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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



THE MOTHERLESS.

God help and shield the motherless,
The stricken, bleeding dove—
For whom these gushes no rich fount
Of deep and deathless love!
The saddest title grief confers—
For who so lone as they,
Upon whose path a mother's love
Sheds not its holy ray?

No gentle form above them bends
To soothe the couch of pain—
No voice so fond as her's essays
To lead the feverish brain,
Oh, other tongues may whisper love,
In accents soft and mild;
But none on earth so pure as that
A mother bears her child!

Judge kindly of the motherless—
A weary lot is theirs,
And oft the heart the gayest seems,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faithful voice directs their steps,
Or bids them onward press,
And if they gauge a kismet wrong,
God hold the motherless!

And when the sinful and the frail,
The tempted and the tried,
Unspurred one I shall cross thy path,
Oh, spurn them not aside,
Thou knowest not what thou hadst been
With trials even less—
And when thy lips would vent reproach,
Think, they were motherless!

A blessing on the motherless,
Where'er they dwell on earth,
Within the home of childhood,
Oh, at the stranger's hearth!
Flue to the sky above their heads,
And bright be the sun within,
O God protect the motherless,
And keep them free from sin!

SPEECH OF HON. JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AT THE DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, July 4, 1854.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens of Philadelphia.—The day we celebrate is consecrated in the affections of the American people, and this morning's dawn was ushered in by the booming of a thousand cannons. Who can tell but the melting rays of to-day's sun are typical of the fervent patriotism which glows in the American heart? To the remotest borders of this great confederacy, one unbroken stream of grateful gratulation pours out from this same American heart to the same Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who heard the prayers of our fathers, and who has preserved to their posterity the rich legacy left by the Revolution.

If the day brings so much of gladness to our countrymen everywhere, need it excite surprise that its return is enthusiastically hailed by the vast concourse of Philadelphians who throng this square. If there be any one portion above another of our countrymen who should hallow, revere, and celebrate the natal day of our liberties, it is the people of Philadelphia. [Cheers.] We are standing now within the shadow of Independence Hall. The same walls without that now echo my voice, seventy-eight years ago echoed within the patriotic words of Jefferson, and Franklin, and Hancock, and their noble associates. Your fathers then stood where you are now standing, when they mutually pledged to each other their fortunes and their sacred honors to support the declaration which has been read in your hearing. Welcome then, one and all, to this political Mecca. [Cheers.]

Time forbids that I should recount the causes, or dwell upon the history of the revolution.—It would be the repetition of "an oft told tale;" suffice it here to say, that the soul swells with admiration when contemplating the daring—the lofty courage of those brave and gallant men, who hazarded all that is dear in this life, sav-
honor, in subscribing in yonder hall that declaration which irrevocably made them traitors to George the Third, or free, independent American citizens. It was here they passed the Rubicon to encounter the most powerful nation on earth in the field of battle—powerful in her wealth—powerful in her credit—powerful in her numbers and available resources—and above all, powerful in two hundred years' prestige of invincibility against every foe, in every land, and upon every sea. They were bound to old England by ties numerous and strong, of affection and interest. It was the birth-place and home of their fathers; many of the glittering stars their ancestors wore were won doing battle under old England's flag.

Here was every consideration to influence their fear and their affection; but "with a firm reliance in Divine Providence," confident in the justice of their cause, and the oppressions of the exactions of the mother country pressing heavily upon their proud spirits, they resolved to make the land the "country of freemen" rather than continue it the "home of slaves." [Loud applause.] They redeemed their every pledge to the cause of freedom, and we are now the recipients of the priceless boon. Let Pennsylvanians be ever vigilant and watchful in preserving that whose purchase cost so much of tribulation and danger, so much of blood and treasure. You are the custodians now of that great citadel of liberty (pointing to Independence Hall.) All its triumphs, its memories, its portraits, its history, gratitude for the past, thanks for the present, and hopes for the future, exhort you to preserve and perpetuate that vestal flame which was kindled in 1776. Let it not go out here, if you would escape the execrations of posterity for infidelity in guarding your

sacred trust.

The great end of the revolution was to secure civil and religious liberty. Nor did our ancestors misjudge its value in developing the resources physical, moral and intellectual of man. Look to its civil results. Under republican government we have grown, and prospered, and expanded far beyond the most sanguine imagination of the most hopeful devotee of liberty. Our shores are washed by the two great oceans east and west. Nearly one half of the North American continent bears upon its generous bosom teeming millions of American citizens, who make their own laws and worship at their chosen shrines. From 3,000,000 we have swelled to 25,000,000. From poverty and ignorance and weakness we have grown rich, intelligent, and strong. Our sails whiten every sea, and our enterprise and energy penetrate into every land. No longer does the British lion strike terror into the hearts of our women and our children. We are now here equal in all the elements of natural greatness and here superior in every characteristic of personal liberty and political independence. Great Britain undertook to manage our local affairs by assuming the right to legislate for us, while we were colonies.

The Parliament assumed that they were better judges of our wants and necessities than our colonial legislatures. They undertook to regulate the domestic policy of their distant dependencies. They imposed duties upon tea, without consulting us, and in every manner asserted their rights to govern us. Our fathers, who had encountered the perils of the ocean, and the greater perils of a savage wilderness, who had fled from Europe to escape political and religious intolerance, could not long brook such an unjust assumption. They petitioned, implored, remonstrated the British government without avail—they took their rights in their own keeping, and after a long and doubtful struggle, established a new fundamental article in the science of Government—the great American doctrine of the right of the people to govern themselves.—[Great cheering.] No tenet in political science has more thoroughly vindicated its wisdom, than this, and when brought into issue its orthodoxy has not been questioned for seventy-eight years until a few months past.

It is said by some, who have forgotten or renounced the teachings and principles of their fathers, now, that the people of Kansas and Nebraska are incapable of governing themselves, and that the Congress must assume the same guardianship over these distant territories as the Parliament claimed over the colonies. Where is the American feeling in the bosom of any man, who from fanatical zeal for the African slave, whose condition he cannot improve, is willing to renounce this great doctrine of our fathers? [Cheers.] Abolitionism and fanaticism mistake the heart of this country in supposing that when they cry out against slavery, that it will cause the people to repudiate the principles upon which the Government is based. [Cheers.] The country owes my distinguished friend who will follow me, the "little giant of the great west," Senator Douglas [immense applause] a debt of gratitude for his powerful and successful advocacy of this principle I have been discussing, and for its triumphant vindication in the Kansas-Nebraska bill.

With all the misrepresentation which has been poured out upon that measure, the people are now beginning to understand truly its provisions and its greatest principle—the one so fiercely assailed by Whigs and Abolitionists—is the very principle for which our fathers fought the Revolution. Will you now take the side of the British Parliament?

The people of Kansas and Nebraska have had conferred upon them, by Congress, the right to regulate their own domestic concerns according to their own wishes and inclinations. Is it right? Who will say it is wrong? Who knows best what are the wants of our fellow-citizens in the valley of the Kansas, or the upper Missouri, the representatives they elect to their own territorial legislature or the Congress of the United States, where not a single member, perhaps, has made a foot-print in Kansas or Nebraska, and which would most likely legislate wisely for them, the territorial Legislature or Congress?—The statement of the question carries the answer with it. If a Pennsylvanian now has the right to make his own laws here, what is there in the atmosphere of Kansas, when he removes there, rendering him less competent to do the same thing there? This right conferred by Congress on the territories is subject to but one limitation which all concede is just, and that is, that their Legislature shall not contravene the Constitution of the United States, a limitation that exists as to the States, and should in the territories.

As this is a Democratic celebration, it will not be improper that I should say that I felt a high pride in seeing nearly all of your Democratic representatives in Congress sustaining the bill, and maintaining that great principle first asserted on this hallowed spot seventy-eight years ago by Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher and patriot of Pennsylvania, and his co-workers. It was becoming in the representatives of the Democracy of Pennsylvania to vindicate the principles which you have so long professed, by coming boldly forward and sustaining the bill with enlightened wisdom and manly independence. [Cheers.]

But the revolution not only secured civil liberty by depositing the authority of the King and making the people political sovereigns, but it established another great American principle which has exercised a potent influence on the moral nature of our race, it established religious liberty—it separated Church and State—it denied the right of the former any political power as an organization. It said to the Puritans, the Cavaliers and the Huguenots, who had fled religious intolerance and proscription, here you may worship according to the dictates of your conscience, and no shall make you afraid.—The timid feared that it would lead to infidelity, irreligion and anarchy, but time has proven

its wisdom. The support of the ministry, the execution of church buildings and all outlays for spiritual objects is left to the volition of the citizen. He can give or withhold. The law recognizes no sect or denomination, all are equal and equally protected. How has it worked? We have as moral a nation as any upon the globe. We have as many professors of religion for our population. Our churches are more numerous and as well furnished as in any other country, and piety and religion nowhere has more reverence and respect than in the United States.

Mr. Jefferson, whose name is inseparably united, and must so continue through time, with free government—he who penned that great declaration—was president of the United States—the father of the Democratic party, and the great apostle of republicanism—he who spent a long and eventful life in the arduous service of his country, when the weight of years pressed sorely upon his tottering frame, in the quiet solitude of his own Monticello, calmly reviewing his own history, he selected three great achievements to carry his name to posterity, and directed this inscription upon the granite obelisk that should mark the spot where he lies:—"Thomas Jefferson, the author of the declaration of Independence, the author of the Statute of Virginia, establishing religious freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia." [Cheers.]

He considered the establishment of religious freedom, an achievement worthy to be classed by the side of the declaration of independence. He knew the enormities growing out of a union of church and State. He knew that such a junction was at war with personal liberty as well as with true religion, and time has shown that the State prospers best independent of religion, and religion prospers best independent of the State. We must keep them separate, confine each to its sphere, if our future is to continue bright and prosperous as our past.

There has recently been some commotion on the political boards, growing out of it, is said, a new secret politico-religious association. I "know Nothing" of its faith or its hopes.—[Cheering and laughter among the Democrats.] It is supposed that its purpose is to supplant the Catholic religion and to ostracise every person who was not born upon American soil, and every one whose father was not born here. Now this is a different policy from the one our fathers pursued; they invited every foreigner to our shores, and Patrick Henry was indignant when it was proposed to exclude such as turned their eyes even and fled the country during the revolution. It is assumed by this association that the Priests of the Catholic Church exercise political influence over their members.—This may or may not be so. I do not profess to know. I have no animities with the Catholic Church. I was reared under the teachings of the shorter catechism and the Westminster confession of faith. There are not fifty Catholics or one hundred naturalized or unnaturalized foreigners in my congressional district, and hence my perfect exemption from any personal or political considerations in forming a judgment with reference to this new association.

Suppose it true that the priests meddle in politics, we all unite in condemning it, for we think Church and State should be kept separate; but this new organization proceeds to a politico-religious association, secret, holding its meetings clandestinely, to contract the terms. The end then is to justify the means, but two wrongs will not make one right. The "Know Nothings" do the very thing which they complain of the priests for doing. I do not perceive any difference between Catholic Jesuitism and Protestant Jesuitism—both are intolerant. But in this country I protest in the name of our ancestors, who were all foreigners, in the name of the Constitution, in the name of liberty itself, against a secret political organization which fears to avow its principles, which shrinks from their discussion and which makes its members, by secret pledges, spies in every household. There is no excuse in this country for secret political societies. Every measure in the Federal and State Legislatures undergoes public scrutiny and debate. No citizen is or ought to be afraid to avow his political sentiments, and the secrecy which marks the proceedings of this order shows that they do or say something which they are afraid or ashamed for the world to know. It is time that the eyes of the country should be turned towards them, and their scheme, discountenanced until they cast off the veil. It is violative of the genius and spirit of our government, and will bear bitter fruits for our country if it is not supplanted.

It is said that their forces in elections—political elections—where all go together, regardless of principle and consistency, practice a guerrilla war, fighting on the side promising the pay. If this be true, what is their standard of morality? I call the attention of my Democratic friends, however, to the fact that in all the municipal elections that I have observed where the "Know Nothings" have triumphed, it has always been a Whig elected, where the office was one of any importance or real value.

Let not Democrats, then, be deluded into the organization, or they will find themselves embraced in the arms of Whiggery, Native Americanism, and of all the other isms that infest the land. [Cheers.]

There can be but two great parties in the country. These temporary organizations may, for a brief while, attain the positions of balance of power parties, but they soon lose it; and parties, to be permanent, must be divided on principle. The division here is between the strict and habituous constructionists, between State rights and Federalism, and it is now too late in her history for me to appeal to Pennsylvania to know which side she takes. She has been true to strict construction, confemacy and State rights, and never will trail the old Democratic banner in the dust.

The Whigs have beaten but never vanquished you, and it behooves you to buckle on your armor once more and strike for your principles.

The eyes of your sister States are upon you, and we shall look anxiously to see you roll up your accustomed majority for Bigler, elect true Democrats to Congress and your Legislature, and carry out the principles which we so greatly promoted the honor and glory of the whole country. [Long continued cheering.]

THE MOTHER'S DEFENCE.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER WAR.

"My husband's rifle!" she shouted springing to her feet, and rushing across the cabin, she tore the weapon and accoutrements from the wall. But on trying the piece with the ramrod it proved to be unloaded. She thrust her hand into the pouch, but it contained nothing but musket balls, which her husband had purchased a few days before, to run into bullets suitable for his rifle. The powder horn was full, but of what use was the powder without the ball? Dropping the weapon she rung her hands in despair. Suddenly an idea struck her—she seized one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion bit it in two. Dashing a charge of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments, primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle protruded through the aperture, and covered the body of the chief now advancing at the head of the party towards the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle sight as the sun fell upon it, and he stopped, but before he had time to make a rush, Miriam's finger pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke from the distance had cleared away, she saw him clenching in the air in the vain effort to recover himself. Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him any assistance, he threw his hands above his head, and whirling quickly around fell upon his face.

A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam as she saw the effects of the avenging shot, and then withdrawing from the loop-hole, she commenced re-loading the rifle.

The Indians remained motionless for a few seconds, transfixed with astonishment, and then lifted the body of their chief, withdrew to a respectful distance from the cabin, and the inmates half-believed their peril was over. But they were deceived.

After getting out of gun-shot, the savages clustered together and appeared to be in close conversation. At the expiration of the pow-wow, having apparently agreed upon their plan of action, the whole gang took open order and dashed at full run, with wild yells, toward the dwelling.

As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who was now stationed at another loop-hole, again discharged her rifle, and the unlucky Wyandott shot through both legs, dropped in his tracks with an involuntary shriek of agony. The others kept on, and reaching the cabin, six of them clambered on the roof, while the other five commenced firing on the doors and cutting openings in the logs. Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a blaze. The destruction of the cabin and its inmates now seemed inevitable.

There was a heigh-ho half full of water in the house. Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted the loft, and Hope and Alice supplied her with water from below; as fast as she contrived to extinguish the flames as fast as they broke out, while she herself enveloped and almost suffocated by steam and smoke, was invisible to the assailant. At length the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians observing that the efforts of the besieged party were slackening ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that had been burned in the roof, to see how the land lay.

The undaunted Miriam was standing within a few feet of the opening, and at the instant she whirled the empty bucket around his head, and whirling it with a swing of her arm, struck him directly in the forehead with a sharp edge of the stove. She heard the bones crash and the victim groan, a moment after he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two remaining savages tearing the upper logs off of the chimney, and presuming they intended to effect an entrance that way, she ran down stairs to prepare for them. "The feather bed!" she shouted as she reached the lower room, and this much prized article in a frontier, man's inventory of household chattels, was quickly brought forth and thrown in the huge fire place. By this time one of the Indians had fairly got into the chimney. The savage made an effort to scramble up again, but the pungent effluvia of the leathers overcame him, and he fell heavily on the hearth stone. In the meantime Miriam had grasped the rifle and held it ready for his reception. Scarcely had he touched the floor, when the iron-bound point of the breach crashed through his skull. The other who had caught a whiff of the vapor in time to avoid a like fate, hastily descended from the roof.

Four of the thirteen Indians were now killed, but these casualties only added new fury to the remainder. They well knew that the cabin was occupied by women only—and nothing could be more degrading in the eyes of swartly warriors than to be halled by a parcel of squaws. They now furiously assailed the door with tomahawks. To this proceeding the inmates could offer no resistance. In striking the savage who had fallen down the chimney, Miriam had broken the lock of her husband's rifle, the only one she had, and now handing the weapon to her sister-in-law, she armed herself with the axe of young McAndre, which stood in the corner, and prepared herself for the last extremity. Alice took herself to a very formidable weapon, the slaughter knife of the establishment, and the three women ranged themselves on either side of the door, determined to sell

their lives as dearly as possible.

In half an hour the Indians had nearly cut two planks out of the door, beneath the bar, a space just sufficient for a man to force his body through in a stooping posture. They brought heavy pieces from the adjacent pile, and using them as battering rams soon beat in the weakened portion of the door, and at the same time driving the articles which had been placed against the door into the middle of the room.—Taught caution by the losses they had sustained, they did not immediately attempt to enter through the aperture, but thrusting in and crossing their rifles, discharged them into the house. In this they had a double design—that of killing or maiming some of the occupants, and getting in under cover of the smoke.

Before the deafening sounds had ceased the feather crested head of the Wyandott warrior parted the smoke cloud that had obscured the interior; but, as he rose from a stooping posture, on entering, Miriam's axe descended with tremendous force, cutting through the collar bone into the chest. He dropped with a wild cry—half defiance, half agony. Another savage followed—and another—each to sink in turn under the axe of the courageous matron. The fifth she missed—but instantly grappled with him and held him powerless in her arms while Alice plunged the knife in his bosom. Of the next two that entered, one was disabled by a severe blow on his head from Hope's rifle, and the other very nearly decapitated by Miriam's well directed axe.

Of the thirteen bronzed warriors who had left their war tribe for their war path a few days before, only two were un wounded and capable of service; and they, seized with a panic at the havoc among their companions by the "long knife squaws," abandoned the siege and fled back to the village. To the wounded left behind no quarter was given. To have spared them would have been treason to the dead.—Miriam's axe and the long knife of Alice made short work of them, and the duty fulfilled, the family lost no time in proceeding to Frankfort.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

A few evenings ago, as the cars of the Carrollton Railroad were approaching the city, a little girl about three years old ran in front of the engine, and stopped on the center of the track. The brakeman attempted to stop the engine as soon as the child was perceived, but on and on hurried the iron monster, and just as it was about to crush into the earth the wretched victim which thus so innocently braved its coming, the strong hand of an aquatic young man was stretched forth, and, at the hazard of another life, the child was saved.

Loud was the shout of applause from the few who witnessed the daring deed, and in triumph the young man bore the child away, and delivered it to its mother. An attempt to describe a mother's feelings on such an occasion, would be more than vain. She felt as a mother only can feel, when the darling of the heart—her only child—is rescued from the very jaws of death; and with an eloquence no words can convey, she looked and spoke her thanks.

The mother was a widow, young and fair as the incarnation of a poet's dream; and, withal, she was blessed with no little of this world's goods. Of course she was grateful to the preserver of her child's life, and, as he was poor, she offered to bestow upon him a goodly largess. He, however, refused to accept any reward for doing what he considered to be his duty, and so the matter for the time rested.

Since then an intimacy has sprung up between the young man and the grateful widow, and the result was, that yesterday they went together to Mobile, where the widow's name at the Hymeneal altar is to be changed, and the young man is to become not only the protector, but the step-father of the child he saved.

May the joys of the twain increase, and their days be many.—N. O. True Delta.

Stuck to one Pursuit.

There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently turning about from one's business. If a man will look around and notice who have got rich and who have not, among those that started life with, he will find that the successful have generally stuck to some one pursuit.

Two lawyers, for example, begin to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to his profession; lays in slowly a stock of legal learning, and waits patiently, it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other, tiring of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice, and count his tens of thousands in bank stock or mortgages.

Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employers, or at least in the same line of trade, at first on a small salary, then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now that he has become a man, and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does he end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches. To this every merchant can testify.

A young man is bred a mechanic. He acquires a distaste for his trade, however, thinks it is a tedious way to get ahead, and sets out for the West or California. But, in most cases, the same restless, discontented and speculative spirit that carried him away at first, renders continuous application at any one place irksome to him; and so he goes wandering about the world, a sort of semi-civilized Arab, really a vagrant in character, and sure to die insolvent. Meanwhile his fellow apprentice, who has staid at home, practising economy and working steadily at his trade, has grown comfortable in his circumstances, and is even perhaps a citizen of mark.

There are men of ability in every walk of

life, who are notorious for not getting along. Usually it is because they never stick to any one business. Just when they have mastered one pursuit and are on the point of making money, they change it for another, which they do not understand; and, in a little while, what little they are worth is lost forever. We know scores of such persons. Go where you will, you will generally find that the men who have failed in life, are those who never stuck to one thing long. On the other hand, your prosperous man, nine times out of ten, has always stuck to one pursuit.

SHOCKING AND FATAL AFFAIR.—A dreadful accident occurred on Thursday afternoon, in the vicinity of Tenth and Jefferson streets, resulting in the death of two men and the injuring of a third. It appears that Mr. John Kelly, the owner of a cess pool in the rear of his dwelling, at that place, had determined to sink a well adjoining to it. The well had been dug out to the proper depth, when Mr. K. descended into it for the purpose of making some further excavations when the walls of the cess pool caved in, burying him beneath the mass of filth, and suffocating him instantly. Mr. James Lawlor, who was employed upon the work, immediately descended into the well to extricate Mr. Kelly, when he was overcome by the torrent of matter streaming from the cess pool, and in a few moments, he met the same fate.

Another man, whose name we were unable to learn, immediately rushed into the well for the purpose of saving one or both of the unfortunate men, but he was likewise overcome with the foul air, and would have inevitably perished but for the efforts of several men who were attracted to the place, who dragged him out in a state of insensibility. After considerable trouble and prompt medical attention, he was restored to consciousness. The bodies of the deceased were taken out soon afterwards and conveyed to their respective residences. They were both married men. Kelly leaves a wife and Lawlor a wife and six children to mourn their sad bereavement.

SUITS FOR DAMAGES AGAINST RAILROADS.

In the Superior Court of Baltimore, as we see by the *Patriot*, the parties injured on the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad by the collision on the 4th July, as well as those who have lost friends from the same cause, have already commenced entering suits against the company for damages. Mr. MALCOLM, counsel for MADISON JEFFERS, who was dreadfully injured himself, and had his son killed at his side, has entered two suits, damages being laid at \$30,000 in each case. Mr. KING, counsel for Mrs. JOHNSON, who lost a member of her family, has entered a suit in the name of the State of Maryland, use of ELIZABETH, SARAH ELIZABETH and JOS. H. JOHNSON, against the Company; damages being laid at \$20,000. It is stated that the company have settled several cases by compromise with the parties injured on the occasion.

Mysterious Death—Suspected Poisoning.

For several days past, rumors of a painful character have been in circulation in reference to the mysterious illness of Mrs. Ellen Urban, a daughter of Mr. C. Marvin, No. 50 Warren street. It seems that nearly two years ago Mrs. E., then aged 16, was married to a German music teacher, Alexander Urban, in this city, and subsequently went with him to Le Roy, Genesee county, to reside. Last winter she was delivered of a child, and soon after was attacked with a nursing sore mouth. Her system was much reduced by these causes. Some six weeks ago, it is alleged, she was suddenly taken much worse, and complained of symptoms that led to a belief that she had been poisoned by her husband—the poison supposed to have been administered by him in some lemonade that he insisted upon procuring and giving to her.

About three weeks ago, she was brought home to die—it being apparent that she was rapidly sinking. Her husband remained at Le Roy, and about ten days since, having been sent for, he came here, staid a few hours, returned to Le Roy, told persons there that he was accused of having poisoned his wife, and by them was advised to come back here and stay till her decease. He expressed his determination to do so—packed up his property and left that village. He has not been here, nor been heard of since. Previous to his departure, he told a person that his wife was going to die, and mentioned what he desired to have done with his child. To Dr. Hoyt he stated that he would be or was suspected of having given her poison, and said—"Doctor I want you to be on my side."

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Urban died, having suffered dreadfully for many days. That afternoon a post mortem examination of the body was made, when indications were discovered which greatly strengthened the suspicion that her death was caused by some extraneous irritant introduced into the stomach. The stomach has been preserved, and is to undergo a chemical examination. The body was almost bloodless.—*Syracuse Republican*.

SINGULAR MODE OF INFLECTING VENOM.—A Mr. G. Lynch has suffered intensely during the week from the effects of venomous matter thrown into his face, last Monday, by an insect called the aramidillo. This worm was lying upon the ground, coiled up, and he, perceiving it, held down his head and spirted some tobacco juice upon it, when it immediately threw up its tail, emitting at the same time a small quantity of juicy matter, which lodged upon Mr. Lynch's face, when the flesh around the eyes instantly commenced to swell, and the pain was so intense that it produced temporary aberration of mind. The venom, however, was speedily extracted by a physician, and we are happy to state that he is now rapidly recovering. [Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle.]