

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.  
THE NEW JERSEY DISASTER.

The Northern papers bring us abundant details of the last railway murder, and our hearts sicken as we read accounts of the horrible death and ghastly wounds incurred through the palpable and detestable negligence of those in charge of the trains from Philadelphia and New York. The terms gross neglect and culpable carelessness fall short of the atrocity of such acts of reckless disregard of human life. They do not place the crime in a proper light before the public, and even they are seldom used, unless, as in this case, a deplorable loss of life attends the crash of meeting trains.

If ever anything more than newspaper condemnation is to follow the perpetration of such foolhardy trifling with the safety of those who confide themselves to the care and discretion of a railroad company's servants, it seems to us that the present accident loudly calls for the interference of Justice in her sternest and promptest mood. We read that one of the two trains were out of time; yet the New York train, according to one witness, though rounding a curve, very sharp at that point, "was coming along like lightning," both trains endeavoring to reach some station at which they could lay by and let the other pass.

The very statement of such facts carries with it the strongest reprobation and abhorrence of such criminal rashness. Who in the community may not have just parted with those dearest to him, or be impatiently expecting their return, by any train, and have the terrible responsibility of suffering from the first telegraphic error until the true events are known, who can be sure that the real facts will not bring tidings of the death or maiming of those whom he had expected soon to greet after a weary absence? They may have been hurled into a river, thrown down a mountain, tossed and crushed beneath a pile of shattered cars, and all from the obtuseness of a draw-keeper, the drunkenness of an engineer, or the negligence of a switchman.

We take it to be a thing certain that the Directors of a railroad company, except under rare and peculiar circumstances, have the remedy for these wholesale slaughters in their hands. They can, if they choose, perfectly sure that their servants are competent, sober, discreet, and vigilant. They can regulate with undeviating certainty the rates of travel, the times of starting, the provisions to be adopted in every contingency which may happen in the running of the road. Especially, they can prevent collisions from trains being out of time or out of place. Let them emulate the order given by one company to its subordinates: "If you are out of time, and have reason to expect another train, stay where you are till the wheels drop off from rest if that train does not come."

Every one must be satisfied, and especially that portion of the community likely to be called to serve as juries, that it is full time that this horrible indifference to human life, whether manifested by employers or employed, must be cured. Human patience and forbearance cannot be asked to be silent any longer, when valuable lives are destroyed and limbs lopped off by scores every year. Then let those responsible be detected and punished. If the servants of the company be guilty, let them suffer in person; if the company cannot clearly prove that the event occurred from causes beyond their control, let them suffer in purse. If it be beyond reasonable doubt that a certainty of being lawfully indicted for every injury sustained by passengers would induce safety in journeying by railroad. As soon as the probable sum to be paid by them for damages shall equal that requisite to procure the improvements and precautions demanded on every road, so soon will the company be at the pains to place upon an unexceptionable footing all the arrangements incident to the transportation of travellers. We are sure of this, because we believe that, other things being equal, the companies would as lief have the confidence and good opinion of the public as their distrust and condemnation.

The Legislatures of the several States have also their duty to execute. We cannot at present pretend to propose any digested plan for general adoption. But certain rules, never to be disobeyed or evaded, appear to us essential to be imposed on every railroad company before the grant of a charter. Were we not zealous from the long-continued fact, we should shudder at any company even commencing its business without a double track, one for the up and the other for the down train. A double track should be a thing as primary in consideration as an engine and an engine should under no circumstances be on the wrong side. Every railroad should be fenced in if possible every foot of its length, and the condition of that fence carefully watched. The excellent system of guards at proper distances should be copied from the two New York companies which have so wisely, so humanely, and indeed so economically introduced it.

Every railroad track should be forced to go over or under every frequented road that it crosses, and a guard should be stationed at every by-way, even if it be not thought essential to have a gate at every such point, to be closed some moments before a train is due. Private inconveniences, so slight as such a plan would cause, should cheerfully yield to the immeasurable regard due to the preservation of hundreds of lives.

We will not today say more than to add one of the most important duties of the civil authorities in cases which they deem worthy of judicial investigation. Let that investigation proceed without a moment's delay. If there be reason for punishment, let judges and juries combine to render it not excessive but adequate and, above all, let it be sure and prompt. Do not drag a trial slowly along until, even if a conviction ensues, the public have forgotten the circumstances, and the moral effect and wholesome fear sought to be inspired have little influence upon the class whose dread of consequences is its most desirable to secure.

The experience has become dismal that in the management of railroads the question is not "How can the possibility of accidents be prevented?" but "How great a risk of accidents can be incurred with average profit?"

The same causes have combined, in the two recent cases on the Camden and Amboy and Providence roads to produce like heavy casualties—fast trains from opposite directions on the same track, and mistakes in time! Upon the close slaying of two or three minutes are staked life, limb, health; and the breaking of a hair-spring of a watch may be the cause of the crushing of engines and cars, with the mangling, agony and destruction of multitudes of their human burden. It is time these hideous sacrifices were stopped. Better travel, as did our grandfathers rejoicing in thirty miles a day, than rival the wild pigeon in our flight, with the constant peril of being hurled into eternity, or, worse still, doomed to drag a wretched, useless, miserable cripple.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Among the passengers who were killed by the late accident on the Camden and Amboy Railroad was a stranger, whose name or whereabouts has not yet been ascertained. He was apparently about fifty years of age, a foreigner by birth, and had heavy nails in his boots. In his pockets were found a gold watch and a small amount of money, which was left at the office of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, in New York.

**Mr. Everett's Eloquence.**—The speech of Edward Everett at the late Plymouth celebration has furnished the New York Journal of Commerce with an occasion for the following glowing compliment to that gentleman's oratory:

"The speeches of Hon. Edward Everett and Hon. Richard Yeadon, delivered at the Plymouth celebration on the first instant, are both able and eloquent productions, worthy alike of the men who delivered them and the occasion that called for them. They speak for themselves, and need no comment from us. A word, however, on Mr. Everett's style of oratory. Cicero tells us that almost all other arts exist independent of one another, excepting that of eloquence, which is the art of speaking sensibly, skillfully, and beautifully. This has no determined limits within which it can be bounded. An orator must be eloquent upon every theme that can be the subject of disquisition. If he cannot make it appear that he is capable of this, he must bid adieu to the profession of eloquence. Few men of the present day approach nearer to Cicero's ideal of a true orator than Mr. Everett. His mind is not limited to what single sphere of action. It matters not what is the nature of the subject of which he treats, his productions are always sincere and strike us as those of a highly cultivated and erudite intellect. He is equally ready for the excitements of a popular assembly, or for the weightier deliberations of national debate—equally eloquent in the festive hall, the Senate chamber, or the lecture room; and there is a polished dignity, and a flowing, classical precision in his speech, which are rarely met with in public speakers of the present day. In his style there is nothing of the charlatan and mountebank—nothing of the subtle trickster, playing off his spasms and hysterics for 'thunders of applause.' But, on the contrary, all his orations and speeches bear unmistakable marks of a most refined and highly cultivated taste, and they also indicate the greatest care in composition, especially in their language and the formation of their sentences. His words glitter like polished lances through sunny forests, and carry conviction to the hearts of all who hear them. His sentences blaze with the splendors of a gorgeous rhetoric, and echo as with the melody of some ancient minstrel. With a rich, melodious voice, and great beauty and harmony of diction, his speech occasionally blossoms forth into a fine lyric enthusiasm, and anon gushes over into a deep and beautiful pathos, which carries the listener along in a whirl of agitation and delight."

**The Maiden Speech.**—The editor of the Albany State Register relates the following anecdote of his early experience in his profession. The Buffalo Commercial says that the reader who is acquainted with the "elder and able associate" of the writer, who has witnessed the perfect coolness and self-possession which distinguish him upon all occasions, and who has listened to his ready flow of eloquence, will be surprised to know that he was ever, even in his earliest days, nonplussed before a jury:

"I said I studied law in Bath. Let me relate an anecdote connected with the first suit I ever had the honor of appearing in as counsel. My friend, H. W. Rogers, now of Buffalo, was my fellow-student then, and he will pardon me for relating the triumph of the genius of a young man who was seeking distinction under some difficulties. A worthless scoundrel had been arrested for some misdemeanor—assault and battery, I believe—and being too poor to employ other counsel, applied to my friend Rogers and myself to defend him, promising to pay us a small fee for assisting him in his trouble. We readily undertook his defence, promising ourselves no light harvest of reputation from our first effort at forensic eloquence. A jury was summoned, and three magistrates sat in solemn judgment to hear the evidence against our unfortunate client. We had a day to prepare, and the speeches with which we intended to astonish the court and confound the jury were profoundly studied and rehearsed upon. Well, the evidence was closed, and, as was arranged beforehand, I rose to address the jury, and my friend was to follow. I got as far like 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' and there I struck like a pig in a fence. Not another sentence of my great speech could I utter to save my life. At length, in despair, I told the jury that as I was to be followed by my elder and able associate, I would occupy no more of their time; and sat down in a perfect confusion of speech. My friend Rogers then rose to deliver his maiden speech. He got as far as 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' and there he struck, as I had done before him. There was no use in trying to go on. The great speech was gone—not a word of it could he catch, not a sentence could he bring to mind. He was in a hopeless dilemma, but he extricated himself by saying to the jury that the case had been so ably summed up by the counsel that had preceded him that he felt it unnecessary to add a word to the argument; and he sat down with the lid drops standing on his forehead. We were laughed at some by those who gathered to hear our maiden efforts. The best of the joke was, that friend Rogers was several years in finding out that he had perpetrated a good thing at my expense."

**An Extraordinary Man.**—David Wilson, an old revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey, died, after a short illness, in Dearborn County, Indiana, in August, 1833, aged one hundred and seven years, two months, and ten days. He had, at different periods of his life, five wives, and, at the time of his death, was the father of forty-seven children! While residing in Pennsylvania, near the old Redstone Fort, his wife gave birth to five children in eleven months! This extraordinary man, when in his one hundred and fourth year, moved one week for Esq. Pendleton, of Hamilton County, Ohio, about two miles from Cincinnati, during which he mowed one acre per day of heavy timothy grass. He was about five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by ribs, as the frames of ordinary men are, but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place. He could hold up his hands in a vertical position, and receive a blow from the fist of a powerful man, on the lateral portion of his body, without inconvenience. He served throughout the entire Revolution, under Gen. Washington, was engaged in most of the Indian wars since, and was the companion of Marion and Rodgers, and of many other distinguished early pioneers of our Western and Southern Wilds. Our readers may rest assured that this statement is correct, as we received it from Mr. Alexander Wilson, of North Madison, who is the forty-fifth child of the subject of this paragraph.

**Maiden (In a.)** Dancer.

**Appalling Statistics.**—The New York papers are publishing the statistics of railroad accidents during the present year, together with the numbers of the killed and wounded. They sum up as follows, presenting an aggregate which it is appalling to contemplate:

Months.	No. Accidents.	Killed.	Wounded.
January	12	25	40
February	12	6	11
March	14	24	62
April	4	25	54
May	8	53	49
June	6	18	19
July	11	8	22
August	5	29	76
Total to August 12	65	176	332

THE DEMOCRACY OF NEW YORK.

The Pierce organ in New York gives a rather discouraging account of the present condition and future prospects of the great Democratic Family in the Empire State. We suppose, that statement coming from that quarter are at least impartial and entitled to credit.

Listen to the Herald's tale:  
**New York Politics—A Warning Voice to the Democracy—A Storm Gathering.**

FROM THE N. Y. HERALD.

The affairs of the re-organized democracy, at their head quarters at Albany, continue to be anything but satisfactory. We have been laboring as assiduously as ever Gen. Foote labored to save the Union—we have been thinking and studying night and day, ever since the division of the spoils, upon the ways and means for keeping the New York democracy a unit like the Cabinet; but thus far we have been wholly unsuccessful. With all that, from the extremity of our solitude, we have suggested—after all that we have done to maintain harmony in the family, or a decent self-respect among the brethren for the sake of appearances—we are compelled to say that we have failed. Politicians, like republicans, are ungrateful, and they are dreadfully selfish; and when they are disappointed of their expectations of the public plunder, they will be rebellious.

We have, from time to time, called the attention of the administration to the manifestations of an impending row among the utterer of the Empire State—to the disorders in Tammany Hall—to the cold shoulder which the "Old Guard" turn against that ancient wigwag, and the proceedings of the coal-belt to the frightful dodging on the Taylor resolutions, and the more contemptible dodge of the Champlain compromise—to the so-called "bugus manifesto" from the democratic members of the Legislature, and to the protest of other democrats—to the distressing squabbles, from day to day, waxing hotter and hotter as we get into the dog-days, between the Argus and the Atlas, the two organs of the party, one white and the other black, at the head of sleep navigation on the Hudson, but all without avail. All our efforts to pour oil upon the troubled waters appear to have been thrown away. The Washington Union has been scolding and coaxing both sides, and reading a refractory organ or two out of the church; but it has done no good. The President, with half his cabinet, in a personal visit, failed to close up the breach. And now the trouble threatens to assume the alarming symptoms of a chronic disease, fastening itself upon the very bones of the ancient democracy, and the inexpressible delight of W. H. Seward and his allies.

Read the following extract from a leading article in the last number of the Albany Atlas:

Evidences of defection from democratic usages, and treachery to the principles of the party, are distinctly seen in the course of the Albany Argus, and its few friends here and elsewhere in the State. These open manifestations of being do not excite either surprise or alarm in the minds of those who have watched the course of events for the past year. It was well known here that such would be the end of faction, necessarily and unavoidably, and it was merely a question of time, when the bolt would be openly made and not of fact. The leaders in the movement have not been discreet, or rather there has been a want of leadership. We speak advisedly when we say, that Edwin Crosswell, "the brains of the concern," who has more sagacity than all the lesser lights of the small squad of followers, in either city or State, that together acknowledge no indirect interest in his break down so early. His plan was, as usual, to keep up appearances of fidelity to party usages and obligations, but strike in the dark at the ticket nominated.

These are flagrant disclosures. The "faction" whose end is here spoken of, consists of such men as Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Mr. Augustus Schell, Hon. Mr. Maurice, Hon. Mr. Bristal, Mr. Senator Cooley, and a host of others—the fraction, in short, which gave one hundred and fourteen thousand votes in this State for Gen. Cass, for President, in 1848, and of which faction the holding Argus has been, and continues to be, the Albany organ. According to the Atlas, however, this faction has become so

"Small by degrees and beautifully less," that its secession from the administration party is neither a matter of surprise nor alarm. It has been anticipated, and it was "merely a question of time when the bolt should take place. And it appears that the danger is all the less from the rebels betraying their treacherous designs thus early; and that is something for which to be thankful.

We are not satisfied with this view of the subject. We have our fears that a storm is brewing which will end in the destruction of the invincible and overwhelming New York democracy of 1852. The bitter hostilities existing between the Argus and the Atlas are ominous of a deadly feud. The same thing is betrayed in the amusing ferocity of the two democratic Demos of this city; and we apprehend that any attempt to sink their quarrel by sinking them in a new democratic organ, will be a failure, a melancholy failure. The spoils have been divided, and they have not gone all round. Worse than this—the "Old Guard," the old hunkers, the old stand-bys of the party, who expected the lion's share, have been unceremoniously cut short at a side table, with the small pickings of the jackal. There's the danger. If Gen. Pierce had fifty millions more of public plunder he might keep the party together. But he hasn't got it, and he can't do it. And it is a rule in commerce that where the demand exceeds the supply the hucksters will rule the market, and honest men will be cheated.

In a word, the old national branch of the democratic party of New York, under the belief that they have been superseded in the confidence and favors of the administration by the solitary abolition Buffalo party of 1848, are meditating open rebellion, and the Albany Atlas warns the party that a bolt may be regarded as a fixed fact. What then? The Democratic State Convention meets at Syracuse on the 13th of September. They may fail to harmonize upon a State ticket—the seceders may go off to Utica or some other place, and nominate another ticket; and that will bring us back to the split of 1848. Such is the gloomy prospect before us, in advance of the first annual message of Gen. Pierce, before he has proposed a single measure of public policy to either house of Congress.

The disorganized and apparently utterly helpless condition of the whig party of this State will probably contribute to hasten this democratic dissolution, rather than to encourage the hards and softs to a reconciliation. Between the Fillmore and the Seward divisions of the late whig association there has been as yet no approach to a compromise. Master Greeley gives up the party as a fact acquiescence in this judgment, as far as New York is concerned. The appointment of a Whig State Convention has yet to be made. A fine opening is offered for a new organization, upon a new platform, which will trounce and flourish, and extend all over the Union. But the remains of the late whig party are so strongly saturated with the abominable isms of Seward and his organs, that we fear the majority can only reorganize upon a free-soil, anti-rent, woman's rights, land reform, Maine liquor law, and protective tariff platform, or something of that sort. But then there will be an opportunity for an independent movement of the Fillmore and Webster constitutional Union compromise whigs; and the expedient of a junction between them and the hard shells has already in various quarters, as we are informed, been discussed.

"Thus then, from a review of the present condition of the discordant elements of both the old parties in New York, there is not only the danger to be consulted of another split among the democracy, but there is also the possible contingency to be looked after of the revival of the Seward branch of the late whig party on a bona fide abolition and revolutionary platform, and the fusion of the Fillmore and Webster portion with the democratic hard shells, or Old Guard, into an independent national Union party; otherwise the New York result this fall will probably be an easy triumph of the Albany Atlas and Van Buren wing of the democracy, leaving disaffected and excommunicated hard shells, and all the factions of the late whig party, scattered over the field, as the loose materials of a disorganized opposition, powerless from its divisions, though in the aggregate representing a large majority of the people.—Meanwhile, let all concerned brush up for the Syracuse Convention. Heads up."

FROM THE N. Y. EXPRESS.

THE FEUDS OF THE FACTIONS.

The hottest war that we know of, going on, in these latitudes, this hot weather, is the war between and among the affectionate brethren of that more, more than ever, indelible aggregation of persons commonly known as the "Democratic Party." It was Dr. Johnson, we believe, who expressed his liking for a "good hate." Had the old lexicographer lived in these days, in all probability he would have been one of the genuine Old Hunkers; for certain it is, they are the best haters of every thing that appertaineth to, or seems of, Barnburnism, that we can possibly imagine. The Barnburners hate, too, it is true, but their oppugnation to Hunkers and Hunkerism, though sufficiently severe, does not seem to attain that artistic expression of contempt which the veritably sublime, The Atlas, as the organ of the Free Soilers, frots and fumes and scolds, only—the Argus, in behalf of the Hunkers, scardies and cuts, right and left. The Argus speaks right out. The Atlas deals in dark hints and "damnable innuendoes;" the Argus expresses, openly, in the plainest and most lucid English extant. When it desires to denounce, or condemn, it does not go round the corner to perform the operation. Thus, in its issue of yesterday, it utters the truth thus, with a point and pungency peculiarly its own:

"It is obvious that the free soil presses and partisans have been emboldened in their course of opposition to the administration, by the recognition which they have received at the hands of the Administration itself, in its awards of the honors and emoluments of office. But for this encouragement to defection, and treachery to principles, these partisans, who are looking only after the spoils, would have long since renounced their offices, and would have been silent and unobtrusive followers in the wake of the democratic party."

Nothing could be truer,—yet every Southern Democrat who chafes at the present, seems with the most false and insidious of the excellent appointments, "the nationality of the administration," &c., &c., &c.

While watching things at a distance, the war that is raging in the camp of the Democracy, cursory eye might be had of another pertinent feature of the contest, presented in the Senate Chamber, at Albany, on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of a meeting there of the State Executive Committee, of the so-called young Democracy. As at the late meeting (at the Astor House) of the Democratic State Committee, and as in the Assembly, when the D. B. Taylor (Hunker) resolutions came to a vote, so here, there were decided symptoms of opposition on the part of the Barnburners to any recognition of the resolutions, of that part of the "Inaugural" touching the Compromise Bill and Fugitive Slave Law. A Hunker Committee reporting a resolution in that respect, substantially embodying the D. B. Taylor resolutions, the Barnburners taking the alarm, at once denounce it as a "shred," designed to disturb the union and harmony of the party, and move, therefore, to strike it out. The Hunkers, however, stood their ground with considerable heroism, and voted down a Free-soil resolution that was offered as a substitute, (praising the Executive appointments, but giving the entire go-by to the Compromise bill.) Just before the proceedings had reached this stage, there was a good deal of excitement exhibited. One of the delegates present, Mr. Cutting of Erie—Hard of the hardest kind—speaking of the Hunkers, said:

"He was free to say that he was tired of belonging to a party composed of two elements, discordant and irreconcilable. He had arrived at a position where he desired to know whether he belonged to the democratic party or not. Here is the language of the President himself, endorsing the fugitive slave law and recommending to all good citizens his hearty support. Shall we refuse to throw up a fire brand I will be one of the first to throw it. If we are ready to destroy the constitution, the sooner we are dissolved as a party, the better. The minority (that is, the Barnburners), desire an amendment. Let us examine. I have some suspicion, drawn from past experience, of the sincerity of these gentlemen. Their doctrine is 'damnable,' upon a late occasion in the legislature. I desire to have no affinity with men who denounce the fugitive law as unconstitutional. They are no more democrats than Granger or Fillmore. If you are democrats here is the language of President Pierce; endorse it if you would claim communion with his party, because I can find no party professing my sentiments. He wanted to go home and tell his constituents that this committee had passed resolutions which could not be mistaken. If the democratic party has higher objects than the forming of coalitions for the sake of the spoils—the sooner they are scattered to the winds the better." (Applause.)

There was one of the brethren well known in these parts, who seems to have figured largely in this occasion—a personage no less distinguished than Isaiah Rynders;

—Rynders could see nothing inconsistent in the adoption of the original resolution. Are we afraid to endorse the definite words of Pierce's Inaugural? There is nothing there I am unwilling to endorse. He was desirous of seeing who would vote against the resolution. He was for throwing no firebrands; but if this be one, let the party burn up! No true democrat exists but can stand upon this platform. If Pierce is now afraid to stand up to this position, let him leave the Presidential chair and let us have some man who I might have voted for barnburners, and will stand; but I will vote for no man who does not stand upon the platform of the Democratic party. I have sustained men who did not advocate these principles, without knowing it; but I shall never again sustain a man who does not support this doctrine. I am not acting here as a Hunker, nor as a factionist of any kind. If John Van Buren is a democrat now, I should vote for him. As we have said, the result was the passage

of the unadulterated Hunker Resolutions. The next struggle was on the second Resolution:

2d. Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to stand by the Democratic Republican nominations to be made at Syracuse, on the 13th September next; and that we earnestly recommend the Young Democracy of this State, to commence their organization immediately, to commence at once in achieving for the Democracy of the State a glorious triumph.

From the reported proceedings in the Argus, we glean, that,

Mr. Bogardus (Hunker) moved to amend, by inserting after the words "September next," the following: "Provided such nominations consist of true, tried and unswerving national democratic republicans."

This, after debate, was adopted—10 to 9; Mr. Rynders declining to vote.

Mr. Ballard thought it best that both resolutions should be laid by. He differed entirely from Gen. Pierce in the course he had pursued in respect to the appointments to office, if his purpose has been to keep the party in the traces. He has chosen to appoint to office free soilers, openly opposed to the fugitive law. One-third of my constituents are openly denouncing the law. But he was not prepared to criticize the action of the President in making these appointments.

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More Defection.—The N. Y. "Day Book," which aided to elect General Pierce, pronounces him a humberg. It says:

"We helped to elect General Pierce, believing that he would be true to his professions, and have nothing to do with wool, garlic or freesoil. But he has proved a humberg. He took old Marcy into his confidence, and has been playing more directly into the hands of abolitionism than the Whigs ever did. Southern Democracy pretends to understand New York politics better than we do, and tells us that the appointment of Mr. Fowler, John A. Dix, Major Beckie, of Buffalo and other ringed streaked, speckled and spotted old freesoil humbergs, are all right and ought to be satisfactory. The— they had? Satisfactory! just as if we did not know who is who, and what is what. Why, heaven bless you, men, if it were not for just such abolitionists as these in the North, there would be none at all save and excepting the crazy fellows who flourished twenty years ago, and who never were and never will be worth noticing. Who do you suppose would care for such notions as Garrison, Tappan, Abby Folsom, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Giddings, Mann, &c., &c.? Nobody!"

The Self-creating power of Money.—A penny at five per cent, simple interest, for eighteen hundred years, amounts to seven shillings and sevenpence half penny, but at compound interest it would be a larger sum than could be contained in six hundred millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all of solid gold.

Gregory's Dictionary.

In these few lines lies the secret of that immense wealth of the Rothschilds, the Girards, and the Astors. As Mr. Astor, once said, the only difficulty in becoming rich is that of getting the first few thousand dollars to begin with. Ignorance of this wonderful power in money to reproduce itself is a chief cause of the poverty of the poor. In most of the countries of the old world the great bulk of the population need all their earnings for the support of their families. There is hardly a man in the Union who is industrious that cannot, if he will, make a handsome provision for old age; in other words, it is almost always a man's own fault if he does not lay up in the course of a few years enough for every reasonable want of an early old age. The only secret is to let your savings, however small, accumulate.

This geometrical increase will astonish a person not before familiar with the wonderful results of interest accumulating on interest.

Cincinnati Atlas.

Animales in Water.—The idea entertained by most persons that all water, whether found in springs, wells, brooks, ponds, or cisterns, or even that fresh rain-water is filled with living creatures, is, as far as the microscope enables us to ascertain, without foundation. Water is a compound of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen, and the existence of animalcules in it is altogether dependent on certain causes, principally on its contact with vegetable matter; thus, if you take a bowl of water, and place a handful of hay or other vegetable matter in it, in a few days the top will be covered with a scum, which, by putting a small quantity under the microscope, will be found to be a mass of animalcules, but is only of the lower order, most of them being the smallest of the smallest of this class being so minute that ninety millions can swim about in one drop.—Exchange paper.

A Good Scriptural Name.—The Richmond Times of Saturday relates the following:

A gentleman travelling in a section of country which should be nameless, stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover."

"Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," said the pious old lady, "but I thought it must be a good one as I found it in the Bible."

"Found it in the Bible?" quoth the gentleman.

"Pray in what part of the Bible did you find it?"

The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and, turning to the text, read as follows:

"Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores."

"There," said she triumphantly, "have I not the highest authority for the name?"

A Lad of Promise.—"Nehemiah, my love," said Mrs. Wilkins to her first born, who was just entering his twelfth year, "what has become of your Sunday pantaloons?"

"I swapped 'em away, mother, for a book."

"I am delighted, my son, to find you so devoted to study. Not for twenty pairs of pantaloons would I baulk the bent of your genius. But what book do you find so irresistibly attractive, my dear boy? Pilgrim's Progress, or the 'Whole Duty of Man?'"

"No, ma'am, it wasn't 'zactly that, but something of the same nature; it was the 'Whole Art of Boxing!'"

Among the innumerable anecdotes of John Randolph the following is not the worst: A young aspirant for Congressional fame saw fit, in his maiden speech, to give proof of his boldness and eloquence by a long and abusive attack upon the eccentric member from Virginia. At the conclusion of the young orator's voluminous address the hero of Roanoke arose, and stretching his long nervous arm towards the seat of the complacent youth, with a half-jingling, half-contemptuous look, thus replied: "Mr. Speaker, who's that?"

Consistency.—In looking yesterday over some arrears of exchange papers, our attention was arrested by an account in one of them of a Parson of July celebration at Colleton, South Carolina.

As we perused the toasts given at this patriotic Festival, we thought that we must have got hold of a paper of July 1850, but turning to the date found it plainly printed 1853. The following are three of the thirteen regular toasts:

"A Southern Confederacy immediately, if not sooner."

"The Southern States: May they co-operate in seceding."

"The memory of Gen. Jackson, our O. K. President."

It used to be related of a distinguished Secretary of War that whenever hard pressed to make a decision, and driven from all other grounds of resistance, he would entrench his final refusal behind the argument, "something is due to consistency." The toasts of the Colleton celebration brought forcibly to our minds the anecdote related of the Secretary; for seldom have we seen an instance of more profound respect displayed for the virtue of consistency than in the Colleton toasts given above, unless indeed in preparing the occasion the committee on toasts resorted to ancient files for fitting ones, and hit on some portion in the palmy days of Nullification and Secession. It is more commendable, however, with the high opinion we entertain of the general character of the Southern Confederacy as two guns fired in consistency's sake to the memory of a defunct but cherished hero, which even the high personal qualities of its Carolina advocates could hardly in its lifetime, make respectable. And then to invoke the memory of General Jackson with Secession, as an O. K. President! Had the survivors forgotten the proclamation? If we wished to find a band of gentlemen of elevated talents, pure honor, and the firmest nerve, we would inquire sooner than to the neck between Secession and Kiawaw, known in history as Colleton, but we must say that in their politics they are sadly in arrears of the times, or that they value consistency above all price. They must admit, however, that if Nullification be still worthy of commemoration, it and Old Hickory do not belong to the same category.—National Intelligencer.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

A Jury of Inquest was held last night by Coroner De Vaux, in the body of Mr. Legan, killed in a duel yesterday with Capt. Dumoran. The verdict of the jury was that the "deceased" came to his death from a pistol shot by John Dumoran.

In the above laconic style the Charleston Evening News announced the result of the deliberations of the Coroner's Jury convened to inquire into the particulars of the death of Mr. Legan, who had been shot in a duel with a gentleman named Dumoran. We did not suppose that it would be possible to find in this enlightened age, and particularly in a country that boasts of its civilization and progress, an apology for its barbarism which the good sense of the present generation has helped to dissipate in a great measure, and few persons would now be found willing to advocate publicly such an absurd practice. We laugh at the Chinaman who instead of calling for "coffee and pistols" for two, procures two bowls of pure poison, one of which he drinks of himself, and hands the other to his adversary who if he neglects to follow literally the example set him, is branded as a coward and a poltroon, and never again can flourish his fan in decent society with any degree of independence.

In most of the civilized countries of the world, at the present day, the man who shoots his antagonist in a duel, subjects himself to an indictment for murder, and would in all probability terminate the career of wounded honor quite tragically on the scaffold. In Massachusetts and several of the Atlantic States, the sending of a challenge, constitutes a felony, the penalty in such cases being imprisonment in the State prison for a period to exceed twenty years, but, away down in Charleston they think no more of such things, than we do of the slaughter of an ox. But what to our mind renders the practice of duelling especially ridiculous, is the frivolous nature in most instances of the *casus belli*. Scroggins picks up the glove of the equisith Miss Smith, which had fallen to the ground of course accidentally, and with a polite speech presents her with it, whereas Muggins feels very wroth, twists his mustache savagely, looks daggers at his supposed rival, and forthwith dispatches a hostile missile. Scroggins' honor is wounded and the stain must be wiped out with blood, and blood alone. On the other hand Muggins' honor is also terribly lacerated at having received the challenge, and he too pants for the fray. In due course of time belligerents are placed *vis-a-vis* pistol in hand, and outwardly maintain the utmost *sang froid*, while inwardly they are more dead than alive, and offer up many a silent orison that some friendly individual should step in and settle amicably the whole affair about their wounded honors. The word is given, a report is heard, and the death-bearing bullet swings their way at angles from the objects which they were designed to pierce and are lodged in the adjoining haystacks. The seconds, if not particularly bloodthirsty, here step in and declare that enough has been done to wipe away the stain from their "honors"; the unhappy principals can scarce believe their ears, and all proceed on their way rejoicing. The above may be looked upon as a faithful description of the generality of duels, and the picture is by no means overdrawn. It is all nonsense to suppose that any man, except under a most extraordinary high brandy pressure, can hold his life so utterly valueless as to feel perfectly at his ease, standing at twelve paces from a well-known unerring shot.

New York Express.

Will it Prove True?—The London Times says: "In fifty years Ireland will be Protestant to a man. Both the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the race identified with that faith are all leaving Ireland. Ere long there will be none left. At the present rate of emigration, which cannot be less than two hundred thousand, chiefly Roman Catholics, in a year, our children will see the time when the Celts will be as obsolete in Ireland as the Phoenicians in Cornwall."

This globe is a theatre of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little cells in vinegar and the animalcules in pepper water I believe are quarrelsome. The bees are as warlike as the Romans, Russians, Britons, or French. Ants, caterpillars, and cankerworms are the only tribes among whom I can not see battles and wars, even if we believe Hindoos, Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil doers; but safely trust the "Ruler with his skies."—John Adams.

A Wisconsin lawyer is said to have commenced an address to the Court in the following style: "The Court will please observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, soaked with old Socrates, ripped with Euripides, and canted with old Cantharides; but what your honor, does he know of the laws of Wisconsin?"

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

The Lett London and possession of European form of the now agitating accounts before persons ably neither flag to be soon proposed, wiggling on to the be exhausted resources, affects to abuse or possibly union of France for the power of Russia has a warlike van of the to authorize Russia, by the that she can indefinitely Black Sea, a black quarter can keep herself, for at last it is cost of only a few new articles of her with her arms or two years be accepted. But Turkey's sources to the of preparation not possibly and financial actual position fight, attacks English fleet indefinitely to a more menacing Russia in a her diplomat as she did as the Sultan of flagrant Euro is presumed certainly fall induce her to ultimatum. fore Russia to gains her post it seems to her inactivity;" on her; she is out any activity solve the lea her the opportunity had first in than was or butted to Russia by nominal terms tion, but if the end of the

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