THE REPUBLICAN

IS printed weekly, at Clearfield, Pa., by D. W. MOORE & CLARK WILSON, Editors and Proprietor, at the following very favorable

TERMS.

ONE COPY ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE, $1 00
IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTH, 1 25
IF NOT PAID WITHIN SIX MONTHS, 1 50
IF NOT PAID WITHIN NINE MONTHS, 1 75
IF NOT PAID WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS, 2 00

☞ The above terms are as liberal as those of any other country paper in the State, and will be exacted.

No discontinuance will be allowed until all arrearages have been paid.

DUTY AND LIABILITY OF POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters neglecting to notify the publisher, as directed by law, of the fact that papers are not lifted by those to whom they are directed, are themselves held responsible for the amount of the subscription money.

Persons lifting papers addressed to themselves, or to others, become subscribers, and are liable for the price of subscription.

Our paper is now carried by mail throughout the county free of postage.

Clearfield Republican.

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

Volume 4, Clearfield, Pa., Aug. 12, 1853. Number 31.

Prices of Advertising.

1 square, 1 insertion,	$0 50	1 square 6 months,	$5 00
do 3 do	1 00	3 do 6 months,	7 00
Each subsequent do,	25	3 do 12 months,	10 00
1 square 3 months,	2 50	1 half column, 3 months	8 00
do 6 months,	4 00	1 do do 6 months	9 00
do 12 months,	7 00	1 do do 12 months	12 00
2 do 3 months,	4 00	1 column 3 months,	12 00
do 6 months,	5 00	1 do 6 do	18 00
do 12 months,	8 00	1 do 12 do	30 00

A liberal reduction will be made to Merchants and others who advertise by the year.

Our paper circulates in every neighborhood, and is read by nearly every family in the county—and therefore affords a convenient and cheap means for the business men of our county—the merchant, mechanic, and all others—to extend the knowledge of their location and business. We should like to insert "A Card" for every Mechanic, Merchant, and Professional man in the county. We have plenty of room without encroaching upon our reading columns, and no man in a legitimate business will lose by advertising extensively—for, as a general rule, the more extensively a man advertises the greater will be his profits.

Books, Jobs and Blanks,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED IN THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

"OUT OF BUSINESS;"

Or the History of a Splendid "Burst Up."

BY OLIVER OPTIC.—CHAPTER I.

"Out of buisness, are you, Ned? Well that is bad," said Mr. Joseph Murdock, a stockbroker, to his nephew.

"Decidedly bad."

"But why did you leave Brown and Smith? That is a good concern."

"Salery was too small."

"Better than you get *now*, at all events, replied the worthy old gentleman, with a look of displeasure."

"Couldn't pay my way on it."

"Not on five hundred dollars!" and "Uncle Joe," as he was commonly called held up both hands in astonishment.

"I am in debt at this moment," returned Ned with a rueful glance at his uncle.

"And likely to be. Of course you don't expect to pay your debts by wandering about the streets?"

"I expect to find buisness again."

"You do not expect to get five hundred dollars the first year, do you?"

"I intend to strike for a thousand."

"Strike! you won't hit it."

"Perhaps I shall."

"Ned you are going to the deuce, as fast as high living and dissipation in general will carry you."

"Why, uncle, I'm sure you don't know me."

"Sit down, Ned; let us talk it over. I want a young man in my office, and perhaps we can make a trade."

"Thousand dollars, Uncle Joseph," and Ned Murdock attempted to look sly.

"Not out of me, Ned."

"Can't live on less."

"Better die then. I want a young man to assist my book-keeper, run of errands—

"An errand boy, you mean," and Ned felt hurt at a sligh put upon his dignity.

"An errand boy, then. My clerk intends to go into buisness himself, one of these days, and if you are attentive to buisness, here is an opportunity to advance yourself," and Uncle Joe looked seriously into the face of his nephew.

"What is the salery?"

"Four hundred, for the present."

"I should starve upon it."

"Live within your means. When I was of your age, I lived on two hundred."

"Times have changed since then."

"What do you pay for board, Ned?"

"Six dollars a week. I board at a hotel."

"Six dollars a week! Ned, you are crazy," and uncle Joe's eyes stuck out "like two tallow candles."

"Two of us room together in the attic, so that they board us low."

"Should think they did—low for them but high for you. Costs you a hundred for clothes, I suppose, don't it?"

"About that," replied Ned, evasively.

"Do you go to the 'play' often."

"Not above once a week, except when there are stars on."

"Not *above* once a week! Ned you are an extravagant dog; you will die in the poorhouse!"

"Pshaw! Uncle Joseph, *you* are old fashioned!"

"If it is old-fashioned to live within one's means, to pay one's debts, and wear an honest face then—thank God!—I *am* old fashioned replied the worthy old gentleman, with considerable spirit.

"I mean to be honest, to practice all your old-fashioned virtues."

"You can't do it, Ned, on five hundred dollars a year with your habits."

"Can't be honest?"

"No it is not honest to run up a bill at your tailor's which you have not the ability to pay; it is not honest to get in debt to support extravegant habits."

"You don't mean to say that I am *dishonest* Uncle Joseph?" asked the young man, with a blush on his cheek.

"Well, well, we won't talk about *that* now. I want a young man, and if you have a mind to lay aside your extravegances, and go into my office determined to stick to your buisness, I will see to the rest."

"What salery shall I have, Uncle Joseph?"

"Four hundred, the first year," replied Uncle Joseph, firmly.

"But I can't live on that."

"Yes, you can. Leave your hotel and board in a private family. Quit the theater and the opera, and pay as you go."

"But my debts?"

"How much do you owe."

"About two hundred and fifty dollars,"

"Uncle Joe scratched his head, contracted his eyebrows, and looked decidedly stormy.

"Bad buisness, Ned," said he, after a few moment's consideration. "I could easily get you out of the scrape, provided I saw any hope of amendment on your part. You don't even say that you will reform."

"To be serious, Uncle Joseph, I can't see how I can reform. I must *live* you know."

"And you must live within your means.

At this moment the penny post deposited a letter on the table, by the side of the stockbroker, the contents of which perfectly amazed him.

CHAPTER II.

The letter was from the attorney of Miss Mary Marker, a maiden aunt of Ned Murdock, formely residing at the West—It contained the intelligence of the spinster's death. The lady happenning to have a fit of generosity when she made her will, had bequeathed to her graceless nephew the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Here was a god-send, and Ned leaped up six feet in the air with astonishment and delight.

But the worthy stock-broker was troubled; for although he was a broker, he was a good christian, and had the welfare of his nephew near his heart. There was something about the youth he liked, notwithstanding he went to the play and boarded at a fashionable hotel.

His only object was the reformation of the young man, whose ruin and premature decay were foreshadowed in his daily habits. His proposition to employ him in his own office was merely a stratagem to obtain a hold upon him.

This legacy seemed to step between him and the accomplishment of his benevolent purpose.

"What are you going to do with this money Ned?" asked he with a troubled countenance: I am named as your guardian, you perceive.

"Bah, guardian! I am twenty-one next week Uncle Joseph," replied the young man, unable to conceal the elation the astounding intelligence had produced on his mind.

"True; but this legacy may be the ruin of you, Ned."

"You are absurd, Uncle."

"I am sorry your aunt died so soon; I wish she could have been prevailed upon to live till you had come to years of discretion."

"If I had known she had intended to remember me in her will, I should certainly have expressed my desire that she might have lived forever or some such hyperbole.

"What are you going to do, Ned? It is rather a serious question."

"Time enough to decide it when I get the money."

"Take my advice, Ned; settle yourself down in some quiet position, get another clerkship—don't go into buisness till you are more experienced in the ways of the world. You had better accept my offer and take your first lesson in learning to live within your means."

"Be an errand boy on four hundred dollars a year, when I have ten thousand dollars in my possession? Did they do so in old times?" and Ned bestowed a good natured sneer upon his quiet old uncle.

"They learned to creep before they walked. If it will make any difference, I will give you the same salery you received at Brown and Smith's."

"Couldn't think of it, Uncle Joseph.—A thousand would not procure my services, *now*."

The stock-broker sighed. Ned was as good as lost, in his opinion. There was no hope for him, and much as it troubled him, he saw no method of preventing the catastrophe.

For an hour longer Uncle Joe tried to prevail upon his wilful nephew to adopt a prudent system of living, and preserve his capital until a favorite opportunity occurred for investing it.

Ned was resolute. Visions of balls, operas, theatres, fast horses, and a rich wife flitted before his excited imagination.

The sum of ten thousand dollars appeared to be inexhaustible. In vain Uncle Joe reasoned that its possesion was only equivolent to an income of six hundred dollars. Ned was sure of being worth twenty thousand in five years, and fifty in ten. It never occurred to him that fast horses and the opera could not be supported without encroaching upon the principle.

CHAPTER III.

While they were debating the question, Tom Murdock, a cousin of Ned, entered the office.

"Ah, Tom," said Ned, "here we are, I had quite forgotten to inform good uncle that you too were out of buisness."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed uncle Joseph; "both out of business. I hope you have not been foolish, Tom."

"No, uncle, Tom is never foolish—one of your dignified boys—proper, and all that sort of thing," replied Ned.

"My services were no longer required. You know I only supplied the place of another," added Tom.

"You have been there three months."

"Yes."

"On thirty dollars a month!" added Ned, "and saved money at that. Tom will just fit your place, uncle."

"Do you want a clerk, uncle Joseph," asked Tom, meekly.

"I thought of having another; but it is but small pay," answered the stock-broker a little nettled, for he had created the want only to save the reputation of Ned.

"I should be very glad to enter your service even at a small salary. Anything is better than being out of business."

"Right, Tom, right!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "The salary is four hundred, and you shall have the place."

And Tom took the place, while Ned, instead of adopting his uncle's excellent advice, moved down two flights at the hotel, rode out to Porter's every day, and went to the opera every night.

In due time the lagacy reached uncle Joseph, who placed Ned in full possession.

In another month, a large gilt sign, bearing the "name and style" of a new firm—E. Murdock & Co., astonished the mercantile world, and Ned was no longer out of business.

The dignity of the new firm—the Co.," was merely a flourish of the artist's pencil to give *eclat* to the thing—demanded that the senior partner should have a wife.—Fortunately for the felicitous carrying out of Ned's idea on this subject, things had for several months been progressing towards this event.

Our young merchant had paid his addresses to the daughter of a mercantile man, reputed to be wealthy, and now that "he had come to his possessions," there was no obstacle to an immediate marriage.

A house in a fashonable street was procured; the cage being ready, the bird was caught, and Ned found himself in the full enjoyment of life. Ned was no niggard, and things went on swimmingly. Dinner parites, and tea parties, and evening parties followed each other in rapid succession.

Money flowed like water. Notes on three six and nine months were given.—Ned said the business was bound to prosper—like Richelieu in the play, Ned said there was no such thing as fail.

One half of his legacy only had been invested in his business at the commencement of the operation. Six, nine and twelve months did the rest. But his housekeeping affairs absorded the other half in less than six months. His wife was from a rich family, he reasoned, and must be supported in state.

At the end of those six months, when the first of the notes became due, Ned was not a little astonished to find that he had nothing to pay them with. He looked over his books to see where the ten thousand had gone to; it was only dust in the balance when weighed against his business and his family expenditures.

Bad debts and unfortunate speculations stared him in the face from every page, and Ned began to be a little troubled. A dim consciousness that he had been going too fast, crept into hise mind. It was a disagreeable reflection, and when he went home to dinner that day, he dodged round a corner to avoid uncle Joe.

In the meantime, Tom had acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his uncle. The head clerk had left, and he had been installed in his place. Living within his means, indulging in no fashionable dissipations, the future was bright with hope.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning while Ned was pondering on the unsatisfactory state of his affairs, a neighbor brought him the news of the failure of his wife's father!

Ned was horrified, for it must be confessed that in his present emergency, he had based some rather extravagant hopes on the fact of having a rich father-in-law.

It was a heavy stroke to his philosophy. The vision of a rich wife was suddenly and voilently exploded.

A five hundred dollar note came due that day and he had been thinking of dropping into his father-in-law's counting room about 1 o'clock, to see if he had "anything over."

The thought of applying to uncle Joe occurred to him; but the worthy old gentlemen was too blunt by half, and would be likely to tell him some homely truths.

The day wore away with vain devisings of means to extricate himself from his embarrassments. The note was not paid—was protested.

The next day, people who had long suspected that Ned was travelling to fast, began to see with a clear vision the true state of the case.

Before two o'clock, Ned was in Chancery!

"How's this, Ned?" asked uncle Joseph, entering the counting room.

"Don't mention it, uncle—don't mention it! Before you say a word, I will own that you were all right, and I was all wrong," replied Ned groaning in spirit.

"I did not come to reproach you, Ned—far from it. I gave the best advice I was capable of giving; but as you did not deem it advisable to follow it, of course I shall not taunt you in your troubles.

This was kind of uncle Joseph, and it was spoken in a kindly manner, without the slightest appearance of that triumphant "I knew it would be so," which wise old men sometimes assume. It went to Ned's heart, for Ned had a heart, notwithstanding the little foibles of his character.

"Why did you not come to me for assistance, Ned? I always ment well by you."

"My case was a hopeless one; and to tell the truth, uncle Joseph, after what passed between us, I was ashamed to meet you."

"Fie! Ned"—and the old gentleman was highly flattered by his nephew's humbility.

"I wish I had accepted your offer, even at a salary of four hundred dollars a year; I should have been a great deal better off now."

well, well, we will not mind that now. The place is still open."

"It is?" asked Ned eagerly.

"Tom is my head clerk. Of course I could not displace him."

"No, certainly not."

"But as you have a wife, I will make the salary six hundred now."

"Thank you, uncle; I will gladly accept the place."

Ned did accept it, and though it was a sad fall from his former position; he took his place at the desk in his uncle's office as the assistant of Tom, with the best grace in the world.

It is surprising how misfortunes will humble a man—how they will make him accept with joy a position at which, in the days of his prosperity, he turned up his nose in disgust.

Mrs. Murdock was in the main, a sensible person, and made the best of her altered circumstances. Three rooms in a retired street were obtained to supply the place of the fashonable residence in Tremont street, and the young couple went to housekeeping on a reduced scale.

Ned kept within his means this time.—The humiliation of his fall gradually wore away, and he was surprised to find himself much happier, than when they had been surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and luxury.

Ned remained three years with uncle Joseph, who annually increased his salary, thus enabling him to add to the comforts of life, and still keep within his means.

At the end of this period, the old gentleman finding himself old enough and rich enough to retire, gave up the business to his two nephews, who, we are happy to record, are now doing remarkably well.

MORAL.—When you are out of business, do not be over-nice; and when you have a lagacy left to you, do not be rash.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

When the measures for taxation were brought before parliament, who espoused the cause of the colonists.

Lord Chatham with all the energies of his gigantic mind.

What declaration did he make?

That what can be taken without the owner's consent ceases to be property.

What was the fate of his conciliatory measures?

They were negatived by a large majority.

Why were the agents of the colonies refused a hearing in parliment.

On the plea that they were appointed by illegal assembly.

What resolutions were passed by both houses of parliment?

"That the Americans had long wished to become independent and only waited for ability and opportunity to accomplish their design. To prevent this, and to crush the monster in its birth, was the duty of every Englishman: and that this must be done, at any price, and at every hazard."

What measures were adopted on the 10th of Febuary?

A bill was passed by which the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island were restricted in their trade to Great Britian, and its West India possessions, and also prohibited from fishing on the banks of New Foundland.

What result was anticipated from this measure?

It was expected that it would prove particularly distressing to the inhabitants of New England as an idea prevailed, that they depended on the fisheries for a subsistance, and must, if deprived of them, be starved into obedience.

What plan of conciliation was proposed by Lord North?

He brought forward an artful bill, which was adopted. Its purport was that Great Britian should forbear to tax the colonists on their agreeing to tax themselves; the money thus raised, to be at the disposal of the British Parliment.

How did the colonists receive the plan?

They pronounced it not only insiduous, but unreasonable and unsatisfactory.

Who attempted privately to settle the difficulties?

Lord Howe and Benjamin Franklin.

With what success?

So wide was the difference that they could advise no scheme of adjusment.

THE LABORING MAN.—Mark the laboring man who breakfasts at six, and then perhaps walks two or three miles to his work. He is full of health, and a stranger to doctors. Mark, on the other hand, your clerk, who takes tea at eight, and down to the store at nine or half past. He is a pale effeminite creature, full of sarsaparilla and patent medicine, and pills and things. What a pity it is that this class of people do not lay down the yard-stick and the scissors, and take up the scythe or flail for a year or two. By remaning in their present occupation they only help to fill up cemetaries, and that's about as miserable a use of humanity as you can name.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

THE YANKEE AND THE PIRATE.

There lived not many years ago on the eastern coast of Mount Dessert, a large island off the coast of Maine, an old fisherman by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burthen, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont about once a year to go to the Grand Bank for the purpose of catching codfish. The old man had five things, upon the peculiar merit of which he loved to boast—his schooner Betsey Jenkins and his four sons.

The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found for fifty miles around. The oldest was 22, while the youngest had reached his 16th year, and they unswered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah, to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the mechinery upon board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana, with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind.

One, morning, however, a vessel was descried off the starboard quarter, which, after some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time left them for doubting for the vessel saluted them with not very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under the stern.

"That means for us to heave to," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we'd better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the Betsey Jenkins was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to the windward.

"Now boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape, that I can see now, but perhaps they will take such stuff as they want, and then let us go. At any rate, there is no use crying about it, for it can't be helped.—Now, get your pistols and see that they are sure-loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure to hide them, so that the pirates shall see no show of resistance."

In a few moments all the arms which the vessel afforded, with the acception of one or two old muskets, were secured about the persons of our Down Easters, and then they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more, boys," said the old man; just as the pirate came round under the stern, "Now watch every motion I make."

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking, the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's lee quarter, and in a minute more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage looking mortals as eyes ever looked upon.

"Are you captain of this vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam engins."

"Nothing else?", asked the pirate with a searching look.

At this momet Captain Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the south'ard and east'ard, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

"Well, there is a little something else."

"Ha, and what is it?"

"Why, sir, p'raps I hadn't ought to tell," said Capt. Spinnet, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. "You see it was given to me as a sort of trust, an' twouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take naything else you please, for I can't help myself."

"You are an honest codger, at any rate," said the pirate; "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've go on board, and exactly the place where it lays."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone, he muttered:

"Don't kill me, sir, don't. I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes, just for'aro o' the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Defoe didn't suspect that anybody would have thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes chuckled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few minutes the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the "silver dollars" they foregot all else; but not so with Spinnet; he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys:

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the forethroat and and peck halyards, and you, John, cut the main. Be quick, now, an' the moment you have done it jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grapplings, an' then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. Now for it!"

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they were directed. The fore and main halyards were cut, and the two grapplings cast offat the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down, our heroes leaped on board the pirate.—The moment the clipper felt at liberty, her head swung off, and before the estonished buccaneers could gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel was near half a cable's length to the leward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Halloa, there!" shouted Captain Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded around the lee gangway of their prize, "when you get them ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you!"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm; and, crowding on sail, he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to the leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a short space of time Spinnet luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston, having, all told, thirty men on board, a portion of whom at once jumped into the clipper and offered their services in helping them to take the pirates.

Before dark, Captain Spinnet was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted:

"Schooner, ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But that was his last moment; for Seth crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and as the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang its death peal, and the next moment the pirate captain fell back into the arms of his men, with a brace of bullets through his heart.

"Now,' said the old man, as he leveled a long pivot gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you just five minutes to make up your mind in, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain, and withal, the sight of the pointed pivot gun—the peculiar properties of which they know full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and agreed to give themselves up.

In two days from that time, Captain Spinnet delivered his cargo safely at Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for independence for the remender of his life, as well as a very handsom medal from the Governor.

COMPOUND INTEREST.—Mr. Wm. Heath, the coach painter, residing in Taunton, England, has furnished a late number of *Reynold's Miscellany* with the following interesting calculations:

A farthing put to interest at the birth of our Saviour, at 5 per cent. per annum, would, at the end of the year 1852, amount to the enormous sum of £1,330,260,503,257,932,959,632,096,882,329,164,572,1s. If placed in a line allowing seven-eights of an inch for the diameter of each sovereign, the whole would reach 18,199,400,808,015,373,066,700,516,680 miles, 1,505 yards, 1 foot, 2 inches and a half. On allowing the sun to be distant from the earth 95,000,000 miles they would reach there 191,572,640,063,319,715,436 times, or form a pathway to the sun of 361,171,180,917,063 miles, 1,741 yards, 1 foot, and 2 inches wide. On allowing a sovereign to weigh, as it does, 12,352, 100th grains, a cubic mile of gold would contain 3,299,852,344,566,600 sovereigns. There are, in the principal and interest, 40,312,909,922,964,412,320 cubic miles, of gold; or allowing the world to contain 248,147,396,476 cubic miles, it would take 162,062,558 globes of gold, the size of the earth, to pay the debt; and if we could pass these at the immense velocity of 100 per minute, it would take 3 years, 4 weeks, 5 days, 8 hours, 15 minutes and 30 seconds to pass them all. The planet Georgium Sidus is distant from the sun 1,800,000,000 miles; the gold would form a roadway to this planet orbit 37,140 miles wide, and 100,000 miles thick.

☞ In Providence, on the evening of the Fourth of July, a little negro boy set fire to the building in which the fire works were stowed, for the purpose, as he naively declaired, of "seeing them all go off at one't,"