

Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1856.

VOL. 29, NO. 13

SUPERIOR TEAS
In the Original Half Chests.
IN BOXES, OF 6 AND 12 POUNDS, AND IN METALLIC PACKAGES OF 1, 1.2 & 4 POUNDS,
FOR SALE BY
JENKINS & CO.,
(ORIGINAL INVENTORS OF THE METALLIC TEA PACK.)
Wholesale Dealers in Teas Only
N. W. COR. OF MARKET & NINTH STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Teas in Metallic Packs put up in Half Chests, containing a variety of both Black and Green, to suit buyers.
Printed List of Prices, Terms, &c., furnished by mail to all who order them.
All Teas warranted to be pure, or no sale.
One and the same price and terms to all, and one only.
Half Chests of Black contain about 35 pounds, and Green, about 50 pounds each.
Feb. 29, 1856. c

WHO WANTS A FARM!
To those who wish farms—to have fertile land at a cheap price, and on easy terms, your attention is called to the Ridgeway Farm and Coal Company Twenty-five acres or more in proportion are given for \$200, payable in installments of \$1 per week, or \$1 per month. It is located in Elk county, Penna., and has one of the best markets for its produce in the State. The soil is a rich loam, and is not to be surpassed for farming, as examination will show. It has the best elements of prosperity, being underlaid by two rich veins of coal, and will shortly be intersected by four railroads. The timber is of the most valuable kind. The water is pure, and the climate is good and substantial opportunity to commence farming, providing for one's children, or making an investment. Further particulars can be had from the pamphlets which are sent to inquirers. Letters answered promptly. Apply at address Smit, W. Cattell, Secretary, 135 Walnut street, north side, between 4th and 5th streets, Phila. Full information is contained in the pamphlets.
Feb. 29, 1856-3 m.

LOOK OUT AND SAVE COSTS.
THE Books and Notes of Peter Radclough, are left in my hands for collection. Persons would do well to call and settle at once or costs will be added to them.
SAMUEL RADEBAUGH,
March 11, 1856-11.

SETTLE UP.
THE subscriber, having disposed of his Store in Bedford, is desirous of closing up his books. All persons indebted to him are requested to settle up immediately. His books will be in the hands of Mr. Jos. M. Shoemaker, till first July next.
He is thankful to his friends for the very generous support they have yielded him since his commencement in this place, and cordially recommends Mr. Jos. M. Shoemaker, as a young man of good business habits, of strict honesty, capacity and integrity, and who will not fail to give general satisfaction to my customers and the public.
ELIAS M. FISHER.
March 14, 1856-2 m.

PUBLIC SALE
OF a School House in Napier Township near Andrew Hornes and others. To be sold at Public Sale on Saturday the 22d day of March inst. One third of the purchase money in hand at the conclusion of the Sale, one third in six months, and the remaining one third in one year.
By order of the School Directors,
J. W. HULL, C. WRETSTONE,
WM. ROCK, HENRY ALBAUGH,
P. KINSEY, J. R. MOWRY,
March 7, 1856.

NOTICE.
THE Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and firm of Weisel & Foster, in the Coach and Wagon Manufactory, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the late firm will be settled up by Wm. Weisel, who is authorized to collect all accounts, &c., and pay the debts of the firm.
WM. WEISEL,
JOHN FOSTER.
Dec. 14, 1855-651

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.
LETTERS of Administration have been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Daniel W. Blackburn, late of St. Clair Township, decd. All persons indebted to said estate are noted to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against it are requested to make known the same without delay to the subscriber living at Pleasantville in St. Clair Township.
SAMUEL BLACKBURN.
Feb. 29, 1846-4

TANNERY FOR RENT.
THE subscriber wishes to rent his Tannery and Saw Mill, situated in St. Clair Township 5 miles north of Schellsburg, to any person wishing to engage in the tanning business. This property will be a very profitable and desirable one, as bark is very abundant and cheap.
The Saw Mill is in fine running condition and will pay well. There is attached to the Tannery a good dwelling House, Stable and other out buildings, with running water at the door, and 6 acres of land.
The Tannery has a One horse breaking machine, 16 lay-a-way yats, two lines 2 haws, 4 rollers and 600.
Any one wishing to rent, will please call on the subscriber living in the premises. Terms easy and possession given the 1st day of April.
ABRAHAM PENNISON.
Feb. 29, 1856.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
1700 ACRES
of Valuable Broad Top Coal and IRON ORE LAND,
AND ONE HUNDRED TOWN LOTS IN THE TOWN OF COALMONT.

A PUBLIC AUCTION
WILL be held at Coalmont, Huntingdon County, on the Huntingdon and Broad-Top Railroad, on
WEDNESDAY 16TH DAY OF APRIL,
next, when and where the following Lands will be sold:
LANDS IN TOWNSHIP, HUNTINGDON CO.
One hundred choice building Lots in the town of Coalmont, each 60 by 150 feet.
A valuable tract of Coal Land, situated on the Forks of Sharp's Run, adjoining Coalmont, containing about 550 acres, more or less. It is composed of five surveys, part of Benjamin Pen, Nathan Lavery, J. S. Stewart, Evans & Hamilton, Evans, Hamilton and Anderson. It has five coal openings. It is the first coal land reached by the rail-road, and is only 27 miles from the Pennsylvania Rail Road at Huntingdon.

A Tract of Coal Land situated on Trough Creek and Sharp's Run, near Broad Top city, adjoining lands of Jacob Dreyer, John McCarter, and Broadtop Improvement Company, known as the "Roads Tract," containing about 104 acres, more or less.
A Tract of Coal Land, situated on Trough Creek, adjoining lands of Broadtop Improvement Company, E. L. Anderson, Bouc's heirs and others, known as the Shoemaker Tract, containing 471 acres, with allowance.
This tract can be mined on the eastern slope of Broadtop.

LANDS IN BROADTOP TP. BEDFORD CO.
A tract of Coal and Ore Land, situated on 6 mile Run, near rail-road, adjoining lands of Curfman's heirs, Jacob Dreyer, John McCarter, and Septimus Foster, known as the "Juniata Horton Tract," containing about 107 acres, more or less.
A tract of Coal and Iron Ore Land, surveyed to E. Foster and W. P. School, situated on Sandy Run, about three miles from Hopewell, adjoining lands of John N. Lane's heirs, Richard D. Wood, and John Dreyer, containing 289 acres, with allowance.
A small tract of Coal Land, near the above tract, adjoining lands of Samuel Pleasant and Jacob Smith, containing about 13 acres.

LANDS IN WELLS TP. FULTON CO.
A tract of Coal and Ore Land, in name of William Gray, on Rays Hill, adjoining lands of the Broadtop Improvement Company, and James Patton, containing 55 acres.
A tract of Ore and Timber Land, in name of Abraham Wright, adjoining the above tract, partly on Rays Hill, and partly in Ground Hog Valley, about 5 miles from Hopewell, containing 246 acres.
All the above tracts of coal land are supposed to contain the famous "Cork Vein."
They will be sold according to met measurement. For more particular information apply to Levi Evans, Esq., Coalmont, Wm. Foster, Bedford, and Thomas W. Horton, Esq., Hopewell.

The subscriber will be at Coalmont for two days previous to the day of sale, and will exhibit a connected draft of the whole Broadtop tract, and separate drafts of the tracts offered for sale.
All rents and lots remaining unsold (if any) on the day of sale, will be offered at private sale on the day following.
Terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale.
The passenger train leaves Huntingdon for Coalmont daily, at 8 a. m. & 2 p. m.—Returning at 12 m. and 4 p. m.
March 21, 1856.

W. P. SCHELL.
March 21, 1856.

DRUGS, BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
BR. F. C. REAMER,
Bedford, Pa.

HAVING purchased the Drug and Book Store of Dr. S. D. Scott, has constantly on hand, at the old stand, a large and well selected stock of choice Drugs and Medicines—wholesale and retail, all of which will be sold at fair terms. The assortment consists in part of Drugs and Chemicals, Dye Woods and dyes, Paints and Oils, Window Glass and Glass, Perfumery, Tobacco and Segars, Perfumery, Glassy articles, &c., &c.
PATENT MEDICINES.—Having the regular agency for the sale of all of these medicines, the public are assured that they are of the best, such as have stood the test of time and experience, and can be safely recommended as genuine, viz: Townsend's and Sand's Sarsaparilla, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Moffat's Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters, Dr. Jay's Family Medicines, Falmstock's, Hohenstock's, and other valuable; Houghton's German Bitters, &c., &c.
Constantly on hand a large stock of historical, biographical, scientific, religious, poetical, school, and many beautiful BOOKS.
Also a great variety of FANCY STATIONERY, Cap, Post and wrapping paper of every quality, Patent Hangings in great variety—Window Blinds in patterns or by the piece—Wall Paper, Stool and Fancy Goods.
BLANK BOOKS of every size and quality, Pocket Books and Port Monies, Diaries, Blank Books and Mortgages, gold Pens and Pencils, Combs, Brushes, Perfumery in great variety, Soaps, &c., &c.
Lamps, and Camphine Oil and Burning Fluid, kept constantly on hand.
ETHIOPE TINCTURE for medical use; Wolff's Schickam Schupp's, Gin, Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines.
Aug. 11, 1854-11

IMPORTANT TO MILL OWNERS!
WOODWARD'S Improved Smit and Screening Machines, Mill Bushes, Bolting Cloths and Bran Dusters, of the most improved plan; Mill Screws, Corn and Cob Grinders, Patent Bridges for Mill Spindles, Portable Mills, warranted to grind tea bushels per hour, Mill Irons and Mill Burrs made to order. Also, Stover's Patent Corn Kilm and Grain Drier—a valuable invention. The above articles are kept constantly on hand, and can be obtained at any time, from
S. D. BROAD,
at Schellsburg, Bedford County, who is also agent for Bedford, Somerset, and adjoining counties.
Millwright work done at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
February 15, 1856.
MCCORMICK'S Reaper and Mower for sale by
S. D. BROAD
at Schellsburg, Pa., agent for Blair and Bedford counties.
February 15, 1856.

For the Inquirer and Chronicle.
WHAT DOES THE MAN MEAN?
HAS HE A SOFT HEAD, OR A BAD HEART, OR BOTH?

Mr. Editor.—Solomon says, (Prov. 26: 4, 5) "Answer not a fool according to his folly," &c. And again, he says, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."
The impudence, falsehood, and pandering to Popery put forth in the Bedford Gazette of Feb. 22d, by its editor and proprietor, should be noticed and remembered by every American freeman. All those who are opposed to the political ascendancy of the Pope in this country, including many of our wisest and best statesmen, our ablest editors, most pious and useful divines, are most shamefully assailed with the most opprobrious epithets, such as "wolves in sheep's clothing," and are accused of taking the lives, indirectly, of poor innocent women and helpless children! Who are these "dark lantern" gentry, "midnight conspirators," or a "band of traitors," "wolves," robbers and murderers? Well they are admitted to be native born American citizens, freemen dyed in the wool. And who are the poor innocent victims, the persons who are persecuted "to the bitter end"? Well, they are foreigners who have little or no sympathy for American institutions; the most of them are Irish Catholics, and some of them convicts and paupers from the crowded prisons of "our country." What is this Bowman? Is he a foreigner, an American, or a national hermaphrodite? The man himself is a living example and his paper and press a monument of American tolerance and charity; for if the American citizens of Bedford were possessed with one hundredth part of the evil spirit which is attributed to them, they would have dealt with him as his Master's tools generally deal with Protestants wherever they have the power.

Can it be possible that such a man can exert an influence over the American freeman of Bedford county. Is there a Methodist, a Lutheran or a Presbyterian so blind-olled by politics as not to see the cloven foot. How can they as freemen and as Protestants thus hear their brethren abused, vilified and smug to the lowest hell by this political babbling, while he extols all foreigners and papists in particular to the very heavens, and would have them enjoy more privileges here than our own native born children.
This papal fool lies in the very beginning of his article, when he asserts that Americans are bound together by an oath to persecute Catholics, &c. To persecute is to act offensively; to harass, vex, or injure one on account of his religion. Now who was the offending party, Romanists or Americans? Who publicly burned our bibles or which our civil and religious institutions are founded? Who endeavored to destroy our glorious free school system? Who entered into the political arena and began to grapple for Rome and the ascendancy? Who would stand at the polls and brow beat and bully native American citizens out of their votes? Who broke up the American meetings in New York and Philadelphia? Is it a wonder that American citizens would assemble together, and again pledge their word and sacred honor, as their fathers of '76 had done, to defend themselves, their homes and their liberty? I regret it, Americans have and are still acting on the defensive. How in the name of common sense then could they be engaged in persecuting these poor holy lovely innocent subjects of the Pope of Rome! No sir, they were becoming the persecuted party; when foreign strangers would come in, and endeavor to destroy their bible, their schools, and their liberty. And in resisting this papal aggression, is it to be wondered at, that the Americans did occasionally burn a church, or do some other act of violence, of which our citizens as a general thing do not approve? No; the great wonder is that they were so patient, so forbearing, so charitable. Where is the nation that would have endured one tenth part of the insult from foreigners which this has endured? If American citizens in Italy had attempted one half that Romanists have in this country, the inquisition would have silenced and crushed them. The wonder is that the freemen of America did not rise up in a mass and drive these intruders and their dough-faced allies from the country.

This Jesuitical political truckler next sets up as preacher, quotes scripture of which he seems to know the use, about as much as a monkey does of a prayer book.—If those preachers and editors are "wolves in sheep's clothing," this exhortation of the editor of the Gazette, is like the devil reproving sin. And his quotations from the sacred word of God are not half so appropriate as those of Satan's were when tempting our Lord in the wilderness. His crude notions seem to be those: that American citizens are bound to love every traitor convict, thief, or murderer that may be landed on our shores. That we are bound to love all the paupers of Europe and every emissary of Rome as brothers. Because it is very evident that all these are included with the respectable foreigners who seek a home in this country.

Now let us see how far American citizens have fulfilled the great law of love. But what is that law? Are we to love the off-scourings of the old world, just the same as we love all the decent and respectable emigrants to this country? Are we to love our deadly enemies, these traitor and murderers, as we love the respectable citizens of the State? No! we are to love one with benevolence, the other with complicity. One we are not to hate, the other we are to love. Christ did not love the Scribes and Pharisees, but he did not hate them.—He loved his disciples.
Whilst in the very nature of the case we cannot love our deadly foes, cannot approve of their course, we are not to wish them dead, not to hate them, &c.

Now have not Americans acted the part, and are they not now acting the part of good Samaritans towards all foreigners, and particularly the poor, ignorant, miserable paupers of the old country? Persecution! Great God! how could a man of sense utter such a falsehood! Are not foreigners permitted to come to our country, trade, buy and sell and get gain, and get rich as others? Is not this goodly land all spread out before them, and do they not peaceably possess many of its broad acres? Have they not built houses and lived in peace and quietness with their families? Are not Roman Catholics permitted to worship God according to the dictates of their own priests and foreign potentates, no American hindering or wishing to hinder them or disturb them in their worship? Are we not paying heavy taxes to keep up our penitentiaries, jails and almshouses, the most of which have in them more foreigners than native born citizens. Are we not feeding, clothing, and nursing thousands upon thousands of these foreigners in the institutions of our land? Is this persecution? Is this not fulfilling the great law of love? Shame on the political demagogue that would attempt to abuse American citizens as this editor has done! Shame on the Jesuit clothed in Protestant's garments, that he may more effectually assail Protestantism, and do the bidding of his master in New York and Rome!

But the head and front of the offence, that Americans do not wish to put these foreigners, strangers and subjects of a foreign despot, into office as soon as they land on our shores, to the exclusion of native born citizens, or that they are not willing that they should assist in corrupting the government by placing it in the hands of the sham Democracy and the drunken or whiskey party.
Now, all cannot hold office. If any are to be left out, who should it be? An American citizen or a foreigner? Who has the best right, and who knows best how to administer the laws of the country?
Is it not strange that this pretended advocate of the peoples' right—this Democrat (save the mark!) should become such a strong advocate of the Pope's subject in this country. Suppose the American people should determine to govern the country themselves, and grant foreigners every other privilege in the country except that of voting until they had been in the country twenty-one years? Would not foreigners of all persuasions be on a level. How would Catholics be persecuted if that were persecution, any more than Lutherans, German Reformers, Presbyterians, &c.—Again there is a large class of citizens in this country about whom this Democrat—this advocate of the peoples' rights has not a word to say. The negroes have been born here, grown up without prejudicial bias of them attached to their masters and the liberties of our country. They have no votes but about these the gentleman has nothing to say, as it regards love, doing to others, &c. Oh no! Who is the most competent to vote, a well raised negro, or an ignorant Irish Papist? Our sons too must be on the soil 21 years before they vote. Is that persecution? But enough for the present.
AN AMERICAN.

Another Sermon from the Author of "He Played on the Harp," &c.

What no wood is, there the fire goeth out—And they played on Simbols, Dulcimers, Jewsharps and Dimmyjohns.
My Friends.—Since I had the pleasure of holdin' forth to the benighted and heathenish rascallions ur Branlon, Mississippi, on the subject—"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sprerrits uv just men uv made perfect." As the spirits hath moved me take up my bed and travel; and after visiting divus places, an' propagatin' the Gospel to various nominations, I have at last fothed up, bless the Lord, 'mong the hard shells of Tinicum. My text this evening, my brethren, will be found somewhere 'twen the Book of Proverbs an' Milkiz-edic (I think the former) an' when found it will be read somewhat near as follows: "What no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns."
Now, my bretherin, I'm gwine to say to you as I said to the Brandonions on a former occasion, I'm not an educated man, but, bless the Lord, I'm a mighty religush man, a man what's born again—one what experienced the holy ghost, and tuck religion in the natural way—for "What no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns."

Now, my bretherin, p'haps some of ye are wondering and axing yourselves to what denominations I long. Well, my friends! I'm a plain spoke man, altho' I sez it myself, as ought to say it, an' I tell yer what sways me I long to. Perhaps some on ye may think I'm a Mormon, some on ye may kalkilate I'm a Methodist, an' others uv ye may imblie the notion that I ar a Free Loyer, but I tells you my bretherin, you are all confoundedly confunbatered if ye thinks any such thing; for, in the language of my text, "What no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns."

Somehow, I ollers took an anazzi' likin' to the Baptists, especially to the hard-shells, not because I'm particularly fond of cold water, for, my bretherin, I'm not one of them sort, or Christians as repudiate the good whiskey, or looks a gift horse in the mouth. Thar's the Raed-shells, the soft shells, the clam-shells, and a great many other kind uv shells, but my bretherin next to the hard shell, give me the man that shells out liberally when the contribution box goes round—for "What no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns."

Now, my bretherin, having told you what sways me I long to, I'm gwine to explicate, and 'lucidate on my text, which sez, "What no wood is, thar the fire," &c. My bretherin don't s'pose for the sixteenth part uv a minit, that the fire we read of in the scriptures will go out because thar's no wood. No, my christian friends, so long as the antiseptic and brom stone holds out it won't make a dif uv bitterness whether the wood holds out or not—the fire will be kept burning—fr, "they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns!"

My Bretherin, when accordin' to the text, I sez, they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjohns, I mean that the good perfect spirits—them by the sixth spear—plays on the simbols and dulcimers, and the bad spirits what lives in the downy speers, play on the jewsharps and dimmyjohns, specially the dimmyjohns—for "What no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—and they played"—bretherin, I smell a wize! Thar's a Judis in the congregashun, sure's you are livin' sinners and he must be dispell'd! Ah, I told you so.—Thar he is on that high seat yonder, else by the stove. That weazen faced sinner in the bearskin bang up—a wolf in bear's clothing—setten thar as innocet as a possum up a "simmon tree reporting my letter phrenologically!"

At this juncture all eyes were fixed on our reporter, who also began to "smell a wize"; and hastily thrusting his notes in the pocket of his "bar skin bang up," vanoesed through a side window, surrounded by a blaze of glory and at least a hundred hard-shells.
ALEXANDER WEEPING.
—o—
And for what did he weep? Common report says, "Because he had no more worlds to conquer." This is a great mistake—two facts will show it most clearly. History gives us no intimation of his having conquered the whole world—only that he had subjected a great portion of it. Why, then, should we conclude that this great monarch wept because he had no more worlds to conquer? Again, this anecdote

translated from the Greek, reads thus:—Alexander, listening to Anaxarobus's description of the immense number of worlds, was induced to weep, and being inquired of by his friends why he wept, replied, "Is it not proper to weep when an infinite number of worlds exist and we are not yet masters of one?" We cannot imagine, for the life of us, how the common idea of this matter obtained its prevalence. We have frequently heard preachers, and good scholars too, use this anecdote, in its common sense, and in its common acceptation, in illustration of some important principle. But no such circumstance ever transpired, and the illustration is, of course, good for nothing unless we may be allowed to distort real occurrences or imagine such as will suit our purpose. In such cases, however, it would perhaps be as well to let the distorted or imagined circumstance be known as such, that the hearer or reader may not labor under the false impression that it is real.

Anecdote of a Fat Man.
"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham, one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, to her servant, "swint a quantity of grease you have got there. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."
"Yes, ma'am," says Bridget, between each whisk of her dishcloth, keeping a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed to be rewarded, for down the street came a large portly gentleman flourishing a cane, and looking the picture of good humor. Sure that he was the man, when he was in front of the house out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.
"Speak to me my good girl?" asked the gentleman.
"Yes, sir wants to speak to you, and says would you be good enough to walk in?"
This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment on the steps went the gentleman, and up stairs went Bridget and knocking at her mistress's door, put her head in and exclaimed:—
"Fat gentleman in the parlor ma'am."
So saying, she instantly descended to the lower regions.
"In the parlor," thought the lady. What can it mean. Bridget must have blundered." But down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend with his blindest smile and most graceful bow.
"You, servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."
The mortified mistress saw the state of the case, immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself, as she said:
"Will you pardon the blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she made the mistake you see."
The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair and laughed such a hearty laugh as never comes from your lean gentry.
"No apologies needed madam," said he "it is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha, so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months, such a good joke!"
And all up the street and around the corner was heard the merry laugh of the old gentleman as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed, such a joke!

A REMARKABLE MURDER TRIAL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Corriegan murder trial in Westmoreland county, Pa., is one of the most remarkable that has occurred in this country since the celebrated Professor Webster and Parkman case, at Boston.
Corriegan is an old man, of some sixty or seventy years of age. His wife disappeared on the 29th of September last, and has never been heard from since. Four or five days after, some bones and part of a skull, declared by professional men to be those of a human being were found by some neighbors in a large fire which had been burning near Corriegan's residence in the open field—Corriegan had been observed stirring it at unusual hours. A small can of the fire like that of an animal carcass burning. A button similar to those worn upon a woman's night dress was found in the fire, and also one belonging to a man. Considerable blood was found in different parts of Corriegan's house, although evident attempts had been to conceal it. All of the woman's dresses that she was known to have worn found at home, in their usual place. This

indicated that she had not gone away voluntarily.
A person passing Corriegan's house on the night she was last seen, heard screams coming from that quarter. A sled, having marks of blood, was found near the house, with tracks showing that it had been evidently dragged in the night time by a horse near to the fire where the bones were found. Corriegan and his wife, who lived alone, were known to quarrel. He gives no satisfaction of any of these circumstances. He pretends that he gave his wife money to go to Philadelphia with, and that the bones found in the fire were old bones scraped up in rubbish which he was burning on his farm. But this is rendered improbable by the strong animal smell which came from the fire.

After a trial of several days, and speeches both for and against the prisoner by able counsel, he was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung. No body was ever found or identified as that of his wife. The circumstances were such as we have stated.

The supposition of the jury was, from the evidence, that Corriegan had murdered his wife then conveyed her body to the fire in which the bones were found, upon the sled that was lying near his residence. The circumstances seem to be strong in that direction. The disposition the murderer made of the body is most horrible, almost as much so as Professor Webster, who, it will be recollected, cut up the body of his victim into pieces and then burnt them in a grate in his room. But in that case Parkman's body was identified, which was not the fact here in this trial, which has created great sensation in western Pennsylvania.

The Infidel's Death.
A society of infidels were in the practice of meeting together on Sabbath mornings to ridicule religion, and to encourage each other in all manner of wickedness. A length they proceeded so far as to meet by previous agreement, to burn their bibles.—They had lately initiated a young man into their awful mysteries, who had been brought up under great religious advantages, and seemed to promise well; but on that occasion, he proceeded the length of his companions, threw his bible into the flames, and promised, with them, never to go into a place of religious worship again. He was soon afterwards taken ill. He was visited by a serious man, who found him in the agonies of a distressed mind. He spoke to him of his past ways. The poor creature said:
"It all did well enough while in health and while I could keep off the thought of death," but when the Redeemer's name was mentioned to him, he hastily exclaimed—
"What's the use of talking to me about mercy?"

When urged to look to Christ he said:
"I tell you it's no use now: 'tis too late—'tis too late! Once I could pray, but now I can't."
He frequently repeated, "I cannot pray—I will not pray."
He shortly afterwards expired, uttering some of the most dreadful imprecations against some of his companions in iniquity who came to see him, and now and then saying—
"My bible! oh the bible!"

SUIT FOR DAMAGES—A CURIOUS CASE.
We find in one of our exchange papers the particulars of a singular suit for damages which has been commenced against Martin Wigand, a respectable German citizen of Staunton, (Va.), which originated from rather a violent mode of courtship. Mr. Wigand, being desirous of entering the holy state of matrimony, entered into epistolary negotiations with a lady of Richmond, whom he had never seen. Matters went on satisfactorily to both parties, and at length the lover sent the lady money to pay her fair to Staunton, and on her arrival there the wedding was to come off.
The lady reached Staunton in safety, and immediately wended her way to the abode of him whom she considered her future lord. But alas for human hopes a change had come over the spirit of the lover's dream, and the lord of the snug little mansion sprang the lady from his door, and in the most insulting language bade her return to her friends. Indignant at the insult, and chafed with the disappointment and woe, she hastened to a friend, and with him called at the office of a lawyer, to whom she stated her case. Wigand was sent for and when he arrived and was asked for an explanation of his conduct he declared, that he had thought better of the affair and did not incline to "play a pig in a poke" or "cut in a bag." It was not for a day but for a lifetime, and he would have none of it. The lawyer and the lady's friend exhausted eloquence and argument in vain. He would neither fulfil his promise nor pay reasonable damages. Consequently a suit was clapped upon his back, which, before he gets through, will likely open his eyes to his folly, and show the gallant, gay Gothard that courtship by mail is a serious affair.

indicated that she had not gone away voluntarily.
A person passing Corriegan's house on the night she was last seen, heard screams coming from that quarter. A sled, having marks of blood, was found near the house, with tracks showing that it had been evidently dragged in the night time by a horse near to the fire where the bones were found. Corriegan and his wife, who lived alone, were known to quarrel. He gives no satisfaction of any of these circumstances. He pretends that he gave his wife money to go to Philadelphia with, and that the bones found in the fire were old bones scraped up in rubbish which he was burning on his farm. But this is rendered improbable by the strong animal smell which came from the fire.

After a trial of several days, and speeches both for and against the prisoner by able counsel, he was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung. No body was ever found or identified as that of his wife. The circumstances were such as we have stated.

The supposition of the jury was, from the evidence, that Corriegan had murdered his wife then conveyed her body to the fire in which the bones were found, upon the sled that was lying near his residence. The circumstances seem to be strong in that direction. The disposition the murderer made of the body is most horrible, almost as much so as Professor Webster, who, it will be recollected, cut up the body of his victim into pieces and then burnt them in a grate in his room. But in that case Parkman's body was identified, which was not the fact here in this trial, which has created great sensation in western Pennsylvania.

The Infidel's Death.
A society of infidels were in the practice of meeting together on Sabbath mornings to ridicule religion, and to encourage each other in all manner of wickedness. A length they proceeded so far as to meet by previous agreement, to burn their bibles.—They had lately initiated a young man into their awful mysteries, who had been brought up under great religious advantages, and seemed to promise well; but on that occasion, he proceeded the length of his companions, threw his bible into the flames, and promised, with them, never to go into a place of religious worship again. He was soon afterwards taken ill. He was visited by a serious man, who found him in the agonies of a distressed mind. He spoke to him of his past ways. The poor creature said:
"It all did well enough while in health and while I could keep off the thought of death," but when the Redeemer's name was mentioned to him, he hastily exclaimed—
"What's the use of talking to me about mercy?"

When urged to look to Christ he said:
"I tell you it's no use now: 'tis too late—'tis too late! Once I could pray, but now I can't."
He frequently repeated, "I cannot pray—I will not pray."
He shortly afterwards expired, uttering some of the most dreadful imprecations against some of his companions in iniquity who came to see him, and now and then saying—
"My bible! oh the bible!"

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