The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XV. HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 3, 1859. NO. 6.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$1 50
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Three months.....50
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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

LIST OF GRAND JURORS for a Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon in and for the county of Huntingdon, the second Monday and 8th day of August, 1859.

Samuel Brickets, farmer, Jackson.
James Ewing, farmer, Barree.
Elisha Gillam, farmer, Barree.
James E. Glasgow, J. P., Clay.
Henry Greenawalt, farmer, Brady.
Henry Graffius, farmer, Porter.
William Hoffman, Carpenter, Huntingdon.
John Huey, farmer, Brady.
Michael Kyper, farmer, Porter.
Abraham Lewis, inn keeper, Shirley.
Benjamin J. Laport, wagon maker, Franklin.
Christian Miller, farmer, Cass.
John T. Moore, miller, West.
Michael Myers, farmer, Cromwell.
William McDivit, boatman, Oneida.
David McGarney, farmer, Shirley.
Martin Orlady, M. D., Walker.
Alexander Port, coal dealer, Huntingdon.
David Shingle, miller, Franklin.
Martin Walker, farmer, West.
Andrew Wise, farmer, Union.
Samuel Wigton, farmer, Franklin.
George B. Young, J. P., Porter.
James Ozburn, farmer, Jackson.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

J. S. Africa, surveyor, Huntingdon.
Samuel Brooks, Esq., clerk, Carbon.
J. Nelson Ball, mechanic, Huntingdon.
John A. Black, farmer, Clay.
Jacob Baker, farmer, Springfield.
Henry Cramer, founder, Brady.
Algerson Clark, farmer, Tod.
John Colder, sr., farmer, Porter.
Amos Clark, farmer, Tod.
John Copley, blacksmith, Warriorsmark.
Thomas Duffey, farmer, Springfield.
Samuel B. Donaldson, farmer, Carbon.
Edward Dougherty, farmer, Shirley.
George Eby, merchant, Brady.
Adam Focht, farmer, Morris.
Moses Greenland, farmer, Clay.
Thomas Green, farmer, Cass.
Alexander Gilleland, farmer, Tell.
Jacob Hetrick, farmer, Henderson.
A. S. Harrison, J. P., Huntingdon.
William Harman, carpenter, Porter.
John R. Hunter, merchant, West.
John Hostler, farmer, Morris.
John Jacobs, butcher, Shirleysburg.
James Lightner, M. D., Shirleysburg.
James Lyons, farmer, Springfield.
Porter Livingston, farmer, Barree.
James Lym, mason, Springfield.
Winchester J. McCarthy, farmer, Brady.
Robert Madden, carpenter, Springfield.
Charles H. Miller, tanner, Huntingdon.
David B. Monig, tanner, Warriorsmark.
George Numer, tanner, Henderson.
McGinley Neeley, tanner, Dublin.
James Neeley, Esq., tanner, Dublin.
Franklin Conner, tailor, Alexandria.
Daniel Prough, laborer, Henderson.
Andrew Park, farmer, Cass.
Henry Roberts, farmer, Shirley.
James J. Robison, laborer, Shirley.
Hon. Wm. B. Smith, farmer, Jackson.
Henry Sheeder, farmer, Penn.
James Smith, farmer, Jackson.
George Sipes, Esq., merchant, Cromwell.
Jacob Sellers, carpenter, Springfield.
Samuel Secrist, farmer, Brady.
G. G. Tate, constable, Carbon.
Thomas Wilson, Esq., farmer, Barree.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

William H. Briggs, farmer, Tell.
James S. Burket, inn-keeper, Cromwell.
Christian Couts, inn-keeper, Huntingdon.
John W. Chilcote, farmer, Cromwell.
Jacob H. Dell, farmer, Cromwell.
Asher Drake, jr., farmer, Clay.
Abraham Elias, farmer, Tod.
James Fleming, farmer, Jackson.
Samuel Grove, farmer, Union.
John Graffius, tinner, Warriorsmark.
K. L. Green, farmer, Clay.
Jonathan Hoover, farmer, Cass.
Peter Harnish, farmer, Morris.
Thomas Hyskill, farmer, Warriorsmark.
John Horning, farmer, Barree.
Nicholas Isenberg, brewer, Alexandria.
John Jackson, farmer, Jackson.
William Long, blacksmith, Huntingdon.
Miles Lewis, farmer, West.
Wm. A. McCarthy, teacher, Brady.
Joseph Morrison, inn-keeper, Carbon.
James McCline, farmer, Porter.
Peter N. Marks, carpenter, Huntingdon.
George Patterson, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Christian Price, farmer, Tell.
John Patterson, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Levi Redenour, farmer, Juniata.
George Roland, farmer, Cass.
James Reed, laborer, Carbon.
George H. Stevens, plasterer, Clay.
Solomon Silknitter, teacher, Oneida.
Alexander Scott, farmer, Tell.
John J. Swan, farmer, Dublin.
Peter Tippery, J. P., Morris.
Clark Walker, merchant, Barree.
John Weston, machinist, Warriorsmark.

Huntingdon, July 20, 1859.

TRIAL LIST FOR AUGUST TERM, 1859.

FIRST WEEK.

Andrew Patrick,	vs.	Eby, Cunningham & Herr.
Jacob H. Lex,	vs.	Caldwell & Hoover.
Jacob Criswell	vs.	R. Hare Powell.
Leonard Weaver	vs.	H. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co.
John Montgomery,	vs.	Jno. R. Gosnell.
Matson Walker,	vs.	Andrew Walker.
L. S. Hecht,	vs.	John Jamison.
Clement's heirs	vs.	Jno. McCauless, et. al.
Glasgow & Bair	vs.	Caleb Brown.
J. Butler Hamilton,	vs.	Fred. Crissman.
James Chamberlain,	vs.	Walter Graham.
Peter Etnire	vs.	Jno. Shope.
Mary Irvin,	vs.	Wm. Reed.
D. B. Birney,	vs.	John Eby.
Fleming Holliday	vs.	H. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co.

SECOND WEEK.

Stewart Foster, et. al.	vs.	Wm. Foster's heirs.
John Garner	vs.	John Savage.
John Savage,	vs.	Matthew Trueman.
Same,	vs.	Fisher.
A. S. & E. Roberts,	vs.	Robt. Speer's Admr.
Miller Wallace,	vs.	Wm. McCauly, et. al.
Mary McCauly,	vs.	West Branch In's. Co.
J. B. McElroy,	vs.	Henry Irvin.
Wm. H. Gorsuch,	vs.	Cromwell Tp. School Dis.
A. Port, Admr. for use,	vs.	Exrs. of Jas. Porter, dec'd.
Catharine Householder,	vs.	Abram Grub, et. al.
Thomas Welsh,	vs.	Admr. of J. French, dec'd.

Huntingdon, July 20, 1859.

SCHOOL BOOKS,

FOR SALE

AT LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

OSGOOD'S Speller, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Readers.
M'GUFFEY'S Speller and Readers.
SANDER'S do do do
SWAN'S do do do
COBB'S do do do
Smith's and Bullion's Grammar.
Warren's Physical Geography.
Mitchell's, Monteith and McNally's Geographies & Atlases.
Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries.
Quackenbos' First Lessons in Composition.
Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emmerson's, Swan's and Colburn's Arithmetics.
Greenleaf's and Stoddard's Keys.
Davies' Algebra.
Parker's Philosophy.
Upham's Mental Philosophy.
Willard's History of the United States.
Berard's " " "
Payson, Dunton and Scribner's Penmanship, in eleven numbers.
Academical, Controllers' and other Copy Books.
Elements of Map Drawing, with plan for sketching maps by tri-angulation and improved methods of projection.
Davies' Elementary Geometry and Trigonometry.
Davies' Legendre's Geometry.
Fulton & Eastman's Book-keeping.
Book Keeping by Single Entry, by Hanaford & Payson.
Book Keeping by Single and Double Entry, by Hanaford & Payson.
Other books will be added and furnished to order.
A full stock of School Stationery always on hand.
Huntingdon, April 27, 1859.

HYMN AND PRAYER BOOKS.
Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist and German Reformed, for sale at
LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY AND MUSIC STORE.

WRAPPING PAPER!
A good article for sale at
LEWIS' BOOK STORE.

Select Poetry.

Bury Me in the Morning.

BY MRS. HALL.

Bury me in the morning, mother—
Oh, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother—
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining there,
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with the night.

You tell of the Savior's love, mother—
I feel it in my heart—
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay,
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And Heaven seems far away—
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day, on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with the night.

Never unclasp my hand, mother,
Till it falls away with thine—
Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother,
Till I feel the love divine;
The love divine—oh! look, mother,
Above the beams I see—
And there an angel's face, mother,
Is smiling down on me.
So bury me in the morning, mother,
When the sunbeams flood the sky—
For death is the gate of life, mother,
And leads us to the light on high.

Interesting Miscellany.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Joe Brace was a farmer's son in the town of W——, and by his tricks and games and wild pranks, caused his watchful "parents" no little trouble sometimes. It happened on one occasion that Master Joe was caught in some misdemeanor, and as a punishment for the same, had been compelled to hoe in the corn field until such time as the said "parent" should judge proper that he should be released. Joe, like a dutiful son, took his hoe, and straightway commenced sad havoc among the weeds which obstructed the corn.

Dinner time came and passed by, and still no call for Joe, who began to think his punishment was "greater than he could bear," but still he toiled, expecting every moment to hear the summons which would release him for a time at least, from his task. But there was no such good luck for him. The old man determined that he should "sweat it out," as he termed it; stretched him on the lounge in the back room; was soon fast asleep; Joe labored faithfully till nearly three o'clock when hunger getting the better of duty, he resolved to "stay his stomach" at all hazards. So dropping his hoe he steered cautiously toward the house, and entering the back door, succeeded in reaching the pantry without detection, the old man being asleep, and the other portion of the household being engaged with company in the front part of the house, who had arrived a few minutes before. On entering commenced an attack on a mince pie that had been set on the window to cool, being just out of the oven.

When he had about half demolished the pie, and was thinking of some means to escape detection, his meditations were disturbed by something coming in contact with his limbs. On looking down he saw the favorite pussy, who had stolen in at the door, and was rubbing herself and purring as if expressing entire satisfaction at the proceeding. On perceiving her, he thought of a plan which he immediately put into execution. Grasping her fore legs he dabbled them about in the remaining part of the pie, and placing her on the shelf, left the pantry, the cat jumped on the floor, and following him, leaving her tracks of course, both on the shelf and on the floor. Joe now made immediate haste for the field, refreshed by his "bite" and was soon diligently at work.

He had been hoeing but a short time, when hearing a noise in the rear, he looked up and saw the old man coming with Tabby under one arm and his gun over his shoulder!—Neither spoke, the old man passing by, and proceeded behind a knoll which hid him from Joe's view.

Jone leaned on his hoe for a moment, listening, when the silence was disturbed by the report of a gun, mingled with the screeching of a cat, plainly intimated what had been the fate of poor pussy. In a moment more, the old man re-appeared with his gun in hand, the smoke still curling from the barrel; and as he passed by his laboring hopeful, if he had not been a little hard of hearing, he might have heard—"There goes another victim to circumstantial evidence."

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—A child's eyes—those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling, in sympathy, how tender. The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return; it will take, it is true, no measure or sounding of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss—whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek—but, its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling for the hour.

☞ There is only one thing which we are ever willing to give to others at the very time we need it ourselves—advice.

"I'll Try."

These are memorable words used by the hero of the battle of Bridgewater, when asked by his commanding officer if he could take the British cannon which were mowing down the American soldiers by battalions. He did try and how gloriously he succeeded, the pen of the historian has eloquently described.

This little word is worth all the rest in the language. It is the most magical, the most powerful, all-controlling and irresistible. It conquers all opposing obstacles, subdues all antagonistic forces, and triumphs over wrong, oppression, vice and delusion. It is the great lever of human prosperity, greatness and success. By it mountains are pulled down, or tunnels cut through them; roads are made through the pathless sea, and the lightning becomes an agent of the human will.

Energy, determination and perseverance are everything. How weak and irresolute is wanting in motive power. He faints at phantoms; is ready to give up the ghost at the appearance of a cloud as large as a man's hand. He dies daily. A groan in the morning, two at noon, and a dozen or two through the evening, make up the sum total of his monotonous existence. He has got the blues and declares he cannot help it. It is a——mistake. He can help it if he will only try.

Sitting down discouraged, will not remedy the evil. Be a man. Look misfortune full in the face, and like the ghost of a disordered imagination, it will soon disappear. You are far more frightened than hurt. No matter what happens, look up and move ahead. Suppose you have lost your money; suppose the hard earnings of years of patient toil have been swept away, is that any reason why you should hang down your head in hopeless despondency, as if all your noble manhood was obliterated? You have experience left—you have character, industry, friends; you only lack energy—you only need to determine to try. You have a capital within yourself to start upon—try. Say anything but "I can't." Rouse yourself and look about you. Rub out old scores and begin anew.

All our large cities and towns are crowded with honest and capable citizens, who have been shipwrecked. Some of them over and over again. But they have got upon their legs again, because they never got discouraged. Having more to work for, they resolved to work the harder. They learned to turn their adversities to good account; to coin their misfortunes into gold.

It has been said that all young men have to be ruined once, in order to know how to live—especially if they commence rich and prosperously. Men do not grow robust on sugar candies. They do not become giants in a hot house. In order to become men they must rough it, and the sooner they begin the better. The oak sinks its roots deeper and the more firmly in the storm and amidst the hurricane.

Few of us know what we are capable of accomplishing until we try. We can do almost anything that we are fully determined upon, and go rightly to work about it. Some one says the Alps will appear little more than mole hills, when we have made up our minds to scale them. Hundreds might have been as Napoleon the First, as philosophical as Franklin, prudent as Washington, as ingenious as Fulton, if they had only tried. Dismayed by shadows, discouraged by mole hills, they lingered in obscurity and died unknown.

Let us be men. Resolve that we will not die a cipher or a drone—expire like an empty soap bubble, leaving the world as we found it, neither better not worse for our having lived in it.

Inclined to be Quarrelsome.

We heard that prince of story-tellers, Tom Calloway, get off the following, amidst bursts of laughter, the other night. Squaring himself and stretching out his legs, he began:—

There was once a little, slim-built fellow, rich as a Jew, and independent as the devil, riding along a highway, in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs by the help of a big, raw-bone, six-feet-two specimen of humanity. Stopping the last named individual, he accosted him—

"I say, are these your hogs?"

"No, sir, I'm to work by the month."

"What pay might you be getting, friend?"

"Ten dollars a month, and whiskey thrown in," was the reply.

"Well, look here, I'm a weak, little, inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, do you see. Now, I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month to ride along with me and protect me," was Mr. Gardener's reply. "But," he added, as a thought struck him, "how might you be on a fight?"

"Never been licked in my life" rejoined the six-footer.

"Just the man I want. It's a bargain," queried Gardener.

Six-footer ruminated. Twenty-five dollars—double wages—nothing to do but ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasionally, when he's sassy. Six-footer accepted.

They rode along till just at night they reached a village. Dismounting at the door, they went in. Gardener immediately singled out the biggest man in the room, and picked up a fuss with him. After considerable promiscuous jawing, Gardener turned to his fighting friend and intimated that the licking of that man had become a sad necessity. Six-footer peeled, went in, and came out first best.

The next night, at another hotel, the same scene was re-anacted; Gardner getting into a row with the biggest man in the place, and six-footer doing the fighting.

At last on the third day, they came to a ferry, kept by a huge double-fisted man who had never been licked in his life. Whilst crossing the river, Gardner, as usual, began to find fault and "blow." The ferryman naturally got mad, threw things around kind o' loose, and then told them his opinion of their kind. Gardner then turned to his friend "from the shoulder," and gently broke the intelligence to him, "that he was sorry, but that it was absolutely necessary to thrash that ferryman." Six-footer nodded his head but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen, that he did not relish the job, by the way he shrugged his shoulders, but there was no help for it. So when they reached the shore, both stripped, and at it they went. Up and down the bank, over the sand, into the water they fought, scratched, gouged, bit and rolled, till at the end of an hour the ferryman caved. Six-footer was triumphant, but it had been tough work. Going up to his employer, he scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth:—

"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary sets mighty well, but—I'm—of the opinion—that you are inclined to be quarrelsome. Here I've only been with you three days, and I've licked the three biggest men in the country. I think this firm had better dissolve, for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome, and I reckon I'll draw."

The "Try Company."

A gentleman who was riding in the cars, noticed a bright little fellow, between five and six years of age, sitting with his father and mother, and engaged in the attempt to unloose the knot of the string that bound a small parcel. The knot had become well compacted, and the child's tiny fingers seemed to make no impression thereon. The patient earnestness of the little fellow was contrasted with the apparent indifference of his parents, who looked on, but made no attempt to assist him. At last the gentleman, whose sympathies with children were warm, could bear the sight no longer; so, partly to help the child, and partly to rebuke the parents, he took out his knife and handing it to the boy, said:—

"Here, my little fellow, try the virtue of a sharp blade. You can not untie the knot!"

Something to his surprise, the knife was not taken; but instead, the child answered with a smile—

"Please, sir, father don't allow me to say I can't; I belong to the 'Try Company.'"

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, as he drew back his hand. "I never heard of that company before."

"Oh, I've always belonged to it. Have I not, father?" and the child turned, with an expression of loving confidence in his face, towards his father.

"He's a worthy member of that excellent association, sir," remarked the father, now speaking to the gentleman, and smiling in a pleasant way.

"Ah, I understand you!" Light was breaking in upon his mind. "This is a part of your discipline. You never permit your little boy to say I can't."

"But, instead, I'll try, sir."

"Excellent," said the gentleman. "Excellent! Here is the way that men are made. It is the everlasting *I can't*, that is dwarfing the energies of thousands upon thousands all over the land. A feeble effort is made to overcome some difficulty, and then the arms fall wearily, and the task is abandoned."

"And who is most to blame for this?" was inquired.

"Parents," was the unhesitating reply.—"Parents who fail to cultivate patience and perseverance in their children. Parents who carry them when they should let them walk, even though their feet may be weary. I see it all as clear as light, and see my own fault at the same time. I cut the knot of difficulty for my children every day, instead of requiring them to loosen it themselves. But, sir, they shall join the 'Try Company' after this. I'll have no more knot cutting in my house."

How is it with you, reader, child or man? Are you a member of the "Try Company?" If not, and you have any ambition to be something more than a drone in the hive, join it at once; and from this time forth never let the words "I can't" find a place on your lips.

A Modest Young Man.

We love a modest, unassuming young man, wherever we find him—in the counting room or law office—at the bellows or crank—at the roll-stand or type case—on a clam-bank or on the pulpit. Among a world of brass and bold impudence, he stands forth an honor to himself; showing to others that he at least has had a good bringing up, and knows what belongs to good manners. Ask him a question, and he will not look cross enough to bite you. If you are looking for anything, he will take pains to find it for you if he can.

When in company with others, he does not usurp all the conversation, and endeavor to call the attention of others to himself, by boisterous language. He listens attentively to his seniors, and modestly advances his opinions. We love such a man—we do sincerely—and his company we highly prize. If he meets you in the street, he pleasantly bows, and bids you good morning. You do not find him standing at the corners, using profane words, or see him standing at the entrance of churches on the Sabbath. He quietly enters his pew and takes his seat without a flourish. He goes to hear, not merely to see. Such young men there are in the country and in the city. We often see them. You will find them in some of your printing offices, workshops, and other places, where to earn one's living is honorable. When they come upon the stage of active life, they must succeed—it cannot be otherwise. We would give more for a modest, unassuming man, for all the practical business of life, than for a score of brassy, impudent rascals, who are not worth the bread they keep from moulding.

PEACE.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is na an uneasy guest, and always on tiptoe depart. It tires and wears us out, and keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly and it never exhausts our strength nor gives us one anxious forecasting thought. Therefore let us pray for peace. It is the gift of God—promised to all his children; and if we have it in our hearts we shall not pine for joy, though its bright wings never touch us while we tarry in the world.

☞ When, where, and under what circumstances we must die, is wisely and graciously hid from our eyes.

Miscellaneous News.

What has John C. Breckinridge Done?

For more than two years it has been repeatedly and strikingly made manifest that the second officer in the Government of this Republic has labored under the gravest displeasure of the first. Not caring to inquire into the secrets behind the scenes on the political stage at Washington, we have observed the progress of this feeling as it has been publicly demonstrated, and therefore speak only from such facts as are patent and probable. It is alleged, by those who ought to know, that, from the moment the ballot-box spoke a favorable verdict for James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge, the first began to distrust and to depreciate the second; and, we believe, no attempt has been made to conceal the manner in which the President excluded the Vice President from his councils in the construction of his Cabinet. Indeed, from the inauguration to the present day a steady attempt seems to have been made to ignore Mr. Breckinridge, to make him a voiceless figure-head in the Senate, and to class him among the vast and uninfluential masses designated by the generic term of "outsiders."—The general and generous public will inquire, on reviewing these notorious aspects of past politics, what has Mr. Breckinridge done to merit this treatment at the hands of an Administration of which, by law and by courtesy, by precedent and by practice, by universal expectation and unchallenged capacity, and by the decree of the ballot-box, he is, or ought to be, an important member? Claiming to stand in no relation to this gentleman that entitles us to speak of him by authority, and uttering our independent opinion only an independent journalist, it is the simple truth to say that his character and his attributes contributed greatly to the triumph of the Democratic party in 1856.—There was, and there is, something extremely fascinating in his history and his manners. Selected as a candidate when still a very young man, (Mr. Breckinridge will only be thirty-nine on the 16th of January, 1860,) there was that in his years, in his appearance in his singular intellectual gifts, in his manly deportment, and in his unselfish patriotism, that made him an object of rare interest to all parties, and especially to the youth of America—all combined superinducing such a revolution in the State of Kentucky as led to its conquest from the hands of those who had held it for nearly thirty long years, and united it closely to the Democratic column.—In the nation at large he was hardly less a favorite. Thousands will recall, during all their lives, the impression he made upon the people of Pennsylvania when, in 1856, he came among us to raise his voice for the Democratic party. There was, therefore, every motive, alike of good breeding and of self-interest, to impel him to the kindest relations with the President, and to awaken the kindest reciprocity of this sentiment on the part of the latter. What has he done, then, to have lost the confidence of the highest officer of the Republic—first exhibited by an apparently inexorable determination to ignore him wholly in the settlement of the policy and the distribution of the patronage of the Administration; and, secondly, by certain emphatic explosions of recent hostility in the recognised organs of the Administration? If the answer is plain to this question, as it is, it is painful and mortifying to state it. Mr. Breckinridge *has refused to be a party to the merciless proscription of the President and his Cabinet upon such Democrats as felt bound in honor to oppose a portion of the Administration programme.* While yielding as Southern men a reluctant support to the Lecompton policy, his friends and himself have not stimulated the purposes of the officers of the Government in ostracising all Democrats who took the other side of the question. When in 1858 he saw the great struggle going on in Illinois between the hosts of the Democratic party, led by Stephen A. Douglas, and the legions of the Opposition led by Mr. Lincoln, (the exponent of doctrines against which the Democratic party everywhere, *including the Administration itself* was solemnly committed,) he did not restrain the expression of his sympathy with his political friends, and his preference for the Democratic leader in that great battle. This was a capital offence. It fell upon the despotic few at Washington who had doomed the gallant Douglas to an ignominious political death, like an unexpected warning; and although it aroused an answering thrill in the Democratic ranks everywhere, it also infused new vitality into the bitter hatred which has marked the course of the President in his relations to the Vice President, before and since the 4th of March, 1857. But the offending of the Vice President against the puissant powers at the seat of the Federal Government did not halt with this. When the odious dogma of Congressional protection to slavery in the Territories was enunciated by these powers—embodied as it was in, and answering as it did to the demand of the extreme South, for a slave code in those Territories—the Vice President saw his duty in opposing it, and did so like a patriot. This was done, be it observed, not because of any disposition to disturb his relations with the Chief of the Administration, but on the ground of devotion to constitutional principles; to save Democracy of the Union from destruction, and to prevent his own State from falling back into the hands of those from whom he had mainly assisted to rescue it. And we believe the result will prove that this wise and precautionary measure will consolidate Kentucky still more firmly into a Democratic State.

It may be that Mr. Breckinridge has fallen into disrepute at Washington because his name has been mentioned in many quarters in connection with the Presidency itself. No man regards an aspirant to this high office with more jealousy than the present occupant of it. He has come to regard it as his fief, as an estate held almost as the ancient barons held their estates, by the strong hand. No matter who may raise his eyes to this tempting prize, the moment he does so he is forever shut out from the confidence of James Buchanan. Accordingly, we have seen, and only within a few days past, a deliberate attempt, (no matter how subsequently recalled) which was evidently an authorized attempt, and in harmonious consistency with the entire course of the President himself, to excommunicate all the principal candidates for the Presidency named in connection with the Charleston Convention. That the Administration should desire to put out of the way such rebels as Douglas and Wise was an expected act of official infatuation; but that they should set on their organs to defame and denounce Mr. Breckinridge, however accustomed the public mind has been rendered to their hallucinations, was an achievement singularly calculated to startle the Democratic party from its centre to its extremities.

We think we have now explained why Mr. Breckinridge has been included in the catalogue of malefactors, and why his head is to be demanded as a sacrificial peace offering to that Executive executioner who seems to have resolved to close his career by destroying the great party which elected him to the high office he now occupies.

In the French Revolution, when great men were suspected of want of fealty to the despots who temporarily ruled France in a sea of blood, the blow fell, in many instances, with unexpected suddenness. There were the accusation, the trial, and the *death*, following each other with remorseless rapidity. Our Directory—our Danton, our Marat, and Couthan—though unable to take human life, glory in a sort of moral and political assassination, which frequently recalls their resemblance to their prototypes during the Reign of Terror. They have a black list crowded with the white and shining names of the Republic, and one after the other they have carried, or attempted to carry, the most eminent Democrats to the reeking guillotine which they have erected. There is not a State in the Union in which they have not sought to strike down the highest and purest of our champions. No reputation, however venerated, no political fidelity, however unstained and unbroken, has stayed their hands. Bancroft in the East, Soule in the South, Douglas in the West, and Packer in the middle of the Union, are but the types of the men who have fallen under their exceptionless displeasure. It was natural that their last act should be to venture a rush upon the young and gifted gentleman who was chosen Vice President of the United States by the suffrages of the Democratic party. It only required this to complete their claim upon the detestation of their country.—*The Press.*

Burning Fluid.

A correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin* in entering a protest against the use of Burning Fluid remarks that "there is scarcely a day passes but there is a record of some distressing case in which the sufferer, after enduring untold agonies, dies a victim to this diabolical invention; and yet because, like the burning or blowing up of a steamboat or a great railroad accident, *great numbers* of human beings are not *killed at once*, the poor victims to the destructive agency of Camphene, &c., perish one by one, and their distressing deaths cause but a momentary sensation, and are soon forgotten except by those who are bereaved. Camphene, Burning Fluid, and such like explosive fluids are usually made with a mixture of Alcohol and highly rectified Sprits of Turpentine, two of the most inflammable fluids known, neither of which are safe near a flame in the hands of the most careful; and yet we find a compound of these most dangerous articles in the hands often of ignorant persons and even young children. The liquid being clear, the over nice seem willing on that account to hazard the lives of themselves their children, and their property in using an article actually more dangerous to handle than gun-powder, for that article subtle vapor that may be stealing through the air and explode on meeting a spark of fire, but fire must be actually applied to it to make it explode. The invisible vapor of Camphene or burning fluid may explode by coming in contact with the flame of a lamp or even of the red hot surface of a stove. The effect is like that of carrying a light in a room where there has been a leak from the gas pipes. The flame is instantly communicated through the air to the vessel containing the fluid, and this bursting, everything around is enveloped in fire. Some persons wonder why the frail glass lamps should burst—this may occur easily from the nature of Camphene, &c., which are highly expansive fluids, and when a lamp is filled and brought in a warm room. if the glass is not very strong, is likely to burst it—for instance a barrel of spirits of turpentine, wanting a gallon of being full, will, if placed in sun or a warm room, overflow the bung hole, this is the expansion caused by the heat, and it is so in a lamp or bottle. The bulk of a glass lamp is often blown extremely thin, and yields to this expansion caused by the heat, and it is so in a lamp or in a bottle. The bulb of a glass lamp is often blown extremely thin, and yields to this expansion, and the Camphene catching fire from the burning wick, scatters destruction and even death around on hapless children and others exposed to its direful effects. I would rather have gun-powder in my dwelling than these burning fluids, and it is strange that those who know their character should run the risk of using articles so dangerous to life and property, suffering them to be used daily by those who are totally unconscious of their qualities."

SEASONABLE.—The use of fruit is not understood by many of our people. Some have great prejudices against it during the summer and autumnal months; others observe no rule in regard to the time of eating it, or the quantity which may be taken with safety.—The prejudice of the former most likely grow out of the neglect of ordinary prudence by those who use it without any regard to time, quantity or state. Impropriety used or eaten, when in an unfit state, it is productive of many diseases peculiar to the summer months, but undoubtedly a proper use is conducive to health and preventive of disease. No general rule can be given for the eating of fruit—except that it should always be of a sound and wholesome quality. Every person must judge of the quantity and the kind of fruit and vegetables best suited to their constitutions. "What is one man's meat is another's poison." Three or four large apples would induce cholera morbus in some, while they would be beneficial to others. Experience is always the best guide—you can take with safety everything agreeable to the system, as well in the dog days as in mid winter. The great secret is to know when to stop. Excessive eating—stuffing, overloading the stomach—brings on disease and often produces death.

☞ From the 16th to the 21st ult., inclusive, there were thirty-one deaths by sunstroke at Cincinnati, being about one-fourth the entire number of cases.

☞ The cannonading at Solferino was heard at Trieste, a distance of 150 miles, as the crow flies.