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Select Poetry.

THINGS TO CHERISH.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or eagerly bid the hope again,
If thou art sad a while;
The eyes that, when no words are breathed,
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh, cherish them, ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine.
The faithful hearts around thee,
That glow with love and youth,
That time and care ne'er yet have scarred,
Nor ravished with their truth;
The heart whose beatings we have heard
When throbbing near our own—
Oh, cherish them; those beatings hushed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone.
The days when there are hearts and eyes
That throbb and beam for thee;
The few best hours when life doth seem
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak
The full heart's joy is pain—
Oh, cherish them! once gone, alas!
They ne'er return again!

I Wish he'd Make up his mind.
I wish he would make up his mind,
For I don't care much longer to wait;
I've never had a hint at a marriage,
That I thought of changing my state;
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out though I try;
I owned that he's very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!
When I speak about love and a cottage,
He gives me a look of surprise;
And if I but hint at a marriage,
He blushes quite up to his eyes;
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that's not the way, I'm certain,
To get him to make up his mind.
I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've raved him with best dippers and a bow,
And we've walked it by moonlight together,
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You must really ask his intention,
Or since other beau I must find;
For indeed I won't tarry much longer,
For one who can't make up his mind.

MATRIMONY.—This subject is not treated generally with as much deference and reflection as it deserves. Nothing is of more consequence than matrimony to the happiness and best interest of those who think of entering into its solemn relations. But very few give the subject the consideration its importance demands. Frequently a young man bestows more time in buying a horse than he does in choosing a wife. Frequently a young lady spends more hours at her toilet than she does in studying the character of her lover. Frequently they show more judgment in the purchase of a book than in the selection of a husband. There is a time in the history of every young person which is the turning point of their lives. It occurs sometimes sooner, sometimes later in life. But every young lady arrives at the most critical and entertaining period of her life at eighteen years of age. And then if she is not very cautious and prudent she will injure the dignity of her standing and her hopes of a fortunate marriage for life. Self-will and vanity are her two worst enemies at this age. If she has the mastery of those, and has a good acquaintance with the secret springs of human nature, her chances are very favorable. Many a young lady has ruined her prospects by being too obstinate, and in not yielding to the voice of her superiors. Nothing is more common than for a young lady to be very highly flattered when she becomes the object of attention from the young men. Never has she more reason to fear. For unless she is very discreet, these attentions may be very means of throwing her out of the company of those whose smiles she once so highly enjoyed. When two or three young gents pay their addresses to a lady about one and the same time, generally speaking it is very likely to prove a great disadvantage to the young lady. It makes her haughty, proud, arrogant, and vain. Consequently, the better sense of her admirers being disgusted with her airs and foibles, she has company as being of no advantage to them. For the most part every one can be just what they wish—can occupy just such a position as they desire, if they will but use good judgment and perseverance. When we look upon the many unhappy marriages—upon the very many disappointed young ladies and gentlemen, we can but say it is mostly their own faults and errors and false notions of men and things that has caused it.

Political.

LETTER FROM THE HON. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

WASHINGTON, July 9, 1860.

The letter of acceptance from Hon. John C. Breckinridge of the nomination for President, has just been made public. It is in answer to the following letter from Hon. Caleb Cushing:—

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION,
Baltimore, Md., June 23, 1860.

SIR:—I am directed by a vote of the Democratic National Convention to inform you that you have been this day unanimously nominated by it as the candidate of the Democratic party for the office of President of the United States, and in their behalf to request you to accept the nomination.

I beg leave, at the same time, to enclose to you a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Convention as the political platform on which the party stands.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
C. CUSHING, President.

HON. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

Washington City, June 26, 1860.
DEAR SIR:—I have your letter of the 23d inst., by which I am officially informed of my nomination for the office of President of the United States by the Democratic National Convention, lately assembled at Baltimore.

The circumstances of this nomination will justify me in referring to its personal aspect.

I have not sought nor desired to be placed before the country for the office of President. When my name was presented to the Convention at Charleston, it was withdrawn by a friend in obedience to my expressed wishes. My views had not changed when the Convention re-assembled at Baltimore; and when I heard of the differences which occurred there, my indisposition to be connected prominently with the canvass was confirmed, and expressed to many friends.

Without discussing the occurrences which preceded the nominations, and which are or soon will be well understood by the country, I have only to say that I approve, as just and necessary to the preservation of the national organization, and the sacred right of representation, the action of the Convention over which you continued to preside; and thus approving it, and I having resolved to sustain it, I feel that it does not become me to select the position I shall occupy, nor to shrink from the responsibilities of the post to which I have been assigned. Accordingly, I accept the nomination from a sense of public duty; and, as I think, uninfluenced in any degree by the allures of ambition.

I avail myself of this occasion to say that the confidence in my personal and public character, implied by the action of the Convention, will always be gratefully remembered; and it is but just, also, to my own feelings, to express my gratification at the association of my name with that of my friend General Lane, a patriot and a soldier, whose great services in the field and in council entitle him to the gratitude and confidence of his countrymen.

The resolutions adopted by the Convention have my cordial approval. They are just to all parts of the Union—to all our citizens, native and naturalized—and they form a noble policy for any Administration. The questions touching the rights of person and property, which have of late been much discussed, find in these resolutions a constitutional solution. Our Union is a confederacy of equal sovereign States, for the purposes enumerated in the Federal Constitution. Whatever the common Government holds in trust for all the States, must be enjoyed equally by each. It controls the Territories in trust for all the States. Nothing less than sovereignty can destroy or impair the rights of persons or property. The Territorial Governments are subordinate and temporary, and not sovereign; hence they cannot destroy or impair the rights of persons or property. While they continue to be Territories they are under the control of Congress, but the Constitution nowhere confers on any branch of the Federal Government the power to discriminate against the rights of the States, or the property of their citizens in the Territories. It follows that the citizens of all the States may enter the Territories of the Union with their property of whatever kind, and enjoy it during the territorial condition, without let or hindrance, either by Congress or by the subordinate Territorial Governments.

These principles flow directly from the absence of sovereignty in the Territorial Governments, and from the equality of the States. Indeed, they are essential to that equality which is, and ever has been, the vital principle of our constitutional Union. They have been settled legislatively, settled judicially, and are sustained by right reason. They rest on the rock of the Constitution. They will preserve the Constitution—they will preserve the Union.

It is idle to attempt to smother these great issues, or to misrepresent them by the use of partisan phrases, which are misleading and delusive. The people will look beneath such expressions as "intervention," "Congressional slave code," and the like, and will penetrate to the real questions involved. The friend of equality do not, and never did, demand a "Congressional slave code," nor any other code in regard to property in the Territories. They hold the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress or by a Territorial Legis-

lature, either to establish or prohibit slavery; but they assert (fortified by the highest judicial tribunal in the Union) the plain duty of the Federal Government, in all its departments to secure when necessary to the citizens of all the states, the enjoyment of their property in the common territories, as every where else within its jurisdiction. The only logical answer to this would seem to be to claim sovereign power for the Territories, or to deny that the Constitution recognizes property in the slaves of negro slaves, or to deny that such property can exist.

Inconceivable logic, which works its steady way through clouds and passion, compels the country to meet the issue. There is no evasive middle ground. Already the signs multiply of a fanatical and growing party, which denies that under the Constitution, or by any other law, slave property can exist; and ultimately this struggle must come between this party and the National Democracy, sustained by the other conservative element in the Union.

I think it will be impossible for a candidate to discover hostility to the Union or a taint of sectionalism, in the resolutions adopted by the Convention. The Constitution and the Union repose on the equality of the States, which, like a broad foundation underneath our political structure, as I construe them, the resolutions simply assert this equality. They demand nothing for any State or section that is not cheerfully conceded to all the rest. It is well to remember that the chief disorders which have afflicted our country have grown out of the violation of the State equality, and that, as long as this great principle has been respected, we have been blessed with harmony and peace. Nor will it be easy to persuade the country that resolutions are sectional which command the support of a majority of the States, and are approved by the bone and body of the old Democracy, and by a vast mass of conservative opinion everywhere, without regard to their party.

It has been necessary more than once in our history to pause and solemnly assert the true character of this Government.—A memorable instance occurred in the struggle which ended in the civil revolution of 1800. The Republicans of that day like the Democrats of this, were stigmatized as disunionists, but they nobly conducted the contest under the Constitution and saved our political system. By a like struggle it is intended to assert and establish the equality of the States as the only basis of union and peace. When this object shall be accomplished, the last cloud shall disappear from the American sky, and with common hearts and hands the States and the people will unite to develop the resources of the whole country, to bind it together with the bands of intercourse and brotherhood, and to impel it onward in its career. The Constitution and the equality of the States—these are symbols of everlasting union. Let these be the rallying cry of the people.

I trust that this canvass will be conducted without rancor, and that temperate argument will take the place of hot words and passionate arguments. Above all, I venture humbly to hope that Divine Providence, to whom we owe our origin, our growth and all our prosperity, will continue to protect our beloved country against all danger, foreign and domestic.

I am, with great respect, your friend,
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Hon. C. Cushing, President of the Democratic National Convention.

LETTER FROM HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

WASHINGTON, June 27, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—In accordance with the verbal assurance which I gave you when you placed in my hands the authentic evidence of my nomination for the Presidency by the National Convention of the Democratic party, I now send you my formal acceptance.

Upon a careful examination of the platform of principles adopted at Charleston, and reaffirmed at Baltimore, with an additional resolution which is in perfect harmony with the others, I find it to be a faithful embodiment of the time-honored principles of the Democratic party, as the same were proclaimed and understood by all parties in the Presidential contest of 1848, '52 and '56.

Upon looking into the proceedings of the Convention also, I find that the nomination was made with great unanimity, in the presence and with the concurrence of more than two thirds of the whole number of delegates, and in exact accordance with the long-established usages of the party. My inflexible purpose not to be a candidate nor accept the nomination in any contingency, except as the regular nominee of the National Democratic party, and in that case only upon condition that the usages as well as the principles of the party should be strictly adhered to, it had been proclaimed for a long time, and became well known to the country.

These conditions having all been complied with by the free and voluntary action of the Democratic masses and their faithful representatives; without any agency, interference or procurement on my part, I feel bound in honor and duty to accept the nomination.

In taking this step I am not unmindful of the responsibilities it imposes; but with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, I have faith that the people will comprehend the true nature of the issues involved, and eventually maintain the right. The peace of the country and the safety of the Union have been put in jeopardy by attempts to interfere with and control the domestic affairs of the people in Territories through the agency of the Federal Government.

If the power and duty of Federal inter-

ference be conceded, two hostile sectional parties must be the inevitable result—the one inflaming the passions and ambition of the North, and the other of the South—each struggling to use the Federal power and authority for the aggrandisement of its own section at the expense of the equal rights of the other, and in derogation of those fundamental principles of self-government which were firmly established in this country by the American Revolution as the basis of our entire republican system. During the memorable period of our political history, when the advocates of Federal intervention upon the subject of slavery in the Territories had well nigh "precipitated the country into revolution"—the Northern interventionists demanding the Wilmot Proviso for the prohibition of slavery, and the Southern interventionists (then few in number and without a single representative in either House of Congress) insisting upon Congressional legislation for the protection of slavery in opposition to the wishes of the people, in either case—it will be remembered that it required all the wisdom, power and influence of a Clay, and a Webster, and a Cass, supported by the conservative and patriotic men of the Whig and Democratic parties of that day, to devise and carry out a line of policy which would restore peace to the country and stability to the Union. The essential living principle of that policy, as applied in the legislation of 1850, was, and now is, non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories.

The fair application of this just and equitable principle restored harmony and fraternity to a distracted country. If we now depart from that wise and just policy, which produced these happy results, and permit the country to be again distracted, it not precipitated into a revolution by a sectional contest between pro-slavery and anti-slavery interventionists, where shall we look for another Clay, and another Webster, or another Cass; to pilot the Ship of State over the breakers into a haven of peace and safety?

The Federal Union must be preserved. The Constitution must be maintained inviolate in all its parts. Every right guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected by law in all cases where legislation is necessary to its enforcement. The judicial authority, as provided in the Constitution, must be sustained and its decisions implicitly obeyed and faithfully executed. The laws must be administered, and the constituted authorities upheld, and all unlawful resistance suppressed. These things must all be upheld, with firmness, impartiality, and fidelity, and if we expect to enjoy and transmit unimpaired to our posterity that blessed inheritance which we have received in trust from the patriots and sages of the Revolution.

With the sincere thanks for the kind and agreeable manner in which you have made known to me the action of the Convention,
I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your friend and fellow citizen,
S. A. DOUGLAS.

To Hon. Wm. H. Ludlow, of New York;
R. P. Dick, of North Carolina; and others of the Committee.

Miscellaneous.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim, and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds to our substrata from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have—the envying of those who possess that more, and we wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind and eventually lead to ruin. I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humor and good sense so remarkably as my friend Alexander Willemot. When I first saw him since our school days, it was at the close of the war; he had been a large contractor with the Government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast that it would employ the time of six clerks for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck.

As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his recent success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you; you must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemot will receive you with pleasure, I am sure. You shall see my two girls." I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Everything was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner to be put off, Willemot replied: "On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour; how people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my

cook is an artist extraordinaire—a regular Gordon Bleu. You may eat anything without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into a friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothing. I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this chart; you will find it excellent, not a headache in a hoghead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that we would rattle round the park; and we set off in a handsome open carriage with four greys, ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whittling along, he observed, "in town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses which is delightful; it makes our spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labor. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and in such amusements I passed one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemot was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I felt him pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence. I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years.

On my return I inquired after my friend Willemot, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as change in the government, a demand for economy, and the warring of his contractors having been differently rendered from what Willemot had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance sheet, and instead of his being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Tedmond; as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighborhood.

I took the earliest opportunity of going to see him. "O, my dear Reynolds, this is so kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come, Mrs. Willemot will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as content and happy, and as friendly as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the cook extraordinary. I praised everything.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook, she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare, and altogether, I think it a decided improvement. Jane is quite a treasure."

After dinner he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government has not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I am a fraud."

"However, here you see my friends especially my school-fellows. Will you take port or claret? the port is fine, so is the claret. By-the-by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to Col. Willemot—an excellent match; it will make us all happy."

The next day we drove out in an open carriage as before, but in a chaise, and with a pair of horses. "These are handsome horses," observed I. "Yes," replied he, "I am fond of horses; and as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in four horses I do not much like, it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbors."

I spent a very few pleasant days and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physician, and proceed to the South of France, where I remained two years. On my return I was informed that Willemot had speculated and had been unlucky on the stock exchange; that he had left Richmond and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange. "Reynolds I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back; if not engaged come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and at four o'clock I met him according to appointment at a very stable, over the iron bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace. "They keep out well don't they? We shall be down in plenty time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is our dinner time. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course you know that Louisa has a little boy." I did not, but congratulated him. Yes and has gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also to be married—a very good match—a Mr. Rivers in the law. He has been called to the bar this year and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses. I forgot the name, and as we drove up, the servant the only man servant, came out and took the ponies around to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extracts for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemot. The house was small but very neat, the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favorites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a plain dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing after all," observed Willemot. "Your fine cooks wont condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this surloin?, the under cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some of the Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Mr. Willemot told me very unconcernedly, of his losses. "It was not my fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However we can always command a bottle of port and a beef-steak, and what more in this world can you have?—Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port but I could perceive no difference in Willemot. He was just as happy and cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughter into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for your self alone; and one horse in a four wheeled double chaise, appears like an imposition on the poor animal."

I went to Scotland and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemot had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, put myself in the *Times*, and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry I could find out his address. At last I obtained it in a respectable part of this overgrown town. Willemot received me just as before. "I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small but is very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the court was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether—in fact, as my daughters are both married and we have enough to live upon what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy, and, as for carriage and horse, they are of no use here—there are flies at every corner of the streets."

I accepted this invitation to dinner. A parlor maid waited, but everything although very plain, was clean and comfortable. "I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemot after dinner; "but for my part I prefer whiskey to day; it agrees with me better.—Here's to the health of my two girls—God bless them and succeed to them in life."

"My dear Willemot, said I, "excuse the liberty of an old friend, but I am astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow, replied he, "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could have lived happily under such circumstances, but the fact is, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; and them my wife she is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and farther as we have been going down hill to find reasons why we should be thankful and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness; as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemot and his wife with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not that the grapes were sour, but he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

RELATIONSHIP.—A Hoosier girl stepped on board a steamboat lying at a certain town on the Ohio river, and bawled out— "Is this captain on board?" The captain, who was standing among the crowd, responded, "Yes; what do you want with him?" "Oh, nothing particular; he's a distant relation of mine, and I'd like to see him."

"A relation of yours?" inquired he, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, a slight relation—he's the father of my first child!"

You had better believe the captain sloped in quick time, while the crowd enjoyed the sport to their heart's content.

John Morrissey is impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Benicia Boy, with the view of promptly accepting the challenge for another fight. Morrissey appears to be anxious to meet his old adversary again in the ring, and a match will probably be made as soon as Heenan arrives.

The old log school house in Winchester, Ill. in which Judge Douglas taught school about thirty years ago, is about to be adopted as a political emblem. It is fully equal to Lincoln rails, at least.