

Rev. F. P. Blair Caught "Jesus."

The collision tell a good story of a collision between Francis P. Blair, son of the old odds item of Blair & Dixie, and Jessie Weston Fremont, wife of the ex-governor of the West, which shows how immensely erratic and impudent a woman's wit can be when the heat of that human tongue is abated, and when the spirit is high enough to battle with anything and everything. It may stand upon the record as one of the best shots ever launched by a woman's tongue. When Jessie came on to Washington, a few months ago, to endeavor to ferret out the hostility to her husband which was evidently working there, she very naturally came into collision with the Blair family, well known to be his chief opponents.—During one of her interviews with Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General, Francis P., the father, was present. Jessie's tongue had been running at the younger Blair, with that looseness and boldness which rightfully belongs to the daughter of Thomas H. Benton, and the wife of a man who once came very near being President; and the old man after a time could not stand it any longer.

"Madam," said he, drawing his figure to his full height, and intending to withdraw the audacious little woman by a dash of his hard cold eye—"Madam, allow me to say to you that, in my judgment, your proper place is at the head of your husband's household in St. Louis, and this intermeddling with the affairs of State to say the least of it, is in very bad taste on your part!" Then, to make the blow a final and crushing one, and that Washington was the spot where the destinies of Generals as well as statesmen were to be finally decided, he added, "I wish you to understand, madam, that here in Washington is where we make men, and where we unmake them!"

"Mr. Blair," said Jessie, shrugging her shoulders after a manner that she learned in France, and casting a wicked look out of the corner of her eyes at Montgomery—"I have seen some men of your making, and if that is the best you can do, I advise you to quit the business!"

Those who know the weazened and dried-up appearance of Francis P. Blair himself, and the decidedly unornamental physique of his sons, may form some idea of the effect of this paroxysm, in the midst of the smoke from which Jessie gathered up her skirts and swept out of the room, leaving the Blair family routed, horse, foot, and dragoon. Old Tom himself, the hero of five hundred spicy tongue fights, may be proud of the daughter he has left behind, if he has the privilege of looking out of his place of retirement, on the personal and political squabbles of the land he once strode over with so proud a consciousness of personal dignity.

PETRIFICATION.—It is a question of considerable importance among naturalists, to ascertain the time employed by nature in petrifying bodies of an ordinary size.—Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, was desirous that some steps should be taken for deciding this question. The Chevalier de Bailli, director of his cabinet of natural history, and some other naturalists, conceived the idea of making researches which might throw some light on the subject.—All modern geographers and historians agree in stating that certain pillars seen in the Danube, in Servia, near Belgrade, are the remains of the bridge which Trojan constructed over that river. It was presumed that these pillars, having been preserved for so many ages, must be petrified, and that they would furnish some information respecting the time which nature employs in changing wood into stone. The emperor, wishing to satisfy his curiosity, ordered his ambassador at the court of Constantinople to ask permission to take up from the Danube one of the pillars of Trojan's bridge. It was granted, and one pillar was accordingly taken up, from which it appeared that the petrification had advanced no farther than three quarters of an inch in the space of 1500 years.

When the foundations of the city of Quebec, in Canada, were dug up, a petrified savage was found among the last beds to which the workmen proceeded. Although it was impossible to form any judgment of the time at which this man had been buried under the ruins, yet his quiver and arrows were in good preservation. In digging a lead mine in Derbyshire, in 1744, a human skeleton was found among stag's horns. It was impossible to say how many ages the stag had lain there.—In 1856, the entire skeleton of an elephant was dug up in Thuringia, in Germany; and sometime before the petrified skeleton of a crocodile was found in the mines of that country. About the beginning of the last century, the curate of Slogart, in the Swedish province of Shonen, and several of his parishioners, digging turf in a drained, marshy soil, found, some feet below the surface of the ground, an entire cart with the skeletons of the horses and carter. It is presumed that there had once been a lake or pond on that spot, and the carter had perished in attempting to pass over the ice.

"Tough, madam, tough, did you say?" said an irascible boarder to the landlady, as he was trying to carve what was ostensibly chicken. "Yes'm, and were I to give my opinion on the fowl, I should say that it was old enough to have scratched up the seeds of original sin, when they were first planted."

Julian Murray.

For Queen Victoria lately entertained by Bishop McDevitt, of Ossory, at breakfast.

"Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can wait yourself at his fire."

"It has never been well with a nation or people that have evil entrenched in the church of God."

"Humanity is the condition of spiritual growth and an element of strength. Its a lesson which we need to learn and the necessity is just in proportion to the prevalence of its opposite—i. e., irreverence."

"If ever you was in a passion, did you not find reason afterward to sorry for it, and will you again allow yourself to be guilty of a weakness which will certainly be in the same manner followed by repentance, besides being attended with pain."

"It is not what a man says, but what he acquires in the direction of mental, moral and affectional qualities of character that constitutes him a Christian. If a man has a Christian's heart, he will do a Christian's work therefore the quality of his work is the proof of his character."

"It is strange that the experience of so many ages should make us judge more solidly of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We do upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning."

MAKE A STAR.—If a man is a skillful physician, he must demonstrate the fact before implicit confidence can be reposed in him. A lawyer may possess talents equal to those of a Webster, yet if he fails to disclose the fact, he will unquestionably suffer for lack of clients. The world will be convinced when all its professors shall exemplify its precepts in practical life."

"It was said to a brother, "You were destitute of preaching at your house yesterday, I understand."

"No," was the response, "we had the Apostle Paul for our preacher. We read the fourth and fifth chapters of Ephesians, and a most excellent discourse it was, too. Though an old preacher, I do not see but he is as eloquent as our modern ministers, certa-

nly he is as sound in the doctrines!"

"Live in the sight of God. This is what heaven will be—the eternal presence of God. Do nothing you would not like God to see. Say nothing you would not like Him to hear. Write nothing you would not like Him to read. Go to no place where you would not like God to find you. Read no books of which you would not like God to say, "show it to me." Never spend your time in such a way you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

"The great movements of Providence are not so much *reformations* as *revolutions*—not a new vamping and repairing of old systems, but a breaking up of the old material and *re-casting* of it. The hammer of Revolution—wars, pestilences and famines, are the terrific agencies by which the things that have waxed old and are ready to perish, are broken to pieces and cast into the great crucible of the Almighty hand and recast, as it shall better please the great Architect.

A want of familiarity between parents and children upon religious matters, and a constrained intercourse between them, is a key to the failure of many parents in their efforts to train up their children in the way they should go, as well as a fruitful source of infidelity in the child. A want of freedom begets a want of confidence mutually, the natural result of which is a loss of religious influence on the one part, and want of filial trust on the other. The Godly mother holds in her hands the spiritual destiny of her child, and many wield a power to save it, of inconceivable greatness.

Beginning with the mind in its most impressive state, she may write upon "fleety tables of the heart" lessons which can never be forgotten. For the religious influences of a Christian home and the godly instructions of pious parents, there is no substitute. The want of these is a religious bereavement for life.

Persons may outgrow disease and become hearty by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the luster of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crowfeet, furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping, most sadly mar the human from divine.

Staple & Fancy.—A beautiful assortment of Prints and Dress goods, of the newest and latest styles. Also a great variety of useful notions.

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Robert J. Wallace, Attorney at Law

Clefield, Pa., Office in Skew's Row, opposite the Journal office.

July 26, 1861. WM. F. IRWIN.

doc. 1, 1858.—if.

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An extensive stock of Jobbing materials enables the Publisher of the "Republican" to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of

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Jesse Bromal, Curwenville.

Second Monday of January,

Third Monday of March,

Third Monday of June,

Fourth Monday of September.

In each year, and continue two weeks if necessary.

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At the Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Wyoming, 1860—a Silver Medal.

For the best Double Thread Machine, at Lancaster County Fair, held October, 1859—a Silver Medal.

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