

cord which he found it impossible to sever. I saw the assassin attend even by the spirits of those whom his violence had slain ever presenting to his view their misery, caused him—ever reproaching him, and he again and again, but in vain seeking by the same violence to rid himself of their presence.

I saw the hard and callous man of the world, who had carried with him into the spirit land the selfish disregard for others which had marked his earthly career. I saw him approach. He was an outcast even in that horrid place. His cold selfishness stood out upon him in bold relief, and all, even there, abhorred and shunned his company. Wearing with the utter desolation to which he was condemned, he persisted in thrusting himself upon that society, fiendish and revolting as it was, and they turned upon him in their wrath—Abandoning each his favorite pursuit, they with one accord drove him from their presence with shouts and yells of execration.

Amid the turmoil and confusion I saw a good spirit approach. He was one, I thought, whose enthusiasm was stronger than his judgment, and he approached that awful society in the vain hope that he might be able to wean them from their evil ways. The contrast between the brightness of his appearance and the darkness of theirs, was most striking. He seemed like a solitary star amid the blackness of midnight. His presence was beyond measure offensive to them. They arrested his progress in crowds. They met his advance with bold and impudent looks. They received his entreaties with derision, and laughed his remonstrance to scorn. They insisted that he should leave them, but he refused. They then turned and fled his presence with shouts and laughter. All so fled—save one. And he was observed by that good spirit prostrate in the dust. The good spirit approached him and lifted him up, and spoke words of comfort to him. It was one who had begun to progress in goodness—whose eyes were beginning to open to the evil of his ways. It was one who had begun to repent.

Instantly the announcement sped 'Heaven with the celerity of thought, that a fallen man might be saved; and in crowds the good spirits, flocked to the scene, and welcomed the rising hope that was in him. They took him in their arms, and bore him in triumph from that evil place, to their own happy mansions. There an apartment was assigned to him; and while he was not progressed enough yet to associate with those who had redeemed him, he was at least secure from the intrusion and influence of his former unhappy companions.

There he is now attended by that enthusiastic good spirit, with a humility, a gentleness, a kindness and patience, to be found, alas! only in Heaven. The promptings of the despair of that unhappy one are soothed; and the waywardness of his temper is patiently endured, and his new-born aspirations for good are cheered and borne along.

It is a parent welcoming the return of a prodigal child. It is a mother nursing into eternal life an infant immortal. God speed the work!

Such was the vision imparted to me when alone. Subsequently, at one of the circles, where I had read it, it was said to me from the Spirit-world, "Think you, my dear H—, that the vision was a heavenly one? It is but the faintest ray compared with what is in store for you."

At another time, and with another circle to whom also I had read the paper, it was said; "It is perceived that you do not exactly understand the lesson it was intended to teach. The crime and misery in it are intended to represent your sphere, and the sin and suffering which flows from the condition in which the greater part of mankind are placed. The bright features of purity and happiness in it, the higher spheres in the spiritual world; and the prostrate spirit who was lifted up and redeemed, those who have begun spiritually to progress."

DRAMA OF THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. "Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb."

Already had he passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over the dark marshes, and these disappear; these were the days of wasted life.

He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who centered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, re-

called his parents' early love for him, their erring son, the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf.

Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared not longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his dark eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real.

He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain—"O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"

From the Washington Union.

President Fillmore and Mr. Webster. THEIR FATE AND ITS MORAL.

Some question is still made as to whether the Whig Convention will nominally adopt the "finality" platform after the nomination of Gen. Scott. The question is hardly worth discussing. The deed, if done, will mean nothing, and throughout the whig ranks and regions of the North will be declared and understood to mean nothing. A compromise letter from Gen. Scott appearing either before, or as is much more probable, after his nomination, will also be utterly without solid significance or value. Indeed both of these forms of compromise declaration by the Whig Convention, or its candidate, have already by the most powerful organs of the whig party been denounced, placarded, and branded as a "humbug," a "gull-trap," and a "cheat."

But such formal announcement of their character was no way needed; for the main controlling point in the case of the northern whig organization is, that by an overwhelming majority it has resolved upon the sacrifice of Messrs. Fillmore and Webster. This fact tells the whole story, with a breadth and volume of significance which no subsequent declarations can emphasize or strengthen. These leaders and champions in the whig ranks—both, either by position or character, eminently representative men—have been ruthlessly struck down by the full demon of whig and anti-slavery agitation! Precisely the same opportunity, and the same course of action upon the sectional questions—which, if they had been northern democrats, instead of being whigs—if they had been right instead of being irrevocably in the wrong in their ideas of general public policy—would have commended them to help favor and power in the democratic ranks—have now sealed their doom in the whig organization. It has cast them out without scruple, regret, or mercy, because, and simply because, they have dared to rebuke its sectionalism. Their condemnation by their own party has been only the more summary and sweeping by reason of the fact that their own past history had identified them with that sectionalism. Their newborn nationality on the sectional issues was a tergiversation. It was more—it was a *bell* from the principles and policy of the whig organization. That organization true to its sectional history, instincts, and lead, has held on its course, and has crushed them both beneath its juggernaut wheels!

Behold the fearful completeness and stringency of this penal proceeding—say rather of this political murder—on the part of the northern whigs! The whole whig South has interposed its protest in vain. For the first time in our political annals, the entire whig party of fourteen southern States has lifted up its hands in prayers that have now swelled into imprecations, to beg or demand from the whig party of the North political pardon or reprieve for the only two conspicuous northern whig men who have dared apparently to turn a deaf ear to the clamors of whig anti-slavery agitation organizing new onslaughts on the institutions and interests of the South! By the whigs of the North the protest and the prayer have been heard and scorned! In speaking out, however guardedly and intellectually, against the sectional prejudice and passion of their party, Mr. Fillmore from the pedestal of the presidential chair in which that very sectionalism had aided to place him, and Mr. Webster spoke from the higher pedestal of a life-long warfare waged through good report and evil report, through bright days and dark days, in the whig cause. But in the stern judgement of the northern whig organization even such speech in favor of the South was *treason* against partisan allegiance and *desertion* from the partisan standard; and from afar and at an early day the rulers of that organization scorned and seized in the victorious sword of General Scott the only fit weapon of their vengeance on these two towering but devoted heads!

How idle is it, then, in the face of these facts, to talk of compromise resolutions in a Scott whig convention, or of a compromise from its candidate! Is Scott in good faith to shoulder the burden which has thus crushed down Webster? Is Scott to reach the chair of Fillmore through the very policy which has wrought Fillmore's political death? The whole idea is *preposterous* as a lunatic's dream. What jugglery on this matter—what equivocation—"keeping the word of promise to the ear only to break it to the hope"—whig subtlety and whig unscrupulousness, in the convention or out of it, may fabricate and palm off for the delusion of the South, we know not yet, though time must soon reveal. But one conclusion is fixed, and stands out broad and bright in the light of the significant facts we have set forth. It is, that any *simulation* of the finality policy by the whig party now is, and can be, no more than a simulation and a *sham*. The whig

prophets have told us this; but the tale needed no prophet to tell it; for it is written for all men to read in the bold clear characters of fact. Let not the southern whigs let not the compromise whigs anywhere deem it "a weak invention of the enemy," when we say to them that in the approaching nomination of Scott they and "their masters" are "bought and sold!"

It is hopeful, it is refreshing, to turn from this picture of the whig party to the array and aspect of the democracy now about to assemble and deliberate in its national *Sanhedrin*. If the whig organization is given over—in overwhelming majority—to the spirit of anti-slavery agitation it is a proud thing to know and to remember that an organization more potent and patriotic than the whig, now holds in solemn safeguard the peace and the rights of all the States and sections of the country, and will approve itself worthy of its elevated and sacred mission. The people assuredly will do the rest!

THE SLAVE CASE.

The testimony taken before Esquire Fisher, of Columbia, in reference to the unfortunate shooting of the slave Smith, in that Borough, a short time ago, bears strongly against officer Ridgely, of Baltimore, who committed the deed. The following affidavit of officer Snyder of Harrisburg, who was present at the time, taken before Justice Jones, of Baltimore, will no doubt be interesting to our readers, inasmuch as it purports to give a correct history of the whole transaction. Whether the murder was intentional or accidental can, however, best be known upon a trial where the whole testimony will be elicited:

"On the 6th day of May, A. D., 1852, before the subscriber a Justice of the Peace for Baltimore county, residing in the city of Baltimore, personally appears Solomon Snyder, Police Officer of Harrisburg, in the State of Pennsylvania, and special Deputy appointed by Richard McAllister, one of the U. S. Commissioners in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, for the execution of the Slave Act, who being duly sworn, on the holy Evangelist of Almighty God, deposed and said that he received on the 25th day of April last, a warrant from Richard McAllister, one of the U. S. Commissioners in the eastern district of Pennsylvania, for the arrest of Geo. Stansbury, a fugitive slave of George W. Hall of Hartford county, in the State of Maryland aforesaid. On the next day deponent and Archibald G. Ridgely, (of Baltimore,) went from Harrisburg to Columbia, taking along with them Henry Lyons as assistant and Mr. Cochran, who had been brought by said Ridgely from Maryland for the purpose of identifying the said George Stansbury. That shortly after their arrival at Columbia, the said Cochran went out to see if he could find the said Stansbury, and another negro fugitive, at the places where they were supposed to be at work, and in about an hour's time the said Cochran returned and said he had seen the said Stansbury, as well as the other negro, for whom deponent also had a similar warrant. That deponent then went with said Cochran, who pointed out to him both negroes, at work nearly half a mile from each other, and both of them were in succession carefully examined by deponent, so that no mistake might subsequently take place.

Deponent said Cochran then returned to the Hotel, and deponent and said Ridgely went alone to arrest the said Geo. Stansbury, leaving some distance behind them the said Cochran, Henry Lyons, and another person, who had been employed in Columbia to assist. The object of their remaining behind was that they might be ready in case of difficulty or an alarm being given, to proceed to the arrest of the fugitive slave, for whom deponent also had a warrant. That deponent and said Ridgely proceeded to a lumber yard in Columbia, where said George Stansbury was at work carrying boards, that there was some twelve or fifteen negroes at work in the same yard and in the immediate vicinity of said George, that many of said negroes had axes set up against the piles of lumber, convenient for use, that deponent first seized George and called on said Ridgely to assist him, who also seized said George; that said George immediately began to resist, although notified by deponent that he was arrested under a U. S. warrant, struggled with deponent and said Ridgely a distance of about thirty yards; and that finally he got the finger of said Ridgely in his mouth and held it between his teeth, the said Ridgely was unable to get his hand away, and about this time a number of negroes had left their work and crowded around. The said George then held the middle finger of said Ridgely in his mouth, and the said Ridgely standing on his right side, and deponent at the same time was on the left side of said George, holding him by the left hand placed on George's waistcoat collar. While in this position, the said Ridgely drew a Colt Revolver from his pocket, and said as he drew the pistol, after having raised it, "Surrender, or I'll knock you down." Just then the pistol went off, the ball striking the said George in the neck and killing him instantaneously. From the direction of the ball, deponent thinks that if it had missed the said George it would probably have struck him—the wound in his neck was about a foot from where deponent's hand was resting. The moment the pistol went off the said Ridgely remarked—"My God, I have accidentally shot him," and the said Ridgely then said he would "go and give himself up to the authorities," which deponent advised him to do, but subsequently deponent was informed that Ridgely was advised not to surrender himself, and further this deponent saith not. Sworn before

WALTER R. JONES.

Theodore Hook says of railroads and steamboats. "They annihilate space and time, not to mention a multitude of passengers."

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD Pa., June 4, 1852.

FOR PRESIDENT.

JAMES BUCHANAN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(Subject to the decision of the Democratic National Convention.)

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

For the State at large—*Senatorial*.
GEORGE W. WOODWARD, of Luzerne.
WILSON McCANDLESS, of Allegheny.
ROBERT PATTERSON, of Philadelphia.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Peter Logan, | 13. H. C. Eyer, |
| 2. G. H. Martin, | 14. John Clayton, |
| 3. John Miller, | 15. Isaac Robinson, |
| 4. F. W. Bockius, | 16. Henry Peter, |
| 5. R. McKay, Jr., | 17. Jas. Burnside, |
| 6. A. Apple, | 18. M. McCaslin, |
| 7. N. Strickland, | 19. Jas. McDonald, |
| 8. A. Peters, | 20. W. S. Colahan, |
| 9. David Fisher, | 21. Andrew Burk, |
| 10. R. E. James, | 22. Wm. Dunn, |
| 11. J. McReynolds, | 23. J. S. McCalmont, |
| 12. P. Damon, | 24. G. R. Barrett. |

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER.

WILLIAM SEARIGHT,
OF FAYETTE COUNTY.

Gov. BIGLER, arrived in town on last Friday, for the purpose of spending a few days with his family. He never looked better, either in health or spirits—which goes to show that he has not suffered very seriously as yet from the effects of his numerous vetoes, about which the whigs are wont to make so much ado.

"IN TIME OF PEACE," &c.—We are glad to learn that the young men of our town and vicinity are about raising a volunteer company, and that a meeting to further the object will be held on to-morrow evening. Years ago, when our population was about one third of what it now numbers, quite a creditable corps of citizen soldiers, presented themselves on every necessary occasion.

Some of the Whig and Abolition journals are trying to prejudice the public mind against Gov. BIGLER, for not having issued a requisition on the Governor of Maryland for the delivery of the Mr. Ridgely, the police officer from Baltimore, who shot the negro at Columbia about the last of April. In this they either betray their ignorance of the duties of a Chief Magistrate, or a shameless and almost criminal disregard of the fatal consequences that might grow out of an affair of such a lamentable character, if not managed and controlled with the utmost prudence and wisest counsels; and in either case they show that they are extremely hard pressed for something really objectionable to urge against our Democratic Governor.

We can assure the friends of Governor Bigler that the interests and honor of our State are in no more danger of being sullied in his hands, in regard to this unfortunate affair, than in any other that may arise—nor are the rights of humanity likely to suffer either; and whenever it shall become his duty, under the laws and the Constitution, and as the Chief Executive of one of the States of the American Union, and in accordance with the established practice of the courts in the land, to call upon a sister State for the delivery of an offending citizen, he will perform that duty promptly and fearlessly. Until such a state of affairs are presented, all good citizens will calmly wait, and in the meantime the fault finders—who are really disturbers of the public peace—are welcome to make asses of themselves as much as they please.

SUPPORT "THE UNION."

We have received several copies of "The Daily Union," a paper just started in Pittsburg, under the control of an association of Journeymen Printers, and edited by LYND ELLIOTT. For neatness in its mechanical execution, and in its business appearance, it is just what might be expected from its managers; and its editors are distinguished for their vigor and independence. In politics, it is not, we believe, designed to be specially an organ, yet, so far, its political sentiments have been purely and decidedly Democratic. And so long as its conductors continue to keep up the appearance of their paper as they have done thus far—and we have but little doubt that they will—they cannot fail of success. Those who wish to hear from Pittsburg, cannot do better than pay five dollars for the Daily Union.

BRADY, of the Jeffersonian, is anxious to have the Convention to nominate a candidate for Congress in this district, meet in Brookville. To this, we have no objection, but will not be understood as giving our assent thereto, inasmuch as we have not yet consulted the wishes of our numerous candidates in this county—who are perhaps the most interested—in this subject.

It is high time, however, that the matter should begin to be understood, as the district is upwards of considerably large—

covering the sources of almost half the rivers in half of the Old Thirteen—possessing one turnpike and the end of another, the switch end of a telegraph, an Elk Express, and six of the best Democratic papers in the State!

T. F. MEAGHER, the Irish patriot, the account of whose escape from Van Dieman's land, whither he was banished by the British government, was recently published in this country, arrived in New York last Saturday. All the military, and a large concourse of citizens repaired to his lodgings and gave him a hearty welcome to the land of freedom.

Nearly all our lumbermen have now returned to their homes, after an absence protracted beyond any former season.—It is said they brought some dimes home. If so, we would remind some of our good citizens, who are anxious to know whether the world still continues in motion;—that we still have a few blank pages in our pocket-book for their names.

The attention of the inquirer after the marvellous is directed to the revolutions of Judge EDMONDS, commencing on our first page. It is seldom that we present to our readers any thing concerning the believers in the new theory of communicating with the departed spirits, but the author of this article is a man of standing, and whether hoaxed or hoaxing, or acting in good faith, it is well enough that the world should know it.

THE STATE DEBT—WHIG SLANDERS.

The federal papers—ever ready to misrepresent and prevaricate—are indulging the passion by falsely accusing Governor BIGLER with having since his induction into office, increased the State debt "over one million of dollars." Now for the facts.

Immediately after the inauguration of Gov. Bigler, it was found that the State Treasury was, in a manner, empty. The February interest was nearly due, and the Governor for the purpose of sustaining the credit of the Commonwealth, recommended to the Legislature the propriety of making a temporary loan for the purpose of meeting the interests falling due. The Legislature acceded promptly to the recommendation, and the loan was accordingly made. This, as we have said, was a temporary loan, and, as we are informed, has been cancelled and re-paid. The loan had to be made—the February interest was due, and the credit of the State at stake. Gov. Johnson, who prated so much to the people about "his sinking fund," had left the Treasury empty. It was his duty to have made provisions for meeting the February interest, but, like Joseph Ritner, he saddled the debts of his administration upon his successor in office. Thus has it been with every Whig Governor the State has ever had. When Ritner went out of office, Federal editors were loud in their declarations that he had not increased the State debt; but they did not inform their readers that he had left debts behind him—debts against the Commonwealth, and which matured a few months after Gov. Porter assumed the duties of the Executive chair, amounting to millions of dollars, with an empty Treasury for a resort. Gov. Porter was compelled to ask the Legislature to make several loans, for the purpose of meeting the heavy claims against the State contracted by the Ritner administration. And then it was that the Whigs, liberal fellows that they are, exclaimed, "oh, how the Locusts are increasing the State debt." The debt was increased, it is true, but it had been contracted by the Whigs in power. Whig Governors are very ready to contract debts, but they are not so ready to pay them, and when the Democrats make provision to meet these debts, they are accused of "increasing the State debt!"

So too with Gov. Johnson. He was well aware that the February interest was almost due, when he vacated the Executive chair, but instead of making provision, as he should have done, for meeting the interest, (for it was a debt that belonged to his administration,) he left this claim for Gov. Bigler to meet, and handed him over an empty Treasury to do it with. Gov. Bigler, a man ready for every emergency, made a temporary loan for the purpose of paying off this debt against the Johnston administration, and for this act, liberal minded Federalism accuses him with "increasing the State debt." So much for the \$300,000 loan.

The next charge of Federalism against Gov. Bigler is, that he negotiated a loan of \$850,000 for the completion of the North Branch Canal. The Governor in a message to the Legislature, strongly urged the completion of this State improvement, and the Legislature empowered him to make a loan to the amount above named, to be appropriated to the completion of the work. Gov. Johnson himself, on several occasions, urged the Legislature to make provision for completing this canal, and thus save the \$3,000,000 already expended on it. If this loan of \$850,000, therefore is an increase of the State debt, Gov. Johnson is as censurable as any other man in the State, for on more than one occasion he urged that the work might be completed, and he very well knew that it could not be done without resort to a loan. But this loan of \$850,000, for the North Branch Canal, instead of being a loss to the State, will beyond all question prove a revenue. The State has already expended over \$3,000,000 on this work and it is estimated that \$850,000 will complete the same, and make it profitable to the Commonwealth. Policy, economy and prudence would dictate the propriety of completing the work at as early a period as possible. When completed it is confidently asserted by good

judges, that the receipts into the State Treasury from the work, will, in a few years, pay both the principle and interest of all that has been expended on it. Indeed, it is believed that it will be the most profitable section of our public improvements. And yet because Gov. Bigler favored this policy—the early completion of the North Branch Canal—and the Legislature authorized a loan for that purpose, the Federalists pretended to be again shocked, and exclaimed against "an increase of the State debt." If they are serious—if they think the North Branch should not be finished, and that the \$3,000,000 already expended on it should be lost to the State, and the work abandoned, why do they not open their batteries on Gov. Johnson, who so strenuously urged the completion of the work? This would not suit their purpose, however, which is misrepresentation and double-dealing. There is no danger of the State debt being increased by Gov. Bigler. Our word for it, the State will be much better off at the end of his administration than it was at its commencement.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

A horrible tragedy occurred at the U. S. Arsenal, yesterday morning. Walter Richardson, a lad about fourteen years, a son of Mr. John H. Richardson a clerk in the Arsenal, was mortally wounded by a shot fired from a musket, in the hands of his step-mother, under the following circumstances: The boy was very obstinate and hard to govern, causing great trouble to his parents, particularly to his step-mother. Owing to this fact, his father told the mother that he would load the musket with powder, and that she might frighten the boy with it if he refused to obey her. The father loaded the musket with powder, and told her where he had placed it, but subsequently, with the intention of shooting a dog, he placed in the musket an additional heavy charge of quail shot, forgetting at the same time to inform Mrs. R. of the change in the condition of the gun. On Thursday evening, a disagreement occurred between the mother and lad, during which the boy threw a sharp piece of coal at his step-mother, which cut her cheek badly; she then put him out of doors. Mrs. Richardson was very much enraged at him when she put him out, and made a threatening expression to him. He did not return to the house until yesterday morning, and when she saw him approaching, she took the musket, and with the intention of intimidating him, snapped the gun, which did not go off as it was not capped. She went into the house, got a cap, and returned, when she rested the gun over the fence, and fired. The lad dropped to the ground, and when Mrs. Richardson saw this, she dropped the gun and screamed for help, and ran to the boy. His sister came out, and together they carried the lad into the house, when they applied restoratives to him, but without any effect. Dr. Shields was sent for, but the boy was too far gone, and died about 20 minutes after the doctors arrived.

The shot took effect in the bowels and left side, and one hundred and thirty-seven shots entered the body. There were many wounds in the thigh; the two shots which were the immediate cause of his death, pierced the left external iliac artery from which he bled to death. Twenty-four shots were extracted from his bowels, and the hip and thigh were mangled in a horrible manner.

At twelve o'clock Coroner Arthurs was called upon to hold an inquest, and Dr. Shields held a post mortem examination of the body. After the examination of the father of the lad, his two sisters, and the doctor, who were the principal witnesses, the jury returned a verdict "that the said Walter Richardson came to his death from the effect of a gun shot wound; and that the shot was fired by Hester Richardson, his step-mother."

Mrs. Richardson was committed to prison by Coroner Arthurs for a further hearing.

The above statement is gleaned from the evidence before the jury and will be found correct. The affair resulted from a misunderstanding, but at the same time great blame is attached to the parties concerned in the lamentable tragedy. We refrain from publishing anything not strictly connected with the matter, for the reason that it will undergo a judicial examination, and anything calculated to prejudice the mind of the public would be uncalled for and wrong.—Pitts. Post, 5th inst.

Two merchants reached St. Louis on the 14th, from Chihuahua, by way of St. Joseph, with \$80,000 in coin, to lay in supplies of goods for the coming year. Full \$60,000 were in Mexican dollars, tied up in raw hide sacks, containing \$3,000 to \$3,500 each. The balance was bullion. The arrivals of coin from New Mexico, have been unusually large this season.

From a tabular statement published in the Washington Intelligencer, it appears that at the time of taking the census in 1850, the number of persons in the United States, Deaf and Dumb, was 10,108. Blind, 9,702. Insane, 15,768. Idiots, 16,706.

The steamship Roanoke, on her last trip from Norfolk, brought to New York fifty-seven barrels of strawberries, ten barrels of cherries, and two hundred and thirty-eight barrels of peaches.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we trench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant. The State of Massachusetts has borrowed \$1,000,000 of the Baring's. May has been recently quoted in England as low as 2 per cent. per annum.