

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LVIII. New York, August 5, 1854.

A missing letter—August—The Cholera—Murder of Colonel Loring at the St. Nicholas—The Greytown farce—W. Gilmore Sims, L.L.D.—Dr. Griswold and Mrs. Ellet—Sandwich Island Notes—Portraits of famous men—History of Cuba.

MY DEAR POST: Your paper of the 29th ultimo, came to hand in due season, but I was surprised to find that it did not contain my letter of the 22d, which I posted duly upon that day. I mailed another letter upon the 29th ult. and both of them may appear in your paper of this date, or you may print but one of them, supposing that both finally reached you. As I cannot determine the question, I will simply discharge my duty, which is to send you a letter every week, independently of post failures—not your, but Uncle Sam's post, I mean!

August continues to us the fervent heat of its predecessor, though we have had two or three cool nights, which afforded us an opportunity to set a little. The mosquito season has fairly set in, and those who do not take the precaution to sleep beneath a net, find it exceedingly difficult to sleep at all. With the heat, the cholera, and the cholera, New York is quite an uncomfortable place for the time being. Of the latter affliction I have not much to say and may as well say it at once. The disease is more manageable than it has ever been before. Few cases terminate fatally, when the aid of a physician is obtained before the death-tokens appear. The hospital cases are chiefly composed of victims in the last stage of the disease, and that so many of them recover, is a proof of the wonderful tenacity of life in the laboring classes. Our newspapers contain a great many chapters on the cholera, and great pains have been taken to impress upon the public mind, the necessity of avoiding excesses in eating and drinking and in exercise, whether of the body or of the mind. It seems to be pretty well established that cholera makes few victims except of the imprudent, and there is truth in what one of our city physicians published this morning, that the cholera is the most magnanimous of all the scourges which visit mankind. "It never strikes without warning." It may be that this remark has exceptions, but I am satisfied that in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, the warnings are decided and unmistakable. We need not apprehend danger while we are temperate and on the look out for the first approach of the foe, who comes without disguise.

You have doubtless conveyed to your readers the tidings of the melancholy tragedy at the St. Nicholas Hotel, which occurred on the morning of the 2d instant, and by which Col. Loring of California, was foully murdered by Dr. Graham of New Orleans. I use no equivocal phrase in describing this homicide, for the simple reason that I think it deserves the name I have given it. It is a most melancholy affair. The wife of the murderer, it is said, is plunged into a state of distress bordering upon insanity, and every heart bleeds for her unutterable woe. There is another sad object of our sympathy—the victim of the murdered man—who had but recently been re-united to her husband after a long separation, occasioned by his official duties in California.

Dr. Graham occupied a respectable position in New Orleans. He is described as a man of fierce impulses and irascible temper, which are so greatly aggravated by intoxication that he has of late habitually avoided drinking stimulating liquors. This abstinence he unfortunately violated, and became greatly intoxicated, in which state he committed this fearful murder. There is no excuse for him, not the shadow of extenuation that I can discover, notwithstanding it is currently reported that he rests confidently in the expectation of acquittal upon the plea of a justifiable homicide. Such a plea in the circumstances seems preposterous, but what may be the result of his trial it is impossible to say. I can only say, earnestly, "Justitia fiat!"

The Greytown affair excited us a little for a few days, and I must say I heartily relished the wit of the down East editor, who said of it that "the United States Government wanted to get up a fight with some foreign power and so they magnanimously concluded to take one of their own size." A smaller affair, taken altogether, has not marked a day of the United States Calendar, and Mr. Borland's grievances, and Capt. Hollins', prowess will not be speedily forgotten, however much they deserve to be!

Among the distinguished visitors in our metropolis at this moment, is Dr. Sims, of South Carolina, the South's most able literary exponent. He comes among us jaded with the fatiguing duties of his profession, chief among which is the arduous editorial management of the Southern Quarterly. Mr. Sims has many ardent friends and admirers in this city, and his sojourn here is always a succession of hospitalities and courtesies freely lavished upon him.

I regret to notice in the papers, a paragraph originating in the Charleston Courier, injurious to the private character of Dr. R. W. Griswold of this city. It states that Mrs. Ellett a female author of some cal-ibry, has commenced a prosecution against him, on the charge of bigamy. Not only is this statement false without a shadow of mitigation to its unblushing effrontery, but it is also impossible in the nature of things. Dr. Griswold was divorced from his former wife (for sufficient reasons) by the Pennsylvania Courts, and was perfectly free to marry again. His present wife is a most amiable and talented woman. Mrs. Ellett's hostility to Dr. Griswold is explained by her intimacy with his former wife; but however bitter it may be, it is not probable that she will commit the folly of attempting to set aside the decree of the Pennsylvania Courts. It is worse for Mrs. Ellett that this ridiculous paragraph is floating about, than for Dr. Griswold. I notice it simply because it is infamous and reprehensible in the last degree. Dr. Griswold occupies a high position in this city, and is now convalescing from an illness which it was thought recently, would have carried him into the grave, and thus put an end to his long, honorable and useful labors in the field of American Literature, where no one has surpassed him in his acquisitions and toils. He is now engaged in revising completely his celebrated collection of the Female Poets of this country, though this is but a moiety of the engagements now upon his hands.

Of recent new books I have time and space enough to notice only two or three.

"Sandwich Island Notes, by a Haole," is a very entertaining volume from the press of Harper & Brothers. It is a picture, physical, social and moral of that famous group of islands as they appeared to an American traveller last year. I have not had leisure to read it with attention; but I have gained from my cursory notice of it an impression of its general candor. I am pleased to say that it treats the missionary operations in those Islands with dignity and respect—elements entirely lacking in the books of some late travellers in that quarter. The morals of the Islanders are represented as degraded in the extreme, but the Christian portion of the population are exempted from the censure. The author thinks that the Sandwich Islands should be "annexed" to the United States, and reasons the point with a show of argument and sense. There is much in the book that is valuable, and the narrative is very lively and pleasing.

The Footprints of famous men, is a book for boys, reprinted from the London Edition, by Harper & Brothers. It is full of noble and unexceptionable examples of greatness.

I have been remiss in not having before commended to your readers, a new work by the author of "Margaret Maitland of Sunny Side." It is entitled "Margaret Maitland" and published by the enterprising house of Riker, Thorne & Co. To those who are familiar with the tender and exquisite pathos, and with the simple earnest piety of "Margaret Maitland" the present book will need no recommendation, beyond the fact that it is from the same pen. To others let me say that it is a story of the Scottish Reformation, abounding in vivid scenes, admirable delineations of character, unaffected piety, irresistible power and pathos and pure lessons of truth and wisdom. Need I say more to make it welcome as a household book?

The history of Cuba is the title of a very handsome volume just published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. It is a volume compiled from the notes of the author Mr. M. M. Ballore, during his residence upon the island. The book is full of interest at this moment, and I am glad to say that it is not disgraced by the spirit of filibusterism, so rife at this day. The author concludes his very interesting account of the physical and social aspects of the "Queen of the Antilles" with a chapter of Retrospective thoughts, and of anticipations, in which latter he indulges in hopes for Cuba, should she be ultimately and honorably incorporated with our own happy and prosperous land, in which view there are few perhaps who will not heartily coincide.

But I will not extend this epistle to an unwarrantable length, and will only add the familiar sign-manual of

For the Southern Weekly Post. THE PILOT MOUNTAIN.

"All shadowing Pilot! high and lone, and cold, Thou rest'st by form in grandeur, and the light Which glids thy brow at sunset as of old, Shall be to thee a diadem all bright Amid the ages distant and untold."—J. B. STAPARD.

Who of those whose eyes glance at this have ever beheld this wonder of nature called the Pilot Mountain? Say who has?

You have undoubtedly heard of it often through the public prints, but which one of you has actually stood on it and looked at the beautiful Yadkin river winding along a hundred or two miles from the mountains of Wilkes through wide stretching woodlands, by farms and hamlets without number?

Go up, reader, to this place, pause a day for rest at the excellent hotel kept by a fine family, and as the sun rises or sets, go up sixteen or eighteen hundred feet, and look South and behold South Carolina, turn to the North and look at the Blue Ridge of Virginia; after which gaze at the Bald Mountain which skirt Tennessee.

Do this, and then if you are not better employed, write out your emotions, if you can, for the most widely circulated journal of the day, so that your friends can partake of a slight extent at least in the enthusiasm of your soul. It is a calm and grand feeling which the soul experiences when nature is viewed from this mountain height. It is a memory which will be with the visitor for a life time. Reader, again be urged to visit the Pilot. B.

For the Southern Weekly Post. EAST BEND, N. C., AUG. 5, 1854.

EDITOR OF THE POST: There is at this place a flourishing Institution for educating the rising generation, under charge of J. H. Kinyoun, a graduate of Union College, N. Y., and it is as well conducted as any in this section of the State.

Mr. Joseph R. Creel, is assistant teacher; and every thing connected with it shows an improving tendency.

It is situated in a heathen section, truly there being only TWENTY-ONE Still-houses within a circle of six miles around—still the efforts of good men will overcome their evil influence, and eventually do away with the necessity of their continuance.

There are some noble gentlemen residing in this section, and they have resolved to have an Academy here with every thing necessary costing ten thousand dollars or more for the building.

One gentleman of enlarged liberality, (Mr. Glenn,) has freely subscribed five hundred dollars, and will, if necessary, double the same.

The necessity of schools in sections where Still-houses flourish is surely too obvious to need any comments. In view of the Pilot Mountain, with a fine spring of water near, there is everything connected with the Academy except the STILLS above referred to which should induce the growth of one of the best schools in North Carolina. B.

OUTRAGE AT CONEY ISLAND.—On Thursday evening, while a party of respectable citizens of Brooklyn were enjoying the luxury of a sea bath at the above named place, three ruffians, armed with clubs from six to eight feet in length, commenced an assault by using very indecent language to the ladies, of which the company was partly composed, and finally using their huge clubs over the heads of the remainder of the party in a most brutal manner, inflicting serious wounds upon some of them; all of which transpired without the least provocation whatever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ELEPHANT OF THE EAST.

A person who had never seen a wild elephant can form no idea of his real character either mentally or physically. The unwieldy and sleepy looking beast, who, penned up in a cage in a menagerie, receives a sixpence in his trunk, and turns with difficulty to deposit it in a box, whose mental powers seem to be concentrated in the idea of receiving buns tossed into a gaping mouth by children's hands—this very beast may have come from a warlike stock. His sire may have been the terror of a district, a pitiless highwayman, whose soul thirsted for blood, who, lying in wait in some thick bush, would rush upon the unwary passer-by, and know no pleasure greater than the act of crushing his victim to a shapeless mass beneath his feet.

I have heard people exclaim, upon hearing anecdotes of elephant hunting, "poor things!" Poor things, indeed! I should like to see the very person who thus expresses his pity going at his best pace with a savage elephant after him; give him a lawn to run upon, if he likes, and see the elephant gain a foot in every yard of the chase, fire in his eye, fury in his headlong charge; and would not the flying gentleman, who lately exclaimed "poor thing!" be thankful to the lucky bullet that would save him from destruction? There are no animals more misunderstood than elephants; they are naturally savage, wary and revengeful, displaying a great courage when in their wild state as any animal known. The fact of their great natural sagacity renders them the more dangerous as foes. Even when they are tamed, there are many that are not safe for a stranger to approach, and they are then only kept in awe by the sharp driving hook of the mahout.

Elephants are gregarious, and the average number of a herd is about eight, although they frequently form bodies of fifty and even eighty in one troop. Each herd consists of a very large proportion of females, and they are constantly met without a single bull in their number. I have seen some small herds formed exclusively of bulls, but this is very rare. The bull is generally much larger than the female, and is generally more savage. His habits frequently induce him to prefer solitude to a gregarious life. He then becomes doubly vicious; he seldom strays many miles from one locality, which he haunts for many years. He then becomes what is termed a "rogue." He then waylays the natives, and in fact becomes a scourge to the neighborhood, attacking the inoffensive without the slightest provocation, carrying destruction into the natives' paddy fields, and perfectly regardless of night fires or the usual precautions for scaring wild beasts.

The daring pluck of these rogues is only equalled by their extreme cunning. Endowed with that wonderful power of scent peculiar to elephants, he travels in the day time down the wind; thus, nothing can follow upon his track without his knowledge. He winds his enemy as the cautious hunter advances noiselessly upon his track, and he stands with ears thrown forward, tail erect, trunk thrown high in the air, with its distended tip pointed to the spot from which he winds the silent but approaching danger. Perfectly motionless does he stand, like a statue in ebony, the very essence of attention, every nerve of sense and hearing stretched to its cracking point, not a muscle moves, not a sound of a rustling branch against his rough sides; he is a mute figure of wild and fierce eagerness. Meanwhile, the way tracker stoops to the ground, and with a practised eye pierces the tangled brushwood in search of his colossal foe. Still further and further he silently creeps forward, when suddenly a crash bursts through the whole jungle; the moment has arrived for the ambushed charge, and the elephant is upon him.—[The Rifle and the Howd in Ceylon.]

A POINT OF SPACE.—The diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp, than infinity. The star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from the extremities to the nearest fixed star, as a centre, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second! By the simple rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130 millions of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000, of solar systems, the size of our own.

Nay, good father, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 2,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand millions of human beings to live, to love, and labor in the same starless void.

Nay, good man of tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull hazey speck of light in the great milky way, and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then that the starless space between their solar systems, might contain 500,000,000,000 of similar systems. Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass opens to your view, from one point of space. Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly; What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect. The Creator of all these worlds is his God.—Elihu Burrell's Thoughts and Things.

HERRING FISHING AT THE SOUTH.

From the Scientific American.

A correspondent of the New Haven Register, gives an interesting account of the herring fishery, as practiced in the eastern part of the Carolinas. The herrings which are taken there, he says, are of a different species from those which are used in England—being larger and less savory. They make their appearance shortly after the run of shad commences, although their grand run, as it is termed, does not take place until considerably later in the season. They always go to shoals, and unlike the shad, do not confine themselves to the deep water of the river, but enter the shallowest branches of sluices emptying into it. The fact of the herring taking to the branches, where they may be easily caught, induces the inhabitants to watch the waters pretty carefully throughout the fishing season, and when a shoal enters a branch or inlet, the news is soon spread from house to house, and a motly assemblage of all ages and colors soon gather on the banks, each individual being armed with his deep hand net. As soon as the main body of the shoal appears to have entered, they fall to work and fill up the mouth of the branch with brush, or throw logs across the more shallow places, to keep them from returning; and the poor fish have no alternative but to submit gracefully to their unenviable fate, death in the present and a frying-pan in the prospective. Sometimes several thousand fish are captured thus in the course of a single hour.

It is customary when the herrings enter the branch, for the person making the discovery to spread the news among his neighbors, so that all may stand an equal chance.

SOCIAL EVILS—WOMAN TO BLAME.—The New York Times has a very good article about the social career of that city, and exposes the cancer of extravagance that is festering upon the very vitals of society:

"A great part of this tremendous evil is due to our women. It is hard to think it—it is harder to write it—but, nevertheless, it is plain, honest truth. They are the money malestroms—and their silks, wines, carpets, hangings and equipages—and in them are swallowed up the millions that are reported in our financial disasters. Psalms for their souls—liturgies of sorrow—requisitions of death—anything in the way of thunder and lightning, would be, just now, the next thing to a gospel, if it could arouse our women to arrest the enormous drafts they are making on the exchequer of the world.

"The wasteful expenditures in domestic life are telling fearfully on other aspects of society. Thousands of young men are now prevented from marrying because of the extravagant scale of living. Happy those who were married twenty-five years ago—thrice happy such as gained social position and comfortable ease before Mammon undertook to guard the portals of society! They could do well on a few hundreds of dollars, but in these days thousands have to take their place. The next step is to provide substitutes. What these are, the world knows. Alas, for the victims. The waters of that Dead Sea which rolls over Sodom and Gomorrah are daily engulfing them among the licentious generation that sunk before them.

Where are we to stop? Every season there must be a score of fathoms added to the line that measures those abysses. A fine house provokes a finer. A gorgeous drawing room and a splendid entertainment beget a more magnificent show. The steps are short from brick to sandstone; from sandstone to marble; from a silver service to a gold service. Ingenuity is hard at work. Genius is pledged to gay women. A while longer, and we shall light our cigars with ten dollar bills, and drink dissolved pearls for a dinner beverage."

PRAYER TO THE POINT.—The complaint of drought made by many papers throughout the State, brings to our minds an anecdote told of an old fellow who use to have "local habitation" in Andover, Ohio. The year previous to the incident had been one of unusual drought, accompanied with hot days and chilly nights, and there was especially a failure in the corn crops. The old chap, on Sunday evening, dropped into the Presbyterian church while a prayer-meeting was in progress. There were but few in attendance, and those few mostly grave and reverend deacons, who, with a fault too common, went prayer gathering all over the world. It immediately struck the old chap that such long prayers were intolerable, and that he would instruct them how to pray briefly and to the point. So he popped up his pegs, and—"Brethren," said he, "you pray too long. Five minutes are long enough to make five prayers;" and before anybody could recover from the surprise of such an abrupt intrusion, he was down on his knees jabbering out at railroad speed—"Oh Lord! give-us-good-loud-ears-of-corn this year, and-none-of-you-nubbins—Amen!"—The effect of the prayer was magical, and an audible snicker relieved the solemnity of the occasion.

HISTORY OF THE WORD ESQUIRE.—The word is from the French esquier, (shield-bearer) and originally signified nothing more. It was applied to the armor-bearers of knights and barons, who were second in rank to them. The esquire was a gentleman, and had the right of quartering arms on his shield, as also of wearing a sword, which denoted gentility—though he was not girted with the knightly belt. This was esquire of chivalry, of whom we have an amusing burlesque in the person of Sancho Panza, the valorous attendant of that famous knight errant, Don Quixote. Another class, feudal esquires, consisted of those who had a right to claim knighthood, but had not been dubbed. The sons of younger sons of dukes and marquises, the younger sons of viscounts, earls and barons, and their eldest sons, with the eldest sons of baronets and knights of all orders, are regarded in England as esquires by birth, though their precedence, which differs widely, is regulated by the ranks of their respective ancestors. Officers of the Queen's court and household, her army and navy, down to captains inclusive, doctors of laws, barristers, physicians, are reputed esquires. A justice of the peace is only an esquire during the term of his office; but the sheriff of the county holds the title for life. In this country it is used almost indiscriminately as an expression of respect.

A CURIOUS DEVICE.—An exchange vouches for the truth of the following:

There is a bridge over the Rhine at Basle. Between the two towns, it is said, there was much contention and jealousy, of which there is still a most laughing monument. In the tower directly facing the bridge is a public clock, and a carved image of a human face, whose perpetual business seems to be to make faces at Little Basle. The image has its mouth a little open, and is furnished with a long tongue of a fiery red color, which is so connected with the pendulum of the clock, that every vibration in one direction runs it out in a scornful, venomous branding towards Little Basle, and the return stroke draws it in. The device is so queer, so expressive, and at the same time so ludicrous, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing right heartily in the public thoroughfare when I saw it, and my mind has often reverted to the perpetual spitting out of that spiteful red tongue towards the insulted and scorned town of Little Basle.

Southern Weekly Post.

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

Some of the high authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have recently denounced secret societies with the heaviest censures, and in some cases have even denied the last sacraments to the members of such associations. This was only such conduct as might have been expected from the jealous spirit of that communion. It is quite natural that the Roman hierarchy, itself a great secret society without the name, should dread the influence of associations of men whose operations must lie beyond the reach of inquisitorial scrutiny. The opposition of that church, therefore, should excite no surprise; but it is quite a different matter when Protestant churches go beyond the divine warrant under which they profess to act, and denounce these societies in solemn ecclesiastical convocations. The Southern Synod of Ohio, lately adopted a series of resolutions of this character, and determined to admit no one into their connection hereafter who may be a member of a secret society.—Within the last few years we have noticed several such examples of high-handed presumption, and we cannot forbear from expressing our hearty disapproval of them.

The members of christian churches certainly do not lose any of their civil and social rights by virtue of their ecclesiastical connection. This is an important principle which should be carefully preserved and recognized. It is one which we are in danger of losing sight of in this country, through the cunning influence of foreign ecclesiastics, and it is very unfortunate that American Protestants have sometimes been tempted to sacrifice it to a temporary expediency. If two American citizens have the right to counsel with each other in private, and to hold an important secret in common, any number of citizens may properly do the same, and we cannot see how such an agreement could render them amenable to any church or church officer in the country. When this right is denied, the claim of the church to exact every kind of confession from its members, is clearly admitted, and the principle upon which the inquisition was founded is plainly recognized. We cannot admit such a right in any ecclesiastical authority, or allow that the church may thus interfere with the secret concerns of its numbers. We maintain a great principle when we contend for this important right, and are confident that it is one which the American people will not willingly surrender.

The right of secret conference and confidence has been recognized and acted upon from the foundation of the government. Secrecy is in fact essential to success in every private and every official business. The executive department of the government could do nothing without it, and neither the army nor the navy could safely dispense with its aid. It is employed in every important enterprise of the government and in every transaction of individual effort which requires its use. There are secret societies scattered all over our country, and there is not a college in the land, of any respectability, which has not one or two such associations among its students, allowed and encouraged by the authorities that preside over them. It is arrogance and presumption therefore, in our opinion, for a small fraction of the body of Christendom to pretend to the discovery in morals, that secret societies are wrong, and to determine to exclude from its fold all who belong to them.

We are governed in what we have said by no great partiality for secret societies. The writer has no connection with any such institution, and, except at college, never belonged to one. We think we see, however, that in assailing the principle of secrecy, the foreign element of our population is assailing a sacred right of the citizen, and denouncing as criminal the exercise of that right. We fight against such movements in their incipency, impelled by the simple purpose of forewarning our countrymen against the undermining influence of foreign ideas. Let us be wide awake to observe the operations and maneuvers of our enemies, and be prompt to counteract the mischievous tendency of their designs.

Virginia and South Carolina are both knocking loudly at our doors to obtain the right to connect the Central road with Danville. Wait a while gentlemen. The time has not arrived to justify such a concession. Let us get Memphis and Beaufort connected first, and then we may consider the proposition.

HON. GEORGE E. BADGER has returned to his residence in this city.

MOBILITY is written legibly on all earthly things, but upon nothing more distinctly than the various lines of railroad now intersecting our country.

Travelers are constantly annoyed by changes of hour, of terms, and accommodations, and are compelled to be ever on the watch lest some alteration of the schedule should put them to unlooked-for inconvenience. Old arrangements are kept in the advertising columns of the newspapers long after they have been abandoned, and nothing but the most careful vigilance can save the traveler from being misled. It is time that our railway officials should acquire more steady habits, and cease to display the facility of their invention in a series of changes in their plans of operation so painful to the taxed patience of the public. Accidents and course to be expected, but there is no adding to them so many other causes of miscalculation. The increase of travel depends upon the increase of facilities for it, and there is nothing that so much facilitates it as a general acquaintance of the public with the arrangements of our railroad and steamboat lines. These arrangements enter into all the plans of individuals for their personal movements, and so long as they continue to be so unsettled and precarious, these movements must be greatly impeded or retarded. We deem this matter worthy of serious consideration, and submit our suggestions thereupon to the parties concerned.

A CHALLENGER.—Ex-Senator Tallmadge having replied with some spirit to an article of the Richmond Dispatch ridiculing his credulity in regard to spiritual manifestations, the editor of that paper challenges him to procure from the shade of Mr. Calhoun, or any other spirit with which he is in communication, a report of the operations of the belligerents in Europe, in advance of the steamer, so that its truth may be tested by the facts. We do not exactly see how Mr. Tallmadge can escape from such a trial of his faith. The idea of the Dispatch is a capital one for testing the sincerity of his professions. In fact there is nothing easier for the spirits to do than to convince all mankind of the truth of their revelations by the simple method of clearly anticipating the events of contemporary history. Their revelations have been, so far, of such a nature that it is generally impossible for a living man to test them by investigation. What we want is some bona fide prophecy, giving us in plain language the details of events before they transpire, or before any knowledge of them can possibly reach us by ordinary channels. We hope Mr. Tallmadge will see the propriety of thus fairly meeting the issue, and that he will not shuffle off with the miserable and suspicious apology that the spirits are not disposed to venture upon such an experiment. Let him remember that the spirits are not the responsible parties; it is their interpreters whose veracity and honesty are arraigned and questioned.

WE see it stated quite frequently in the papers that our government will, in all probability "either purchase or seize Cuba," in a short time. For the honor of our country we hope that the suggestion has no other foundation than the imagination of its inventors. As to the purchase of Cuba, being no politicians, we have nothing to say in regard to its propriety. But as citizens deeply concerned for the character of our country, we must declare that a gratuitous seizure of that island would be a blot upon our history which centuries of glory could not efface. We say this in the full confidence of the present Administration is innocent of so shameful a design. We do not believe any respectable politician in the country would willingly see the indelible stain fixed upon our national character. The mere suggestion of such a crime is big with insult. It is enough to make the American eagle hide his head under his wings, and the stars on the national flag grow dim with shame. What? seize by force the most highly prized possession of a power with which we are at peace? It might be possible for an unscrupulous autocrat, but is utterly impossible for a conscientious people—a people whose pride it is to show the world an example of purity, and moderation, and unswerving honor.

THE AGONY OVER.—The world may now repose for a while from the tremendous agitation into which it has been thrown by the conflict between Bragg and Doekery. That question of questions has been decided at last, and exhausted humanity seeks a little rest from the throes of the struggle. A comparative calm begins to spread its benign aspect over the faces of the nations who witnessed the appalling scene, and nothing remains to break the serenity of mankind but an occasional revolution in South America, or now and then some paltry victory of the Turks on the banks of the Danube. It is in vain that such a demagogue as the Russian Czar endeavors to agitate the quiet surface of society with his petty maneuvers, or that Eppanero and O'Donnell breed a contemptible ements among the malcontents of the Peninsula. These are but harmless meteors on the tranquil horizon, compared with the volcanic explosion that has just ceased to agitate the universe. Yes, history has completed another great cycle, and added another volume to her awful record.

STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—We are indebted to the Raleigh Standard for the following table, showing the date of the commencement and close, and places of holding the State Agricultural Fairs in the various States of the Union and in Canada; and from which it will be seen that the North Carolina State Agricultural Fair commences on the 17th and ends the 20th of October next:

Table with columns: Name, Where held, Date. Includes Illinois, Kentucky, Lower Canada, Vermont, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Missouri, New York, New Hampshire, Maryland, Indiana, Wisconsin, Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina, Georgia, Iowa, National Cattle Show, Springfield, Ohio.

NORTH CAROLINA ELECTIONS.—Sufficient returns have been received from the late election to warrant us in saying that Col. Bragg, the democratic candidate for governor, has been elected by a large majority. The legislature is also decidedly democratic.