

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1860.

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THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE. "What is life, father?" "A battle, my child, Where the strongest hand may fail, Where the strongest hand may fait,
Where the wariest eye may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quait;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand In the thickest of the fight."

"What is death, father?" "The rest, my child, When the toil and strife are o'er; The angel of God who, calm and mild, The angel of God who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of battle cease,
Takes the banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble, I fear To yield in that terrible strife." "The crown of heaven must be won, dear, In the battle-field of life, Fear not, though thy foes be strong and tried He loveth the weak and small; The angels of heaven are on thy side.

And God is over all.

THE DEACON'S DINNER PARTY.

Deacon Goodwin was the very best man that ever lived. So at least said his friends and neighbors, who certainly ought to know, and for enemies, he had probably not one in the world. It is true, however, that the remark above quoted, was generally made as a sort of apologetic preface to something like the following: "But then he has such queer notions; he is so unlike anybody else, that we hardly know what to make of him." Perhaps these worthy people were oblivious of the fact that in order to be very good, it is often a painful necessity to be different from one's neighbors.

We cannot better illustrate Deacon Good-win's peculiarities than by describing a little entertainment given by him at his country seat not long ago. For the Deacon, with all his unworldly goodness, is a prosperous merchant in New York, and the owner (by perfectly fair means) not only of a brown stone front in the city, but of a charming suburban residence. The Deacon's wife, though a very good woman in her way, was a far less pecuhar personage than her husband. She fell quite gracefully into an amiable conformity with the ways of the world, and is not to be distinguished from the thousands of good women-of the wealthy class-who throng our city churches. Their two daughters, Adelaide and Miss Ellen, had just left the restraints of their fashionable school, and enjoyed the full-fledged members of society.

"Husband," said Mrs. Deacon one May morning, soon after the family migration to the country, "Husband, you know we did not given that dinner that we were proposing last winter; what do you say to having it here instead. We are so convenient to the city that they can easily come in coaches."

"You gave a large party, did you not, which included all that should bave been your dinner-guests." "Dear me, yes! but that was quite a differ-

ent thing. Now at this little affair I am speaking of, I should want only our most particular

"Oh! if that is the plan, I like it well," re-joined the warm hearted Deacon. "But why not ask them to pass a week with us?" "Ask-whom ?"

"Well, your brother John's family first; the children would enjoy it—and then—" "Oh! you don't understand me at all! I

mean only a few of the best families, whose acquaintance it is most desirable to cultivate." Really, wife, it does not seem quite honorable to invite guests for our own selfish purposes. I can sell hardware with a clear conscience, but the hospitalities of my house-" "Who wants to sell the hospitalities of your

house. No, no, my dear; that is one of your odd notions. Everybody in society does just as I am proposing. And after all, this inviting is only doing as we would be done by." "True, true," said the Deacon, with a mer-

ry laugh, "but why not do this favor to some one who will value it; to whom it will be a real kindness? There are hundreds, now, whom I could name, to whom a day spent among these green trees, in the fresh, sweet air of the country, would be an event to re-"Oh, if you mean a charitable visit, that is

very good in its place, but very different from the matter I have in hand. For our children's sake, my dear, it really is a duty to hold our place in good society."

The Deacon was always accessible to considerations of duty. He merely said : "Well, name your day, and give me the list. I will have the invitations sent from my

"A capital thought; your accountant there is such a splendid pensman; and as to the names, you know the families to whom we are under the greatest obligations. I would have the company as select as possible, and I will try to make the whole affair pass off finely," said the worthy lady, beaming already with amiable complacency upon her prospective

The expected day arrived. Mrs. Goodwin and daughters, their elegant toilets at last perfected, were seated in the drawing room, whose long windows looked across a cool verandah, and commanded the way of approach from the city. Though the fingers wery occupied with light tancy work, expectant eyes were glapping continually down the road to

meet the first arrival. "No one will come for an hour yet, you may be sure," said Mrs. G. "Your father has such a horror of late hours, that he wanted us to be dressed and waiting by 4 o'clock."

"I never saw an omnibus on this road before," said Miss Elllen as one of those plebeian vehicles made its appearance over the brow

"Chartered for some special purpose," said her mother absently, as she mused upon the

"There is another," said Adelaide. "And another," added Ellen.

"There is quite a procession of them." said the mother. "And the first one is stopping at our gate," exclaimed Ellen.

"What in the world can all these forlorn ooking creatures want here?" cried Adelaide "Do go and send them away before our com-

pany comes," said Miss Goodwin.

And in fact the good Deacon was now seen making his way through the crowd of poor people, who stood humbly waiting near the gate, and offering his arm to a withered old ady, in rusty bombazine, who had been among the first arrivals. He presented her and the foremost of the guests to his lady, who stood all in a rustle of astonishment and stiff brocade on the verandah steps, and to his elegant daughters, who were half way between laughing and crying at the novelty of the scene before them. Mrs. Goodwin fortunately had the good sense or philosophy to perceive that a state of things which was manifestly not to grace possible; and her innocent guests, tho' somewhat awe-struck at such undreamed of magnificence of apparel, were all unconscious

There was the old lady in black, who proved to be a widow, and utterly alone in the world; about the supply of whose wants the Deacon knew more than any other man living. And there was an old man with one wooden leg ; and a blind man, who was strongly suspected to have been seen at the way-side begging, until some benevolent individual-name unknown-had supplied him wilh a basket of saleable articles, by means of which he was now able to support himself and family. There were women, too, with wan faces, who seemed to have never enjoyed the freedom of God's blessed air, and puny children in the arms, whose heavy eyes brightened at the sight of green grass and waving trees. The older persons were soon seated in the house, or on the piazzas, while the children, under convoy of Miss Ellen, who entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, scattered about in merry games on the green lawn. Never was such a play before; and to Ellen herself it seemed that the little birds never sung so sweetly, nor the fresh summer air breathed so softly, and never was it so delightful to have a home in

the country as on this very day. The company once disposed of, a sober second thought occurred to the lady hostess, more distressing doubtless than the first. An appealing look brought her husband to the corner. "What in the world am I to do," she said. "I have not half provision enough for them to eat."

"That is all right," replied the Deacon, pointing to a market wagon which was just unloading at the kitchen gate. "There is a-bundance for them all, and I have given directions to the cook."

Anxiety was needless; every arrangement had been completely made; and the entertainers devoted themselves again to their guests. Happily passed the hours of the golden afternoon. The ladies of the family recovered speedily from the shock of disappointment, and could not help admitting that they had never so thoroughly enjoyed a company before. It was only because the real delight of social life, that of conferring happiness on others, had never been so fully within their reach. It was a lesson worth the learning.

At six the company were assembled around the long tables, which by the Deacon's directions, had been spread upon the shady lawn; and never, probably, did guests more heartily unite in thanksgiving for the bounties of Providence. Before they rose from the banquet, there was a gorgeous sunset, and all in full view, to be enjoyed by many who, within their narrow walls, were almost as effectually excluded from God's free picture gallery in the heavens, as from man's aristocratic ones on earth. At the same time, the full moon was rising in the east, and then there was a delightful evening, with the glancing fire flies among the grass, and the cool breezes that never dreamed of brick wall and heated pavement -and by nine o'clock the whole party departed in their train of conveyances for home.

The lady hostess was too tired, too thoughtful to demand explanation now. When the children and servants had silently assembled in the sitting-room at the hour of prayer, the worthy father of the family read from the great Bible the story of a feast given of old at the house of a chief Pharisee; and his voice lingered with special emphasis on the following words:

"When thou makest a dinner or supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors; least they also bid thee again, and a recompese be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

THE OLDEST PREACHER IN NEW ENGLAND .-'In the town of Berlin, Vt., ajoining Montpelier," writes a correspondent to the Boston Traveller, "lives the Rev. James Hobart, who is probably the most remarkable preacher in New England. He is now about entering the ninty-fifth year of his age, and the seventieth of his ministry; and still he is vigorous and active, preaching every Sunday when and wherever he can engage himself. Thirty years ago his people, over whom he had been the settled congregational minister since the settlement of the town in about the year 1790, dismissed him, supposing he would not hold out much longer. Since then he has been preaching in N. Hampshire and Vermont, on yearly, monthly and daily engagements. He is a great pedestrian, making nothing of walking a half dozen miles to preach, and home again the

same day. LOVELY WOMEN srill "stoop to tolly," and fall into the arms of dishonorable men. A pretty girl from Clarksville, Tenn., who recently attempted to commit suicide in Cincinnati, has the following sad history to relate. Several months ago she became acquainted with a man named White, and three weeks since they were married. In the innocence of herartless nature she gave him her utmost confidence, and placed in his hands the sum of eight thousand dollars. After their marriage they came to Cincinnati, and a few days afterwards the fellow disappeared, leaving the young girl among strangers, without a dollar, and located in a hotel intended only for stevedores. Cruclly betrayed in her love, and still more cruelly deserted, she was induced to the commission of suicide.

Scool," said Ellen with a sudden gleam of merriment; "can this be one of father's curi
Magustine was once asked by some one, "what other in his respective section of the countries."

THE WAR OF THE ROSES. From the instant the news arrived that the

Seceders had nominated Breckinridge and Lane, everybody saw that it was a ticket "made to kill." In their desire to chastise Douglas for his revolt against Slavery Propagandism, they violated, in this nomination, that clause of the Constitution which declares that "cruel and unusual punishments shall not be inflicted."

Douglas had a right to expect that they would select as the executioner of their purposes, a nominee for President who would combine in his character and conduct personal enmity to be cured, had better be endured with the best | him, conspicuous hostility to Popular Sovereignty, and a repulsive advocacy of a Slave Code for the Territories. He has reason to complain of unusual cruelty in the selection of of the struggle—and triumph, too—of grace that was going on beneath the studied hospitality with which she received them.

Breckinridge, the gentleman, the whilom friend, for the task of putting him to deoth.

The headsman of the scaffold was chosen not more for his unerring eye and vigorous arm, than for his hideous visage. The wielder of the guillotine decapitated his victims under the guise of a horrid mask. Jack Ketch was proverbially a vulgar miscreant in heart, garb, and manners. The condemned could feel the appropriateness of dying a felon's death by

If it be claimed that Douglas cannot properly be classed among criminals about to be put cy of the cities and the rough and ready adthe fight precipitated upon him is more analogous to the duello, then we insist that the canons of the code required that an enemy who had put upon him some peculiar indignity, or, at all events, a man who had not laid him under obligations by a great service, rendered at a critical period, should have been chosen to cross rapiers with him. He had a right to require that his foes, though showing him no quarter, should give him an antagonist not only worthy of his steel, but whose hostility toward him was of such long-standing and so malignant a type, that the Little Giant would have been provoked to put in requisition those forensic weapons of misrepresentation, vituperation, and coarse personal abuse, in the use of which he is so skillful.

Now, tested by these criterions, Mr. Breckinridge is not a suitable person to do the odious work of killing off Mr. Douglas. For example, he is a gentleman, distinguished for amenity of manners and respect for the proprieties of life. Cautious in statement, weighing well his words, refined in his allusions, not unand would have infinitely preferred to encounter, some foeman of coarser grain than Breckinridge, some vulgar brawler like Atchison or Green, or some impulsive and imprudent declaimer like Brown or Toombs, whose utteran-

ces could have been turned against him. Douglas has won many friends by affecting the airs, the buoyancy, the hilarity of youth. He has always relied much upon the support of "fast" young men. He is popular with the "boys." But Breckinridge is the youngest man by far who ever ran for the Presidency. He is the favorite of the young Chivalry. In 1856, when Republicans contrasted the vigor of the "Pathfinder" with the weight of years that bent down the "old public functionary," the young Democracy used to point with pride to the erect form and elastic step of their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, whose running qualities were so much superior to those of his aged leader, that wags called the combination "the Kangaroo ticket," because its longest legs were behind. Breckinridge has the advantage of Douglas on the score of youth by some ten years.

Beyond all cavil Douglas had the right to require that his opponent should be an early, an unswerving, an avowed disciple of the Propagandist school of the most extreme type. But Breckinridge could not be claimed with any certainty, until recently, as a convert to the dogmas of that school. In 1856 he made a non-intervention speech of the most unmistakable hue. In the thickest of the Lecompton contest he was charged, and not without reason, with "skulking" from the chair of the Senate for weeks together, lest, on some tie vote, he be compelled to throw his weight into one scale or the other of the vibrating Democracy. In fact, he permitted himself to be proclaimed a qualified Anti-Lecomptonite. On this point Douglas has been treated with rank injustice. In common fairness there should have been pitted against him a keen, profound exponent of the Slave-Code dogma, who has brought out the doctrine in all its plausible diabolism, like Davis, the Luther of the Negro Propaganda; or, some bold, dashing advocate of the doctrine, like Wise, who, emulating

Mohammed, would propagate Slavery with fire But the cut given by this nomination which Douglas must feel the keenest, is the oft-shown friendship of Breckinridge for Douglas personally, and his supposed toleration of his political eccentricities. The Vice-President treated him with marked kindness, while in the chair, during the Lecompton struggle, thereby provoking the hostility of the enemies of Douglas in the Senate. When battling for a re-election before the people of Illinois, in 1858, Breckinridge wrote a generous letter in his behalf, which refreshed the hunted rebel like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." On that January morning, in 1859, when, triumphant over the Administration, Douglas, with long strides and deflant wag of the head, walked to his seat in the new Senate Chamber, a crowd of friends in the packed galleries receiving him with a subdued cheer, many Democratic Senators scowled coldly upon him, but the gallant Kentuckian extended to him a cordial greeting, shaking the victor fervently by the hand. Then, again, just at don't own far in that direction." the close of that session, when Davis, Brown, Clay, Iverson, Mason, Gwin, and the rest of the Lecompton conspirators, made their combined attack upon him, worrying him like a wounded stag, and satisfying all impartial observers that he could never be the nominee of the united Democracy, the Vice President, pained at the spectacle, left the chair, retired to the cloak-room, and occasionally glancing in upon the quarreling Democratic Orlandos and Olivers, seemed to say, like good Adam, "Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord!" Doubtless, both Breckinridge and Douglas, looking, each for The following answer to the over-curious himself, to a Presidential nomination, intend- "Monsieur, how is that poor leg?" Talleyous tricks?"

"It certainly is," replied Adelaide, "for there he comes himself out of the last omnibus.

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Then, to compel such a man-for, unquestionably, Breckinridge goes reluctantly to the task-to execute the vengeance of the Slave Oligarchy upon Douglas, is the refinement of cruelty. If they had deputed Davis, who led then, as in their recent encounter, haughty, dictatorial, and affecting a most offensive superiority; or Slidell, who, in his clumsy, malignant way, has always sneered at his Presidential pretensions, denounced him as "Chief of the Thugs' while receiving the hospitality of Soule in New-Orleans, tried to steal his Cuba thunder by his thirty-million bill, and who despises Douglas as cordially as Douglas hates him-if either of these had been selected as had a good stomach for the fight. But, to confront him with Breckinridge, the whilom triend, apologist, defender! "Take any shape but that!" he must have exclaimed when the tidings of the nomination flashed upon him.

We have said this nomination was "made to kill." Breckinridge, however, lacked one element to make the death of Douglas doubly sure. He has not a grain of rowdy sm in his composition. Douglas has ever relied largely upon this element to aid his Presidential aspirations. He expected in this canvass to make heavy drafts upon the subterranean Democrasadly deficient. He is a well-mannered mandresses in clean linen-is a scholar and a lawyer-springs from an aristocratic family-is to kill !- N. Y. Tribune.

of Brussels says: "Another affair, something and a poor quality of butter will be the result.

like that of the boy Mortara, has occurred at After setting the milk away it should never Cologne, but with a very defferent issue. A be disturbed again until it is ready to be skimmindful of rhetorical embellishments, he is a young Jewess, of Reuss, aged sixteen, who at-respectable debater. He presides in the Sen- tended a school at that town kept by some Ro- sible after the cream has risen and before the ate with dignity and liberality. Now, Douglas | man Catholic nuns, one day told her parents | milk has curdled; all the gain there is in would have been far better matched against, that she wished to turn Catholic. As her quantity after about twenty-four hours' setting father refused to sanction that step, she clan- you must lose in quality. Keep the cream in destinely left her home and went to a priest, who immediately took her to a convent in Co- (moderately warm in winter.) Sprinkle a litlogne. Her father having asertained where the salt on the bottom of the jar. Always stir she was, applied at once to the authorities of Cologne, and they caused his daughter to be add a fresh skimming of milk. Never churn restored to him, notwithstanding that she had been already baptized. The father intends to prosecute the priest."

> HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, the Douglas candi- changed two or three times, or until there is date for Vice President, is reported to be 'sound' on 'Squatter Sovereignty,' as follows: "Slave property stands on the same footing as all other descriptions of property and neith- twelve ounces of the best Ashton dairy salt, er the General Government, NOR ANY TERRI-TORIAL GOVERNMENT, can destroy or impair the right to slave property in the territories any more than the right to any other decription of property; property of all kinds, slaves as well as any other species of property in the territories, stands upon the same equal and broad Constitutional basis, and subject to like principles of recognition and protection in the Legislative, judicial, and executive departments of the Government."

THE Locofoco editors pretend to aver that all the qualifications claimed for Abe Lincoln are that "he is a good raftsman, and a capital hand to split rails." Not at all. We can afford to throw in these good qualities, and prove besides, from his speeches that he is fully competent to guide the government and dissect the subtle arguments of the Black Democracy. He has mauled the life out of the Little Giant in Illinois, and has now the title of "Abe the Giant Killer," in addition to that of the "Raftsman and Rail-Splitter."

A traveling Yankee put up at a country inn where a number of country loungers were assembled telling stories. After sitting some time and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for the dog he had with him. They all rose: one guessed five dollars, another ten dollars, another fifteen, until he had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. "Not a darned cent," he replied.

A SPUNKY WOMAN .- The dwelling house of an old sea captain in Saybrook, Ct., was entered by burglars a few nights since, when no one was in the house but his wife and a couple of infant children. She met them at the door, with a revolver in hand, and told them if they advanced one step they were dead men. They looked at her, consulted together a few minutes, and then sneaked away. As Mr. Toodles would say, "Such a woman is handy to have in the house."

As PAR UP AS THEY GO -- We have just heard a good 'un. Not long ago a distinguished divine of this city was walking with a friend past a new church, in which another distinguished divine is shepherd. Said the friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire, which was tall and yet not completed, "How much higher is that going to be?" "Not much," answered the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they

THE friends of Mr. Douglas in Kentucky, knowing they would be in the minority in the State Convention, have seceded in advance, and are going in a gang by themselves to hold a Convention in Louisville on the 11th of August. The Louisville Democrat-the Douglas Organ-advertises this as the "Regular State Democratic Convention."

TALLEYRAND, the prime minister of Napoleon, was disliked by Mme. de Stael. It so happened that Talleyrand was lame and Mme. defence of the rights of the south. cross-eyed. Meeting one day, Mme. says,

They have a calf in Winona, Minn., with

BUTTER-MAKING.

The following article on butter-making is contributed to the Rural New Yorker by A. D. Burt, who has taken many premiums in New York State Fairs. His views deserve general the attack upon him in the Senate, in 1859, attention because a great deal of bad butter finds its way to market, owing to the want of correct information in making and packing it. Mr. Burt says :- First, I consider that it is absolutely necessary to have good, sweet pas-turage, with an abundance of the best grasses, and an unstinted supply of pure fresh water, not such detestable stuff as can be found in stagnant pools, but such as you behold when you "see the rill from the mountain joyously gleam," where the cows can slake their thirst his antagonist, the Little Giant would have and feel invigorated. The pasture should have shade trees sufficient to accommodate all, without the necessity of disturbing each other in the excessive heat of midsummer. Then have cows suitable for a butter dairy; not those that give the largest amount of milk, but the richest, yielding a large supply of the rich orangecolored cream. The cows should be salted regularly, at least twice each week, as it will keep them in health and in a thriving condition, which is needful for profit. Always be sure to drive them carefully to and from the pasture; never allow them to be worried by boys or dogs, as it will tend to heat the milk and often cause great delay in the churning, to death for offenses against his party, but that venturers of the frontiers. In sympathy with which some will impute to witchcraft, and that these ingredients of society Breckinridge was | correctly, but the witchery, 1 believe, is in over-heating the inoffensive cow and often causing injurious effects upon the poor dumb beast.

Always be regular in your time for milking, said to possess a good moral character, and is vicariously pious, his father being one of the the same cow or cows, and be sure to milk most eminent divines of the Presbyterian them as quickly and thoroughly as possible, Church. To make up for these defects in the for you thereby save the richest part, and ofhead of the ticket, and divide the cheers of ten save knots from forming in the teats, or "the b'hoys" with Douglas, the Seceders put Joe Lane on at the tail, who belongs by birth and instinct to the lower tier of society; is lighter the better) is the most suitable place coarse-grained enough to suit the taste of the for the pans, and racks instead of shelves, is groundlings; can swear like a drab, and drink | considered the best, as the air can circulate unmeasured quantities of corn whisky; is a freely around the pans, cooling the milk more backwoods squatter and Western pioneer; has evenly. A common house cellar will very selfought with bears on the frontiers and smelt dom be found a suitable place for setting milk, powder at Buena Vista. The ticket was made and the cream or milk in a cellar should never be placed on the floor or bottom, for if there is any impure air or gas in the cellar it will set-ANOTHER MOTTARA CASE .- The Observateur | tle to the ground, causing the cream to be bitter,

> stone pots or jars, in a cool place in summer the cream from the bottom every time you until at least twelve hours after the last cream has been put in the jar. After the cream has been churned and the butter properly gathered, it should then be washed in cold water and no coloring of milk about the water; the whole of the water must then be worked from the butter, and it should be salted with about well pulverized, to sixteen pounds, or threefourths of an ounce to each pound of butter. The salt should be evenly worked through the entire mass. I differ much with many of our butter-makers in the quantity of salt, but I have taken the first premium at our county fair (in the Fall) on June-made butter that was salted with half an ounce to each pound, and packed immediately, without a second working, and that butter, when thirteen months old, was just as sweet as when first packed.

Always pack immediately, as it tends to make it streaked if it is worked a second time. It should be packed in jars, if for home use; if for market, in the best oak firkins or tubs, which should he well soaked with cold water, then scalded and steamed by pouring boiling water in, and covering to keep the steam in for a short time, say twenty or thirty minutes. Then pour off the water and scrub the firkin with salt or with soda, then wipe out the sur-plus, give it a slight rinse and, when cooled, it is ready for use. When the firkin or jar is full, cover the butter with good sweet brine, to exclude the air."

DON'T LIKE WIDOWERS .- In endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshals occasionally meet with such difficulties as well nigh deprive them of their senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place somewhere between a marshal and an Irishwoman: "How many male members have you in the

house? "Nary a one."

"When were you married ?" "The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky. Ah well I mind it. A sun-shinier day niver glibed the day of ould Ireland." "What was the condition of your husband

before marriage?" "Divil a man more miserable. He said that if I didn't give him a promise within two weeks he would blow his brains out with a crowbar." "Was he at the time of your marriage a single man or a widower?"

"A which? a widower, did you say? Arrah. now, go 'wid yer nonsense. Is't the likes of me that would take up with a secon-hand husband! Do I look like a wife of a widower i A poor divil, all legs and consumption, like a sick turkey. A widower? May I never be blessed if I wouldn't rather life an ould maid, and bring up a family on buttermilk and pra-

MR. YANCY "No SARDINE."-There are various ways of complimenting people. The south-western heroes have thought it the hight of glory to be called half-horse and half-alligator. But we think that Mr. Yancy, who has figured so largely of late, has received a title of honor which is perfectly unique and new. We leave our readers to judge what it means. At a public meeting, held in Calhoun county, Alabama, the following resolution was passed Resolved, That Col. Wm. L. Yancy is no sardine-no one-horse institution, but a whole, a perfect team, and justly entitled to our warm-

incendiary documents, such as "Helper's Impending Crisis," N. Y. Tribune, &c., has had THE FIVE POINTS.

Five Points, says the New York Post, comprises five blocks, bound by Leonard and Bay. ard streets on the north, Mulberry and Chatham streets on the east, Pearl street on the south, and Centre street on the west. The total number of houses is 305; of which 242 are front and 63 rear houses. The number of floors is 883; of rooms 3,676; of tenements 1,665; of basements underground, occupied as residences, 139.

The population is, 1,616 families, 7,213 persons—4,598 adults and 2,515 children. Of the adults, 2,615 cannot read and write, and of the children only 925 attend school. In 414 families there are no children, owing to the terrible mortality which year by year is almost incredibly destructive. In many families having children, more have died than now survive. A large portion of the offspring are still-born. The statistics of the dead almost surpass belief. The population is fearfully crowded. Most of the houses are less than three stories high, small inconvenient and unwholesome. A portion of the inhabitants occupy the sixty-three rear buildings. The three hundred other houses accommodate above two hundred stores, liquor shops, groceries, meat markets, shoe stalls, clothing warehouses, junk and pawn-broker's shops, coffin factories, ect., besides above five thousand inhabitants. One hundred and thirtynine tenements are basements, generally about nine feet under ground, dark, filthy and unventilated; hot-beds for engendering pestilence. Many of these have subterranean communications often crossing the streets. In many of the apartments all the clothing and bedding is perfectly saturated with dampness and unwholesome exhalations.

The sanitary condition of the streets, houses and yards absolutely beggars all power of description. Often two, three and even four families occupy a single apartment, and the premises are seldom cleansed. It would not be proper here to speak of the domestic and househald arrangements common in this part of the Sixth Ward. How can mortals be preserved where comfort does not exist, where filth is ubiquitous and decency unattainable? All the conditions of living,-food, clothing, beds, apartments, neighbors, etc.— are directly calculated to render the people diseased, and overthrow even the remembrance of morality and social refinement. The streets are covered with garbage; and the gutters overflow with fluid, stagnant, filthy, and redolent of noisomness and the charnel.

THE GWIN-BUCHANAN QEARREL .- All the attempted explanations of the scene between Buchanan and Gwin are false and fabricated. They have come together, it is true, but under circumstances which reflect discredit on both. No President who respected himself, would consent to be reconciled after the insulting language which was applied to him, and no Senator who valued his position, could submit to the humiliation of recanting, without a surrender of personal dignity. In either case, the parties are not benefitted by the contemptible explanation which has been put before the public.

Three of the choir of young girls who, dresssed in white, greeted Washington as he entered Trenton in 1789, on his way to New York to assume the Presidency, and strewed his pathway with flowers, still survive. One yet lives in Trenton, one is the mother of Senator Chestnut, of South Sarolina, and one, Mrs. Sarah Hand, resides in Cape May county, New Jersey.

The Democratic National Convention broke up in a row, Democratic State Conventions break up in rows, Democratic District, Couny and City Conventions break up in rows, and Democratic Committees break up in rows. When before in the world's history was there ever such a set of rowdies !- Lou. Jour.

The Hon. John P. Hale has sued the proprietors of the Boston Courier for an alleged libel published on the 2d July. The Courier establishment was on Saturday a-week attached, pending the result. Mr. Hale lays his damages at \$10,000. Eminent counsel have been engaged to defend the suit.

A country mayor promised to attend a meeting but broke his engagement. When remonstrated with he excused himself by saying that he had been attending another meeting, and then plaintively added, "I couldn't come, you know; can't be in two places at once, I am not amphibious!

the statement that the widow of John Brown has received \$30,000 from Hayti. She has not yet received a dollar from that country. Furthermore, that the aid received by the family in this country is not as large as reported. Mrs. Elizabeth P. M'Craney has been arrest-

Mr. Redpath states that there is no truth in

ed at Oneonta, New York, charged with the gradual poisoning of her step-daughter, Huldah Ann M'Craney, aged 17 years, and an unusually beautiful girl. The trial will come off in December next.

"MOTHER," said a little fellow the other day, 'Is there any harm in breaking egg shells ?" "Certainly not, my dear, but why do you ask?"
"Because I dropped the basket just now, and see what a mess I'm in with the yolk."

The Iowa State Register says that five voters in one family at Rising Sun, near Des Moines, who voted the Democratic ticket last year, are now in favor of the Republican ticket-Thus it goes everywhere.

"PADDY," said a joker, "why don't you get our ears cropped—they are entirely too long for a man!" "And yours," replied Pat, ought to be lengthened-they are too short

for an ass! " A. S. Belt, Esq., one of the most talented Democrats of Cedar county, Iowa, has declar-ed himself for Lincoln and Hamlin. He designs shortly to take the stump in their favor:

If the old maxim is true, that the idle head is the workshop of the Devil, there are locali-J. B. Brown, of Alexandria, Va., who was ties in all our villages and cities where a large circulating amount of manufacturing is daily going on.

> The Republican Club of Marine, Madison county, Illinois, now numbers 181 members, of whom 70 voted for Douglas two years ago. A good beginning, that.