ON PROMPT PAYMENT.

The following article on prompt payments, which we copy from the Philadelphia Bulletin, is to the point, and at this time of general depression commends itself to the consideration of every reader:

One bill paid settles twenty. Money, says an old proverb, was made round that it may roll. Set one dollar a rolling and it will start twenty more. The great cause of the present distress is a sudden arrest in the circulation of money. If to-morrow morning everybody would buy as of old and sell as of old, there would be prompt relief. Some advance—in fact a very remarkable advance towards this state of affairs, would be at once made, if every person in this city who has the means of paying bills due would do so at once.

Pay up! You may be economising, but that which is justly, fairly and honorably due, does not come within the scope of *economy*. You might as well include availing yourself of a facility for stealing under the head of "economy." When you have anything to pay in these times, search your conscience and decide candidly and fairly, whether you can by any amount of effort or exertion spare it, and whether the sacrifice of any luxuries will enable you to meet just demands. Rely upon it, that instead of being backward now in meeting bills, this is precisely the time of all times when you ought to pay them. It is no exaggeration to say that the man who sets a dollar into circulation in such times does ten, yes twenty times as much good as at another. Every example of action, of energetic life and of honesty in these days is a benefit.

Pay up! To be sure, it is not difficult to shirk paying debts in these times—not difficult to shirk even your own sense of right and duty. A man asks you to settle "that little bill." Perhaps you really cannot, and then it would be absurd to say anything. But perhaps you can—only "don't want to!" And the poor creditor can say nothing; for who would dare to do anything in such hard times, when the foreclosor of a mortgage would—and very justly too—run the risk, if not of the next lamp-post, at least of tar and feathers? Of course, you can avoid payment very easily. But if you are a christian, a philanthropist, a decent citizen, and, what sums up in one word, a gentleman, why then "shell out" as speedily as you can.

Pay up! None but those who live out in the great world, who see the practical effects of a panic, or who have them constantly reported to them in many forms—as all editors do—and who trace the matter out philosophically, can have any idea of the vast amount of real solid good which is done, among the sadly pinched at a time like this, by the paying up of one small bill. You who hate to let a dollar slide from between your fingers think this over. In ordinary times you are liberal—you subscribe as you ought to the "Union Benevolent" and other charitable associations—but now under the inundating influence of a panic, you cling to every cent as if it was a life-preserver. Rely upon it, that if you had the power of taking in and seeing all things on the square, you would find that by paying one small bill now, you would do more good than by *giving away* the same amount at another time.

Pay up! Bad as things are, they will not last forever, and when sunshine gleams again over the country, it will be remembered who it was that acted decently during the storm—who it was showed nerve and spirit and liberality—and who was timid, and illiberal, and unkind. If everybody would only put their shoulders to the wheel, bad as times are, we could get out of this Slough of Despond, and though we might bring not a little mud away on our garments, we should still be better off than we are. Pay up!

A Little Fable for Little Minds.—There is a long, dull, hard season ahead, and every dollar that the poor now possess will be worth two, by-and-by, if they should keep it so long. Everything that you do not absolutely need in these times is dear at any price, and touching this, we have a fable to relate:

Once upon a time, a young female squirrel went to housekeeping in a hole in the crotch of the big elm tree which fends off from our dwelling the assaults of the sun during the Summer solstice. It was late in the Fall of the year, and Winter was close at hand, and a hard and long Winter the older and more experienced squirrels knew it was going to be. They raked and scraped together all the nuts they could get and stowed them away in their respective tenements for future use; and still they thought they had not enough, for they foresaw short commons in the Spring. Some of the more crafty, who had a stock of hazlenuts (esteemed a delicacy by the squirrel race) and a few kernels of corn which they had imported from our barn, without paying for it, offered them for sale to their less considerate brethren in exchange for butternuts, walnuts and acorns; but as more corn could be obtained only at the expense of being shot by the farmer's boy, who was fond of squirrels too (squirrel-stew?,) and the hazel-bushes were bare, these luxuries ought to command, they said, high prices. However, as the times were hard, "they would be sold at a sacrifice," say one beautiful hazlenut for a dozen common acorns, two charming kernels of corn for four ordinary walnuts, and other things at the same low rates. The young squirrel who had just gone to housekeeping, with a tolerable good supply of the common necessaries of life, thought she had never heard of "bargains" so tempting before, and, notwithstanding that her aged mother besought her to save her provisions for future need, she exchanged half of her Winter's supply for a handful of the superfluities. She had enough, she thought, of everything now, and prided herself vastly upon her smart trading! Long before Spring, however, all her provisions were gone, and when the grass was green again she was thankful to nibble it to save herself from starvation.

One of the "Runs."—We were somewhat amused yesterday with a lesson we had an opportunity of learning in finance, from the operations of three youngsters, two of whom were trading for marbles. Jem had offered Tom a picayune for his bag of white alleys and striped taws, and Tom, after some chaffering, had consented to trade. But the operation must be a cash one; money down and no credit. This was eventually conceded as the basis of the bargain, and Jem held out his hand for the marbles.

"Money first," said Tom.

"Marbles first," said Jem.

"D'y'e think I mean to cheat ye? say! exclaimed Tom, indignantly.

"Don't know," replied Jem; "ticklish times these; don't know who to trust, nor for how long, nowadays!"

"Well, then," said Tom, "there's Sam there. You give him your money, and I'll give him my bag of marbles; and when he's got 'em both I'll tell him to give you the marbles, and you'll tell him to give me the pic., and so that'll be all right!"

"Agreed," said Jem. And "agreed," said Sam, and the deposits were made.

"Now hand over," said both the traders, in a breath. But judge of their horror, when Sam, pocketing both money and marbles, took to his heels, his head over his shoulder, and his thumb on his nose, as he ran—exclaiming to the astonished depositors, "Specie payments suspended!"

Perhaps there wasn't "a run" on that bank!

New Orleans Picayune.

CAUGHT THE PANIC.

A tall, lank, Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swinging to a lamp post on Fifth street last night. He was talking quite loudly to the aforesaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.

"Come, sir, you are making too much noise," said the watchman.

"Noise? who's that said noise?" asked the post-holder, as he skewed his head and endeavored in vain to give the intruder a sober look.

"It was me," replied the watchman, as he exposed his silvered numbers to full view.

"You? and who in the d—l are you? It taint me that's a making of the noise. No, sir. It's the banks that's a making all the noise. They are a breakin, a crashin', and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount. Noise? It's the bankers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a cussin', a rippin', and a stavin' all 'round. It's the brokers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a holierin', an' a yelpin' and a screechin', like wild injuns, over the times, that worsers everybody but themselves. No, sir, it ain't me that's a makin' of the noise."

"You are tight as a brick in a new wall," said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.

"Me tight? Who said I am tight? No, sir, you are mistaken. It's not me that's tight. It's money that's tight. Go down on Third street, an' they'll tell you there that money is tight. Go into the workshops, an' you find money is tight. Read the newspapers an' you'll find out that it's money that's tight. *Me* tight? I've got nary a red, but Kanhawa, and the d—l couldn't get tight on that. No, sir, I'm not tight."

"Then you are drunk."

"Drunk? Stranger yer out of it agin. The world's drunk. The hull community is a staggerin' 'round, buttin' their heads agin stone walls and a skinnin' of their noses on the curbstone of adversity. Yes, sir, we're all drunk—that is, everybody's drunk but me. I'm sober, sober as a police judge on a rainy day. I *ain't* drunk; no, sir, stranger, I ain't drunk."

"What are you making such a fool of yourself for, then?"

"Fool? Sir, I'm no fool. I'm distressed. I've catched the contagion. I'm afflicted."

"Are you sick?"

"Exactly."

"What's the matter with you?"

"*I've got the panicks.*"

"The what?"

"The panics, sir; it's a going to carry off this town. I tried to escape by hard drink, but it's no use. The panics have got me, sure."

The watchman, more amused than ever, tendered his sympathy, and, what was better, his aid, to the panic-stricken individual. In the course of half an hour he had the pleasure of putting him into the door of his boarding house, and pointing out to him the best remedy—a soft bed and long slumber.—*Cincinnati Times.*

"Put it Through."—In one of the express offices in this city the other day, the agent having been often annoyed by some one about his premises *sampling* the contents of kegs or demijohns containing wine or liquor, which the Company had undertaken to forward, determined to set a trap for the offender. Accordingly he got Dr. —— to so medicate a demijohn of wine (which he had purchased for the purpose,) as to make those who should drink of it very sick at the stomach. This done, he addressed it to some name in Boston, labelled it, marked it to be "*Put through with care,*" and set it with the day's freight. It was soon espied by the depredator for whom the trap had been laid, and it was not long before he managed to get a good swig at it. He was caught in the act by another clerk, and had to compound for it by letting *him* take a pull at it, also. The latter communicated the pleasing intelligence to others, and as they had all been working hard and stood in need of refreshments, and it was rather a good joke than otherwise, and the company was amply able to pay for it, they all took a drink. The original drinker by right of discovery drank two or three times, and presently a sicker man you never did see than he was. He was not alone in his misery, but he had the worst of it. The emetic operated with more or less violence upon several persons, and a very ludicrous picture—or, rather, a whole gallery of pictures—they presented. In all probabilities the contents of wine bottles *in transitu* through that office will be entirely safe hereafter.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Bread by a New Process.—There is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New York a new apparatus, invented by M. Rolland, a practical baker in Paris, by which it is said that bread is produced in an economical, pure, and perfect manner heretofore unattainable. The machinery consists, first, of a mechanical kneading trough, within which revolve curved blades by which the dough is kneaded at the rate of a barrel of flour in fifteen minutes, in a perfection impossible to attain by the hand process. This kneader is worked with ease by a single operator, is simple and durable in construction, almost impossible to get out of order, and inexpensive in cost. The remainder of the equipment is a hot-air oven, the heating of which is accomplished by an independent furnace, the caloric circulating around it through flues in the brick work by iron pipes, &c. Any combustible can be used for fuel, and, as the embers are collected spontaneously, no cinders, smoke, or ashes enter the oven; therefore the necessity of cleaning the bed at each baking is entirely dispensed with. The floor of the oven is readily revolved, and in filling the loaves have only to be reached as far as the centre. By this means the whole batch is done evenly and of the same color, besides doing away with the fatiguing labor of long-handled tools, and obviating the effects resulting from the radiation of heat, which is often disastrous to the workman, and producing the bread free from blemish, whether of ashes, coal, or flueage. It is stated that the system of M. Rolland is already in practical use in nearly all the countries of the Old World, while in France it is rapidly taking the place of every other means of making bread.

Anecdote of the late Duke of Wellington.—Some years ago it was proposed to him to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was, therefore, a valuable acquisition, to which he assented. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties, and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke; the other replied: "It was valued at £1100, and we have got it for £800." "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again.

Raikes's Journal.

Edward G. Asay, a young lawyer at Chicago, has been convicted of a misdemeanor in attempting to bribe an important witness in the Brayman case to leave the state. The penalty of Mr. Asay's offence is a fine of $500 and six months imprisonment.

There is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life, than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

The Steamship Great Eastern.—The editor of the Utica Herald, who is now in England, thus describes this leviathan of the deep. He says:

"I have seen the Great Eastern. I assure you that no description can convey a just idea of her gigantic magnitude. Standing upon the bank of the Thames, high and dry, her immense hulk entirely visible, and presenting her broadside to the river, she seems more like some monster of fairy tale than a living prosy product of human brain. Every other object, even the river, is dwarfed beside her. Standing at her keel (if she has one) and looking up to her bulwarks, is very much like looking up to the dome of St. Paul's. The people walking the deck are dwindled to mere pigmies, while the saloon windows appear mere black specks. You ascend to her upper deck by a series of stairways which rites your mettle somewhat, and as you gain the top and look down your head reels over the dizzy distance. Standing at one extreme of the ship and looking toward the other is like looking over a large field of iron deck. If you commence at one extreme and walk until you have performed the circumference of the deck, you will find that you have traversed one quarter of a mile. I will not trouble you with the details of her size further than to remark that while the tonnage of a first class merchant packet is from 1,000 to 1,600, hers is 22,000! that her length is 680 feet and her breadth 83 feet; that 10,000 tons of plates of iron and three millions of rivets have been used in her construction; that she has four decks, and 400 feet length of saloons; that the diameter of her cylinders is six feet; that she has ten anchors, weighing an aggregate of 583 tons; that she has ten boilers and one hundred and twelve furnaces; that her paddle-wheels will be propelled by four engines with cylinders of *fourteen* feet stroke; that she has moreover a screw propeller of twenty-four feet in diameter, with a shaft of 160 feet in length; that her passenger accommodation is 800 first class, 2,000 second class, and 1,200 third class; that her crew will consist of four hundred men; that her sails are to be hoisted and her anchors heaved and weighed by steam engines; that she is to have six masts, and that she is to manufacture her own gas on board. She has no keel and will have no bowsprit.

"So far from looking awkward and unwieldly, she is one of the finest models I have ever seen. If she is only launched safely I have little doubt of her success as a sailer. It is not possible that she can be launched for several weeks yet, the averment of the Times to the contrary notwithstanding."

The Capitol.—In the extension of the new capitol at Washington, Congress ordered the construction of two immense brazen doors, with suitable devices, in bas relief, for the new extension, and Mr. Crawford was requested to execute the work. Mr. Crawford was unable to construct but one, and requested that the other might be entrusted to Mr. Rogers. This was accordingly done, and Mr. Crawford chose for his design the Revolution and some of its stirring incidents, and Mr. Rogers, the discovery of America by Columbus, including the chief incidents in his grand career. We are informed that this is one of the most splendid achievements of American genius which has yet been given to the world. The door, a huge folding door, is some thirty feet in height, and the various panels illustrate the different stages of the progress of Columbus, from the first conception of his mighty project up to its grand execution, which is magnificently illustrated in the arch, and then, on the successive descending panels, other striking incidents of his course, including his shameful imprisonment, and, at last, his death.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

In France, they have a project under consideration for uniting England with the continent, by means of a tunnel,—that is to say, a sub-marine avenue, *under* the British Channel, between Dover and Calais. An eminent engineer has the matter in hand; and all the most prominent men of science say the scheme is practicable, and would be executed at a moderate cost. The Emperor is said to be highly delighted with this scheme of "annexation," while in England it is received apparently with not less favor.

A Steamboat Newspaper.—Among other innovations which the mammoth steamer Great Eastern is about to inaugurate, will be the publication of a daily paper on board for the benefit of the travelling public—the regular "public" of travellers—whom she may be bearing across the ocean. But this startling feature is anticipated on the western waters of the New World, for the New Orleans and St. Louis packet steamer James E. Woodruff now sails equipped with the force and material for the publication of a regular *daily paper on board* during her trips up and down the river, with a job office attached for the printing of bills of fare and other work.

Sluggishness of Trade.—The shipments of grain from Chicago this year are 6,000,000 bushels less than at this season last year. The receipts are pretty ample, now, but not more so than last year. The same falling off is noted at all the lake ports. The Cincinnati Price Current says the receipts at that city are not half what they ought to be; and the boats at our own landing which lately arrived from below are preparing to lay up, it being impossible to get good cargoes below, even at the lowest possible rates of freight.

A Curiosity.—Mr. Wm. O'Hollandsworth, of Raleigh county, Va., owns a calf which has no eyes, nor very little appearance of any, with the exception of some very small eyelashes on each side of its head. It is said to be a fine large calf, and can go through a gap in a fence, a gate or any entrance, without difficulty, and can tell when it is getting close to a stump, a tree or a fence, as well as a person can. It can also discover when a stranger is near, as easily as if it could see.

Betty Jack.—This is the name of a negro woman who died near Abingdon last week, and who belonged to Mr. Milton White. She was remarkable, says the *Virginian*, not only for her age, but for a singular eccentricity of character. She was 113 years old, and was never married. She was literally an old maid negro, having in youth vowed virginity, and dying with her vow inviolate.—*Richmond Whig.*

A Wife's Retort.—A clergyman of our acquaintance, being recently in company where several ladies were present, his wife among the number, and the recent crimes of Mrs. Cunningham becoming the subject of conversation, remarked, with a sort of rogueish leer, that when a woman fell she was far worse in her conduct than one of the other sex. "My dear husband," replied his wife, "you will recollect that the height from which she falls is infinitely greater."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Fond parent, (to his son:) "Yes, New York is the place to get on in. Look at Smith; he started without a penny, and has lately failed for a hundred thousand dollars. Of course, that's an extreme case. I don't expect you to do as well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in the course of a few years, fail for fifty thousand dollars."

A COLORED CAMP MEETING.

Not long since, on a cool, pleasant Sabbath afternoon, we accompanied a neighbor to a colored camp meeting, assembled in a shady grove on the 'Greenbush Road,' back of 'Rockland Tower.' There were perhaps a thousand people present, men and women, young and old, at least one-half of whom were white persons. There was a *cordon* of wagons and horses around a wide circular inclosure, indicated and respected, although not inclosed. An afternoon intermission had commenced just as we arrived, and the sable worshippers were scattered around the ground in groups, in front of a rude board pulpit, which was situated under the dense shade of a cluster of heavy foliaged trees. Some were singing, others were praying; but everything was conducted with perfect propriety; nor did we hear, from any one of the 'congregation,' or the audience, a single word at which exception might be taken. One 'colored brother' especially arrested our attention. He was very old; he said he was 'goin' on seventy:' he stood in the midst of a very large circle: and in a voice broken, yet some how strangely melodious, we thought, was singing from a printed slip, '*A Warning*,' in which all around him joined with great fervor. And this was the 'Warning' which he gave; and while singing it, with shortened breath, but most affecting solemnity, intermingled occasionally with touching, and often eloquent comments, he was joined by great numbers of his 'colored brethren' present:

'The voice of Wisdom hear,
Be in time, be in time!
The voice of Wisdom hear,
Be in time:
To give up every sin,
In earnest now begin;
For the night will soon set in:
Be in time, be in time!
For the night will soon set in.
Be in time!

'The Gospel train's at hand.
Be in time, be in time!
The Gospel train's at hand,
Be in time,
Behold your station there.
Jesus has paid your fare;
Let's all engage in prayer:
Be in time, be in time!
Let's all engage in prayer:
Be in time!'

The aged singer's hands were freckled, and 'lank and brown,' and rough, and seamed with toil. He said they had 'ministered unto his necessities,' and to those which were with him; for he had a family, but by the blessing of God, he was able to work still. He was a shoe-maker, he said; he had suffered much from illness; but humble as was his occupation, he had had, while sitting upon his bench, visions of a 'better land,' where they should no more say, 'I am sick,' and all distinctions, 'except for good,' were forever done away with. It was very affecting—and tears stood in many an eye. Just as the last verse was being sung,

'The Gospel train's at hand,
Be in time, be in time!'

afar off, on the level space that stretched toward the Ramapo Hills, came rushing on a long train upon the New York and Erie Railroad, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive, softened by the distance, echoed subduedly through the 'Camp.' The effect was most striking. But now the horn blew; the assemblage gathered around the pulpit; a fervent prayer was offered up by a 'colored brother,' which, both in manner and language, was unexceptionable, a hymn was sung; we heard part of a discourse from the text, 'Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you.' We heard but the first half of this discourse, which was listened to with not only not the slightest interruption, but with the undivided attention of all present; a tribute which it well deserved; for we believe that in matter and manner it surprised almost everybody who heard it. All the way coming home, we were trying, with our friend, to recall the air to which 'The Warning' was sung. We were about to 'give it up,' when it flashed upon us:

'My name 'twas Robert Kid.
As I sailed, as I sailed;
My name 'twas Robert Kid,
As I sailed:
My name 'twas Robert Kid,
And so wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed!'

But all this mattered not. With *the words*, the air was extremely pathetic; and it will be very long before we shall forget it. Moreover, it was most effectively executed.—*Knickerbocker.*

An Odd-Shaped Ear of Corn.—We have before us an ear or a bunch of ears of corn, which strikes us as rather a curiosity. It consists of one full grown central ear, and of *six* smaller and shorter ears growing around it. The grains on the smaller ears are large and well filled, as are those on the central one, which is perfect, down to the base, even where surrounded by the shorter ears or "nubbins." It was raised by Mr. Jas. W. Williams, of Holly Shelter district, in this county. We don't know whether this is the beginning of a new fashion—if so, it will go ahead of the Chinese Sugar Cane.—*Wil. Journal.*

Three Crops.—Mr. R. W. Collins, of Burgaw District in this County, has sent us six Apples, four of them being of the second and two of the third crop of the present year. Those of the second crop are very fair—those of the third are perfectly formed and colored, but small.—*Ib.*

A Nut for Abolitionists.—A petition was presented to Judge Hudson, of Greenbrier county, on Tuesday, signed by old Willis, a free negro, formerly belonging to James Frazier, deceased, requesting permission of the Court to suffer him to become a slave again. It seems that Willis has tried life among the Abolitionists, and, having become convinced that negro freedom is a grand humbug, he desires to choose another master in the State of Virginia. He selected Mr. Thomas as his master.

Storm Brewing.—Gov. Perry, of Florida, feels very sick on Kansas. Taking his cue from the Virginia Senator, Hunter, he fiercely denounces Gov. Walker for insisting upon having the new Kansas Constitution submitted to the people,—and intimates that if Mr. Buchanan sustains him, and sanctions that policy, he and the Northern Democracy must expect war to the knife.—*N. Y. Ex's.*

How did he Know.—Editors in Iowa are often placed on committees at State and county fairs. To what extent they carry their examinations may be supposed by the following, which is contained in the report of a late fair by the editor of the Davenport Democrat. He says: "The best woollen cloak was worn by a lady of Muscatine; also, the best socks and home-made shirt."

Michigan Eagle.

A Thoughtful Wife is a Priceless Treasure.—Such a one has Mr. Peets, proprietor of the Phœnix Hotel, in Lansingburg, N. Y., which was destroyed by fire the other day. He has learned to his surprse, that his wife had effected an insurance of fifteen hundred dollars on his property, with her "pin money," unknown to him.

It is a very erroneous imputation upon one of our prominent politicians that "he drinks hard." There's nothing in the world that he does easier.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

LONDON, October 23, 1857.

The state of the money market is still the sole subject of attention, and as it has undergone little change, there is scarcely anything to report by the present packet.

Public confidence is unimpaired. Investments in the funds are numerous, and there has been a complete absence of commercial failures. Considering that the Bank minimum rate is now 8 per cent., with a possibility that at any moment it may be raised to 9, which would be higher than has ever been known, these statements are as remarkable as they are satisfactory.

Even from Glasgow, where the losses from your side have thus far been most severely felt, there are no accounts to awaken anxiety as to the general stability of the trade of the place. The stoppages announced by the previous packet, although in the aggregate very large, were confined to a set of speculative firms, who for some years have been regarded with caution, and out of this circle there seems to be no rumor of any extensive difficulty. The Western Bank of Scotland will be the chief sufferer. But this establishment has a large capital and a numerous and wealthy propriety, and consequently there has been no apprehension of its being seriously affected. It has a reserve fund of a quarter of a million sterling, and the worst the stockholders have to apprehend is that, during the next year or two, they must be content with diminished dividends. The manager to whom the mischief is attributed has been required to resign, and a more prudent regime will henceforth be established.

In London all the banks, both private and joint stock, are thoroughly sound.

The Forces in India.—An official return, made up to the 10th ultimo, has been compiled by Capt. Elphinstone, R. E., of the Topographical and Statistical Department at the War Office, showing that the total number of her Majesty's troops in India is 29,384 men, besides 29,611 on their passage out. Of these there are 21,884 in the Bengal Presidency, and 18,390 on their way to Bengal; in the Madras Presidency there are 2,426, and 2,210 on their way; in the Bombay Presidency there are 5,074, and 9,011 on their way. The European troops of the East India Company number altogether 18,260 men, of whom 6,800 are in Bengal, 4,960 in Madras, and 4,520 in Bombay; besides 1,900 European officers and men from the disbanded native regiments. The native troops who still continue on duty in the service number altogether 128,000 men, of whom 46,880 are in Bengal, 50,880 in Madras, and 30,240 in Bombay. On the opposite side the number of the native troops in the Bengal Presidency disbanded or disarmed is estimated at 26,750, and the number of those who have mutinied at 58,230. Of the latter 8,300 are cavalry and 48,600 infantry, with 700 of the artillery and 730 of the engineers. In the Madras Presidency, 38 men of a cavalry regiment have been disarmed and 380 men of another regiment have attempted to mutiny. In the Bombay Presidency 850 men have been disbanded and 200 have mutinied.

The boast which has been going the rounds of the newspapers, that the State of Arkansas is free from debt and has more gold and silver in her strong box than will keep the Government for two years without any further taxation, is thus spoiled by the Providence Journal:

"Well, this is cool, refreshingly cool. Arkansas owes a debt of over $3,300,000, which she has repudiated, principal and interest. No excuse is offered for this shameful conduct. The State is rich, is abundantly able to pay, and boasts an overflowing treasury, unaffected even by the present financial difficulties. A part of the repudiated debt is due to the Chickasaw orphan fund."

A Liberal Man.—William Dickson, Esq., of Franklin county, Alabama, has endowed the chair of Moral Science and Belles Lettres in the Florence Wesleyan University, at Florence, Alabama, with the sum of ten thousand dollars. This generous and noble act of Mr. Dickson came from his own large heart, without being solicited or begged for the contribution.

The assets of the Island City (N. Y.) Bank, which went into the hands of a Receiver some time since, on examination are found to consist of $1,500 in coppers and five inkstands. The capital of the Bank was $300,000.

Newspapers for Produce.—The Chicago Tribune has the following announcement in large type at the head of its second page:—

"This paper sent one year for three bushels of wheat or six bushels of oats."

Prolific.—A woman on a farm in Isle of Wight, near Smithfield Va., has had three pair of twins in succession. The first were girls, the next boys, and the last pair is a boy and girl.

Caution to Country Dogs.—An occurrence which took place in this city last week, should be a caution to all country dogs. A wagoner from Talladega had his dog down with him, and in the course of business it became necessary for that dog to bite Ben Dexter. However, since that dog had last visited the city, the Western manufacturers had adopted the use of strychnine in making their liquor—of which fact Browzer was unaware. Suffice it to say, he *bit Ben and died!*

Montgomery Mail.

One of the Toots Family.—While strolling down town this morning, we chanced to observe an interesting specimen of the Toots genus, whose melancholy musing as he rather unsteadily supported himself against one of the door posts of a low-priced whiskey-mill, betrayed ideas of no common order. Our attention was first attracted to Toots by a somewhat emphatic, although sad inquiry, addressed to himself, respecting what he was going to do with himself.

"I repeat," said Toots, in a subdued and respectful manner, continuing to address himself, 'what am I to do? The present state of my delicate system urges upon my consideration the great and constantly growing want of stimulating fluid, which, unhappily for me, under the circumstances, is not a spontaneous and free production of this part of the country. My pockets obstinately refuse to retain the amount of specie necessary to an emergency like this, and the wretched publican within, as obstinately refuses to disburse cocktails on credit. There is no use trying to live in these times. I'll go down into the quiet grave—I'll fade away from the world, and seek after cocktails no more forever."

Toots punched his knuckles into one eye as if to chastise that organ for permitting the appearance of an unmanly tear, but his closing remarks relative to his contemplated departure from earth, were overheard by another besides ourselves, and he was accosted by a mild looking, smooth faced gentleman, who at once suggested to him the propriety of not dying, until it was impossible to longer avoid such an arrangement. The mild man continued to address Toots on the comfort and convenience of remaining alive, until that melancholy gentleman was seriously affected, and appeared in a happy state of mind to receive good advice. He finally, in a voice choked with emotion, seizing the mild man by the hand, exclaimed with energy, "my friend, you have saved me, I will live! Live for your sake, and——I'll try my credit with this other fellow, who keeps 'round the corner."—*N. O. Picayune.*

GOOD SIGNS.

The fair price property brings when offered for sale in this part of the State, does not indicate that the times are very hard. At Monroe, Union county, last week, a lot of negroes sold at as high a price as they would have brought six months ago. A little girl, probably not more than 8 years old, brought $550; a woman, 60 years old, with rheumatism, sold for $250. Others equally as high.

We learn that at a sale in Steele Creek neighborhood, in this county, property of all kinds brought its full value, and in many cases what might be considered high prices were paid.

We have never believed that there was any good reason why the people in this section should so universally cry "hard times." A merchant in Charlotte, who deals largely in Dry Goods, told us the other day that his sales in October were larger than ever before, and the probability was that the November business would be equally as good. We have heard other merchants, also, speak of their large sales. Now, we are not prepared to say whether these large sales are indicated by a plentiful supply of money in the pockets of buyers, or by the cheapness of the goods offered—no doubt both have their influence, but particularly the latter, if we may be allowed to express the opinion on the *ipse dixit* of the merchants themselves.

One thing is certain, if those who have money would loosen their purse-strings a little and pay their debts, everybody would feel easier and trade would progress briskly. Try it.—*Char. Dem.*

Wilmington & Weldon R. R. Company.—We understand that the gross earnings of this Road for the year ending Sept. 30th 1857, were $494,508 56, and the cost of "operating proper" $224,502 22, leaving $270,006 42, as net earnings.

During the year $65,173 42 was expended in filling up trestle work and in the purchase of *additional* engines and machinery. These expenses are considered as chargable to construction and equipment, and are not included in the account for operating the road for the past year.

Wilmington Journal.

The Last Pun.—We were just thinking that the campaign against hoops had closed—unsuccessfully to the assailing party—when this bullet came whizzing by:

Why does a lady wearing crinoline appear comical as well as conical?

Because she is very *funnel-ly* dressed.

Petersburg Express.

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I does—and, what's more, I intend entering it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready."

LAW BOOKS.

DOMAT'S Civil Law;
Roscoe's Crim. Evidence;
Chitty on Contracts;
" " Criminal Law;
" " Pleading;
Stephen on Ditto;
Chitty on the Law of Carriers;
Selwyn's Nisi Prius,—Am. Notes;
Smith's Chancery Practice;
" Landlord and Tenant;
" on Contracts;
" Leading Cases;
Story on Conflict of Law;
" Equity Jurisprudence;
" on Sales;
" on Partnership;
" Equity Pleadings;
" on Contracts;
Fearne on Remainders;
Edwards on Bailments;
Byles' on Bills;
Tayler's Law Glossary;
Dart on Vendors and Purchasers of Real Estate;
Broom's Legal Maxims;
" Commentaries on the Com. Law;
Adams's Equity;
" on Ejectment;
Burrill on Circum. Evidence;
" Law Dictionary
Leading Cases in Equity;
Tidd's Practice—Am Notes;
Hill on Trustees, " "
Matthews' Presumptive Evidence;
Powell on Mortgages;
Cantwell's Justice;
Supreme Court Reports, &c.,
Starkie on Slander;
Sedgwick on the Measure of Damages;
Sedgwick on Statutory and Cons. Law;
Hale's Pleas of the Crown;
Bishop on Marriage and Divorce;
Mitford's Chancery Pleadings;
Sanders on Uses & Trusts;
Hargrave & Butler's Coke upon Littleton;
U. States Digest;
State Trials of the U. S.
Russell on Arbitration;
Morris on Replevin;
Troubat on Limited Partnerships;
Sugden on Vendors;
" on Powers;
Saunders on Pleading
" Reports;
Addison on Contracts;
Wharton on Homicide;
Wharton & Stille's Med. Jurisprudence;
Newland on Contracts;
Roper on Legacies;
Williams on Executors;
" on Personal Property;
Oliver on Conveyancing;
Lube's Equity Pleading;
Gresley's Law of Evidence;
Kent's Commentaries;
Curtis's Commentary;
Bradford's Surrogate Reports;
Tapping on Mandamus;
Crown Circuit Companion;
Wiley's N. C. Form Book.

E. J. HALE & SON.

Nov. 2, 1857.

RANAWAY

FROM the subscriber about the last of September, his negro man FRANK. Said negro is about thirty years old, about five feet six or seven inches high, stour and likely, and puts on a foolish look when spoken to. He is no doubt trying to get to a free State. I will give a reward of Twenty Dollars for his apprehension and delivery to me, or his confinement in any jail in the State, so that I get him.

Address the subscriber at Rollins' Store, Moore Co., N. C.

F. W. SWANN.

Oct'r 13. 51-1m

TEAS.

OLD HYSON TEA,
Young " "
Imperial "
Oolong " (Black,)
All of BEST quality, for sale by

JAS. N. SMITH,
Druggist.

Nov. 4. 57tf

Frangipanni,

AN ETERNAL PERFUME; also, Lubins', Harrison's and Bazin's Extracts for the H'dk'f; Preston & Merill's Extracts for Flavoring; Pomatums; Hair Oils; Hair Dyes; Colognes; Lip Salve; Puffs; Toilet Powders; Toilet Soaps; Wood's Hair Restorer, (quart bottles,) Tricopherous; Katharion; Pungents; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Flesh, Cloth, Hat, and Shaving Brushes, &c., for sale by

JAS. N. SMITH.

Nov. 4. 57-tf

Pure Wines, Brandy, Gin and London Porter, (Qts. and Pts.,) for sale by

JAS. N. SMITH, Druggist.

Nov. 4. 57tf

To Country Merchants and Physicians.

SAM'L J. HINSDALE invites the attention of *Country Merchants* and *Physicians* to his large and complete Stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c.,

Which he is prepared to sell at low prices.

SAM'L J. HINSDALE, Druggist

Sept'r 21, 1857. 44tf

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.

MURCHISON & HOWELL
Commission Merchants,
No. 104 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.

59-itf

"WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF BERHAVE'S HOLLAND BITTERS?

Simple in its composition, pleasant to the taste, and truly wonderful in its effect, its popularity cannot be wondered at. To invalids just recovering strength, it is invaluable: exercising that soothing influence over the nervous system, and imparting that health and tone to the stomach, so longed for by the convalescent.

Daily Enterprise.

Nov. 5. 58-2tpd