From the Philadelphia Cazette.

MORAN'S EXECUTION.

This unhappy man has paid the penalty of his life due to violated law and humanity. At an early hour this morning, the commencement of a humid Spring day in the month of May, immense crowds were seen issuing forth from the city, in the direction of Bush Hill, where the execution was to take place. The vehicles for the transportation of people desirous of riding were numerous, and constantly on the move. The view of the concourse proceeding northwardly from Broad street, as seen from the corner of Chesnut street, was an unbroken stream of the populace, moving slowly onward, and seeming at a distance like a funeral array Diverging from Broad, near the old Fever Hospital, the gallows came in sight to the multitude. It seemed a very frail structure, and was apparently got up in great haste. The crowd had gathered together in very large numbers at as early an hour as eight o'clock, and the amount was continually augmenting from all sides. Towards dismal grey turrets of the Cherry Hill Penitentiary, to the north west, the roads were lined in every direction with men on horseback, hastening in throngs to the prison, and formed a complete train, united with pedestrians, from the gallows to the door of the prison, before which the *posse comitatus* were arranged in order. In the meantime, all the eminences and roofs, and even trees, in the neighborhood of the death-ground near or remote, were covered and clustering with the multitude.

At about half past ten o'clock, as near as we can judge, the massy door of the penitentiary turned on its hinges, and the prisoner made his appearance He was dressed in the habiliments of a malefactor, with a white cap, and a sort of robe, and blue sailor's pantaloons. He walked behind his coffin, which was placed in a furniture carriage provided for the occasion He had his arm in that of a clergyman, who held a prayer book in his hand. The marines of the navy yard were in attendance, and with their measured march and glistening bayonets, added to the impressiveness of the scene. Near by, in carriages and barouches, were the Marshal Mr. Bonsall, and several other gentlemen connected with the melancholy business by virtue of their office. The mounted horsemen who preceded them, preserved order in a circle of some seventy feet, which had been formed by ropes around the scaffold. As the prisoner approached the place where he was to suffer, he seemed oppressed and weighed down with the bitterness of the moment. A flush like the approach of twilight diffused itself among the multitudes who made up a vast radius or rather a sea around, of anxious and uplifted faces — As if by one impulse, all who could find room to do it removed their hats, and stood uncovered to witness the expiation.

The prisoner ascended the stair leading to the scaffold with a tolerably firm step, but he could not lift up his head.—He never once looked at the assembled thousands around him; he was evidently passing thro' a hurried review of the past, and pondering with all the energies of his soul, upon the dark and mysterious future. The clergyman who accompanied him, offered him spiritual consolation, which he seemed to receive with earnest attention, and great feeling. Once, he raised his hand pensively to his eyes, and dashed away a tear. After a while, another clergyman, as we believe offered a brief prayer, and both took their leave of the criminal. The death-warrant was then read,—and the grisly hangman, hideously disguised, ascended the scaffold, to perform his 'dreadful trade.' When the cap was adjusted over the eyes of the sufferer, he was left by all the ministers and instruments of justice, standing alone:

> Silent and thoughtful on the solemn shore
> Of the dark ocean he should sail so soon.'

Having taken his last look at the earth, the sky, and the immense assemblage around him, he lifted his face towards Heaven as if supplicating for mercy from HIM who alone can bestow it in man's utmost need. The scene at this moment was awful. Not a sound was heard throughout the vast concourse; and when the drop fell, the electric shudder of sympathy ran through their bosoms, like the first tremors of a storm.

The miserable man struggled violently awhile; but in a few moments all was still as the grave. We should have mentioned before that something was dictated by him previous to his death, to the priest, who attended him, and who we believe pencilled down his observations or disclosures.

This hurried sketch is of course imperfect; and it is likely that we may err in our computation of the number present; when we state them at twenty thousand, of which nearly one third appeared to be women in the lower walks of life.—The interest felt in the prisoner was very great; and while the death warrant was being read to him, many persons in the outskirts of the tremendous crowd, thinking it a reprieve, set up vociferous cheers, which the victim of the law must have felt as bitter mockeries ringing in ear.

Thus died James Moran, at the early age of nineteen. May his fate be a warning to all who indulge in evil company, or yield to the tyranny of their own malignant, vindictive and wicked passions.

Since writing the above, we have read the following in a second edition of the Saturday Courier:

"While the marines were conveying the hangman to the prison for security, the mob assailed him with stones, and would probably have killed him, but for the promptness of the officers, who ordered the marines to load and fire, upon which intimation the assailants desisted. The horse which drew the cart to the gallows, dropped dead in a few minutes afterwards, without visible cause of disease.

TRAGICAL ADVENTURE.

In a Cave in Kentucky.

We extract the following from an interesting article in the American Monthly Magazine for May, entitled 'the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.'

Four or five miles from the Mammoth Cave, a few paces from the bridle path over the Knobs, by which the visiter, coming from Bell's at the 'Three Forks, reaches it, is a cave known as the Pitt Cave, through sometimes called, we believe, Wright's Cave, after the name of the person who first attempted to explore it. This man was a speculator, who, having some reason to believe the cave a valuable one resolved to examine it; but possessing little knowledge of caves, and less of the business of the nitre maker, he applied to Mr Gatewood, the proprietor of the works at the Mammoth Cave, and of course experienced in both these particulars, to assist him in the search. A day was accordingly appointed, on which Mr. Gatewood agreed to meet him at the cave, and conduct the exploration in person.

But on that day, as it happened, there arose a furious storm of rain and thunder; and Mr. Gatewood, not supposing that even Wright himself would, under such circumstances, keep the appointment, remained at his own works In the mean while however Wright had reached the cave, in company with another man, a miner, though of no great experience in cave hunting; and with him, finding that Mr. Gatewood did not come, and having made all his preparations, he resolved to undertake the exploration himself. This the two men commenced, and pursued for several hours without accident and without fear, seeing indeed, nothing to excite alarm, except a cluster of very dangerous pits which they passed while engaged in the search.—But by and by, having consumed much time in rambling about, they discovered that by some extraordinary oversight they had left their store of candles at the mouth of the cave, having brought in with them only those they carried in their hands; which were now burning low.

The horrors of their situation at once flashed on their minds: they were at a great distance from the entrance, which there was little hope they could reach with what remained of their candles, and the terrible pits were directly on their path. It was thought, however, that if they could succeed in passing these, it might be possible to grope their way from the cave in the dark, as the portion beyond the pits offered no unusual interruptions, and was without branches.

The attempt was made, and as desperation gave speed to their feet, they had at last the inexpressible satisfaction to reach the pits, and to pass them in safety, leaving them several hundred feet behind ere their lights entirely failed. But now began their difficulties.—In the confusion and agitation of mind which beset them at the moment when the last candle expired, they neglected to set their faces firmly towards the entrance; and in consequence, when darkness at least surrounded them, they were bewildered and at variance. Wright vehemently insisting that they should proceed in one direction, the miner contending with the equal warmth that the other was the right one. The violence of Wright prevailed over the doubts of his follower, who allowed himself to be governed by the former, especially when the desperate man offered to lead the way, so as to be the first to encounter the pits, supposing he should be wrong.—An expedient for testing the safety of the path which Wright hit upon, had also its effect on his companion's mind; he proposed, as he crawled along on his hands and feet,—the only way they dare attempt to proceed in the dark over the broken floor—to throw stones before him, by means of which it would be easy to tell when a pit lay in the way.

The miner, accordingly, though with many misgivings, suffered himself to be ruled, and followed at Wright's heels, the latter every moment hurling a stone before him, and at every throw uttering some hurried exclamation; now a prayer, now a word of counsel or encouragement to his companion though always expressive of the deepest agitation and disorder of mind. They had proceeded in this way for several moments, until even the miner himself, believing that if they were in error they had crawled far enough to reach the pits became convinced his employer was in the right path; when suddenly the clang of one of the stones cast by Wright falling as if on the solid floor, was succeeded by a rushing sound, the clatter of lose rocks rolling down a declivity, and then a heavy, hollow crash at a depth beneath. *He* called to Wright, no answer was returned; all was dismal silence; not even a groan from the wretched employer replied to the call. His fate understood in a moment; the first of the pits was at one part of its brink, shelving; on the declivity thus formed, the stone cast by Wright had lodged, but Wright had slipped from it into the pit, and slipped so suddenly as not to have time to utter even one cry of terror.

The miner, overcome with horror, after calling again and again without receiving any answer, or hearing any sound whatever, turned in the opposite direction, and endeavored to effect his own escape from the cave. He wandered about many hours, now sinking down in despair, now struggling again for life; until at least yielding to his fate, in exhaustion of mind and body, incapable of making any further exertions, a sudden ray of light sparkled in his face.—*He* rushed forward,—it was the morning star shining through the mouth of the cave! The alarm was immediately given. Mr. Gatewood, with a party of his laborers, hurried to the cave and to the pit, on whose shelving edge were seen evidences enough of some heavy body having lately rolled into. The offer of a reward conquered the terrors of the workmen, who was lowered with ropes to the bottom of the pit, a depth of fifty or sixty feet; and Wright's lifeless body was drawn out.

The Providence Journal has a correspondent who mixes jocund things with grave affairs. For example, there is the following digression in a discourse on the merits of a new fish market in the town:

"I remember very well my own native village of Licking Waters, where I staid till I was fifteen years of age. The only event that ever occurred in that place was the blowing down of neighbor Day's barn. The 'Licking Water Gazette' pounced upon this event as an eagle pounces upon his legitimate prey The next Saturday (for country newspapers are all printed on Saturday) the editor of the Licking Water Gazette, who had waited ever since his establishmen' in the village, for an occasion to display his astonishing powers as a paragrah discoursed in the following style:

"On Monday afternoon, while the hay makers were all out gathering in the hay, in anticipation of a shower from the small cloud that was seen hanging over the hilly regions towards the south east, a tremendous storm suddenly burst upon them, and forced them to seek shelter from its violence. The wind whistled outrageously thro' the old elms, scattering the beautiful foliage, and then going down into the meadow, where the men had just, abruptly left their work unfinished, and overturning the half made ricks, whisked them into the air, and filled the whole afternoon with hay.—The barn belonging Mr. Jeremiah Day was blown up at the very first outset, falling upon Mr. Day's cow, which it killed, and also a hen and nine chickens belonging to Mr. Day, which had unhappily taken refuge there from the threatening danger of the elements.—Mr Day's loss is considerable.

'On the appearance of this editorial apparition, it was astonishing to behold the deference which was paid to the editor and publisher of the Licking Water Gazette. He was immediately eminent in his walk. His subscription list doubled in three weeks. The parson invited him to tea. And Eleven Starkweather, the daughter of a substantial farmer, on whose heart the man of types had been long trying to make an 'impression,' surrendered at the very next onslaught of gallantry. And when I last visited my native town, the enterprising editor, though he had never ventured to take up the quill again, because he preferred the scissors, and was not willing to hazard his fame, had imitated the example of his 'contemporaries' in other large cities by enlarging his sheet, and become the father of nine as pretty children as ever blessed daylight—the very types of himself. And Jeremiah Day's barn has become as famous in story as the wooden horse of Ulysses."

CENTRAL COURSE RACES—THIRD DAY.

Proprietor's purse, $500, three mile heats.

James B. Kendall's br m, Cassidel, by Industry,	2	3	1	1
William R. Johnson's br h Argyle, by Mons. Tunson,	4	1	2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch c Charles Magic, by Sir Charles,	1	4	4	3
James M. Selden's b f Miss Phillips, by Sussex,	5	2	3	r. o.
Alexander L. Bott's ch h Veto, by Gohanna,	3	drawn.		

Time, 5m. 56s.—5m 55s—6m 1s—6m 25s

For the sweepstakes, mile heats, seven subscribers, but two started, viz

W. Williamson's gr f Rhoda King, by imp. Luxborough, and J. M. Selden's ch f by Velocipede. Won by the former in two heats.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m 56s.

CENTRAL COURSE RACES.

Last Day.

Jockey Club Purse, $1,000—4 mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's b m Atalanta, by Industry,	2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's b h Cippus, by Industry,	4	3
John Heth's ch c Decatur, by Henry,	1	1
Wm H. Minge's gr h Jesse Grimstone, by Medley,	3	4

Time—8m. 20s —8m. 26s.

COLUMBUS, (Ga.) May 5.

SPLENDID RACE—MISS MEDLEY VICTORIOUS.—This day has presented a scene never before witnessed in this country. An unusual degree of excitement had been produced from the fact of the purse being larger than generally made for the four mile day, namely, one thousand dollars and also that the 'crack nags' of Georgia and Alabama were pitted for the contest. Medley had earned, by the hardest and most faithful sort of running a reputation valuable to herself, and dear to her friends. Birmingham, the conqueror upon the Mobile turf, with a name well nigh equal to that of John Bascome, had made his appearance upon our turf, and seemed to elicit universal favor; and Little Red, springing from the same stock with the renowned Bascome, was also considered 'a caution' to 'the knowing ones.' The Alabama boys come over to see us, in good friendship, but they came well stocked with the 'ready,' considering the tightness of the times—and in fact when the hour came for betting, they rather gained the advantage over the backers of Medley, for the simple reason that on our side, 'the rhino' gave out, but we stood up to the 'grey mare,' even to the last dollar. The morning dawned in brightness and beauty, and the city was all in motion at a very early hour. The reputation of each horse was so high, that it was impossible to gain any clue as to which would win, the betting was therefore various—the principal amounts before going to the track, were wagered on Little Red against Medley, and Birmingham against Medley. At about 11 o'clock the throng began to move towards the track—every carriage and horse was in requisition, and the road leading to the great scene of strife, was literally black with persons and vehicles. The dust rose in volumes, and the sun shone in great power. The heat of the day was unparallelled for the season, the thermometer standing at 95 deg. at the time the race was run. When from the Judges stand we surveyed the multitude which assembled to witness the sport, we were perfectly astonished although we had anticipated a large gathering. It has been stated, and no doubt correctly, that five thousand persons were present on the occasion, amongst them a large collection of the beauty and fashion of Columbus and the adjecent counties.

At length the starting hour of 12 arrived, and was announced by the tap of the drum, and the preparatory word of the Judge "saddle your horses." At this moment the dense crowd moving towards the stand, eager to view the shining coursers, was like the mighty wave of the ocean, rolled and urged onward by the immense power contained within itself. The betting was brisk upon Birmingham against Medley, and finally on Birmingham against the field. The entries were as follows.

Col. Blevens entered c. h., Little Red 6 years old by Bertrand, dam Pacolet

Col. T. B. Howard entered g m, Miss Medley, 6 years old, by Medley, dam, Pett, by St. Tammany.

Col. P. B. Stark entered br h, Birmingham, by Stockholder, dam, Top Gallant.

The position of the horses was thus: Medley had the track. Birmingham second, Red third. At the tap of the drum they were off in fine style Birmingham in the lead. The heat was handsomely run by the field; but the contest was severe between Medley and Birmingham; at several different points they locked and brushed together, in real quarter horse style, and specially in running the second mile, the time of which was 1m 51s. The first heat was won by Miss Medley in 7m 47s beating Birmingham about a neck Little Red dropping in just in time to clear his distance. During this heat the rider of Birmingham was accused of FOUL RIDING; and upon the distinct and positive evidence of one of the judges, the riding was declared FOUL, and it was announced from the stand that in consequence thereof Birmingham was declared distanced in the race. After this announcement, however, Col Howard, the owner of Miss Medley with a magnanimity highly creditable to himself, and gratifying to his numerous friends, proclaimed that if Mr. Stark had a desire so to do, he had his entire consent to run Birmingham the next heat, and take the purse if he could win it; consequently the three horses started again But it was no race Little Red was not able to make Medley run, and Birmingham failed to out foot her in his brushes at her. The time of this heat was therefore bad, being 8 8 m, which both Birmingham and Little Red were distanced. We regret extremely to state, that Birmingham in this race, broke a leader in his left hind leg, which has probably ruined him as a race horse, forever. He is a noble animal, and a race horse of tremendous powers. The track was extremely heavy, the sand being set lock deep and the day hot,—the time then in which Miss Medley won the first heat, may challenge the best speed of Virginia or New York.—*Herald*

The National Gazette of 20th instant says.—We have received by the Express Mail, slips from the offices of the New Orleans Bee and the True American. Under date of the 12th, the Bee gives the following account of a dreadful accident, which occurred a day or two before, near Natchez. We have a letter from a gentleman at New Orleans, of the same date, which says 'The number of lives lost is uncertain, not less than one hundred—probably one hundred and fifty. It is true, too, that the Steamer Alton passed on at the time, (about one or two o'clock at night,) although hailed by the Captain of the Columbus, who was rescuing the sufferers, and left the poor wretches to their fate. There is considerable indignation, as there well may be, excited here against the officers of the Alton, and there was a rumor yesterday of driving her from the port. The great loss of life was owing to the consternation produced by the report of gunpowder being aboard the Ben Sherrod.'

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

One of those terrible accidents but too common on the western rivers, occurred on Tuesday at one o'clock in the morning, by which about one hundred and fifty lives were lost. The steamer Ben. Sherrod, captain Castleman, left this place on Sunday morning bound to Louisville, and at the time just mentioned, when about 30 miles below Natchez, she was found to be enveloped in flames, and out of near 200 persons on board only about 50 or 60 were saved. The fire is believed to have originated from the wood used as fuel being piled up near the boiler. The story of the disaster were related to us by a young man who was a cabin passenger, and it is awfully interesting, and his own escape almost miraculous. When he awoke he put on his clothes, and leaped into the yawl which was hanging at the stern, and was followed by about 40 other men, one of whom cut the rope connecting the stern of the steamer to the bow of yawl, and the latter canted over and hung in a perpendicular position, the bow towards the water. All on board were precipitated into the water and are believed to have been drowned, with the exception of the narrator, and he saved himself by clinging to the thwarts. In a few minutes a boat twenty of the crew made their way to the stern of the steamer and placed themselves in the boat, suspended as she was. One of them imprudently took out his knife and cut the rope which attached the steamer to the stern of the yawl, and she plunged, as might have been expected, full twenty feet under water. All that had been hanging to her were missing, except four and the individual who relates the story: he says when he rose to the surface he found himself under the yawl and she was lying bottom up. Being strong, active and expert at swimming, he worked his way from underneath and mounted on her bottom—where he was soon joined by the four other men who had saved themselves and in this situation they floated twelve miles down the river, before they were picked up by the Columbus.

Captain Castleman, by vigorous exertions, saved his wife and two children—one of his children and his father were lost. A Mr. Smith also had the luck to save his wife and one child—and we add with pain that one of his children is missing.

There was some powder on board, in what quantity we know not—but the knowledge that it was there seemed to have paralized the efforts of the crew, and its explosion added to the deep horrors of the scene. We are informed that there were nine ladies on board, only two of whom were rescued.

The survivors of this appalling disaster, unanimously concur in expressions of the warmest gratitude to Captain Jones of the Columbus for his activity in picking them up, and for his kindness while on board his steamer. The steamboat Alton passed downwards, not long after the accident occurred, when many unfortunates were still struggling for life in the water The survivors are not quite so eloquent in their expressions of gratitude to the commander of the Alton as they are towards Capt. Jones.

The following are the names of the persons saved, furnished by Captain Castleman.—It is hoped there are others not yet discovered.

Capt. C. G. Castleman and lady George Stiles, Clerk, Wm. Bell, 1st Engineer, Stephen Hooks, 2d do. Charles Greenlee, Pilot, Samuel Pig, 2d mate, John Hill, Carpenter.

CREW.—Patrick Rice, Jacob Lightstroff, John Egman, A. Goddin, Amos Burby, Bully Johnson; M. O'Hara, Charles Simms, Fred. Cowen, Willis Calawell, John Caldwell, John Johnson, Jacob Rose, Edward Fleece, B M'Daniel, Moses Caldwell, Charles Anderson, Peter Suvier, Robert Louisianeq, Andrew Moore, Joseph Cooper, Josiah Fisher, John Cork.

CABIN PASSENGERS—James Smith, Lady and Son, Thos. Cook, Wm H. Cloud, Wm. Beatie, Amos Brundell, Thos. Larmer, Samuel Ray Lister Sexton, Mr. Gamble and Son.—Four left at Fort Adams, names not known.

DECK PASSENGERS—Samuel Squinnes Asa Gates, John Hobrins, and six more taken up by steamboat Statesman.

WILLIAMSPORT, (Md.) May 20.

CANAL TRADE

The Basin in our town, presents to day a lively scene of business. The fleet of boats loaded with coal, amounting to 35 or 40 in number, averaging 1,100 bushels, has already arrived, and more may shortly be expected Most of the article is destined for Brien's Works and Harper's Ferry, in compliance with previous contracts —There has been an arrival of Wheat, to the amount of 2000 bushels and destined for this place About one thousand barrels of Flour, have also been received from Alleghany, and more may be expected The freshet in the Potomac, which rapidly occurred, and which is now gradually subsiding, has furnished an opportunity of forwarding their produce to market, which they have, with their usual enterprise and promptitude not neglected. The supply of Bituminous coal is abundant, and larger than we recollect to have noticed at any one period on former occasions. The revenue of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canals, will experience the favorable influence of this active and revived trade.—*Banner.*

CUMBERLAND, (Md) May 20.

FRESHET.

The rain on Monday night last, raised the waters of the Potomac to quite a good boating freshet, and a number of boats that were lying here loaded with coal six or eight weeks past, departed on Tuesday and Wednesday for the eastern markets, besides several boats loaded with flour and grain. The freshet came upon our boatmen rather unexpectedly, and we regret to hear that eight or ten boats heavily loaded with coal, and a number of empty boats, broke loose during the night and were lost: and on Tuesday and Wednesday several other boats loaded with coal were lost, after getting but a few miles down the river. Those who have lost loaded were Messrs. John Neff, 9; George Hoblitzell, 4; M. Frost, 3; John J. Hoffman, 1; in all 17, averaging not less than 1,000 bushels of coal each—making an aggregate loss, at the prices expected to obtain below, of between four and five thousand dollars —*Civilian.*

CROPS IN VIRGINIA.

The Richmond Enquirer of Friday says:

'The Wheat crop is suffering anew from the drought and the Fly. This is unfortunate—We have not had a rain since last Sunday three weeks. The two showers we have had this week are very inconsiderable. There must have been heavy rains, in the course of a few days, in the upper country, as the James is swelling into a high fresh. As we write this hasty paragraph, another shower is beginning to fall.'

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

OFFICE OF THE TRUE AMERICAN, May 15.

All our banks have virtually suspended specie payments. No beneficial result has yet made itself manifest from the declared suspension of the first six, and the FORCED suspension of the other ten.—Good paper, however, is readily done in the declared institutions, and the effects will soon be felt throughout the community.

The call for specie where any bank will pay, is as strong as ever. Much complaint is beginning to be made at the injustice of the plan of redeeming fives and tens. With what face can a bank give the specie for fives, and refuse the coin for a 20 dollar bill? Yet this was done to-day.

We are truly glad to see that the Orleans Bank is issuing one dollar bills. Let all the banks join her in the measure, and the effect will be highly salutary. There is no blinking the question. Messrs. Jackson and Van Buren's attempt to produce a specie currency has brought about a purely paper-money system We shall be compelled to weather this new storm, till the currency be restored.

Cotton was somewhat inquired after today, though little was touched. Sugars have advanced a shade, and a disposition is beginning to be manifested towards improvement. To-morrow we shall resume the statements of our market. We hear of a remittance to New York to-day of upwards of $50,000 by the Saratoga. Several persons have arrived in town for the purpose of drawing specie to the amount of $300,000—but alas! they came too late.—We will all live to see the wisdom of the suspension.

HERALD OFFICE, NORFOLK, May 21st, 3 p m.

FROM THE SOUTH—The steam packet South Carolina, Capt. Coffey, brought us the Charleston, papers to Thursday. Among the passengers in the South Carolina are Captain Lyon, Lieutenants Johnson, Irwin and Donaldson, and Surgeon Heiskill, of the army. Capt. Lyon left Jacksonville (Florida) on Wednesday last, at which time the latest information from Fort Mellon stated that Oseola and the main body of the Seminole people still remained at that place, and had signified their wish not to move for Tampa until the vessels to convey them away were ready to sail.

From the Philadelphia Commercial Herald of May 19.

GOVERNMENT JUSTICE.

A merchant in this city yesterday received a check from the United State Treasurer at Washington on the Girard Bank in this city, in payment of a claim due to him from the United States. Now it so happened that a bond of his, for the same amount as the Treasurer's check fell due yesterday, and supposing the check of the Treasurer upon the Government deposite banks to be good he presented it to the Collector. Mr. Barker, in payment of his bond, by whom it was refused!!! The merchant with more of the *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in modo*, very politely told the Collector he might go to the d—l with the bond, or wherever else he pleased, for he would take no further trouble about it, and the bond might lie over till the day of judgment.

KENDALL'S 'PROMISES TO PAY.'—When this functionary made his flourishing advertisement in the Globe the other day, that all claims against 'Mr Post Office,' would be paid in specie, we ventured, with submission, to question the probability of the expectations thus held out being realized.—We were not wrong. The last mail brought the following. It will be seen that the Post Master General's 'promises to pay' are about as productive and available as were poor Sheridan's.—*Pat.*

From the Pennsylvania Sentinel.

A Post Office order, on the Treasury of the United States, signed Amos Kendall, Post Master General, was yesterday protested at the Western Bank (deposite,) in this city, for non-payment.

THE BETTER CURRENCY

The Hickory Bank of the United States, of which Jack Downing is President, and Uncle Joeh Cashier, has issued some 'better currency,' of which a specimen is before us, in a promissory note for *fifty mills*, payable to 'Whitney Reuben or bearer.' The note is adorned with admirable likenesses of four of the great financiers who had to do with 'My Experiment'—the 'Old Hero' himself—little 'Glory enough'—'Solitary and alone,' whose mint drops have been expunged—and the man with 'a round and rubicund face' who presides over the Treasury. It is further illustrated with an image of an unclean animal going the whole; and has over all, the appropriate motto, 'Perish Credit! Perish Commerce!'

A caricature called 'The Moderen Ballaam and his Ass,' is making a little stir here. It represents the Spirit of the Protest, a female figure, all in white, and looking most ghostly, holding a flaming sword in her hand, and meeting Andrew Jackson, like another Balaam riding a Jackass, and with a club marked *Veto*, endeavoring to force the donkey onward. Out of the pocket of the rider hangs the Address,—and, *in the tracks left by the Jackass*, is seen treading carefully along, Martin Van Buren himself who seems to say, 'I will walk in the steps of my predecessor.' In the background is seen the Mechanics' Bank, with the label, 'No specie Payments,' in the window. The whole thing is very clever and talented.

Boston Atlas.

THE NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

The *Globe* is quite crest-fallen. 'What worse can happen, *in the money way*,' says the *official Journal*, 'than the general stoppage, we cannot divine. It puts an end to CREDIT *—the greatest mercantile calamity that could happen;* but it does not destroy our goods and chattels, lands and tenements—the sun continues to shine, and the bountiful Providence promises to bless the season—and the industrious enterprising race of Americans still survives to improve and enjoy these blessings.—What worse is to come; then, out of the bank stoppages and mercantile failures than has happened, we know not.'

This is all true, but we are surprised that the Globe should admit it. The sun shines—and race survives but we owe no thanks to the Government for this. All that a profligate and reckless administration *could* prostrate, has been subverted; and now we are thrown back upon these general blessings of Nature, which the Government has not given, and fortunately cannot take away. If Kendall could have deranged the planets, the Natural System would have been as badly off as the political.—*Boston Atlas.*

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES FROM TWO JACKSON SENATORS.

From the Louisville Journal.

Senator Walker, we are authorised to say, remarked a few days ago, that Congress, during the very first fortnight of its next session, would set the public mind at rest in regard to the preposterous Specie projects that have so long agitated it He added, that he honestly believed there were but three men in the nation who considered those projects practicable—and those three were Mr. Benton, Senator Morris, of Ohio, and Gen. Jackson.

We are further authorized to state that Senator Nicholas, of Louisiana, on his return from Washington city, declared that, if Mr. Van Buren should delay the repeal of the Treasury Circular until the next session of Congress, his administration would be certainly and utterly broken down. Senator Nicholas further stated, at the same time, that he regarded the pocketing of the Treasury Circular bill by President Jackson, after its passage by such an overwhelming majority through both houses of Congress, as the grossest act of usurpation ever perpetrated by any President of the United States.

THE GREAT BALANCE WHEEL.

History is Philosophy, teaching by Example — the New York Star contains a very apposite quotation from a letter written by that practical statesman and true patriot, Major J Downing, to his old friend, General Jackson, so long ago as September, 1833 —on the subject of the Bank and the Currency. This extract is worthy of general attention. It will be seen that what was prophecy then, is now history. The course of events following the removal of the deposites, and the withdrawal of the great Balance Wheel of our currency, is admirably illustrated, and plainly foretold in this letter.

The Major, it seems, had come on to New York from Washington, to ascertain for 'the General' how things would work, in case the deposites were taken away from the United States Bank, and given among sundry State banks. He fell in with his old friend Zekel Bigelow, and they together entered into the inquiry, and the Major thus writes:

'Zekel says there is jist about so much hard money all the while, and it keeps goin round and round and all about creation, and they git the most on't and keep it, who are the most industrious and cute in inventin things. He says that paper money is just as good, and a leetle better than *hard* money, if folks dont shell out too much on't; and it is the natur of paper-money makers to git off as much as they can; and if it warn't for somethin to *check* it, it would soon be as bad as old continental times.

'Zekel says, on the hull, that money matters, and banks, and trade, are all as curious as one of Peleg Bissel's clocks, and folks hadn't ought to meddle or make on't without knowin all about it. 'And now,' says he, 'Major, I'm of good

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