Andrew Johnson at Home. To use a trite expression, we have no doubt that Andrew Johnson feels "perfectly at home." We have just received the official vote for governor in his own county—the county of Greene. To show the estimation in which he is held by those who have known him longer and best, it affords us more than ordinary pleasure to spread this vote before our readers.

Eighteen years ago the voters of Greene elevated him from the tailor's bench to a seat in the legislature of Tennessee. At every subsequent election

Napoleon at St. Helena. A work has just appeared in London which is destined to excite a great sensation. It is entitled a "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Journal of Sir Hudson Lowe, and official documents never before made public." We have not yet seen the book, but find an analysis of it, with numerous extracts, in the last number of the London Athenæum.

The work, intended as a defence of Lowe for his brutality to Napoleon, is full of curious revelations. It seems that the systematic annoyances to which the

Railroad Accidents. The following truthful remarks we cut from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser; their force will be felt now that an accident has occurred upon a railroad almost in our own vicinity, and at a time when the lives of some of our own citizens were placed in fearful jeopardy:

"One of the peculiarities of this fast age of ours is the sudden forgetfulness of the most alarming accidents. Hundreds of human beings perish on our land and water whose destruction has been caused by agents under the control of man, and where the

The Russian Minister—A Story with a Moral. We see it reported that Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, has undertaken to muzzle a Washington newspaper, after the fashion of St. Petersburg. We hope he will have "a good time."

This reminds us of an incident we have heard related of this gentleman, in the earlier days of his mission. Some years ago he was passing over the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad, on an excursion to Niagara, with a party of friends. If we remember rightly it was his wedding tour. When the train reached Syracuse, an attache, or secretary, or some-him from the tailor's bench to a seat in the legislature of Tennessee. At every subsequent election they have sustained him with an enthusiasm which marked their confidence in the man. Aided by their suffrages, he was enabled to serve for a period of eight years in the Congress of the United States. Aided by their suffrages, he is probably exalted to the chief magistracy of his State.

Were we to follow the impulse of our feelings, we should say much more about Andrew Johnson. He deserves all that could be said in his commendation.

But we must not lose sight of the fact with which we set out. Bear in mind that Greene is his home, and read the annexed figures:

GUBERNATORIAL RACE IN '51—GREENE COUNTY.

Wm. Trousdale (dem.)	1,684
W. B. Campbell (whig.)	1,144
Trousdale's majority	540

PRESIDENTIAL RACE IN '52—GREENE COUNTY.

Franklin Pierce	1,307
Winfield Scott	780
Pierce's majority	527

GUBERNATORIAL RACE IN '53—GREENE COUNTY.

Andrew Johnson	1,915
Gustavus A. Henry	902
Johnson's majority	1,013

To those who are familiar with the stubborn character of Tennessee whiggery, the triumph of Andrew Johnson will appear to be no ordinary victory. All honor to the Tennessee democracy, and their indomitable and talented standard-bearer.

Washington Union.

Col. Ruffin, the nominee of the largest political Convention that ever assembled in New-Berne, must feel flattered by the overwhelming majority which he has received. Eloquently and ably did he defend our cause, and gallantly has he led us to triumphant victory. The democratic majority in the district was estimated at about 2,000 and he swells that number to 3,159 or 1,159 more than the majority of his party. Who can, who has, who will beat this? It can't be did—that's all! May we not, then, take much pleasure in pronouncing Col. Ruffin emphatically the most popular man in the Second district? But this is not all. The high-toned bearing and magnanimous course pursued by Col. Ruffin in the late canvass, give to his constituents an unmistakable guarantee that he will do them honor in the renowned Halls of our national legislature. A man of pure principle and unsullied integrity, their interests will be secure in his hands. An uncompromising friend of the present administration, and one of the delegates to the Baltimore Convention, that nominated Franklin Pierce, he will give to that administration an uncompromising and individual support so long as it adheres to the principles laid down by that convention. When it abandons that Platform, Thos. Ruffin abandons it. No schemes of logrolling or wire pulling will meet with any favor from our Representative, while we know he will liberally support every measure that can benefit his constituents or add to the prosperity or security of the nation. Hurrah for Ruffin!—Nine times hurrah!

Golds. Rep, & Pat.

ARISTOCRACY. It is related of Antæus, who aspired to wrestle with the gods, that, if they could by any means induce him to leave his *Mater terra*, and grabble with them, they found little difficulty in worsting him; but so long as he could keep his feet firmly planted upon his native soil, he was more than a match for them.

When men outgrow their true position, and aim to live removed from the cares and duties of life, like Antæus, they lose their footing and fall. In order to battle successfully we should never forsake our sphere. Thousands are kept poor, by aping the customs and notions of the rich, and thousands who are rich become poor, because they are too proud to use the same efforts to keep that it requires to accumulate. The following is an excellent hit at this species of aristocracy:

It is always a petulous thing for haughty people to look back upon the line of their ancestry. Twenty years ago, says the Merchant's Magazine, this one butchered, that one made candles, another sold cheese and butter, a fourth carried on a distillery; another was contractor on canals; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them, though it will not do to say so loud. For often you will find that those toiling worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year. Death brings divisions of property, and it brings new financiers; the young gentleman takes his revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death—or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a moneyed rank, it is not hereditary—it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up, a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children again to labor. The father grubs and grows rich; his children strut and use the money; their children inherit the pride and go to shiftless poverty; their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth; changes into leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to re-appear in new trees and fresh garniture.

INDUSTRY IS TALENT. We often hear persons explaining how one man succeeds, while another fails in the same pursuit, by attributing to one a talent for his business, but refusing it to the other. Yet, without denying that some individuals have a greater aptitude for particular avocations than others have, we think that the problem in question could be easier solved, by saying that the successsful man was industrious, while the other was not.

Bulwer, for example, is considered a man of the highest abilities as a novelist. Yet when Bulwer began his career he composed with the utmost difficulty, often writing his fictions twice over. He persevered, however, and now stands almost at the head of his class, his latest productions, moreover, being regarded as the best from his pen. Every school-boy is familiar with the fact that Demosthenes became an orator only by pursuing a similar plan. Nor are illustrations of the great truth, that industry is talent, confined to the higher intellectual pursuits. When Girard trusted the customer without an endorser, who carried his goods home on his shoulders, the shrewd old Frenchman was acting on this truth, deduced from his own experience of mankind. All eminent persons, whether mechanics, merchants, lawyers, or statesmen, were industrious, from Watt and Norris, down to Turlow and William Pitt. Washington, Franklin, Marshall, Madison, and every other distinguished American, were busy men. Industry, in short, is talent nine times out of ten.

Phil. Ledger.

THE MERCY OF GOD IN ICE. A writer in the Philadelphia Register is eloquent in the praise of ice. Physicians, we believe, will attest that the article will bring relief to the diseased stomach when nothing else can. The writer referred to, says:

"In the langour and exhaustion of a recent illness my mind dwelt much on the mercy of God in ice. As it quenched my panting thirst, or as it cooled my burning brow, I came to the conclusion that, to the sick, it was the queen of comforts. I rejoiced that I had outlived the ancient prejudice against its use in sickness. I wish that I could write a psalm like David's in its praise. And I thanked the holy children that in their '*Benedicite, omnia opera Domini*,' they had remembered ice: 'O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him forever!' I then remembered that, to the poor sick, this great comfort was a luxury—rather an impossibility. And it then occurred to me, that if I were rich, I would found in one of our great cities an ice house for the poor sick. As I am not, and never expect to be, the next thing is to suggest it to those who are. And, if they have felt as I have, the mercy of God in ice, they will hasten to commemorate their gratitude in providing for these—his brethren: "And whosoever

brutality to Napoleon, is full of curious revelations. It seems that the systematic annoyances to which the exile was subjected, were well known to the British Ministry, and that, so far, forth, Lowe was less guilty than has been popularly supposed. But this is not the darkest shade of the transaction. These volumes leave no shadow of a doubt that Dr. O'Meara, whose "Revalations from St. Helena" become afterwards so famous, was originally designed to act as a spy on the secret thoughts of Napoleon, for the benfit of the Prince Regent, and certain members of the Cabinet; that he actually filled this disgraceful post for a while; and that the revelations he made of the tortures, which the excited emperor suffered, "amused" his Royal Highness, to quote from the correspondence, and afforded a "real feast" to various others in authority. What can be more revolting than this picture? The highest personages in the British realm, comprising even the acting executive, conniving at a breach of private confidence, and consenting to the petty malice of a brutal, consequential governor, in order that they might be "amused" at the agonies of their victim! It is to the credit of Peel and Wellington, who succeeded the ministry which thus disgraced itself, that they appear to have disliked the entire proceedings.

O'Meara himself does not appear in the most favorable light. The best that can be said of him is that he firmly refused to assist in this dirty work, partly from compassion for Napoleon, partly beause the British ministry refused to pay a certain twelve thousand francs which he demanded. His "Revelations from St. Helena" was the consequence. Though he assailed the Cabinet with great acrimony in that book, the government could do nothing in retaliation as he well knew; for the only course they could take effectually to injure him would be to publish his letters written when their spy; and this would damage them even more than him. All the government did was to cause a vituperative article to appear in the Quarterly Review, of which the authorship was generally attributed to Croker. It now seems that this gentleman was the person in the ministry, that managed the correspondence, using as his tool a friend of O'Meara's, clerk in the Admiralty, whom he bade to instruct the doctor to write in the fullest possible detail, all the anecdotes he could pick up. Croker is still alive, and may endeavor to white-wash the affair over. But the Athenæum says there is not the slightest doubt of the authenticity of the documents; and if so, the task of the vetern Tory will be as difficult as changing a leopard's spots.

In short, there seems no doubt, from the revelations in this book, undertaken though it was for a defence of Lowe—that the tales told of the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena by O'Meara, Las Casas, Montholon, and others, were not a whit beyond the truth. The only result of these volumes is to confirm the general suspicion which, of late years had begun to prevail, that the Ministry of Lord Liverpool sanctioned, at least indirectly, all the meanness and brutalities of Lowe.

Saleratus is said to be injurious to the human system, and that it destroys thousands of children and some adults every year. In New Brunswick, contiguous to Maine, the physicians are wont to say that half the children are killed by the use of saleratus. The evil is fast spreading throughout the Union. Families of moderate size already use from ten to twenty-five pounds yearly.

Remarks of the New England Farmer. Storekeepers who have been engaged in the business for many years, have told us that formerly they used to purchase three or four small kegs of saleratus for a year's supply in a country village, but that now they purchase more than as many large cases, weighing six or eight hundred pounds each. Large quantities are used in making bread, the most common food, and of which all partake. Milk should take its place there. Many persons are in the habit of adding a little saleratus to most kinds of pastry. We are inclined to believe the remarks quoted above have much truth in them. We do not know how far the power of saleratus may be neutralized by a mixture of other substances used as food, but it may be known by the chemist, and should be explained to the people.

What is saleratus? Wood is burnt to ashes. Ashes are lixiviated—lye is the result. Lye is evaporated by boiling—black salts are the residum. The salts undergo a purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained. By another process, we change the potash into pearlash. Now put this into sacks, and place them over a distillery wash-tub, where the fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas, and the pearlash absorbs and renders it solid, the product being heavier, dryer and whiter, than the pearlash. It is now saleratus. How much salts of lye and carbonic acid can a human stomach bear and remain healthy, is a question for the saleratus eaters.

HOG STATISTICS OF KENTUCKY. We find the following in the Louisville Courier of the 28th ult:

We have received some further returns of the hog statistics in Kentucky, giving the sum total of the number of hogs six months old in January, in all the counties but six, as follows:

Ninety-five counties,	1,282,119
Six counties not in, gave last year,	716,36
Probable gain this year,	150,00
	1,368,557
Grand total last year,	1,130,001
Probable gain this year,	238,556

By this statement it appears that the increase this year will, in Kentucky, be upwards of 200,000 hogs and we learn by correspondence and otherwise, that in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, there will be an increase over the product of last year. In some sections the gains are large, and if the corn crop turns out favorable, and from the indications in this State it will, it must exert an influence on the provision market. We endeavor to lay the facts before our readers, and they can draw conclusions. We will endeavor to obtain the returns of the assessment in Ohio, and have received three counties, which show a large excess, which is in part owing to the fact that this year all the hogs are assessed, and last year only those over six months old. The returns are from Pickaway, Holmes and Morgan counties, which show an excess this season of 45,000 hogs.

VERY SHREWD. There lives, not a thousand miles from Gotham, a dealer in small wares, whose greatest fear is of being overreached. He goes without milk in his coffee, in dread of buying a spoonful of Croton, and never pays for a newspaper, lest it should not be published to the end of the year. His little shop is without gas, for he has no faith in the metre, and he even dips his own candles, to insure that they are all tallow. In one thing he is liberal; he makes large purchases of counterfeit detectors, and buys an extra if there are any whisperings of a broken bank. A neighbor of his was imposed upon the other day, with a bank note, which had been ingeniously altered from "one" to "five;" and our dealer has been on the watch ever since for fear of a similar imposition.

The other day, a young girl from the country stepped into his little store, and purchased a pair of stockings; offering a one dollar note in payment. The old man eyed the girl so sharply that her face became suffused with blushes, and this was, to him, an acknowledgment of guilt. "How dare you offer me this!" he asked in an angry tone. "I thought it was good," she replied, timidly. "What is the matter with it?" asked a bystander, who had been attracted by the dispute; "it looks like a genuine note."

"*Genuine* enough," said the shopkeeper, his face crimson with passion, "but don't you see? It's a *one altered from a twenty!*"

New York Journal of Commerce.

PREMIUMS TO FEMALE EQUESTRIANS. The Agricultural Society of Columbiana county, Ohio, at its exhibition commencing on the 12th of October, in order to afford the ladies of Columbia county, and any from a distance who may be in attendance, an opportunity to display their agility on horse-back, have rais purse of $250, to be distributed in pr land and water whose destruction has been caused by agents under the control of man, and where the same has been traced to negligence and carelessness, and sometimes to conduct which all knew must result in disaster and death. Yet what is done about it? Does not the memory of the occurrence die away in a few days at most, and the men who are the occasion of it all walk boldly about the streets? In the whirl of business, and amid the numerous plans of active life for the accumulation of money, all these terrible things pass away from men's minds, and are not remembered, until a few dozen human beings are smashed to pieces on a railroad or a hundred or two boiled to death on a steamboat. What lessons are thus taught railroad directors and steamboat owners but those of impunity, and which create, of course, a feeling of the utmost security? What, pray, has been done with the reckless and highly criminal officers of the Henry Clay? What with the Reindeer people? Is the Norwalk murder to be forgotten, or the inhuman slaughter at Chicago to pass into oblivion? Are these awful murders to be recollected only by that poor widow who saw her husband lifted from the splintered car a mangled bloody corpse—by the family of children orphaned by this or that collision—by maimed, disfigured men, out of whom the fair semblance of manhood has been scalded by an exploding boiler, or by the ragged fragments of a car hurled down some declivity by a reckless engineer? If it could be so ordered that all the misery and woe that follow these calamities fell upon the families of railroad directors and steamboat officers, perhaps we should hear less frequently of the loss of life on land and water. Then the travellers are not without blame—rushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to get mad and fret and fume because the last thirty miles has taken thirty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds, when 'up to time' should be the motto of the engineer. But we are a fast people, and can't stop to look at the dead bodies of those who have been crushed—blown to pieces—burned and drowned—as they, like us, were hurrying along the great thoroughfare of life, calling for greater speed and dashing impetuously onward. But it matters little where the blame lies, for no one is anxious to find it out. All these are forgotten; justice tightens the bandage about her eyes, and her voice is not heard. A coroner's jury fumbles over the bodies and publishes wise conclusions upon the occasion of the deaths, and that is all—the public lies torpid until another blow calls for emotion, which has its vent by way of another coroner's jury and the usual publication."

Solar Eclipse in 1854. On Friday, the 26th of May next, there will be an eclipse of the sun, which will be more or less visible in all parts of the United States and Canada, and in a portion of both will be annular. Its commencement in the city of Washington will be at 4h. 20m. in the afternoon, its greatest obscuration at 5h. 18m. and its end at 6h. 27m. As the apparent diameter of the moon will be a little less than the snn, the eclipse cannot be total any where. The Christian Almanac says:

"The ring will be only about one-third of a digit wide, and will be visible only in the vicinity where the line of central eclipse passes. The eclipse is central in longitude 73deg. 53min. west of Greenwich, latitude 45deg. 14min. north: and in longitude 640 deg. 35min. west, latitude 41deg. 10min. north. By finding these positions upon a map, and drawing a line from one to the other, the towns and countries through which the central eclipse passes will be readily discovered. The path of the annular eclipse will be about one hundred miles wide and extend about fifty miles each side of the line we have described. The annular eclipse will move about one hundred miles per minute.

"The first time this eclipse ever occurred was 1313, July 2d; since then it has returned thirty-one times, including its return next year. It occurred in April, 1800, in May, 1818, and in May, 1836. It will return again in June, 1872. Its last return will be in the year 2593, August 17th. The next solar eclipse that will attract much attention in this country will be 1858, March 15th."

The Rifle. Many persons who are very expert in the use of the rifle, know nothing of the principle on which it operates, and would be at a loss if asked why a grooved barrel throws a ball truer than a smooth bore. The reasons are:

In the first place, no bullet is or can be cast perfectly spherical. One side is always heavier than the other, and the ball always swerves from right to left of projection. However hard it may be to prove this theoretically, practice demonstrates it. The same smooth bore, immovably fixed, twice loaded with the same charge, of the same powder, and of balls cast in the same mould, will not plant them in the same spot, at the same distance.

The rifle barrel is a female screw, which gives the tightly driven ball a rotation so that the bullet, or rather slug, swerves with the twist of the screw, another revolution corrects the error. There are but three motions in a rifle ball—the straight forward, the spiral, and the downward, caused by the force of gravity. A rifle of thirty to the pound, drops its ball about a foot in a hundred yards. Rifles are sighted, therefore, to meet the deviation. On leaving the barrel, the ball moves above the line of sight, continually falling in a parabolical curve, till it intersects it. The point of intersections is called the point blank.

Who invented the rifle is not known. Its principle was known to the North American Indians before the discovery of the continent. Their arows are feathered spirally, and move precisely in the manner of a rifle ball.

A Good One. The last number of the Southern Era gives the following:

"We have just read an account of a deer hunt in which, strange to tell, the deer killed the hunter. It is related of Daniel Boone, the great Kentucky hunter, that when he was a young man he went out hunting deer at night, accompanied by a young companion, who bore in his hand a torch light. When this light is seen by the gentle deer, instead of being frightened, it attracts, them and lures them on to their doom. They draw near, and the hunter, beholding their clear, shining eyes, shoots them down. On the evening in question, after passing some distance through the forest, young Boone's companion indicated to him that a deer was visible. Boone advanced, saw the eyes, and raised his unerring rifle, and was about to fire, when it occurred to him that those were not the eyes of a deer. He lowered his gun and the object fled, and Boone immediately started in pursuit. He chased it to the house of her fathers', when it proved to be a handsome young girl. The game was up. Dan's rifle never sent a ball to the heart of a 'varmint' with more unerring and fatal certainty than did those bright eyes send a shaft to his. The bold backwoodsman pressed his suit, and the maiden allowed herself to be wooed and won."

How Kentucky got its name. The origin and meaning of the name of Kentucky has been accounted for in different ways, both ingenious and plausible. The latest analysis of the word Kentucky that we have heard, we had a few days ago from the lips of an old hunter, now in the ninety-ninth year of his age. When Boon first came to that country it was inhabited exclusively by no tribe of Indians, but was the common hunting ground for all the tribes of the adjacent country. The rich valleys were covered with a chapparel of *cane*, bearing a small berry, on which the turkey came in countless numbers to feast. Thus, it was enough for the whites to call it the land of *Cane and Turkey*. The Indians, trying to pronounce the same words, got it Kane tuckee, from this it was abbreviated into Kentuck, and finally the name by which it is now known—Kentucky—*the land of Cane and Turkey*.

A writer in the last Edinburg Review states that Byron drew the character of Lambro, the pirate, in Don Juan, from real life without even the substitution of a ficticious name. Lambro was probably in Byron's sethey will hasten to commemorate their gratitude in providing for these—his brethren: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward."

from

, an opportunity to display their agility on horse-back, have raised a purse of $250, to be distributed in premiums, worth from $5 to $80, to the best female rider, or to those most skilled in reining a single horse or a span of horses in harness.

Don Juan, from real life without even th

tion of a ficticious name. Lambro was probably in the zenith of his dark celebrity during Byron's second residence in Greece. His story, as recorded by the poet, is mainly true, and the old Patriarch-pirate at the age of between eighty and ninety, was lately living, if indeed he be not yet living, in the island of Zea.

rightly it was his wedding tour. When the train reached Syracuse, an attache, or secretary, or something, took a fancy to quarrel with one of the men employed about the Depot, and, with the insolence of a petty official raised his cane and struck him. The man was about to take justice into his own hands, but the fellow claimed the protection of his master and his suite, who, of course, all took his part, and supposed their diplomatic character would enable him to get off with impunity.

Mr. Smith, the Conductor and Agent, immediately waited on the Minister in the car, stated the case, and civily but friendly remarked that such an unprovoked outrage could not be tolerated here; and wound up by expressing the hope that the Minister would end the business, as he easily could, by apologizing.

The Minister smiled. Apologize! Did *Monseur le Conducteur* know whom he was addressing? It was M. Alexandre Bodisco, Ambassador of the Emperor of Russia!

Mr. Smith coolly replied that if he was the Emperor of Russia himself, he was entitled to an apology. And he added that, until he got it, that train would stand where it was in the Syracuse Depot.

Great was the indignation of the circle, when this audacious speech was translated all around it, and it was found that diplomatic proceedings were so suddenly brought to a stand-still. Terrible oaths were sworn at the Conductor, the Railroad, the Company, the country, the—everybody! But, as they were all in Russian, they did not hurt anybody.

"I order this train to go on!" said the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, stepping out on the platform. The passengers stared. Bystanders winked at each other. The little pop-corn and candy boys opened their eyes wide at the man with the long beard, and thought he must be crazy. But the train did not budge an inch.

"I order this train to go on!" repeated Mr. Bodisco, bringing his cane vehemently down on the platform, by way of emphasis. No result. The smoke curled lazily up from the locomotive, and the firemen and engineer leaned back on the wood pile to enjoy the fun.

Fortunately at this moment a Washington acquaintance, who happened to be on board, came out, and undertook to explain American customs to the Ambassador. A long colloquy ensued in some foreign tongue, which nobody understood. The upshot of it was, however, that a handsome and courteous apology was tendered and received—the Minister adding that his ignorance of the language and customs of the country had led him into a mistake. The whistle sounded, the bell rung, and away went the train carrying two or three wiser people out of Syracuse than it brought in half an hour before.

It is barely possible that Mr. Bodisco's labors with the Press may terminate in a similar way. After all, it is the education, not the man, that is to blame. M. Bodisco is a sensible and accomplished gentleman, as such things go in Russia. There his requirements would be treated as perfectly reasonable and proper. Persons go and stop, at the bidding of high Diplomatists. Here, however, high Diplomatists oftener come and go at the bidding of the Press.

Albany Evening Journal.

AUSTRALIA. The people of Australia are in the midst of a terrible quarrel with their colonial government, reminding us in many of its details of what we read of the early troubles between the royal governors and councils, and the (then) British Colonies of North America. In this case, however, the colonists possess advantages vastly superior to those which surrounded our forefathers. The marked difference in the ideas of the respective ages concerning government, is to them an advantage incalculable greater than any enjoyed on this continent, amid the circumstances leading to the times that "tried men's souls." Britain, too, is tired of colonies, however, much her commercial interests may keep her wedded to the policy of holding possessions wherein, as in India, the mass of the people are virtually slaves. The discovery of gold in Australia is causing her ports to swarm with emigrants better fitted than any other class to work out her independence, from their qualities of mind as well as character; shrewd, desperate and uncontrolable men, as a large portion of them are. Australia already possesses an immense amount of shipping to be owned in a colony, and the mass of her people resemble those of the United States in their enterprise, far more than the present inhabitants of Canada, our next door neighbors. The existing condition of the Chinese empire, too, is a very tempting bait, alluring them to break with the mother country; for they see that it mnst come under the virtual control of some European nation or of the United States in the next half century, if not under theirs. Indeed, it strikes us that, in the distance, we have more to dread in the probable commercial rivalry of the Australians in the East, than in that of the mother country.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times gives the following description of a dentists sign in that city:

I spoke the other day of Paul Simon, the greatest dentist. Just outside of his door stands a glass case, containing a beautifully dressed wax figure, representing a fashionable young lady, with the mouth slightly opened, and displaying a splendid set of teeth. She has a full blown rose in her hand, which hangs negligently at her side. As you look at the figure a moment, you notice an extraordinary change. Two of the teeth of the lower jaw, and one of the upper slip from their places and are withdrawn from the sight; at the same moment, the hand which holds the rose, suddenly rises and strives to conceal the defect in her dental arrangements. In another moment. however, the teeth are replaced, the hand and rose sink to their former position, and the lady resumes her complacency. At the same time that the figure is undergoing these various vicissitudes, a large number of upper and lower jaws, single and double teeth, gums and palates, which form a sort of zodiac around her, seem to be impressed with the necessity of continued action, and are chewing with excessive vigor; as one jaw goes up the other comes down, and they meet in the middle with a vast concussion. The process of mastication is thus beauitfully exemplified. Of course, the moral of all this is, "Walk up stairs to Dr. Cumbile, who flatters himself that his newly improved instruments, and thirteen years of experience in his profession," and so forth, and so forth, and so on.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS DURING THE PRESENT YEAR. The following is the number of railroad accidents, with the killed and wounded, during each month of the present year:

Months.	No. of Accidents.	Killed.	Wounded.
January,	12	25	40
February,	6	6	11
March,	14	24	62
April,	4	25	54
May,	8	54	49
June,	5	6	19
July,	11	8	22
August.	5	29	76
Total to Aug. 12,	65	176	333

Sixty-five casualities, a hundred and twenty-six deaths, and three hundred and thirty-three persons injured! There is a total which should put our civilization to a blush, and almost make men forswear the progress of the age.

AN ARMY OF GRASSHOPPERS. An army of grasshoppers has made its appearance on the northern confines of Guatemala and extended into Mexico as far as Oajaca. It is about three leagues long by half a league broad, and travels at the rate of twelve miles a day. It has already traversed 150 leagues of country, moving during the day and remaining quiet at night and during the clowdy days, keeping near the coast, and never beginning its march until 8 or 9 o'clock, when the sun is felt. Its preferred food is the indigo and corn, and it has not touched the sugar cane. It is described as being from two to two-and-a-half inches long, of a deep yellow color, and having four small wings of the same color. A similar plague took place in 1771, when they invaded Yucatan and the coast of Vera Cruz and New Mexico in formidable numbers. *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Fayetteville and Centre Plank Road. The annual meeting of the stockholders was held on Thursday last, Maj. D. G. McRae presiding, and Mr. J. M. Rose acting as Sec'y.

We learn from the Report of the President and Directors that the road has been completed from Fayetteville to Puppy Creek, 15½ miles—that of Messrs. Jones & Barbee's contract for 20 miles, from Puppy Creek to Blue's Bridge, 5 miles have been completed; 5 miles more will be completed by Sept. 1st; and the entire distance by Jan'y. 1854. Twenty miles of road are now under toll.

Sufficient subscriptions to construct the road through Richmond county not having as yet been received, no work has been done beyond Blue's Bridge, except the survey from that point to Little's Mills. It is to be hoped that our friends in Richmond will take speedy measures to secure the construction through that county of a road promising immense benefits to them and to us.

Liberal subscriptions have been made in Montgomery, and no doubt is entertained of procuring the necessary amount for the construction of the road through that county.

The Stockholders accepted the amendment to the charter authorising a change of terminus, and adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the road be now located from or near Little's Mills in Richmond county to or near Swift Island in the county of Montgomery, by such route as the President and Directors may select, and that the location of the final terminus be for the present postponed.

Messrs. Jas G. Cook, Geo. McNeill, Henry Lilly, J. G. Shepherd, T. S. Lutterloh, H. L. Myrover, E. W. Willkings, of Fayetteville, and Messrs. Isham A. Dumas and T. Bostick of Richmond were elected Directors for the ensuing year. At a meeting of the Board of Directors, Jas G. Cook was elected President, and J. M. Rose, Secretary.

We learn that a proposition has been submitted to the Directors, to construct a Branch Road from near the Hon. L. Bethune's in this county, via McLean's Bridge (over Drowning Creek) and Laurel Hill, to McNair's Store in Richmond county, near the S. C. line. The proposal has been accepted provided a sufficient amount for the construction of the Branch be subscribed. Messrs. John McNeill, M. W. McNair, Jno. C. McLaurin, Wm. Buchanan, Daniel McLean, Ferdinand McLeod and Wm. McLean have been appointed to procure subscriptions in Richmond county. *Fayetteville Observer.*

Franklin Gray. Franklin Gray, who committed suicide a few days ago, by throwing himself before the cars at Rochelle, near New York city, and whose case, from his domestic relations, appears to excite great sympathy in the North, is very well known in the West and South. He lived at Helena, Arkansas, and kept an indifferent drinking house, with a room for *faro* and other games. He was a professional gambler, and having been detected in some tricks at faro, by which he attempted to defraud a respectable gentleman of Phillips county out of a considerable sum of money, the citizens having become enraged, demolished the groggery, tore down the building and obliged him to leave, without his coat, at midnight. He went to San Francisco, and by the successful tricks of his trade, amassed a large fortune, and turned up in Washington about a year ago, as the millionaire Col. Gray, one of the merchant princes of California. He stayed at Brown's Hotel—had a fine suite of rooms—dressed superbly—effulgent with diamonds and brilliants of the first water—he was not long in making a sensation in that diplomatic city.

He soon acknowledged the beauty and charms of his present wife, whom he had met at one of the weekly soirees at Brown's Hotel, where the wealth of Col. Gray obtained for him a facile entree, and through the influence of disinterested friends he laid at the feet of the young lady's mother his diamonds, money and rent roll. The bait was too much to be rejected. The engagement became the subject of public conversation. The mother was cautioned against the connection, but the rent roll won the day. The wedding took place in the church, and was a grand affair. The magnificent *trousseau* of diamonds, with which he presented his bride, was displayed to the public gaze, and it is feared many a fair maiden sighed because she was not the fair recipient of Col. Gray's vows and money.

About 19 years ago, Franklin Gray married the widow of a respectable lawyer of North Carolina, much his senior, but a showy and intelligent lady. It was the same Mr. and Mrs. Gray who were mixed up in the rumored attempt to poison with champagne Gen. Santa Anna, when a prisoner at San Jacinto. He came to Arkansas from Texas, and lived in that State from 1837 until this affair at Helena. Often wretchedly poor and ekeing out a living by the precarious results of his profession, his wife, who heartily abhorred their means of existence, became dissatisfied, and Gray and herself quarreled and separated. Gray became rich, and married the beautiful Miss French, without having a divorce, and the first Mrs. Gray went to New York and threatened a prosecution for bigamy against her legal husband. His will in favor of his second wife will be legally tested by the party claiming priority as wife.

New Orleans Delta.

How to make Money Fast and Honestly. Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In your own right, or by the aid of friends, on long time, have a cash capital sufficient at least to do a cash business. Never venture on a credit business on commencement. Buy all your goods or materials for cash; you can take every advantage of the market, and pick and choose where you will. Be careful not to overstock yourself. Rise and fall with the market on short stocks. Always stick to those whom you prove to be strictly just in their transactions and shun all others even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, nor equivocate, nor misrepresent. Have but one price and a small profit, and you will find all the most profitable customers (the cash ones) or they will find you.

If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save yourself by putting the deception upon others; but submit to the loss and be more cautious in future. According to the character and extent of your abilities set aside a liberal percentage for printing and advertising and do not hesitate. Never let an article, parcel, or package go out from you without a handsomely printed label, card or circular, and dispense them continually. Choose the newspaper for the purpose, and keep yourself unceasingly before the public; and it matters not what business of utility you make choice of; for, if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.

A friend informs us that, while suffering with a bone-fellon twenty years ago, Dr. Francis Le Baron, late the Apothecary General of the United States, advised him to fill a thimble with soft-soap and quicksiver mixed, and bind it tightly over the fellon. This he did, and in the course of twelve hours it was drawn to a head, when the core was removed, and, by appliances of the usual poultice the sore soon healed. Our informant remarks that this is a severe expedient, but one that is to be preferred to the customary treatment. We have heard others who have availed themselves of the remedy prescribed by our friend say that it is effectual and expeditious. As a good many persons are now afflicted with bone-fellons, we have been requested to make this publication. May it prove "a real blessing" to the suffering. *Cor. Baltimore Clipper.*

The Name of Lola Montez. From the following announcement of the marriage of this notorious personage, it will be seen that she is not deficient in names. If to these were added all those by which her friends, enemies and admires applied to her, we think even this long list would be considerably increased:

"Married, this morning, at the Holy Church of the Mission Dolores, by the Rev. Father Flavel Fontaine, Curate, Madame Marie Elise Rosanne Dolores, Countess of Lansfeldt de Heald, Baroness of Rosenthal, and Chainoinesse of the Order of St. Therese, to Patrick Purdy Hull, esq., conductor of the San Francisco Whig and Commercial Advertiser of this city."

Persecution after Death. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer amusingly complains that Clay, Calhoun and Webster, who were tested with all sorts of questions from abolitionists in their lives, are not spared even after their death—but summoned to a hundred table legs every night, and made to answer the most ridiculous questions and in the most ridiculous way.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE FALLEN ONE.

The lark sings blithely and the wild-flowers bloom
In summer time above his pulseless breast;
And low winds moan around the silent tomb
Where he unconscious hath his dreamless rest.
His heart is hopeless, and the vermil dye
Which dwelt upon his lip hath passed away,
Death sleeps serenely on his brilliant eye
Which flashed with thought and glowed with passion's ray.

Oh, often to his brow in life's sweet spring
Visions of hope and beaming beauty came!
And as the hours went by on rapid wing,
His spirit dreamed of triumphs and of fame.
Soft as the lute when love's hand sweeps its strings,
The rich tones were which dwelt upon his tongue,
But like the roar which o'er roused ocean rings,
When on the wind his soul its passion flung.

He loved to climb the summit of the hill
When each glad bird poured out its heart in song;
And walked delighted by the murmuring rill,
Which flashed in sunshine as it leaped along.
His fancy then, from themes romantic wrought
Wild tales of happiness and love's control;
Or traced the brilliant chain of thrilling thought
Which binds ambition to its glittering goal.

One gentle spirit mingled with his dreams,
And shared the empire of his heart with fame;
Fairer than she ne'er strayed by fabled streams,
Or o'er the vision of rapt poet came.
He was the sunlight of her being's world,
And she to him the poetry of life:
The slenderest tress which on her forehead curl'd
Was talismanic o'er his spirit's strife.

A change came o'er him—years had flown away—
His hopes a wreck were toss'd on passion's sea;
His feet from fame's high paths had gone astray
And from his heart had passed her melody.
The star who rose so brightly on his morn,
Now shone but dimly to his darken'd view;
High on excitement's wave his soul was borne
Far from the scenes where first his being grew.

His bark was on the waters dark and wild,
And crazily upon its course was driven,
Though love rose o'er him, and with accents mild
Strove to reclaim him back to love and heaven.
But love's appeal was vain; the bowl—the game
Had wrapped his spirit in a starless night;
And on the brow which once had burned for fame,
Were scorn's deep scowl and dark suspicion's blight.

Drunk with the fury of his madden'd brain,
With quivering step he pressed to Ruin's verge,
Beneath which roars an all-destroying main,
Where harpies' shrieks break o'er the sounding surge—
That night-bird, foul Remorse, above him wheel'd,
And flapped her wings, and screamed loud o'er the wave;
His vision wandered, and his spirit reeled,
And down he sank to an unhonored grave!

The lark sings blithely and the wild flowers bloom
In summer-time above his pulseless breast;
And low winds moan around the silent tomb
Where he unconscious hath his dreamless rest.
His heart is hopeless, and the vermil dye
Which dwelt upon his lip hath passed away;
Death sleeps serenely on the brilliant eye
Which flashed with thought and glowed with passion's ray!

RIGEL.

At the recent commencement of Harvard University, at the supper of the "*Psi Upsilon* Fraternity," J. G. Saxe, the poet, having been toasted, gave the following good "hit" in reply:

Dear brethren, who sit round this bountiful board,
With excellent viands so lavishly stored,
That, in newspaper phrase, 'twould undoubtedly groan,'
If groaning were but a convivial tone,
Which it isn't—and therefore, by sympathy led,
The table, no doubt, is rejoicing instead.
Dear brethren, I rise—and it won't be surprising
If you find me, like bread, all the better for rising—
I rise to express my exceeding delight
In our cordial reunion this glorious night,
And invoke every blessing a true-hearted brother,
In fullness of feeling, can do for another.
And here let me pause for a moment, to say,
In a negative, less than a positive way,
(Like a parson beginning his doctrinal task,)
What blessing for each I would specially ask;
May you ne'er get in love or in debt, with a doubt
As to whether or no you will ever get out;
May you ne'er have a mistress who plays the coquette,
Or a neighbor who blows on a cracked clarionet;
May you learn the first use of a lock on your door,
And ne'er like Adonis, be killed by a bore;
Shun canting and canters with resolute force,
A "canter" is shocking, except in a horse;
At jovial parties mind what you are at,
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that the favorite son of your mother
Has an ache in the one and brick in the other;
May you never, I pray, to worry your life,
Have a weak-minded friend, or a strong-minded wife;
A tailor distrustful, or partner suspicious;
A dog that is rabid, or a nag that is vicious;
Above all, the chief blessings the gods can impart—
May you keep a clear head and a generous heart,
Remember 'tis blessed to give and forgive;
Live chiefly to love, and love while you live,
And, dying, when life's little journey is done,
May your last, fondest sigh be Psi Upsilon.

LET THE HEART BE BEAUTIFUL.

So the heart, the heart is beautiful,
I care not for the face:
I ask not what the form may lack
Of dignity or grace;
If the mind be filled with glowing thoughts,
And the soul with sympathy,
What matter though the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy.

Though the cheek, the cheek be beautiful,
It soon may lose its bloom,
And the lustre of the eye be quenched
In the darkness of the tomb;
But the glory of the mind will live,
Though the bloom of life depart;
And oh! the charm can never die
Of a true and noble heart.

The lips that utter kindly thoughts
Have a beauty all their own—
For gentle words are sweeter far
Than music's softest tone;
And though the voice be harsh or shrill
That bids the oppressed go free,
And soothes the woes of the sorrowing one,
That voice is sweet to me.

The Koszta Affair. *Washington*, Aug. 14, 1853. The Secretary of State only received his despatches relative to the Koszta affair, from Mr. Marsh, our Minister at Constantinople, on Friday, too late to lay them before the Cabinet. They will be read to the Cabinet to-morrow. This will account for the delay in making public the despatches heretofore received at the Navy Department.

The Koszta question is likely to assume a much more important character than was first anticipated. Mr. Marcy is already pledged to the position that the filing of a declaration of an intention to become a citizen of the United States entitles the individual to the protection of this government. It will be remembered that Mr. Marcy was a member of the mixed commission, as it was termed, to adjust the claims of American citizens against Mexico. One of these claims was that of an Italian gentleman who had declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States previous to the depredations being committed on his property by Mexico. The Mexican commissioners resisted the claim, on the ground that the mere declaration did not entitle the party to the immunities of a citizen of the United States. The case was finally submitted to the arbitration of the King of Prussia, through his minister, and decided adversely to the postion assumed by Mr. Marcy. It is a matter of great importance to the thousands who reach our shores, and file their declarations of intention to become citizens, to have this point decided. Mr. Marcy, we believe, took the ground that they are in the same position as children born here, who, although they cannot vote or hold property till they are twenty-one years old, are still, during their minority, unquestionably entitled to the protection of the United States. Should this position be taken the release of Koszta will doubtless be imperatively demanded by our government. It will be due, not only to our national honor, but to the vast population which seek our shores in the pursuit of that civil and religious liberty which is denied them in Europe.

No better opportunity for settling the question can arise, and public opinion will uphold the executive in the ennunciation of whatever may be deemed true American doctrine, no matter how bold it may appear. *Cor. of the N. Y. Herald.*

"Colonel J. W. Forney, it is understood, has at length completed his arrangements for "taking and holding the reins" of the New York National Democrat, and will shortly enter upon the discharge of the duties of his new position." *Republic of to-day.*

The above statement is not strictly the fact. Mr. Forney does not design taking the editorial control of the National Democrat, and never intended doing so. He is still in the field for re-election as Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, and if he should be called to other duties he will make it known in time to his friends in Congress. All rumors connecting his name with the editorial management of the National Democrat are erroneous.

Washington Star.