Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, R. FENT WARD, Jr., } Editors & Publishers.

"EXCELSIOR."

VOL. VIII.—NO 26. CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY JULY 28, 1858. NEW SERIES—VOL. III.—NO 27.

TERMS— $1 25 per Annum.

Terms of Subscription.

If paid in advance, or within three months, $1 75
If paid any time within the year, - - 1 50
If paid after the expiration of the year, - 2 00

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements are inserted in the Republican at the following rates:

	1 Insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
One square, (14 lines,)	$ 50	$ 75	$1 00
Two squares, (28lines,)	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three squares, (42 lines,)	1 50	2 00	2 50

	3 months.	6 mo's.	12 mo
One Square,	$2 50	$4 00	$7 00
Two squares,	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three squares,	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four squares,	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column,	8 00	12 00	18 00
One column,	14 00	20 00	35 00

Over three weeks and less than three months 25 cents per square for each insertion.

Business notices not exceeding 8 lines are inserted for $2 a year.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

LARRIMER & WARD.

THE MORNING SPAT.

BY J. W. WREN.

"I tell you, Mr. Bangs, it is no use talking. I have determined to go to the Opera to-night; and go I will. I have not had a moment's recreation for the last six months, and I can stand it so no longer. Since you have not the generosity even to invite me to accompany you anywhere, and I must go of my own accord, I trust you will have the honor, Mr. B., to at least see me safely there and back upon this one, solitary occasion, without grumbling."

"Oh certainly, my dear," responded the affectionate spouse, in a tone which smacked very much of sarcasm; "and I really hope you will enjoy yourself. And as this is but the tenth visit you can have paid to this very interesting institution within the last four weeks, most decidedly I think you ought."

"The tenth," echoed Mrs. B., in a startled tone. "Mr. B., I blush to own that my husband can be guilty of perpetrating such a falsehood. It is well we have never been married, or rather cursed, as the case would be at present, with any progeny; for they could but hide their heads in very shame, at the conduct of their father—"

"And mother!"

"Mr. B., this is shameful, you know I have not been out an evening for a long time, and when I did go it was only to transact some necessary business which required immediate attention. And yet, when now I propose a change from the weary monotony of life, for the brief space of two or three hours—as on previous similar occasions you oppose it; and not only that, but even insult me because I ventured to suggest it. Mr. Bangs, you are a cruel man!"

"Mrs. Bangs, you are a lovely woman!"

"Much too lovely for such an ungrateful man as you," responded the now enraged feminine, "and I wish to goodness I had always thought so. I now see what a simpleton I was, not to accept the brilliant offer of hand and fortune, that the lawyer from Chelsea, done me the honor to make instead of such a proverty-stricken and inhuman creature as you. But I am rightly served for my want of sense."

"And so am I," said the inveterate Bangs. "For, if ever there was a human being completely befooled into marriage, who ran his head into the noose, without cause or forethought, and repented bitterly of it afterwards, I am that man. It maddens me when I think of the number of brilliant alliances I might have made, and to what position I might have attained, had I been so disposed, and then to consider to how low a point I stooped. I think, in this case, I may properly esteem myself the complainant."

"Certainly! Oh, yes! By all means" rapidly, but rather incoherently, spoke the other side—"particularly when it is taken into consideration the facts, that not one of those you spoke of, would have had you for a husband. They would have been ashamed to have acknowledged you as such."

"Would they? Would they?" said Bangs, who was becoming as fearfully excited as his partner—"allow me to tell you, my dear madam, that not one of them but would have jumped at the chance.—Say what you will I wish I was back in the same position again, with a little of my present experience, I would try to act a particle wiser."

"Would to heaven you had the chance to return," was the consoling rejoinder.—"I should weep tears of gratitude, to know that the event could take place."

"They could not possibly exceed mine," remarked Bangs, "for I should feel as much releived as Christian, when the cross fell from his shoulders on his way to the Celestial City."

"My heart would bound with a degree of pleasure it has been a stranger to for six long years," continued the excited contestant, "and I should begin to think that the world was not wholly a desert, after all."

"And I should be firmly convinced," pursued the obstinate Bangs, "that a second Eden had been created in this lower sphere, where man was privileged to enjoy rest and repose."

"My wedded life has been one constant scene of toil and hardship."

"And mine of tribulation and martyr-like endurance."

"With worse than midnight darkness resting on my soul."

"With everlasting gloom shrouding my hopes."

"Mr. Bangs, you are a disgrace to your sex."

"Mrs. Bangs, allow me to reciprocate the compliment."

"Your conduct is outrageous."

"Ditto—so you madam."

"Scandalous!"

"And yours ridiculous!"

"Disgusting!"

"Despicable!"

"Vile!"

"Abominable!"

"Mean!"

"Contemptible!"

"Not a day passes, but some new trait of an unpleasant nature is discovered. It is absolute folly to think of living with you."

"I have thought more than once," observed the immortal Bangs, "of applying for a divorce, and have only been prevented from doing so, by a knowledge of your dependent position."

"Dependent position!" fairly shrieked the opposite party. "Let me assure you, Mr. B., that I am amply qualified to take of myself; and can do so without the least trouble. Do not give yourself any uneasiness upon that score, or let it hinder you from proceeding in your wretched work."

"I shall not."

"I will apply for a divorce, myself."

"No necessity of that," observed the accommodating Bangs, "one will be sufficient for both. I will do the business."

"In just such a manner as you choose. Prefer your complaints, and bribe some senseless vagrant to listen to them."

"No; oh, no; my dear," pursued Bangs, in a mocking tone, "I would not be guilty of depriving you of the exquisite pleasure of being heard. You shall send in your own bill of complaints. I shall only be too happy to see them on their way."

"When?"

"Immediately."

"Then, the divorce once procured we separate."

"With all my heart."

"Good!"

"Glorious!"

"And I take the furniture!"

"You? you?" said Bangs, growing, if possible, even more red in the face than before. "Well, that is a good joke, I must confess. Pray, tell me, madam, how you came by that furniture?"

"How—now I came by the furniture?—Mr. Bangs, do you not tremble in your boots to ask me that question? Did not my poor parents deprive themselves of nearly every comfort to set us up in housekeeping? Ungrateful wretch, do you dare to ask me how I came by it?"

"Are those chairs yours?" queried Bangs, in a withered tone.

"Is that table yours?" responded the lady, with equal vehemence.

"And that bedstead?"

"And those beds?"

"And that mirror?"

"And that bureau?"

"And that stove?"

"And that oil cloth?"

"And to whom does that crockery belong, may I ask?" said Bangs, in a husky voice. "Perhaps you may lay claim to that, also."

"The fruit-dishes are mine, certainly," was the eager response; "I bought them with my own money."

"With your money?" echoes Bangs, with a horrid attempt at a laugh. "Another joke. Why, Mrs. B., you are fruitful in that line, this morning."

"And was it not my money?" demanded the opponent, with a fearful expression of rage manifested in her countenance. "Did not my poor father give it to me, as a birthday present?"

"Your father? Ha! ha! ha!" fairly hiccoughed Bangs. "I should like to see the gentleman; I believe he died before you were born.

"Bangs you are a brute."

"Just my opinion of you," responded that gentleman, with a leer.

"A perfect devil."

"That term belongs at home," was the cheering reply.

"And say what you will, I will have my share of the furniture."

"As to that," responded Bangs, "I have only to say, with all due deference to your claims, and in the kindest manner possible, that not the smallest particle of furniture goes out of the this house for the party specified, save and except just sufficient to make your coffin."

This capped the climax. The unfortunate Mrs. B. could endure anything save a reference to her death, and even that, unless, as in the present instance, such reference was accompanied with the wish that the dreadful event would take place. Then, however, as now, she burst into tears, and dropped into a chair.

Inasmuch as these interesting scenes were unusually repeated every day, in the three hundred and sixty-five, when both parties chanced to be at home, the resolute Bangs was well prepared how to act. Dashing a chair to the farther end of the room, he seized his hat and hurried out of the house, at a flying pace, well satisfied that when he returned, at noon, tranquility would be restored. Mrs. B., after giving vent to her feelings in tears, quietly arose and set things to rights; and so, for the time being, was ended—THE MORNING SPAT.

TOMB OF HIPPOCRATES.—The *Experance* of Athens states that near the village of Arnaouli, not far from Pharasalia, a tomb has just been discovered which has been ascertained to be that of Hippocrates, the great physician, an inscription clearly enunciating the fact. In the tomb a gold ring was found representing a serpent, the symbol of the medical art in antiquity, as well as a small gold chain attached to a thin piece of gold having the appearance of a band for the head. There was also lying with these articles a bronze bust, supposed to be that of Hippocrates himself. These objects, as well as the stone which bears the inscription, were delivered up to Reouin Pacha, Governor of Thessaly, who at once forwarded them to Constantinople.

THE quickest way to "square the circle" is to put a fashionable dressed woman in an old fashioned box pew.

The First Blood Shed for Liberty in the Revolutionary War.

The first blood shed in defence of Liberty and in opposing English oppression was in the South. The State of North Carolina—the "Old North State," and twin sister of South Carolina—is entitled to the honor. It was during the gubernatorial administration of the notorious Governor Tryon, the English governor at the time, who built one of the most splendid palaces in either N. or S. America, at Newborn, N. C. with the proceeds of taxes imposed upon the people for the purpose, and to resist which taxation a portion of them rebelled, just as did the men of Massachusetts afterwards. It took place in the year 1771, and is narrated by Mr. Wheeler, in his history of North Carolina. On the 16th of May, in that year, a battle was fought between the Americans and the British forces on the banks of the Alamance river, in what is now known as the county of that name, called the battle of Alamance. The American forces were called the "Regulators," from their efforts in endeavoring to bring about an equitable regulation of taxes and other oppressive matters. The American forces amounted to two thousand, and were headed by three men named Husband, Hunter and Butler, while the British forces, including militia, called out by Tryon, amounted to upwards of eleven hundred, but had the advantage greatly in arms and discipline. As might have been expected, the Americans were defeated after an action of two hours, with a loss of twenty dead and several wounded, while that of the royal forces, in killed, wounded and missing was sixty one. Mr. Wheeler says:

"Thus ended the battle of Alamance—Thus and here was the *first blood spilled* in these United States, in resistance to exactions of English rulers and oppressions by the English government. The great Wolf of South Carolina showed his blood thirsty temper by acts of revenge, cruelty and barbarity. He hanged Captain Tew the next day, without trial, on a tree."

In this case, as Byron truly remarks in one of his poems:

"For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though sometimes lost, is ever won."

Thus we see it was at the battle of Alamance, and not at Bunker Hill, that the first American blood was shed in the cause of liberty. "Honor to whom honor is due," Com. to the Charleston Mercury.

The Hair of the Presidents.

In the Patent Office at Washington, there are many objects of interest connected with the government, and those who administered its affairs in time gone by. While examining some of the objects of curiosity, when in Washington in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples, or small locks of hair taken from the heads of different chief magistrates, from Washington down to President Pierce, secured in frames covered with glass. Here is in fact, a part and parcel of what once constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the rememberance of the past. The hair of Washington is nearly pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance. That of John Adams is nearly the same color, though perhaps a little coarser The hair of Jefferson is of a different character being a mixture of white and auburn, or sandy brown, and rather coarse. The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark. The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. The hair of John Q. Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse, and of a yellowish gray color. The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portrait of the old hero. The hair of Gen. Harrison is a fine white, with a slight mixture of black. The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown. The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white. The hair of General Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown. The hair of Millard Fillmore, is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white. The hair of F. Pierce is a dark brown. The hair of James Buchanan is perfectly white and silken.

CLAY-EATERS.

[*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

What will the reader say on hearing that in many parts of the world even clay is a respectable and respected food. Travellers, who see strange things are very positive in their assertions on this head.—Humbolt, a man whose word justly carries witn it European authority, confirms the statement of Gumilla, that the Ottomacs of South America, during the periods of the floods, subsist entirely on a fat and feruginous clay of which each man eats a pound or more. Spix and Martuis declare that the Indians of the Amazon eat a kind of loam, even when other food is abundant. Molina says that the Peruvians frequently eat a sweet-smelling clay; and Ehrenberg has analyzed the edible clay sold in the markets of Bolivia, which he finds to be a mixture of talc and mica. The inhabitants of Guiana mingle clay with their bread; and the negroes of Jamaica are said to eat earth when other food is deficient.

According to Labillardiere, the inhabitants of New Caledonia appease their hunger with a white friable earth, said by Vanquelin to be composed of magnesia, silica, oxide of iron, and chalk. To conclude this list we must add Siam, Siberia and Kamtschatka as countries of clay-eaters. This is rather a staggering accumulation of assertions which we cannot dismiss altogether, even if we suppose a large allowance of scepticism justifiable. Granting the fact that certain kinds of earth are really nutritious, and it is difficult to escape such a conclusion, we are completely at a loss for an adequate explanation of it. Little light is thrown on it by the assumption, probable enough, that the earth must contain organic matter, because in a pound of such earth could scarcely be contained sufficient organic matter to supply the demands of an adult. Nor will it get rid of the difficulty to say that the earth only appeased hunger without nourishing the system: because, in the first place, Humboldt's testimony is that the Ottomacs *subsist* on clay at periods when other food is deficient; and in the second place, although the *local* sensation of hunger may be appeased by introducing substances into the stomach, the more imperious *systemic* sensation of hunger is not thus to be appeased. We must, therefore, be content at present with accepting the fact which the science of a future day may possibly explain.

A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH.

A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a Runaway match that came of in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of the parents and relatives of every degree, and secured the co-operation of a friendly clergyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion several miles distant, where the rites could be solemnized without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was as much mounting, and racing, and chasing as occurred on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of their wrathful pursuers and gave their horses the spur. But alas! their pursuers were better mounted and gained fast upon them. It was evident that they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea took and the pastor at once commenced the ritual. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle rein, the clergyman pronounced them husband and wife. When the old gentleman first learned what had been done, he was inclined to be furious; but being a gallant old fellow, and admiring a dashing action, he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in consideration of the handsome and novel manner in which they triumphed over him.

USE OF PAIN.—Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth, which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil.—He was refuted by a crab who bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off.—If he had maintained instead that pain was good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carpenter, in his "Principles of Human Physiology," from the "Journal of a Naturalist," shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep on a winter's evening upon the platform of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down, become a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burnt off above the ancle, and when roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground. The extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been killed after a fashion by the carbonic acid delivered from the limestone, or whatever may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity, expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol Hospital. Without the warning voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters.—*London Quarterly.*

UPON CHOOSING A WIFE.—Young man, a word in your ear. When you choose a wife, don't be fascinated with a dashing creature, fond of society, vain, artistical, and showy in dress. You do not want a doll or a coquette for a partner. Choose rather one of those retiring, modest, sensible girls, who have learnt to deny themselves, and possess some decided character. But above all, seek for a good disposition. No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, worried and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart.—He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

NO LOSS IN KEEPING THE SABBATH.—While the Dutchess of Kent was recently in Edingburgh, the hotel keeper with whom she stopped having no biscuit of a particular kind called "Albert biscuit" to give to her royal highness, sent to the bakey for some. As it was the Sabbath, the honest baker refused to sell any, even to royalty. On hearing this the Duchess was so pleased, that she ordered him to supply her household with biscuits during her stay in the Highlands; and the Queen also ordered him to send forty dozen of the same weekly to her at Balmoral.

PERFECT DISCONTENT.—An old lady was in the habit of talking to Jerrold in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. 'Hang it!' said Jerrold, one day, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon."

Mary Maloney's Idea of a Lover.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Marg Maloney,

"O, I don't know, ma'am, without its because my heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see, you don't own a foot of land in the world."

"Foot of land is it!" she cried, with a heatry Irish laugh. "Oh, what a hand ye be after joking: why, I havn't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead."

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos, "may the angels make her bed in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose,"

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, unforture creature."

"You have to pay your little sister's board."

"Sure, the little creature, and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her; I don't grudge the money for that."

"You havn't any fashionable dresses, either, Mary Maloney."

"Fashionable, is it? Oh, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and my calico gown looks as big as the great ladies But then ye says true, I haven't but two gowns to my back, two shoes to my feet, and one bonnet to my head, barring the old hood that ye gave me.

"You havn't got any lover, Mary"

"Oh, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Malony No, no, thank heaven, I ani't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't wan't it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?

"The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing; and if deep troubles come, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick M'Grue should take it into his head to come and axe me, but the Lord willing I'd try to bear up under it."

The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction, was so droll. But she was evidently sincere, having before her the example of her sister's husband and her drunken brother.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarch, with the ceder and gold and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecure of the Holy City not one stone is left on another; but the pool of Bethsaida commands the pilgrims reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are smouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aquaducs remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Acqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid streams. The temple of the sun at Tadmor in the wilderness has fallen; but its fountain sparkles in its rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site except mounds of crumbling brickwork. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should rise over the deep ocean of time we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some aquaduct or reservoir; and if any name should flash through the mist of antiquity, it will be that of the man who sought the happiness of his fellow man rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility or benevolence. This is the true glory that outlives all others, and shines with undying luster from generation to generation, imparting to works something of its immortality, and rescuing them from the ruins which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—The *Staats Zeitung* has the following story: "Some years ago, a young man was living in New York city on a high scale. His name was William Frazer. He had a large business, good connections, and was so much engaged by the world's glitter and display that he had no time to look after his sister, at that time a poor teacher in one of the boarding schools of New York; and by-and-by he forgot her entirely. Some days ago an aged man was arrested near Baltimore and brought back to Morristown, New Jersey, where he broke out of the cell he was confined in, to await his sentence for counterfeiting. It was William Frazer. The once poor teacher lives now at Paris, in the Palais Elysee Bourbon, on the Champs Elysee, and is the wife of Lucien Murat. She may dream every night of kings and crowns, while her unfortunate brother is awaiting his sentence to the State prison."

The Rochester *Union* states that a little child, the years of age, left at home with a small brother, told her brother that she was going to see her sister Charlotte, and unobserved left the house. Charlotte was a sister who had died and was burried two years since in Mt Hope Cemetry. Search was made only in the city, her remark to her brother not having excited any attention. The child was found in Mt. Hope Cemetry, which is three miles from the child's home. She had found the grave of her sister, although in a distant part of the grounds, and only reached by winding and intricate walks. When she got to the grave she lay down on its grass and slept. After her visit was finished she was making her way toward the gate, when stopping to drink, she was picked up and taken to her home.

PAPIER MACHE.

This article obtained its name from the prepared paper which forms the principal material in its composition. The paper which is cut into the required size and shape, is made of the consistency of the hardest wood by steeping in oil, after which it is left to dry in an oven. When the required time has elapsed, it is removed and left in the open air for a few minutes, when a coat of refined black varnish is laid over the surface. Before this varnish has become dry, pieces of pearl, cut in the shape of leaves, roses and other flowers, as the fancy of the artist may dictate, or the character of the article may require, are laid on the paper, to which they adhere, and which is again placed in the oven. When it has been remained a second time, another coat of varnish is applied on the surface of the pearl and paper indiscriminately. The varnish which it has had sufficient time to dry, is scraped off the pearl, and the same process repeated several times, until all parts of the surface is made quite even. This gives the pearl the appearance of having been inlaid. The article, which is still in an unfinished state, after a thorough polish has to be submitted to the hands of the artist, upon whose skill its beauty in a great measure depends. Under his hands, the pearl but roughly formed, is soon converted into a full-blown flower, surrounded by its leaves and buds. The branches are first traced out with a camel's hair pencil dipped in size, upon which, gold leaf is afterwards laid. Then follows the painting of the flowers and leaves, the colors of which are rendered almost indelible by the application of a second coat of refined white varnish. Persons who have seen papier mache articles have no doubt been struck with the natural appearance given to the leaves and flowers by the pearl, the brilliancy of which endures an incredible length of time.

Man Killed by a Woman in Defence of her Husband.

On Saturday night the City Marshal was aroused from bed to go to a house in the northern extremity of Leavenworth. Here was a horrible sight. Sitting up in bed was a man by the name of Branham, his face bruised up, his shirt covered with blood, and his wife, a young, good looking woman, in much distress, and attending to his bruises. About twenty feet from the back door, in the garden lay the dead body of Hugh Wilson. His features scarcely recognizable, his forehead smashed in, and the blood and brains oozing out profusely, a large and bloody club by his side, with which the woman, the wife of Branham, said she had done the deed in defence of her husband. The plain story that the two told, that Wilson, intoxicated, had forced the lock of the door, had jerked Branham out of bed, and had dragged him out into the garden. The wife flew to her husband's assistance, and by dint of well directed blows, made of Wilson the most horrible corpse one could well look upon.

Statement of Mrs. Mary Branham.—My husband had retired to bed, when some one broke into the house and came to the bed before we could get up. The man seized my husband and dragged him out, striking at and beating him. He called to me for help; said the man was trying to wring off his head. I could not get hold of any thing except a piece of board the same now in court. With this I rushed up to my husband, and found him down with a strong man resting one knee on his breast and striking him very severe blows. As I got in striking distance, the man was attempting to wring off the nose of my husband, who seemed to be almost helpless. I immediately struck him with the stick, and did not cease until his hold upon my husband's head and neck was relaxed. I struck him with nothing but the stick. My husband had been in bed for a week previous, and was almost as helpless as a child. I struck to save my husband's life, and believe he would have been killed in a few minutes had I not struck.

Decision of the Justices.—We, the undersigned Justices, agree unanimously, that the homicide committed by Mary Branham on Hugh Wilson was justifiable, and she was discharged from custody.—*Platte (Mo.) Argus.*

FALLS OF NIAGRA.—A letter writer at the falls of Niagara, says:

For fifteen years I have been an annual visitor here, and Niagara has never before impressed me with so much sublimity. I attribute it to a greater quantity of water at present than upon an former occasion. The Cataract itself does not present a marked change of feature, but the "Rapids" and the "whirlpool" are more grand and impetuous than the "oldest inhabitant" can reccollect. It is stated, upon reliable authority, that the surface of Lake Erie is from five to six feet higher now than before for thirty years. Much land is inundated upon the southern shore of said lake and the farmers along shore are loud in their complaints against the public works at Black Rock, which they allege dam up the Niagara River so as to cause this rise in the lake.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.—James M. Paine, an Englishman, 30 years of age, while gathering wild fowl's eggs recently on the Farallones (rocky inlets on the coast of California,) fell from a precipice 400 feet high, striking and bounding from cliff to cliff in his fearful decent, leaving portions of his clothing and quivering flesh on their jagged points. His body was never seen afterwards.

A LADY'S PORTRAIT.—"She had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had plenty of apathy—not intolerable capricious—was brilliantly vain and fertilely illiterate—acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles."