those worms hatched from eggs newly imported from the warm and steady climates of Italy and France: some time, therefore, will be necessary before their fibres will acquire a facility of contracting and expanding, with sufficient quickness to answer the sudden changes of the weather.

I shall treat on the second stage of the worm, in my next number. A few ounces of eggs long since acclimated to this climate, producing white cocoons 212 to the pound, can be had on immediate application to the subscriber.

JEDIAH STRONG,
Germantown;
Or of Henry B. Hurst, Arcade, Philadelphia.

SILK CULTURE.

We have seen a beautiful sample of sewing silk, which, while it proves the success that may attend the Silk culture in this state, does great credit to the taste and skill of the young lady, *Miss Clarissa Moulton*, of Centre-Harbor, who manufactured it.

She superintended the production of her mulberry trees from the seed; attended the silkworms, and with no other machinery than a common reel and spinning wheel, reeled, spun and dyed the silk.

The silk is of fine, smooth thread, and in the sample before us, five rich and brilliant colors —The effort of this young lady deserves much praise, and are worthy of imitation.

We are informed that she has mulberry trees for sale, which we mention for the benefit of those persons in the vicinity who may wish for a supply.

Portsmouth Journal.

SILK BUSINESS.

We are glad to find that the silk business is beginning to attract the attention of persons in this neighborhood who are competent to manage it with skill and success, and to bring information and intelligence to aid enterprise in the promotion of their undertakings. How many farmers, by turning some attention to this subject, reap the profits hereafter, and create employment, which might be rewarded with ample gain, for young persons and others whose time is not now employed at all, or for seasons, when this kind of labor might be attended to with advantage while no other could. When it is considered how profitable it has proven to those who have engaged in it, and that there is no art or mystery in the process, it is a wonder that more persons do not enter upon the cultivation of the mulberry tree, to a small extent at least.—*Fredericktown Herald.*

WICKED GOSSIP—REPORTS AND RUMORS.

There is a class of idle and malicious individuals, who have nothing better to do than croak and tattle and spread unfounded reports. At a time like the present these men are particularly busy. Catching at any suggestion that is likely to injure the credit of an individual, they circulate the news of his failure with a zeal and industry that may accomplish what would never otherwise have occurred.

'Who's failed this morning?'

'Well, I don't know but they *do* say that Stokes & Smith are shaking, in the wind'

'What—Stokes & Smith—you don't say so?'

'Oh—no—I don't say so myself,—and don't believe it—but I just met Thompson—and Thompson told me that he had just seen Stokes, and that Stokes was in a great flurry, and looked as if he was pretty hard pushed'

'Well, I always thought it would come to that. Do you know that Stokes & Smith have been dabbling in Eastern lands?'

Eastern lands—Western lands too—I understand.—Now I recollect six months ago, I met a broker in Stokes' Counting room—and they were very busy over a map.

'Well I never suspected that they would go in so largely—prudent men both of them'

'Well—so we go. I thought a week ago they were worth half a million. But look'ye don't mention this. If you do, don't give my name. I don't know that they aren't as solvent as the Bank of England.'

'Nor I. For heaven's sake now don't mention my name—because they may not have failed.'

Well these two blockheads separate—after having talked each other into the belief that Stokes and Smith have failed for a million of money—and they both know the whole history of their embarrassments just as well as they know the way to church. And thus having endorsed each other's miserable little tattle, they circulate among their acquaintances that Stokes & Smith have failed—they tell all the particulars to every body, as a great secret; asserting that they had them from the 'best authority'—but are 'not at liberty to mention names.' The truth is, meanwhile, that Stokes & Smith do not own one acre of land East or West—meet all their engagements with scrupulous punctuality—and have money to lend to their neighbors.

Now this description of gossip is not only idle and silly, it is malicious and wicked. No well principled man will ever suffer himself to be betrayed into it. We beg of people to reflect on this, and to leave off 'killing characters'—at least for the present. Credit may be destroyed by a breath—and a thoughtless individual, by circulating an unfounded rumor, may inflict an irreparable wrong and injury.

Extract from

MR. WISE'S SPEECH AT NORFOLK.

THE EXPUNGING SCENE.

Last winter, sir, the deed was actually done. The scene of the 16th January, 1836, in the Senate of the United States, never has been and never will be described as it was. That day the Senate fell trampled under the feet of a tyrant's slaves: About 4 or 5 o'clock, P. M. the House of Representatives adjourned.—The members generally, all of the mess to which I belong, hastened to their dinners as usual. Judge White (of Tennessee) was of my mess & we waited dinner for him—we waited until it was concluded the Senate would sit until the night; and sit ever so late, it was known by all who knew him that he never left his seat until the Senate itself adjourned. When I had finished my meal I looked out towards the Capitol and saw the senate flag still flying. What can detain them so? was the question, and they are upon the expunging resolution, was the reply. Is it possible that they treat the farce so seriously as to burn a candle over it? Yes indeed, this night Benton is determined to play the play out. Then I determined to see the play. No play did I find it—no farce, in fact it was a solemn, affecting tragedy; it was the obsequies of a record, of truth, of the constitution, of the Senate. I went up to the Senate chamber, the candles were lighted—the light of day was not the light to shine upon the infernal orgies of erasing a truth from a record which men were sworn 'to keep.'—When I entered the room where once a senate sat, I heard,—if there be any true hearted North Carolinian present I beg his pardon—I heard a *strange* voice from the Land of Sleep. It *came* upon my ear in feeble, broken tones, incoherently, as from a man muttering he knew not what in a dream, as if he were ridden by the night mare. After this feeble voice had ceased, the strong and manly voice of a mind always wide awake—the mind of a man who might be presented to the world as a specimen of America's sons—strong in fame, wrought into labour s mould a laborious man, always practical—a son of Virginia, a senator of Ohio, a scion of the West, a man truly of the people, who has done more honor to them than they can do for him; he has vindicated his orgin and their character—Thos. Ewing, spoke, as a man should, every argument or pretence of argument to shame for doing a shameful deed.

When he had concluded, Daniel Webster, who when you have said the worst of his politics, is the same giant of intellect still;—Daniel Webster rose and read for himself, and his colleague, and the state of Massachusetts, a solemn protest, which for simplicity and beauty, of style, for concentration and strength and clearness of argument, for tone and temper, for dignity of thought and expression and for elevation of moral feeling, is unsurpassed, I venture to say, by any state paper of any time for any occasion. Whilst reading this paper there was not a whisper, silence seemed to approve every word and every sentiment, a deep and even painful attention seemed to promise that a conviction was wrought in the minds of many, and all seemed as if just arrested in the act of perpetrating some horrid deed, unintentionally, from which their minds seemed for a moment to revolt.—Hope rose up within me—that is the word, that is the speech, that is the paper, nothing more, nothing less than what I prayed for them. If any thing could have touched the minds and hearts of such men, the protest of Daniel Webster and John Davis, of Massachusetts, would have wrought upon them. Never, never shall I forget the manner in which he uttered the word—'we have *collected* ourselves to witness this scene.' He spake triumphantly of Massachusetts, she stood erect, she had not bowed the knee or the neck—her soul was mired with the best blood of the revolution. I was losing myself. I wildly looked to the seats of Virginia Senators—where was Leigh, where was Tyler?—I could have shrieked for them: the genius of Virginia did agonize. No Leigh no Tyler was there—they were already dragged from these seats; snatched from the defence of the journal of the constitution.

No such deed could be done with such men there. 'No, never, never, for well do I remember the speech of Leigh: it can never be forgotten by Benton, or by Rives, or any one who heard it. It made Rives look like he did during the actual scene of expunction—like what Judge Wilkins called Johnny Neal—Said he, 'Johnny Neal you are a *small* man;' he made Benton look like he felt in the Chapel when he was expelled from college at the age of 20, weighing 160 pounds nett, for petty larceny. Yes, sir, Mr. Leigh was giving many beautiful and appropriate philological illustration from the *Holy* Scriptures, to show the meaning of the verb 'to keep'—at last he paused, raised his spectacles, settled himself back upon his short leg, caught his left wrist in his right hand, and fixed his eye directly and full on Tom Benton—he seemed to pierce him through and through. I had seen the painting of Adam and Eve the picture of the Temptation. 'I had criticised that painting for the attempt to paint visibly the *influence* of the Serpent upon the fair mother of us all. I had thought an *influence* could not be painted. But when I saw Leigh look at Benton, I at once yielded the criticism; I *could* see something going straight out of Leigh's eye directly through him. If it had been a keen cutting two edged sword piercing to the dividing asunder of his joints and marrow, he could not have winced more; he shrunk up to one half his dimensions. He covered his face with his hand; he felt and could not conceal it; and if Leigh had aimed a pistol all the time, and fired a ball true into his side, he could not have hurt him worse than when he terminated the awful pause by saying—'And Mr. President, in that catechism which my mother taught me, I learned to *keep*—to *keep my hands from picking and stealing and my tongue from evil speaking.*' I prayed for a Leigh again—I looked around and saw Rives!—I could not desist from speaking to him. I did tell him—'Sir I would to God that this cup had to pass from *you.*' He seemed to me to feel humbled and be replied in substance and nearly in words—'If any one supposes that this scene is gotten up by me, it is a great mistake.' He said more, the amount of which was, as I supposed that he never expected to be brought up actually to the damned deed. I could not pity him, he fell below contempt.—Benton knew he had played the hypocrite, he knew he was conscience stricken, he knew he had before the respect of many men, of worth in the opposition of which he (Benton) had none, he knew it would be the bitterness of ashes to his taste, to be forced to vote actually for expunging, and he was determined that Rives, his rival, should be as odious as himself—he dragged the cup for him, held it to his lips, held him to it, and made him drink it to the dregs.—He made more grimaces, showed more nausea than a sick man. Benton calculated rightly: he has sunk in self-esteem and in the respect of others ever since—He bullies him and bluffs him and his friends, and Rives is already playing second fiddle to Benton. The latter is ashamed of nothing—he glories in his total want of principle and of shame.

When Webster concluded, there was for a moment a dead silence, which was soon, however, broken by the harsh tones of Benton, who rose and asked if the question was divisible. No said the chair, it is one entire resolution. Yes, the whole or none had to be swallowed. The faithful seemed to be feeling their gillies for the attempt. The question was called for and taken by yeas and nays. The vote has been published, and the names are doomed to their fame and infamy. It was decided that the deed should be done. When? was asked. Now, now, said Benton.—No time for relenting was to be given Benton asked if the blanks were filled, and named the 17th for the day of the date.—No, no, was exclaimed, it is the 16th—'The 16th then' said he. The blank was filled, and the Secretary was sent for the journal. He was out but a moment. He returned through the door in front of the Vice President's chair, bearing the book, the journal, in his hand,—it seemed to speak. I personified it as a human victim. A truth was to be blotted out from it: the deed was a forbidden deed. Benton appeared the fiend god of the scene of sacrilege. He alone seemed erect, chuckling and triumphing over truth. The secretary of the Senate looked like an executioner. He laid the book down upon the clerk's table, he bore it open and pressed it down as if the book was resisting his ruthless violence. Pressed open, he took the pen, dipped the accursed instrument in all of hell's blackness, and wrote across the face of *Truth*; the words 'Expunged, &c."—silence had reigned until at this moment he raised the ruler by which the black lines were to be drawn; silence then became insufferable—groans, and hisses came burning hot from the indignation of Galleries and lobbies and every place. Hearts swelling with unutterable agony spoke out in the tones of human suffering which could no longer be endured. The fiend god sprang to his feet and grated harshly in tones of thunder—'Ruffians! Ruffians!—Bank Ruffians!'—'clear the galleries!—Order! Order!' were the sounds which reverberated through the hall!—'No, no; don't clear the galleries,' said Benton—'the innocent thus are punished—seize the Ruffians, seize the Bank Ruffians and bring them to the bar!'

It was, sir, at this moment that I too was in danger of being seized: for it required all my self possession to refrain from telling the infamous wretch that he was the vilest ruffian in the nation. The sergeant at arms rushed to the gallery. The scene seemed to require a victim, a citizen for a victim, and there was one found. A genteel, well-dressed and intelligent looking gentleman, from the state of Ohio, was seized and dragged before the Senate. Some questions arose about a quorum, and he was taken from the bar to a place behind the seats of Senators. The question about the quorum was settled, the victim—the citizen, was not ordered to be brought again to the bar; he was not asked if he was guilty of a contempt no witness was asked as to his guilt or innocence, but Benton again arose & with all his infernal & malignant effrontery about him, commenced a homily about decency and good behaviour—he said nothing about honesty and propriety. He then imputed the act to the man, without proof or examination, imputed the intention of guilt to him, fixed the punishment—to wit, a most galling and offensive lecture, from his polluted and impious lips—inflicted the punishment without waiting to know if a single Senator agreed with him in opinion, and then moved for his ignominious discharge without giving him any opportunity of being heard, in his defence. To his credit, the Senator (Mr. Morris) of Ohio, vouched for the gentleman's respectability and claimed for him the right of being heard This was denied him, unless he would purge himself on oath of a contempt as to which there had not been offered a tittle of evidence The verdict and judgment of Benton alone were then carried into execution—the citizen was discharged, and when he asked, himself, if he could not be allowed the humble privilege of being heard, the reply of the President pro. tem (King of Alabama) was, 'Take him out of the House!' The words sounded to me, like the words of the tyrant respecting a Roman citizen—'Bind him, Lictors!' Thus was a victim immolated to the work, an American citizen, was seized and scourged by the scorpion tongue of Tom Benton, in public, for daring to express his indignation at a ruthless violation of the constitution, committed in his presence, by slaves, calling themselves Senators and guardians of public liberty, to gratify the pleasure of a tyrant—No, I am too fast; it is not known and has never been inquired into to this day, whether the man was guilty even of that high crime, in this free country. The body, in whose presence he was, was not the Senate, it was a miserable cabal of a Tyrant's tools sittting upon no matter on which the *Senate* of the United States could act.

As soon as the excitement created by the arrest of Lloyd ceased, Benton inquired if the work was done—'it is done,' replied the clerk. He asked again, and the chair replied, it is done—'very good very good,' said Benton, in impious imitation of the Deity himself. He was the Fiend god of the work, and all obeyed him, of his party. The Senate adjourned. I went to the clerk's table and viewed the journal, mutilated as it was, as I would have looked upon the dead body of a fellow being murdered in my presence. Benton came up, and looked to see with his own eyes that the work was well done. He showed about as much revulsion of mind as he would if he had been the murderer of a fellow being over whose dead body he was standing and wiping his weapon. He asked for the pen, and bore off the accursed instrument as a trophy for King Andrew, for whose sake the Journal had been expunged, the constitution had been broken, and the Senate humbled and disgraced!—Oh my fellow citizens, I saw, and felt and suffered more on that occasion than I shall ever endure again, I hope for the sake of a devoted country and its institutions. What was most wounding, was to know that Virginia was there present, and consenting to the death. I saw Massachusets, old Massachusets, the elder sister of Virginia, there, Massachusetts who, whatever may have been her local politics, whether democratic or federal; no matter how she has differed with Virginia about mere questions between the plough and the loom, about a tariff or a bill of internal improvement—Massachusetts who has ever been side by side with Virginia in defence of the old common stock principles, the fundamental principles of free government—Massachusetts who stood up in the North, whilst Virginia stood up in the South, during the night of the Revolution, their tresses streaming in the howling tempest of the war against civil liberty and the rights of man, which swept across the Ocean—encourageing each other to endure to the end—holding the lights high up—Hancocks responding to Henrys, and Henrys to Hancocks—the House of Burgesses to Faneuil Hall, and Faneuil Hall to the House of Burgesses. When I saw old Massachusetts again, when we were thrown back on those same fundamental, dear and sacred principles, on which Massachusetts and Virginia and all have heretofore been united reaching out her arms and appealing, calling again, affectionately & touchingly, Virginia!—Virginia!—Virginia!—I wept. Old Virginia was not there; there was no response. Is the elder sister of Massachusetts dead—no more? Oh God! is Virginia no more? I can't believe it—I am not willing to believe it. She shall rise yet from her lethargy, she shall redeem herself. She shall be herself again.

FANATICISM AND OUTRAGE.

There appears to be no limit to human credulity, even among the people of a country like this, where all are supposed to possess a certain degree of information and intelligence. The Rochester Democrat gives the subjoined heart sickening detail of fanaticism, which shews that when one impudent and blasphemous impostor is exposed and driven into obscurity another soon arises, who finds no lack of disciples.

"It appears that in the vicinity of Auburn, Cayuga county, New York, a knave by the name of Sweet, has gathered around him half a score of silly women; who believed him to be a divine being whose commands they are implicitly and unhesitatingly bound to obey, under the penalty of the displeasure of heaven His household consists of himself and six white and one black woman. These deluded beings, although most of them are well educated and respectably connected—reverence him as their 'divine lord' and hold themselves in readiness at all times to yield obedience to his wishes That they are obedient has been repeatedly demonstrated. On one occasion the imposter commanded the wench to take a huge carving knife, and proceed through the streets and slay what ever might impede her progress. She entered upon her task, and had not the instrument of death been wrested from her hand by the first person whom she attacked, she would have obeyed the command to the letter. On another occasion, he commanded three of the white women to proceed on a Sabbath day, to a neighboring church where the communication was about to be administered, to upset the table, scatter the vessels and drink up the wine. Accordingly, at the proper hour, they entered the house singing and dancing as they proceeded, and performed the duty assigned them.

These outrages incensed the neighborhood, and it was secretly determined by a few who had imbibed an attachment to the code of Judge Lynch, to present the whole household with a coat of tar and feathers. For this purpose some ten or twelve young men blackened their faces, and otherwise disguised themselves, and proceeded at a late hour on Monday or Tuesday night of last week, to Sweet's house, which they entered, seized several of the inmates, (among whom was Sweet,) covered their bodies with tar, & then feathered them with the contents of a bed which they took from the house for that purpose.

"The intruders then retired—but again soon returned, and stole a large quantity of maple sugar, with which they decamped. On making this second visit, one of the disguised gentlemen 'was recognized, and the next day arrested, examined, and bound over for trial.

"During the examination, the females repeatedly declared their belief in the divine character of "their lord," as they called him, and their obligation to obey him implicitly. We have not heard the result of the subsequent examination, nor whether any disposition has been made of the imposter, who has been instrumental in establishing this new creed in Cayuga."

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Correspondence of the Nat. Intel.

NEW ORLEANS, April 29th 1837.

The newspapers of this place furnish all the news of the commercial depression, failures, &c. so that nothing I could communicate on that head would be any novelty to you.

There is news here, however, of a different character, which the newspapers do not communicate, and which is effectually suppressed, for it seems to be kept from the knowledge of our Editors. I refer to the movement on the borders of Texas, and the circumstances known at least to well informed men, which seem to presage important military events in that direction. It is a fact, which you may rely upon that the Mexican army under General Bravo, composed of six or eight brigades, under as many Brigadier Generals, well appointed & well provisioned, is in full march for Texas.—On the 10th of this month, they were advancing towards the Rio Grand, having sent out reconnoitering parties which had returned without meeting the main body of the Texians, but having met small parties of the Texian troops and Indians, with whom skirmishes had taken place, in one of which ten prisoners were brought in and in another, *Salofsky*, a Polish officer in the Mexican service, was killed. Speaking of him reminds me to say that there are said to be a number of officers, some of them commanding brigades, in the Mexican army, who have served in the armies of Europe, and are skilled in war Another of these European officers, whose name I have not remembered, was also killed on a reconnoitering party a week or two ago.

The number of the Mexican army all told, marching in bodies extending along a front of fifty or sixty miles, is stated, upon information said to be derived from the official returns, at between eight and nine thousand men; a more formidable force than I had supposed until I had information of the fact such as I cannot doubt.

From the complexion of the news which has just reached us from the seat of Government of Mexico, and the determination evinced, so far from relaxing their measures, to prosecute the campaign in Texas with all the power of the nation, I should not be surprised to hear that by this time, or soon after this, the two armies, or at least their advance guards, will have met. The result cannot but be looked for with deep interest by the friends of the Texans; for, although their army is said to have no fear but that the Mexicans will not come on, they may be over sanguine. At all events, I shall look with great anxiety for news from that quarter from this time, and during all the month of May.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN NEW-YORK.

From the N. Y. Commercial of Saturday

THE COMMITTEE RETURNED

We have received the following note from a gentleman of the committee.

'We understand that the sub committee which proceeded to Washington, by direction of the meeting of the merchants, returned this morning, and that another meeting will be called on Monday evening, when a full report of their proceedings will be given.

'The answer of the President reserves the subject of suits upon bonds for consideration In respect to the withdrawal of the specie circular and an immediate convocation of Congress, he has given a decided refusal.'

We learn in addition, that the President received the committee very courteously, as we doubted not that he would. He declined holding any conversation with them whatever, on the subject of their mission, in order, as he said to avoid misunderstandings and misrepresentations. Whatever the committee wished to say to him, he insisted, must be submitted in writing—and in writing he would answer them. That course was adopted, and on Thursday they made a communication in writing, to which he made a brief reply—containing a positive refusal to do any thing for the relief of the country, except in regard to the custom house bonds. This question was reserved for consideration. There is little doubt that the request of the merchants in this respect will be acceded to—inas much as it is for the interest of the government that such a course should be taken.

Office of N. Y. E. Str. May 6, 1 o'clock.

☞The New York Committee of merchants have returned, and have received from President Van Buren a flat negative to the two propositions made by them viz:

1. That of repealing the Circular.
2. The calling of Congress together.

The answer in writing will in all probability be laid before a public meeting early next week.

We candidly confess that we did not entertain much hope of relief when noticing the gross conduct of the Globe in reference to the suffering merchants. The storm, it seems, must rage on; the determination of the kitchen Cabinet is at *every* sacrifice *to break the United States Bank.* The whole administration will be lost in the general ruin, as the fall elections will indicate; that may be some but it is a poor consolation for the wide spread ruin with which we are all threatened.

We recommend prudence and an absence of all excitement. We must forget the Specie Circular, and if possible, for a while, the general distress, and prudently but firmly adopt such steps as will save the country from its greatest danger—*the loss of public liberty*

When the President of the United States, the servant of the people, refuses to use the constitutional and safe means in his power to avert a general bankruptcy, the character of this Government is entirely changed and under A DESPOTISM.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser

MECHANICS' BANK.

Jacob Lorillard, Esq., was yesterday appointed President of the Mechanics Bank of this city, vice John Fleming, Esq., resigned; and John Leonard, Esq. cashier, vice—— Baldwin, Esq. resigned.

It is not to be disguised that this change of officers in that old and respectable institution, has been caused by the existing financial difficulties, to which are to be superadded some indiscretions on the part of the late officers. Still, we are authorised by Mr. Lorillard to state, that nothing had transpired to warrant harshness of feeling or conduct toward Mr. Fleming. We are also enabled to state farther, that in asking Mr. Flemings' resignation as president the directors personally solicited him to remain as one of the board of directors: and during the last two or three weeks of difficulty, that gentleman was treated with uniform kindness by the board.

It had been remarked, however, by Mr. Lorillard in particular, that for a fortnight past, Mr. Fleming appeared to be ill. His habit was plethoric, and there was evidently a tendency of blood to the head. Some days, Mr. L. has even suspected incipient mental aberration. Yesterday, other gentlemen observed indications of disease in the head,—Mr. Fleming bringing his hand frequently to his head as though in pain. He was of course under deep anxiety of mind, and laboring under high excitement. This morning, we are pained to add, he is no more. Reports are rife, that he died by his own hand. Of this statement, thus far, there is no evidence.—When the servant went to the door as usual, to call him to breakfast, there was no reply. He then opened the door, and threw in his slippers. Neither perceiving nor hearing any movement, the servant then looked into the room, and saw that Mr. Fleming was dead, lying upon his back in bed. The inference is, that he died of apoplexy, immediately induced by excitement and mental anxiety.

This melancholy event has caused great agitation in Wall street during the morning, for which there was before sufficient cause. The heavy failures yesterday, and the general aspect of the pecuniary affairs—not of the city only, but the whole country—create a feeling of despondency and gloom, we will not attempt to describe.

☞Since the foregoing article was in type, we learn that the coroner's inquiry upon the body of Mr. Fleming has resulted in a verdict that he died a natural death. We have conversed with Dr. Van Rensseleaar, one of the physicians called in to the examination, and he assures us that there is not a particle of doubt that such is the fact.

The New York Herald furnishes the following particulars in relation to the late extensive failures in New York.

It appears that the stoppage of the Messrs. Crary arose from the return of bills of exchange by the last packet from England, to the amount of £23,000 sterling, or $115,000. These bills were drawn by the *Hermans*, of New Orleans, on the house of Lizardi, of London. The house of Lizardi would not accept the bills, and they were accordingly returned under protest. From this fact it would appear that the confidence of the London house had become shaken in the New Orleans house as early as the close of March last. By a singular coincidence it would also appear to be about the same time that the *Hermans* failed in New Orleans.

From this fact we should judge that, at the last dates; there was a general opinion in England of extensive failures and bankruptcy in this country. Their most sanguine hopes will have been amply gratified long before this time. The failure of P. & J. S. Crary is melancholy. A few days ago they were believed impregnable—as staunch as the banks—stronger than the Rocky Mountains. They have been largely engaged in foreign exchange—the cotton trade—New Brighton property, and various other speculations.

The failure of Nevins & Co. is generally ascribed to the extraordinary fall in Dry Dock Bank stock—a fall of 80 per cent in a few weeks, being at 165 a short time since—now 80, or thereabouts.

The other failures, to the number of eight or a dozen, are in various lines of business—druggists, cotton dealers, southern jobbers, and various descriptions. Pomeroy & Bull, famous wine merchants, were carried away in the crash that took Arthur Tappan from the land of the solvent.

AFFAIRS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The U. S Gazette of Monday says, 'We are truly glad to be able to say, that not a single failure occurred here on Saturday, although it was what the merchants call a double day, with very heavy payments falling due. Let confidence and cheerfulness only prevail, and we think there is good reason to believe, from the stability which has already been established, that Philadelphia will ride out the terrible hurricane, with but little damage. Let each man help his neighbor, and not, from mistaken fear, withhold that aid from him, which it is usual for merchants to grant to each other Borrowed money is a sacred obligation, and we believe it is so considered by all merchants; no doubts should, therefore, be entertained, when reliance can be placed on character. The dry good trade, which is suffering so severely in our sister city, has but a few more days to pass through, when they will be rid of the great bulk of their contracts made last fall, and therefore, completely out of danger. They have done their business upon good principles, which we think is manifest from the very few defalcations which have taken place, and even those that have occurred can hardly be attributed to imprudence Let our Banks strain every nerve, and each man cheer his fellow, and we think a few weeks more will, at any rate prove that the vast majority of the community are sound.

We say nothing of the condition of New York, except that our letters are not encouraging. The evil has made such progress there, that it can hardly be expected that it should be suddenly allayed.

The Baltimore Patriot of Tuesday last says:

It is not to be denied that in Baltimore, as every where else, the money market has become 'very tight,' and that many of our business men, who have heavy engagements to meet, find it exceedingly difficult to raise the necessary funds for that purpose. Until within a fortnight past, our city has been comparatively easy in her pecuniary operations; but since then, an unfavorable change has taken place in this respect. This new state of things is produced, as we understand it, by the heavy engagements entered into by our merchants, last fall, at the eastward, and which are now daily falling due. This, in connection with the last year's failure of the wheat crop, occasions the balance of trade to be against Baltimore.

As these engagements are met from day to day by our merchants, a cause connected therewith, is put in operation which renders the fulfilment of those engagements, and indeed all others of a pecuniary character, every day more and more difficult. The amount of collections made here, through our banks, for New York and eastern account, is regularly demanded in specie. While the drafts sent here, or held by our merchants on New York, are to a very great extent protested, or otherwise rendered unavailable to the holders, and the Baltimore engagements in that quarter continue to be met with punctually, and the proceeds carried off in coin, the tendency to a more straightened money market is inevitable. By such continued and unusual calls for coin, in payment of collections on eastern account, our Banks are necessarily restricted in their accustomed operations, and thus prevented from extending to their customers the usual facilities and credits, at a time of pressure, when these facilities are more than ever needed.

As a consequence of this state of things; we are pained to say that several of our most substantial mercantile houses have

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