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Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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Australia—Manifest Destiny in an Oriental View.—Clear the Track.

Away round on the other side of the globe, between the South Pacific and Indian oceans, lies the vast island continent of Australia, not much less in its superficial area, than these United States, with all our possessions from France, Spain and Mexico. A monster itself, it has the matter monstrous of that mighty archipelago of monstrous islands, which, altogether, mother and children, constitute the fifth geographical division of the earth—Australia. And this island continent, one of the many legacies of Capt. Cook to the British Crown, is now undergoing so rapidly the process of transformation from native barbarism to civilization, that the dullest political philosopher can hardly question its "manifest destiny." It is evidently destined, and at no far distant day, to become an independent power among the nations, in fact, another mighty Anglo-Saxon republic, sharing with ours the commercial supremacy of the earth.

We have entertained this impression since the confirmation of the extending golden resources of Australia, so extraordinary as to stagger our credulity for a time, even with the "fixed fact" of California before our eyes. But the varied and highly interesting intelligence which we have heard before the readers of the *Republican*, for several days past, cannot be read understandingly without a confirmation of this original impression into an established conviction that Australia must sooner or later become a great independent republic, with a society and institutions, political and religious, analogous with our own.

This conclusion is not derived from any symptoms of impending rebellion among Her Britannic Majesty's colonists and gold diggers, notwithstanding such symptoms are occasionally betrayed; but it is the natural deduction from the general drift of the colony to that advanced condition when colonial guardianship is but as the swaddling bands of infancy to the young giant bearded to the waist. The elements in Australia are still in a state of fusion; they have assumed, as yet, neither shape nor consistency; but they are tending to the organization of civilized society, of law and order, and the established usages and requirements of a permanent community. The start has been made, and the ground has been broken, and the work will go on. Steam and gold can accomplish, as they have accomplished, results incredible to contemplate, and miraculous in their achievement.

Colonization to Australia is at length fairly setting in. The settlement of the country is fairly under way, by thousands of the same all-powerful Caucasian elements that make up the strength and substance, the bone and blood and muscle of this country and the British Empire. With the increase of the facilities for emigration, the tide setting into the gold regions will be correspondingly increased; and, as in California, so in Australia will the mines draw around them the substantial materials of agriculture, manufactures and commerce. Thus, almost with the rapidity of an encampment of villages, toward the enduring realities of spreading and cities, are rising and spreading along the gold coast. By-and-by these people will feel themselves too large for their colonial breeches, and England, from her past experience, we are inclined to think, will not waste her strength by coercing submission upon her unwilling people, when her own commercial interests may be better subserved by conceding their independence.

This theme is suggestive; but we need not here pursue it. In view, however, of the "manifest destiny" of Australia, how important to us becomes the opening and inviting field of commercial enterprise in the distant Orient, and among that mighty cordon of Indian islands, of which Australia is the chief. In this connection, how important the Pacific railroad, with lines of connecting steamers to Shanghai, Canton, and the ports of Australia, and the contiguous islands. Hence, too, there is something of imposing magnitude in the commercial magnitude of the mission of Mr. Walker to China, California, and Australia, as solving the problem of a western highway to Eastern Asia. Let us make way, then, for the fulfilment of the dream of Columbus, when the island continent of the antipodes shall stand in the dignity of a great republic among the nations, and when the language, society and institutions of our so-called Anglo-Saxon race shall compass three-fourths of the circuit of the globe. Clear the track.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A man who moved from Ohio to Western Illinois says his children got the measles and whooping-cough as soon as he arrived there, and in a letter to his friends adds: "What will come next I don't know, but hope we shall get the rich till a little better able to scratch."

In the Connecticut Legislature, on the 25th inst. a bill abolishing capital punishment passed the Senate. It substitutes a life imprisonment, with a provision that the convict shall not be pardoned unless the evidence of his innocence transpires.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLERS.

In ancient times there lived at Manheim, a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for anything he spared no effort to obtain it; and his passions were like the storm winds, which cross rivers, valleys, and mountains, crushing everything in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he led at Manheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Consequently he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed in his girdle all the money he possessed, and started, without knowing whether he was going. After walking several days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach. Three travellers had stopped here, and seemed, like himself, to be preparing to cross it. One was a tall, haughty woman, with a threatening mien, holding in her hand a javelin; the second a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third an old woman in rags and with a haggard air. Otto saluted them, inquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest; they replied in the affirmative; he asked permission to accompany them, that he might not lose his way. All three consented and they set out. The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid, and continued his walk conversing with the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees when the sound of a horse's footsteps was heard behind them. Otto turned and recognized a citizen of Manheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and whom he had hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot passengers, smiled insolently and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give all I possess, and almost all I ever expect to possess, to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that there man."

"I can satisfy thee," said the tall lady with the javelin. "Shall I make of him a blind and lame beggar? You have only to pay to me the price of the transformation."

"And what is this price?" asked Otto eagerly.

"Thy right eye."

"I would willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he was found himself blind of an eye. He was at first a little surprised, but consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and that he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile, they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest, the road constantly becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, looked with envy on the chariot on which the young girl was half reclining. It was so skilfully constructed that, the deepest ruts scarcely jostled it.

"All roads must seem very short and smooth on this chariot," said he, approaching, "and I should like such a one myself."

"Is that all?" replied the second traveller; "if I can at this instant procure for you what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode; it seemed to become, two, and Otto perceived a second equipage drawn by a couple of black oxen. Roused by his astonishment he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter it when she stopped him by a gesture. "I have fulfilled your desire," said she; "but I cannot make a worse bargain than this, my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes—I demand one of your arms."

Otto was at first a little disconcerted, but he was very tired—the chariot was before him, and as I have already said, he had never known how to conquer his desires; so, after a short hesitation accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his new carriage, but deprived of his right arm. The journey continued, thus some time. Forest succeeded forest, and do-outer appeared. Meanwhile Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The old woman, who was walking beside him, seemed to perceive this.

"You are sad, my boy," said she; "when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness."

"What is it?" asked the young man.

"You see this flask which I have in my hand, and often carry it to my lips," replied the traveller; "it contains joy,fulness of trouble, and all the hope of earth. Whoever drinks of it finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sisters, for I ask in exchange, only half of your brain."

The young man at this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste of the liquor in the flask, which appeared to him so delicious, that after having resisted some time, he again consented. The promised effect soon took place, he had scarcely drank when he felt his

STRENGTH REVIVE.

His heart became joyous and confident, and after having sung all the songs he knew, he slept soundly in the chariot, without caring what became of him. When he awoke the three travellers had disappeared. He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the only eye he had left was dim; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered. At last he collected only half his ideas. At last he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had so lightly made, the three travelling companions whom fate had sent him had left him no resource but to beg his bread until he died.

Would you know the name of these companions? The woman with the javelin was Hated; the young girl reclining in the chariot, Indolence; and the woman with the flask, Intemperance.

THE DREAM OF HAPPINESS.
Often had I heard of happiness, but was ignorant of it myself. My anxious heart inquired, is it all phantom—a thing of fiction, merely, and not of fact? I determined to travel through the earth and see if it were in the possession of any mortal.

I beheld a king on his stately throne. Subjects obeyed his laws. A multitude of servants went and came at his bidding. Palaces of the most costly materials were at his service, and his tables groaned under the richness of his burdens. He seemed furnished with all he could desire, but his countenance betrayed that he was not happy.

I saw a man of wealth. He resided in an elegant mansion, and was surrounded by every luxury. But he lived in constant fear of losing his possessions. He was continually imagining that all his property would be consumed or taken from him. Thus picturing to his own mind the miserable condition of himself and family, he was not satisfied with his present wealth. The more he had the more he desired. Surely here was no happiness.

I looked upon a lovely valley, surrounded by hills. In the midst of this stood a neat little village. Gurgling streams came murmuring down the hill-sides. The lambs frolicked merrily about. Cattle grazed in the verdant pastures, and now and then went to quench their thirst at the nearest spring or purring brook. Every thing seemed pleasant. I thought certainly here is happiness. But I visited the inhabitants of this beautiful spot, and saw that they were not happy. They had not lived peaceably among themselves, and murmured because great wealth was not their portion, or that they were not born to his station.

I beheld a fair, young creature, blessed with health and beauty. She was the life of the ball-room, and received the most constant attentions. But I perceived that she was not truly happy. These things could not satisfy the longing of her heart.

I saw a true and heartfelt Christian. He was constantly exercising love to his fellow-men, and doing all in his power to extend the knowledge of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He trusted not to the vanities of this life for happiness. He sought not the world's riches, but laid up treasures in heaven. His soul was at rest, and at peace with God, and with mankind. All though he experienced many trials both in public and private, still he was cheerful and content with his lot. He only, of all these, was possessed of true happiness.

THE USE OF FRUIT.—Something like clear superstition exists even in our boasted lightabounding day, concerning the use of fruit. This, of course, has no better ground for belief than other mere fancies and whims. A medical writer of sense and note, has the following excellent remarks:—

"Instead of standing in any fear of a general consumption of ripe fruits, we regard them positively conducive to health. The very maladies commonly assumed to have their origin in a free use of apples, cherries, melons, and wild berries, have been quite as prevalent, if not equally destructive in the seasons of scarcity. There are so many erroneous notions entertained of the bad effects of fruit that it is quite time that a counteracting impression should be promulgated, having foundation in common sense, and passed upon the common observation of the intelligent. We have no patience in reading rules to be observed in this particular department of physical comfort. No one we imagine ever lived longer, or freer from the proximum of disease, by discarding the delicious fruits of the land in which he finds a home. On the contrary, they are necessary to the preservation of health, and therefore caused to make their appearance at the very time when by deterioration causes not a little upon the condition of the body often ways understood, requires their grateful renovating influences."

The smartest girl on record, aged only fifteen years, living in Allegheny county, near Pittsburg, last week gave birth to four sons! All of whom are living. It's the strangest thing in the world, for she never was married!

A SHARP TRANSACTION.

Some days since as a financier was just leaving his office in Wall street, N. Y., after a busy day of stock and banking operations, (which had evidently been satisfactory, since his countenance wore that pleasant expression which is compatible only with unqualified success), he noticed a countryman with a slouched hat, homespun coat, and thick mud covered boots, driving along a cow and calf. The cow's udder was brimming full, so that fine streams of the lactical fluid were running from her teats. The thought of pure country milk crossed the broker's brain, and the temptation to secure such a luxury induced him to pause.

"I say," cried he to the countryman. "Hollo yourself!" replied the rustic. "That's a fine cow you have there."

"Waal, yes; pretty smart animal, I reckon."

"Where do you come from?"

"Dutchess county, a leetle back of Pokenepsy. Been drivin' all day round town; consarned tired, eny how."

"Is your cow for sale?"

"Don't know; hate to part with her, but might dicker. Like to buy?"

"Perhaps so. What's your price?"

"Look here, Mister, you can't have the calf. That's half Devonshire and more'n a quarter Durham. I want her."

"Well, I don't want the calf. What will you take for the cow?"

"What a thunderin' big house," soliloquized the countryman, as his glance rested on the Exchange. "Must a cost a heap o' power!"

"Oh, if you won't sell, I'll go," observed the gentleman.

"Waal, I don't like to part with old Bet; but if you'll give sixty-five dollars in Call-forny shiners, you can take her. Look at that!" continued the Yankee pointing to a little pool of milk that had gathered on the pavement, that's true Dutchess grass juice, tew-thirds cream and the rest sweet buttermilk."

The financier thought the price rather high, but the sight of the milk—and such a bag full—convinced him that the bargain would be a good one, so he stepped into his office and produced his gold, which the Yankee carefully counted, hefted, bit, the Yankee carefully counted, hefted, bit, &c., to make sure that it was good, observing that "folks are pesky sharp down here, and somebody said this was Wall-st. so I'd better look out." Having satisfied himself that the gold was good, he turned away with the calf, almost crying at parting with old Bet, who, he said he loved "more'n he did his brother."

The Wall-st. gentleman hired a Hibernian to drive old Bet to his home, across the river. That night there was rejoicing in Brooklyn. Great was the flow of pure country milk, so abundant that the broker began to think that he had tapped the milky way. New pans were purchased, the children were filled up like demijohns, even the cat had lick extra, and Biddy called in all the helps around to talk over the new wonder.

The proud owner and his wife congratulated each other and went to sleep only to dream of sailing in a huge tin pan over an ocean of milk. Old Bet was fed corn meal, and bedded like a pet dog. Next morning, instead of fifteen quarts, she gave but three; next day about a pint, and in a week she was as dry as a book of logarithms.

The Wall-st. financier was completely sold.—The Yankee never saw Dutchess County, but had got an old "farrow" cow, just drying up borrowed a calf, set him to nursing until the flow was somewhat stimulated, then kept the cow without milking for a week, then she was in proper order to appear "on Change," when he dressed himself for the occasion, and made his debut in Wall-st. The done-brown broker has since sold his cow to a butcher for some twenty dollars, and taken the milk pans to his office to pitch penties into.

OBEDIENCE TO THE LETTER.—The Providence Mirror tells the following:—

"Rather a strict disciplinarian was also a boss carpenter of whom we 'hear tell' a few days since.

"'Boys,' said he, 'when the bell strikes for noon, you can drop your work; but when the bell strikes for one o'clock I want you to take it up again.'

"It was not long before the bell struck for noon, as one of the hands was driving a nail; he immediately dropped his hammer, leaving the nail half driven. When the bell struck for one he completed the driving of the nail. This was more satisfactory than the performance of another workman who was on a ladder some twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground, with a bundle of shingles on his back, when the bell struck. He immediately let them go and started for dinner. As the market reporters say shingles had a down ward tendency about that time. At one o'clock he commenced gathering up the scattered shingles.

"Boys," says the boss, "we will make carrying shingles an exception to our rules."

Scott not at the natural defects of any, which they have not the power to mend. It is truly to beat it drip with his own crutches.

CHILDREN AND BACHELORS.

The local man of the Albany *Knickerbocker* soliloquizes, as follows about children and bachelors:

"Oh that we were a boy again!" Bless their dear little hearts, how we love children. We always let them have their own way, unless they pull the cat's tail and torture dumb animals, such as pulling the legs and wings of flies, steal confectionary, and poking straw in their mother's ear when she is stealing a nap. We never scold them for making mud pies or not keeping their noses clean, for we recollect when we were a child our's used to have its own way. Forgetfulness has blotted out the record of unhappy moments passed in early manhood, but Memory, God bless her, still empties in our lap an apron full of good things we enjoyed when a child.

An old bachelor is a poor, forsaken, unprotected creature. No young vines sprout at its roots, and no grapes are gathered from its branches. He tugs, toils, and sweats for himself alone and nobody else. He returns at eve to his solitary abode, and no smiling angel says, "My dear, where have you staid so long?" No lisping children climb his knee, and with cherub tones beseech daddy for "them thugar kitheth!" He sleeps cold in winter for want of a comforter, and his summers are ripo with false blossoms of hope. He is paying his addresses to solitary woe through life, finally to be wedded with the cold soda of the valley. Poor, miserable bachelor! Happy married man with an angel for a wife, and a dozen of little cherubs!

BABES IN CALIFORNIA.—Crying children in Church are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out; but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the *Ladies Repository* for April will show.

"A brother just returned from California, says he was present in the congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire.

"Don't leave," said the preacher "the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is perhaps the sweetest music that many a man has heard since a long time ago he took leave of his distant home."

The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the congregation melted into tears."

THE MONOMANIA OF THE REFORMER.—We have seen a sick man, in moments of hallucination, prescribe for the supposed disorders of his healthy friends around him. He administers his fanciful drugs for imaginary diseases with infinite tenderness, according as he conjectures they are needed. The sight is extremely touching, and has dissolved whole companies in tears.

Equally sad and melancholy is it sometimes to observe a poor sick reformer, whose brain has become diseased by the contemplation of misery and evil, attempting to prescribe remedies for social disorders, which either do not exist or cannot be cured if they do. Society is doubtless sick, and needs physic and a physician. But care must be exercised that the physician is not an invalid himself, and occupant in dealing out medicines for maladies he feels, but does not see. The good and amiable mender of mankind is sometimes unhappily a monomaniac.—*Newark Adv.*

The editor of the *Lafayette Journal* proposes to bind up a volume containing a copy of each newspaper published in the Union, as a contribution to the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition. We regard the suggestion as a good one, and should be glad to see it adopted by every State in the whole Union. A copy of every American newspaper will constitute a curious volume, and one of some magnitude also.

A Scotch paper notices an old woman living at Glasgow who is now 130 years of age. She is perfectly free of afflictions of the chest, during the last century of her life she has been a perfect stranger to pain, and her pulse does not exceed 70. Her grandfather died at the age of 229, and her father in the 120th year of his age.

Ignorance is a great substitute for paragon. Show us a blockhead, and we will show you a man who can sleep twelve hours out of a dozen. Before you can make men wakeful, you must first make them intelligent. If we owned the telegraph of a railroad, we would consider no man fit for a switch tender who did not take four daily papers and a monthly.

Philanthropists.—Placid looking old gentleman, who imagine that their prospects of going to heaven are 25 per cent greater than their chances of going to the other place, and for this reason that every time they cheat a poor devil out of a dollar, they give 75 cents of it to the "heathen." Whether such men are out in their calculations will never be known till we reach the other side of Jordan."

STUDY OF HISTORY.

We have sometimes thought that the study of history was not sufficiently cultivated in our schools and academies. Indeed a student seldom, unless accidentally acquires a more definite idea of history than he gleams from the classics; and even those whose studies are confined to the different branches of English letters, generally leave school with but vague and unconnected notions of ancient or modern history.

The advantages which are derived from the study of history are immense—but they do not seem to be properly appreciated. History has been emphatically termed "the looking glass of the world"—it reflects all the actions of mankind and brings to our view the act of distant and receding ages.

It gives us a prospect of human affairs—it shows us the tumults, changes, wars, and convulsions of empires—the politics, religion, virtues, and vices of individuals and nations—it furnishes us with patterns to imitate and examples to deter.

By studying history, a man may grow wise at the expense of the studies of other men. He may thus visit, without travelling, all the habitable parts of the globe. He may revel at Babylon with Alexander the great, or sip black blood at Lacedaemon with the pupils of Lycurgus. He may accompany the scourgings of mankind; company Atilla, the scourge of mankind; on his devastating routes, or look in upon Peter of Russia, while devising plans to improve the condition of his barbarous subjects. He may go forth with Columbus to discover a new world—or join Napoleon and his numerous hosts, in attempting to enslave kingdoms. In a word, familiar acquaintance with history will give a man a certain knowledge of mankind, which every one should possess. It is an important branch of education, which should not be overlooked. It will excite to virtue and deter from vice. It will multiply and enlarge a person's ideas, and stimulate to noble deeds.—*Boston Journal.*

LOVE AND ROMANCE.—We published a few days ago, says the *N. O. Crescent*, a short sketch with the above title. It gives the details of a romantic elopement and marriage, the parties being a lady and gentleman from Texas.

A day or two after the happy pair had tied the knot hymenial, the brother of the young lady arrived in this city from Texas, and for the first time heard of the event. He immediately went to the St. Charles Hotel, where the young lady was stopping in company with Mrs. H., and her daughter, both from the same State, in whose charge the bride had been placed on her departure from home. Meeting Mrs. H. in the parlor of the Hotel, he upbraided her with having lent her countenance to the secret marriage of his sister, applying to her some very harsh epithets not set down in the code of etiquette. This aroused the ire of Miss H., a young and blooming virgin of seventeen summers, who immediately approached the irritated brother, and shaking against his face her white and tawny skin, "wished she was a man or even had a weapon, that she might kill him for his impertinence."

Nothing daunted by her threatening attitude, the irritated brother the bride drove from his bosom a Xantipho's acid, "take this Miss, and let me see if you are a lady of your word." With all the fire of a demon, the young lady grasped the shining blade, and drawing it back with a movement as if to plunge it into his breast was about to deal the fatal blow, when she was prevented by a gentleman visitor who grasped her arm.

We mention this merely as an instance of "true grit" on both sides, and as a tale of reality, setting off a very pretty specimen of the romantic.

A NUISANCE.—To have a peace-murdering accordeon strike up "Days of Absence" about the time you attack a pile of exchange papers, or to hear it blowing "Auld lang Syne" about the time you are laying back and collecting your ideas for a precious leader. Our editorial brethren can "phancy our phelins."

Among the curiosities which will be exhibited at the World's Fair is a leather watch, the production of our friend Jacobs. The mainspring is India rubber, while the works are composed of gutta percha. The whole is wound up by two boys and a bed wrench. Sin is evidently a genius.

Every man has, in his own life, fallen enough—in his own mind, troubles enough—in the performance of his duty, deficiencies enough—in his own fortunes, evils enough—without being curious after the affairs of others.

While a party of twelve ladies were in bathing at Newport, Bucks county the other day, the notes ran away with the wagon containing all their clothes. How they reached home can be better imagined than described.

I am not sorry that society is taxed for the drunkard. I would it were taxed more. I would the burden of sustaining him were as heavy that should be compelled to work up, and ask how he may be saved from ruin.—*Channing.*