

THE CAMDEN WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME 14

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1853.

NUMBER 48.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square, (fourteen lines or less) seventy-five cents for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions, one dollar per square semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

The number of insertions desired must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

Miscellaneous.

Every-day Glimpses.

"I MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

A couple were walking slowly up Broadway, last evening, engaged in grave and earnest converse. One of them was in the prime of manhood, with a fine, firm step, full round torso, and, as any one could discover at a glance, an unbroken spirit.

The other was somewhat older in years, and a great deal older in heart—any one could tell that, too. Ah, an old heart is a wretched weight that the burdened pilgrim bore, in the immortal dream of the "Tinker."

Just as we passed we caught the words, "I might have been." The jar of wheels dived the rest; but it was enough for a song or a sermon—that "I might have been." The plaintive utterance haunted us, we heard it in the midst of merry voices, and blasts of music; we heard it through the sighing wind and the rattling rain; it was syllabled in the silent night, and we are writing it this morning.

The schoolmen have invented six tenses in grammar; but really there are only three, the sparkling Present, the hopeful Future, and the melancholy Pluperfect.

"I shall be," and "I might have been," the former the music of youth, sweet as the sound of bells, fresh as

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn," the latter, the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb. The one trembles upon thin, pale lips, parched with "life's full fever," the other swells from strong young hearts, to lips rounded and dewy with the sweetness of hope and the fulness of strength. The one is timed by a heart that flutters, in tomorrows, flutters and weans out; while that of the other beats right on, in the bold stern march of life.

"I shall be," and "I might have been," What toil and trouble, time and tears, are re- added in those little words—the very *strong* *valley* of life. How like a bugle call is that "I shall be," from a young soul, strong in prophecy! "I shall be—great, honored, affluent, good!"

"I shall be," whispers the glad girl to her self, as if with one foot upon the threshold of womanhood, she catches the breath from the summer-field of life—"I shall be loved by and for!" That is her aspiration; for to be loved is to be happy.

"I shall be," said the struggling boy, "I shall be the possessor of a little home of my own, and a little wife some day, and the home shall be *ours*," and the wife shall be *mine*, and then—"who can fill out those 'thous'?"—who but the painter who has dipped his pen in sunset—who but the poet whose lips have been touched with a coal fresh from the altar of inspiration!

"I shall be—victorious yet," murmurs the man in the middle watch, who had been battling with foes till night fell, and is praying like the Greek for the dawn again, and that he might see to fight."

"I shall be," faintly breathes the languishing upon her couch of pain—"I shall be better to-morrow, or to-morrow; and she lives on, because she hopes on, and she grows strong with the "shall be" she has uttered.

And the strong man arm'd, who has "fought the good fight," and has "kept the faith," when that that sustained his extended hands thro' the battle, are departing, and no Joshua to bid the declining sun "stand still," as he looks beyond the rugged hills of the world, and sees a wind-whipped heaven, and a wounded hand put forth in welcome, lays aside the armor he has worn so long and well, and going down in the dark river, he utters, with a hope glorified to faith, "I shall be over the Jordan to-morrow."

Before the memory has a tomb in it—before it becomes the cemetery, the "Greenwood" of the soul—"I shall be" is beautiful as an old ballad. When graves are dug there, and willows planted, and hopes are buried, and no light breaks out of the cloud, then "I shall be" is as grand as an old Psalm. When

The battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling, dying,

then "I shall be" is as sublime as an old prophecy!

But there is another tense in this Grammar of Life, it were well to remember: the sparkling moment that dances on from the ripening hours, like golden grain beneath the flail of time, as we write, and even as we write, is gathered into the great garner of the Past.

There is an injunction it were well to remember.

"Trust no Future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present—
Heart within, and God overhead!"

DON'T CARE A BIT.—An Irishman going to market met a farmer with an owl.
"Say nishier, what'll ye take for yer big eyed Turkey?"
"It is an owl, ye baist," replied the astonished farmer.

"Divil a bit do I care whether its could or young, price the bird, ye spalpeen!"

Some people imagine that it is very difficult to get rich. Nothing, however, could be more fallacious. All that is required, is to earn a dollar every time you spend ninety cents.

Dark Arches under Constantinople.

When Russia, as now appears inevitable, marches to the gates of Constantinople, the struggle will be fierce and protracted. Under the banner of the Prophet, the Turks will fight valiantly. They will oppose the fiercest fanaticism to the discipline of a foe as skillful as Russia. And who can doubt the result? If, however, should the enemy approach Constantinople, that city might be defended to an indefinite period—that is, supposing the fleets of France and England kept the communications by sea open and uninterrupted—for the walls of Constantinople are considered very good. Those on the land side have a double range, twenty feet from each other, and are defended by a flat-bottomed ditch some twenty feet broad. The outer wall, which is about twelve feet high, is defended by two hundred and fifty strong towers. The inner wall is above twenty feet high, with towers similar to those of the outer. Military strategists consider that if all these points were well fortified, and the sea approaches kept clear of the enemy, Constantinople might be defended against any force which the power of Russia could bring against it. But supposing the city was reduced to the last extremity, it might still be defended to a great extent. The population would be destroyed, but the military could hold out until famine swept them away. For the storage of provisions the wood-rial vaults of Constantinople supply ample convenience. One of them affords abundance of pure fresh water—in fact it is a subterranean reservoir.

These vast underground edifices rank among the most remarkable monuments of old Constantinople. They were built by the Greeks as cisterns, and were always kept full in case of siege. Through the neglect of the Turks, many of them are much decayed, and some are wholly blocked up, so that their positions are unknown. There is one vault, called "the palace of the thousand and one pillars," which the Turks allow strangers to inspect. The entrance to it is from the centre of the city, down a narrow but substantial and well-preserved stone staircase. Instead of being a cistern filled with an immense body of water, it is occupied as a silk factory. It is about thirty feet deep, and the roof is about six feet from the surface of the street. This vault extends over about an acre of ground. But the greatest curiosity is the vault which still exists as a cistern. This vault the Turks guard with the greatest jealousy—very few, even of those who live above it, being aware of its precise locality. It is a subterranean lake, extending under many streets, and the former has an arched roof, supported by three hundred and thirty-six pillars of solid marble.

The columns are of marble; many of them with Corinthian capitals, some of the Composite, and others of the Doric order. Some retained the sharpness of their exquisite finish, while others seem to be undergoing dilapidation from the hand of time.

They appear to be the spoils of more than one temple, appropriated by imperial builders to this use. The roof seems in excellent condition, and appears to be fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the water. There is from twelve to fifteen feet depth of water in the cistern. It extends under several streets, and from the darkness and gloom which envelops it, its dimensions of great extent. It may well be called a lake. The reluctance of the Turks to allow these underground reservoirs to be explored, probably arises from the fact, that if other courses were known, they would disclose many treasures to the city, and so facilitate the admission of a foe. Another reason may be given. The Turks are excessively superstitious. They believe in ghosts, goblins, and demons, and fancy that the powers of darkness and destruction take up their abode in places like these subterranean retreats.—The traditions of the empires perpetrated on the Greeks in these artificial caverns have not yet died away; and when we add that these excavations have been used by the Turks for the most detestable purposes, we shall be at no loss to account for the rigid reserve they maintain upon the subject. They have served the purposes of revenge, intrigue, and political necessity. The father of the present sultan once found the one above described very useful.

WHAT IS AN OLD WOMAN.—Alphonse Karr a celebrated French writer, in speaking of the age at which a woman becomes old, says:—"I have questioned many women, old and young, upon this subject, and I have arrived at the conviction that they know no more than I do. Listen to a woman of the age of twenty talking about old women. She does not speak of them as a traveller who is about to start on a long journey speaks of those who have arrived at the end of it; she does not speak of them as if they were human beings to whom she must one day bear some sort of resemblance herself. No, it would seem they were two species of women, perfectly distinct, like the white woman and the black woman, and that the woman of the age of twenty, who is speaking to you, belongs to the young species in the same way that she belongs to the white species. Nothing is more common than to hear a woman who is no longer young, say, with the greatest contempt, of a woman of her own age, 'She's an old woman.' A woman of the age of twenty calls all the women who are of the age of twenty old; and a woman of thirty is scandalized to see a drawing room crowded with nothing but women of forty, whilst the latter say: 'When I shall be fifty like Mrs. Scandous, I shall give up going into society, and certainly shall not wear flowers in my hair.' The women of fifty, in their turn, chatter freely about the giddiness and impudence of women who only number a few less than themselves."

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.—The temperament of the Turk is pugnacious, and he is disposed to quiescence and indolence; but under the influence of powerful excitement, he passes from a state of insensibility into the most unrestrained violence and excess. The Turk is habitually temperate. He never tastes the forbidden juice, but yet he can "get as drunk as a Christian lord." He is mild and grave, but when provoked he is infuriated. He has little fanaticism; but when his religious fervor is kindled, it becomes a brutal frenzy. He is not habitually cruel—he is sometimes generous and humane; but he is of all men the most remorseless in his enmity. He will not luxuriate in the agonies of an enemy, and trample upon his victims—he has little taste for the more exquisite refinements of revenge; in this respect he displays less of the demon in his worst excesses, than either Frank or Greek. But then he battles with loss, companionship, and with a more entire contempt for human life. His eye never pities and his heart never bleeds. Age or sex excites no commiseration in him, who, on slight provocation, or from policy, dooms the wife of his bosom to the death of a cat, and his children to the bowstring.

The same insensibility to the higher attributes of human nature displays itself in the smooth faced perfidy with which he can victimize, in order to destroy his unsuspecting victim—perhaps his old associate or guest. In fact, alike in his pleasures and his enmities, the Turk is an impassible animal—solidly voluptuous and coldly cruel; deliberate alike in good and evil, less to be dreaded when ebullient than when concealing his emotions—no indignant, far less so as a Moslem, than either Greek or Latin; not ungrateful, not inhospitable, not unkind to his dependants, not incapable of generosity; but naturally arrogant, sensual and implacable—knowing no medium between the despot and the slave—too generally a hypocrite in all things—so much so as to please the Frank when he despises; in a word exhibiting more or less of the degrading and debasing habits of a despotic government, oriental prejudices, and a pharisaical and sensual creed.

A servant girl whispered to another, one night, "Now, mind I don't say as how master drinks but between you and I, the demogin in the dark closet, don't keep full all the time."

Omer Pacha and the Turks.

Omer Pacha, Commander-in-chief of Turkish troops along the Danube, is an Austrian subject; being a native of Croatia. His family name is Lattas. Having completed his mathematical studies he entered the Austrian Army. In 1839, in consequence of a misunderstanding with his superiors, he left for Turkey, and embraced Islamism. Khosrow Pacha, the Seraskier, took him under his protection, presented him admission into the regular army, and attached him to his personal staff. He even gave him his ward in marriage, one of the richest heiresses in Constantinople. From that time forth he was engaged in the most important services, and gradually rose to the highest command in the Turkish Army. His wife is said to be young, fair-haired, and good looking.

Omer Pacha himself is about fifty-two years of age, below the middle height, but with a martial expression of countenance. He speaks with the same facility the Serbian, the Italian, and the German tongues. After the inscription of Hungary he undertook the defence of the refugees whose extradition had been demanded by Austria and Russia. He proposed to Schumla, where he made acquaintance with the principal refugees; and on his arrival at Constantinople, he interfered zealously with the Sultan in their favour. He took several of them with him to Bosnia and Montenegro, and confided to them important posts. Some of them have distinguished themselves greatly, and have remained in the service of Turkey. At the present date Omer Pacha is at Schumla, at the head of nearly 100,000 men. He is described as displaying great activity in his organization, and is occupied with fortifying the country which may become the theatre of war. He is much beloved by the soldiers under him, whom he mixes with with great condescension of manner, often entering their tents and addressing them individually by their names.

The Turks are physically a fine race of men, capable of enduring fatigue, sober, patient, intelligent, and altogether well-conducted; but the halo of romance which once surrounded them has completely passed away. You look now in vain for the Saphis and Dolis, with his fiery sword, curved sabre, gaily tufted, and flowing robe. The Turkish peasant of Bulgaria, who is always armed, does appear somewhat in the old costume; but the military show nothing of a Moslem or Oriental aspect—except, perhaps, in the fez, &c.—in their countenances. All is completely European, and the spectator may here fancy himself amongst the Prussian or French soldiers and their encampment.

Much enthusiasm prevails amongst the troops. Their fatalism has exalted their courage, and they say that they will conquer or die with arms in their hands. Awdal, therefore, will be the moment of collision. The Turks have adopted for their cavalry and infantry the Prussian system, and for their artillery the Prussian system of organization and manoeuvre. In their encampments they now observe the principles of the European order, and, as Ashley, and numerous other talents, they are in these respects naturally expert, neat in their arrangements, and very much at home.

The face is well armed, equipped, and organized, and upon the whole, in good order. Instructed by Europeans in the various branches of the military art, the Turks have totally given up their former system of warfare, and have made rapid strides towards efficiency in European tactics. Their marches and movements, chiefly of a simple nature, are made with steadiness and precision; and as for their performance of the manual and platoon exercises, no troops of the Continent can surpass them. The cavalry is all light, and a squadron in each regiment is furnished with the same; but the artillery is the arm in which they most excel; it is numerous, and seems to be well managed and understood. The equipment of the short mountain-guns, which are carried on mules, is well arranged.

Provisions are in great abundance in Bulgaria, and the soldier is well fed and paid with tolerable regularity. His medical wants and his comforts in camp and quarters are attended to, and very little sickness prevails; in fact, not three per cent.

A GOOD REPLY.—During the recent State Fair at Raleigh, an incident occurred in Floral Hall, which is too good to be lost. One of the Committee to award premiums was asked if he did not intend to give Miss Cotton, a very interesting and pleasant lady of Raleigh, the premium for the handsomest specimen of cotton on exhibition. He replied instantly, no, he did not, as the Committee had already awarded a premium to the mother of the young lady in question, for raising the best specimen of Cotton there exhibited.

A GOOD PUN.—A gentleman named Dunlop, being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of persons present remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," replied the punster, "just L P off half the name and it is Done."

A FEMALE SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR ARSON.—A woman, named Almira Wynnam, was on Wednesday sentenced by the Supreme Court, in Session at Eastern Cambridge, Mass., to the House of Correction for life, for setting fire, to a house in Farmington, where she was employed as a domestic, and which she had previously robbed. She is now serving out a term of years, at the same place for theft. She is under thirty years of age.

It is stated that wages on the Alabama and Bigbee rivers this season are for pilots \$250 per month; for first engineers \$150, and for second engineers \$100, while the boys at the engines are paid \$50 and deck hands \$60 and \$70 per month.

The happiest period of a man's life, is when he has a pretty little wife, one beautiful child, more ready cash than he well knows what to do with, a good conscience, and not even in debt to a printer.

A shoemaker who has lost his *off* and breathed his *last*, is truly a melancholy sight.

A lawyer, on his death bed, willed his whole property to the lunatic asylum, saying that he desired it should go to the same class of persons he took it from.

THOMAS PAINE.—In the autobiography of John Adams, the second President of the United States, he says of Paine's pamphlet "Common Sense," that it did but little good in the cause it espoused. Mr. Adams says, "He probably converted some to the doctrine of independence, and gave others an excuse for declaring in favor of it; but these would have followed Congress with zeal; and on the other hand it excited many writers against it, particularly 'Plain Truth,' who contributed very largely to fortify and influence the party against independence, and finally lost us the Alleghens, Penns., and many others of weight in the community."

Mr. Adams gives him no credit for originality in its production. He says "he came from England, and got into such company as would converse with him, and ran picking up what information he could concerning our affairs; and finding the great question was concerning the independence, he gleaned from those he saw the common-place arguments—such as the necessity of independence at this time; the justice, the peculiar fitness at this time; the justice of it; our ability to maintain it, &c. Dr. Rush put him upon writing on the subject, furnished him with the arguments which had been urged in Congress a hundred times, and gave him his title of 'Common Sense.'"

Mr. Adams says further: "I saw he had capacity and a ready pen; and understanding that he was poor and destitute, I thought we might put in him some employment where he might be useful and earn a living. Congress appointed a committee on foreign affairs not long after, and wanted a clerk. I nominated Thomas Paine, supposing him a ready writer and an industrious man. Witherspoon, the President of New Jersey College and then a delegate from that State rose and objected to it with an earnestness that surprised me. The doctor said he would give his reasons, he knew the man and his communications; when he first came over was on the other side, and had written pieces against the American cause; that he had afterwards been employed by his friend Robert Aiken, and finding that the tide of popularity ran high, he had turned about; that he was very inopportune, and could not write until he had quickened his thoughts with large draughts of rum and water; that he was, in short, a bad character, and not fit to be placed in such a situation."

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.—Despise woman? No! She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man's side. Her office that of the sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognition, withheld in every other manner, but given, in pity, through woman's heart, least man should utterly lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own voice, pronouncing, "It is well done." All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always shall be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and best qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischief!

Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and, thank Heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principal! As true as I had once a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of woman's taking the social stand which some of them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because nature made them really neither men nor women! If there was a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it.—*Harvardian*.

A GOOD REPLY.—During the recent State Fair at Raleigh, an incident occurred in Floral Hall, which is too good to be lost. One of the Committee to award premiums was asked if he did not intend to give Miss Cotton, a very interesting and pleasant lady of Raleigh, the premium for the handsomest specimen of cotton on exhibition. He replied instantly, no, he did not, as the Committee had already awarded a premium to the mother of the young lady in question, for raising the best specimen of Cotton there exhibited.

A GOOD PUN.—A gentleman named Dunlop, being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of persons present remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," replied the punster, "just L P off half the name and it is Done."

A FEMALE SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR ARSON.—A woman, named Almira Wynnam, was on Wednesday sentenced by the Supreme Court, in Session at Eastern Cambridge, Mass., to the House of Correction for life, for setting fire, to a house in Farmington, where she was employed as a domestic, and which she had previously robbed. She is now serving out a term of years, at the same place for theft. She is under thirty years of age.

It is stated that wages on the Alabama and Bigbee rivers this season are for pilots \$250 per month; for first engineers \$150, and for second engineers \$100, while the boys at the engines are paid \$50 and deck hands \$60 and \$70 per month.

The happiest period of a man's life, is when he has a pretty little wife, one beautiful child, more ready cash than he well knows what to do with, a good conscience, and not even in debt to a printer.

A shoemaker who has lost his *off* and breathed his *last*, is truly a melancholy sight.

A lawyer, on his death bed, willed his whole property to the lunatic asylum, saying that he desired it should go to the same class of persons he took it from.

General News.

Georgia.

The following resolutions have been introduced into the Senate of Georgia. A motion to lay them on the table was lost, and they were ordered to be printed:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, in General Assembly met, 1st, That while we approve the sentiments and doctrines promulgated in the Inaugural Address of President Pierce, we can only regard his attempts to produce harmony in the National Democratic party by inviting known Free-soilers to participate in the administration of the Government, as a compromise of principles, as an amnesty to factions that have for years been arrayed against the Union and the Constitution.

2d. That these sentiments of devotion to the Union and the Constitution evinced by President Pierce in power, and that all efforts by his Administration to force the recognition of Free-soilers as sound and true men, by placing them in offices of honor and profit, are in direct opposition to that great national sentiment, and a outrage upon the popular judgment.

3d. That the appointment of men to important offices who were prominent actors in the Free-soil movement at Buffalo in 1848 is an insult to the people of the South and to the sound and true men of the North.

4th. That we heartily sympathize with the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, and his noble associates in their efforts to purge the National Democratic party of its fossil elements, and that we hereby tender them our heart felt gratitude for their patriotic devotion to the Union and the Constitution.

5th. That it is inexpedient and unjust for Congress to appropriate money from the public Treasury to aid in constructing the great railroad now in contemplation from the Mississippi to the Pacific, or to grant the public lands for a like purpose—they being the property of all the States, old as well as new.

HOME FOR DESTITUTE SEAMEN, AT WILMINGTON, N. C.—A number of philanthropic individuals at Wilmington, North Carolina, are making strenuous efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the seamen who visit that port. It is in contemplation to provide suitable buildings for the accommodation of all persons of the class who have not the means of caring for themselves and which will combine all the comforts and advantages of a boarding house, for the well, and a hospital for the sick and infirm. The number of seamen who visit that city yearly, is estimated at about 10,000; a large proportion of whom are from this port, and many of whom die from disease and want. The plan proposed is extensive; the outlay building, &c., is estimated at about \$20,000; and the sum necessary for the support of the institution, at about \$1,500 per annum. The Rev. Mr. Langdon we are informed, is now in this city, collecting contributions for the above purpose. He has already received near \$5,000, and is encouraged to anticipate a larger increase, when the object of his visit becomes generally known to those of our merchants engaged in Southern Trade. He proposes to visit Boston and other neighboring cities, before his return South; and we have every reason to believe that he will be successful in carrying out his noble undertaking.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce*.

GREAT COLLISION.—REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—About 6 o'clock Wednesday evening, the express train from Buffalo, came in collision with a tree blown across the track, three quarters of a mile east of Springfield, a station twenty-five miles west of Erie. The severe gale from the Lake had torn up a hemlock two feet in diameter, and cast it angularly over the track. The tree struck the rails about 20 feet from its roots. The evening was dark and stormy. The accident occurred in the woods, which rendered objects less distinct. The train had been delayed some hour and a half at Erie, waiting for the arrival of the Buffalo train. When the collision happened, it was moving at the velocity of 40 miles per hour.

The crash was awful. The tree, two feet in diameter, was broken in three places, and shivered as if struck by a thunderbolt. The locomotive was mashed to pieces and destroyed. It turned over and over three times. The boiler was broken, letting the steam and scalding water out, to add to the alarm and danger. The tender and two baggage cars were hurled upon the fragments of the locomotive, and smashed into one common wreck.

The first three passenger cars filled with people, were dashed upon the ruins of the baggage cars and engines. They were badly broken and turned bottom side up. The last three cars of the train were not thrown from the track, nor very badly disabled.

The horror and confusion of the scene were indescribable. The train had over 400 passengers. The shock hurled them from their seats, and piled them up among seats in terrible confusion. The collision occurred before the engine had time to whistle down breaks, let off steam, reverse the motion, or even jump for his own life. He was pitched out head foremost into the ditch among the limbs. The fireman followed suit, and the baggage master piled after them, all of whom received severe flesh wounds, but strange to say escaped in slant death, and managed to crawl from under the ruins of broken cars and fragments of smashed baggage. But more miraculous still, none of the passengers were killed, or even had broken bones. Many received slight injuries, or were more or less shocked and scared. The train made three or four rebounds and advanced after striking the tree, before it came to a halt, each of which added "confusion worse confounded" to the general crash and panic among the passengers.

The screams yells and shouts that filled the night air, after the accident was horrible. The men behaved with less coolness and presence of mind in many cases, than the women.

A large cotton factory has been put into operation at Madison Fla., in which are employed fifty or sixty hands. Six or seven hundred lbs. of cotton yarn are spun daily, for which a ready market is found.

NEW-YORK EXPEDITION FOR LIBERIA.—The colonization expedition which has been fitting out in New York city under the auspices of the New York Colonization Society, set sail on Thursday for Monrovia calling at Gambia, the bark *Isle de Cuba* having been chartered for the purpose. The number of emigrants who went out in her was fifty-three, including 32 from Pennsylvania, 4 from Connecticut, and 1 from New Jersey. Two of the number are clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, viz: Rev. S. Williams, of Philadelphia, and Rev. D. H. Peterson, from the interior of New York, who goes out partly for exploration. Abraham Caldwell, another of the emigrants, is reported to have property in New York city to the value of \$10,000, but having formerly lived in Liberia, he entertains for it a superior attachment. Another emigrant is named Augustus Washington, from Hartford, a daguerrotypist by profession, well educated. Another is Stephen Ajm, schoolmaster, from Newburg, New York.

THE STEAMER ROBERT MARTIN.—The wreck of this steamer was passed on Monday morning last by the steamer *Peo Dee*, Capt. Coates, which arrived here yesterday evening from Cheraw. The *Peo Dee* brings the latest intelligence from the scene of the disaster. Capt. Coates informs us that the Robert Martin presents as complete a scene of ruin as he ever saw, even the masts, chains, and a heavy iron capstan which was on deck, were blown on the neighboring bank. Her deck was torn up, and fragments of machinery, cargo and hull blown in every direction. Mr. Umo, the 1st engineer, escaped almost miraculously, being on the upper deck when the explosion took place. He was blown up and decended head foremost on the deck of the boat—his hands probably striking first no doubt saved him, but his head had received a blow in the encounter, but nothing serious. Captain White, and Mr. Gage, the mate, have both escaped without injury. Some of the hands have not been found since the occurrence being, no doubt, blown to pieces. The boat had been taking in wood at "Port's Ferry Landing," and was about starting when the accident took place.

By a letter from Captain White to his brother in this city, we learn that the explosion occurred on Saturday morning at 6 1-2 o'clock. The boat was literally torn to pieces, and of the 27 persons on board, ten were missing, killed, or fatally injured, and died soon after the accident. The Captain and Mate were unhurt, and the Engineer but slightly injured. Ben Willis, the cook; Peter, one of the firemen, Joe, second engineer are missing; Simon, Stephen and four other deck hands, were killed. Dandy Bob and Burns are wounded, but it is supposed not seriously.

The Captain says that the cause of the explosion is unknown, but it certainly was not for want of water in the boiler, for two or three minutes before the accident he was at the boiler head and saw the water tried, and there was plenty.

The wreck of the boat now lies about a mile and a half below Port's Ferry, and the Captain will endeavor to save as much from it as possible.—*Charleston Mercury*.

FAYETTEVILLE AND WESTERN PLANK ROAD.—The tolls on the Fayetteville and Western Plank Road during the month of September last were \$2,804 81. For October, the tolls amounted to \$398 63. The result shows an increase of more than \$1,700 over the receipts for the corresponding months of the year 1852, and furnishes satisfactory evidence of the permanent prosperity of the work.

On that portion of the road west of Salem there are two steam mills in operation, and about a mile and three-fourths of the plank have been laid down. At Salem an excellent bridge has been completed, and the grading of the hill at that place is progressing. When finished it will greatly improve the entrance into that enterprising town.

The branch plank road from the 33 mile post to the Gulf on Deep River, has been completed; the bridge at the Gulf has been put in excellent repair and is now under toll. Near the point where the Gulf road connects with the main stem, we understand that a company have it in contemplation to erect a steam saw mill, a turpentine distillery, and a barrel manufactory.

A branch plank road diverging from the main stem of the F. & W. Road, near the 17 mile post, and running in the direction of Haywood, is now strongly agitated, and it is confidently believed that the stock necessary to build it will be subscribed without difficulty. A road, we are informed, would penetrate such a country rich in the undeveloped resources of the pine forest.

On the whole, we think the condition and prospects of the F. & W. Plank Road are quite as favorable as its most sanguine friends could wish.—*Fayetteville Carolinian*.

HUNGARIANS FOR TURKEY.—Some sixty Hungarian exiles held a meeting, in New-York city, and resolved that political affairs in Europe have arrived at a crisis where the struggle between despotism and freedom is to be recommenced, and decided with the sword; that they sympathize with the Turkish nation, whom they term their kindred in origin, whose government is the only one among the powers of Europe whose acts are in accordance with humanity and freedom, and that, out of gratitude to that people for their hospitality to the Hungarians, three years ago, they deem it their duty, and feel a strong desire, to offer their military services in its aid. They appointed a committee of six, consisting of Lieutenant Generals Mozzaros and Vetter, Messrs. Hazman, Szeregi and Miklosy, and Captain Griszta, to draw up a list of those Hungarians in the United States who are ready to serve in the Turkish army, and to make all necessary arrangements for forwarding the volunteers to Turkey.

Seven thousand five hundred mules have passed through one-toll gate in Kentucky, on the road to Cumberland Gap, this season, destined for Georgia, and South Carolina. The mule crop this year is estimated at 23 per cent larger than usual. Prices, however, are very high notwithstanding.