

Editors.—The National Intelligencer is content to be a political organ, and is not to be a fault. This fact gives additional point to the following paragraph in reply to the Washington Union, which we copy because we like its spirit, and because, in the main, it fits our own case.

By Observer. "In its own very natural distresses at the force dissensions in the ranks of its party, the Union falls into the error of supposing that we labor under similar ailments, and therefore shape our telegraphic despatches with a view to favor certain Democratic aspirants or to distrust others. We beg the Union to discontinue its enmities. It may itself, to serve a party purpose, give currency to fictitious proceedings and to imaginary resolutions which never were voted on and never had a real existence, as in the case of the Michigan resolves; it may alter or suppress despatches if it please; our political necessities as drive us to such expedients. Not bound to speak the mind of any master, we speak our own, and are free to defend the President when justice requires it at our hands, or stand by the malcontents of his party if the interests of truth demand it of us. We have no body to pull down, and unhappily just now no one to put up. The little part we take in Democratic family quarrels is prompted by the love of fair play, by party affinity with either faction. It is our pride to have kind personal relations in both, but our best wishes would send them all to Coventry, and put good Whigs in their places. We owe no political allegiance to them separately or collectively; and when the Union demands to know of us whether we support the President's Kansas policy, we must request our neighbor to obtain an answer to the same question from his own party, whom it has a right to interrogate, before it can expect a response from us beyond what our columns for the last three months have furnished."

National Foundry.

Last week we noticed the reception of Prof. Emmons' Report concerning the advantages of the valley of Deep River, Chattanooga county, as a site for the establishment of a national foundry. The report was made in pursuance of instructions from Gov. Bragg, and has been or is to be laid before Congress with the view of inducing the Government to locate a foundry at a place so well adapted to the purpose. Prof. Emmons enumerates some of the advantages of Deep River as follows:—Its abundant supply of bituminous and semi-bituminous coal of the best quality; its vast resources for the manufacture of iron; its materials for construction in wood and stone; ample water power; its soil and productions; and its climate and good water. Besides, it will be out of reach of any enemy in time of war.

A Railroad is now being constructed from the coal fields to Fayetteville, which would give the United States Arsenal at the latter place easy communication with the Foundry.

Gov. Bragg has manifested a commendable force in having it referred to Congress for consideration.

This being a subject of much importance to our State, and indeed to the country generally, we presume our Representatives in Congress will bring it prominently before that body. Prof. Emmons has shown in his late able and interesting report that no other site could be chosen possessing natural advantages to that degree as to render it better suited to the purpose than Deep River. This is no happy conclusion on the part of the Professor; his views are the result of long and patient observation, and it is to be hoped that Congress may bestow upon them that attention which their importance demands.

The people of North Carolina, in asking this appropriation, do so with the belief that the site is a suitable one for the purpose named, and placing the work on the high grounds of its merits, confidently appeal to members of Congress from all sections to consider and act upon it accordingly.—W. Herald.

That Eighty Seven Thousand Dollars.—It is stated a letter signed by a large number of Congressmen has been addressed to Messrs. Lawrence, Stone & Co., of Boston, asking if the \$87,000 disbursed by them in securing the passage of the last tariff bill was disposed of in Congress, and if so, who received it. It is also reported that if the information is not furnished, these gentlemen will be required to testify before a congressional committee. Mr. Lawrence is in Europe.

LIBERAL LEGISLATURE.—The Nashville Gazette says: The Mississippi Legislature lately voted to pay Gov. McRae \$1,500 of the State's money, because a slave of his received a trifling injury at a fire. The money would have been much better employed if appropriated for the payment of honest debts long since repudiated.

The "South Side Democrat," warmly in favor of Walker, and violently opposed to Commodore Paulding's proceedings, says, "it is constrained to think that Secretary Toney is as much, if not more, to blame than either or all of the naval officers implicated in these disgraceful proceedings." According to the Jacksonian theory, the President is responsible for the acts of his Secretaries. Mr. Buchanan, therefore, is the party to whom the country should look.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent in either doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—Spectator.

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XIV.

SALISBURY, N. C., JANUARY 26, 1858.

NUMBER 35

From the Atlantic Reporter. Messrs. Editors:—I am not a first rate judge of small matters, and am therefore liable to err. My travels have not been by any means extensive and homelike; but since the days of Slidaspour, but it really seems to me, "situated as I am," that the richest, rarest, and rarest amalgamation of inharmonious discord that ever delighted the public, occurred in the town of Hendersonville on the 1st inst. If you will hold my hat for a few minutes, I will "tell you all about the war, and what they killed each other for," promising that if my humble abilities were twice what they are, and were they multiplied by six, I should only be able to give but a dim outline of the real occurrence.

On the adjournment of Court for dinner on that eventful day, it was pronounced by the Chief Justice, that immediately after that usual Democratic meeting would be held in the Court House to select delegates to the State Democratic Convention soon to be held (not Billy) in Salisbury or elsewhere. After dinner, and three or four additional proclamations, a goodly number were gotten into the house. V. Ripley, Esq., was placed in the Chair; Secretaries were appointed; the preliminary singing was performed; the certain was raised (the monkey daily late home. Gen. R. M. Elnoy, a name so honorably connected with the American consulate, as having imported no less than six thorough bred Jacks during one visit to the Sicilian Isles) explained the "negation of the meeting," and offered two sets of resolutions for the action of the meeting, which he was proceeding to enforce, and to all human probability would have been enforced, by a speech of most alarming length, when he was interrupted by Henry T. Farmer, Esq., who desired to know if the gentleman wanted to introduce his resolutions or to make a speech. At this the General applied the brakes, blew the whistle, and gave other undoubted indications of an intention to stop, but being on a heavy down grade it could not be done suddenly, and before he could bring up, all standing, he was again interrupted; this time by J. A. Dickson, Esq., of Morganton. This gentleman explained, that of the resolutions on hand, one set were merely formal and would be passed of course; let them be acted upon and then the others on which the General had set his heart could be discussed in *casu*. This was agreed to, and Gen. B. M. handed the matter of course set to Esq. Farmer, who forthwith read them to the meeting. They simply concerned the approaching Convention, the support of the Administration, and Mr. Avery for Governor, &c. The inevitable General then offered his set as a substitute, (reaching as I remember, to 10th ly) in which high ground was taken on the internal improvement question, denouncing the action of former legislatures, the illiberal and contracted policy of the East, threatening divers and sundry calamities if our wrongs were not redressed, recommending nobody for Governor, (a most eminent and excellent nomination, and eminently Democratic, of the little "Davis" stripe), and intimating that the elevation of Mr. Avery as a western man, would poorly compensate the West for high taxes and no roads, however agreeable it might be to the gentleman in question. Some truth in this. These resolutions the General made the occasion of another short speech. Esq. Farmer came to the charge next, in opposition. He said that the resolutions were ill timed, out of place and impolitic; that they would elude Mr. Avery, weigh him down in the East, *damn him*, and what was worse (for damnation seems to be less feared than defeat, seeing it is what they most all come to), would beat him 20,000 votes! Further, he was of the opinion that Mr. Clingan upon whose instruction they were accustomed to depend and who was able and willing to advise, would not like to be eloped with such strong western rights resolutions in his next biennial whiff for the Senatorial pike. To this, which in all conscience seemed a "settler," the gentleman added various other reasons, warm and lengthy to say the least of them. Mr. Coleman was loudly called for, but the General again got the floor, and pitched into the Eastern Democracy worse than ever. At the conclusion thereof Mr. Coleman was again called for, and at this time responded, that to the utter amazement of the regulars he pitched into the Eastern Democracy still stronger yet, said the resolutions were not half strong enough, they bore about the same relation to the true state of things that molasses and water did to 4th proof brandy; that whilst he would fraternize with his brethren (did you ever see a Loco that would not?) on all political questions he was for giving the Eastern wing plainly to understand that the West would not submit to everything; he would hold them as he did all persons proposed to the interests of his section, "enemies in war—in peace friends." By the time his speech was through, it was tolerably apparent, that a small family row was on hand, and a decided willingness was manifested on all sides to see it come.

Mr. Dickson followed Mr. Coleman at great length, vividly portraying the horrors of disorganization and want of harmony; deprecating the revolutionary tendencies of the supporters of the General's resolutions, and bringing up the orthodox wing into the fight with considerable spirit. Dr. Columbus Mills then rose and announced to the Chair, that he was lost, didn't know where he was, had thought he was in a Democratic meeting, saw dis-

organizers, called for the re-reading of the General's resolutions and set down. Was getting smartly warmer. Esq. Farmer again comes to the charge, says General Edney's resolutions are not true, that he (Edney) was not a citizen of Henderson county, that the Supreme Court had decided him to be a *cosmopolite* which meant a citizen of the world, that it was a shame Henderson could not raise men to write their own resolutions, he was as good an internal improvement man as any body, but it was not proper to discuss the subject now, pass these "cursed resolutions," and you ruin the party. Here the General asked leave to say he was a citizen of Henderson, that if he was a *cosmopolite*, the gentleman was like a "dudapper on a troubled sea," why did not the gentleman write the resolutions himself? There he stood with a set of resolutions in his hand, which he (Edney) had drawn up for him. Mr. Farmer: "I say he didn't draw those resolutions; I say Mr. Coleman drew them." Gen. E. "I drew them myself; they are in my hand writing; didn't I Mr. Coleman?" Mr. C. explains: "The General wrote them whilst he sat by and dictated. This material point being thus settled the fight went on with renewed vigor, each man declaring and offering to prove by various means his pure and orthodox Democracy, and daring any man to challenge his devotion thereto. At this point, the gentleman from Polk again got the floor, and proceeded to pour oil on the troubled waters—over the left—by broadsiding Farmer most unmercifully; denied that he was an internal improvement man, the democracy didn't claim him, he affiliated with the Know Nothings, and went against railroads; "to catch the old fogies like Bob Jones, there is tar on his heels Mr. Chairman, there's tar on his heels sir," (and this seemed literally true from the way he stood to the floor), and down he went into his seat. Sundry persons being under the impression that he was on one side or the other, but no one was confident which. Various intimations were thrown out about "old Democrats" of the original panel, which seemed to make the Dickson wing of the orthodox unhappy, and brought Farmer instantly to his feet. He acknowledged that he was *rain*, that in his bringing up, next to the fear of God he had been taught to hate Billy Holden, and a remnant of that early training made him desirous to nominate Avery. Gen. W. F. Jones then rose and asked leave to make a suggestion, promising that he was not a member of the party proper, but—"when you can't speak here," about the gentleman from Polk, and getting to his feet in front of Gen. Jones, who was loudly seeking to make a personal explanation, he proceeded to pour a large quantity of very small shot into the unfeeling Know Nothings, the "stetch of all parties" as he elegantly phrased it; and said if Gen. Jones wanted to join the Democratic party he must make an open confession of his sins with much more of vague and doubtful import. The General replied that he did not wish to join on such terms, and proposed that every American should leave the house, which was answered by a deafening shout, and amidst the most tumultuous laughter and confusion about three-fourths of the entire crowd rolled pell mell down stairs into the street, leaving the three leaders of the great harmonious, national democracy, to pull each other ears in the presence of the family. During these proceedings the worthy Chairman appeared extremely unhappy, whilst the comeliness of Robert Jones, Esq., spoke eloquently of misery inexpressible.

The fight, now reduced to close quarters raged with unflagging violence; Gen. B. M. swelling his magnificent figure into beautiful arcs, crescents, and semi-circles as he poured his eloquent wrath toward Farmer and the East, and the latter retreating by a peculiarly graceful stoop forward as if to protect that organ where in consisted the strength of Balmorah. The last thing we heard (for the comeliness of Bob Jones, Esq., harrowed our soul and we retired), was the voice of Coleman, like a trumpet call, protesting his devotion to democracy, that its people should be his people, its country his country, where it went there should he go, &c. &c. Finally, as we afterwards learned, the General having eloquently described his undying devotion to the party, the enormous and extravagant sacrifices he was ready to make for its prosperity, could even now show the Chairman that he preferred Jerusalem above his chief joy—*he therefore withdrew his resolutions!* Thus the meeting (which was left of it at least) adjourned. Peace and harmony is the strength of all institutions, more especially of modern Democracy.

PETER. The Red Petticoat Fashion.—It is said by modistes who are up to snuff that a new mode of dress will be in vogue this winter among the fair sex. It has already been started in Washington City on New Year's Day by Lady Ouseley. She copied it from Queen Victoria, who brought the fashion from Balmoral, a Scotch costume, and introduced it in London. Without any stretch of the imagination, they pronounce this fashion a fascinating one, that will probably become general.

The way of wearing the red petticoat is with the outer robe looped up on each side so as to show the petticoat and foot on a very well developed torso. This red petticoat exhibition will create a sensation among all bovine stock and have a queer effect upon gobsblers.

From the Presbyterian. Enough Said. Messrs. Editors.—Some time ago, at a congregational meeting in Massachusetts, it was proposed to increase the pastor's salary. But the thing coming to his ears, he earnestly besought them not to do it, for "he had found it so hard to get what they had already promised, he dreaded the trouble of getting any more." Your admitting the communication in the *Presbyterian* of the 18th ult., about donations, witness kindness on your part, and sympathizing with your ministerial brethren, but I doubt very much the expediency of any appeals of that sort. I do not believe that they effect any good, and I am sure, that they do not a little harm. They cause many ministers to be suspected by the people of being the authors of those pieces, which they neither write nor approve. Moreover, they irritate and disgust a great many, who, instead of being made more generous, are goaded into very much the same angry state of mind, as was produced in Pharaoh by the complaint of the Hebrews; and they make our condition worse instead of better. Two or three years ago, when the subject of ministerial support was considered by all our ecclesiastical bodies, from the General Assembly down to Church Sessions, your journal said all that need be said or could be properly said, and the practical response of the great mass of our churches was that of David to Mephibosheth complaining of Ziba, and with much of the same spirit. "Why speakest thou any more of these matters?"

My sober opinion is, Messrs. Editors, that your correspondents had better not speak any more of this matter. A wiser course would be to unite with the scores and hundreds of pastors who would gladly relinquish gratuities, if they could only get their *bread*. How it may be with our brethren in the cities, I will not pretend to say; but the vexatious experience of some of us whose lot is cast in the country, made me think of the trial of our Yankee brother. The parallel between us fails, however, in one particular—my people do not propose any increase of my salary, as was done in his case, while I find it just as hard as he did to get what they have already promised. I am ashamed to "tell such a thing as this in Gath, let," &c.; but I have been compelled to meet my necessary expenses by selling, at a sacrifice, domestic chatties indispensable to my comfort and greater usefulness, while fractional parts of my salary come in, "here a little and there a little," but a good proportion due for years does not come at all. I have a numerous people, to whom I minister, who have wealth in abundance, and a fair proportion of professors among them. They appear to be friendly, and pleased with my ministry, but sometimes fear that many of them have adopted some loose notions about faith, not having duly considered a few wholesome suggestions to believers, which are contained in the latter part of the second chapter of James.

A Word to Young Ladies.

I wish to say a word to you, young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever think of it? Did you ever realize that you could have any influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent, Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the world, and sin, and worship, which young men, no matter how slicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent, Christian lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said to a young lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simple respect of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected and for whom they had an affection, re-quested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded, when more powerful appeals from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart.

Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in the society are away from the influence of parents and sisters—and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated friends can have over him. We believe it is all true, that a gentleman's character is formed, to a great extent, by the ladies that he associates with before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and young lady friends choose to make him.

We knew a family where the sisters encouraged their younger brother to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with gay, dissipated fellows, because they thought it "smart" and he did mingle with them, until he became just like them, body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began farther back than with his gentleman companions. It began with his sisters, and was carried on through the former years of his character. On the other hand, if sisters were watchful and affectionate, they may, in various ways—be entering into any little play with interest, by introducing their younger brothers to good ladies society—lead them along, until their character is formed, and

then a high-toned respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect will keep them from mingling with low society. If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate is lightly thought of and perhaps sneered at by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think it is the thing for him. Let none say that they have no influence at all.—This is not possible. You cannot live without having some sort of influence, any more than you can live without breathing. One is just as unavoidable as the other.

Beware, then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. An invitation to take a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, may kindle the fire of intemperance or gambling, which will burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion, a light trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways in which you may show your disregard for the souls of others may be the means of ruining others for time and eternity.—Willie's Home Journal.

Parental affection naturally inquires what it can best do for the welfare of its children in future years, and when the bosom which now throbs with love to its offspring shall be cold in death. Many plans are laid, and many days and hours of anxious solicitude are spent in contriving ways and means of rendering children prosperous and happy in future life. But parents are not always wise in the provisions which they seek to make for their children; nor do they always seek direction and counsel from God in this matter. The best inheritance for children, beyond all contradiction, is true piety towards God—the salutary truths and principles of religion, laid up in the hearts of children—a good education—good and virtuous habits, unbending principles of moral conduct, the fear of God, and the hope of heaven. This is the best inheritance for children, which all parents should be most anxious to lay up for them.

Laying up for Children.

Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of laying enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one that cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a sound education.—See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be more valuable than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, and the blessing of God, the better.

To hear George tell the "Druggist" story is worth a quarter any time. The story is a capital one, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these: A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked: "Be you the Druggist?" "Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs." "Well, here you got any of this here scum-stuff as the gals puts on their haud's chers?" "Oh, yes."

Well, our Sal's gwine to be married, and the gin me n'pences and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scum-stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you've a mind, I'll jist small round."

The Yankee smelled round without being suited into the "druggist" got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said: "I've got a scum-stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it, you must take a good big smell."

"It that ax, mister? Well, jist hold on a minute till I get breath; and when I say now, you put it under my sneller." The hartshorn, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt a gain, as the druggist does? Not he, but rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said: "You made me smell that larned everlasting scum-stuff, mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone!"

To ascertain the State of the Lungs. Persons desirous to ascertain the true state of their lungs, are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed; in a consumptive the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

A THIRLLING MOMENT AT LUCKNOW. The British war in India has been attended with many scenes of thrilling interest, and there have not been wanting pens to picture them with startling effect. The following graphic description of the scene at the moment of the arrival of the relief, so long, so painfully awaited by the beleaguered inmates of Lucknow, written by a lady of the victor party, equals in dramatic intensity the best descriptive passages of Sir Walter Scott: Death stared us in the face. We were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of nervous excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away sickly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered continually, especially on that day, when the recollection of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her blanket. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, "her father should return from the plunging." She at length fell into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently lifeless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, "Huzza ye have it! Huzza ye have it! Ay, 'tis our drummer, 'tis the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!" Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

Look out for Gas.

We find the following fact and caution in the *English Churchman*:—"A paper from the *British Magazine*, showing the importance of some knowledge of Natural Philosophy to the clergy, was lately reprinted in a pamphlet, Archdeacon Sinclair, if we recollect rightly, argued the same point, in his charges upon preaching. The newspapers have lately recorded an occurrence which gives force to this teaching. An Islington incumbent, it appears, was impressed with the notion that gas was escaping in his house, after he retired to rest; he accordingly proceeded with a lighted candle to his study, and was speedily convinced, by a tremendous and destructive explosion, that his suspicions were well founded. Natural Philosophy would have taught him that he should go down in the dark and open one of the windows, for some minutes, before he introduced a light into the room; and we should have thought that this was a fact known to every one with gas on their premises."

SAD MISTAKE. MORTY HOPE, Ala., Dec. 16, 1857. Editor *Atlantic News*: A man by the name of Benjamin Rollins was killed in Marion county, Alabama, on the 8th of October last. He was deaf and dumb, and was on his way from North Carolina to Texas county, Texas. He had left the public road a short distance and was discovered by a young man who was hunting, and not being acquainted with a mule's attempts to talk, the young man says he shot him through fear, (and all boys do it.)

The panic of 1857 and its effect on the trade of the United States. R. Douglass & Co., of the Mercantile Agency, have prepared a very curious and instructive circular, showing the effect and the amount of the late commercial panic upon the business of people whose standing is recorded in their books. The circular states that the number of firms in the United States (California excepted) by our records—and they embrace all but a class of small retailers in the larger cities—is 204,061, or, estimating the population at 25,000,000, that there is a store to every 123 of our inhabitants, or to every 25 families. There has been lost by 327 swindling and absconding debtors, \$5,228,500; and by 512 firms which will pay nothing, their losses and confidential debts absorbing everything, \$30,308,000. There are 2,329 concerns owing \$197,080,500, and they are such cases as usually average 50 to 60 cents; and there are 485 houses owing \$77,155,000, which will pay in full if the times ahead prove to be ordinarily prosperous. The total amount of the liabilities of the 5,128 failures is put down at \$290,501,000. But there will be realized from those who will pay in full \$77,158,000. And on the amount of ordinary failures 197,080,000 at 40 cents = \$78,832,000. \$156,021,000. Leaving a final loss of \$143,780,000.

The columns exhibiting the number of counties in each State, with the number in which, during the whole year, no failures have occurred, will surprise you with their showings. No other conclusion can be formed than that the trade of the country was in good hands, and in a prosperous condition prior to the panic. If the country store-keepers' general debt is as heretofore estimated, \$3,258,000,000, it would be fair to infer that ordinarily the year's business would amount to all of double that sum, or \$6,516,000,000. From this we would deduct for light trade last spring, and the injury to sales this fall, 40 per cent., which would make the business for 1857 with the country merchants amount to \$3,780,400,000, and as the losses for the year by this trade were \$143,780,000, the per centage is about one and a half.—*New York Express*.

Girl Torture in China.

We have never seen a more brief and comprehensive description than the following of the terrible process by which the feet of Chinese women are made so notoriously small. It is furnished by a recent traveler to that singularly "celestial" country:—"Some poor Chinese women brought me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary school. The first was a child of two years old. Her presence had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off, I found that the great toe had been cut out, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in a *shu* shoe. The child, therefore, was *shu* shoe joints of her four toes. *shu* shoes were red and inflamed and the ligatures caused pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the extent; it was confined to the four toes; gradually, however, these four toes, ending to the continual pressure, lost their articulations and their identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the oldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of a trowel. In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sixty children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a trowel and double it till two points of the tongue nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perceives, and the tender and tender accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so, it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, and the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is in a shapeless lump. The *shu* shoe is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese women—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cleavie left after a large ear-ringing up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the oldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and were not tender to the touch. One of the maistresses, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice money, entrusted me with a Chinese *shu* shoe de *shu* shoe. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day, she has a short distance and was discovered by a young man who was hunting, and not being acquainted with a mule's attempts to talk, the young man says he shot him through fear, (and all boys do it.)

The said Benjamin Rollins was between 40 and 50 years of age and stood about 5 feet 6 inches tall. He had a remarkable feature, consisting in his being born out of Davidson College, N. C. He had some manuscript copy of a Dictionary, supposed to have been written out by himself. There was also found on his person \$1,200 in gold and silver. M. J. O.

The Panic of 1857 and its effect on the trade of the United States.

R. Douglass & Co., of the Mercantile Agency, have prepared a very curious and instructive circular, showing the effect and the amount of the late commercial panic upon the business of people whose standing is recorded in their books. The circular states that the number of firms in the United States (California excepted) by our records—and they embrace all but a class of small retailers in the larger cities—is 204,061, or, estimating the population at 25,000,000, that there is a store to every 123 of our inhabitants, or to every 25 families. There has been lost by 327 swindling and absconding debtors, \$5,228,500; and by 512 firms which will pay nothing, their losses and confidential debts absorbing everything, \$30,308,000. There are 2,329 concerns owing \$197,080,500, and they are such cases as usually average 50 to 60 cents; and there are 485 houses owing \$77,155,000, which will pay in full if the times ahead prove to be ordinarily prosperous. The total amount of the liabilities of the 5,128 failures is put down at \$290,501,000. But there will be realized from those who will pay in full \$77,158,000. And on the amount of ordinary failures 197,080,000 at 40 cents = \$78,832,000. \$156,021,000. Leaving a final loss of \$143,780,000.

The columns exhibiting the number of counties in each State, with the number in which, during the whole year, no failures have occurred, will surprise you with their showings. No other conclusion can be formed than that the trade of the country was in good hands, and in a prosperous condition prior to the panic. If the country store-keepers' general debt is as heretofore estimated, \$3,258,000,000, it would be fair to infer that ordinarily the year's business would amount to all of double that sum, or \$6,516,000,000. From this we would deduct for light trade last spring, and the injury to sales this fall, 40 per cent., which would make the business for 1857 with the country merchants amount to \$3,780,400,000, and as the losses for the year by this trade were \$143,780,000, the per centage is about one and a half.—*New York Express*.

Girl Torture in China.

We have never seen a more brief and comprehensive description than the following of the terrible process by which the feet of Chinese women are made so notoriously small. It is furnished by a recent traveler to that singularly "celestial" country:—"Some poor Chinese women brought me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary school. The first was a child of two years old. Her presence had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off, I found that the great toe had been cut out, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in a *shu* shoe. The child, therefore, was *shu* shoe joints of her four toes. *shu* shoes were red and inflamed and the ligatures caused pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the extent; it was confined to the four toes; gradually, however, these four toes, ending to the continual pressure, lost their articulations and their identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the oldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of a trowel. In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sixty children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a trowel and double it till two points of the tongue nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perceives, and the tender and tender accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so, it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, and the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is in a shapeless lump. The *shu* shoe is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese women—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cleavie left after a large ear-ringing up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the oldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and were not tender to the touch. One of the maistresses, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice money, entrusted me with a Chinese *shu* shoe de *shu* shoe. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day, she has a short distance and was discovered by a young man who was hunting, and not being acquainted with a mule's attempts to talk, the young man says he shot him through fear, (and all boys do it.)

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