THE COURTS.

The Tragedy at the St. Lawrence Hotel.

Trial of Thomas Washington Smith for the Murder of Richard Carter.

THIRD DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

[Rep ort for the Press.]

HON. JOHN PARKER, JUDGES ALLISON AND LUDLOW.—The case of Thomas W. Smith, charged with the murder of Richard Carter, was resumed this morning. The excitement relative to this case appears to be on the increase. Long before the doors were opened, the court-room was besieged by a dense crowd, among which were several ladies, all anxious to obtain admission to a place where a trial of such absorbing interest is taking place. Nothing but the strictest observance of the directions given to the officers could have prevented the court-room being crowded to a most inconvenient extent, and the tipstaves had, in many cases, to exercise a most unpleasant duty in refusing admission to several well-known citizens who were applicants for admission. At the opening of the court, the pressure became so great that a posse of the reserve corps of police had to be called into requisition, and with their assistance the excited crowd were with difficulty kept in order. Inside of the court several of the witnesses, and those interested in the trial, had to stand all day. There was no change in the prisoner's appearance or manner since yesterday, but if possible, he kept himself more secluded from the public gaze. The reading of the letters, which we give in our report, produced an extraordinary sensation, and showed that at least at the time they were written he was not in a sound state of mind. They are evidently the production of a diseased intellect, and coupled with the testimony of the witnesses examined yesterday, go far to support the plea of insanity.

As will be seen by our report, frequent and elaborate arguments were made by Messrs. Mann and Loughead, the District Attorneys, as to the admissibility of testimony, and Mr. Loughead especially distinguished himself by compelling the counsel for the defence to observe the strictest rules of evidence, and his objections to the admissibility and competency of testimony were generally sustained by the court. The case is deemed by all to be an important one, and is being tried with a care and skill which its singular interest demands. The probabilities are that it will last for several days yet.

The first witness called was the Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, who testified as follows: I married Thomas Washington Smith; that is a certificate given by me after the marriage—not at the time, [shown;] I married him to Lizzie G. McCaulley, on December 16th, 1856, at my house in Arch street, Philadelphia; it is impossible for me to remember who were present, owing to my unfaithfulness of memory; I gave a certificate to parties to get the names of the witnesses; I officiate at the Presbyterian Church in Arch street, above Tenth, and reside at 1704 Arch street.

Cross-examined.—No questions.

The marriage certificate was here read by M. Russell Thayer, Esq., and placed in evidence.

John F. Keen, affirmed.—I reside at 331 North Fifth street; I am an auctioneer; a member of the firm of Myers, Claghorn, & Co., in Market street, below Third; I know Thomas Washington Smith, and for about three years; more intimately the last two years; I have seen him frequently within the last eighteen months; I had become intimately acquainted with him before his marriage; he was particularly kind and good-hearted, and had strong love for right; he would rather, in my opinion, wrong himself than anybody; I should think his moral character was of the first order.

Q. What was his character as regards avarice? Objected to by District Attorney Mann.

Question withdrawn by the defence.

Witness resumed.—I would consider him perfectly peaceable; would rather avoid a difficulty than get into it; I met him in the depot at Jersey City, on my way to Philadelphia, and after a short conversation in the cars, he told me he was to be married, and particularly enjoined me to say nothing about it, but said that I was to be at the marriage; I think it was about August, 1856; his spirits were very buoyant; and he told me he anticipated a great deal of happiness; he was always of a sanguine temperament; it was more so then than I recollect; I was not present at the marriage; I saw him frequently after his marriage and his misfortune; he expressed to me less marriage a great deal of happiness and love for his wife, was particularly devoted, so far as my observation went; that state of mind continued up to the time of his calamity; the first I heard of the birth of the child was the Monday following it; I was represented to have been born the previous Friday; I called to collect the month; when I saw him then he appeared to be laboring under intense excitement, putting his fingers through his hair, throwing it about, excessively restless, so much so that I feared the result would be disastrous to his mind; I endeavored to console him, and found all my persuasions had but little effect; his excitement was one of grief, I should consider; he would cover his face with his hand, and seem almost broken-hearted, and to consider himself a ruined man; at this time I saw him at Mr. Leonard's boarding-house, south of Eighth street; I was requested, through a friend, by the sister, to go and see him; my intimacy was strong with him; I may say it was friendship; at the time I saw him his sister was there, the only one he I knew; I believe he remained there but a few days; I saw him several times on Tuesday; I ain't positive; I think I saw him on the next day; I do not think he was any better then; I saw a good deal of him during that week; there was very little change in him during that time; my impression is that I next saw him at the Astor House, New York, or at a blank-book store in Vesey street; that was probably ten days or two weeks after the birth of the child; in New York I saw him nearly every week at that time or during his stay there; my recollection takes me there nearly every week; I generally spent an evening or two in his company there; saw him there for four or five weeks, or probably longer, during which he would sometimes appear composed; at other times the reverse, very changeable; there appeared to be but one subject occupying his mind; he was desirous of getting a divorce; he told me that there was an acquaintance in New York who recommended him to go to the State of Indiana for a divorce; he concluded as his troubles commenced in Pennsylvania, through the laws of Pennsylvania to be released; I made it my business, while in New York, and while he was there, to spend a portion of every evening with him; I did this to endeavor to console him; he would introduce one theme; my object was to relieve his mind, &c., change the course of his mind to something else; I succeeded but very poorly; he invariably, after passing a few remarks, came back to that subject; his idea was that he was a disgraced man; this state characterized him during all my intimacy with him in New York; I saw him in Philadelphia a portion of the summer after I had seen him in New York; I called in company with him, on Mr. Townsend, to get a divorce; he was very anxious to be honorably separated; I can't recollect the time of the month; I saw no improvement, exceeding restless; at times very much excited, at other times more calm; I think this subject increased the occupation of his mind, since I had seen him in New York; I recommended him to leave Philadelphia; he left as I had advised him; I understood he went to Virginia; I got letters from him written there.

By Mr. Thayer. Will you look at those letters? [Handed to witness.]

Witness. Those are the letters I received from him; I know his handwriting well; they are in his handwriting, and I received them by due course of mail.

Mr. Thayer desired to read these letters, simply to show the condition of the man's mind.

Mr. Mann wished it to be understood by the jury that these letters were merely offered as to the condition of the man's mind at the time, and should not be offered otherwise.

"NEW YORK, Aug. 30, 1856.

Mr. Keen; The shadows of summer are lengthening to a delightful close.

The song-bird coquettes on the beauteous scenes beyond the icy chill; of which its parents have dwelt—and is musing the notion of its long flight to the savannas of increasant summer.

The mosquito notes the morn of Autumn in his wing; his song is more sombre, his bill less frequently presented, though not less importune. The miasma's vapor of death is rife; its morass abodes number by the clarion blasts of boreas. Nature feels the prophetic omen of its change, and is but preparing for its weeping robes; like the child in the death-chamber, who, with hushed spirit ponders the grave habit.

Summer expires. The yeoman's garners are open to the reception of the earth's yield of an hundred fold. And the merchant, choosing its vestures for customers of every grade; has boxed its varieties; suited for the timid and frigid zone. The ant has its storehouse; the bee is prepared for the snow-storm of the dreary winter; the beaver has its home secure; the fox his burrow; the hardy bird its sheltered nest.

Man, looking to eternal winter, only can say, I have nobler home. Pall; to me, was a gloomy time. I never parted with the song of birds blush of flowers; never beheld the varied tints on the frost-painted forest; nor hearkened to the muffled sound low murmuring winds—but my very soul drank sorrow; and I felt the obsequious sigh of the funeral pall. My nature is enthusiasm—and if I could, I would not change it. 'Tis mournfully pleasing to go alone, in the reverie of thought, down into an unexplored valley, groping midst darkness and blackness, leaving the vapid things of earth behind; and drink there, unassociated, undisturbed, from the well-springs that gush from the rocks of woe.

The bereft maiden loves the churchyard, where the shimmer of the moon, with softened light, points out the sacred slab—the index of the myriad sleepers. She is there, for the new mound, too, is amongst the rows of fresh made burial heaps. Ah me! the orphan girl thinks only of the mother gone. Her concentrated grief is poignant—I dwell on death, in all its enlarged sense. Material immaterial; present; eternal. And if I begrudge the rose bloom to the biting frost and sigh to see the rosebud's fate from the maiden's cheek by the blast of the death angel's breath. I go beyond the hour of dissolution; and watch with breathless heart the final dread decree of the Court of Great Account.

Ah how strange. How very strange.

I am created with this foreknowledge. Though not debarred by foreordination. Can this be so? What consonance to his eternal glory; that he bade the prophetic pentman write—

"Many are called, but few are chosen!"

How should infinity from chaos order forth spirits immortal—knowing whither their ultimatum would be?

And with Jacob's ministrel would I scale the ladder, the top round of which rests against the gateway of God; and thither, with all my carnal deformity, rush into his court, to plead for the sealed book of fate. But then the whisper to my mental ear comes—Presumptuous man! would'st thou be God? To Job, the interrogatory—where wast thou when I ——— is fresh before my eyes; and I turn from the chasm and impenetrable mist discordant with discontent, excited by the dread effort to know, and belittled by the significant reptiles.

And oh the bleached heaps of ruin that are piled and strewed about my pathway's wanderings in the valley of Egyptian night. The bones of the stripping whose "wail is ever. The skeleton of the satiated man. The worm eaten countenance—the loathsome body of the debauchee. The mausoleum of the man of pride & passion & power.

Death; with its signet seal of eternal death meets me wherever I go. I tumble—I shiver, and quake—For I see to me, the handwriting on the wall—notice times—golden sands are passing.

Know the harvest a summer are to millions gone—that I am going to—and am wholly unprepared.

But I must not dare, not, slumber in this dreamy valley. Not one hit ever passed the night in it to return.

I may stroll through its dangerous paths like sunset. Then the dove wafts which open out through the flower fringed walls to the Temple of Truth are shut.

I have stopped in the cold, naked temple, and been admonished by its keeper—Experience. Have seen the old Janitor close at sunset, the 3 gates—Hope, Mercy & Charity—and from the sad history of others, know sun down must not leave me here. Well me will you; can you what it is in the heart that dreads the leap over the dark abyss—and yet refuses to be borne by the winged messengers across the gulf.

What is the soul that contemplates & shrinks from the fate; and knowing does not seekon for its doom.

Mary goes back to school without visiting Albany or Troy. Tell Mr. Keen I shall be pleased to call on your family as I go South; tell I saw no visiter—and must hope the friendly fellowship existing between your friendly circle and my sister will excuse my absence. Yr Obt. St.,

THOS. WASH. SMITH.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1856.

Mr. John F. Keen—I have sent the lawyer a notice of discard.

How piteously awful to stand shivering on the forbidden grounds of domestic schisms.

Do the proprieties exist, which sanction the procedure. How humiliating in the lowest degree; to wage war on a contrite woman; humbled; and in the dust. But ah! Does she not know that sympathy is my weak point—And may she not again be toying with my affections?

I must pluck out this right eye, But how the nerves quiver, & wince; as the axe goes down with its fatal stroke severing the right hand, from its nerves, & muscles and bones.

How hard the heart, to persevere in DIVIDING HIMSELF! With what audacity can man; weak, falable, guilty, man; pray to God for forgiveness—*When he impugns justice; sanctized with mercy.*

If you see my sister console her. Your sympathies have been too much taxed.

It is important to you for your good *fellowship*—And never expect to pay. For I will not be able. And if the night of intellect gathers upon me. And the spectre ghosts which haunt the maniac in the wild gorge of mental rage should keep *their devilish gambols; ever before my shattered throne. Beautifully present in contrast will thy form & visage be—And thy* feeling dew *Will make me weep even* when not conscious of my grief.

Pardon me, and show this to no one. It is unmanly in me to trespass on your forbearance. I certainly aim not to elicit your sympathies. I know I have them; and am sorry they are not resting on a more worthy subject.

But the earth is nothing to me now. I care not for a divorce. They may oppose me if they will.

I shall but ask—*never pray the demagogues; to give what is scarce worth asking for.* I will not go to Indianna. The Keystone's laws enclosed me. Her key alone shall unlock. But I'd scarce care to go, if I felt I wore the doors; & bars, unbolted. No, it is blunching—And I will not; steal off to some wild, backwoods corner; to pray the judiciary there; to free me from a helpless woman.

If my sister is in Town and in your notice—Please see that she leaves Town before the discard peal is chattered from the vulgar horde; from the Columns of the press

I'WILL BE OUT ON TUESDAY I EXPECT. Do not let her know that the Sun has set in my sky. 'Twould throw clouds over her sky too. I try to teach her to think Hope beats strong in my bosom. When really the Sunlight has gone from the *valleys* the last ray is faded from the mountain's top. But no odds of the many millions of the earth; there is but one bulb; one bubble less.

I know a business man's feelings.

He grows sick over gray letters.

Excuse me. Why I took the liberty I know not. Except that I know that there was a living pulse in your soul.

And lest I become a dreaded irksome correspondent. Let me say I will not write again till September.

Then I shall have finished my story of "*Mutation extracted from Lefort Halfway House to the End of the Route*" when I will write *again*. Regard to self and consort

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TOM. WASH. SMITH.

JULY 16th, 1857.

Rock Bridge, AlumSprings, Va.

On what feeds the isolated spirit, From Earth's hopes debarred?

From Heaven discarded—hope wedded to despondency, keeps possession of the mind. And turns the wandering thoughts out to wander in the fog of doubt. To die in the unexplored homeless cheerless uninhabited region of vast gloomy exile.

The red man feels his fate

Coiling round the heart are the chilly thoughts of annihilation—Extinction.

Devourer of every living pulse.

Monster which lives on the fragil buds of sentiment, And crushes to stoic stillness the living throb of the bosom.

Men go to meet the fate of war At the cannon's throat they die for the honor of the state.

But where death comes in the midst of life—unbidden by the call of surrendering nature—yet brooding in company with the spirit buried in the *duty*. Those are pangs which man's heart when feeling alone may know.

Tis well to die.

Life has its love of honored death.

The vitality quenched in noble combat leaves fragrance to hallow the fated casket.

But to die by lucrative fates.—to leave the blackened name to stench in the nostrils of surviving followers—is death too hard for human soul to contemplate.

To cross with an antagonist, who in gloating triumph wears your honor beneath his feet, has in its every visage grim mockery of the soul.

Awake from sleep, from death, from hell! No, by love, there is no clarion to resuscitate from the spirit whose light has spent its flicker—whose blaze has gone out in its numed socket.

The strumpet of Endor might call Samuel from his grave. *But her depitying did not send him back.*

The voice of wailing over Rachel's dead did not make them hear. The sobs of the King over his son hushed not the waking winds which tossed about his disheveled hair.

Death to this house of the immaterial may know again its morning of life. The king of fears has fled before the voice of him who murdered his chalice.

To woman! frail, fickle! wanton woman only was given the power to doom beyond the strength of God to remove—Love deposed has capacity to interdict the laws of instinct; the treasures of divinity is but dead men's bones before its rapacious gluttings. Go! live in the hope of the morrow. The fair sunset of to-day may be again resurrected sunshine of to-morrow.

But when looking down from your exalted place—Think not lightly of the drenched fugitive from the storm beneath. Nor lightly witness the drowning man in the wild whirl of the swollen stream. The Sheleteer fire is in the Heavens, and who may stay its thrusts at the tree which grows even on the top of the cloud wrapped peak.

TOM WASH SMITH.

Witness resumed.—I first saw him in the month of October, 1857, after his return from Virginia; he called to see me the next day or day after; I observed a very great expression in the eye to what it had been; I felt his trip to the South was an injury instead of a benefit, which I hoped it would be; I understood his manner was a peculiar one; the eyes, which is seen in persons laboring under mental excitement; he exhibited a great want of trust in his lawyer, and a want of confidence in everybody; had an idea the community was all against him; very unsettled; called to see me frequently; I recommended his going to his uncle in Maryland; he appeared very anxious to get a divorce; he had an idea that Mr. Carter and his friends had bribed his lawyer, and referred to me upon the subject; I replied that he was beyond the purchase of him at anything else; he was completely alienated; I attempted to reason with him; my impression is that the last time I saw him at the Astor House, New York, or at a blank-book store in Vesey street; that was probably ten days or two weeks after the birth of the child; in New York I saw him nearly every week at that time or during his stay there; my recollection takes me there nearly every week; I generally spent an evening or two in his company there; saw him there for four or five weeks, or probably longer, during which he would sometimes appear composed; at other times the reverse, very changeable; there appeared to be but one subject occupying his mind; he was desirous of getting a divorce; he told me that there was an acquaintance in New York who recommended him to go to the State of Indiana for a divorce; he concluded as his troubles commenced in Pennsylvania, through the laws of Pennsylvania to be released; I made it my business, while in New York, and while he was there, to spend a portion of every evening with him; I did this to endeavor to console him; he would introduce one theme; my object was to relieve his mind, &c., change the course of his mind to something else; I succeeded but very poorly; he invariably, after passing a few remarks, came back to that subject; his idea was that he was a disgraced man; this state characterized him during all my intimacy with him in New York; I saw him in Philadelphia a portion of the summer after I had seen him in New York; I called in company with him, on Mr. Townsend, to get a divorce; he was very anxious to be honorably separated; I can't recollect the time of the month; I saw no improvement, exceeding restless; at times very much excited, at other times more calm; I think this subject increased the occupation of his mind, since I had seen him in New York; I recommended him to leave Philadelphia; he left as I had advised him; I understood he went to Virginia; I got letters from him written there.

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But when looking down from your exalted place—Think not lightly of the drenched fugitive from the storm beneath. Nor lightly witness the drowning man in the wild whirl of the swollen stream. The Sheleteer fire is in the Heavens, and who may stay its thrusts at the tree which grows even on the top of the cloud wrapped peak.

TOM WASH SMITH.

Witness resumed.—I first saw him in the month of October, 1857, after his return from Virginia; he called to see me the next day or day after; I observed a very great expression in the eye to what it had been; I felt his trip to the South was an injury instead of a benefit, which I hoped it would be; I understood his manner was a peculiar one; the eyes, which is seen in persons laboring under mental excitement; he exhibited a great want of trust in his lawyer, and a want of confidence in everybody; had an idea the community was all against him; very unsettled; called to see me frequently; I recommended his going to his uncle in Maryland; he appeared very anxious to get a divorce; he had an idea that Mr. Carter and his friends had bribed his lawyer, and referred to me upon the subject; I replied that he was beyond the purchase of him at anything else; he was completely alienated; I attempted to reason with him; my impression is that the last time I saw him I didn't converse with him at all; about a week before this occurrence I had an interview with him; the last interview in which I remember that he was crazy was about two weeks before the occurrence; I was sitting up stairs in a chair, propped up; he came into the room; I remained in my chair; I could not move at all; he talked a little about the weather; I didn't amount to anything after all; he'd have a nonsensical subject mixed up together; in the first place, he couldn't have a divorce, because he wasn't a citizen, and would have to remain in the State two years; and he believed he'd go to California; I told him it was a good thing, and the divorce case would do a natural death; he said he didn't know what to do; he had employed Mr. Townsend, and he said it would take two years to get the divorce; he said the finger of scorn was pointed at him, and he wished somebody would shoot him down like a dog; he got so completely raised up you couldn't make head or tail of it; he foamed at the mouth, I think; his eyes swelled nearly all the time.

Q. Did you think from these conversations that he had no mind?

A. No. sir, this was our first interview after his return.

Q. Then it wasn't your last interview. Thex we will begin again.

I looked him in a room because I was afraid he would destroy himself; didn't give him anything to drink; not a drop, nor the next morning; I gave him liquor on the Saturday morning when he rolled on the floor; I gave him a little old Monongahela whiskey; my lady assisted him to go to bed the night I gave him the whiskey; he was out about half-past 8 o'clock; don't know where he went to.

Bertha Leonard, affirmed, wife of last witness.—I became acquainted with Mr. Smith about the 20th September, 1856, in Philadelphia; saw him the 8th January, 1857, they came to live at our house; we were living in Market street, below Tenth, at Pennsylvania Farmers Inn; we subsequently moved to 40 South Eighth street; Mr. Smith and wife accompanied us; Mr. Smith was very frequently absent from the city; he used to go to New York; his business called him away from home a great deal; I remember the birth of the child; it was in the evening, I think some time about 9 o'clock; Mrs. Smith was taken ill in the morning; Mr. Smith came down to breakfast and said his wife was ill; he asked me to go up and see her; I did so; as soon as he had done his breakfast he came up; I told him she was not very ill, but would be so soon; he had better go for a doctor; she grew worse till the child was born; he went for a doctor and child's nurse, and brought them; saw nothing unusual in him then; in the morning he said the child could not live, it was too young; he had been married but four months, and a four-months' child could not live; I told him when it was born I thought it was much older, and would live; this was about 2 o'clock on the 10th of April; cried, tore his hair, tore his whiskers, tore his collar and neckhandkerchief off, beat his breast, and said he was a ruined man; that he was not the father of the child; when the child was born Mr. Smith was not present; I don't know where he was; we did not call him; I did not see him that night; I next saw him on Saturday morning, the next morning; this was about 9 o'clock in the day; he was about through the house, but I did not see him till then; he cried, ran his hand through his hair, beat his breast, and went on as he did before, and still said he was a ruined man; he seemed very much distressed before he went to New York; he stayed until the next Wednesday or Thursday, I cannot remember which; he stayed in New York about a month, perhaps a little longer; I saw him on the very day he came back from New York; he was away four or five weeks; I can't say positively; upon his return from New York I told Smith Mr. Carter had been there and acknowledged the child was his; this was on his return from New York; it seemed to distress him very much; he said his happiness was ruined forever; he asked me where Mrs. Smith was; I told him she had been taken to Bristol.

Q. Did you say who took her to Bristol?

A. I did.

Q. Who did you tell him had taken her to Bristol?

A. I told her the old lady whom she was to board with had come down and taken her away; I told him that Mr. Carter had made arrangements to take her there and keep her there and pay her board; Mr. Smith had seen the child; I know he was in the room several times when the child was there, before he left for New York; I don't think I ever communicated anything to him that his wife had said; I can't say how long he stayed at our house after his return from New York—perhaps a week, perhaps more; I think I told Smith that Carter took the child on his lap and caressed it; I think it was about the middle of October that I next saw him; I saw him on the very day he got back from Virginia; I thought there was not much change in him when I first saw him; after he had been home a few days there was a great change in him, he got to be as bad as he was before; he did not talk about anything else but his troubles and difficulties; I noticed his wandering manner of talking, he could not stick to any one subject; I observed a peculiarity about his eyes; he was pale and had a wild look; I do not believe I ever saw such a look before; he was restless; he could not sit still a moment at a time.

Q. Did this appearance excite any dread in your mind?

A. I got afraid of him; didn't care about his coming to our house any more; from his wild manner I didn't wish to see him in such a distressed condition as he was in; he grew worse; I think I saw him about a week before this happened—his shooting; I saw him in our private sitting room; his appearance was very wild and unsettled; he walked across a few times and went out again; he was very kind, indeed, to his wife; more so than its common to see; when I told him the child would live, his countenance dropped, and he looked very sorrowful; I never knew him to recover his former spirits

Cross-examined by Mr. Mann. His conversations were all of them about his misfortune; he did not converse sensibly upon that subject; he said he was a ruined man, but I suppose that was sensible enough; I don't know that he said anything insensible; all his conversations were upon the same subject; in his condition, I suppose what he said was reasonable—I mean by his condition, a man who was full of grief and inconsolable.

David S. Gilbert sworn.—I am a practicing physician in Pennsylvania; I have seen Thomas Washington Smith; he called at my house on the morning of 10th of April, about half after 7 o'clock; he requested me to go and see his wife; he wished me to go with him immediately; stated that he feared she was going to have an abortion; I went with him; I inquired of him at what stage of pregnancy his wife was; he replied that they had been married only about four months; he left me at the corner of Eighth and Arch to go for the nurse; I went down to No. 40 South Eighth street to Mr. Leonard's, and I was shown up into the room in the third story in which Mrs. Smith was; I found Mrs. Smith in bed, and Mrs. Leonard at the side of the bed; supposing it to be an abortion, I inquired of Mrs. Leonard whether she was losing any blood; she replied she was not; I then said I would send for something to allay the pain

Objected to as irrelevant. Objection sustained.

I made an examination of Mrs. Smith's case, and found she was in labor at full term; I mean by that at the end of nine months; I found that the child would not likely be born soon, and I left, stating that I would return again; I returned home, and after breakfast, probably half-past nine o'clock, I called again; I found that labor was progressing slowly, and I again left; about one o'clock I was sent for; I found that labor was progressing rapidly, but was still in what we call the first stage; was sent for about 7 o'clock, and remained there until the child was born, which was at a quarter before nine o'clock, so sat down in my pocket memorandum, 10th April, 1857, Friday; Mr. Smith came into the room probably an hour before the child was born; had no conversation with him on that occasion; some of the women requested him to leave the room; do not remember his manner then; was engaged with the patient; I saw him next day, on the 10th; he asked me at how early a stage a child could live; I replied to him that there was a possibility of a child living at six months, but that they very rarely did live so early; if born, however, at the end of the seventh or eighth month a very large portion lived; after I made my call to the patient on Saturday morning as I was coming down stairs Mr. Smith called me

Special Notices.

William C McRen, 907 Chestnut Street, is selling all kinds of fine Stationery at one-half the regular price. Call on him at once and you will be satisfied. ja6-1m

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No. 114 North SEVENTH street, Philada.
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S. C. Dewald, Commission Business in Commercial paper and negotiations of loans, 56 WALNUT St., opposite the Exchange, Philadelphia. no10-2m

The Greatest Bargains in the World.—The subscriber, being about to close his business, offers his entire stock of superior Ready-made Clothing for sale. All in want of a superior article are invited to give him a call. Store to let and fixtures for sale. M. TRACY, 292 MARKET Street. de15-2m

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GEO. J. HENKEL'S,
524 WALNUT Street,
Late of 178 Chestnut Street.
o22-3m

Bank of Pennsylvania Notice.—Notes of this Bank taken at par for a Wholesale Stock of Clothing, now being sold at Retail.
de8-1m No. 1 North FIFTH Street.

An Important Fact.—We now see it announced that the extensive Wholesale Clothing Dealers, STRAUSS & COLDMAN, No. 536 MARKET St., above Third, have commenced to Retail their entire stock at Wholesale prices. de8-1m

Good Coffee.
Lovers of Coffee cannot realize the full value of their favorite beverage without having it made in the Old Dominion Coffee Pot.
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Checks, Notes, Drafts, Bills Lading, Bill Heads, Circulars, Cards, and all other kinds of Job Printing, at prices to suit the times. oc17-1y

Marriages.

On the 29th of Oct., 1857, by Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JUSTUS BRUNNER to Miss SARAH H. PARRY, both of this city.

By the Rev. T. A Fernley, No. 9 Ellen street, on the 24 Dec., 1857, Mr. PETER C. SMITH, of Petersburg, Va., to Miss ELLEN YERT, of this city.

Deaths.

On the 7th inst., of typhoid fever, MARY ANNA, daughter of George A. and Mary Emeline Miller, aged 4 years and 4 months.

The friends and relatives of the family are invited to attend the funeral at Lancaster, on Saturday next, at noon.

In Tunis, Barbary, on the 21 of December, in the 60th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, Mrs MARGARET HEAP, widow of the late Dr S. D. Heap, for many years consul of the United States for the city and Kingdom of Tunis, and sister of the late Commodore David Porter.

On the morning of the 6th inst, at 1½ o'clock, WM. MCLLAY, (watch-maker,) aged 4 years.

His relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, No 300 Carpenter street, (Southwark), on Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

On the 6th inst, JOHN, son of William and Sarah Lush, in the 31 year of his age.

After a long and severe illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, STEPHEN GREEN, Jr, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 5th inst., near Blackwoodtown, N. J., Mrs. ANN HIGGINS, wife of Henry Higgins.

On the 4th inst, CLARA, daughter of John and Jane Coleman, aged 1 year 2 months and 6 days.

☞ **An Adjourned Meeting of Common Coun**cil, will be held at their Cham