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CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REPUBLICAN.

Log Floating, Crops, Weather, Slave Trial.
WASHINGTON, Davison Co.,
Ind., May 13, 1853.

Messrs. Editors:—Your valuable paper of the 3d instant was duly received by last night's mail, after eight days travel by "Uncle Sam's" fast line, and I was much gratified in reading the proceedings of an anti-log-floating meeting which it contained, and still better pleased when I read the able editorial remarks on the same subject. The people of Clearfield county, regardless of a few would be great leaders, and even grown monopolies, who would if it laid in their power suck the very life blood from our citizens, and thereby check its prosperity, in order to still add more to their already over-gorged coffers. Indeed it is a wonder that they have so long permitted their constitutional rights to be invaded without seeking that redress for grievances which is more powerful than the strong arm of the law. I am the last person who would counsel resistance to our laws. But when a set of men invade our rights contrary to all law and order, and bid us defiance, and when our legislators will turn a deaf ear to our petitions, and allow gold to seduce them from the path of right and justice, it is but right and just when we see our best interests sacrificed to the god of gold, to rise in the majesty of our strength, fully aware of the wrong that has been inflicted upon us, and protest ourselves, for in this case "forbearance has ceased to be a virtue." The right spirit is now abroad in the county, and if they do not falter in their duty, one year hence there will not be a log floater in Clearfield county.

The weather is exceedingly warm, so much so that it is almost impossible for men to work in the sun. Yesterday the thermometer stood 93 in the shade. Crops of all kinds look well and promise an abundant yield. The hay crop is nearly all harvested, and the farmers are now busily engaged in cutting their wheat. Wheat is selling at 50 cents per bushel, Corn at 40 cents, potatoes at 35, and oats 25 cents per bushel. Laborers get \$1 15 cents per day.

Some two weeks ago we had quite an exciting slave trial here. Some nigger catchers appeared here and claimed a black man by the name of George. As there was no U. S. Commissioner in the place, they had him arrested under the old law of '03, which has never been repealed, and took him before a Mr. Houston, a Justice of the Peace, and in thirty minutes had possession of him. The poor negro was not allowed to employ counsel or look up witnesses. He however, called on some of the by-standers who swore that George had been here over six years, and they (the nigger hunters) swore that he had only been here 4 years. With all this difference of testimony Houston was not three minutes in making up his verdict, which in my humble opinion condemned an innocent human being to perpetual slavery. But such is "Hoozier Justice, and as there was nothing but a nigger in the question we must bear with it.

It has come to light since this event transpired, that a lawyer by the name of Burk, who is an Irishman, and who defamed these dealers in human flesh, has been corresponding with them for the last year, gave them the description of the negro, so that they could swear to the marks on his person, for which mental services he received the paltry sum of 60 dollars.—Oh! humanity, how hast thou fallen!—Oh! shame yours, is thy blush?
I remain yours, truly, RAMBLER.

BREAKING OPEN AN INDIAN MOUND AT HOBOKEN.—On Friday last the workmen employed in excavating at the foot of Bergen Hill for the Paterson Plank Road, broke open a small hillock and disinterred 17 skeletons. Physicians have decided that they are Indians. One of them is seven feet in height, and the rest of average size. The largest skeleton is probably that of a chief, and was enclosed in a box which is nearly destroyed. Twelve spikes were found around his body, and a number of cannon balls near by, which are supposed to be trophies taken from the whites. There are a number of other hillocks in the vicinity which are supposed to contain similar relics. The mounds in which now stands Hoboken were formerly covered by water, and it is inferred that the Indians dwelling around them used the slopes of Bergen Hill for a burial place, as they favored river shores for that purpose. Such a discovery in this section of the country, where the aboriginal tribes long since became extinct, is full of melancholy interest.—*Newark Mercury.*

COLORADO POPULATION IN CANADA.—A petition has been presented to the Canadian Legislature from the municipal council of the county of Kent, representing that, by reason of the rapid increase of the colored population of said county, by immigration from the United States, many evils are resulting, and are likely to result to the said county, and praying for the adoption of certain measures with reference thereto.

BORDER SCENES ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

My readers have doubtless noticed in the Advertiser, some years since, a narrative of the remarkable escape of John Harris from being burnt alive by the Indians, on the spot where Harrisburg, the seat of government of the State of Penna., has since been built. The publication has been the means of bringing to light many interesting incidents connected with Harris and his wife, one of those pioneer mothers in whom the dangers and exigencies of frontier life, developed the highest degree of daring, compatible with the exercise of that sound judgment which is of yet greater importance in that sphere of existence.

Harris, as has been stated in the narrative referred to, was a trader among two or three savage tribes, whose headquarters seem to have extended along the west branch of the Susquehanna, even in this day of improvement embracing some of the wildest mountain and river scenery in the United States. The wolf and the fox still dispute possession of extensive tracts in the region with the settler, and even the panther and the bear are occasionally tracked to and shot in their retreats, by the hardy mountaineers, who vary the toils of husbandry with relaxations; as they deem it—of the chase, rendered here, by the character of the country, the most arduous species of it in the world. One of these tribes, beloved by the Muncies, an offshoot of the Delawares, had built their wigwags and settled their families, at the junction of the west and north branches of the Susquehanna, on the site of the present village of Northumberland. The towns of the others receded farther into the wilds along the west bank.

It will be recollected that a chain of posts was established during the provincial government of Pennsylvania, probably in 1746, by Gov. Forbes, extending from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh. One of these was where Harris resided. He occupied a trading house, and had rendered himself, in those early days, acceptable to the Indians, who found it a convenient trade to trade their peltries for powder, lead, and such other things as they needed, in their own neighborhood. Here he had bought a plow, the first ever seen on the banks of the Susquehanna with other implements of husbandry, and made a little clearing sufficient for a kitchen garden, and here was born John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, believed to be the only individual ever existing that laid out a town at his birth-place, and who, as the first child of white parents, received from that circumstance, a grant of four hundred acres of land, offered as a premium by the proprietors, for the settlement west of the frontier parts of Eastern Pennsylvania—Berks and Lancaster counties.

After Braddock's defeat, one of the British officers, on his way to Philadelphia, called at Harris' station; for the purpose of staying all night. Through the neglect of the person whose duty it was to attend to closing the port-holes at sundown, the officer had been on that day left open. The officer was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Harris, with his back to the port-hole, and she facing them. In this position, and looking over his shoulder, she heard the click and saw the flash of a rifle.—Without any exclamation of surprise, or saying anything to interrupt his discourse, she leaned to one side where the candle stood, and blew it out. The next day the officer fell in with an old Indian chief and his attendant, who acknowledged to him that he had aimed at his life, but the weather being drizzling his powder had got wet and the piece hung fire; and he was unwilling to repeat his fire after the candle was extinguished, for fear of injuring Mrs. Harris.

At a somewhat later date, when Pennsylvanians had extended themselves west of the Donegal settlement, in Lancaster county, and had formed a settlement on Paxton creek, the Indians began to entertain great apprehensions of being finally expelled from the country, and concerted measures, with their usual secrecy, for the extirpation of the whites. Having ascertained that they collected once a week for religious worship, they made their arrangements to attack Paxton meeting-house, and cut off all the inhabitants at a single blow. They rendezvoused in considerable numbers at a spot west of the Blue Mountains, and poured in on the settlement through *Monaca's Gap*, about fourteen miles from the Susquehanna, with such celerity and secrecy as to station themselves in the thicket around the meeting-house, without the least suspicion having been formed by the settlers of any sinister designs. They had, however, missed one day in their reckoning, and taken Saturday in place of the Sabbath, for their ambushade. As the usual hour passed without any of the whites making their appearance, the Indians began to suspect that they had in some way or other been put on their guard, and, fearing injury to themselves, they broke up and made their way home without loss of time and as quickly and secretly as they had found their way into the settlement. The next day the number and character of the tracks around, revealed to the settlers the threatened danger, as well as the

hostile intentions, generally, of their savage neighbors. A council was held on the spot, and determined to despatch Harris, with some forty others, well armed, to visit the Indian villages, and ascertain if possible their purposes.

The company set out next day, and on reaching the town on the opposite bank of the Susquehanna, found a war party assembled in council, painted and arrayed with war clubs. This of course left no doubt of their hostile designs, but in the face of these signals, the Indians disclaimed any unfriendly feelings towards their white neighbors, and asserted their pacific intentions, the design being, if possible to put them off their guard. The party of whites reposed no confidence in these protestations, but prepared for their return, their route being well known to the Indians. They had to cross the river some distance below, at the mouth of a little creek, where Solinggrove is now built. Harris had withdrawn for a short distance from the camp, and was returning to it, when he met an old Indian whom he recognized as an individual that had once been indebted to him for his life. The savage without halting or turning his head, or even glancing at Harris, for he was aware, on account of his attachment to that individual, that he was narrowly watched, passed him, and in a hurried manner, said, "John Harris, don't you cross the river!"

After starting for home, Harris mentioned to his company this warning, as he understood it to be, of a meditated ambushade on the other side, and suggested the propriety of going down on the west side of the Susquehanna. The party generally judged it rather a decoy to induce them to rush into the danger, which they supposed was actually on that side. Harris then explained to his friends the relation in which he stood to the Indian, avowing his conviction that he was sincere, and appealing to the party whether they were not convinced that they owed it to their thorough preparation for battle, that they had been permitted to leave the Indian camp, instead of following the friendly advice. The party, however, were obstinate, and rather than separate from them, Harris, against his better judgment accompanied them on their route.

Scarcely had the first boat in which they crossed touched the opposite shore, when a destructive fire opened on them from the bushes which lined the bank. Harris was the only one of the party that escaped to tell the tale, the residue being either shot down in the boats or overtaken at a disadvantage. He swam the river across three times to baffle the pursuit made in his case.

Harris generally rode a horse which was well known to the Indians. On another occasion, while the whites and Indians were on unfriendly terms, he had been with a party of settlers hunting on the west side of the river, who had imprudently, by some circumstance, become separated from their rifles. The Indians attacked the party, after detaching a few warriors to intercept their retreat by a narrow defile.—The bank of the Susquehanna is very precipitous in that region, and this afforded the only opening to the ford opposite the settlement. Harris was as usual mounted, and making his way down to the pass, when he found himself confronted by an old chief, well known to him as *Indian John*, who stood in the pathway with his rifle raised to shoot. He was compelled to risk the shot. Leaping instantly to the ground, he ungrinned the saddle, held it by the girths twisted over his arm, and vaulting on his horse's back, stooped forward, raised the saddle, and holding it in front, so as to form a shield, he rushed at his enemy at the top of his speed. The Indian sprang to one side, disconcerted by the sudden movement, and, fearful of missing, reserved his fire. As soon as Harris passed, the foe, he swung the saddle over his head, so as to form a protection for his rear, and pursued his way to the river. The Indian fired, his ball taking effect on the saddle, the rider and horse escaping unharmed.

One of the party, whose horse had been shot down (a little Dutch doctor) had reached the edge of the river, and when Harris overtook him there, begged with such earnestness, that he would take him on behind him, that Harris could not resist his entreaties, although fearful of encumbering his progress through the water with the added weight. He was accordingly taken behind, but they had hardly got fifty yards into the stream, when a ball struck the doctor, killing him instantly. The Indians were at the horse's heels, and the humanity of Harris, in place of endangering his escape, had proved the means of saving his life.

A short time before the massacre at Paxton, Harris' house had been made a depository of powder, to protect it from falling into the enemy's hands in case they should penetrate into the Lancaster settlements. It was stored in the garret of the building, and had been having been unheeded and left open for retail purposes. His negro, Hercules, already alluded to, had been sent up to get some grain from the loft, and, having occasion to set the candle down, stuck it into the open powder, which he

took to be flaxseed. Fearing an accident, Mrs. Harris followed, and comprehended the danger at a glance. Reproving him simply for staying so long, she took the candle between her open fingers, and slowly withdrawing it, pointed out to him the danger he had escaped. Such was his alarm at the suggestion, that he ran to the stairs, and in his agitation, made but one step to their foot.

During the dark hours of the revolutionary struggle, when public credit was at the lowest ebb, and Congress had appealed to the public spirit of the American people for aid in contributions of money, provisions and clothing, Mrs. Harris left Harrisburg at daylight, with one hundred guineas, all the money her husband had on hand at the time, and changing horses at Lancaster, thirty-five miles on the route, rode in that evening to Philadelphia, being one hundred miles in one day, and paid the money with her own hands over to the committee appointed by Congress to receive it. Such was the patriotism of that period.

SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

The *Detroit Free Press*, has the following striking remarks on the Southern Convention.

The spirit of the Southern people is seen in the deliberations of the recent Memphis Convention. No disunion—no dissatisfaction; but the utmost harmony and fraternal feeling. This happy state of things is traceable directly to the passage of the compromise measures.—to a better knowledge of the opinions and disposition of the great body of the people of the North, and to the noble stand taken by Gen. Pierce, in his inaugural address, in favor of preserving the rights of the States.

The South now look upon the crazy abolitionism of the day with small grains of alarm. Although we are convinced that the abolition leaders are preparing for another desperate assault upon the peace of the country, we have an abiding confidence that they are powerless. The question of slavery is better understood than formerly by the masses, and the overwhelming moral sentiment in nearly every part of the Union, in every Northern State, is if not indeed in every Northern State, is to let it alone. Besides many of the leading abolitionists have become so shamelessly atheistical, so wicked in their denunciations, and so reckless of consequences, that moderate men who hitherto have been inclined to act in a sectional political organization, are abandoning the sinking ship. Garrison, and Phillips, and Abby Kelly, and the dozen others who act with them in their insane crusade, are literally running abolitionists into the ground.—Superadded to this the just feelings of repugnance with which the action of the English abolitionists will be met by the American people, and we think there is little fear from the demon spirit of disunion. All true men will rally, if necessary to put it down.

If the objects which the Memphis Convention met to consider are carried forward to practical results, the day is not distant when a new prosperity will dawn upon the South—a prosperity that will cement the bonds of the common Union.—While the North has been advancing in all the elements of commercial prosperity, the South has virtually stood still. But the new spirit that is awake, augurs a mighty change. With railroads, and steamships, and manufactures, and all their concomitants, a moral revolution will ensue which will be wonderful even in the nineteenth century.

BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—We do not wonder that leaves, and trees, and boughs, have ever been the materials whereof poets have manufactured comparison in imagery. One of the most beautiful we ever remember to have seen, was by Dr. Cheever. That tree, said he—full-leaved, and swelling up into the calm, blue summer air! Not a breath stirring, and yet how it waves and rocks in the sunshine. Its shadows are flung lavishly around it: birds sit and sing in its branches, and children seek refuge beneath them. Human affections are the leaves, the foliage, how unsightly is human nature.—Like that same tree it stands, with bare and shivering arms, tossing despairingly to heaven—a glorious fluttering of life and warmth before; an iron harp for the minstrelsy of the wildest winds now.

Exchange.

The *Hollidaysburg Standard* contains an account of an inhuman outrage committed in that place. On Friday last, a little daughter of Rev. D. J. Yerkes, while playing in front of the house, in Gaysport, was decoyed away, and taken to the privy of the public school house, where it was stripped, and beaten in the most shameful manner, with a thorn bush and a piece of hoop, the marks of both of which were plainly visible on the child's back. She was found wandering through the streets by a neighbor, who took her home, and it was found that she was so much injured that a physician had to be called in. The author, or authors of the outrage are unknown, nor can it be surmised what actuated the perpetrator, in the commission of so foul a crime. The child is not yet two years old!

From the New York Herald.

OUR STANDING ARMY AT WEST POINT.

Not the least striking of the phenomena which a review of the state of this country discloses is the fact that, while all other first class powers maintain a standing army of one or more hundred thousand men, our whole regular army is hardly ten thousand strong.—The United States covering an area of more than two and a quarter millions of square miles, is defended by a handful of men who would be unable to garrison the single city of New York in case of emergency. Nor is their number found inadequate for the task. Indeed, were it not for Camanches and Florida Indians, these ten thousand might be cut down to a few companies without endangering the safety of the country in the slightest degree. A single battalion stationed in the District of Columbia, the bulk of whose duty would be to parade before the Capitol and fire peaceful salutes on national anniversaries, might if these Indians were once reduced to tranquillity, answer all the purposes of a standing army. It is impossible to contemplate the fact without a very lively feeling of satisfaction. We see foreigners doing the earth by taxes levied to support immense bodies of men—France requiring 390,000; Austria, 400,000; Prussia upwards of 200,000; England, 130,000, and Russia, probably, little short of a million—while the United States, with a territory larger than Austria, Prussia, France and England together, contrive to ensure almost without an army, greater tranquility at home and equal respect abroad. In time of peace we are not cursed as they are with large bodies of idle ruffians in our cities, whose main duty appears to be to endeavor to keep each other in order; we see nothing of the demoralization and social evils which the presence of bands of soldiers cannot fail to engender. In time of war we have shown that we can cope with nations whose military expenditure far exceeds the whole of our revenue.—There was no lack of soldiers, and no lack of discipline in 1812, or when the American flag crossed the Rio Grande.—Hundreds and thousands of men were ready to march from the North and the South, from Massachusetts and Ohio, and those who did enlist proved themselves better men on the field than their comrades, who had been born and bred in the barracks.—So it would be if a war again broke out. The difficulty would be to discriminate among the volunteers not to raise levies.

Nor is it in any wise a matter of astonishment that volunteers should flock to our standards in case of need. We have necessarily among our twenty-four million of souls a very large number who are fired by military ambition, and the love of a roving life. Though the class whence the army and navy of Britain are supplied is much smaller here than there, it exists nevertheless, and can afford to send forty thousand men to the west, or twenty thousand to Mexico, without a serious effort. There is, moreover, a martial is of itself a sufficient guarantee for levies, when the country needs them. The wonder is not that we should be able to call an army into the field at a moment's warning, but that that army should manoeuvre with precision, fight according to rule, and endure the toils and hardships of a campaign without murmuring.

This is a gratifying fact; and we shall do injustice to no one if we ascribe it mainly to the influence and example of the graduates of our military school. West Point has now been the nursery of our soldiers for upwards of half a century, and looking back on the career of some of those whose first acquaintance with the sword was made within its precincts, we have every reason to congratulate the country on its establishment. Here have arisen a large proportion of the men whose military genius has reflected fame on their native land. Foreigners have never been able to explain how regiments of volunteers which had left the plough and the spade a few months previous, were able to hold their ground against the veterans of Santa Anna's army. The puzzle would disappear if it were known that in most instances these raw recruits were led by men whose knowledge of military tactics was not surpassed by that of the ablest European generals.

The military nursery of West Point is, in fact, one substitute and a perfect one for the armies of foreign powers. Compare our system with that of Great Britain. There the soldier is drilled—taught how to march, wheel, shoulder a musket, and fire—and schooled into consciousness of the necessity of discipline. So far perhaps the system needs no criticism; though long continued submission to military tyranny is frequently subversive of manly and natural courage. But while the soldier is the object of the earliest care and watchful vigilance on the part of the authorities, the officer, strange to say, is left to instruct himself. He joins his regiment on leaving a boarding school; spends the first few years of his service in drawing room campaigns and mess table exploits; and if, by any accident, he is sent on active service before

routine has drilled into him some notion of military tactics, he is as unscrivible on the field as the lowest drummer boy. It needed no little perseverance on the part of the late Commander-in-Chief to establish a rule requiring ensigns to possess the rudiments of a liberal education before joining the service. Artillerymen and engineers are, it is true, obliged to go through a regular education at Woolwich; but the bulk of the British army—the cavalry and line know no more of the science of war than tailors or shoemakers. We have pursued a different course. We leave our "rank and file" to plough the fields, weave cloth and hammer anvils, until we need them; knowing that they will be forthcoming, when called for, and will acquire, after a campaign of a fortnight, as much practical knowledge as will be required of them. Our officers on the contrary, are educated for their profession. They are taught not only military tactics, engineering and the art of war—but also self-denial, fortitude and rigorous discipline. The course they pursue at West Point is, in short, a miniature campaign, which they must fight boldly, ere they can emerge upon the actual sphere of their duties.

Our school system we have mainly borrowed from France. Saint Cyr and the Polytechnic school have furnished to France all the great generals (with one or two exceptions) whose exploits have raised her military glory to so great a height. Experience supplies ample proof of the judiciousness of the system; and we trust it will never be rashly abandoned. There was a time when men talked of the expense of the West Point Academy, and the uselessness of officers where there were no soldiers to command; but this fallacy has not stood the test of time. We all know, now, that war may come upon us like a thief in the night, and that it behooves us to be prepared to meet it.—That we shall best do—not by following foreign example in the maintenance of standing armies—but by fostering an institution which can supply us at any moment with able, scientific leaders for our volunteer regiments, and thus really render us formidable to the foe.

CALIFORNIA SUMMER CROPS.—The *Santa Clara Register* says:—All appearances indicate that the harvest throughout the valley of San Jose will be far greater than ever was realized before from the labors of the field, even in this fruitful valley. The yield per acre of all kinds of grain will be enormous. Egypt, at her most fertile and best cultivated era, never produced more abundantly than the soil of this garden of California. To persons accustomed to the best wheat districts in New York and Michigan, the luxuriant appearance of our grain fields, is surprising. Few, until convinced by observation, credit the newspaper accounts of California's productiveness and the mammoth proportions the generous soil and the general climate gives to every variety of cultivated plants in the vegetable kingdom. In every direction throughout the country the farmers are busy in cutting hay, and such hay, the spontaneous growth of the country, the wild oats now beginning to turn. No better provender for horse or cattle can be found in any country.

WOOL STAPLE.—The *Cleveland (Ohio) Herald* states that the wool season has opened with vigor, and that eastern manufacturers and dealers are flocking into that town. The contracts and purchases made so far, it thinks, are full three fourths of the clip of the State, at forty to sixty-five cents for the different grades; and, it adds, it must be very welcome to growers to take the money at such prices for their wool.

—The *Apalachian*, of Blairsville, wants information of Thos. McGinity, who left his house in September, 1852.—He is aged about thirteen years, fair haired, and has a slight speck on the ball of the left eye. Any person knowing his whereabouts will confer a favor upon his widowed mother, by addressing Mrs. Mary McGinity, Blairsville, Indiana county, Pa.

—The run of salmon in the Sacramento river, this season, has been enormous; four thousand were taken daily, weighing 17 pounds each, on an average. The rivers of California and Oregon are alive with these fish at all seasons. They are beginning to salt and cure them largely on the Sacramento.

—It is a question whether being called the "son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

EXTRAORDINARY.—A cow belonging to Milton Buchanan, of Lincoln, Indiana, recently gave birth to seven calves. This is the most extraordinary and prolific cow ever mentioned in print. The cow with her little flock, however, all died.

—"Come, sonny, get up," said an indulgent father to a hopelessly dozing child in the morning. "Remember that the early bird catches the first worm?" "What do I care for the worms?" replied the hopeful youth, "won't they go a fishing?"