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## THE EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSAY.

"The stranger's heart—oh, wound it not!  
A yearning anguish thro' the breast,  
The shadow of thy face,  
The stranger finds no rest in thee."

The love of home and country is always strong, but nowhere is it stronger than in the warm heart which beats beneath the coarse gray frock of the Irish peasant. He loves the green land of his birth, cursed as it is with beggary and starvation; and stern is the necessity which drives him forth to seek a home among strangers. I never look upon one of these poor, despised, degraded sons of Erin, but my heart warms towards him, and I think of one whose sad and early fate deserves a brief memorial.

James Moreen was born in the north of Ireland, in one of those miserable districts where hunger and nakedness seem the only inheritance of the children of the soil—the priest and the landlord step in to divide that which should be the reward of honest industry; and those who have earned their bread by the sweat of their brows, are left to perish for want. The home of his childhood was a hovel—a miserable hovel without a floor—the crazy, ruinous walls, and the mouldering roof of thatched, were frail protection against the winter winds and summer rains; and yet, with all its squalid poverty, he loved it, for love was there—a blessing oftentimes denied the palace. His mother had been fair in girlhood—very fair—and though the bloom had forsaken her cheek by the time James could remember her, there was still a melting tenderness in her soft, blue eye, and a loving smile on her lip, which seemed to illumine the naked, dripping walls, and the wintry storms beat in upon them. And there were days of summer sunshine—blessings indeed to the poor—when the wreathing vine, with a rich canopy of leaves and flowers hid the rough exterior of the cottage, and the wild flowers grew about the door, sweet and beautiful as if planted in a palace garden. Thank Heaven! there are some things which the rich and proud cannot monopolize. The great blessings which God confers on man, he has made universal and unalienable. The poorest wretch who walks the earth may look up to the fair blue sky above him, and to the glorious garments of suns and systems which adorn it, and drink in the mystery and beauty of the scene as freely as the monarch on his throne. The zephyr will fan his cheek as softly, and the flowers, earth's fairest and sweetest adornment, will unfold their petals beneath his eye, and pour their fragrance as gently around him.

Such was the home in which James Moreen grew up to manhood. Though fortune had been niggardly, nature was prodigal in her gifts to him, and many a purse proud aristocrat would have gladly exchanged his gold for the manly form and handsome face of the poor peasant. But this fair exterior was not his highest endowment. He possessed not only the lively and irrepressible wit which characterizes his nation, but a noble, generous heart. The curse of drunkenness and sensuality was all around, but fell not on him. The sweet influence of his mother's smile kept him from degradation. Mary O'Brian was a neighbor's daughter. They had grown up together, and as they met day after day, it was not strange that a mutual affection sprang up between them; and when Mary's father and mother died, leaving her homeless and friendless, he offered her all he possessed—an honest heart, a strong hand, a home under the poor roof which sheltered him. Hitherto James had borne his lot with seeming indifference. He had labored hard all day, and returned at night to a supper of oat-meal gruel, and a couch of straw without a murmur. But since his marriage, a change had come over him. A restless desire to better his condition had taken possession of him. He had heard of America, that blessed land, where the hand of industry could earn bread enough and to spare. One thought, one purpose occupied him—how he should get there. He resolved it day and night. At evening, when his work was done, he would trudge away from the scanty and tasteless meal which rewarded his toil with ill concealed impatience, and sit with a clouded brow, gazing on the tottering walls and reeking mouldering thatch which sheltered him.

"What ails ye, Jamie?" his mother would sometimes say. "Come, cheer up, darling, don't be so soder like. God knows we have trouble enough—don't bring a gloomy face to add to it."  
"God knows we have too much sorrow and want," he would reply. "He never made his children who till the soil to starve. Why should you, mother, and Mary, who deserve a palace, dwell under such a roof as this? God help me to find the land where honest industry is rewarded, and you shall have bread and a better house to shelter ye."  
"Don't speak of that land, boy—a blessed land though it be—where the poor never know hunger and nakedness. It is not for the like of us. So be quiet, and

don't fret about it, and look for a better land beyond the grave."  
"Hush, mother dear, and don't be discouraging a poor boy with your tears! Pray God open the way before me, and He who guides the little birds over the wide waters will be mindful of us in time of need."

While James Moreen was vainly devising plans to accomplish the dearest wish of his heart, a gentleman came into the neighborhood, and took lodging at the little inn. He was born near there, and though he had no relatives living in the place, a recollection of his early days had brought him back to visit the scenes of his childhood. He took long walks, conversing freely with the people at his work. The superior manliness and intelligence of young Moreen soon attracted his attention, and interested his heart. When he learned from the young man his wish to emigrate to America, he offered him a passage in a ship of which he was master, which would sail in a few days from Dublin to New York.

This was good fortune beyond his utmost hopes, and he hastily prepared for his departure. His family must be left behind, not even Mary could go; but then soon expected to meet again in that land of freedom and plenty beyond the sea. How sweet was the hope—how bright the imaginings of that reunion! But alas, how false! A terrible future was before them, of which they little dreamed.

The morning of separation came, and with many tears, and prayers, and blessings, the young man took his farewell of his humble home, and the dear ones—dearer than life—who were to remain behind.  
"God keep you, darling, on the wide waters," sobbed his mother; "and bless you in the land to which you go!"  
And his father exclaimed, the tears streaming down his furrowed and weather-beaten face, "God bless and keep ye in the hollow of His holy hand, and if we see your face no more—as my heart forbodes we ever may—He will give you an entrance to His blessed throne above!"  
The young wife clung weeping and sobbing to his bosom, till the moment of parting came, and when he turned to depart, she sunk, fainting, in his mother's arms.

With a hurried step and streaming eyes, James Moreen turned his feet into the high road which led to Dublin. He soon gained a little eminence, from which he could obtain a last look at that poor hovel which held all that was dear to him on earth. He paused, and looking back, threw himself on his knees and raising his hands towards heaven, exclaimed:  
"O thou, who clovest the lilies of the field, and heapest the young ravens when they cry—protect them—and guide me on my way!" He arose, strengthened by this simple act of devotion, and proceeded on his way. The spring was just opening. Here and there a daisy peeped from the sod, and the birds sang on the leafless trees. These spring flowers should bloom again, famine and pestilence would sweep over that devoted land, leaving many a hamlet desolate, and many a grave yard full!

We will pass briefly over the voyage. The ship, the sea, everything went well and strange to the young man; but he contrived to make himself so useful and agreeable about the vessel that when he landed in New York, the kind-hearted captain gave him eight dollars, and obtained for him a situation as porter in a store.  
It was a happy day for him when he received his first month's wages—twelve dollars besides his board. He had never possessed so much money before, and he looked on it with a feeling of triumph, which those who are accustomed to abundance can never feel. A letter was dispatched to his father, informing him of his good fortune, and promising in a few months to send him money enough to bring them all over the water, and then the happy home that they would have! They would not stay in the city, but hasten to the western wilderness—build a log cabin—clear a field, and live like princes on their own domain.

Weeks and months passed away. The summer and the autumn were gone, and the terrible winter of 1847 commenced. Then the tidings came over the sea—falling like a death-knell on the ears of James Moreen—that Ireland was starving. Not a bit of food was left. Every cent of his wretched earnings was dispatched to the relief of his family, for he knew that no where would the public calamity fall more heavily than on his native district.  
The terrible winter of 1847—long will Ireland remember it, and shudder at the recollection of its woes. The traveller who passes through the land is pointed to the deserted hovels, and told the fearful story of starvation and death which has left the land desolate. Among those tenantless dwellings may be seen the humble roof which sheltered the childhood of James Moreen. After James left, the family labored on as usual, hoping, at least, after harvest, to have a few potatoes to eat, and to have their little ones to shelter. But what were their feelings, as they saw those precious roots, on which they were dependent for life it

self, changing to a black and offensive mass? Rapidly they disappeared, and before winter had fairly set in, their little store was all gone. Now their only hope was in James. They had written to him of their distress, and if they could hold out till the assistance which they felt sure he would send them, should arrive, they might hope to get through the winter. Now every particle of food was economized, and the grains of corn counted out. They grew paler, weaker, and more emaciated, and the scanty pittance which now sustained life must fail. As day after day passed away, the forlorn hope of help died in their bosoms. They could expect no assistance from the neighbors who were starving around them, and the Catholic priest who resided in the place was little better off than themselves. He had promised them, however, to send every day to the post-office for the expected letter, but morning after morning and evening came and passed to the fasting family, and it came not.

The last spoonful of oat-meal was made into gruel and placed on the little table. The poor mother, already wasted to a skeleton, was lying on the couch of straw, her face wrapped in the ragged coverlet. A thin hand removed the coverlet, and held a cup to her mouth. With a strong effort, she pressed her parched lips close together, and turned away her head.  
"Thomas," said she, "take my part of the gruel—it will give you a little strength—and go to his reverence; who knows but that letter may have come."  
Thomas was sitting with his face buried in his hands. Raising his sunken eyes, he said, huskily, "It is no use, Kate. If the money was in my hand, I could not crawl to the nearest market to get bread."

"Nay, go," exclaimed the pale woman, striving to rise. "If the money cannot save our lives, yet it will be blessed to hear once more from the dear boy before we die."  
Mary, who had been moving about the room like a shadow, at the mention of her husband, threw herself on the bed beside her mother, and wept aloud. The bitter, cold drop in the bitter cup she was drinking, was to die without a farewell from the loved one far away.  
"I will go," said the old man, rising. "The holy Virgin grant it may have come!" He tottered a few steps towards the door, and fell fainting and unheeded. He never rose again.

Two days after the scene we have been describing, a little pale-faced man, in the peculiar garb of the Catholic clergy, might have been seen walking quickly towards the cabin. Everything which he touched turned around, and his heart misgave him that all was not well. He raised the latch and pushed open the door, and there before him lay the whole family, still and cold in death. He stood for a moment, horror-struck at the scene, and then, raising his hands towards heaven, he exclaimed, "Holy Mother, help us! Surely the Lord will not utterly forsake his people!" He had brought the expected letter, which he had just received. Alas! it came too late. The kind-hearted priest turned away with tears from the scene of death, and returning home, he wrote an account of the sad fate of the family, and enclosing the letter which he had received, sent it to James Moreen.

The winter passed heavily away to poor James. Every day brought tidings of the woes of his country; and he trembled at the thought that his family might be involved in the general calamity. At last the fatal letter came. It was handed to him in the store, and with a heart whose throbbings might have been almost heard, he entered the counting room, and requested one of the clerks to read it. The young man broke the seal, and glanced over the terrible contents. He looked up, and Moreen stood before him, pale and trembling. He had watched the expression of his face, and knew that there were evil tidings.  
"Read it—read it?" he exclaimed, with a husky voice. "Let me know it all."  
He read with a trembling voice, and poor James leaned against the desk for support. Every feature was convulsed with agony, and his breath came at long and irregular intervals; but when the terrible certainty came over him that they were dead—all dead—had died of starvation, he uttered a shriek, and fell fainting on the floor. He was removed to his lodging, and for many days raved in wild delirium. Reason at length returned, but his heart was broken. Hope was dead within him. He lingered on a few weeks, and sunk quietly to the grave. A few years his virtues had won, of his sad and early fate moved to sympathy, laid him down, not without a tear, in his long resting place. But the memory of his worth and his woes has almost passed from the minds of men, and the grass grows green on the mound where his true heart sleeps in peace—yes, sleeps in peace, though no kindred dust lies near; and the foot of the stranger treads lightly o'er his bed, yet he sleeps in peace in his nameless grave.

Down to the pillow of the grave,  
There came a fainting dream of woe,  
On which they were dependent for life it

## DOING A TRAVELLER.

A Hotel Scene.

BY H. KOSHTO.

It was at one of the extensive hostleries which are to be "tied up to" in most of the large towns in the interior of New York, that the following scene actually occurred, as can be proved by a cloud of witnesses who have heard the landlord tell the story.  
The hotel referred to was, on the occasion of which we are speaking, rather full, and the nephew of the landlord lay sick in one of the rooms on the third floor. He was to receive medicine during the night from the hands of a person who had been procured to "watch" with him. The landlord had instructed the aforesaid watcher to administer a portion of some little physic to the patient at 12 o'clock; the dose to be repeated at certain hours of the night.

"He is very teasy," said the landlord, "and you had better keep out of his room until you go up to give him the medicine."  
"Oh, for that matter," replied the watcher, who was a novice in the vocation, "I prefer to sit here;" and he eyed the sofa which was in the apartment, in a suspicious manner.  
"Well," said the landlord, "you won't forget the number of the room?"  
"No, sir."  
"And tell him he must take the medicine without making such a confounded fuss as he made with the last dose. Tell him I say he must take it—it's good for him."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Good night."  
"Good night."

Boniface retired, and the watcher deposited himself on the sofa, from which he was roused by his own snoring, at a quarter before one. In dismay, and confused, he seized the potion, and hurried up stairs. The sick man was lodged in No. 52, but the nurse, in his haste, mistook No. 53 for it, and entering the latter, he saw a person lying in the bed, face upward, with his mouth wide open, respiring with that peculiar gurgle in the throat which indicates strong lungs and a plethoric habit.  
"Ah!" mentally exclaimed the astute watcher, "he makes a fuss about taking medicine, does he? I'm blomed, though, if he don't take one dose quietly—before he wakes up, in fact."

The idea of giving a potion of bitter physic to a somnolent patient is sufficient to excite the most delicate nerves; but when we consider that the watcher had went into the wrong room, and was about to administer it to the wrong man, the affair becomes still more ludicrous.  
Our friend the watcher, acted promptly, and having filled the bowl of a large spoon with the nauseating mixture, he forced it down the throat of a sleeping traveller, who happened to be a healthy Irishman, who had never tasted physic before in his life. The Irishman struggled and bit the spoon severely, but the watcher plunged it still deeper in his throat, saying, as he did so—  
"Oh, but you must take it—the landlord says you must."  
The nasty dose went down, but when Patrick recovered his breath and began to pour forth his objections in his own peculiar rhetoric, the watcher discovered that he had committed an egregious blunder, and seizing his light, fled from the room.

The astonished and enraged traveller sprang from his bed, and was soon heard rushing about in search of landlord, swearing vengeance against him, and all concerning with his house. On he came, tearing through the passages, banging the doors, and roaring like a grizzly bear.  
"Oo-oo-oo! He's kilt I am, be dady, now. An-ugh! I'm chokwed with pison! Divil a bit o' farrin in the western country will I buy now, for I'm a dead man! The pison is ating me up just—Och, it's enough to make a dog throw his father in the fire! Howly Saint Patrick! Landlord! Landlord! land-to-o-o-r-r-r-d!"  
Pot had, by this time, descended to the floor on which the landlord's apartment was situated; and the worthy host, hearing the hillabuloo, opened his door and asked what was the matter?  
"Ah! is it there ye are? Come out for a bating—or let me come, till ye! A bating—d purty house yer kapis, to sind ye're man into an honest traveller's room to pison the innocent divil! Come out Ugh! the bitter, nasty pison! Come out here, an' I'll lather ye like blazes!"  
"What's the matter, my good friend?" inquired Boniface.  
"Ow! the matter is it?—when I was waked from my swate slape, an' an' a dirty blaggard stood forrth me, rammin' a big w-adle down my thro' full o' pison—sez he, ye must take it; the landlord sez so. An' now, wat's the matter, sez ye. Come on here an' I'll bade ye. Be the blood of the howly marthers, I'll break jery bone in yer body! Pl'tache ye to pison a decent traveller, that's goin' to buy land in the western country!"  
The Irishman here became entangled in the meshes of a wooden settee which stood in his way, and, at the same time

the landlord's wife seized her wrathful lord—although a "host" in himself, she was not willing to risk him in a rough and tumble fight in the dark—and having pulled him back into her sleeping apartment, she locked the door, and bolted it securely.

The prospective purchaser of "wistern lands" having extricated his legs and arms from those of the settee, still thirsted for the landlord's blood.  
"Bring me till the murderin' ould vil-lyan—let me come at him!"  
At this juncture, Mick, the hostler, made his appearance with a lantern, which he held up to the physic-smeared face of the enraged traveller, with a polite request that he would hold his tongue. And Mick was at last compelled to give his fellow-countryman a good beating, which had the effect to restore him to good humor, and when he found that he was not poisoned, after all, he retired once more to his bed, to dream of the "farrum" which he was going to buy in the "wistern country."

## BURNING OF THE STEAMER AMAZON.

DREADFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

One of the most thrilling calamities that ever occurred on sea or land, took place off the coast of England on the 4th of January, by the burning of the Steamer Amazon, on her outward voyage to the West Indies, when about sixty miles west of the island of Scilly. The particulars of this sad casualty are briefly these:  
The Amazon was a pioneer of a new line of steamers recently projected between Southampton and the Isthmus of Panama, intended to convey the English mails from port to port, and also to touch at the Island of St. Thomas on the trip both ways. She was built in a most superb manner, with capacious accommodations, and machinery designed to enable her to make the voyage in eighteen days, instead of the ordinary twenty-five days of the ordinary running time of the old English mail steamers now on that line.  
The Amazon was pronounced ready for sea during the last month, and on the 24th of January, she cleared Southampton for her destination. She carried with her 50 passengers, £20,300 sterling in specie, and 500 bottles of quicksilver, valued at £5,150. Besides other cargo, she had in her hold 1,133 tons of coal, which had been put on board for the purpose of being delivered for future use, at her contemplated coal stations. She was commanded by Capt. Symonds; and at 3 o'clock on Friday, the day heretofore named, she started on her unhappy voyage, amid the cheers of assembled thousands, who had been attracted to the wharves to witness her departure.  
The entire number of persons entered on the vessel's book was 161. Everything passed off pleasantly and without accident, until about one o'clock the following Sunday, when to the horror of those on board, the steamer was found to be on fire. Scilly was within sixty miles to the west, but our accounts do not mention that any attempts were made to reach the island.  
The fury of the element devoured every thing before it, and involved in the common ruin the lives of 115, out of the aggregate of 161 who composed her crew and passenger list. Those who escaped, had floated at the mercy of the waves, in open boats, for twelve hours, exposed to the inclemency of the season, and had well nigh perished by a death hardly less horrible. Twenty-one were picked up by an English vessel, and twenty-five reached the coast of France.

In the personal recollections of Charlotte Elizabeth, the following passage occurs. Her father came in while the staymaker was spreading out her buck-rum, whale-bone, &c.  
"Pray, what are you going to do with the child?"  
"Going to fit her with a pair of stays."  
"For what purpose?"  
"To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up without them."  
"I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies."  
"Oh, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she has already; depend upon it, that girl will be both a dwarf and cripple if we don't put her into the stays."  
"My child may be a cripple, ma'm, if such is God's will, but she shall be one of His-milking, not ours."  
Therefore, she grew up without headaches, or other lady-like maladies. Perhaps some may say this has no bearing upon the subject we are upon; but I beg leave to differ; for the stiffening now put in the dresses of our females is more injurious to the vital parts of the body than the stays could ever be.  
"I acquit with you, admire the present fashion of high-necked dresses and flowing skirts; but the way-lace waists ruin the health of hundreds of the fair population of our land!"

Refined—Take the mg off the bush.  
Vulgar—Remove the dilapidated lipon from the infantile tree.

## Honesty of Printers.

At a banquet given in commemoration of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin by the New York Typographical Society, Mr. Bigelow, Editor of the *Evening Post*, made the following singular, and, to the craft, gratifying statement—  
He said that he esteemed it an honor, at all times, to appear as the representative of the Press. He esteemed it the more when he enjoyed it by an invitation of the Society of Printers. One reason, why he would make that distinction, he would state. Six or seven years ago he had the honor of being appointed Inspector of the State Prisons at Sing Sing. It lay in the line of his duty to observe the antecedents and peculiarities of the inmates of that institution. He found there some nine hundred persons, of every nation of both sexes, of every color, of all ages, except the very young, who were exempt from prison penalty—he found representatives of every grade of depravity, and every denomination of crime, and representatives of every imaginable business, art, and calling of life, save one—and that calling was that of printing. There was not in that institution during the three years he was connected with it, nor had there been for a quarter of a century consigned to its marble jaws a single setter of types. There were carpenters, tailors, muscos, shoemakers, accountants, brokers, doctors and yet there were not a printer among them. There were also lawyers there, and he said it with mortification, that one member of that profession was now there paying the penalty of a crime for which he had not the poor apology of poverty. And there was also there a clergyman; but there was not, and never had been a printer. There was something in the fact worth considering. By the toast, a complacency was paid the Press as the bulwark of the representative system. Time would not allow him to speak of it as he could wish. He was forced to conclude by simply proposing, "The memory and honor of that calling which is unrepresented in the State Prison."

## HORRIBLE MURDER.

Our city was much excited on Saturday, by the announcement that a horrible murder had just been brought to light in the District of Richmond. It will be remembered that some weeks since we gave an account of the mysterious disappearance of a lad named Jacob Lehman, son of a German Jew pedlar, residing at 497 north Seventh street. Subsequently it was stated that Lehman had been seen under circumstances that induced the belief that he had been murdered. And a few days since it was reported that he had been found alive. The mystery was cleared up on Friday evening, when two little girls playing on the ice above J. P. Morris & Co's, Iron Foundry, Richmond, found three bags coarse cloth, with geese feathers and geese wings fastened upon them. On calling to some man who was cutting wood near by, they came, and opening the bags, found portions of a human body enclosed in them, cut and mutilated in a shocking manner.  
The sacks were immediately conveyed to the hotel of Captain George McCullen, on Richmond street, where a jury of inquest was empaneled. The appearance of the remains was shocking: In one sack was a head and legs and feet; in another a thorax, arms and hands, with the viscera of the chest; and in the third, the lower portion to the trunk, and the hips and thighs; with the viscera of the abdominal region. The portions of the body in the different sacks were, with parts of the clothing of the deceased, fixed and rigid together, so as to occupy the least space. The head had been severed from the trunk, the body hewn in twain, the legs chopped off at the knees, and the feet partly cut from the legs, at the ankles, so that they might be bent upwards. There had also been an attempt to cut the thorax in two length-wise. On the top of the head were two frightful wounds, fracturing the skull. The nose was likewise broken, and the eyes blackened. On putting the mutilated parts of the body together, and laying the whole out in the Coroner's ice box, they formed the perfect corpse of a youth about 17 years old—the age of the lad, Lehman. The hair was like his. The body, further more, corresponded to his in size, height, and general appearance, and there were marks upon it proving its identity beyond a doubt. The agonized father was present, and although in a state of distraction at the spectacle, was able to recognize the remains of his murdered son. The clothing was cut and torn into fragments, and all the buttons were removed from the breast-coat. Around the pieces of the body, both inside and outside of the sacks, were geese wings and feathers. In each sack was a heavy javing stone—Doubtless

A doctor returned to a patient because it did not fit him. The tailor said the doctor in the funeral of one of his patients, said, "Ah, doctor, you are a happy man." Why, so, asked the doctor. "Because," replied the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands."