

## THE END OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat* says the *National Intelligencer* is about to die:

"I dislike newspaper talk, when there is any excuse for avoiding it, but among the results of this election will be a catastrophe significant to Washington and journalism—the fall of the *Intelligencer*.

"The *National Intelligencer*, of old an esteemed organ of estimable men, has fired its last mercenary shot upon the progress of the nation and the race, using the capital city as a port hole. It is pavement talk that it is in debt fifty thousand odd dollars to one Polkinhorn a retired job printer, who has foreclosed upon it, and the secret lies in Bulwer's interrogatory: "What will he do with it?"

"The ostensible owners of the *Intelligencer* are Snow, Coyle & Co. Mr. Snow is a gentleman travelling between New York and Washington. Mr. 'Johnny' Coyle was a clerk and confidential cashier in the office of that better *Intelligencer*, owned by the brothers-in-law, Gales and Weston.

"The latter were 'high-toned' Englishmen—to use a pro-slavery phrase—who took no note of money and never kept an account between themselves. Each man drew from the common fund enough for his wants; they spent nothing for intelligence, rather disdained news—like some of the British reviews—and pensioned off their old servants, took care of them when sick, and otherwise attempted to engraft upon American typography some of the imitations of patronage common to English estate owners. The result was that the *Intelligencer* obtained respect and lost money, except for the charity of Congress. Its proprietors failed once in publishing the debates of Congress, and when they went to retire at last, Mr. 'Johnny' Coyle who seemed to have a large residuary account, staggered the heirs-at-law with its remarkable amount, and became the working head of the new concern.

"Polkinhorn used to be a local job printer, as I have said, and he owned the building in which the *Intelligencer* was printed. He took no rent, advanced money, and at last, when the Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio elections were over, his purse-strings refused to unloose. By consequence, as the French idiom would put it, the *Intelligencer* must stop or find a buyer, and the mystery of Mr. 'Johnny' Coyle must be solved or remain a mystery. How and where has Mr. Coyle obtained thirty thousand dollars a year to spend when the *Intelligencer* has never made a cent?"