

THE REVIEW.

CRAWFORDSVILLE,

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 9, 1854.

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CHAS. H. BOWEN & B. F. STOVER.

The Crawfordville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2, if not paid within the year.

CIRCULATION

LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN Crawfordville!

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We wish it distinctly understood, that we have now the best and the largest assortment of NEW AND FANCY JOB TYPE ever brought to this place. We insist on those typewriting done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of types, cuts, &c. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Temperance Resolution Adopted at the Democratic State Convention.

Resolved, That Intemperance is a great moral and social evil, for the restraint and correction of which legislative interposition is necessary and proper; but that we cannot approve of any plan for the eradication or correction of this evil that must necessarily result in the infliction of greater evils; and that we are therefore opposed to any law upon this subject that will authorize the searching for, or seizure, confiscation, and destruction of private property.

Read! Read! Read!

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches or seizures, shall not be violated." Sec. 11, Const. of Ind.

"No man's property shall be taken by law without just compensation." Sec. 21.



DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Supreme Judge, 4th District, ALVIN P. HOVEY, of Posey county.

For Secretary of State, NEHEMIAH HAYDEN, of Rush county.

For Treasurer of State, ELIJAH NEWLAND, of Washington county.

For Auditor of State, JOHN P. DUNN, of Perry county.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction, WILLIAM C. LARRABEE, of Putnam county.

DISTRICT TICKET.

For Congress—8th District, DR. JAMES DAVIS, of Fountain county.

For Prosecuting Attorney, SAMUEL W. TELFORD, of Tippecanoe county.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Representative, THOMAS J. WILSON.

For County Treasurer, JOHN LEE.

For Sheriff, BENJAMIN MISNER.

For Commissioner, SAMUEL GILLILAND.

For Coroner, MATTHEW R. SCOTT.

For Surveyor, JOHN BUCK.

For District Prosecutor, ABNER V. AUSTIN.

DR. DAVIS,

Addressed our fellow-citizens on Thursday afternoon. His speech was an excellent argument in favor of the Nebraska bill. Every body but the abolitionists were delighted.

The Dr. speaks to-day in Romney, Tippecanoe county. Hon John Pettit meets him at that point, and together they will "raid" every township in the Star-City region. He is sure to be elected. A wonderful re-action has taken place in the public mind within the last three weeks. The people, and particularly the Democracy, are becoming awake to the misrepresentations of the abolitionists. Never yet was a great battle of this kind won by lies and hypocrisy. The principle in the Nebraska bill, "Shall the people govern themselves," is a vital American principle, which the people cannot but accede to—Dan. Mace, the double traitor, and associate of Giddings, Campbell, and the leading abolitionists in Congress, is "done for" forever.

The Lafayette Courier makes a great ado about an immaterial error we fell into, in a short article on Nebraska and Kansas. The point we wished to make was, that slavery had existed, or in other words, that slaves were held in the Territory of Kansas under the famous Missouri Compromise; and we wished to know how much worse it could be under the new law organizing those Territories. We said, if Kansas should adopt a slave constitution, it would be charged to the Nebraska-Kansas law, and that that law would have nothing to do with the question, because slavery existed there under the old order of things.—This being the fact, will the Courier be good enough to inform us what efficacy the Missouri Compromise had? If slavery existed there in the face of the restriction, what good did that restriction do?—The misfortune with it was, that it had no motive power to give it force. In the nature of the case it must always have remained a dead letter. There were neither officers nor courts to enforce it, and in its face slavery could spread over the world.

The Paris, Ill., Republican says that all hopes for a corn crop in that region have entirely vanished.

JOHN LEE.

We have heretofore refrained from saying anything about our county ticket.—Our object was to wait, and see the course of the opposition, and particularly the course of our neighboring opposition papers. We can now safely state that they have fairly "shown their hands."

All their energies are to be directed mainly against Mr. Lee, our candidate for Treasurer. All the strength they can possibly unite is to be wielded particularly against him. He is the principal object of their wrath. So far as his moral character is concerned, so uprightly has he lived that their malevolence has as yet found him stainless. Few men in any community have as much reason to congratulate themselves in this respect as Mr. Lee. As to his qualifications for the office of Treasurer, his enemies dare urge no charge or insinuation. He is infinitely the superior of both his opponents. He is essentially a business man; and the Democracy, as well as the Journal and the Locomotive, know this.—Careful, prudent, judicious, and so trustworthy as to be above suspicion, he is the very man the people want for that responsible post.

Sundry letters, which Mr. Lee addressed to the Banner of Liberty, has afforded the Journal and the Locomotive, and his enemies generally, their only ground of attack. Those letters were strongly anti-prohibition; and as Mr. L. is an anti-prohibition man, there was nothing inconsistent in them.—All that has been said or written about them, he only laughs at. He knows well that the more he is abused about them, particularly by the Journal and its satellite, the surer he is of the support of the people by whom he was nominated. When the former sheet insinuates that those letters are "false and slanderous against his neighbors," he rests easy and sleeps soundly, perfectly conscious that all the world knows the insinuation a base falsehood, unworthy his notice. If any one doubts, however, he has the letters, and will show them to let them speak for themselves. It will give him great pleasure in that way to disabuse the minds of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. L. is the strongest man on our ticket, and hence he has been made the exclusive object of attack and abuse. He cannot be injured by such means. The people will stand by him.

J. D. MASTERSON.

This gentleman, formerly publisher of the "Review," has announced himself an independent Democratic candidate for Treasurer of Montgomery county. To say the least of it, this is a singular movement, the object of which we are left only to guess. Let Democrats be on their guard. Nothing is more certain than that Masterson is not a Democratic candidate, however independent he may be. We have made diligent inquiry, but as yet have found no Democrat with whom he advised, or who requested him to become a candidate. If he is actuated by the Prohibitionists, which is not altogether improbable, then more than ever he is not a democrat. There is but one other party in the county that can be made responsible for his present action. We allude to the Know Nothings. Sometime ago we learned that this mysterious order had not only resolved upon beating, but even had "the stakes all set" by which Mr. Lee, the regular Democratic nominee, was to be beaten. How this was to be done we never knew. But Mr. Masterson must pardon us for stating, that we see in him "the stakes," or rather the tool, by which they were to accomplish their object. There are several reasons to induce this belief, not the least among which are first, because, knowing he cannot be elected, he persists in running; second, because he has made none of his old democratic friends his confidants, and absolutely runs independent of them and without consulting their wishes.

Again we say, let Democrats be on their guard. The man who now turns against them, who lends "aid and comfort," to the enemy, though he may have served them for years well and faithfully, ceases any longer to have claim or right to their friendship or support. This is Masterson's position. He is put forward as a subservient instrument, hopeless of success himself, to defeat Mr. Lee by distracting the democracy. This is beginning to be well understood, and two months hence, Mr. M. will be the dearest man in democratic estimation in all Montgomery county.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Gov. WILLARD will address his fellow-citizens of Montgomery county at the Court House, in Crawfordville, on Wednesday the 13th inst. at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Hon. J. D. BRIGHT and Col. ALLEN MAY will address the Democracy of Montgomery county, at Crawfordville, on Monday Sept. 25th, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Drew's writing fluid now prepared and sold by T. H. WINSTON of this place, is recommended to all persons who wish a superior article. We have used it, and find it to be excellent. Give him a call.

DAN. MACE AND DR. FRY—THE JOURNAL.

Dr. Fry may be an excellent physician, but he is no politician, and as an editor he is eternally writing himself an ass. No one of our acquaintance is guilty of more stupid absurdities, or writes more long, rapid, truthless articles. If let alone, he would goad any party, however sound and pure, into minority.

This criticism is very mild, and we intend it so. The truth is, he is scarcely responsible for what he writes, for the reason that he has as little judgement as a "natural." So in law a madman is not responsible for his murders. The wonder is, that a sensible party will permit him to continue at the head of their organ in this county.

No one, we are satisfied, will read the subjoined articles without contempt for his stupidity and skepticism as to his honesty. Dan. Mace, as every body knows, is the abolition candidate for Congress against Dr. Davis. The Major in his life has been the subject of much abuse, always well deserved. At nobody's hand, however, has he received so much as from Fry's. But now that he is nominated by the abolition party, as revised and corrected on the 13th of July, and as the Dr. belongs to that fusionist, it becomes necessary to hoist Mace's name at the head of the Journal. It was a terrible pill, and how gracefully he has swallowed it the public may judge for themselves. We subjoin extracts from his last paper.

"It will be seen" he says, "from to-day's paper that Major Mace is now a candidate for Congress on the People's ticket, and, strange as it may appear, that we are the advocates of his election."

The italics are our own. Now why should it appear strange? To answer this fairly we will have to go back to 1852.—In No. 7, of the Journal of that year the Dr. gave vent to the following happy articles. We give them in full.

THE HON. DANIEL MACE.

We understand that the Hon. Dan. Mace in his speech before the Locofoco District Convention, denounced us in very bitter terms in consequence of our remarks upon his frequent political somersets and more particularly our allusion to the "Bloomer Costume." It would seem that the Hon. Gentleman considers himself privileged to vilify and slander the character of Gen. Scott, and insult with his low insinuations the entire whig party, but that his statements are not to be called in question; not the slightest allusion must be made to his misdeeds and rascaldom; and the humble editor who dares to speak of his political history does so at the risk of the dread anathemas of this Ex-Congressman. Now, all that we said of Mr. Mace is literally and strictly true. None who know him, will deny that he was a whig, is now a locofoco; that he was a U. S. Bank man, is now against it; that he was once in favor of a tariff, is now free trade, (if we may judge from his course in Congress,) that he denied the constitutional power of Congress to make appropriations for a general system of internal improvements and yet voted for large appropriations of Lands for the construction of a great system of Railroads; in a word, that he has been on both sides of all the great national questions which divide the two political parties. But what of the "Bloomer"? All there's the rub; that touches the quick; that's the barbed arrow that rankles and festers and causes the gentleman to wince. Had he not exclaimed with such an air of insolence, "AWAY WITH YOUR GEN. SCOTT, AWAY WITH YOUR FRED DOUGLAS," his Bloomerism might have rested in eternal silence so far as we are concerned. What was his object in thus associating the name of Gen. Scott with negro? Was it not to degrade, to debase, to stigmatize the character of Gen. Scott? Was it not a direct insult to the party whose standard-bearer Gen. Scott is? Fred Douglas, we know, is a man of talents, and in every way superior to Mr. Mace, but the intention, the object he (Mace) had in view, is the point at which we look, and by this we judge him.

The Hon. Gentleman seems to think our allusion to his Bloomerism an unpardonable offence, a high crime, a base assault upon his character. Now if the mere allusion is so infamous, what must be the turpitude of him who is actually guilty of the offence? We would advise him, when visiting Crawfordville in future, to take more of Adam's Ale and less of the fire-water, which has so often robbed him of his senses and caused him to be guilty of the extreme folly and rudeness of attempting to enter a ball room in the peculiar style of dress above alluded to.

The Hon. Dan. Mace has much to say in his recent speech in Congress, relative to Gen. Scott's vacillating course, and his courting every popular breeze and urging this as a sufficient reason why Gen. Scott should not be elected President of the United States. These assertions were made without a shadow of proof; they are but the miserable slanders of violent partisans whose love of "spoils" far transcend their love of country, and who would vilify the character of the purest and noblest patriots, if by so doing they could ride triumphant into lucrative office.

But if a vacillating course and courting the popular breeze should destroy the confidence of the people in Gen. Scott, how fares it with the Hon. Dan. Mace? Let us take a hasty glance at his political career. It will be remembered that some eight or ten years ago the whigs met in District Convention at Lafayette, and nominated one Dan. Mace for Congress, in opposition to John Pettit. What then was Mace's course? Mr. Pettit had made

a speech in Crawfordsville, in which he dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the Tariff, affirming that if American farmers could purchase as good an English Hat for \$4 as they could an American Hat for \$5 it was their duty to buy the English. Mr. Mace followed and said it would be better for all farmers to purchase of the American hatter at \$5 than of the English at \$4; simply from the fact that the American manufacturers could be paid in pork, corn, wheat and flour, and that the English would receive nothing but gold and silver; moreover, said he, if a little protection is afforded the American hatter, he will in a short time sell as cheap if not cheaper than the English, and make as good or better articles. That was considered sound American doctrine. But what then did he do? He went to Indianapolis and there met with some of the leaders of the locofoco party and a new light flashed upon his mind—free trade and democracy will carry for a time, and the sports of office rise tempting in the distance. What then does the Major do? He takes the straight road to Lafayette, throws up his candidatedship and proclaims himself a locofoco of the strictest sect.—And what then is the course of this consistent politician? A vacancy occurs in the judgeship of this Judicial Circuit, and this same Major Mace appears before the Legislature as a candidate for the Judgeship, but was beaten because confidence cannot be reposed in one who is so "vacillating and who is ever courting the breeze."—Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee.

The above is tolerably severe, we admit. At the time they were written, Mace was the Democratic candidate for Congress.—We never had much confidence in the Dr. at best; but when he charged that exhibition of "the Bloomer" upon the Maj., not knowing anything about it ourselves, we felt assured it was a monstrous "whig lie," and probably pronounced it so. Since then, however, we have been better informed, and now credit it to the Dr. as the only truth of all his editorial life.

We say again the articles are pretty severe, and as they are in all respects absolutely true, we here now most humbly beg the Dr.'s pardon for having contradicted them. We will even go farther. However it may tickle his vanity, though it swell his perfumed little body till it collapses, yet justice requires us to admit unqualifiedly that he knew the Maj. better than we did.

The Dr. said then that he was "insolent," the penetrating editor divulged to us the astounding fact that the Maj. had been a Whig, then a Democrat, and all the time was after nothing but "Spoils." The bold man of medicine don't even stop there. No!—The truth must be told—Fred Douglas, the nigger,—the Dr. speaking of him now would say, "the learned and eloquent gentleman of color"—Fred Douglas, the nigger, was a smarter and superior man to the then Democratic candidate for Congress.

Scarcely two years have passed since the Dr. penned those fiery little paragraphs.—But, lo! Can it be true? Heavens! There floats at the head of the Journal—but pause—let us get breath before we say it.—We'll sit down a minute to whistle.—"Carry us back to Old Virginia."

There now floats the name of the "insolent, unprincipled, spoils-seeking Hon. DANIEL MACE" at the head of the Journal. The man who, two years ago, abused poor Maj. Gen. Scott, who was not half as smart as a "big nigger," who attended a fashionable ball in the goolly village of Crawfordville in the elegant costume vulgarly called "Bloomer," is now the delectable Dr's candidate for Congress. Who would have thought it?

The Dr. knew the world would wonder at this; for truly, it is a world's wonder!—How could he explain it? That was something literally impossible: but he didn't think so—not him—too much vanity.—Last week the Dr. didn't issue a Journal; he excused himself on the ground that his paper failed. Nobody suspected the truth; but now we'll tell it. To dress out an apology wasn't to be done in a week—no man could do that; so the Dr. took two weeks.

It was a hard task; it required no little head-scratching and much thought; it kept the little man very busy; and we wouldn't be astonished if several of his patients recovered sooner than he had anticipated in the two weeks—we wouldn't charge it directly, but it wouldn't be surprising if he neglected them in that time, and if he did, we are sure they recovered. At length it was done. The item of such long and terrible travail was published. It is too long to give entire. We will only give enough to establish that the Dr.'s stupidity has increased dreadfully since 1852.

"Under this state of things," he says, "the question will naturally and oft times be asked how it is that we who have opposed him (Mace) in times past with such determined resistance, can now lift our voice and put forth efforts in his behalf. Has the Major changed or have we changed, that this unlooked for agreement and harmony of political action should be brought about? We answer that a change of political opinion cannot be charged upon either party."

Ah, Dr., thou ass! Thus to fling away your only earthly apology! Why, if he had

changed, the public might excuse you; but you say he has not—still you are for him—with all his faults, the faults you described two years ago, yet unchanged about him, you take him to your bosom. He is not changed you say,—then is he not still a spoils-seeker?—Is he not still faithless?—and when he comes to Crawfordville, won't he again don "the Bloomer," should there happen to be a ball in Washington Hall? All unchanged as he is, you can go for him, and have the impudence to ask whigs who voted against him then on account of his odious character, as well as his principles, to vote for him now? And why? Not because he has become a whig, but because he has become a democratic traitor and is a candidate on the "People's ticket." Out on you! Honest whigs will spurn Mace, and spit on you for your contemptibleness. Have done. Give up your paper. Sell it out to the Know-Nothings, and go to Nebraska.

ON ITS LAST LEGS.

We always admire honesty wherever it proves itself; but more especially have we an admiration for political honesty. We say this in view of the recent action of our much esteemed friend, W. F. Lane, Esq., of Lafayette. Everybody to whom that gentleman is known knows him to be an honest incorruptible Whig of the old school. On the 17th of Sept. 1853, which was the date of the last convention of the Whigs of Tippecanoe county, Mr. Lane was so highly esteemed by his brethren of that ilk, that he, together with some eight other gentlemen, was duly constituted a Central Committee, charged with the important duty of having an eye over the welfare of the time-honored Whig party of Tippecanoe. At that time coming events had not cast so much as a shadow before them; or, less poetically speaking, no one then dreamed that there would be on the 13th of July, 1854, a State Convention held at Indianapolis, by which the "People's Party" would be born, and the old Whig party submitted to that singular process lately invented and scientifically termed—abolitionizing. In this state of unconscious bliss, Mr. Lane and his eight compatriots accepted the then honorable post.

But the 13th of July came round. The Bob-tail-ites met in convention full of anti-Nebraskaism as an egg is of meat. Then and there a traitorous crew of Whigs, Democrats, and Abolitionists brought in the old Whig party, stripped it of its principles, and dressed it in an abolition coat and breeches, pulled free-soil boots on its feet, and stuck a Know-Nothing beaver on its dishonored head. "Alas, poor Yorick!"

There were many noble Whigs who scorned the deed, and have since refused political association with its actors. Some of them reside in Lafayette. It may look invidious, but we can't refrain from mentioning a few of them. There are Tom. Benbridge, Frank Lane, Zeb. Baird, David Ross, Nat. Webb, and William Henderson, to whom should be all Whig honor and all Democratic respect—noble fellows, and honorable, who love their country as they hate abolitionism.

They resented the murder. Baird betook himself to the stump, and gave his voice and heart in support of the Nebraska bill, and poured out denunciation unmeasured and eloquent upon the Arnold's of his old party.

Lane remembered that he was one of the old Central Committee. He resorted to official action, and on the 4th inst. sent in a call for the true Whigs of Tippecanoe county to meet in Mass Convention in Lafayette on the 12th inst. &c.

This Mr. Lane did on the ground, we suppose, that of all the members of the central committee he was the only one who yet remained a Whig, the rest having gone off with the abolition movement of the 13th of July. We think no one, not an abolitionist, will deny the propriety of his course. Were not the rest of the committee dead? Was he not the only living committee man? Was he not in fact the central committee?

The Courier and the Journal, both of them abolitionized, set up agonizing howls against Mr. Lane. The Hon. (?) Mayor, one Jimmy O'Brian, of the "auld Kilkenny-cat family," pronounced the call a forgery. A miserable cent-skinning Yankee, whitened down into the smallest imaginable entity, called R. C. Smith, with just brains enough to be an Agent for a few Life and Fire Insurance Company's, themselves without capital or confidence, published a card denying that the call was the simon-pure. And so up to this date stands the war—two presses, the Mayor, and the cent-skinning Yankee, all down on Lane, who, the last of the Whig Central Committee of Tippecanoe County, has dared to do his duty as becomes a man and a Whig.

Truly, Whiggery in Tippecanoe is on its last legs, but if we mistake not, those legs are good legs, and strong and true as ever kicked a Mayor, or are yet to vent genuine vengeance upon the seat of all the honor yet left to a cowardly Yankee, and two dog-souled abolition Editors. Pitch into them, Lane! Until the Democratic paper so long

promised us from Lafayette is fairly at work, we'll stand by you.

WHO ARE THE DEMAGOGUES?

Demagogism is a common charge of parties against each other. One can make it easily as another. But the point is to maintain it by facts.

Now we assert that the fusionists are made up of the most reckless and unprincipled demagogues in the State, and of nothing but demagogues. And when we make the allegation we don't intend it to be applied to the Prohibitionists, among whom we admit a great number citizens of the purest honesty.

We have abundance of facts to sustain the charge against the fusionists. At this time, however, we will allude to but one.—Everybody will recollect that in the grand State Convention which organized the party on the 13th of July, the temperance resolutions were adopted. And so temperance was made a plank in the fusion platform. But on Saturday, the 19th, the County Fusion Convention, which met in this place for District purposes passed a series of resolutions about Nebraska, but said not one word about temperance. What was the reason? Can any man doubt? The miserable politicians who met in that convention of the 19th cared nothing about temperance—not them; and for the most obvious reasons, since the 13th of July it has been ascertained to a moral certainty that prohibition will not only be beaten in Montgomery County, but that it will ruin any set of men who adopt and advocate it, and as they really care nothing about principle, having in view only the discomfiture of the Democracy, threw away that very plank which prohibition men declare is the reason of their willingness to support them. Is not this demagogism? With what face can they now ask the votes of the fusion platform, with what show of honesty can temperance men wheel in and rally around the rag-tag and bob-tail abolitionists who have chosen Dan. Mace for their leader.

Think of it!—only think of it! Temperance men voting for a party the only one to be found at this time that deliberately and with aforethought discards all resolutions upon the favorite topic! Temperance men voting for Dan. Mace, who of all others is the least temperate, if not the most drunken! Dr. Fry, that easy genteel disease, if not death, to his old party in Montgomery County, the author of the Jack. Snyder letters, so famous for their stupidity and fervor, he, forsooth, pitches headlong into the ranks now clamoring for the Double Traitor, whom but a short time ago he rode so mercilessly for his "Bloomerism"! Yes think of it!

Who are the demagogues? Will any body doubt any longer?

From the Banner of Liberty.

Montgomery Co., Indiana, August 1, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—I have been taking the Banner for several years, and am well pleased with the fearless manner in which it is conducted, and its exposures of the various schemes of priestcraft that are now threatening to destroy the liberties of the people. It appears that our state is now swarming with those miserable hirelings who are engaged in preaching a crusade against our glorious institutions, that were established by the blood and treasure of our revolutionary fathers. They have unfurled their banner to the breeze, with this inscription: "Search, Seizure, Confiscation, and Destruction!" This is the main plank in their platform, and all the liberty-hating priests, of all names and orders, have prostituted their pulpits in advocating this abominable and despotic principle, calling it "Temperance," and if any one has the independence to expose their craft, all the blood-hounds of the infernal regions are let loose against him. But notwithstanding all this, we have many noble hearted republicans, who are willing to face the music, and to renew the pledge of our forefathers, of their blood bought rights. These priestly characters appear to think themselves head and shoulders taller than the rest of mankind—a superior race of beings; for they assume the prerogative to dictate to their fellow men in matters of morals and religion, and what we shall drink, when and where, and how often, and for what purpose; a right no being ever possessed above his fellow men.—That intemperance is an evil, no one pretends to deny; but shall our liberties be wrested from us by a set of fanatics, under the craving appetite for power and public plunder, and bring a train of evils ten-fold worse than drunkenness? I think every freeman is ready to answer, No, never! But give me the liberty to think, act, and speak for myself, and to judge for myself in regard to meats and drinks, without any hireling priests and worthless demagogues to dictate in these matters.

THOMAS J. WILSON.

On Monday, a short distance below Ghent, (Ky.) the son of Mr. Stephens, who was on a mowing machine for the purpose of driving the team while mowing, accidentally fell forward of the machine and had both of his legs severed from his body.

ANOTHER ROBBERY.—The residence of Alderman J. H. Gray was entered on Tuesday night and his pantaloons carried away, together with checks and money to the amount of \$140 and over, which was in the pockets. It was very late when the Alderman returned from the meeting of the Common Council, and the thief must have waited very impatiently for him to fall asleep.