

THOS. W. ATKIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE INTELLIGENCER.

Two Dollars and Three Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars when the year is advanced, or Three Dollars when the year is advanced, or Three Dollars when the year is advanced...

From the Pittsburg Mercury. Circumstantial Evidence.

A certain Dr. —, many years ago, traveling in the west, became acquainted on board of a steamer, with Mr. Hamilton, who had been a member of the Legislature from his district, and was again a candidate for the same office.

On leaving the village on Lorschick, Hamilton accompanied the Doctor to show him his way, but becoming interested in the conversation of his companion, and not being particularly engaged at home, he continued with him till late in the afternoon, when, among a number of branching roads, they lost their way.

After journeying on till dark, in hope of reaching some house where they might obtain the requisite direction, they reached, just at midnight, the banks of a river, on which they found the encampment of three stout laboring voyagers, with their families and wagons.

At daylight preparations were made for separation, and Dr. — received from one of the three men the direction of the desired road. He told him there were two roads—called the "upper" and "lower" roads—but that the lower one was that which he should take.

Hamilton felt grateful for this kindness and to reciprocate his good will for this kindness, his humble means, took a breasting from his shirt, and giving it to the Doctor said jokingly, that he hoped to see it some day adorning the bosom of some fair daughter of the west.

Hamilton had gone but a short distance from the spot where he had left the Doctor, when he heard the sharp report of a rifle, and immediately after a deer bounded out before him and fell dead in the road.

Hamilton got off his horse, to examine the animal, and doing so got the cuffs of his shirt sleeves, and his pantaloons and waistcoat bloody. He again mounted his horse and reached home. As soon he did so he changed his clothes, and gave them to his sister to wash, desiring her to do it at once.

That day he went round his village and collected together his various bills, which he paid. At night, after closing his office, he stopped at the village tavern, on his way to see a lady to whom he was engaged to be married.

Several persons came on whilst he was there, and declared that a murdered man had been found on a certain road. "My God—it must be my friend, the Doctor!"

From the Tavern he continued on his way to the house of his betrothed, and whilst there, his father came in with three police officers, who arrested him for murder.

He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the gallows for his execution arrived, but Hamilton was too ill to receive the final action of the law, and was reprieved. Before his reprieve had expired, Hamilton died in prison.

All the facts had, of course, satisfied the public mind that the verdict was just, and that Hamilton was the murderer—but about three years afterwards, one of the three men with whom our traveller had branched on the banks of the river was found and consisted in the far west, of course. Before his execution, he confessed that he was the person who had slain the Doctor—but he had stolen him as to the road, and that he had stolen Hamilton's pistol (with which he had committed the murder, and left it by the Doctor's body) from his holster during the night, and after he had heard in the chat around the camp fire that the Doctor had money with him, and was engaged in the purchase of land.

Perilous Adventure.

It will be recollected that many years ago the Natural Bridge was ascended by Col. Jas. H. Piper then student at Washington College, and now a member of the State Senate. A graphic account of this hazardous exploit from the pen of Dr. Caruthers, has been long before the world. Nevertheless, many persons who have visited the Bridge, have regarded the story as fabulous, deeming the achievement absolutely impossible. It will seem, however, by the following brief narrative, with which we have been kindly furnished from an authentic source, that the ascent has been a so-called achievement. Certainly he must have steadiness and indomitable self-reliance, who puts life and limb in such imminent peril.

REMARKABLE FEAT.

On Saturday the 26th of July, there being, besides myself, several guests at the Tavern of Mr. Luster at the Natural Bridge, we concluded to walk up and view that stupendous prodigy of Nature, with which "ought made by human hands can vie"—and accordingly several of us repaired thither, and after being lost in enchantment for some considerable time in gazing upon the fair-famed attractions, we turned to a small house on the road side, between the Bridge and tavern, where we were favored with an old paper containing an account of the ascension of the bridge by Mr. Piper many years ago, from the pen of Dr. Caruthers. While some of us, entirely incredulous, were warmly discussing its title to credibility, when we were suddenly interrupted with the cry "Some one is climbing the Bridge!" With the avidity of men anxious to maintain their opinion, until convinced of its falsity by ocular demonstration, we immediately rushed, en masse, to the top of the Bridge, still inwardly doubting the possibility of what the next moment we perceived astonished sight—the ascension of the Bridge! When we arrived there we found two gentlemen on the Bridge, who pointed us to Mr. Shaver, the hero of the occasion, standing at the distance of 170ft from the ground, on a bench (as it is termed) apparently too narrow to stand upon even without motion. From the testimony of the gentlemen present we learned that Mr. Shaver, passing by there in the morning, concluded to attempt the ascension, merely (I suppose) to gratify his own curiosity or that of others. Without any preparation, he immediately commenced climbing directly under the well known cedar stump, about ten or fifteen paces higher up the stream than the place from whence Mr. Piper is said to have started, and without a much more difficult place to ascend, as any one may ascertain by examination. After going perpendicularly about thirty feet he came to a clump of bushes where he rested a little, and proceeded on to another ledge protruding a little from the main body of the rock; thence directly up the steep and rugged ridge lying directly between the deep ravines on each side of the cedar stump. While upon the bench, which is about 40 feet from the top, Mr. Shaver inscribed his name in very legible characters, which may be seen by one from the top of the Bridge. He then advanced up the stream, along the very edge of the awful precipice that overhangs the ravine, until he came on the opposite side of the stump from whence he started. He then came to the last ascent of any danger, it was truly awful to see a man attempting to climb an overhanging cliff at the distance of 180 feet from the bottom of the dreadful abyss that yawned beneath him, while in ascending his back was in some measure downward, and he had frequently to remove loose stones, in order to secure a hold for his hand. In making his first effort, either his strength or resolution failed him, and he returned to the bench and rested. My friends at this moment were truly indescribable. To see a fellow being poised as it were, between heaven and earth, with barely a possibility of ascent or descent, clinging to the precarious shrubbery on the side of a lofty precipice, at the base of which I expected every moment to see him dashed to atoms, produced a sensation I cannot describe. Some of the more cautious and prudent of the company proposed sending for ropes by which to draw him up, which was hardly possible

under the circumstances, as perhaps none of us had courage enough to venture down the ravine far enough to see him on the side where he then was. We were fearful even to speak to him. Nevertheless, after detaching himself of his boots and swinging them around his neck with his handkerchief, he made the second effort, in which he happily succeeded, amid our loudest congratulations. He was very pale and in a perfect tremor when he reached the top, from which he had not entirely recovered before I took my leave.

The gentlemen present were Mr. Benjamin A. Holmes, Jas. Campbell, John G. Jefferson, Capt. Jas. A. Gilson, Capt. Joel Lockland, Claudius Tompkins, John Luster, Albert H. Luster and S. H. Carter, any one of whom will corroborate the statement I have made, if appealed to.

Singular and Important Facts.

The existence of an organized band of thieves and pickpockets, in the United States has been for a long time suspected, and disclosures from time to time made at the police office show that the body is composed mostly of a gang of Englishmen, most expert and practised in the arts of their nefarious profession. We have been furnished, says the Philadelphia Ledger, from an authentic source, with some statistics which will prove interesting to the community, showing as they do, the number and resources of this gang, and the mode of operation.

ENGLISH THIEVES RESIDING IN PHILADELPHIA AND N. YORK.

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Regular pickpockets, 50; burglars, 23; Total, 73. Of these 20 are worth \$10,000 each, \$200,000; 25 " " 2,000 " 50,000; 27 " " 1,000 " 27,000. Total \$267,000.

The average number of trips between Philadelphia and New York, made annually, by each of these scoundrels, is ten. The amount of fare paid by them to the Rail Road Company, is, therefore, \$6,500 per annum.

The average expense of living by each is \$3000 per annum; making a total of \$246,000.

Out of the \$2,70 have been transported from England to Botany Bay, and have either served out their time or have escaped.

They generally all assist each other in every emergency when required—but usually operate in squads from 3 to 8. They travel at intervals over the United States—attend with regularity all large conventions or assemblages, distinguished Springs and watering places, race courses, &c. Some of the number, remain for business at home. They may be found daily in Wall street; watching persons who visit the banks. They may also be seen engaged in the same employment in the vicinity of the Banks in Philadelphia. At night they frequent places of amusement of every description. They keep a vigilant eye upon travellers and particularly upon agents who carry packages between the cities, especially between Boston and Philadelphia. They are for the most part thoroughly educated to their business and seem to be peculiarly qualified to elude and subvert the police.

The Bible.

This is the only book which God has ever sent, the only one he ever will send into the world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity, for its pages are records of eternity. All other works are weak and imperfect, like their authors, many; but the Bible is replete with infinite power and perfection, like its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer.

The Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally important and interesting to all mankind. Its tidings whether of peace or war, are the same to the poor, the ignorant and the weak, as to the rich, the wise and the powerful. Among the most remarkable of its attributes are justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the chief and the soldier, on philosopher and peasant, on the eloquent and the dumb. From all he exacts the same obedience to his commandments, promising to the good reward of their loyalty, but denouncing to the evil the awful consequences of their rebellion.

Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom and benevolence of the Scriptures less conspicuous. In vain may we look elsewhere for true models of character, for the models of husband and wife, the parent and the child, the patriot and the scholar, the philanthropist and christian, the private citizen and the ruler of the Nation. Whatever shall be their respective lots, whether poverty or wealth, prosperity or adversity, social influence or solitary station, the Bible is their only fountain of truth—the only source of virtue and greatness of honor and felicity.

Here, then, let us repose our trust—here let us look for our bosom of safety; and whether sunshine or gloom, the storm or the calm, the beauty and wealth of spring, or the nakedness and desolation of winter may be our portion—supported and guided by the Bible, all must be well with us in Heaven, for all shall be well with us in Eternity.—Grants.

Friends of the Tariff.

The Union of Thursday night last, contained the following paragraph: "The National Intelligencer seems to be sore lost to know whether 'it will be in the power of the Executive to command' (that is the courteous phrase the National Intelligencer uses) 'authorities that will enable it to break up the protective system. Of course it is impossible for any one to know, especially as there are fifty-seven Representatives yet to be elected. But it is highly probable that there will be majorities sufficient to effect a decided reform in the revenue system.'

To which the Intelligencer responds in words of warning, as follows: "Forewarned, Forearmed!—Take notice, all ye whom it may in any wise concern, that the purpose of breaking down the Tariff at the coming session of Congress is thus distinctly acknowledged by the government paper, if a majority can be secured in each House for the purpose. Mechanics, Farmers, Merchants—all ye who have an interest in the present national prosperity and progress—learn from this disclosure that, unless you come forward as one man to prevent it, the axe will be laid to the root of that national prosperity by those whom you have set to watch over it!"

The Union of Monday night says: "We shall take up this Tariff subject hereafter. But we meet at once the issue of the 'National Intelligencer.' Neither its sagacious saws nor its cranking warnings to the manufacturers will have any effect to turn us from the path of justice and truth. 'The Tariff may be reduced (as Mr. Walker says) to the revenue standard.' Does the 'Intelligencer' mean to say that we shall not reduce the Tariff of 1842 to its proper dimensions? Upon our principle, every man who is in favor of a more equal participation of the public burdens, will plant himself at footed. Does our contemporary maintain that the rich manufacturing capitalists shall continue to clear 20 per cent. on their capital, while the great simple interest of the country, the agricultural class, scarcely average more than 3 or 4 per cent. Can such a system as this continue to oppress a free people—one privileged class obtaining high profits for itself, at the expense of the great body of the people, the consumers, viz: the farmers, merchants, professional men, &c., &c.

The Press at Washington.

An editorial article in the Washington Union, commences with the following remark: "We have no room to spare, in this evening's paper, for any commentary upon the long, unavailing, unsatisfactory twaddle-doe twiddle-doo article in this morning's National Intelligencer."

If there are any of our readers who have an opportunity of perusing the Union and the National Intelligencer, it will be needless for us to say to them, that there is something so laughable in the above quotation, considering the character of the paper in which it is found, and that of the paper at which it is levelled, that the author deserves something by way of reward in these luxurious times, and in this warm weather.

The poeility of the Union, its everlasting gossip about the people of the White House, and the Cabinet, and its twattle about the little attack made by a distant six by eight in the newspaper line, have given to itself, and partly to the administration, a character at which the public lip curls rather in derision than in hate. And that paper talks about the twiddle-doo and twiddle-doo of the National Intelligencer, a paper that makes the right attractive, by the dignified and able exposition, and defence thereof; and spares the wrong doer, while it holds up to the scorn of the public, the wrong doing that injures the public. No paper now in existence on either side of the Atlantic, has sustained public morals with greater energy, or republican principles with more cogent argument. None has brought to the discussion of principles or measures, more strength from its knowledge and enlarged experience; and none has, by the clearness of perception, by the dignity of its movements, and by the propriety of its language, earned at home and abroad a higher fame for the American press, than has the National Intelligencer—and that is the paper which is charged with long, unavailing twiddle-doo articles!—United States Gazette.

Leaks in the Public Treasury.

The Washington Correspondent of the N. York Tribune describes a leak in the Public Treasury, which, if not attended to, will by and become the means of enormous waste. He says: "My attention has been called to an abuse which I had checked in the bad by the influence of public opinion, will soon grow into fearful magnitude. On turning to page 68 of Document 46, published by the House of Representatives at its last session, and which is the account of the disbursement of the contingent Fund of the House of Representatives, being the same account which was kept back by McNulty for sometime, I find the following item: 1843, December. NATHAN CLIFFORD, days per diem as a Member of Congress from the 3d day of March, 1843, to the 20th of the same month, at \$3 per day.

while confined at Washington by a severe family indisposition, and unable to have for home \$120,000. It must be remembered, that Mr. Clifford was confined at the 14 March, and he had to pay \$3 per day for 17 days subsequent to the expiration of his term on the ground that he was confined by illness. This is a principle which, if admitted and allowed to take root will spread itself with fearful rapidity, for the facility with which Members of Congress habitually disregard the law, in grasping all the public money which they can have an excuse to handle, has been strongly exemplified. Witness the Congressional Message and the immense sums paid for books for their use at every session of Congress.—Where will this stop if it is allowed to go on unchecked—if every member who may happen to be unwell at the close of his term service, or at the adjournment of a session, can remain in Washington and charge and recover his \$3 per day as long as he remains sick? A few pages further on this very document find a strong exemplification of what may be expected if this principle is acted upon. On page 114 of the same Document there is the following item: 1844, April. J. J. ROANE.—For thirty days detention in Washington City after the adjournment of Congress in July, 1834, at \$340 00. Here we see the principle illustrated. For diem pay having been allowed to one member whose term of service expired, because he was detained by sickness in Washington, Mr. Roane goes back a period of twelve years, and claims pay on the same account for 30 days detention. Is not this an abuse? And should it be allowed to go on and take root without being checked? Nor is this all.

I am informed that during the present year the accounts of which will not be published until December, the Executors of Barker Burnell, a deceased Member who died in this city after the expiration of his term on the 30 March, 1843, having made a claim and recovered payment for per diem for him during the time he was sick previous to his death, and after Congress was over. Is this to be allowed to continue, and grow up until, by prescriptions it becomes a vested right?

Oh! How Mistaken!—The Locomotives were bragging long before the election that they would carry the Box at this place by more than 150 or 200, and to sustain and make good their assertions made every effort that a party in their desperate fit could make, to carry it by that number. But the Whigs went to work, and made such an inroad upon the majority of Craig, two years ago, as to reduce it from 67 to 21! We were prepared for this, and could see defeat depicted plainly in the countenance of the Locomotives long before the votes were counted out. But when the result was known, we do not remember ever to have seen them look so woe-begone.—Their strong man had been bearded in his den, a thing so unexpected, that it seemed almost impossible for them to breathe. They may as well give up the ship in future.—Salisbury Watchman.

Is Ireland Friendly to America?

From the American Patriot. From Wilmer's Liverpool Times, we extract the following as a specimen of Daniel O'Connell's feeling towards this country and of the Irish nation generally, taking the "great agitator's" word for it.

"The last weekly meeting of the Repeal Association was held on July 21; W. Magennis, Esq. in the chair. Mr. O'Connell acknowledged the receipt of £12 from New York, and sent a letter accompanying the remittance, which announced on certain expressions uttered by Mr. O'Connell on a late occasion, to the effect that if England rendered justice to Ireland, she might calculate on the assistance of Irishmen in enabling her to humble the proud eagle of America. What he (Mr. O'Connell) said on the occasion referred to, was, that if England did render justice, full and ample justice to Ireland, she would be in such a position, through the co-operation of Irishmen, as to defy all the nations of civilized Europe, and would be able to pull down the flag of America itself. Such was the sentiment he uttered, and he believed such was the sentiment of Ireland also.

It was in consequence of the blustering of Mr. Polk with regard to the Oregon territory, a blustering which had since ceased, that he had been drawn into the observations complained of. Mr. Polk evidently calculated on a diversion in his favor in Ireland, should a rupture take place between England and America. Having expressed the gratification he felt at the opportunity afforded him of explaining, he moved the assertion of the latter on the minutes; and the thanks of the association to the writer.

Our readers will, perhaps, recollect that some months since O'Connell did in a speech utter the sentiment above alluded to; it was hardly noticed in this country, and did not in fact receive that attention which the overture of England, and the threat and insult to the United States deserved.

Still it seems that one man was found—not an American born as sincerely hope and firmly believe—who, with a full knowledge of all this, concluded to find in a letter a sum of money, and conducted to complete in as delicate language we presume as possible, of such a Spanish proposition. He expresses it again, and we are glad to find that such is the sentiment of Ireland also.

He makes, it is true, a wandering and ridiculous apology for "being drawn into the observations complained of;" acknowledging in so many words that he would not have given utterance to his own and all Ireland's sentiments if he had but been exasperated by the "blustering of Mr. Polk." This is a pretty apology for a great man, a great statesman, the champion, leader and idol of a whole nation; and one whose single word is potent enough to lull a great portion of Europe in a frightful and bloody revolution and horrible massacres. This great man gives us a striking instance of his infirmity and his unfitness for the elevated station which he has assumed, by allowing himself to get into a passion by the blustering of any man, and being induced thereby to utter his real sentiments, when prudence and sound policy would have kept them locked up in his own bosom. Such men cannot be truly great.

But O'Connell perhaps forgot that he has repeatedly said upon former occasions, that "I should not accept the independence of Ireland if it should cost a single drop of human blood." He is now ready to deluge a great nation, and thereby ruin a country in the world in blood, if by so doing he will "Emancipate" it, with her few millions of ignorant, half-starved, demagogue and priest ridden creatures, could have certain privileges granted them of which only a comparative few could properly appreciate. Away with such friends of human rights—away with such low haired patriotism. A man who is ready to assist a nation, that has indicted and imprisoned him for treason, to enslave a world, is not fit to be treated with the destiny of a nation, and should be branded as an enemy of the human race.

Destructive Fire.

Loss of Life and Shaking Murders.—We learn by the Xenia, Ohio Jeffersonian, extra, that about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, the large store room of Messrs. Pittsburgh & Allison, of that place, was discovered to be on fire. Their entire stock of goods, to the amount of \$10,000, was destroyed. The large brick building occupied by Pittsburgh & Allison, store keepers, A. B. Deal, harness maker, and Samuel Crumbrugh, hat store, was consumed. The large brick house occupied by D. D. Williams, grocer, D. Burr, book seller, and partly as a dwelling by two or three families, was also destroyed. The loss of property cannot be less than from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

The most deplorable part of the calamity, was the loss of two very estimable young men, James Kenny and William Steele, clerks of Pittsburgh & Allison, who slept in the store. When the flames were discovered and the door burst open, Mr. Kenny was found lying against the front door, senseless, cut and bruised to a considerable extent. He was conveyed to a dwelling not far off, where he breathed his last, without being able to give any information how the fire commenced. Mr. Steele was discovered lying in a bed, probably senseless; but could not be rescued in consequence of the flames. His body was afterwards discovered in the cellar where it had fallen through. The back door of the store room was standing open, from which it is pretty conclusive that a most foul murder had been committed, and the store set on fire.

We learn from the Cincinnati Commercial that one of the murderers was arrested in that city on Sunday evening.

Murder Most Foul.

We received from a gentleman, of Lawrence County, the following particulars of a most horrid murder recently committed in that county. Lawrence County, Aug. 6, 1845. To the Editor of the Georgian:

Sir—Another murder was perpetrated in this county on the 1st inst., being the fifth in less than three years. David King invited Samuel Maulden into his house, and then without any warning or quarrel, shot him through the body with his rifle, the ball entering a little below the breast bone. Mr. Maulden died the next day in King's house, perfectly comatose and in his right mind. King, after shooting him, attempted to finish him outright with a stick, but was stopped by another man named Barr. Mr. Maulden had left a wife and six children, and was greatly esteemed as a kind and worthy neighbor. Mr. King is a young man 33 or 34 years of age, and has a wife and two children, and is the son of one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of this county. His wife is of a worthy family from Scriven county. He immediately fled, but certainly will be caught, as his pursuers were close upon him at Muncello, Florida. The unfortunate man was brought to Lenzie by the "green-eyed monster," but Maulden till his last breath asserted the innocence of the woman, and in his community all say who must be innocent. Surely jealousy is a great destroyer of man's happiness. After shooting down the man, King took up his ram rod, beat his wife with it, and broke it over her, although she is in a very delicate condition. Yours, &c.

The first sale of new Cotton received at New Orleans, sold on the 2d instant, for 17.75 cents a pound.

We regret to see it stated in the New York papers, that Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, is dangerously ill.

Bottles of Champagne, the wine all right, are being exhibited from the ruins of the great Pittsburg fire.

Still it seems that one man was found—not