An Experiment that Failed.

They hung a man in Pittsburgh last month, under the mistaken notion that the State could stop people killing each other by *killing one itself*. The experiment proved a dead failure, as we would have told them it would before they tried. The subject of the experiment was a hard drinker who, being drunk, got into a fight last year in behalf of a friend, and killed a man with very little idea of what he was doing. So they had him arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced, reprieved, exhorted, prayed for, and finally hung. The *Dispatch* gives the following account of the sequel:

"Our people are now pretty thoroughly convinced that hanging a man will neither prevent grog shops selling liquor to madden others, young men from drinking it, nor drunken ruffians from cutting the throats or hearts of their fellow men.

On Friday, 24th ult., David Jewell was hanged for murder—and before two weeks had elapsed our columns recorded no less than *seven persons stabbed*, one of them since dead, and another mortally injured! In Birmingham, one man was killed, and two others cut, on the very night of Jewell's execution; in the same borough, Officer Smiley, while in the execution of his duty at a fire, received a wound from a knife from some ruffian. Soon after, in the Fifth Ward, a man cut his friend's throat by mistake, in his drunken fury. Again, in day time, a negro let out another's bowels, in the Sixth Ward; and on Thursday night of last week, in a grog shop in the First Ward, a notorious roughy inflicted nearly a dozen gashes upon an acquaintance, because he declined drinking with him.

Such is an outline of the cutting and slashing in our city, during the two weeks immediately following an execution which thousands really believed would strike terror to the rowdies of this community! It is useless to repeat, that the hanging of Jewell has had no effect whatever in checking the crime of which he was convicted, nor need we enlarge upon the reasons of such a result. When will the community understand, that it is the promptness, and especially the certainty of punishment, which can alone restrain the hand that is ready to imbrue itself in a brother's blood—and that no such promptness, no such certainty, can be had where the punishment is death?

In every one of the cases of stabbing we have been called upon to record, save the execution alluded to, the perpetrator had been drinking intoxicating liquors until maddened."

We often hear grave, prudent, conservative citizens shake their heads over the folly of concerted voyagesters who will try experiments aimed at the improvement of social relations or conditions which they ought to know will fail, because such always *have* failed; yet here is one of all disastrous experiments—the Licensing of men to sell Rum, and then Hanging those who drink it, and are maddened by it into imbruing their hands in blood—which has always failed, always will, always must fail; and yet some people will persist in having it repeated and persevered in as though it were certain to succeed next time! Nay: we have a Governor in this State who of himself upholds the Licensing and superintends the Hanging! Was there ever before such fatuity?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Slavery and Democracy.

The South fears Gerrit Smith's influence in Congress, and the New Orleans *Crescent* attacks him, for his late speech on the Koszta affair. That paper, with a candor we should like much to see imitated at the North, acknowledges that "he who goes at all forward in the received doctrines of democracy, must presently, *if he is honest*, fall into abolitionism." *There is no truer saying* than this—and the *Crescent* very properly adds: "If all men *are* born free and equal, and are *imprescriptably entitled* to the same rights, then abolitionism is inevitable, and is *identical with Democracy.*"

William Leggett, one of the few honest political editors we have had, whose party crushed him and then built a monument in his memory, which cannot prove so imperishable as his burning words, once emphatically remarked; "Convince me that a principle is right, in the abstract, and I will reduce it to practice if I can"—but we have too few of his stamp in public station, or controlling the press of our country, or abolition would ere this have triumphed. The South has been bold enough to abandon its ground that "Slavery is a necessary evil," and now proclaims it a great good—not sinful in itself, nor through its necessary results, and upon that ground defends it with "bible," and all kinds of arguments—thus sowing deep the seeds of infidelity, for we hold that the honest man who is convinceed that inhumanity is sustained by true Christianity, cannot long be a Christian.

Mitchell, the Irish rebel, of whom we expected better things, is no democrat if he is even a republican—and, in the second number of his *Citizen*, announceo himself in favor of slavery, and expresses a wish that he was the owner of a Southern plantation, well stocked with human cattle. How can we respect the man who flees from oppression in the old world to uphold its banner on the shores of the new! Mr. Mitchell will find that linking himself with despots here, will be the last mode by which he will succeed in overthrowing monarchy abroad—for the despots of Europe have no firmer allies, and the rebels abroad no more bitter enemies, than the Slaveholders of America. Consistency compels them to ignore human rights everywhere, and even now many of them clamor for such an international Fugitive Law as would return Mr. Mitchell to his foreign prison.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Col. Benton's Speech.

Col. Benton's speech yesterday was a telling assault upon the Nebraska bill. Certainly among the many very able speeches against that bill in both Houses of Congress there is none which has dealt it a more fatal injury than this. The historical arguments adduced by the veteran orator, his assertion of the duty of preserving the public faith and leaving undisturbed a time-honored national compact, his sarcastic demolition of the new fangled sophism of non-intervention and territorial sovereignty, his exposition of the uselessness of the proposed fraud to the slave States themselves, and not least of all, his scathing rebuke of the notorious interference of the President and his minions to secure the passage of the measure—render this speech a salient feature in this memorable and important debate. It is scarcely necessary to say that it is marked throughout by the peculiar manner and replete with the mordant though homely wit of its author; it is equally unnecessary to add that there are points in it, principles, statements, inferences to which we should find it difficult to agree; but that all who desire the defeat of the great political swindle at which it is aimed must welcome it with satisfaction as a very powerful, if not a final blow at that shapeless, repulsive and odious monster. Coming with such force of reasoning and with the authority of Col. Benton's long experience and eminent position in our legislation, it must be deeply felt both by the authors and the antagonists of the bill; adding to the discouragement of the one and cheering the efforts of the other. It is a desperate struggle which the latter have had to sustain at once against the patronage and power of the Executive and the shameful co operation of many southern gentlemen, from whom better things were to be expected, in the work of fraud, folly, deception, and dishonor. We can only hope that this struggle may yet be crowned with success, and our hope is greatly strengthened by this demonstration of Col. Benton's.

How effective this speech was considered by the House may be inferred from the refusal of the leading champions of the slavery propaganda on its floor to allow the distinguished representative, the courtesy usual on such occasions, of concluding his remarks, though the hour to which speeches are usually limited had expired. This refusal needs no comment; it will be appreciated by the public as it deserves.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Unity of Despots.

The New-Orleans daily *True Delta* of March 30, contains the following, side by side, in contiguous columns:

Courage! Who would be a save,	RAN AWAY, on the 24th Feb. last, a negro
That had the strength to dig a grave,	man, named Severin,
And herein his fetters hide,	*yellow complexion,*
And lay a tyrant by his side?	with long, curly hair,
Courage! Hope, howe'er he fly,	his teeth are very much
For a time, can *never* die!	decayed, speaks French
Courage, therefore,	and English, and is a
brother men!	very intelligent fellow,
Cry "God!" and to the	and is in the habit of
fight again!	getting work at painting and whitewashing
	houses. Said boy is
	about 21 years of age,
	and will probably pass
	as a free man. A reward of $50 will be
	given for him, and $100
	for evidence to convict
	any free person for harboring or employing
	him. DANL. BLOCK.

It ought to be evident by this time that our Southern brethren live in the wrong country, and talk a great deal of nonsense in consequence. They should either abolish their peculiar institution, or change their political system. Slavery requires a despotism like that of Russia to save it from being absurd, as well as pernicious and inhuman.—*Tribune.*

WHEN an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you would rather lose.

THE only thing every one can do, and what every one need do, is to mind his own business.

War Declared at Last.

THE long repose of Europe is about to be disturbed by the bugle's note and the reville of the drum, calling its slumbering millions to arms in the defense of their firesides and their country. England and France are calling for men and means, and sending forward their armies to battle against the aggressions of the Russian Bear; but while the Old World is convulsed by revolution, unusual peace and plenty reign in the New.