

North Carolina Christian Advocate.

ty comfortable four horse coaches. The genius of opposition is blessing passengers up here too. The terminus of the road is called Milboro', and is 160 miles west of Richmond.

We are on the Central Road, it leaves Richmond near the old market, and I tell you we do the next thing to flying over it; but here I am greatly annoyed by the profane and self-important conductor. It is monstrous for decent people to be compelled to have their feelings affronted by such officers. Where is the President? He may hear from us, for he has opposition on the South Side Rail Road, and it would be a favor to inform him of the facts of which I am in possession.

But we are at the junction, and we go without much delay, and soon arrive at Gordonsville. At the junction the Central cars go on to Gordonsville, and the Fredericksburg to Washington. At Gordonsville the road forks again, one going to Alexandria and the other to the mountains. Charlottesville, gentle man, cries the porter. We have come over some fine bridges, and now at Charlottesville, we look out upon the venerable State University, founded by Thos. Jefferson. It is a most beautiful place. On the brow of the neighboring mountain is the residence of Thos. Jefferson—Monticello—here he lived and died and is buried. It is lamentable to see how his tomb is neglected and exposed to the aggressions of man and beast. So true it is, that

"To rich and poor, great and small—
In dust—without distinction lie."

But here are the mountains, only a few miles from Charlottesville—the noble Blue Ridge, that looks in the distance like a huge ridge of dark and angry cloud. But how are we to get over the other side. The cars rush up to their very sides as if they were about to be *into them*, but then away they fly into the valley again, as if the undertaking were too stupendous. It reminded me of the fabled battle of the gods and giants. The mountains stood as if in firm defiance, and the steam horse acted as if he was determined to engage with them in a mighty conflict. But we are at their very base. Our engine is taken off another, it is attached of different construction. It is very short and stout. It looks as if it could do wonders. The wood and water are carried above the boiler, so as to concentrate as much weight as possible in a small space. But it snorts and is off—right up the mountain. Two ears only are attached to one engine. Up and down, around and around we go in an oblique direction up the side of the mountain, just as we would in a carriage; really it is wonderful. The mountain frowns on one side and the precipice yawns on the other—hundreds of feet steep. The beautiful valley spreads out as far as the eye can reach. Up we go—slowly. It takes an hour to cross the mountain, a distance of nine miles only. We feel conscious of danger, though but one accident has ever occurred yet. The passage of this mountain with the cars is the greatest triumph of human genius in the world. I thought of the anecdote of the Yankee and Englishman when going over. The Englishman said to the Yankee when looking at Vesuvius—"You have nothing like that in your country." The Yankee was silent for a moment, as if about to give it up. Then he replied—"No, we've nothing like that in our country, but turn Niagara into it will put it out in five minutes. The triumph was complete. The world has no such work, as the rail road across the Blue Ridge. This is only a temporary arrangement, however, to serve for transportation until the mountain is tunnelled. The longest tunnel will be a mile and a quarter long. This will be dark travelling; they are progressing with it considerably. After travelling over the most beautiful scenery on which my eye has ever had the privilege of resting, we are seated at the Rock Alum Springs, a most pleasant place. If agreeable to you, you shall hear something more of me in future from this quarter and further on.

Affectionately,
TRAVELLER.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Disastrous and Fatal Accident.

PHILADELPHIA, July 17.—An excursion train of the children of St. Michael's Church was proceeding on the North Pennsylvania Railroad this morning, at about 7 o'clock, when near the town of Fort Washington, it came in collision with the down train. Six cars were entirely demolished, killing thirty-five, (among whom was Father Sheridan, of St. Michael's Church,) and injuring nearly 100 others.

The excursion train contained eleven hundred children, with their parents and teachers. The collision occurred in a curve near Fort Washington. The down train was running slowly, but the excursion train was going rapidly endeavoring to reach the stopping place before meeting the down train. Both locomotives were crushed together, setting fire to a mass of broken cars, and causing the bodies of many victims of the collision. The scene was heart-rending.

The scene of the disaster is fourteen miles from the city, in the neighborhood of two curves, so that approaching trains cannot be seen five hundred yards distant. The track is also single. When the locomotives came together they rose on end, the fire boxes of each nearly touching, and fell over across the road. The fire, being scattered about the wreck, the first excursion car soon caught fire and the flames rapidly communicated to the two others piled upon them. The most extraordinary efforts were made to extricate the unfortunate mangled beings who were crushed amid the wreck, rending the air with their dying groans.

Many of these poor beings were still alive when the flames reached them, and thus suffered as it were a double death. Their groans and shrieks for aid were awful and heart rending, altogether beyond the power of language to describe.

Fortunately there were two hotels, a dwelling and a blacksmith shop and small shed within three hundred yards of the wreck, all of which were used to shelter the dying and wounded. A number of physicians from the city and from Germantown were early in attendance, doing all within their power to aid the sufferers.

Two fire engines from Chestnut Hill came to the spot, and forced water through

the hose to the wreck from a neighboring stream. After working for several hours the fire was extinguished, and the human remains were removed. Nineteen burned bodies were removed to the blacksmith shop—three supposed to be females. Under another shed were placed eight other bodies, so charred by the flames as to defy recognition.

The body of Father Sheridan has been recovered and brought to the city.

An immense crowd was attracted to the spot from the surrounding sections of country; many friends of the excursionists walked from the city, and others proceeded thither in every description of vehicle, which were made use of in bringing the wounded and dead to the city.

William Vassawen, the conductor of the down train, drove to desperation by the calamity, committed suicide by swallowing arsenic.

William Lee, the engineer of the same train, has been arrested and committed for examination.

The train of this evening brought down four bodies burned to a crisp; one unknown, the others John Dilton and two brothers named Royce.

STILL LATER.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—All the remains of the victims have been gathered up and brought to the city. Twenty-seven bodies have not been recognized. They are mostly burned so as to defy recognition.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The Senate passed a bill amending the act of December, 1792, concerning the registering and recording of ships or vessels, the object being to make it conform to the present regulations of the Treasury Department.

A motion of Mr. Hall, a resolution was adopted calling on the President for information whether any instructions have been issued to any military officer in Kansas to disperse any unarmed meeting of the people of that territory, or prevent by military power any assemblage of the people of that territory.

The Senate amended the bill, providing for the arming of fortifications, alteration of small arms, etc., and reducing the appropriation from three to eighteen hundred thousand dollars, and then passed it—yes 27; nays 10.

On motion of Mr. Cass, a resolution was passed, providing for an adjournment, (the House concurring,) on the 11th day of August.

A bill was passed regulating the fees, costs and other judicial expenses of the government throughout the United States.

Bills were passed making appropriations for the improvement of the Delaware breakwater, certain harbors in the State of Maine, and of the harbors at Marquette Michigan, and Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

After which the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The House proceeded to the consideration of the Nebraska contested election case, the committee on elections reporting a resolution that Bird B. Chapman was not, and Harrison B. Bennett was elected the delegate to Congress from that territory.

Mr. Watson having made a speech in favor of the resolutions,

Mr. Clingman obtained the floor, and moved a suspension of the rules in order to act upon the Senate's resolution fixing a day to close the present session. The motion was disagreed to—yes 107, nays 57; not two-thirds.

Mr. Sage moved a suspension of the rule with a view to act on the bill to continue the improvement of the Hudson river, above and below Albany, and below Troy. The question was lost—not two-thirds voting in the affirmative.

On motion of Mr. Stanton, a resolution was passed fixing the daily hour of meeting at eleven instead of twelve.

The Child's Faith.

We had had a long, cold ride, and I was very tired. After a short interview with the friends to whom our visit was paid, we retired to our chamber. One little son, a lively, restless child, not yet three years old, was with us, and not at all inclined to sleep. At length I said to him,

"Charley, mother is sick and tired, and cannot talk to-night."

"Ma," said the little fellow, "God can make you well, can't he? Shall I ask him?"

"Yes, my son," I replied. Then the little fellow started up in the cold room, and, kneeling down on the bed-clothes, folded his little hands and prayed. "O, good Heavenly Father, please to make dear mother well by morning, for Jesus' sake." After this, he crept back into his bed, and in a few moments he was fast asleep.

Next morning he woke with the earliest light, and waking me, said, "Are you well this morning, mother?"

"Yes, my son, I feel very well indeed, this morning."

"Oh, I knew you would," said he, clapping his hands for joy; "I knew you would, for I prayed to God to make you well, and Jesus always hears little children when they pray."

Often, since that time, have I recalled the little boy's faith, and wished that the same simple, child-like confidence in the word and promise of God were mine.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The Cleveland Herald has the following touching comment upon charity.

A gentleman had observed a little girl clad in rags, passing him with a bottle which she carried to a grocery to be filled with whiskey, and with which she returned home. One bitter cold morning, when the snow drifted through the streets, he saw the child struggling homeward thro' the storm with the omnipresent bottle, her little bare legs glowing with the effects of cold. He called her into his house, which she entered reluctantly, and his wife, one of those never backward in deeds of kindness, clothed the child, with warm hose and a comfortable cloak, and warm and happy, she went home still bearing the bottle which was the sole cause of her own and her sister's sorrow. Her father was a man who owed the gentleman a considerable sum. Evening came and the drunken father visited the gentleman, but he was now a sober man: that day the contents of the bottle had remained untouched.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the morning of the 22d inst., Mr. R. N. F. Reid, Mr. E. H. Hardin and Mr. Lang, of Ramseur, N. C., married Mr. W. K. Willie, Mr. Robert McFarling to Miss Virginia C. Allen.

At Bellette, in Brunswick County, on the 11th inst., by J. H. Brooks, Esq., Capt. Jas. Easter to Miss Maria A. Pigott.

At Shallotte in Brunswick County, on the 9th inst., by J. H. Brooks, Esq., Capt. Jas. B. Barker to Miss Rebecca A. Morgan.

WYCHE'S CULTIVATING PLOW.

Patented 26th Feb. 1856.
(THE BLADED PLOW.)
Awarded \$20—Prizes for the best plowing at the N. C. State Fair.

WITH Cutting Blades is the place of a mold-board, cuts, divides and turns over the soil, depositing the finer parts in the furrow, and turning up the coarser particles on the surface, the surface is light and lasting and easy to be driver and team. Admirably adapted to almost any purpose for which the plow is used.

For license to sell, with further information, address W. E. WYCHE.

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