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THE WEDDING RING.

"Louisa," said a gentleman to his daughter, returning to the room which he had just quitted a minute before, "there is a woman waiting to see you down stairs—go to her at once."

"La, papa! I dare say she is in no hurry," replied the young lady, without rising from the easy chair, into which she was sunk.

"My dear, do not keep her waiting; the time of a workwoman is her capital, and you have no right to defraud her of it."

"Defraud, papa! what hard words you use. I am sure I always pay them their bills—what more can they ask?"

Her father had not waited for the conclusion of the sentence; and Louisa, seeing he was gone, proceeded with her breakfast, intending, when she had done, to send for the woman, who she knew was bringing her some artificial flowers to inspect. While sipping her coffee, her eye fell on a new publication which her father had been that morning examining. She seized upon it, and soon, engrossed in its pages, forgot the artificial flowers, the artist and her father's admonition. An hour passed, when she was interrupted by the entrance of some young friends, whose visit of course detained her in the drawing room. After a great deal of lively but rather empty chat, one of the visitors observed that there was a woman in the hall, as they passed, with a basket of the most exquisite fancy flowers she had ever seen. She longed to examine them all. With a light blush, Louisa, recollecting her father's words, rung for the forgotten tradeswoman; and the next hour was consumed by the young ladies in turning over the beautiful specimens contained in the basket, trying them on their heads, before the glass, and wishing earnestly that they could afford to purchase them. They were good-humored, pretty, elegant girls, well and expensively dressed and they seemed just fitted to be the inhabitants of the apartment where this scene was passing. It was a handsomely furnished room, the walls hung with paintings, the tables spread with costly books, the consoles and costly brackets covered with tasteful ornaments; perhaps the value of only a few of those China vases would form a fortune to many a poor family. The pleasant morning air which breathed through the light muslin curtains, and waved the rich damask drapery, was scented with the perfume of heliotrope and jessamine, and the gleam of sunshine which fell on the glass globe, where the gold-fish swam, was reflected back on the rich cut chandeliers and made them look like fragments of a rainbow. All was in keeping with the gay girls, who gazed at themselves in the tall pier glasses—all except the pale, anxious, care-worn face of the owner of the flowers. Dressed in widow's weeds, which time had rendered shabby, although evidently preserved with care, her look, as she handed out one graceful wreath after another, was so sadly in contrast with her customers' gait, that had they bestowed one thought on her, they must have felt some pity. But they neither looked at or noticed her, except to inquire the price of some beautiful specimen, except at its dearness, wish they could buy them all, and declare they would learn how to make them, it must be such charming work. Finally, after having disarranged the whole of her stock, one of them discovered that it was time to go to the portrait painter, to whom she was sitting, as that gentleman had never waited a moment, and she should lose the only hour he could give her. Louisa made some trifling purchase, for she had changed her mind on the subject, and desired some other ornaments, and the young party quitted the house, leaving the poor widow to replace her injured goods, and return home at her leisure.

Little as these careless girls were disposed to bestow a thought upon the artificial florist, it is our intention to follow her to her own house, where, fatigued and disappointed, she arrived about two hours after she left the mansion of Louisa's father. It was a low and narrow garret, lighted only by a window in the roof which threw down a gleam of sickly sunshine upon one corner of the nearly empty room, and lighted up an old comfortable bed, which seemed placed there as its occupant might give some warmth from a source which at least cost nothing. Reclining on this bed, and supported by a broken chair-back, slightly covered by an old shawl—for the luxury of pillows was beyond her reach—was a much younger woman; but like the first mentioned, she too wore a widow's cap, and such clothing as bore the traces of mourning. Her face was worn and thin, and she was evidently suffering from some serious malady which had drained away the springs of life. Her slender hands were busy in fabricating some of those beautiful flowers her mother had carried abroad for sale, and their colors and gay groups made her pale, sickly cheeks, look still more ghastly from contrast. A half-finished wreath of orange flowers lay near her; and the tale seemed to whisper of love, and joy, and of bridal splendor, and all the luxuries of the wealthy, was affecting when

compared with her own appearance, and her evident poverty.

"Oh, mother, dear!" said she, as the elderly widow entered, "I thought you long in coming; but I hope you have sold the flowers, and brought me all I want?"

Her mother silently shook her head, as she sat down her basket, and with tearful eyes gazed on her daughter's disappointed face.

"Nothing! Have you sold nothing?" inquired the latter again, in amazement and despair. "How could that be? I thought both Miss Frizell and Mrs. Dashwood had ordered them of you?"

"Miss Frizell detained me nearly two hours," replied the mother, "tossed over all my things and then bought a two shilling sprig; and as I was an hour after the time appointed at Mr. Dashwood's, she was angry, and would be pleased with nothing. Indeed, it is quite true the flowers were so much tumbled by Miss Frizell and her friends, that until they have been fresh done up, they are hardly worth looking at."

"And Miss Singleton's wedding wreath?" said the daughter. "How can I finish that unless I have the materials I require!—Only two shillings for two hours' waiting and waiting! Ah! mother, how little they know the value of time to us! Will you buy the white and green silk with that money?"

"I spent it, my child, in buying food. I knew we had nothing in the house, and your boy will be wanting his dinner presently. Is he asleep?"

"Yes, see how soundly he sleeps," answered the young woman; and removing a slight covering she exhibited on the bed beside her a small fair boy, apparently about a twelve month old, who peacefully slumbered in the happy indifference of infancy.

Both gazed at the child till tears brimmed to their eyes, but after a few minutes, the young mother turned away and said, "What can we do? This wreath must be finished or in another week we shall all be homeless." She paused a moment, and a crimson spot, which told of some internal struggle, appeared upon her cheeks while her thin lips grew paler than before; then drawing from her finger her wedding ring, she held it out to her mother. "It is but a short time," she murmured, "and what matters! Why should I feel so bitterly at parting with the symbol, when the reality has been torn away! For our child—his child's sake—it must be done! And what does it signify what is thought of me?" It was a sacrifice she could not have asked, but which she saw to be inevitable; for they did not possess another superfluity. Silently, therefore, she took it and left the room; whilst her unhappy daughter, when left alone, catching up the orange flowers, exclaimed, "Happy girl when you wear this wreath, how little will you suspect the aching hearts which have accompanied its growth. And I was once as happy! Who would have imagined then the miserable reverse I now present! But I am not giving way to envy. Because my prospects are brightened, would I wish hers to be dimmed?—Heaven forgive me!" and sinking on the bed beside her still sleeping boy, she continued silent and motionless until her mother's return.

The elder widow, meanwhile, with weary steps and heavy heart, pursued her way to fulfil this painful errand; and so deeply engrossed in her own mournful reflections; that she scarcely noticed where she was wandering, until she found herself at the door of a large jeweller's shop in a fashionable street. She entered timidly, and waited until she saw one of the shopmen disengaged, before she ventured to explain her errand and exhibit the ring.

"It is not our practice, madam, to buy second hand goods," was the reply; "and if we do, we can only give you the value of the gold."

"And what may that be?" filtered she, "I suppose about half a crown," he carelessly answered.

"And is that the utmost you can give me?" replied she in a pleading tone. "I am in distress, and have not another sixpence in the world."

"Are you not the person who sells artificial flowers?" inquired a gentleman who had been for some minutes watching her, and was interested by the sweetness and propriety of her manners.

She replied in the affirmative.

"And did you sell nothing this morning?" again asked he.

"One young lady purchased a two shilling flower," replied the poor widow, "but she detained me so long, that I displeased an excellent customer by failing in punctuality." The gentleman bit his lip, and hastily crossing the shop he returned in another minute, leading in Louisa, for he was her father, and she had been occupied in selecting a new pair of bracelets for herself, at the opposite counter.

"Repeat what you have just said, to my daughter," said Mr. Frizell. "I ask it as a favor for her sake entirely."

"Excuse me, sir, and forgive the young lady," replied the widow firmly. "She was probably not aware of how much value an hour is to a tradesperson; but I do not wish to complain of her for that."

Permit me at least to rectify her errors," continued the father; "but as our business can be better transacted in a more private place, suffer me in the first instance to convey you home. You have probably walked far this day."

It was in vain she offered any opposition; and in another minute she was seated beside Louisa in Mr. Frizell's elegant equipage, to the great mortification of that young lady, who flung herself into a corner, and did her utmost to conceal herself from view, lest any one should recognize her with such a companion. They could not approach the lodging very closely in the carriage, but Mr. Frizell, nothing daunted by the narrow street or dirty staircase resolutely drew on his reluctant daughter, and the child of wealth and luxury—the gay, the elegant, the fashionable Louisa Frizell—for the first time stood face to face with the worn and wasted sufferer from want and disease.

Never could she forget the thrill with which she glanced around the miserable room, and eyed the feeble sufferer stretched upon that bed. Poverty! till then she had not known what it was; and yet this was poverty in its least repulsive shape, for though bare and desolate, the room was clean; and though feeble and emaciated, the invalid was tidy in her person; whilst the beautiful little boy who sat beside her, bending his dark and pensive eyes on the strange visitors, as if to question their object, gave a degree of grace and elegance to the group. When Louisa saw the gratitude with which her father's purchases were acknowledged, and the satisfaction with which the sum of twenty shillings was received, she began to understand a little of the power and value of money. But the glow of still deeper feeling which the restoration of the wedding ring occasioned, was so touching, that she felt for the moment that she would willingly sacrifice half her trinkets to be the author or receiver of such a treat.

Happy as was the encounter for the two widows, it was evidently a far happier one for Louisa herself. They were materially assisted in their difficulties, and in fact raised from a situation of most distressing and heart-breaking poverty, to a degree of comfort which—to their moderate wishes—seemed like affluence. But she was a roused from a far more lamentable state—from a feeling of poverty, a dearth of compassion, a want of kindly charity to her neighbors, which but for some lesson as this, might have starved and destroyed every amiable sentiment in her nature. But the lesson was effectual; and the once thoughtless Louisa Frizell now set an example to her young companions, both of consideration towards tradespeople who employ, and of moderation and self-denial in the use of ornaments and expenses, which her station in life appears to justify or require.

eat, drink and wink like some of their superiors. They look with contempt upon better people than themselves who do not think so much of fashion as they who have no ideas above a footstool, but their contempt is not so deep as the pity felt for them. They betray the direct and most disgusting servility in the presence of their superiors and are heartily despised by the latter. In short they are a queer set of folks, too ignorant to be scamps, too insignificant ever to disturb good society, too mean to make a lasting influence, too verdant to trouble men of common sense, too much puffed up with false pride ever to be noticed too much. And as they are not exactly rascals, fools, "green horns," hypocrites, load eaters, boot licks, or lick spittes, but a little of all these, why let us call them the "Codfish Aristocracy."

A Petticoat Duel.

On Saturday afternoon, says the New York Mirror, a portion of the good folks of Hudson street were much alarmed on hearing the report of two pistols simultaneously, and upon investigation discovered that a duel had been fought by two young ladies in a very respectable boarding-house in that street. It appears that a very fashionable and prepossessing young "blood," named Williams, was in the habit of visiting and paying marked attention to both ladies, and on Saturday evening he was to call upon one of them and take her out for a walk. The other, who was preparing to go out that afternoon, on becoming acquainted with this fact, postponed her visit, and said she would stop at home and receive Mr. W. The other, on hearing this, of course felt highly indignant, being desirous of Mr. W's society exclusively, and instantly demanded satisfaction of her rival, who said she was perfectly willing to give it, and a duel was decided upon. By this time the little tempers were pretty well agitated, and one ran to a room of a gentleman boarder, who was absent, and obtained his brace of pistols, which she laid before her antagonist to take her choice. She did so, and the weapons being loaded, each took her place and prepared to fire. By this time a gentleman boarder came in, for before this there was none to witness the solemn scene but the servant girl, who was almost in hysterics and threatened to make an alarm if they proceeded much further; but they had managed to keep her silent.

The gentleman immediately interferred; but they were not to be balked, and threatened to fire at him unless he made himself scarce, which he did, and quickly too.

The blood-thirsty females then proceeded to the garret to be more out of the way of interruption, and each taking her place, as far distant as the walls would permit, the word "fire" was given—both pistols were discharged, and both of the ladies fell!

The alarm was instantly given, and the persons in the house rushed to the room. Both of the girls were lying on the floor insensible, with the servant leaning over them, screaming the most frightful screams. It appeared, however, that no serious injury had taken place, their nerves only having suffered; and after the application of restoratives they recovered.

They looked a little abashed when they came to their senses, but at once flew into each other's arms, and after a brief hysterical display, calmed down sufficiently to congratulate each other in their fortunate escape, and mutually resolved to repudiate henceforth the gay deceiver, and cause of this bloodless tragedy.

What is Wealth.—We will answer: Food, clothing, shelter, amusements. In short, anything that contributes to our enjoyments; anything that contributes to gratify the senses. We might define wealth in this way: It is anything and every thing that can be purchased for money.

Money is not wealth. It is the representative only. Therefore those who think that by increasing the amount of money in a country that they thereby increase its wealth, sadly mistake. Double the amount of gold, silver and paper dollars to-morrow and the country will not be one cent richer to-day. A few persons will be made rich by the change but others made poorer.

The California gold mines are not making our country richer; on the contrary, every day spent at the "diggings" is a day lost. For instance, a shoemaker of Pittsburg in the year of 1846 made three hundred pairs of shoes; this year he spends at the mines, and digs a peck of gold. Of course he will be rich, but the country will lose just the amount of shoes he would make, had he continued at his old trade. The reason of this is obvious—he ceases to produce actual wealth and spends his time in digging for its representative.

For it is only used for the purpose of making representatives of wealth, not wealth itself. A few men grow rich and proud, but the people suffer. Labour builds the banking house, pays the officers and the semi-annual dividends. Talk about capital producing! Paugh! It reproduces itself, by the aid of unmerciful legislation on false notions of "distributive justice," but all real wealth is the result of the workingman's toil.—Pitts. Post.

The Anti-Slavery Riot in New York.

This day has been one of extraordinary excitement in many respects. The uproarious scenes at the Broadway Tabernacle, where the anti-slavery fanatics have had full swing, and the arrival of three steamships from Chagres, laden with passengers, gold dust, and a month's later intelligence from California, have set the city all in a prodigious commotion, the like of which I have not seen for many a day.

The news and newsmongers from El Dorado speak for themselves. A word or two about the scenes at the Tabernacle, of which your humble correspondent was an eye-witness. I hinted in my letter of yesterday that a plan was afoot to drive the anti-slaveryites into the streets at any and at all hazards. No sooner had proceedings commenced this morning, than my suspicions were confirmed. Rynders and a well organized band occupied that portion of the galleries nearest the speaker.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison was the first speaker. He went on, in his peculiar style, to denounce the churches, the public men of the nation, everything and everybody, in short, when his declamation was suddenly arrested by Rynders & Co. rushing pell mell upon the stage telling him that he must cease his abuse, else the proceedings should not go on. They could not, they would not sit still and hear the nation abused in that style.

The scene which here ensued defies description. The Empire Club people made the immense hall ring with their shouts of execration. Garrison and Rynders, on the platform, were each struggling to obtain a hearing. Fists were clenched and thrust into the face. In rushed the police, and out went the more nervous portion of the audience. Rynders addressed the meeting in opposition to the sentiments of Garrison, and then said he would sit quietly down if they would permit Professor Grant to address the meeting. Cries of "no!" was the universal response from the abolition side of the house; but a compromise was finally agreed upon, to the effect that Mr. Furness of Philadelphia, should have a hearing first, and then Professor Grant would be heard.

This being agreed to, Mr. Furness came forward and made a very telling, "sharp-pointed" speech, interspersed with many happy hits at the "disturbers." The gentleman said he gloried in the name of abolition. He was not to be put down by personal menace, nor personal insult. The cause of freedom was thus advocated, at length, and in tolerable quiet, when Professor Grant took the stand. He proceeded to show, from well ascertained facts in natural history, that the negro was anything but a human being, and that therefore the attempt made by the Abolitionists to amalgamate black and white, man and brute, was monstrous in the extreme.

The abolition party, getting angry at this, attempted to put down the Professor, when another storm arose, to increase which, the Hutchinson Family, stationed in the gallery, away out of harm's way, commenced singing the celebrated emancipation song, "Ye Sons of Equality."

After a quarter of an hour's further skirmishing, much menacing, but no actual fighting, partial order was restored, and Frederick Douglass came forward to address the meeting. He had just opened his lips to say "Fellow citizens," when Rynders went up, and tapping him on the shoulder, said—"Mr. Douglass, you can proceed, sir; but if you backguard the country, I shall knock you down." Mr. Matsell, the Chief of the Police, interposed, and Mr. Douglass proceeded to address the meeting. His speech was a jeremiad over the wrongs of the slave in general, and the want of moral courage on the part of the Northern people to set those wrongs right. He was listened to in tolerable quiet, and after he had finished, Rev. Mr. May, (black,) of Courtland Co. had a few words to say; but he was not permitted to say them without a great deal of opposition. So things went on till half past one, when the meeting dispersed.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which, the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and so far as he is able, punctual. But there is a difference between a debt of revenge, and every other debt. By paying our other debts, we far more remedy of our revenge we do not seek no further. But in the case of revenge, we do not seek no further.

almost every person you meet with in the streets has a letter from the "diggings."—Correspondence of the Phil. Ledger.

The Anti-slavery Convention, was on the next day compelled to adjourn, owing to the noisy demonstrations of the rioters—Rynders and others. A great deal of confusion and uproarous declamation occurred but nothing serious.

A First Child.—A first child is always a marvel. There never was such a child as the first born of Mrs. Rawlings. The opinions which were pronounced upon its features widely differed as to the likeness they suggested. One thought it had papa's nose; another, papa's mouth; some traced mama in the eyes; some in its chin; others thought it was mama all over; no two people unanimous about the exact resemblance, but every body agreed upon the fact that let it resemble who it might, it was an extraordinary beauty.

Where is the New Road?—A farmer who had been in the city a few days, wishing to start out with his team, inquired of a German, who had just arrived from the country, "How are the roads?" "Oh der new road ish berry good," was the reply.

"And where is the new road?" asked the farmer.

"Just unther the old run," answered mynheer.

"I would advise you to put your head into a dye-tub—it's rather red," said a jester to a sandy-haired girl. "I would advise you to put yours into an oven—it's rather soft," said Nancy.

Fortunate Man.—A gentleman in Albany has about one baby a month left at his door, accompanied with the request that he will charitably provide for it, and bring it up religiously.

A Fall full of ye, with a peace of copparas half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will produce a fine speakeen color, which will not wash out. This is very useful for the linings of bed quilts, comforts, &c.

Suicide.—One of "do called bredren" was so grieved by jealousy, that on Monday night he put an end to his sufferings by swallowing big pointons till he choked to death. Verdict rendered against the "aters" accordingly.

Song.—Oh, marry the man you love, girls if you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Croesus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray do not marry for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall, but marry the man you love girls, if his purse is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he is little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to dawdl. But marry a sober man, girls, there are a few left on this ball; and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

A Young man recently having succeeded after persuasion, in getting a kiss out of a girl went on to tell of it. One of her acquaintances met her and said—"So, Sally, John says that you let him kiss you?" "I did let him after he had teased me an hour but it was a tight squeeze eventien."

"So he?" exclaimed the other—"he did not mention that. He only spoke of the kiss, but did not say anything about the squeeze."

A California Tree.—We have, says the Mobile Register, before us a letter from a gentleman, well known in this city, a man of integrity and veracity. He writes from California, (part of his wharabouts we are not informed,) as follows: Height of the tree 103 feet; circumference, six feet above the ground, 57 feet 4 inches; height to the first branch 130 feet; estimated diameter at the first branch 130 feet; estimated diameter at the first branch, 6 feet. This body of the tree is perfectly round. Fifty-seven feet four inches circumference would give five near 10 feet diameter. Think of that, ye whose parlors are less than 10 feet square!

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