

THE TERMS OF TRIBUNE.

Publication Office West Side of the Public Square Up-Stairs.

For one copy one year, or 52 numbers, \$2 if paid in advance; \$2.50 if payments delayed until expiration of six months.

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No subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, and notice of the expiration of the year, will be considered an engagement for the next.

CLAY SEMINARY, FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THIS Institution will be opened for the reception of Boarders and Day Scholars on the first Monday in September.

Ample accommodations can be afforded forty Boarders in the Institution, and they will be limited to that number.

Day Scholars will be admitted upon condition of their compliance with the following regulations:—Attendance to Boarders as to habits of study, employment of time, abstinence from society, and non-attendance of places of amusement, &c., and the Principal reserves the right of dismissing from school any scholar who infracts these regulations.

Scholars will be charged from their entrance to the close of the current five months term, and no allowance for absence except in cases of actual illness requiring medical attention.

The design being to afford the best of instruction, it is earnestly urged upon patrons to enter their children at the opening of the session, or as soon after as practicable, and to make their attendance regular and punctual.

As the Principal desires the hearty co-operation of all who patronize this school, in his efforts to expand and invigorate the minds of their children, it is earnestly requested that they make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the method of instruction pursued, the form of government and discipline maintained, and such other facts as are necessary to a full understanding of the same.

The following charges will be made per session of five months, viz: For Instruction in Primary Department, \$12.00. " " in Preparatory Department, 15.00. " " in Collegiate, 18.00.

Boarding, all extras included, 75.00. Boarding, washing excepted, 65.00. Instrumental Music, 25.00. Incidental Expenses, 1.00.

The usual charges for the Ornamental Branches—Drawing, Painting, Needle Work, &c., &c., also for the Latin, Greek, French or German Languages. For further particulars apply to J. M. B. LANE, Principal, Clay Seminary, Liberty, Mo., August 7th, 1857—15m1.

LIBERTY FEMALE COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, for young ladies, now entering its third year, is no longer an infant school. It has acquired a reputation and a name to establish a reputation and to exhibit some of the fruits of the mode of teaching and training adopted in it.

As the corps of teachers will remain unchanged, the same diligence, arduous and successful attention to primary studies, in common with those more advanced, may be relied on for the year to come.

The home patronage in which the school heretofore has so largely shared, and which has been the basis of its excellence, is respectfully solicited for the coming year. There are ample accommodations for fifty boarders in the Institution.

The services of Prof. LAWRENCE have been secured in the Musical Department. Prof. LAWRENCE is not only one of the finest masters of Music, but a courteous and dignified gentleman. We have been favored with the patronage of the public, beyond our most sanguine expectations, and in grateful recognition of the public, we will continue to make every exertion to obtain their good opinion and patronage.

The next session will commence 1st Monday in September, and continue forty weeks. Each session is divided into two terms of twenty weeks each.

CHARGES PER TERM. Boarding, including light and fuel, \$60.00. Washing per doz., .50. Tuition Middle and Senior classes, 18.00. Junior, 15.00. Preparatory Department, 12.00. Incidental Expenses, 1.00.

Further information can be obtained by referring to catalogue or addressing JOHN T. DAVIS, Prin., August 23, 1857—10m7.

WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE.

THIS Institution will be opened on the third Monday in September. The positive chairs are filled with men of scholarship and experience.

Rev. WILLIAM THOMPSON, L. L. D., President, and Professor of Moral Science, and Evidence of Liberty. Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.

M. W. ROBINSON, A. B., Adjunct Professor of Languages. Dr. B. C. FORD, Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science.

Rev. E. S. DULIN, A. M., Professor of Intellectual Philosophy and English Literature. J. B. BRADLEY, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.

W. C. GARNETT, A. B., Principal of the Academic Department. The Collegiate year is divided into two terms of six months each.

Tuition, including incidentals, \$10.00 per term, payable in advance, invariably. Board can be obtained in private families at \$2.00 per week.

Students preparing for the Ministry receive their tuition gratis. O. P. MOSS, Sec'y of Board, July 26, 1857—13m1.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.

LIBERTY, MO. A report having gained circulation in this community, that a number of persons were about to leave Liberty, and for the purpose of settling the same, for the benefit of my friends in general, and my personal friends in particular, I would say that I am personally located in Kansas City, Mo., and that I will find it to my interest to call on all my friends in this place, as I am determined to sell my carriage articles to any other man. My object is to sell my carriages, and to say that I am determined to sell my carriages to any other man. My object is to sell my carriages, and to say that I am determined to sell my carriages to any other man.

Rory's Kissing.

'Bout a kiss do you ask? It's me that can tell; For, could as I'm now, I'm p'nding it well, When a spalpeen of three, with how much delight My mither kissed Rory and bade him good night.

But my mither she died and left Rory behind, And lassies I met brought her so to my mind, I bet a kissing, I went, first on one and another, Because they wore bonnets and looked like my mither.

'A ditty, swate Bridget, and what might it be?' 'N'er mind, my dear Rory, but come just wid me? We t'ug'd to the city, and sure as my life, I got a short ditty, and called her my wife.

We got a wee cottage, a pig and a spade; Bridget sickened, we hired her sister for maid; I felt the cold divil pulling my hair.

'Be gone, you could yamrin?' I yelled in affright, As I sort of turned round to be getting a sight; What did I diskeer? Instead of an elst herself, Swate Bridget O'Flaherty there jist herself.

'O Rory!' she blubbered, still pulling away, 'But sick is my heart wid yer conduct to-day, A kissing my sister while I'm in my bed, Nor able to rise from the pillow my head!'

'Troth I my Bridget,' says I, 'perhaps you can mind, I'm going to the kissing were greatly inclined, Ye kissed me and I kissed me at Donybrook fair, And now by the jabers ye're pulling my hair, Begone! ye could fool, with a rampus like this, I'm only a larning yer sister to kiss!'

The War in Bengal.

The private letters from English officers and soldiers give evidence of what we have before intimated, that atrocities are committed upon the rebels by the English soldiery, of a fearful character, and that the war with the Sepoys is likely to result in their complete extermination.

Accounts of the slaughtering of Sepoy captives in upper Bengal have already been published, which show that no quarter is there given, and that the innocent natives meet often with little better treatment than the mutineers, from the British soldiery.

The Aberdeen Herald contains a letter from a soldier of the 78th Highlanders, which states that they arrived at Benares on the 26th June, a distance of 421 miles from Calcutta, in eight days and nine nights.

The next night three detachments scoured the adjacent country. The detachment in which was this soldier, went to a village which was deserted, and burned all the buildings to the ground.

Hearing that a village two miles off was full of people, they marched to it and burnt this also, after driving out the inhabitants, and hanged those who came out to reconnoitre with them. They also burned a third village, and the other detachments did quite as much.

They brought back sixty prisoners, six of whom were hanged, and the others flogged. The next day, says the letter, "the rain came down in torrents, and we waded almost to our knees in clay and water to a village, and set it on fire. The sun came out and we got dry, but we soon got wet again with sweat. We came to a large village, full of people, and set fire to it, taking about 200. We hanged ten of them on the spot, and flogged a great many more. The ten who were hanged were entirely unconcerned about it, and the others were all marched round to see them. The rope broke, and one fell; he rose up, looked all round, and was then hung again. The writer goes on to say:

"On the 6th of July 1850 of us went against 2,000. We came up close to them; they were all drawn up in three lines; it looked too many for us, but on we dashed, and in a short time they began to run. We set fire to a large village that was full of them; we surrounded it, and as they came rushing out of the flames shot them. We took eighteen of them prisoners; they were all tied together and shot on the spot. We came home that night, after marching about ten miles, and fighting nearly thirty to one. We killed about 500 of them; our loss was one man killed and one man and one horse wounded."

The tone of the press, the pulpit, and the members of the Government, in England, all indicate that the terrible retaliatory vengeance will be inflicted upon the Sepoys and is likely also to extend to the whole native population.

The public voice indicates Lord Ellenborough as a candidate for Governor-General of India, on account of the energy which he will infuse into the Government. In a recent letter to the county agricultural societies, Lord Ellenborough urges upon the farmers the necessity of arming themselves in raising recruits for the army, and uses the following remarkable language:

"Be assured that this is not a sudden temporary danger, to be repelled by sudden temporary exertion. What at first was a mutiny has become a revolution; to restore civil authority is more difficult than to repress military resistance; and it requires more force to occupy than it does to subdue."

"It is impossible to over-estimate its importance. There is nothing man holds dear for which we have not now to fight. If we should not bear ourselves manfully in the contest thus forced upon us, if we should not succeed in it, we must be content not only to lose the noblest empire in the world but to make the name of Englishman a by-word of shame among nations."

"The wives and daughters of our countrymen have been publicly violated, their children have been put to death with circumstances of cruelty surpassing all we read of in history as the punishments inflicted by God upon the offending Jews. It has not been deemed sufficient to destroy us. We were first to be dishonored; and this in a country through which we have proudly, perhaps too proudly, stalked as conquerors for one hundred years."

"Do you suppose that if we could submit to this in India we should not be threatened with it in England? Do you imagine that the great military Powers of Europe are always prepared for war, attended by our people, respectful of our former victories, and coveting our present wealth, would long permit us to enjoy in peace the luxuries we cling to and the dreams of irresistible strength which we foolishly indulge? Be assured that if, under the strongest necessity ever imposed upon a people, we do not rise as one man to vindicate our national honor and to reestablish our national rights, the horrors we read of in Indian annals, and perpetrated at Meerut and at Delhi, will not forever be averted from our island home."

The Rev. Dr. Ashe of Wiltshire, an eloquent and distinguished divine, on the day of the national fast, preached a discourse, from which we take the subjoined paragraph:

"The Indian of future generations must not be permitted to point with brutal triumph to the scenes of these atrocities. No! for many an eye to come let his dark face turn pale when he whispers with white lips that underneath these ruin-stricken heaps there once were cities, there once were streets! Let him never think without shame and terror of those streets, where troops of young English girls—the flower and the pride of English families—the delicately nurtured and modestly brought up daughters of English homes—were driven, naked—placarded for shameful sale!—amidst the jeers and the taunts of a brutal populace! There, having suffered all the foulest brutality that man can inflict on woman, they were not permitted to drown their dying, weary heads, and break their wretched hearts in peace; no: in their last hours they were tortured, mangled, mutilated, by the same, the same—Oh, mark the word, for history has no parallel!—by the same miscreants whose hideous lust had made life insupportable, and death—even the dreadful lingering death that awaited them—their only hope on this side of the grave. And this, alas, is one of many horrors—Who has not heard of the charnel pit of Cawnpore? And this, too, is but one of many horrors. Behold the noble soldier bound to this dreadful stake; the wife whom his strong arm can no more protect is at his side; the fuel which is to consume their living bodies with slow fire is at their feet. Is not this a death to satisfy the rancor of the bitterest enemy? No! their little children must first be tortured in their sight! The little feet whose pleasant pattering sound he so often rejoiced the mother's heart—he little hands which were wont to be lifted up in prayer to their Father who is in heaven—these little hands and feet are cut off joint by joint, and not until the wretched father and husband has heard the last scream of his little ones, torn to pieces by these ruffians, will he be permitted to witness the last and foulest outrage inflicted upon his wife, was the fire kindled which was to consume the living bodies of these heart torn sufferers. And now will you ask why do I dwell upon them? I say the men of England must dwell upon them—the men of England must know what has been done, that they may know and feel in their hearts core what they have to do."

The following is an extract from the St. Louis correspondence of the Greenfield Southwestern:

Rather an amusing occurrence took place last evening. A richly dressed lady in company with a female friend was promenading Fourth Street, and when nearly opposite the Planter's House she gave sudden scream and rushed into a Drug Store close at hand. Her friend, with a countenance that bespoke agitation and alarm, eagerly inquired the cause of her distress. The gentlemanly druggist kindly came forward and was also anxious to know the distress. All that the fainting lady could gasp was, "snake—snake." "Where my dear?" enquired her friend. She could only look towards her ankles. Her female friend gently lifted the crinoline as softly as possible, lest to disturb the monster would cause him to bite the lady, but imagine their relief when out dropped a little brass hoop. Your correspondent thought it time to take his departure.

Terrible Explosion.

We stop the press to announce one of the most heart rending scenes that has ever occurred in this city. At 9 o'clock A. M. the boilers in one of Mr. Erasmus Perry's saw mills, situated in the bottom a few hundred yards from the business part of the city, exploded causing a terrific shock sensibly felt all over the city. The cries of the wounded soon were heard, and many were seen running towards the scene of death.

Mr. Perry was found horribly mangled lying under the part of an engine and was recognized by letters and his book in his pocket. His negro boy was found with a part of the boiler 50 yards from the mill, with his heart lying on the ground. A negro belonging to the estate of Phineas Skinner, and one belonging to Mr. Woods of Clay county, were badly scalded. The engineer, a German whose name we have not learned was badly scalded, and since writing the above we learn that he has died.

Mr. Perry was an enterprising and much loved citizen. He leaves a heart-broken wife and some children, a number of relatives, and a large circle of friends to mourn his untimely death. Nothing has ever occurred in this city that has thrown over it such a gloomy picture of sorrow.—Plate Argus.

A Murder.—On Friday morning last, a woman was brought to this city, that an Irishman, employed in getting out ties for the Railroad, had been found murdered in a ravine about to and a half miles above this city. From the appearance of the ground near where he was found a desperate encounter had taken place. The body, it is supposed, had been first deposited in a place which the persons who committed the deed did not consider secure from observation, and they afterwards removed it to a bushy thicket, where it was found.—The body was stabbed in several places with a knife, and badly bruised by beating. Tracks were discovered leading from where the body was found to a shanty near by, but no other clue was obtained, as to who committed the deed. Coroner Penick held an inquest upon the body last Friday, and a verdict was returned in accordance with the above facts. We have not learned the name of the murdered man.—St. Joseph Gazette.

The marriage of Prince Frederick William, of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England, will be celebrated on the 15th January next, at Buckingham Palace.—The royal couple will make their public entry into Berlin on the 3d of February. It is said to be purely a love-match—an anomaly in royal life—and much democratic felicity is anticipated.

From the Weekly Press.

The Republic of San Marino. As the traveller wanders over that extensive plain bounded by the Alps, the Apennines, and the Adriatic, the rugged hills to the west present but little outward attraction to induce him to turn his steps thitherward. They lie much out of the way of most of those who go to Italy, and being accessible only by very bad roads, are seldom visited. On one of these mountains, twelve miles from the sea, is situated the State of San Marino. Its territory is comprised within the limits of the mountain on which it stands, and is no larger than was first founded. As its extent is small, so is its history meagre; but notwithstanding this, it has been seldom told, and has been even unnoticed by most chroniclers of the Republic of Italy.

The founder of this little State was a hermit, who retired here to practice in solitude his religion. He was believed to work miracles; and the reputation of his sanctity drew around him a few devoted followers, who united in founding a city, in which they erected an altar to God. The colony flourished, and the craggy mountain brightened by a liberty which had been extinguished in the beautiful valleys below, attracted numerous immigrants, until, in process of time, their number increased to seven thousand.

Besides the circumstances of its first establishment, little that is interesting or remarkable occurred in the history of San Marino, unless, perhaps, we except the invasion of its rights by Cardinal Alberoni, who, in 1797, under a false pretext endeavored to crush its liberties at a single blow. The people appealed to the Pope for justice, and yielding to their unanimous wish, he allowed them to continue in the enjoyment of their ancient institutions.

During his campaign in Italy, Napoleon, with that desire to diminish the extent of the French empire for which he was so remarkable, offered the people of San Marino an increase of their territory. They courteously accepted the complimentary present of several pieces of cannon, with which his offer was accompanied, but refused to have their territory increased. They told the hero of Austerlitz that simplicity of manners and the enjoyment of Liberty, were the best inheritance transmitted to them from their fathers; that with these they were content; and that a spirit of aggrandizement was dangerous to freedom.

It may seem strange that this State, being the oldest and smallest Republic in Europe, has been so seldom visited. But human nature prefers the sight of the ruins of past grandeur to that of humble prosperity. This feeling is analogous to that which we exhibit on a small scale in our daily life.

We know not how to appreciate our friends sufficiently until they are gone, and then we invest their graves with a sanctity and interest which affection alone could not before inspire. There is an attractive solemnity about the grave of a nation's liberty! The cultivated traveller loves to stand by the ruins of Roman art and greatness; but the liberty which was extinguished in other parts of Italy has been preserved, and has grown pure and unadorned as the Alps, and yet of the hundreds who, from time to time, throng Italy, scarcely one cares to see this wonderful jewel which the past has bequeathed to the present.

There seems to be an intimate connection between the insignificance of San Marino and the preservation of its liberties and independence. Other circumstances, it is true, have combined to perpetuate them. It is planted in the mountains; and while San Marino preserved its liberty in the Apennines, the Republic of Andone but a little larger in extent, has nestled for nearly eleven centuries in security and freedom in the Pyrenees. Amid mountains liberty has always preferred to fix her throne.—But apart from this, if San Marino had enlarged her domains, there is reason to believe that she would have fallen long ago. Her territory has not been sufficiently large, nor her power sufficiently great, to excite the avarice or the ambition of her stronger neighbors. It is true, that, if in a country of vast extent, not only the forms, but the spirit of the laws be preserved, it may continue in the uniform enjoyment of liberty and order. But the probability is that such will not be the case. The more concentrated our affections are the more intense we love our kindred better than the State. When we meet in our daily walks, nearly all of our countrymen, we join to the relations of fellow-citizens, those of friends. As the bonds of union become stronger, any violation of the rights of one, becomes an insult and an injury to all. If a foe attack the Republic of San Marino, its people will be roused not only by the impulses of patriotic duty, but by the dangers which threaten a violated altar and an invaded home. In their fortress on the mountain, with such bonds of union, and with such a cause to defend, they may, by the blessing of Heaven, transmit to their posterity the institutions which they have themselves so long inherited and so nobly preserved.

How to Get to Congress.—The following story is told by the Mobile Tribune, of Judge Hawkins, the present Representative to Congress from the State of Florida—a man, by the way, brim full of genuine wit. During the war with the Florida Indians, he commanded a volunteer company. On one occasion they fell upon a party of the enemy concealed in a swamp.—The Captain sprang upon a log (with more valor than discretion,) waved his sword, and cheered his men to the charge. Just then he was shot down. One of his officers bade him to get up. "Not very badly," said Hawkins, "just about enough to send me to Congress!" The prediction has been verified.

The Cumberland Presbyterian protracted meeting which was commenced in this city week before last, still continues, and we hear, grows more interesting; as it progresses. Rev. R. G. White, of St. Louis, and Rev. C. A. Davis, of this city, are the preachers. Some twenty-eight persons have professed religion. The meeting will be extended, so long as the interest heretofore manifested continues.—Lex. Express.

A Bad Fix.

Once on a time, in the village of B—, in the State of Mass., lived a beautiful maiden of seventeen, whom we will call Fanny L—, and George B— was her accepted lover. The course of true love, ran smooth, and in due process of time came the usual happy termination of their wooing, and the twain was made one, by the benediction of the holy church.

They were married early one summer's morning, and the same day traveled cozily and happily to New York as the first stage of their wedding tour. As a companion, a younger brother of the bride, a mischievous young rascal, accompanied them, and well it would have been for the happy pair, if they had trusted themselves to their own society, and left James at home to ornament dog-tails and spit-ball the school-master.

Well, the party arrived at the Nicholas Hotel. While George was dutifully attending to the comfort of his young wife James in the performance of his duties as groomsmen, went to the office of the hotel to enter the names and select appropriate apartments. Pen in hand, a brilliant idea struck him, and in pursuance thereof, he entered their names on the register, thus:

James L—
Miss Fanny L—
George B—

Fanny retired early, being somewhat fatigued with travel. George smoked his cigar for an hour or two, and dreamed of his bachelorhood, we suppose, and finally he requested to be shown his apartment. An obsequious waiter came in with candle in hand, and asked what number it was.

"With the lady who came with me," replied George.

The waiter smiled, hesitated, and then approached an exquisitely dressed clerk, and repeated the question.

"With the lady who arrived here with me," George answered again, blushing to the tips of his ears.

The clerk smiled and shook his head, as if in pity of the young man's ignorance.

"I won't do, sir, you have mistaken the house, sir." Such things are not allowed here, sir.

"Won't do? Why I only want to go to bed!"

"That you may certainly do—in your own room, sir, but not in the lady's apartment, sir."

"The lady's apartment! Why that lady is my wife!"

The clerk bowed ironically, "All very fine, sir, but it won't go down, sir, here is the entry, sir."

George looked at the Register, and there was the entry, sure enough, "Miss Fanny L— George B—"

He saw the whole secret at a glance; he protested and entreated—but it was no use. He called on James to witness his veracity, but James was nowhere to be found. The bystanders laughed and the clerk was inexorable; and the poor fellow was forced to his solitary chamber, to pass his bridal night invoking blessings on the whole class of "respectable houses" and younger brothers.

How George justified his conduct to the disconsolate Fanny, veritable history does not state.

There is a yearly meeting in Switzerland, of the best riflemen from all the cantons, on which occasion the Sabbath has often been desecrated. This year the meeting was at Berne, and on the Sabbath the commanding officer ordered the sporting field to be cleared for worship in the open air, which was attended by thousands.

GENERAL STATE RACE.—One of the Albany State street hardware stores boasts of two clerks who are sons of ex-Governors. One is the son of ex-Governor Seward, of New York, and the other of ex-Governor Gibbs, a down-east Governor. On Tuesday Seward bid Gibbs five dollars that he did not dare to start out bare headed and in his shirt sleeves, and carry a scuttle of coal around the block in eight minutes.—Gibbs took up the bet and propitiated. Seward followed after, and by starting the cry of "stop thief!" undertook to get Gibbs dragged to the station house, and thus win the bet by stratagem. It was no go, however; Gibbs put on steam, rolled up his trousers, and won the race by a neck.

SHORTEN YOUR SKIRTS.—Empress Eugenia has permitted her ankles to be seen without gathering up her skirts, and it is high time, therefore, that American women, who adopt everything French, should take a tack in their skirts. A correspondent of the New York Post who saw the Empress at a grand review by Napoleon of his camp at Chalons, lately, says:

On the day of my visit to the camp, the Emperor accompanied by the Empress on horseback, and a numerous staff of Marshals and general officers, exercised eighteen thousand men for some hours. The presence of the Empress gave more interest to many present than had returned and returned her riding dress. I would venture to commend to our American women the shortness of her skirts, which permitted to be seen a beautiful pair of ankles—a pleasant episode in a military review.

TIERED OF FREE TRADE.—It is announced that Mr. Buchanan has expressed the opinion that the existing financial troubles are attributable to Free Trade, and that he favors the adoption of a Protective Tariff.

This will do pretty well for a Locofoco President, and unless he can convince his followers that Free Trade is destructive and ruinous, and induce them to overrun this old party idol, it may as well be acknowledged that the question of Finance is a mystery that cannot be solved by the statesmen of this country.

An Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as a witness was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he should go where all the lawyers went."

The Missouri Legislature.

The business of this Legislature is drawing rapidly to a close. There has been, however, much important legislation at the present session. The act to authorize a suspension of specie payments by the Banks of the State, took the place of all others in importance, and hence it was that the Legislature, sympathizing with the people in their pecuniary embarrassment, interposed this act between the people and the Banks. They passed a law which fully empowered the Directors to discount such paper as the Directors might, in their judgement, believe to be good, at the same time that they required the payment upon all renewals of paper already discounted of the sum of twenty per cent. It is said, and the matter has been referred to in the Legislature, that the State Bank has not carried out this law in good faith—that renewals are made upon thirty days time, at the moderate rate of twenty per cent., on each renewal, and that the turning of the screw is to be continued so long as there is any life in the body of the people; that as for discounts upon new paper in local line for the benefit of mechanics and manufacturers, and men of moderate means, it is not thought of in the Bank Parlor—at least it has not been thought of yet. That it was the design of the law, and the expectation of the Assembly, that the Directors of the several Banks would, to the extent of their ability, give relief to the People, by safe discounts of local paper, admits of no question, and the Bank managers incur a heavy responsibility refusing it.

The next great measure—that upon which the credit of Missouri depended—the failure of which would have brought the blush of shame upon the cheek of every Missourian, should he ever cross to the Eastern side of Mississippi—was finally met, by the passage of an act which provides so fully for the preservation of the good name of the State, that we cannot refrain from congratulating the Legislature upon their patriotism and their wisdom.—Henceforth, the credit of Missouri is placed above suspicion; the Legislature and the Executive have united in declaring that, come what may, whether the Railroads are in default or not; the interest upon the State bonds will be promptly met. But we believe now, that the Railroads will pay their own interest, and go on with their work, and this is all that can be asked in any quarter. The country, and capitalists particularly, should understand also, that no new securities for Railroads are to be issued; and that, in a little while, and until the roads are finished to paying points, a large amount of the credits to which the several Roads are entitled will be withheld from the market. Capitalists will, for this reason, if for no other, seek to invest their funds in these securities, at present, or even much higher prices, for it will not be long before they are withdrawn from the market, so far as the Railroads are concerned. The bill is, as will be seen, by our dispatch from Jefferson City, a law, having received the signature and approval of the Governor.

The Revenue Bill, is another evidence of the labor performed by this Legislature. In many respects it is a new system; and if the mode of assessment does not add from fifty to one hundred millions of taxables to the wealth of the State, as heretofore ascertained, we shall be greatly mistaken.—The House, if it did not pass the bill yesterday, will do it to-day—at least we are so advised from Jefferson City.—St. Louis Republican.

We have received some sweet verses from a lady of Springfield, and shall give them a place in an early number of our paper. In a note accompanying the verses the fair writer says:

"I have long been an admirer of your sheet, and hope I am not presumptuous in desiring a place in it."

"Oh! no—by no means presumptuous.—Our sheet is at your service at all times, and we will consider ourselves highly honored by your partial occupancy of it.—Bardstown Gazette."

HUSBAND SEEKING.—I know if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendship, antipathy, admiration disfigure, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves because you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you showed too much animation, some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to dedicate your life to his inanity.—Jane Eyre.

The Sunday Atlas tells a good story of a one-legged political orator, named Jones, who was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "how the devil he had come to lose his leg?"—"Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it had all settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once."—"Be the gods," said Pat, "it'd ev' been a damned good thing of it had only settled in yer head."

RANDOLPH.—John Randolph, of Roanoke, was on one occasion in a tavern, lying on a sofa in the parlor waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand just from a drive, and standing before the mirror arranged his hair and collar quite unconscious of the gentleman on the sofa. After adjusting a while he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him:

"Has the stage come?"

"Stage sir! stage!" said the fop, "I've nothing to do with it, sir."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, "I thought you were the driver."

HORN.—A sentiment exhibited in a dog's tail, when waiting for a bone.

Later from Sonora.

By the arrival of the Adelaide, says the Alta California, we have received copies of the La Voz de Sonora, via Mazatlan.—It seems that great fear and consternation exists among the authorities, and another invasion of their territory by los Yankes is daily expected. During the month of August last the excitement was very great, and called forth the following proclamation from Governor Ignacio Pesqueira:

Ignacio Pesqueira, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of this Frontier, Proclaims to his Subordinates: