scramble and to get; and so in the midst of this grand universe, which is a perpetual circulation of benefit, he lives like a sponge on a rock, to absorb, and blot, and die.—Thousands in this great city are living so who never look out of the narrow circle of self-interest; whose deauleague is their arithmetic; whose bible is their ledger; who have so contracted, and hardened, and stamped their natures, that in any spiritual estimate they would only pass as so many bags of dollars.

A society in New York, styling themselves "Know Nothings," said to be a powerful, but strictly secret, Native American organization, appear to be industriously engaged in getting up a war, stirring up among the Protestants and Catholics. It is said this society have street preachers in their employ, who stand on corners of public thoroughfares, uttering bitter denunciations against the man Catholics. Much excitement has been caused by the report of one of these preachers.

GEN. COMBS ON STORY TELLING.
 Few men have gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than Hon. Leslie Combs, of Kentucky. In the way of anecdotes, he is unequalled, while his way of telling stories imparts a tone to them which no one can appreciate, who has not made his acquaintance.
 Among the "characters" which Combs knows like a book, is old Major Lucky, whose taste for bragging amounts to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he "opens wide and spread himself," and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire. The following scene took place between the Major and Col. Peters, "a late arrival from Illinois."
 "Major, I understand that you visited England a short time into the Revolution; how did you like the jaunt?"
 "Capitally! I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist with him, and a devil of a time we had of it."
 "Rex? what Rex?"
 "Why, Rex the King—George the III. The game came off at Windsor Castle between myself and Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke—and the game ended rather comically."
 "How so?"
 "As we were playing the first game, Rex said in a familiar manner, 'Major, I suppose you know George Washington, the Father of his country.' 'Father be d—d says he, 'he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, I would have hung him long ago.' This of course riled me, and to such a degree that I just drew back and gave him a blow between the eyes, that felled him like a bullock. The next moment Pitt and Burke mounted me, and in ten minutes my coat, shirt, and breeches, were so torn and tattered that I looked like Lazarus. This gave me a distaste for English society, and on the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks after, I reached Washington. The first person I met after entering the city was Q."
 "Why that d—d old federalist John Q. Adams. He wanted me to play nines with him, and I did so. Won \$200 at two shillings a game and then got into a row."
 "About what?"
 "He wanted to pay me off in continental money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got mad and knocked him into a Spittoon. While I had him down, Jim came in and dragged me to the White House."
 "What Jim?"
 "Why Jim Madison. I went—played euchre for two hours, when Tom came in and insisted that I should go home with him."
 "What Tom?"
 "Why Tom Jefferson. Jim would not listen to it, and the consequence was they got into a fight. In the middle of it they fell over the bannisters and dropped down about fifty feet. When I left they were giving each other knocks in the coal cellar. How it ended, I cannot tell; for just then Martha came running in, and said that I must accompany her up to Mount Vernon to see George."
 "What Martha do you mean?"
 "Why Martha Washington, wife of George, the old boy that gave jessy to the Hessians."
 About this time, he said, he found he was "swallowing things." The next stage that came along he took passage for an adjacent town. The Major we believe is still living and still believes that the walloping he gave Louis the eighteenth is the best thing on record.
 N. Y. Dutchman.

AN ANCIENT SILVER MINER.—The Lancaster (Pa.) Whig gives a long and interesting account of the recent opening and exploration of a mine of argentiferous galena in Pequea valley, Lancaster county, which was known and worked prior to the revolutionary war. The old shafts have been cleared out by direction of some Philadelphia capitalists, and the ore assayed by Dr. Fahnestock, of Lancaster, who pronounces it to contain upwards of five hundred dollars worth of silver to the ton of lead. Professor Booth and other chemists have also made assays, it is stated, and with similar results. The ore yields about eighty per cent of lead, and the copper and zinc ores also found in the same place, which contains a considerable amount of silver, though the exact quantity has not yet been ascertained. At the breaking out of the revolutionary war the shafts and tunnels were carefully closed up, and all operations ceased; and subsequently all traces of the mine were lost and forgotten.

A bachelor friend of ours says that he never attempted to make but one speech to a woman and then he did not succeed. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he caught her hand and dropped upon his knees. He only saw a streak of calico as she went over the bar. He did not see her again for a fortnight, and then a fellow was setting her with molasses candy and gingerbread at a circus.

Infant's Rights Convention.
 A large and spirited meeting of infants was recently held at Nurserydom, at which they asserted their rights, and called for an immediate redress of the wrongs which have been inflicted upon them.
 "Whereas, we have been brought into existence without being consulted at all in regard to our feelings and wishes, thus laying the immediate authors of our existence under the strongest obligations to see that our rights are protected and our wants supplied, therefore,
 "Resolved, That we claim the right to draw our nourishment from that fountain which nature has provided for our sustenance, and which is universally admitted to be the only source from which we can derive materials for a vigorous growth; and that the too common practice of cutting off our supplies from this source, to avoid the necessity of attendance to our wants, is inhuman, and unworthy of a christian mother.
 "Resolved, That we do earnestly protest against the partiality sometimes exhibited by our mothers, in nursing lap dogs, and making parlor companions of them as though they were the real offspring, instead of ourselves, while we are turned out to Briquet.
 "Resolved, That we claim as our right a place in the parental bed, and deem it a poor excuse for tucking us away with the nurse that our mother comes from parties late at night, and does not wish to be broken of her rest.
 "Resolved, That we are opposed to taking medicine, when it would seldom be required if we were properly taken care of by our mothers, and especially do we raise our voices against the practice of many nurses, who secretly keep a bottle of paregoric, or Godfrey's cordial, and force down our throats a dose in the evening, so that we may not disturb them through the night.
 "Resolved, that in consequence of these and other abuses to which we are subjected, most of us become sickly, and about half our number die before we are old enough to take care of ourselves.
 "Voted, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in all the papers, from Maine to Texas.
 Odd Fellow.

CURE OF FOUNDER IN HORSES.
 Having had a little experience in curing the founder in horses, I take this method to give to you a fact, that you may give it to others through the columns of your valuable Journal. It may be of great service to some, and save many a fine horse from premature death and much suffering.
 The fact I shall give you, is of a horse worth three hundred dollars because of his fleetness. He came to my hand in August, about 7 o'clock in the evening, after being driven only 29 miles, with only two persons, in a very light and easy buggy. The horse for some time had been led all the grain he could eat. For two or three days he had not liked his grain, but the night before he came to my hand he had eaten to the full of it as he had liked; and when he came he was so stiff he could not step over a six inch pole, and when he attempted to turn round would nearly fall. I put him into water nearly knee deep, and kept a wet blanket on him all the time for four hours; then put him into the stable, and put another blanket over him and left him for the night. The next morning I found him sweating; took him to the stable and rode him a mile, led him back, and put him in the brook again for an hour. During the day I exercised him about five miles, and about sunset let him stand an hour in the water, and again in the next morning.
 About nine o'clock he was started on a journey of forty miles, and performed it with ease before sunset; he laid over one day, and went home the next, forty miles and was returned to his owner, and he being a farmer, sold him in a few days, perfectly unable to describe any difficulty or damage done to his horse, being ignorant of what had happened. The horse was allowed all the food and water he wanted as usual. He was not bled in any part, neither was there anything given to him except his usual food. The second day he was as limber as he ever was, and has shown no injury from his founder since.
 If you think this worthy of your notice and wish it, I will give you my opinion of the founder and its cure.
 Water-cure Journal.

Cough in Horses.—We once had a horse that caught a bad cold, and coughed so severely that he could be heard a mile. All sorts of remedies were proposed, but all we would think, to kill my good horse outright. These remedies were all rejected, although some might have proved useful, and the following course pursued: The horse was, in the first place, carefully and moderately used; so as never to produce perspiration; he was fully blanketed when the weather was cold (it was about autumn) or when he was in the least degree heated; he was kept constantly on green and succulent foods—clover, roots, &c., and was supplied with plenty of the best of water at all times. In a few weeks, he was perfectly well. It is an old saying, that more depends on the nurse than on the physician, which was verified in this instance.

ARMSTRONG COUNTY.
 The Democracy of Armstrong County, meet in Kittanning, on the 20th inst., to elect delegates to the 5th of March Convention. The *Democrat*, alluding to the fact and to the question of next Governor, says:
 It is true that a few malcontents, in various portions of the State, from some interested motive, have raised the cry of opposition to the re-nomination of Governor Bigler, but it will have little effect upon the main issue of the question. There have been insinuations of the most base and cowardly character made against the Executive, and those under his immediate surveillance, for the avowed purpose of forestalling political opinion in the Democratic ranks, against one of the most efficient and energetic men who ever filled the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania, but they will most assuredly recoil upon them to their confusion and shame. The past conduct of the Governor is a sure guaranty that his future career may be looked upon with a feeling of reliance and sincerity, and that aside from all partisan predilections, he will strive to conform strictly to the first cardinal principle of the Democratic creed, by urging upon the Legislative body such suggestions as may be best calculated to produce the greatest amount of good to the mass of the citizens of the State. He needs no defence against the servile attacks to which he has been subjected; his straight forward, manly and dignified deportment being a sufficient rebuke to all who may have the temerity to utter insinuations of bad foundation.—He stands now where he has always stood, since he assumed the responsibility of administering the Government affairs of the State, upon the firm and unshaken platform of Democratic principles, and there the Democracy of the State may always rely upon finding him, despite the croakings of disorganizers.
 From the N. Y. Gazette.
THE NEXT GOVERNOR.
 In pursuance of the wishes of the democracy of York county, unanimously expressed in county convention, we raise the name of Pennsylvania's most faithful and efficient Chief Magistrate for re-nomination; and in doing so, we adopt the language of the Lewistown True Democrat: "The official career of WILLIAM BIGLER has fully met the expectations of the people who elevated him to his present distinction. In all things he has proved faithful to the trust reposed in him.—The usages of the party award democratic Executives two terms, and no man has proved more worthy of their confidence, more faithful in discharge of public duty, or presented a fairer record, than Gov. Bigler.
 "The untrammelled democratic sentiment of the State is clearly in favor of his re-nomination. In some localities, where misrepresentation has been permitted to pass current, Gov. Bigler meets with opposition, which by fair and honest interpretation, will come in conflict with the cherished policy of the party which elevated him. On the contrary, under the most embarrassing position as prompt politician, as wise and expedient, and honest in execution of his trust.
 "We challenge a comparison of the acts of his administration with any of his predecessors, fearlessly. No man ever went to that post with a more honest determination to prove faithful; and we may say with equal confidence, not only has been more successful, who could claim more, if equal, credit for that success. He has not been content with a mere passive and involuntary execution of the duties of the Executive chair, but he devoted himself laboriously, energetically, and successfully to devising means and measures for the relief of the Commonwealth. His financial recommendations, where they have received the sanction of the Legislature, have not failed, in a single instance, to realize the object sought—the strongest possible attestation of the wisdom of his selection by the people for his present post of duty. We esteem it fortunate that we have such a man at the helm, and have sadly mistaken public sentiment if the people do not keep him there, despite the machinations of disappointed politicians to prevent it."
 A short sermon, by a Quaker, runs as follows:
 "Dear friends: there are three things I greatly wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and bricks into their own faces; knock down their own feet; let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; Add the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women, since if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."
 The Arctic cholera has made its appearance in New York.

INJURED ONLY HIMSELF.
 "He had his faults, they injured only himself." So says an able and distinguished Officer in the army, whose death was hastened by strong drink.
 Can the mother who watched the opening bud of hope, perhaps her only son, whose constant prayer was "deliver him from temptation," whose eye glistened with joy at the recital of his deeds of daring, and whose tottering steps down the declivity of life looked to him for support, can she see that noble son lowered into a drunkard's grave, and say, "they injured only himself."
 Can the father, who girded that sword on that youthful thigh, and bid his son go to fight his country's battles; whose locks glistening for eternity admonish him that but for this son his name would soon be blotted out; can he see those hopes forever busted by the besetting curse of drunkenness, and say "they injured only himself."
 Can the wife, whose worldly joys have been indissolubly linked with a husband's love, whose young affections were committed with generous confidence to the keeping of one worthy and noble; whose tears have followed the soldier's path through the hour of danger; whose petition has daily gone up asking deliverance of the father of her children, from "battle, and murder and from sudden death," can she see the stealthy but certain advance of the inexorable husband, until soul and body of an idolized husband are taken captive by the monster intemperance, and wild delirium pictures the ministering spirits of wife and children as fiends and devils, can she say "they injured only himself."
 No, no! the man who is a slave to his passion, until thral, like the fire of hell becomes quenchless, and the tears and entreaties of Father, Mother, Wife and children are drowned in the bottomless cup; and who sacrifices everything here, and all hereafter by such deadly faults, injuries all with whom he comes in contact; friends and kindred deeply, himself irreparably.
 Cleveland Herald.

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CURE OF FOUNDER IN HORSES.
 Having had a little experience in curing the founder in horses, I take this method to give to you a fact, that you may give it to others through the columns of your valuable Journal. It may be of great service to some, and save many a fine horse from premature death and much suffering.
 The fact I shall give you, is of a horse worth three hundred dollars because of his fleetness. He came to my hand in August, about 7 o'clock in the evening, after being driven only 29 miles, with only two persons, in a very light and easy buggy. The horse for some time had been led all the grain he could eat. For two or three days he had not liked his grain, but the night before he came to my hand he had eaten to the full of it as he had liked; and when he came he was so stiff he could not step over a six inch pole, and when he attempted to turn round would nearly fall. I put him into water nearly knee deep, and kept a wet blanket on him all the time for four hours; then put him into the stable, and put another blanket over him and left him for the night. The next morning I found him sweating; took him to the stable and rode him a mile, led him back, and put him in the brook again for an hour. During the day I exercised him about five miles, and about sunset let him stand an hour in the water, and again in the next morning.
 About nine o'clock he was started on a journey of forty miles, and performed it with ease before sunset; he laid over one day, and went home the next, forty miles and was returned to his owner, and he being a farmer, sold him in a few days, perfectly unable to describe any difficulty or damage done to his horse, being ignorant of what had happened. The horse was allowed all the food and water he wanted as usual. He was not bled in any part, neither was there anything given to him except his usual food. The second day he was as limber as he ever was, and has shown no injury from his founder since.
 If you think this worthy of your notice and wish it, I will give you my opinion of the founder and its cure.
 Water-cure Journal.

Cough in Horses.—We once had a horse that caught a bad cold, and coughed so severely that he could be heard a mile. All sorts of remedies were proposed, but all we would think, to kill my good horse outright. These remedies were all rejected, although some might have proved useful, and the following course pursued: The horse was, in the first place, carefully and moderately used; so as never to produce perspiration; he was fully blanketed when the weather was cold (it was about autumn) or when he was in the least degree heated; he was kept constantly on green and succulent foods—clover, roots, &c., and was supplied with plenty of the best of water at all times. In a few weeks, he was perfectly well. It is an old saying, that more depends on the nurse than on the physician, which was verified in this instance.

ARMSTRONG COUNTY.
 The Democracy of Armstrong County, meet in Kittanning, on the 20th inst., to elect delegates to the 5th of March Convention. The *Democrat*, alluding to the fact and to the question of next Governor, says:
 It is true that a few malcontents, in various portions of the State, from some interested motive, have raised the cry of opposition to the re-nomination of Governor Bigler, but it will have little effect upon the main issue of the question. There have been insinuations of the most base and cowardly character made against the Executive, and those under his immediate surveillance, for the avowed purpose of forestalling political opinion in the Democratic ranks, against one of the most efficient and energetic men who ever filled the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania, but they will most assuredly recoil upon them to their confusion and shame. The past conduct of the Governor is a sure guaranty that his future career may be looked upon with a feeling of reliance and sincerity, and that aside from all partisan predilections, he will strive to conform strictly to the first cardinal principle of the Democratic creed, by urging upon the Legislative body such suggestions as may be best calculated to produce the greatest amount of good to the mass of the citizens of the State. He needs no defence against the servile attacks to which he has been subjected; his straight forward, manly and dignified deportment being a sufficient rebuke to all who may have the temerity to utter insinuations of bad foundation.—He stands now where he has always stood, since he assumed the responsibility of administering the Government affairs of the State, upon the firm and unshaken platform of Democratic principles, and there the Democracy of the State may always rely upon finding him, despite the croakings of disorganizers.
 From the N. Y. Gazette.
THE NEXT GOVERNOR.
 In pursuance of the wishes of the democracy of York county, unanimously expressed in county convention, we raise the name of Pennsylvania's most faithful and efficient Chief Magistrate for re-nomination; and in doing so, we adopt the language of the Lewistown True Democrat: "The official career of WILLIAM BIGLER has fully met the expectations of the people who elevated him to his present distinction. In all things he has proved faithful to the trust reposed in him.—The usages of the party award democratic Executives two terms, and no man has proved more worthy of their confidence, more faithful in discharge of public duty, or presented a fairer record, than Gov. Bigler.
 "The untrammelled democratic sentiment of the State is clearly in favor of his re-nomination. In some localities, where misrepresentation has been permitted to pass current, Gov. Bigler meets with opposition, which by fair and honest interpretation, will come in conflict with the cherished policy of the party which elevated him. On the contrary, under the most embarrassing position as prompt politician, as wise and expedient, and honest in execution of his trust.
 "We challenge a comparison of the acts of his administration with any of his predecessors, fearlessly. No man ever went to that post with a more honest determination to prove faithful; and we may say with equal confidence, not only has been more successful, who could claim more, if equal, credit for that success. He has not been content with a mere passive and involuntary execution of the duties of the Executive chair, but he devoted himself laboriously, energetically, and successfully to devising means and measures for the relief of the Commonwealth. His financial recommendations, where they have received the sanction of the Legislature, have not failed, in a single instance, to realize the object sought—the strongest possible attestation of the wisdom of his selection by the people for his present post of duty. We esteem it fortunate that we have such a man at the helm, and have sadly mistaken public sentiment if the people do not keep him there, despite the machinations of disappointed politicians to prevent it."
 A short sermon, by a Quaker, runs as follows:
 "Dear friends: there are three things I greatly wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and bricks into their own faces; knock down their own feet; let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; Add the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women, since if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."
 The Arctic cholera has made its appearance in New York.

GEN. COMBS ON STORY TELLING.
 Few men have gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than Hon. Leslie Combs, of Kentucky. In the way of anecdotes, he is unequalled, while his way of telling stories imparts a tone to them which no one can appreciate, who has not made his acquaintance.
 Among the "characters" which Combs knows like a book, is old Major Lucky, whose taste for bragging amounts to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he "opens wide and spread himself," and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire. The following scene took place between the Major and Col. Peters, "a late arrival from Illinois."
 "Major, I understand that you visited England a short time into the Revolution; how did you like the jaunt?"
 "Capitally! I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist with him, and a devil of a time we had of it."
 "Rex? what Rex?"
 "Why, Rex the King—George the III. The game came off at Windsor Castle between myself and Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke—and the game ended rather comically."
 "How so?"
 "As we were playing the first game, Rex said in a familiar manner, 'Major, I suppose you know George Washington, the Father of his country.' 'Father be d—d says he, 'he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, I would have hung him long ago.' This of course riled me, and to such a degree that I just drew back and gave him a blow between the eyes, that felled him like a bullock. The next moment Pitt and Burke mounted me, and in ten minutes my coat, shirt, and breeches, were so torn and tattered that I looked like Lazarus. This gave me a distaste for English society, and on the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks after, I reached Washington. The first person I met after entering the city was Q."
 "Why that d—d old federalist John Q. Adams. He wanted me to play nines with him, and I did so. Won \$200 at two shillings a game and then got into a row."
 "About what?"
 "He wanted to pay me off in continental money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got mad and knocked him into a Spittoon. While I had him down, Jim came in and dragged me to the White House."
 "What Jim?"
 "Why Jim Madison. I went—played euchre for two hours, when Tom came in and insisted that I should go home with him."
 "What Tom?"
 "Why Tom Jefferson. Jim would not listen to it, and the consequence was they got into a fight. In the middle of it they fell over the bannisters and dropped down about fifty feet. When I left they were giving each other knocks in the coal cellar. How it ended, I cannot tell; for just then Martha came running in, and said that I must accompany her up to Mount Vernon to see George."
 "What Martha do you mean?"
 "Why Martha Washington, wife of George, the old boy that gave jessy to the Hessians."
 About this time, he said, he found he was