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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

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

Volume II. Clearfield, Pa., May 6, 1850. Number 41.

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POETRY.

FOR THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

The Farmer's Spring Song.—BY J. R.

We hail with delight the approach of fair Spring,
With its fair and beautiful flow'rs,
Its birds that come flocking to chirp and to sing,
And its renovating warm show'rs.

When Nature her vesture in green doth renew,
And gently revives grass and grain;
A thrill of delight urges us to pursue
With vigor, our labor again.

The cold chilling blasts of stern winter are gone,
And ba my South winds take their place,
The flowers, long dormant, come steadily on,
And give to all nature a grace.

We wander abroad over field, hill, and glen,
And ponder on that mighty Hand,
That brings on such grandeur as proof unto men
That He has all things at command.

Then, as we see Nature renewed, as in youth
So we our own selves should renew,
In honesty, charity, virtue and truth,
And these more than ever pursue.

In confidence, cheerfully, we'll till the soil,
Intrusting the seed to the ground,
And look up to Him who rewards honest toil,
Assured what we need will be found.

THE POOR PRINTER, OR, THE BROKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"I should like to know the name of that handsome young fellow who accompanied you to church last Sunday," remarked Clara Mullins, to her amiable and beautiful cousin Maria Sedgeland.

"That's a pretty question to ask. Do you imagine I am so simple as to tell all I know in this age of secret societies! The next thing you will want an introduction; by-and-by you will set your cap, and who knows but you may steal away my gallant beau, and then leave me alone in the glory of single blessedness."

"Now, Maria, stop poking fun at me, and let's know the name of that nice young man."

"Well, Clara, if it will afford you so much gratification to ascertain his name, I will not be so cruel to withhold it; here is his card."

"George Raymond. What a pretty combination of names. George is the Greek word for farmer, and Raymond signifies sunlight on the mountains."

"So you admire the name, and think he who wears it is personally handsome."

"Yes, Maria, I think he is a perfect model of a man. How neatly, and yet how plainly, he dresses! What a fine figure, broad forehead, and beautiful eyes he has. Is he a lawyer, or doctor, or professor, or merchant, or student? What is he?"

"He is a printer."

"A publisher, you mean."

"No, he picks up types in a newspaper office."

"O, now I understand; you intend to say that he is the editor and proprietor of a newspaper."

"No, my dear cousin, he is a journeyman printer."

"You don't say he is nothing but a journeyman."

"He is a poor man who works for a livelihood."

"How could you consent to allow him to set in our pew, and beau you home from church? I would not permit a mechanic to touch my arm with a pair of tongs. I think you ought to be ashamed of such vulgar society. I shall inform ma this very day, and so long as you remain under this roof, I am quite sure she will not allow that plebian printer to pay any attention to you."

"I declare," observed Maria, pleasantly, "you have given me a Caudle lecture. If that distinguished foreigner, who fell in love with you at the museum, and who has been so assiduous in his attentions ever since he obtained an introduction, could have heard you, I have no doubt he would highly commend you for looking down on what he calls the common herd."

"I wish you to understand that Mr. Fitzgammon is a real gentleman by birth, and that he has the advantage of an ample fortune and a refined education," continued Clara.

"I am heartily sorry, my dear cousin, that you encourage the address of such a fop. I am sure he does not display much good breeding, and as for his education, he seldom speaks without murdering his mother tongue. For my part, I should prefer the society of one who works for a living, provided he is honest, virtuous, sober and intelligent. I have been acquainted with Mr. Raymond ever since he was a child—indeed we were schoolmates. I knew his parents, and although they are poor, they are quite respectable, and have given George a good common education, and he is now occupying his leisure hours in acquiring a knowledge of the languages. Even yor admire his personal attractions, and all who are acquainted with him unhesitatingly acknowledge that his intellectual endowments are far superior to his physical beauty."

"I am much obliged to you for that sermon, Miss Maria Sedgeland; it does not require the assistance of a microscope or a spy glass to discover the state of your feelings in regard to this vexed question.—The truth is, you are envious or jealous, because I have made an impression on the heart of dear Mr. Fitzgammon, while you can only pick up a poor, shiftless fellow, who picks up letters in a printing office.—Ma will put a stop to your courtship, and if you were at the altar, pa would rise and forbid the bans."

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Maria was requested to go into her aunt's room. She had been seated but a few seconds, when the aristocratic old lady came into the apartment, and observed, "I have been informed that, without my knowledge or consent, you have accepted the attentions of a young man employed in a printing-office."

"Well, aunt," remarked Maria, blushing to the temples, "Mr. Raymond came from my native town, and we have been acquainted with each other ever since we were children. He is a respectable young man, and a welcome guest in some of the best circles of society."

"Well, miss, I shall put an immediate stop to such interviews as you have with him. You shall not go with him to the theatre, nor drink wine with him at parties."

"He never goes to the theatre, and he never drinks wine. He belongs to a division of the Sons of Temperance."

"So he is a cold water cat, is he! Now I hate him more than I did before; and if he ever comes to my house, I will drive him away with a broomstick."

"John," said Mrs. Mullins to her servant man, "take this *billet-doux* to the hotel where Mr. Fitzgammon boards, and give it to him yourself, with my compliments."

It was past nine o'clock, and yet Mr. Fitzgammon was still in the embrace of Morpheus. The waiter, however, glad to awaken the sleeper, and feed him, so that the dining-room might be got in readiness for the next meal, awoke him at once.

He usually spent an hour at his toilet, washing his hands, powdering his face, unpapering his curls, lacing his stays, etc. Whilst he was dressing, and decorating his person, John commenced conversation with an intelligent waiter, who was an old chum of his.

"I guess missus is agoin to have a party to-night, and this note is to ax the gentleman you have just called to attend."

"You do not call him a gentleman, I hope. He is as cross as a bear with a sore head, and is more trouble at the table than any other six boarders in the house. He smells of the soup until his moustache dips into it, and then pronounces it unfit for pigs; he says the beefsteak is tough as leather—the butter strong as Sampson—and the pies and puddings not to be compared to such luxuries in London. We have to be as careful in feeding him, as though he were a wild beast, gnashing his teeth on the keepers of the menagerie."

"Why, how you talk, Bob. Miss Clara takes quite a shine to him, and she would have thrown a kettle of hot water on you, if she heard what you said just now. I shouldn't wonder if they got married before long. She says he is the son of a lord."

"Son of the devil, more likely."

"Well, if they should pair off, after billing and cooing a while, I hope he will make Miss Clara stand around—for she has a horrid temper, and Miss Sedgeland has to put up with her ill humor. She is half the time scolding her, because a working man went with her to meeting on Sunday."

"Are the old folks rich?"

"They are well to do in the world, but they need not turn up their noses at poor folks, for I remember the time when old Mullins couldn't cut such a swarth as he does now. He used to keep a barber's shop, and had some idea of taking my father into partnership with him, but father refused to have anything to do with the old skinflint. He held on to every six-pence until it squealed, and soon saved change enough to commence brokering on a small scale. Folks used to laugh, and say that one pole would answer for both branches of business. Now he uses soft soap, and shaves notes and is ashamed of the more honest and honorable calling of shaving faces. I wish the old man would try his hand on the face of the dandy who is after his daughter."

"Yes, John, I think he could improve his looks, but, then if a man makes a beast of himself, I can see no earthly nor heavenly reason why he shouldn't look like one. I believe this stranger who palms himself off as a distinguished foreigner, is an impudent imposter, without either wit, money or morality; and should be sorry to have him marry your young mistress."

"Bob, you talk like a book."

"Well John, I read books, and study human nature; and if I am not vastly mistaken, the ill-looking, ill-natured and ignorant sopling of whom we have been speaking is a vile fellow, and ought to be exposed. I think it would be a good idea, to get Mr. Raymond to publish him."

"Do you mean Raymond the printer?"

"Yes."

"He is the very man that went to church with the graceful and lovely Miss Sedgeland last Sunday, and missus has vowed he shall never darken her doors again."

"What an old goose she must be. Mr. Raymond is loved and respected by all who know him. Several of our oldest, most wealthy and influential citizens have clubbed and raised funds enough to buy a press and types, and have engaged him to edit a newspaper they design to publish. He is the famous author of the thrilling sketches published over the initials of G. R."

"Miss Clara says she wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs, and that he is a low fellow, fit only to go with vulgar people."

"Pshaw! that's all moonshine. The time may come when she will be glad to be in his company. There is an accomplished and pretty young lady boarding here who gave the mitten to Mr. Fitzgammon, but she would be delighted to have Mr. Raymond accept her hand, her heart, and her fortune."

As John surmised, that very evening there was a grand soiree at the house owned and occupied by the haughty, homely Mrs., and the hard-fisted, dignified Mr. Mullins.

At an early hour the washed, combed, brushed, curled, dressed, perfumed and decorated Mr. Fitzgammon might have been seen ascending a flight of granite steps, and after spelling out the name engraved on the silver door plate, pulled the bell with such violence that the lap dog howled with the earache, and the servants started with alarm, and the busy old mistress wondered what on earth was the matter.

He was escorted into a pleasant room, which was handsomely furnished with the most fashionable furniture. After being introduced to the company present, he made a low bow; tried to smile, scraped his feet upon the carpet, and then awkwardly tumbled like a bale of dry goods upon the sofa; after which he looked up with an air of wondrous wisdom & great importance, which seemed to say, what think ye of this imported specimen of gentility!

He really was a remarkable looking object. His coarse hair was oiled, curled & scented. He stared at every person in the room through his quizzing glass. He wore on his intellectual face, moustaches, whiskers, imperial and goatee, and looked like an ass that had swallowed a horse & left the tail sticking out of his mouth. His red, carrot fingers were hooped with huge rings, and a brooch large enough for a looking-glass stuck upon his ruffled shirt bosom.

Most persons could have seen at a glance, that he was one of those nondescript creatures, who know but little of themselves externally, except what they learn from the looking-glass, and who know nothing of themselves internally, except what they feel from the liquor glass. The following conversation between the parties will afford an idea of the mental calibre of the distinguished gentleman.

"It is a beautiful evening, sir," remarked one of the company.

"Very foine."

"How do you like your climate, sir?"

"Very foine."

"What do you think of American scenery?"

"It is very foine."

"You have seen the falls of Niagara, I am told. What do you think of that sublime and beautiful water?" "I wonder!"

"It is very foine."

"I think I saw you at the meeting which was recently addressed by the Honorable Daniel Webster; what did you think of his eloquent and magnificent speech?"

"It was very foine."

"How do you feel, sir, when excited by the thrilling, electrifying eloquence of our Demosthenes?"

"Very foine."

"The sensation must be akin to that occasioned by the trumpeting of the storm when the winds and waves do battle.—What are your sensations during a storm at sea?"

"I am sick at the stomach, at such times; but when we have a smooth sea and fair wind I feel very foine."

The conversation was just then interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Mullins and her daughter. They were richly dressed and gorgeously bejewlled, and Clara, notwithstanding the unmistakeable lines which ill-temper had traced upon her countenance, was beautiful to look upon. The moment they entered the room Mr. Fitzgammon arose from his seat—and squeezed the hand of Miss Clara and told her she looked very foine. In the course of the evening, he ventured to say to her that she was a charming girl, fit to be the wife of a lord, and that he meant all he said, upon honor.

Maria was present at the party, and her aunt availed herself of an early opportunity to ask her how she would like the attention of such a man as Mr. Fitzgammon.

"Best at a distance," said she: "I could not endure such a band-box dandy, whose head is as empty as his hat."

"You rude thing, how dare you speak so disparagingly of my company in my own house!"

"Why, aunt, he has been winking at me most importinently through his quizzing glass. He is not a gentleman, and ought to be requested to leave the house. If he does not leave, with your permission, I will retire to my room."

"I suppose you are anxious to see the journeyman printer, but if he dares to show his face within the reach of a poker; I will drive him into the street. I have a will and a way to punish upstarts who do not know their own place, and have no regard for the higher order of society."

At a late hour that night, or rather at an early hour the next morning, the party broke up; but the unfotunate Mr. Fitzgammon had partaken too freely of wine and sober John was nominated and appointed a committee of one to lead the eminent stranger to his lodgings.

The next day it was rumored in different parts of the city, that a lord, duke knight, baronet, or earl, or something else, had fallen in love with Miss Mullins, the brokers daughter. Maria received a severe caudleing from her aunt, and ditto from her cousin, because she spoke so contemptuously of Mr. Fitzgammon.

Miss Mullin's jealousy induced her to believe that several young ladies were not only smitten but dead in love with the golden calf she worshiped, and in order to make sure of the idol of her affections, she and her parents went to work in earnest to bring about a match and have the parties united in matrimony.

The landlord to whom Mr. Fitzgammon was indebted for board and borrowed money, did not press his claims for fear he might lose a customer.

In a short time arrangements were made for the wedding. Milliners, tailors, shoemakers, and confectioners were busily at work. The day was selected, the guests were invited, and all the interested parties were on the tiptoe of anticipation, when an event occurred which is related as follows.

"Wife did you see this new paper?"

"Yes, I saw it, but you know as well as I do, that I have no time to read newspapers. Clara is to be married next Monday, and I shall have to be as busy as a dress maker, or cut a sorry figure at the wedding."

"But here is a fist pointing to a paragraph about Mr. Fitzgammon, the distinguished foreigner."

"Do read it, pa," said Clara, smilingly. "I knew he would make a noise in the world. A man of his rank in society, having such a princely fortune, and a variety of accomplishments, such fascinating manners, and such superb talents, cannot fail to make a great sensation among a people competent to appreciate his genius. Let us hear it, pa."

"We have received the *London Times*"

"Hear this, ma, the news is from England. Now I suppose my envious, jealous saint of a cousin, who told me that she believed somebody was an impostor, will see her mistake."

"Do let me read without further interruption, if you please."

"We received by last night's mail a copy of the *London Times*, which contained the following startling and unexpected announcement; 'John Gammon, who was a groom in the service of William Fitz, Esq., has robbed his master of considerable jewellery and clothing, and it is supposed has sailed for America.—He is about thirty years of age, of medium size, has dark eyes, and coarse, curly hair, and a scar on the left cheek, which he received from a watchman who arrested him in the act of whipping his wife.—One hundred pounds shall be given to the person who will secure the thief.' Early this morning one of our efficient police officers read the announcement, and at once put the Fitz and the Gammon, together, went to the hotel, where he found a sleeping beauty with a scar on his left cheek, and the name of Fitz on some silver spoons in his trunk. He awoke and arrested Mr. Gammon, alias Fitzgammon, and escorted him to jail.

Clara fainted when she heard the sad tidings, and after she came to her senses, she exclaimed:

"O, ma! O, pa!—what shall I do!—My dresses are made, our friends are invited, everybody will laugh at me! I wish I could be shut up in a nunery!"

"What a villain he must be," said Mr. Mullins. "He has a wife now living.—He has been stealing spoons. I shouln't wonder if he stole that silver cup off the mantel-piece, for I missed it the day after he first called here. I hope the authorities will hang him by the neck until he is choked to death."

"Mr. Mullins, who is the editor of that paper."

"Mr. George Raymond."

"I wonder if that is the young man who gallanted Maria to meeting that Sunday?"

"I suppose it is," said Mr. Mullins.

"Well, go and ask him concerning the particulars of this singular and most unhappy affair."

Mr. Mullins went to the office and enquired if Mr. Ray[illegible] was in.

"N[illegible] who used to work in the brick block across the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"When he returns give my compliments to him, and say that my name is Mullins, and that all the members of my family would be happy to see him."

Mr. Mullins returned and informed the family that the journeyman printer had become, not only an editor, but also a prominent member of the Senate, and that the news respecting Mr. Fitzgammon was, alas, too true.

The intelligence spread like wildfire through the city, and afforded a rich feast for tale-bearers and scandal-mongers; and those who carry the devil's mail-bag from door to door, had their hands, hearts and mouths full for a fortnight.

The Hon. Mr. Raymond—the low born journeyman—the plebian printer, who belonged to the vulgar herd—called frequently to see the charming and beautiful Maria Sedgeland; and although Clara set her cap for him, and tried all the skill of an experienced coquette, she failed to win the heart of the printer, who became the happy husband of Maria Sedgeland.—Clara improved in wisdom as she increased in years, and finally became the contented wife of a worthy and respectable man who worked as pressman in Mr. Raymond's office.

From California.

ASTONISHING RICHES OF OUR PACIFIC POSSESSIONS.

Actual arrival of over Two Million of Dollars In Gold and Gold Dust.

The steamships Cherokee and Empire City both reached New York, on the 5th inst., bringing over $2,000,000 in gold, and 350 passengers, from the different ports between this coast and San Francisco. The dates are up to the 1st of March last: the letter mails reach nearly 30,000 in number, and the time consumed in their transmission from San Francisco was just 34 days, and English dates had been received there, via New York, in 55 days.

From various sources we make up the following summary:

OVERLAND EMIGRATION.

From the San Francisco Daily Jour. of Com. March 1.

The last of the California emigrants that left the United States in 1849, are just arriving in this city. The journey, generally speaking, has been attended with great suffering and privation, and, in too many instances, by death from misadventure and unforeseen circumstances. Emigrats who came by Cooke's route by Santa Fe, were exposed to great perils from hostile Indians, endured much hardship, and sustained a considerable loss of property in consequence of the long stretched country over which they came, without feed or water for stock. But disastrous as were the expeditions over this route, they were far less so than were those by what is called the Southern route from Salt Lake City. Two-thirds of the latter is represented as a perfect desert; and of those who came through this way, principally with ox teams, none arrived without having sustained very great, and few without ruinous loss of animals, wagons, and other property; many were obliged to eat starved cattle, mule, and horsemeat; some eight or ten persons died of fatigue and starvation; and a party of seventeen men—having undertaken to find a new pass, became bewildered in the mountains, and persisting in their determination still to press forward when their fellow travellers retraced their steps—on foot and with only a few pounds of provi ions each upon their backs, nearly or quite all, it is tho't, must have perished, as no game or food of any kind is to be found in the desolate regions through which they attempted to pass. Among them was Mr. Baker, formerly publisher of a newspaper at Utica, N. Y., the only one of the party whose name we have learned. From all accounts no traveller should ever attempt in future to come to California by either of the routes above mentioned.

From South America the imigration has sensibly diminished, owing, probably, to the reports which have gone abroad of disturbance between our people and Chillians, Peruvians, and other natives of the lower countries. Great numbers have taken their departure from California, returning to their homes with an utter disrelish of all savoring of Americanism in the Gold Region.

IMMIGRATION BY SEA.

Number of passengers by ships arriv[illegible] at San Francisco from January 29 to F[illegible] ruary 27, 1850 [illegible]

	Males.	Fe[illegible]
In American vessels,	1,149	[illegible]
In Foreign vessels,	887	[illegible]
Total,	[illegible]	[illegible]

Number arrived [illegible]
February [illegible]
In A[illegible]
In [illegible]

olating the law by taking more passengers than allowed, do not report their whole number on arrival.

From January 29, to February 27, 1850, the amount of tonnage arrived was:

American vessels (tons)	19,146
Foreign do	9,566
Total,	28,712

Amount arrived from April, 1849, to date:

American,	247,417
Foreign,	65,934
Total,	323,351

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Three steamboats ply regularly between San Francisco and Sacramento city, and on their upward passage are always crowded with passengers for the mines, at and about these new settlements.

On Feb. 1, a petition was presented to the Legislature for the incorporation of a Magnetic Telegraph Company. The line is to run from San Francisco to San Jose, hence to Sacramento City and such other places on the route as may be desirable.

Lieut. Duer, U. S. N., proposes to build a Marine telegraph to communicate with San Francisco from the Sea. He asks of the City Council $2,000 to begin the work.

At San Francisco they are sharp on illegal voters. These questions were put to one at a recent election:

"Where were you born, sir?" "In England." "How long have you been in the United States?" "Seven years."—"Have you been naturalized?" "Yes." "How many papers did you get?" "*Three.*" "That's *one too many*—stand aside."

The Sacramento flood has entirely subsided, and no further danger is apprehended. Town lots at Sacramento city are daily rising in value.

Levees are to be built at Sacramento City to prevent future inundations. The work will cost a million of dollars. The authorities have ordered the lands cleared for the purpose.

All the other towns of the Sacramento and tributaries are thriving; particularly the new towns of Yubaville, Vermont, Fremont, and a survey recently made on Feather river near its mouth, called Nicholas. Communication has opened with all parts of the Placer from the above points, and the three regular steamboats which leave this city for the great point of disembarkation, Sacramento city, are on each of their trips crowded with passengers for the gold diggings.

The weather has been delightful.

On the San Joaquin the disturbances between Americans and Chillians are all settled.

It is proposed to establish in California the office of Surveyor General, with the duties of State Engineer and Commissioner of Internal Improvements, to be included in his functions.

A petition has been presented to the State Legislature, praying that general corporation laws may be passed as speedily as possible, in order that a company may be formed to start a Railroad between Sacramento City and Coloma. This great enterprize must tend to increase, beyond conception, the size of the two places thus to be connected together.

In rents there will be a large reduction this year, several hundred houses having now no occupants. They are mostly those sent from the State, and are both small and inconvenient.

The post office accommodations are very circumscribed, and loud complaints are made. The custom house is one of the most substantial buildings in the town. It rents to the United States at $98,000 per year, and is principally owned by an Englishman named Gunter, who also owns the theatre.

The most profitable diggings cannot be worked before July; and last fall the miners had barely got initiated into the mysteries of the business when they were driven away by the rain. This year these mines will be worked to better advantage.

There are now about 120,000 inhabitants in California, mostly male adults; it can sustain a population of millions; and even in the mineral regions several hundred thousand men could not occupy the whole ground.

Those people in the States who are anxiously looking for the "bursting of the California bubble," as they are pleased to call the extraordinary (to them) condition of things here, consequent upon an entire and radical change in the standard [illegible] val[illegible] point-