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## THE PIC-NIC, Or the Upper Grades of Society.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"And so Emily Saunders is going to the picnic to-morrow?" said Mary Howell, with a proud look of the head, as she sat gossiping with several young acquaintances. "Well, for my part, I've a mind not to go. A school teacher is no companion for me."

"The next step will be," said one of the group, "that our kitchen girls will be associating with us."

"Wonder who asked her?" inquired another.

"I don't know," replied Mary Howell, "brother Frank told me."

As she spoke, the parlor door opened, and a handsome young man, about twenty-five entered, exclaiming:

"What is that you have to say about me? Good day, ladies. I heard my name as I passed through the hall, and I stepped in to see what treason could be plotting. So many pretty girls cannot get together without mischief."

He laughed as he spoke, and his fair auditors laughed too, for Frank Howell was a general favorite, being rich, amiable, and talented, as he was good looking.

"We are plotting no treason," replied the sister, "but we wondered who has invited Emily Saunders to the picnic to-morrow."

"A friend of mine," replied Frank, very promptly.

"Who?"

"Ah, there you must excuse me. All I can say is, that like myself, he is one of the managers, and has full authority to ask who he pleases. But what objection is there to Miss Saunders?"

"She's nothing but a school teacher," replied the sister contemptuously.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Frank, and there was a bit of sarcasm in his tone as he proceeded:

"A school teacher is not refined enough for my fine lady of a sister—is too ignorant, and can't converse as well as her companions. It's too late, sister, to prevent her going, but I can tell my friend the state of the case, as he is desperately in love with Miss Saunders, perhaps he will not regret being compelled to monopolize her for himself. Of course, none of you, I suppose will speak to her?"

"No, no," said several voices, whose owners did not care to sink in Frank's opinion, and who saw that he was in part the champion of Miss Saunders—"no, no, that would be very rude. We will be civil to her, certainly."

"But she will not be welcome," said he, looking around the circle, "that is plain to perceive. However, ladies, as the invitation has been given, I am to see that there is no disposition to insult her. It's rather odd, though, in this republican country, an amiable young lady is shunned by her sex, because the misfortunes of her family have compelled her to teach school for a livelihood."

"That is all very well for a stump orator, when he is canvassing to be elected to Congress," replied Mary; "and you, a physician, have an ambition that way, I suspect. Only don't practice beforehand on us. You wouldn't seriously have your sister associate with a girl that works for a living?"

"And why not?" said Frank, his fine eyes flashing. "Is it any more disgrace to a woman to work than to a man? I think the woman who supports herself, if not by far more than one who becomes a tax on relatives."

"That sounds very grand," said his sister, "with a sneer, but how can a girl, who spends her time in teaching, be either accomplished or refined?"

"Very often," replied Frank, warmly, "they are the most truly accomplished and refined of their sex. Mrs. Judson once, Fanny Forester, was a school teacher, and who can question her accomplishment, refinement or worth? Hundreds of others might be named also. The life of idleness in which most wealthy and fashionable ladies indulge, is not, allow me to say, half as well calculated to develop the higher qualities of your sex, as teaching school, and suffering privation. I doubt if any body, man or woman, is good for much until they have been proved and strengthened by the trials of life; and the gossiping twaddling existence of a fine lady offers no such opportunities. My friend, I think, has chosen very wisely to select a self-sustained and energetic, yet a refined and intelligent woman like Miss Saunders. He will, when he marries, have a wife—not a plaything."

"And with these words he bowed all around and left the room."

"His hearers were in a consternation. Such sentiments they had never heard before, and many who courted Frank's good opinion, regretted that

they had allowed their antipathy to Miss Saunders to be seen. Their conversation grew tame; one by one the fair gossips dropped off, and before long Mary Howell was left alone.

It was just after sunrise on the following morning, that Emily Saunders stood before the looking glass, in her small yet neat room, completing her toilet for the picnic. Her dress was a virgin white, and she was placing in her bosom a moss rose-bud, the morning gift of her partner for the day, who was sitting below. A blush was on her cheek, for it was the first token she had received from the gentleman in question, and the modest girl, who had never yet acknowledged to herself the preference she felt for him, was in a flutter of surprise and pleasure. Her imagination compelled her to remain longer before the glass than she intended; but finally composed her spirits she tripped lightly down.

All that Frank had said the day before in her favor, was more than borne out by truth. Her father had been a merchant and was considered rich; but the dishonesty of others had ruined him, and he soon after died of a broken heart. The mother was not long in following. In this crisis, Emily showed what a heroic woman could do. She resolved to support by her own exertions, her little brother and herself, and in this, though some cousins, her nearest relations offered her a home, she knew the tender had been grudging made, and her spirit was too high to accept unwilling charity. Accordingly, having heard that the school of Chestnut village was vacant, received it and removed from the city.

The most of her friends, moved by narrow prejudices, deserted her, yet there was one who did not. This, strange to say, was a gentleman. He had known her when she was a courtesan, and when he, a comparative stranger in the city, where he was pursuing his studies, had been a guest courteously welcomed at her father's fine house. He was now a successful physician, the idol of every circle in which he moved, but he had not forgotten his old acquaintance. In fact, the dignity and courage with which she ever met misfortune, exalted her before she left the city, and as an old friend, solicited the pleasure of occasionally writing to her—a request she could not or did not refuse.

In reality though, there was nothing of love in these letters, they soon became infelicitously dear to Emily's heart. The noble frankness with which her father's old acquaintance had stood by her, touched her inexpressibly; and hence she even suspected danger, she was deeply in love.—The idea of his ever marrying her, was dismissed at once, when she came to discover her weakness.

But within a few days her heart had been filled with strange hopes. Her correspondent had come down to Chestnut village on a visit—had called on her, and had given her an invitation to the picnic projected for the first of July. And, now, on this morning he had brought a moss rose-bud, fresh with dew, and sent it up while he waited below. He was, she knew, too sincere to deceive her; and surely he was aware of the meaning of the sweet token. What wonder that she blushed and was embarrassed, when on entering the little parlor, her visitor rose with a smile, which was succeeded by a grateful glance from him, as he saw the appropriation she had made of his gift.

He came forward with an enthusiasm unusual to him; and taking both hands in his, said:

"You look like an angel, Emily."

He had never spoken in this way before; and Emily, confused and agitated as she was, stole a glance at his face, to see if he could be in earnest. There was no doubt in the meaning of that look.—Love, devoted love, shone out of those grey eyes, from the very soul of the speaker.

"Yes," he continued, stealing his arm around that slender waist, while Emily trembled with happiness and surprise, was vain to lean on him for support; "yes, dearest, you are an angel, and if you can stoop from your height, to love one so little worthy of it as I, what bliss will be mine. I have loved you almost since I began to write to you, but I would not, on your generous permission to correspond, reveal my sentiments. I had asked to write to you simply as a friend, and to have written as a lover would have been a breach of promise. So, as I could not endure suspense any longer—I came down to know my fate. You are silent. Am I then to despair?"

In fact though Emily had first leaned on him for support, she had recovered her strength as he proceeded, and raising her head from his last words, even glided from his embrace. But the tone of deep sadness with which he concluded, moved her pity. She laid her hand on his arm, and looking up and smiling into his face said "Frank?"

It was enough. Frank Howell—for it was he, as the reader perhaps suspected all along—saw sufficient in those eyes, and in that smile to assure him he need not despair; and putting his arm around her again, he not only drew her towards him but kissed her, though reverently, as a brother would kiss any recovered sister.

Suddenly the old widow, with whom Emily boarded, looked in the parlor to announce that coffee was ready.

"I thought Miss Emily ought to have a bite, sir, before she went out," said the old lady.

"Thank you, said Frank; it was very considerate; you take care of this dear creature, I see." He hardly knew what he said, and was continually on the point of betraying himself.

striking six o'clock, and we shall be the last on the ground."

The widow saw them depart, and then stepped into the next door neighbor to tell of the love expressions of Frank, winding up by declaring that he was going to marry her dear Miss Emily—he was sure of it—and certainly a sweeter wife he could not get, nor more worthy of him, rich and handsome though he was. The neighbor hurried in to tell her acquaintances; and thus, before night, all the village heard that Dr. Frank Howell was engaged, and was going to marry the selected mistress.

Meantime the picnic went on merrily. On the way to the fine old woods in which the party met, Frank told Emily that he wished to keep the engagement secret until the ensuing day, when all interested could be informed of the fact.

"You will meet my sister here, and I wish her to see and know you before she hears of our being affianced. It will embarrass you too much to have the announcement made to-day."

"Yes, dear Frank, wait till to-morrow—you will spoil the day's pleasure if you tell all."

The decided language of Frank on the preceding afternoon, had created a reaction in Emily's favor. The sensible portion of his hearers, on reflection, had seen the folly of their prejudice; and even his sister, who was an excellent creature in the main, though a little spoiled by flattery and passion, was sorry for having expressed herself so decidedly. When all the gentlemen but Frank had arrived, it became evident that he meant himself, when he spoke of a friend, and there was no little consternation among some of the guests. His sister was at first annoyed to find that Frank on his own confession, was more than half in love with a school teacher; but as she loved Frank dearly, and valued his opinion highly, she always came round in the end to his opinion, and on this occasion did not depart from the general rule. In short by the time Frank had arrived, Mary was prepared to be not only civil to Emily, but to like her, if possible.

We need not say that Mary did not like Emily. No one could help liking the sweet girl, unless prejudice closed the eye of reason. Before the day was half over Frank had the inexpressible pleasure, of seeing his sister and betrothed walking with their arms around each other. Mary was evidently charmed with her new acquaintance. The company broke up in pairs, some wandering off alone, some sitting by the brook, and others grouped in little bands here and there. When the dinner hour came, all gathered together again—and while the ladies sat on the grass and were served, the gentlemen unloaded the hamper, or leaned on their elbows helping their partners.

That evening Mary Howell, when she reached home, heard of her brother's engagement, and to the surprise of the narrator, who expected to see her quite indignant, answered:

"Frank has a right to choose for himself. He and I are alone in the world, so there are no parents to please; and as for me, I met Miss Saunders to-day, and already love her as a sister. She is worth a score of the mere butterflies of fashion, and I say with shame, I have consoorted too much with them. But I will try to make her my model hereafter, and try to be more worthy of the esteem of the good."

### Captain May's Adventure with the little Frenchman.

Captain Frank May, otherwise and more generally known as The Subscriber, insists that fragments of the history of his adventure with the little Frenchman have been handed around by the press until justice demands a full and authentic account, which he authorized us to lay before the public.

You, sir, had just arrived in the Crescent City, and made tracks for the first class bar; about july at a premium. Well, sir, I was soon fixed off, and had begun to imbibe the precious fluid with a gusto "The Subscriber" had not enjoyed since he left Louisville. I had got about half through, when I felt something thumping at me behind; turned to see what it was, and beheld a little Frenchman about the size of Tom Thumb evidently irate.

"Well, my little friend, what is the matter? What are you doing?"

"Me no leetle, by gar! you have insulted me; I fight you."

"Do you call that fighting?" asked I.

"Mais, oui, Monsieur," said the diminutive shoulder-hitter, still pegging away at my hip, which was about as high as he could reach.

"Well, go on Monsieur Tom Thumb, if it amuses you, (said I, resuming my julep.) it don't hurt me a bit."

Several gentlemen laughed heartily which only made the little Frenchman still more irate. However failing to make an impression, he gave up his pugilistic efforts, and as I turned from the bar, with all the grimaces of a well taught monkey he handed me a card:

"You will take my carte Monsieur; you will give me the grand satisfaction for the grand insult—oh?"

It seems I had accidentally trod on the little manikin's toes, which I might have apologized for, if I had not unfortunately made fun of his size. As it was, the thing looked serious. Of course there was no back out in The Subscriber, and the little Frenchman seemed to make up in pluck what he lacked in physical proportion.—The idea struck me.

"Well, Monsieur, I understand you challenge me to fight?"

"Mais oui, dat is vat I ask."

"And I have the choice of weapons, of course?"

"Miss Emily, and not throw them."

At this proposition the little Frenchman burst into a perfect fury. I can talk some myself; but such a perfect volume of "sass" and "sassiness" as rolled out of his mouth, was astonishing—fact, sir.

"Well, said I, as soon as he was a little quiet: I have another proposition to make, and that is the last. They call me a first class talker where I come from, but I think you can beat me, and give me thirteen for a dozen; however, I am willing to give a room with you, and we shall talk it out, and the man who gives in first shall buy a supper for our friends here."

This was in allusion to two gentlemen who seemed kindly disposed to settle the matter by having me shot or run through.

Well, strange as the proposition was, the little Frenchman accepted it. I have no doubt he thought he had me, but the "subscriber" was up to snuff. We hired a room, that is, I did, and ordered up a quantity of refreshments. Well, at it we went. We talked till dinner, and suspended by mutual consent; then till supper; and then we went at it in right earnest only stopping to take a drink between words. My little Frenchman did wonders, but it was no go, I either drank or talked him under the table, and about that time became a little oblivious myself. They broke the door open next morning, and found the little Frenchman cold as a wedge, and the subscriber lying alongside of him, whispering in his ear. Fact, sir, can prove it by the seconds—every word, have had an impediment in my speech ever since, as you no doubt perceive.

### Description of the Towns of Utah.

Salt Lake City contains about a third of the population of the Territory, and has a great many fine and some elegant buildings, the principal of which are the Tabernacle, where all religious meetings are held; the Council House, Endowment House, the Temple, (now in course of erection,) Court House, School's two mansions, nineteen public school-houses, together with the costly houses erected for the elders.

The best settlement north is called Sessions, eight miles from Salt Lake City, and contains several fine houses. It is situated on the main road; the houses are not compactly built, but extend nearly five miles. This settlement contains the richest lands in the Territory.

Farmington City comes next, a very pretty little town, the county seat of Davis county. It contains about one thousand inhabitants.

Eight miles north is Keyville, containing about the same number of inhabitants—here is some excellent arable land, and a fine stock range.

Webster river is about eight miles further north. On it have been built two forts, called East and West Webster forts, containing about five or six hundred inhabitants each. They are very pleasantly situated.

Ogden City, one of the principal cities of the Territory, is about three miles from Webster. It has many costly buildings.

North of Ogden City, about two miles, is a large well built fort, called Brigham's Fort. It has about seven thousand inhabitants.

Northeast of this about three miles, is Ogden Hole—a very pleasant locality, surrounded on all sides by mountains, with the exception of the entrance, it contains about five hundred inhabitants.

North of the "Hole," twelve miles, is a well located fort, called Willow Creek Fort.—In this vicinity there is fine agricultural land, and the heaviest crops of wheat in the Territory are raised here.

Five miles north is Box Elder, or Brigham's City—being about eight miles south of Bear River. This city is handsomely situated. It is built upon a plain, about two hundred feet above the level of Bear River. It is inhabited principally by Danes and Welsh, whose houses exhibit considerable skill in their construction and taste in their arrangement.

On Bear river there are two small settlements, and further north two others. These are in Cache and Malad Valley, where the stock belonging to the church generally were kept.

All these cities and forts are to be laid in ashes at the command of the church, and the poor people have given themselves to the work of destruction with all the confidence and firmness of faith which ever characterizes religious fanaticism.—*Our Alta California.*

### General Dearborn and Mr. Dupont.

We find an anecdote in the truly entertaining "Recollections of John Binns," which is as follows: When the war of 1812 was declared, the then Secretary of War, General Dearborn, made a contract with one of the Messrs. Dupont, of Washington for gunpowder. At that time these gentlemen were the only extensive manufacturers of that article in the Union. The contract being completed, Dearborn, who was something of what is now called a know nothing, said to Mr. Dupont, who was a Frenchman, "My only regret in making this contract is that I have been obliged to make it with a foreigner."

"Pray, sir, said Mr. Dupont, may I ask where you were born?" "Sir, (said the General,) I was born in Boston."

"Then, sir, you were not consulted as to your coming, and you came naked and helpless. I can give you my own choice; I brought a sound mind and body, and the information and capital I had acquired, and have thus been enabled to establish the manufacture of an article of the first necessity. To which of us, sir, do you think the country most indebted?"

The Harrisburg Keystone states that a gentleman of high literary repute, and a native of this State, has undertaken at the solicitation of judicious friends, to write a history of Pennsylvania. He has already collected and prepared a large portion of the matter for the new work.

### Postmaster General Brown.

The last number of *Baldwin's Federalist* contains a faithful and well written sketch of the history of the Hon. Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster General of the United States, which we insert as a fitting tribute to this most upright, energetic and competent public servant. The author of the sketch says:

Mr. Aaron V. Brown was born in Brunswick, Va., August 15, 1795. His father, a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, during early life, served in the revolutionary army, and took part in the capture of Trenton and other actions of the war of Independence. His mother was Elizabeth Mellon, a lady of distinguished family of North Carolina, in which State the son was principally educated, receiving his preparatory education at Westrayville Academy, and graduating with the highest honors of Chapel Hill University. His salutatory oration contained evidence of that genius which has illustrated his subsequent career. Previous to his graduation his parents had removed to Tennessee, and thither young Brown followed them, entering the law office of Judge Trimble, of Nashville, in the year 1815. Soon after his admission to the bar, he removed to Giles county, where his parents had established themselves. Soon after this he formed a business connection with James K. Polk, destined afterwards to become President of the United States, and through their partnership was favored by Mr. Polk's entrance in the arena of politics, their friendship was continued until the death of the President. During Mr. Polk's administration he freely consulted Mr. Brown, and placed the complete reliance on his judgment and discretion.—While in the enjoyment of a large practice at the bar, Mr. Brown was an active and influential member of the State Legislature, distinguishing himself by his knowledge, his aptitude for business, his coolness and eloquence. On the 18th of October, 1827, he introduced and eloquently advocated a series of resolutions, giving the election of President to the people and renominating General Jackson, after his defeat by Mr. Adams to that office. In the year 1832, which closed the period of his legislative services in the State, Governor Brown devoted himself to professional practice and to agriculture, of which latter occupation he was very fond, and which he has cultivated in some of his best addresses. In 1839 he first became a candidate for Congress. In 1841 he was elected without a competitor, and in 1843, re-elected triumphantly, the alteration in the district increased the hazards of a contest. On the broader field of action opened by the halls of the National Legislature, he at once assumed a commanding position, and took a leading part in the debates on the tariff, the fiscal bank bill, and other important measures then before Congress, defending Democratic doctrines with signal ability. His speeches were equally distinguished by sound logic, and a strong array of facts, and by a strain of impassioned eloquence. In 1845 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, though even Mr. Polk had just been defeated as a candidate for that office, so strong and well organized was the Whig opposition. In a speech he made during the canvass, after handling the questions of bank and tariff, he passed on to the existing questions of Texas and Oregon, then agitating the country, and uttered the following national sentiments, which, though often quoted, cannot refrain from producing here:

"It becomes the American people to be ready at all times to assert and defend their rights. America may become the last asylum of human liberty. In almost every other country, the just and equal rights of man have been closed down by the sword, or usurped by the kings, princes and potentates of the earth. Here liberty has reared her favorite temple. She has laid its foundations deep and wide. Her bulwarks are mass, extensive and strong; and the millions who attend her altars, and the worshippers who come within her gates, should never surrender to him who will their lives. Never was there a people who possessed a more delightful country. Go up with me in imagination and stand on some lofty summit of the Rocky Mountains. Let us take one ravishing view of this chosen land of liberty. Turn your face towards the gulf of Mexico. What do you behold? Instead of one lone star faintly shining in the far distant South, a mighty galaxy of stars of the first magnitude are bursting on your view, all shining with bright and glorious effulgence. Now turn with me to the West—the mighty West—where the setting sun dips his broad disk in the ocean. Look away down through the misty distance to the shore of the Pacific, with all its bays, rivers and harbors. Cast your eyes towards the Russian possessions, in latitude fifty-four degrees and forty minutes. What a new world lies before you! How many magnificent States to be the future homes of the sons and daughters of freedom! But you have not yet had gazed on this glorious country. Turn now your face to the East, where the morning sun first shines on our noble land. Away yonder, you see the immortal old thirteen who achieved our independence. Nearer to us lie the twelve or thirteen States of the great Valley of the Mississippi, stretching and reposing like so many giants in their slumbers! O, now, I see your hearts are full; they can take in no more. Who now feels that he is a party man, or a Southern man, or a Northern man? Who does not feel that he is an American, and thankful to heaven that his lot was cast in such a goodly land? When did mental vision rest on such a scene? Moses, when standing on the summit of Mount Pisgah, looking over on the promised land, viewed not a scene half so lovely. O let us this day vow that whatever else we may be called, we will never surrender an acre of this goodly heritage."

any king or potentate on earth. Swear to secure it, my countrymen, and Heaven will record the sacred vow forever!"

We should like to quote from other speeches of Governor Brown, had we the space, particularly from that in defence of Mr. Polk's administration, delivered in 1847, and that in the subsequent year, advocating the election of General Cass. In 1852 we find him vigorously advocating the election of General Pierce, and in 1855 speaking with great energy against the doctrines of the American or Know-Nothing party. Judged from his entrance into politics, we find him the able and untiring champion of Democratic doctrines and measures, performing a vast amount of work in the halls of legislation, in conventions and on the stump. His unwavering loyalty, his great talents, his broad national views, and his large experience, induced President Buchanan, when forming his Cabinet, to invite him to take charge of the Post-Office, one of the most laborious as well as honorable. He has discharged the duties of this office, the burdens of which are constantly increasing, to the entire acceptance of the public receiving the compliments and commendations of the press without distinction of party. The people have ratified the President's choice.

### The Frazer Gold Mines.—A San Francisco correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says:

Frazer river is larger than the Sacramento, and the mines commence at a hundred miles from its mouth; whereas the Sacramento, 500 miles from the sea, has no gold on its immediate banks. As the valley of the Frazer river is as large as that of the Sacramento, the inference is that the numerous quartz or dry diggings, which supplied the gold on the bars in the former stream, must be either nearer the centre of the valley, or immensely more rich than those of the great artery of California.

The miners now on Frazer's river are making from three to six dollars a day on an average, working with roekets; and this is as much as to say, that with sluices, and when the water is low so that the richest part of the bars can be reached, the wages of experienced miners will not be less than thirty or forty dollars. As it is now, working with instruments which are discarded almost entirely by California miners, the men on Frazer river sometimes make fifty dollars a day; and some have even made as much as one hundred and fifty and two hundred.

The Indians are numerous in Frazer valley, and they are a warlike race, and well provided with muskets and skillful in their use; but up to the present time they have been friendly, though they steal every thing they can lay their hands on.

The mines, as I said, commence at the bars of Frazer river, and extend up about one hundred and fifty miles to the Big Falls, along which whole extent there are small parties of white miners, most of whom are Americans. There are also many Indians engaged in mining, but they use nothing but sticks to loosen the dirt, and nothing but pans and little wooden troughs for washing it; and yet with these rude contrivances they have dug their thousand dollars or more, and it has found its way to the coffers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who have by law, the exclusive privilege of trading with the red men in New Caledonia. Most of the Frazer gold dust has been sent to England, but some \$5,000 or \$6,000 have been received here. It is very much like the dust of Washington Territory, and sells here at from \$20 to 25 to 30 an ounce.

"It is very easy to knock a crotchet out of a crazy man's head, if you hit him right. A sane man, in a melancholy state of mind, are as truly beside themselves as others in the asylum, and are a much in need of care. There was old Mr. Marchmont, a good man, but in his old age he became impatient of the world, and anxious to be at rest. He was often tempted to drown himself. One morning about 2 o'clock, his son was awakened by the old gentleman calling out—

"Abel! Abel! Satan has been tempting me all night to go down to the bottom, and drown myself!"

"Well, he must be a great fool, (cried out Abel in reply,) he there hasn't been a drop of water in it for six weeks!"

The old gentleman turned over, went to sleep, and never woke till the sun was two hours high.

### Extraordinary Carelessness.

The following story is current in Virginia. The Baptists were baptizing some converts; they finished by baptizing an old negro, (a slave.) The parson, not thinking so much of his soul as of the white portion of his converts, let him drop, and make his own way to the shore. The negro, blowing and puffing, reached the shore, and sitting on a stump remarked: "that some gentleman's nigger would get killed by such foolishness yet."

Sublime Description of an Escape from a Mad Bull.—The bull roared like the rolling thunder, and I ran like the nimble lightning; and springing over the fence with the swiftness of a star falling from the firmament, I tore my trowsers asunder with a crash as loud as if the globe had been shivered by a comet.

A very small pattern of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl.

"Oh, no," said the fair lady. "I couldn't think of it for a moment. The fact is, Tommy, you are a little too big to put in a cradle, and too small to put in a bed."

An exchange says a divine out west is trying to persuade girls to forego marriage. It says he has succeeded so far as to persuade one, and she is about 70 years old.

The weather is very fine.