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## The Republican.

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## Select Poetry.

### A FAULT CONFESSED.

"A fault confessed is half redressed;" A simple saying, brief and wise; The ready truth is ever best, If truth without disguise.

If in a week and angry hour, We utter bitter words and strong, Oh! let us strive with all our power To rectify the wrong.

If we attempt to mar and stain A fellow-being's peace and name; What does our selfish spirit gain But fruitfulness and shame? Remember that we but distress Another's heart and our own;

Then let us hasten to confess, And, if we can, atone.

But there are deeds done in the dark More baneful still than careless speech; 'Tis when we single out a mark That secret spite may reach; An arrow from an unseen hand Is wing'd to wound some guiltless breast; And who can such a foe withstand? Hidden and unconfessed!

God judgeth justly, and will bring Grief for the mischief that we do; We cannot work an evil thing But we shall suffer too. Then let us lay the bosom bare Before the injured one and Heaven, And, in a gush of heart-felt prayer, Confess and be forgiven!

J. C. PRINCE.

## Miscellaneous.

### Maxims for Married Women

The unmarried woman, says an exchange, who can read this without indignation, ought to be married; Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family. The first is by the expression of that will which belongs to force the second to the power of mildness, to which every strength will yield.

One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other means than those of gentleness. When a woman scolds herself to say "I will," she deserves to lose her empire. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell a rose it is to imbibe the sweets of odor; we look for everything amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels incessantly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time, and whatever be her good qualities, is not easily destroyed.

Occupy yourself only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him love it. Command his attention by being always kind to him; never exact anything, and you will attain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to do more.

All men are vain; never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it. When a man gives wrong counsel, never feel that he has done so, but lead him by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him to the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

When a husband is out of temper, be obliging to him; if he is abusive, never retort, and never prevail over him to humble him. Choose well your friends, have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, particularly with modesty; vary in the fashion of your dress, especially as regards colors. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they have more importance than is imagined.

Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence. Always preserve economy, avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold; by this means he will find his house pleasanter than any other. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, though you may pass yourself for a simpleton.

Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband.—Leave him entirely master of his own actions, to go or come whenever he thinks fit. A wife ought to make her company amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it, then he will not seek for pleasure abroad if she does not partake of it with him.

### Mr. Horace Greely.

The intrigues of this notorious individual to defeat the nomination of Mr. Seward at Chicago, seemed to have surprised a portion of the Republican party, who had not previously been fully acquainted with the leading traits in his character.—We believe that those who know him well, need not be told that he scruples at no means to accomplish an end; that he is an unsafe friend, and an unforgiving, relentless enemy.

It seems that Mr. Seward did not go into a fit of hysterics some years ago, when Greely received "a reward of merit" in this city, in the shape of a sound thrashing for his venomous personality. Mr. Seward was of the opinion that if an editor dipped his pen in gall, he ought to have back-bone enough to "face the music"—so he allowed the affair to pass without sympathizing with this victim of his own ungodly passions. This was Mr. Seward's first offence. The next personal grievance on the part of Mr. Horace Greely, was the decision of Mr. Seward against him, as umpire, or referee, in the libel case of Graham vs. Greely, in which Mr. Greely was very justly compelled to make a most humble apology for the wrong he had done. This was grievance number two. The third and last but by no means the least, was the fact that Mr. Seward did not appoint Greely to an office when he was Governor of New York, nor use his influence in his favor afterwards; but on the contrary, preferred a rival editor, Mr. Raymond, upon whom to bestow marks of his confidence and respect. This was the cap of the climax. From that day to this, Greely has been laboring day and night to undermine Mr. Seward, and to destroy his political prospects. He has succeeded, and by such means as no honorable man can fail to reprobate and condemn.

We look upon Mr. Greely as intrinsically a bad man. The bitter disappointment in the great pet scheme of his life, the Four-year millennium, seems to have turned every generous emotion of his soul into malignity and gall. It has had similar influence upon others attached to the Tribune office, as is demonstrated in every edition of that unscrupulous sheet. Thousand take that pestiferous journal under the false impression that it is a semi-religious and reformatory paper; the senior editor professes to be a sort of non-descript Universalist, and sends the Tribune to ministers of that denomination at half the usual subscription price. By this means in conjunction with the *Christian Ambassador*, he has succeeded in abolishing a large majority of the clergymen of that persuasion in the State of New York, who take whole sermons from the columns of his paper. The two journals mentioned have succeeded in destroying the cause of Temperance, by their advocacy of the odious Maine Law, and injuring, beyond all human calculation, the cause of religion, by their fanaticism with regard to southern slavery.—Churches have been broken up, religious societies divided, families estranged, and all for the gratification of a love of mischief for its own sake. No earthly good has resulted from these insane efforts, but only evil and that continually.

The New York Tribune has for years been conspicuous as a propagator of mischievous fallacies and a malignant assailant of private character. It advocated spiritualism in a cowardly round-about way, until public opinion decided against it, when the editor took the back track. Free-love abolitionism found an echo in its columns until a torrent of popular indignation was raised, when he unaided all he had ever uttered in relation to it, and sneaked into a corner to dodge the responsibility. The only subject upon which he has been consistent is his unrelenting hatred of the people of the South. He is a man of some talent, but constitutionally prone to errors of judgment; an egotist without an equal, narrow-minded, bigoted, arrogant, intolerant, and unscrupulously vindictive, to the last degree; utterly wanting in conscientiousness, refinement and true nobleness of soul; in principle he is an Ishmaelite, and in manners he is a clown. This accounts for his utter want of sympathy with true greatness, and his instinctive antipathy to a true gentleman. Hence his studied misrepresentations and injustices, his ferocious invectives, coarse vituperation, and unscrupulous calumnies. It is only because he is not universally known, that he is not universally execrated.—*Democratic Expeditors.*

THE "POOR SLAVE."—John Sanderson, Esq., of Norfolk county, Va., has paid his negroes this season \$550, for corn raised for their own benefit, on his farm. He paid one of the men alone \$156. They are allowed time to work for themselves, and are liberally and cheerfully paid the product of their extra labor.

George A. Wilson, Esq., of the same section for the corn purchased under circumstances similar to the above, has recently settled with his men for the year paying them \$600.

We take pleasure in stating further, that W. W. Warden, Esq., also of this county, has recently paid his hands \$300 for corn raised on his land; he, like the others, having allowed them time to work for themselves; and there are many other similar cases.

The negroes allied to, like millions in the Southern States, are not only plentifully provided for in every way, but they are saving money to use as they may find best in the coming years—and withal they seem as happy as lords. They work well and cheerfully in the day, and at night and during the holidays they sing, dance and smoke, eat sweet potatoes, drink hard cider, sit around the big kitchen fires, "laugh and grow fat," regardless of the "tom-foolery" and nonsense about the "poor oppressed slaves."

Norfolk (Va.) Herald.

### Pluck and the Pistol—The Bladensburg Duelling Ground.

Here, is a beautiful little grass plot surrounded by trees forms, made after the image of God, come to insult Nature and defy Heaven. In 1841, Edward Hopkins was killed here in a duel. This seemed to be the first of three fashionable murders on this duelling ground.

In 1819, A. T. Mason, a United States Senator from Virginia, fought with his sister's husband, John McCarty, here. McCarty was averse to fighting and thought there was no necessity for it; but Mason would fight. McCarty named muskets, loaded with grape shot, and so near together that they would hit heads if they fell on their faces. This was changed by the seconds to loading with bullets, and taking twelve feet as the distance. Mason was killed instantly, and McCarty, who had his collar bone broken, still lives with Mason's sister in Georgetown. His hair turned white soon after the fight as to cause much comment. He has since been solicited to act as second in a duel, but refused, in accordance with a pledge he made to his wife soon after killing her brother.

In 1820 Commodore Deatur was killed in a duel here by Commodore Barron.—At the first fire both fell forward, with their heads within ten feet of each other, and both were mortally wounded, each fully and freely forgave the other, still lying on the ground.

Deatur expired immediately, but Barron eventually recovered.

In 1821, two strangers named Lega and Segs, appeared here, fought, and Segs was instantly killed. The neighbors only learned this much of their names from the marks on their gloves left on the ground. Lega was not hurt.

In 1826, Henry Clay fought (his second duel) with John Randolph just across the Potomac, as Randolph preferred to die, if at all, on Virginia soil. He received Clay's shot, and then fired into the air.—This was in accordance with a declaration made to Mr. Benton, who spoke to Randolph of a call, the evening before, on Mrs. Clay, and alluded to the quiet sleep of her child and the repose of the mother. Randolph quickly replied:

"I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother."

General Jessup, whose funeral I attended last week, was Clay's second.

When Randolph fired he remarked: "I do not shoot at you, Mr. Clay," and extending his hand, advanced toward Clay, who rushed to meet him. Randolph allowed Clay where his ball struck his coat, and facetiously said "Mr. Clay, you owe me a cent."

Clay replied: "Thank God the debt is no greater!" They were friends ever after.

In 1802, Martin was killed by Carr.—Their first names are not remembered.—They were from the South.

In 1833, Mr. Key, son of Frank Key, and brother to Barton Key, of Sickle's society, met Mr. Sherborn, and exchanged a shot, when Sherborn said:

"Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you."

"No matter," said Key, "I came to kill you."

"Very well, then," said Sherborn, "I will kill you." And he did.

In 1835, W. J. Graves, of Kentucky, assuming the quarrel of Jas. Watson Webb with Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, selected this place for Cilley's murder; but the parties learning that Webb, with two friends, Jackson and Merrill, were armed and in pursuit, for the purpose of assassinating Cilley, moved toward the river, and nearer the city. Their pursuers moved toward the river, but missed the parties, and then returned to the city, to which they were soon followed by Graves and the corpse of Cilley.

In 1845, a lawyer, named Jones, fought with and killed a Dr. Johnson.

In 1834, R. A. Hoole and A. J. Dallas was shot in the shoulder, but recovered.

In 1852, Daniel and Johnson, two Richmond editors, held a harmless set to which terminated in coffee.

### A Picture of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family.

Rev. H. Baylies, who is writing a series of letters from England to the Zion's Herald, draws the following picture of Queen Victoria and the royal family, which differs materially from the rose-colored portraits that are generally presented of her Majesty. The picture was taken at the Ascot Races. It is well the artist delayed drawing it until after he was off of British soil. He says:

"Having been disappointed by a slow train in reaching the place in season to see the Queen and her husband and children enter, I determined to get as near her Majesty as possible, and succeeded in getting into a small enclosure just in front of her stand, which enclosure, I have reason to think from a notice, was designed only for 'the members of the Jockey Club.' It was a very good place, however, and for an hour or two I had the most favorable opportunity of looking at and quizzing the Queen, Prince Albert, Prince of Wales, Princesses Alice and Helen and Louise, together with her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Count of Plandiers, Prince Louis of Hess; in all, eleven carriage loads of royalty and nobility.

Prince Albert is a good, wide awake, sensible looking man, familiar and easy, and fit for a husband to a queen, which he is, and only is. Prince of Wales is about 18, of light complexion and rather spare; looks like a fair, sensible senior in college, and will graduate at Oxford sometime in June. The Princesses resemble very strongly the Prince of Wales, and are not especially noticeable for beauty; indeed, I should not have looked at them a single minute were they not daughters of the throne. As to the other personages, I saw nothing that would attract attention. There were a thousand on the field better looking, and to all appearances equally sensible. I suppose it does not require much sense to patronize horse racing, does it? Well, what of the Queen? I am not in England, and so I may speak. Understand, I was within from twenty to sixty feet of her more than an hour, looking with my own natural eyes, and with the same eyes assisted by powerful magnifying glasses, which I borrowed. Let me say then as I think.

Before I express my thoughts, however, let me remind you that very recently the Queen refused to sit for a likeness to an American artist, because she said her time is fully employed. That is not the reason, as you will guess. Queen Victoria is doubtless the mother of several children, and is said to be an excellent wife, mother and woman, which is likewise doubtless; but she is not handsome, as some of her portraits represents her; she is not good looking even, according to my taste. That kissable little mouth you have seen in her portraits was borrowed, for it is not in her face. Her mouth is rather drawn at the corners, and arched in the middle. Her complexion is that I have named for her children, but her skin looks blotched and unhealthy. I especially watched her manners in her conversation and her movements, among the family and visiting royalty, and I must say she was entirely wanting in what is termed grace, and was certainly very far from appearing queenly according to the conventional meaning of that word.

When she bowed in response to the hearty cheers of her loyal subjects, there was a look of the disdainful attached to a stiff and cheerless motion of the head: I was for a moment within ten feet of her, and noticed the same expression.

Speaking with an Englishman in Paris about her, the other day, he remarked: "Oh, she does very well for a Queen to fill the throne; she makes a good mother and wife, and that is about all." More than once I heard this sentiment expressed.—The portraits you see are portraits of the conventional Queen, and not the real.

SPERMATICS.—The Louisville Journal beautifully says: "There are times when the pulse 'beats low' in the bosom, and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently that knows no waking, in its house of clay, and the window-shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we turn the golden sun into pitchy blackness, and are very willing to 'fancy clouds where no clouds be.' This is a state of sickness when phlegm may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it: What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance to it through all the myriad thronged halls in our house of life?—What shall make the sun kiss the Eastern hills again for us with all his old awaking gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, music, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you. Men have tried many things—but still they ask for stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine-cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing wildest music, and the thoughts galloping—but the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the horse it fills with wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead. There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the skylark Happiness always goes, singing."

Beautiful extract—helping a young lady out of a mud hole.

### PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

"I do not ever expect to be married," said a young lady of twenty-three, some five and twenty years ago.

"Ah! M——," replied a facetious old uncle, in a tone of mock pathos, "if you thought you should not be married, you would not sleep a wink to-night."

"I do not expect to be married," persisted the maiden, "and I have formed three resolutions on the subject: First, that I will not become sored toward the world; secondly, that I will not talk scandal; and thirdly, that I will not be ashamed to tell my age."

The girl read her destiny with a prophetic eye, and perhaps her resolutions have been better kept than resolutions generally are. But then the temptation to violate the first two has been small. The world has presented a very good one, presenting as few sharp corners and as many smooth surfaces as could reasonably have been expected; and if the words, "It's hard work living," have been echoed now and then, the prevailing and almost constant sentiment has been: "The world is full of beauty and love." Of course, when one's on good terms with society, there is but little inducement to spend one's breath in circulating ill reports.

As to the last resolution there are transition years, when it requires some little heroism for a woman, especially an unmarried one, to acknowledge her age. To render a sufficient reason for this may be difficult; let it be set down to the account of vanity. But when one has succeeded fairly in weathering this stormy cape, the navigation is plain once more. "It is more blessed to be approaching age than to be receding from youth," some one has said; and truly in some cases to say, "I am forty-eight," than it was to say, "I am thirty-three." One even comes to hate the once dreaded term "old maid" applied to herself with perfect equanimity.

The words strike the ear, but carry no thrill to the heart. The true woman feels that she can stand on her own respectability, though she stand alone. Had she inherited a wound on the holy estate of matrimony, that relation, more frequently abused, perhaps, than any other of God's blessed gifts—had she done this, by giving her hand without the pure offering of the heart, she might well feel that she had taken a step downward. But standing in the unity in which God created her, she can wrap the mantle of her own self-respect about her, and while she acknowledges that many a sister woman has in her, keeping holy and beautiful treasures which she has not, she will feel that, by the faithful discharge of her own duties, she also performs a perfect work in the world. Many and sacred may be her ties to earthly friends; or, if these be wanting,

"Gales from heaven, if so he will, Sweeter melody may wake On the lonely mountain-rill, Than the meeting waters make, Who hath the Father and the son, May be left, but not alone."

THE PROPER MANNER FOR WOMEN TO DRESS.—"All the Year Round" has the following:—"As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion, but then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other! Before English women can dress properly, they must have the taste of the French, especially in color. One reason why we see colors ill-arranged in England is, that different articles are purchased such for their own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what is to be worn with it. Women, while shopping buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, and it will kill, by its color, one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for the others: To be magnificently dressed costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, knowledge and refinement, never buy an article unless it is suitable to your age, habits, style, and to the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly dresses with a common delaine or cheap laces with expensive brocades—what colors, we may be asked go best together? Green with violet; cold with dark crimson or blue; pale blue with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe to wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark complexions.—Pink is, for some skins, the most becoming; not however, if there is much color in the cheeks or lips, and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach color is perhaps, one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But wherever the colors or materials of the entire dress the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. The ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the hair, and flowers that are worn in the head should decorate the dress."

The following new Bell and Everett journals are just started in this State: Constitution, Lancaster, Pa. The Union Bell, Newville, Cumberland co., Pa. Blair County American, Albion, Pa. Tyrone Star, Tyrone City, Pa. Montgomery Press, (Gorman) Norris-town, Pa. And a paper at Reading, name not known.

### A Wonderful clock

The clock in the tower of the Cathedral of Strauburg, is not only a monster in size, but is the most wonderful piece of mechanism in the world. It is one hundred feet high, thirty feet wide, and fifty feet deep. About twenty feet from the bottom is the dial, on each side of which is a cherub, holding a small mallet in his hand, while over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Fifty feet above the dial is a colossal figure of Time, with a bell in his left hand and a scythe in his right. A figure of a young man in front strikes the third quarter on the bell in Time's left hand, and then turns and glides with a slow step around behind Time, when out comes an old man with a mallet and places himself in front of the great reaper. As the hour of twelve comes the old man deliberately strikes, with much power, twelve times on the bell. He then glides slowly behind Time, and the young man again comes out and takes his position, ready to do his duty when called upon by the machinery. As soon as the old man has struck twelve another set of machinery is set in motion some twelve feet higher, where there is a high cross with the image of Christ upon it. The instant twelve is struck a figure of one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns facing the cross, bows, and walks around to his place. This is repeated until the twelve Apostles, large as life, walk out, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous game cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings, stretches forth his neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance and with lifelike unnaturalness.—Then all is still as death.

Live for Good. Thousands of men beatha, moove and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? they did not a particle of it in the world, and none were pleased by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O, man immortal! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

BLONDIN ON FIRE—NARROW ESCAPE.—Blondin, the tight-rope performer, met with a serious accident a few nights ago during his exhibition at Chillicothe, Ohio. The Cincinnati Gazette says: "After dark he gave a performance of trundling a wheelbarrow across a rope, and to make the feat more terrific, he encircled himself in a blaze of fireworks, which were ignited simultaneously with his starting.—Before he had accomplished half his task, one of the pieces prematurely exploded and set fire to his clothing. The peril of his situation could not be seen by the thousands of spectators below, in consequence of the constant emission of sparks, and the adventurous Blondin had nothing to do but walk the rope and suffer the torture of being slowly roasted. Having accomplished the distance he, by his own efforts succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not before his back was very badly burned."

SCANDAL IN OHIO.—At Hamilton, Ohio, a few days ago, "a prominent citizen" wrote to a popular clergyman that he wanted to join the church, but could not think of associating with Mrs. —, the wife of a "well-known lawyer." The letter got handed around, and finally reached the attention of "well-known lawyer," who immediately went gunning with a Colt after "prominent citizen," and got within shooting distance of the "citizen." "Well known lawyer" blazed away, the citizen dodged and ran; "well known lawyer" followed, popping a shot in after his flying gamest every chance, until at last he "hit him" in the shoulder. The doctor was called in, explanations ensued, and the affair was "hushed up."

NEW OBJECTION TO MR. BRECKINRIDGE.—Mr. Breckinridge is charged by the conspirators with having opposed Mr. Cass's election in 1848. The charge is false; and has been refuted.

He is charged with having favored Know Nothingism in 1855. It is false.—He denounced the whole thing.

He is charged with being a disunionist. The charge is made by those who are plotting the overthrow of the government. It is false.

He is now charged with being a poor man!

It is said he never owned a slave!—that he is not a slaveholder!—that he is compelled to employ white servant girls!—that he necessarily employs white laborers on his farm! This may all be true.—Mr. Breckinridge is not, we believe, a wealthy man. Is that a valid objection, freeman of Kentucky?—*Louisville Courier.*

The N. Y. Times says:—We desire to congratulate Rev. Mr. Sheehan, who is the reported bridegroom to whose fortunes are now allied the same name and reputation of Mrs. Emma Cunningham Burdell. Mr. Sheehan is a Universalist preacher of more than ordinary talent.—Let us hope he is happily located and may live an enviable life for many long and blissful years.