

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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**LOOK ALOFT.**  
When the storms shall toss your fragile bark,  
And threatening waves around you roar;  
When clouds are lowering wild and dark,  
And through the tempest rages high,  
Then, look aloft!  
When the fearful shipwreck threatens most,  
And not a harbor you can find;  
But all along the rock-bound coast  
Wild beats the sea, loud moans the wind,  
Oh, look aloft!  
No star of hope has beamed above,  
No beacon shines upon your way;  
Your compass may unfaithful prove,  
Your ship no more her helm obey,  
Yet, look aloft!  
Above the clouds there is an eye,  
To watch your course, their gloom can pierce;  
And though the tempest rages high,  
A voice can quell its anger fierce—  
Then, look aloft!  
Oh! fear not, Christian Sailor! fear  
Nor storm, nor wave, nor rock-bound shore!  
Launch boldly forth, he will be near,  
And faith shall guide you safely o'er—  
Then, look aloft!

**FRIGHTENING A LOVER.**  
ON THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.  
"You have heard me speak of Stephen Jenkins, Matilda."  
"Yes, uncle."  
"Well—another cup of tea if you please—he is coming here to-morrow on a week's visit."  
"You don't mean so, uncle," exclaimed Matilda.  
"And why don't you, Miss Matilda? There is nothing to suppose such a look of consternation to your face."  
"Because if he shouldn't happen to be agreeable—"  
"Of course he is agreeable. At all events it is desirable for you to find him so, since he is your prospective husband."  
"My prospective husband! What can you mean, uncle?" inquired Matilda, opening her eyes in amazement.  
"I thought you understood it. Your estates join, and it is eminently proper, therefore, that you should unite them by marriage."  
"A very good reason, certainly," said Matilda, with a curl of her lip. "It makes little difference, I suppose, whether our dispositions are compatible or not."  
"Oh, they will easily adjust themselves after marriage, and then the two will make such a handsome estate."  
"Suppose I shouldn't fancy him well enough to accept his proposals, uncle?" asked Matilda, demurely.  
"If you should dream of such a thing as refusal I should disinherit you. You are aware, I suppose, that all your property comes from me, and that I can, at any time, recall it."  
"That would be a pity, certainly," said Matilda, in a lively strain, "for I should have to take in washing, or something of that kind, to support myself, and I have such an appetite!"  
"Your father smiled in spite of himself, and evidently looked upon his niece as one who would readily yield to his expressed will."  
"One question more, uncle. Suppose he shouldn't happen to fancy your humble niece, and conclude to pay his addresses elsewhere."  
"I would never speak to the puppy again."  
"And you wouldn't disinherit me then, uncle?"  
"Of course not you gipsy. It wouldn't be your fault."  
"It would be very mortifying to have him reject me," said Matilda, demurely. "Is there anything he particularly dislikes in a woman, do you know?"  
"I once heard him say he couldn't bear a literary woman," said her uncle, after some reflection. "All sorts of strong-minded women are his aversion. But then you know, Matie, you are not strong-minded."  
"Thank you, uncle, very much. That is as much as to say I am weak-minded."  
"No such thing, you gipsy." But there's one thing more I have to tell you, and that is, that I shall not be here to entertain Mr. Jenkins. I am called away to New York by business, which will detain me the length of his stay. So you will have to entertain him yourself. Mind and play your cards well, and I shall expect to find the marriage day fixed when I return."  
"Oh, dear, what shall I ever do with the horrid man for a whole week?"  
"I dare say you will be dead in love with him by the time I get back. You may remember me to him when he arrives, and tell him how much I regret not being here to welcome him."  
"Yes, uncle, I'll remember."  
That night Matilda kept awake for some time, concocting a plan by which she might offend the prejudices of the expected visitor, and throw the burden of a refusal upon him; for she well knew, that if he once proposed, her uncle would be seriously angry if she rejected him, and very possibly would carry out the threat to which he had given utterance.  
It was about twelve o'clock the next day that a tall young man, of serious aspect, ascended Mr. Parker's front steps and rang the bell.  
He was ushered into the drawing room, where, after waiting about half an hour, he was joined by Matilda.  
The young lady was by no means looking her best. Her hair was loosely arranged, her collar was awry, and there was a very perceptible stain of ink upon her fingers.  
"Mr. Jenkins, I presume," she remarked.  
The gentleman bowed, and looked curiously at his entertainer.  
"And, I presume, I am addressing Miss Parker."  
Our heroine inclined her head in the affirmative.  
"I hope your respected uncle is well," said Stephen Jenkins, in the measured tones of a young man who was old beyond his years.  
"I wouldn't say your stiff old poke for the world," was the not over complimentary reflection of Matilda.  
"My uncle regrets very much not being able to meet you," she said, in answer to his question, "but he is called to New York by business. I trust, however, that I shall be able to entertain you."  
"That do not doubt," said the visitor, with a slow attempt at gallantry.  
"I am inclined to think he will, before he goes," thought Matilda.  
Looking at her fingers she remarked, composedly, as if she, for the first time, observed the stain of ink, "I hope you will excuse the appearance of my fingers, but I have been writing all the morning, and I couldn't remove all traces of the ink."  
"You were writing letters, I presume," said Stephen.

"Oh, no! not at all. I was writing an article on 'Woman's Rights' for the 'Bugle of Freedom.'"  
Mr. Jenkins stared uneasily.  
"I suppose you are in the habit of seeing that paper," said Matilda.  
"No," said he, stiffly.  
"Ah! you don't know what you lose. Composed and edited entirely by females. But, perhaps—"  
Matilda interrupted herself to ring the bell.  
"Jane," said she to the servant, "you may go up stairs and bring down a manuscript, which you will find on my table."  
"A what, ma'am?"  
"A manuscript—a sheet of paper with writing on it. Poor Jane," she continued, after her servant had gone out, "she would not be so ignorant, if man had not denied to us women the advantages of education which he claims for himself."  
By this time Jane had returned with the manuscript.  
"If you would like, Mr. Jenkins, I will read you what I have written."  
Mr. Jenkins looked dismayed, but managed to utter a feeble, "Oh, certainly!"  
Matilda, in a very emphatic manner, began to read as follows:  
"Mrs. Error:—Permit me again to raise my voice, in trumpet tones, against the despotic rule of man over our down-trodden sex. Enlightened, as we are supposed to consider the present generation, it is not a disgrace, and a burning shame, that men should monopolize all the offices of honor and profit, and leave to his equal—shall I not say his superior in point of intellect—only a few undesirable and laborious posts. What, I say, is the reason that men should take upon themselves to govern, and expect us meekly to submit to the yoke which they seek to impose upon us? Why should we not see a female president in the chair of state, and—"  
"This is all I had written, Mr. Jenkins, when you came," said Matilda, breaking off from the reading. "You will easily understand the idea that I was about to develop; and, I have no doubt, you will agree with me."  
"You really think, Miss Parker, that there should be no distinction in point of occupation between men and women?" exclaimed the sedate Stephen, horror-struck.  
"Why should there be?" said Matilda with spirit. "Do you doubt whether woman has an intellect equal to that of man?"  
"Is there a female Shakespeare?" asked Mr. Jenkins.  
"Yes," said Matilda, promptly. "Did you never read Mrs. Browning's poems?"  
"I can't say I have," returned Stephen.  
"Ah, then, I shall have the pleasure of making you acquainted with her."  
She rang the bell.  
"Jane," said she, "go up to my room and bring down the book you will find on the table."  
Jane did so.  
"We have an hour before dinner, it seems," said Matilda, looking at her watch. "I will what you like better improve it than by perusing together this noble monument of genius."  
Mr. Jenkins looked terrified; but before he had time to raise any objections Matilda had commenced.  
She read aloud faithfully for the hour referred to—it seemed three hours to the unhappy Stephen—who had not the slightest apprehension of poetry of any description.  
It was quite delightful when the dinner-bell rang, and so was Matilda in her secret heart.  
"I am afraid," said she, "we shall have to rest from our reading till after dinner, but by commencing immediately afterwards we may get a quarter through by tea time."  
"How many pages are there in the poem?" the young man inquired, hesitatingly.  
"Only a little more than four hundred," was the encouraging reply.  
The dinner proved to be a very social meal. Matilda confined herself entirely to literary subjects, and evaded all attempts to change the topic.  
"Good gracious!" thought the young man, "and this is the young girl I was to marry. I'd as soon marry a dictionary, although she is pretty; but then a strong-minded woman! I should be talked to death in less than a month."  
Stephen Jenkins stopped two days; but, at the end of that time, announced that he should not be able to remain longer. During that time the poor man had heard more poetry than ever before in his life, and had conceived a deadly hatred against the whole tribe of female authoresses, particularly Mrs. Browning.  
"Where is Mr. Jenkins?" inquired Mr. Parker on his return.  
"Gone, uncle," said Matilda.  
"Gone! When did he go?"  
"He only stopped a couple of days."  
"Why he was to have stopped a week. What was the matter with him?"  
"I think, uncle, he was disappointed in me," said Matilda, demurely.  
"Did he leave no message for me?"  
"Here is a note, uncle."  
Mr. Parker hastily broke open the missive, and read as follows:—  
"MR. DEAR SIR:—In order to prevent misunderstanding, I ought to say that I don't think it will be well to adhere to the foolish compact, which was entered into some time since, in regard to my marriage with your niece. Though a very charming young lady, I don't think that our tastes are at all congenial, and I hereby remove any pretensions I may be supposed to have had to her hand. Regretting not to have had the pleasure of seeing you, I remain, very respectfully,  
"STEPHEN JENKINS."  
"Why, the puppy has had the audacity to remove his pretension to your hand!" exclaimed the indignant uncle.  
"Then can't I be married?" inquired Matilda, in comical disappointment.  
"Yes, you shall marry the first man that offers."  
It was very remarkable that on the very next day Edward Manly should have asked Mr. Parker's permission to address his niece—a permission which was at once accorded. The marriage took place within a few weeks, and I don't think he has ever repented marrying a strong-minded woman!

Rev. Dr. Kelly, a Romish Priest, has been committed to jail for contempt of court, in England, in refusing to expose certain secrets of the confessional.  
A farmer in Tewksbury, Mass., offers for sale a two year old hog that weighs 1218 pounds.

**THE GIPSIES.**  
The strongest evidence of their Hindoo origin is found in the great resemblance their own language bears to the Hindoostanee. Grelman, a distinguished student of languages, states, that twelve words of every thirty in their vocabulary are either pure Hindoostanee or intimately related to it.  
"This language they call gibberish, and believe it to have been invented by their forefathers for secret purposes. It is not peculiar to one, or a few of their tribes, but common to all in Europe and Asia.  
Bishop Heber records in his journal an account of an encampment of wretched tents of mats with baskets, ponies, goats, &c., so like gipsies he had seen in England, that, on asking them where they were, he was not surprised to hear his guide give them that very name.  
A well known nobleman of England, who had resided many years in India, taking shelter under a tree during a storm, near a camp of gipsies, was surprised to hear them use several words which he well knew to be Hindoostanee, and, going up to them, he found them able to converse with him in that language.  
A returned missionary met a gipsy at the house of Father Crab, the gipsy's friend, in Southampton, England, and, having conversed with her a long time in the language of Hindoostanee, declared that her people must have known that language well.  
Lord Teignmouth, who knew the Indian language, once said to a gipsy, 'The burra tscur—that is, 'Thou art a thief.' She immediately replied, 'No, I am not a thief. I live by fortune-telling.'  
Wandering tribes have been found in Nubia, who have certainly conversed in the same dialect. The name of this people has induced many to suppose that they had an Egyptian origin; but there is nothing in their habits, or language, or reminiscences that indicate such a fact. And yet they may have derived their name from the fact of having passed through Egypt into the European nations.  
It is believed by those who have had the best opportunity to study the matter, that in the earliest years of the fourteenth century there was a general migration of the Sudars, a caste among the Asiatic Indians, occasioned by the ravages of Timur Beg, who, having become a Mohammedan, took up arms for the purpose of making proselytes to that idolatry. These Sudars, being of the lowest caste, and unable to find shelter among the other castes, fled, and having escaped the armies of Timur, found their way into the neighboring countries. They were a degraded people; considered as the lowest of the human race, and with an army seeking their destruction, they had every motive to leave, and none to remain in their native land. Perhaps the most natural course for them on their way to Europe was the Persian deserts, along the Persian Gulf to the month of Arabia, and thence into Egypt by the Isthmus of Suez.  
But a few years from this period they were spread into all the European nations. They never visit the Norman Islands, and but few visit Ireland. They considered the name 'Gipsies' as disgraceful, probably it seems to be synonymous with crime and vagrancy. Their Indian name is Zingaree, or Cincari. Along the Ganges they are called Noth, or Benania—the former signifying a *rogue*, the latter *dancer or tumbler*.  
Having escaped the sword in their own country, they were obliged to live by plunder in other lands. Indeed, in the 15th century they became dangerous and burdensome in the nations which they visited. They came by thousands over the Pyrenees into Spain, swept along the shores of its rivers, and plundered the husbandmen who were without defence.  
Throughout Hungary, France and England, they were like so many locusts. Laws were enacted against them. They were at length not only resisted and brought somewhat under legal regulations, but measures were carried to the extreme, and they were persecuted. Every crime in the land whose perpetrator was not discovered, was charged upon gipsies. They were executed for the smallest offences and even on suspicion, or on the most flimsy and even false testimony, until at length they were obliged to live by cunning and plunder. Within a few years the English and Prussian laws have been more lenient, and the result is that the gipsies are more submissive and less troublesome. In England they have come under the influences of Christianity, and many have shown a truly religious spirit. We hope for them at length a Christian civilization and the blessings of refined nationality.—*Dunleavy Literary Journal.*

**ANEXATION OF SAVOY TO FRANCE.**—Recent foreign advices leave no doubt that Savoy and Nice are to be annexed to France, and that Sardinia is to be compensated for this cession of Territory, by having the consent of France not only to the annexation of Parma and Modena, but also of Tuscany and the province of Romagna. The popular vote in Central Italy shows that the people are almost unanimous in favor of annexation to Piedmont, and in Parma, Tuscany and the Romagna, it has been equally decisive. It is probable therefore, that the recent elections will be followed by the occupation of Central Italy by Sardinian troops, and the formal announcement that King Victor Emmanuel, respecting "the expression of the States and Territories which have so clearly pronounced for Italian unity, France and Sardinia have thus far played admirably, and the secret arrangement into which they entered before the commencement of the late war are now being carried out, and France gains an equivalent for her 'sacrifices' by being put in possession of the passes of the Alps.  
It has just been discovered that a young man, a clerk in G. G. Evans' Gift Book Establishment in Philadelphia, has for some time been engaged in embezzling money until it is thought that it has reached the sum of \$20,000. He was the order clerk, and would fill the orders, but pocket the money. The money abstracted he used in building houses in the lower part of the city, and as economy was observed in the erection, and the houses have been deemed up to Mr. Evans, he will lose little by the operation.  
There are a hundred and sixty-five soldiers of the Revolution still living. The youngest of them is eighty nine years old.  
The Hon. Howell Cobb has withdrawn his name unconditionally from the Presidential canvass.

**WHAT A LADY THINKS OF HAIRY FACES.**  
A female writer in Xenia, Ohio, is making a crusade against hairy faced men. Hear her: "What expression of kindness and mild humanity can be observed in a face covered with hair from the nose down? Not any. As well might a poor rat look in the grizzly muzzle of a Scotch terrier for mercy, when about to be caught in his crushing jaws, as to look for an expression of human kindness and sympathy in the face of a hirsute man.  
We can appreciate the value of a smile. It lightens up the countenance with adorning sweetness, indicates a kind heart, and radiates gladness to the hearts of others, encourages the desponding, soothes the afflicted, cheers the sorrowing, disarms the wrath, and kindles up genial sympathy and reciprocal regard. But a smile cannot drop out from the face of a man 'bearded and mustached like a pard.' You suppose, from the agitation of tall grass, that some animal was crawling through it. So you may infer from the whisking of hair that a smile was burrowing along there somewhere out of sight. The smile of such a man cannot be distinguished from the grin of a ribbed nose baboon, which had burnt his mouth with a hot chestnut.  
The hair is capable of indicating a variety of passions and emotions. They can express kindness, good humor, sweetness of disposition, sorrow, firmness and decision of character, or they may manifest scorn, contempt, loathing, anger, and threaten like loaded revolvers. The chief expression of the best traits in Napoleon's nature were in his mouth and chin, which he could clothe with so much sweet winning, mute, persuasive eloquence as to render his look irresistible. But when lip and chin are covered with hair you might as well look for expression in the hole of a bank swallow in a gully, overlung with a tuft of grass.  
The passions and affections have their places in the face, firmness in the upper lip, mildness near the corners of the mouth, and the affections in the edges of the lips, etc., hence the philosophy and delight of kissing; the more intense the passion, the more soul-thrilling and enrapturing the kiss. Behold that lovely woman, with a form shaped by the hand of harmony, regular features under clustering ringlets, bright eyes beaming with intelligence, well arranged pearls, teeth, a soft and delicate skin, a mouth like Cupid's bow, a neck like ivory, a bosom like alabaster, and the undulations of love like snow, her lips like two rose-buds, moist with morning dew, and her cheeks where the live crimson through the native white, Shering's hair, like a fine, diffused bloom, and every nameless grace.  
Radiant with beauty, she is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, as a rose exhales fragrance. Just think of one of those hairy-faced fellows attempting to kiss her—see him pulling up his 'chevaux-de-frise' of bristles to reveal his cavernous slit of a mouth. Bah! it's abominable—the idea is disgusting—get out—scat!"  
"Give me an ounce of civit, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."  
"When do mustaches and beards become? Brigands, privateers, filibusters, and especially professional executioners. Jack Ketch, the hangman, would effectually conceal all expressions—causing him to look as grim and unrelenting as death, in whose service he officiates.

In one of the market houses of Philadelphia is a genius of a butcher. Beneath his sleeves and apron he wears the costliest broad-cloth, none of the inferior grades, but the finest product of French looms. His linen is as faultless as his exterior garments, while the glistening surface of his marble counters is no less striking than the glossiness of his hat and boots. In the centre of his shirt bosom sparkles a single diamond—a stone of six carats weight, and of the first water. Upon the little finger of his left hand glitters a circlet of diamonds, six in number, whose aggregate value is considerably more than that of the garniture of his shirt bosom. His complexion is a clear red and white—just that style of complexion which Parisian ladies produce by dainty cosmetics and the use of carmine and bismuth. He is a man of fine physique, and has an avoirdupois of about 200 pounds. His address is polished and his manners courtly and suave. He commended life without a dollar, and is now taxed for some \$90,000 in real estate, yet is as polite and deferential to his customers as on the day he first embarked in the business of converting quarters of beef into chops and sirloins. A benevolent lady of large fortune first noticed him, and placed at his disposal a fund upon which he raised the superstructure of his present fortune. He is now rapidly advancing in wealth, and will probably retire upon the eighth of a million. And all through the influence of that specific against adversity—politeness.

**APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.**—The following good one we find in the Brookville, Pa., *Jeffersonian*, of a recent date:—"An amusing incident occurred on one of the fine steamers on the Ohio river between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, on one of her upward trips, which is too good to be lost. Our eccentric friend, Benewell Kroh, of this country, who had been down the river with a large lot of timber, having sold at Marietta, Ohio, boarded the boat at that point and procured cabin tickets for himself and several hands. Having secured his tickets, he stepped into the cabin where a number of well dressed passengers were seated, and being rather roughly dressed and unshaven his presence attracted the attention of the captain of the boat, who immediately informed our friend that he was wanted on deck. Having some freight shipped, Ben. thought it might be something about it that required his attention, but, finding this all right, he shortly returned to the cabin, where the officer again accosted him and informed him that he must go below. This time Ben. wanted to know what for, when the officer informed him that deck passengers were not allowed to be in the cabin. This somewhat riled our friend, who immediately produced his tickets, said he was a Pennsylvania Dutchman and a ragged lumberman, but if the captain wanted to sell, to make out the papers and he would buy his *fam* too. This was a clincher, the officer was unopposed, and was only relieved from his embarrassment by a gentleman acquainted with the parties explaining the matter; the officer apologized—the passengers laughed over the joke—and Ben. says he had lots of friends the balance of the trip."  
The average duration of human life in New York City is but fifteen years.

**CORRUPTION UNMASKED.**  
The ulcer of official corruption has been probed pretty thoroughly by the Congressional Committee on Public Expenditures, under the skillful lead of Hon. John B. Haskin. The report was laid before the House on the 26th of March, and forms a revelation of venality in high places, such as the secret history of the worst despotisms in existence could hardly parallel. At most, we can only give a brief outline of this gigantic, and too successful scheme to plunder the National Treasury, for the purpose of controlling the elections, local and general, throughout the North, for the benefit of the disunion Democracy.  
We gather from the Report, which is very voluminous, that Mr. George Washington Bowman, Senate Printer, and editor of Mr. Buchanan's private organ, *The Constitution*, actually receives some forty thousand dollars per annum for doing nothing; and from the testimony of Mr. Wendell we learn that, during the last six years of Democratic rule alone, more than \$700,000 of the public money has been squandered upon printing, ostensibly, but for the support of such newspapers as the *Pennsylvania Constitution*, and for the control of elections in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, really, of which fact there is the amplest evidence. Mr. Wendell testifies, that while Mr. Steadman was elected Printer to the House during the 35th Congress, that gentleman never discharged the duties of the office; but that he, Wendell, was *de facto* printer—paying Steadman the sum of 64 cents on the dollar for doing the work, and retaining 36 cents. Mr. Wendell supported the Washington *Union*, the President's organ, at the cost of \$12,000 per year, over and above its receipts; and in 1858, contributed money to carry elections in several districts in Pennsylvania, among which were the districts of Mr. J. Glancy Jones and Mr. Tom Florence. And the disposition of the plunder was made in accordance with a tacit understanding between Mr. Wendell and the President, the latter having this huge "take" of patronage to bestow. Mr. Wendell testifies further, that he proposed to Mr. Buchanan to take away the stamps and mail to the *Pennsylvania* and *Argus* of Philadelphia, and apply the sums to the elections in Pennsylvania—in the districts where Jones, Laudy and Florence were candidates for re-election to Congress—to which proposition Mr. Buchanan did not dissent, and the money was so applied. This was in 1858, some two months prior to the writing of the celebrated Duquesne letter by the President.  
Mr. Wendell testifies further, that the Executive Printing ranges from \$75,000 to \$100,000 annually, and that of this patronage not less than fifty per cent., as now dispensed by the President, is clear profit; and further, that he had an understanding with both Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan, that out of these profits, the *Union*, (now *Constitution*), was to be supported. Sometime last March, Wendell found that he could not support the three papers—the *Constitution*, *Pennsylvania* and *Argus*—and he proposed to pay these three papers \$20,000 per year, in consideration of being continued in office as public printer. In pursuance of this arrangement he paid George Washington Bowman \$5,000 to take the Government organ off his hands.  
It further appears from the testimony of Mr. Wendell, that the President himself is the supreme power in his private organ; not that he writes the articles, but that he furnishes the editors who write under his supervision.  
But the testimony of Gen. Bowman before the Committee disclosed one or two rather suspicious circumstances. Mr. Bowman is supposed to be the Senate printer. But he testifies, after much wriggling and dodging, that he never had done the work himself, but had contracted with Mr. Rives to do the work for the sum of 66 cents on the dollar—Mr. Rives furnishing all the type, presses, labor and paper, and paying Bowman 33 cents on the dollar for the privilege of doing the work. And after being thoroughly cornered by the Committee, Bowman was constrained to admit that he had not a dollar invested in the public printing. The fact, then, seems to be, that Gen. Bowman, editor of the President's organ, receives upward of \$40,000 per year, for doing nothing at all; out of which stipend he supports the organ, and the *Pennsylvania* and *Argus* of Philadelphia, together with sundry donations to certain doubtful districts in Pennsylvania, just before the general elections. These facts have been brought to light by Mr. Haskin's Investigation Committee. Further developments are being made before Mr. Covode's Committee, against whose action the President has protested.

**CATERPILLARS.**—With a little watchfulness and care in searching for caterpillars, the fruit trees put out, and before the worms hatch, you thus save the trees from injury, or a greater amount of labor in killing the worms in the nest after they hatch, and when other work is pressing. A little practice will enable one to detect them on the small branches of the cherry and apple trees. The eggs are deposited end-wise in a little bunch around the limb, and very ingeniously covered with a kind of gum or cement to protect the embryo worms from injury by the weather.

**DECIDEDLY COMPLIMENTARY.**—"What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Lord Chancellor Eldon, upon passing a first class beauty, when passing up and down Westminster Hall, with his friend, the Master of the Rolls, previous to the opening of their respective Courts. "What an excellent Judge!" said the lady, when her serene countenance the flattering decree of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

The New Orleans *Courier* says that the Southern order of the "K. G. C.," Knights of the Golden Circle, organized in 1854, now embraces 30,000 members, including many of the most influential men and best soldiers of the South, and that they are preparing to operate in Mexico, with the determination to place the Juarez party firmly in power.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Och! my honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself any inities!"  
Two married women and eight children were turned to death in a dwelling house which took fire in New York, on the 28th ult.

**CASSIUS M. CLAY THREATENED.**  
The following private letter from Mr. Clay shows that the agitation in Madison county is more serious than the Kentucky papers represent. The letter is dated March 20th, 1860:—"Yours of the 19th is received. I have only time to say that we are in a state of war. The oligarchy were aiming at me in the expulsion of the Bereans from their homes, being in hopes that I would forcibly defend them, the radicals? Defeated by my Frankfort speech, rallying all the conservative men to my standard, they churlishly gave in, yet fanning the discontent by garbling my speeches North, and circulating false rumors. Hanson's return to his saw-mill at Berea (where he employed many Republicans) gave occasion to the old fire. I went there on Saturday, and tried to induce him to leave, telling him he would bring on a fight, and advising the Republicans to keep apart from the movement. The mob at once cried out that I was there plotting an attack. On Monday they met at Berea, insulted the people by searching the houses, and not finding Hanson, they provoked a conflict; several were wounded, and the Lynchers were defeated. On Tuesday they returned in force; but finding no one, they broke up the saw-mill, and swore vengeance against me and the whole party. In the meantime (on Tuesday) I spoke at Richmond, stating that I was and had been for peace; that I stood upon the ground of my Frankfort speech, and should defend myself and friends. The mob increases in violence; I lie upon my arms awaiting an attack; my family absolutely refuse to retire, saying they will run bullets, and aid, as in 1776. If driven into the woods, I shall attempt to hold my position as long as possible; standing on the Constitution, the laws and my right, I defend them or die. They cannot at Lexington be sent for, and the Governor aids. Is this my cause only, or that of the American people? Is this to be vindicated in this way, and now? Shall I stand or fall alone? May God defend the right!"  
C. M. CLAY.  
"P. S. My daughters are as firm as I and Mrs. C."  
The *Evening Post* says that Mr. Clay is the wrong man to be assailed in this manner, and he has too many friends, not only in Kentucky but in all the free States, to be assailed with impunity. He will not, as he intimates, or rather asks, be allowed to stand or fall alone. The violence that shall strike down so magnanimous a defender of justice and freedom will inevitably provoke a fearful re-sponse. We earnestly hope, therefore, that the bullies who persecuted the Bereans will be wise in time.

**WENDELL PHILLIPS.**—This notorious Abolitionist made a speech in New York on the 20th March, which he characterized as a "Plea for the Dissolution of the Union," in which the following passage occurs:—"I would rather see a Democratic President, and I will tell you why. If there is a Republican President elected in 1860, you will all be looking to the Administration. You will all be waiting to see what law can do—what Liberty fettered can do against Slavery unbound. Agitation will be lulled. Everything like free and unfettered action will cease. We shall wait. But let Douglas or any other Democrat be elected, and every man in the Free States will arm himself for a struggle with the slave power. Insurrection will break out upon the mountains—an insurrection of thought in the pulpits—and we shall make greater Anti-Slavery progress in four years than we should do in forty years under such a programme as Wm. H. Seward's speech of the last month."  
Let the people now understand where the "Democratic party" stands. Why does Phillips, the rankest Abolitionist and Disunionist in the country, prefer the election of a Democratic President, if such a course was not the best calculated to bring about the result he aims at? Can any one tell?

The ladies in Livermore Valley, Alameda Co., Cal., are valorous and use pistols as familiarly as they use needles. Mrs. Carthwaite was left in charge of a grocery store there during the absence of her husband. One night about ten o'clock, after the store was closed, a native California came to the door, and desired admittance to obtain a bottle of gin. Mrs. C. informed him that she could not open the store again that night—he was well known as a most desperate character—but he insisted upon entering, and commenced breaking the windows. Mrs. Carthwaite bade him go away. He finally broke the door open and rushed upon her with a drawn knife. She fired two shots with a revolver to frighten him, and finding that there was no other alternative, fired again and shot him through the head. An examination was held, and she was acquitted of all blame in the matter.

The New York Seventh Regiment has, in the person of a beautiful young lady, a Child of the Regiment. She is the daughter of a deceased officer, was educated by the regiment, appears in beautiful costume whenever it is on parade, goes wherever it goes, and it is said that the soldiers rival each other in their courtesies and respect for her.

The Nantucket Inquirer says that Miss Phebe Newbegin, who died in that town recently, at the advanced age of ninety-three years and eight months, leaves a sister nearly ninety years of age, with whom she has slept every night for eighty-eight years, with the exception of three weeks during childhood.  
One of the oil wells in Pennsylvania is owned by Mr. Evans, a blacksmith, and a poor man. He presented the work of boring himself, and struck a vein of oil at the distance of seventy feet. It has been offered, it is said, \$50,000 for his well, but has declined selling on these terms.  
The oil excitement has extended from Pennsylvania into Virginia. Two thousand acres of land in Wood, Wirt and Ritchie counties have been bought and leased, and oil wells have been opened that yield 30 barrels per day.  
Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer all aglow with promise; and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.  
The printers of New Jersey boast that there is not a single printer in the State Prison of the State, and but one in the Legislature.