A correspondent of the Boston Atlas thus describes an eccentric sister of the craft in New York:

Going to visit the rooms of a young artist of my acquaintance in Broadway, a few days ago. I was directed to No. 8 or 10, in a long corridor opening into some twenty small apartments -- As I passed the doors of these little cabins, I observed here a bed, and there a cooking apparatus, in this an engraver's burin, and in that a painter's easel. My young friend had taken this locality, because of its central advantages, facing as it did, at the common entrance, upon the fashionable & ever crowded main thoroughfare of the city. At the moment I called he happened to be absent, and as I was writing my name upon his little slate, which hung over the door, I observed, at the extreme end of the corridor, a middle aged woman of good appearance, setting up types at a printer's case, in a room just large enough, as it seemed to me, to contain all I then glanced at, and no more. Feeling curious to behold nearer the operations of a person, who, at the first view, had impressed me with the conviction that she was a character, I approached the door, and asked after my friend of the neighboring room. But of him she could give me no information. This I did not expect; my sole object being to commence an acquaintance with my female Faust.

She told me that she wrote her own books, and put them into type with her own hands, employing a pressman in the neighborhood to strike them off, and little loafer boys from the streets to sell them. She occupied the apartment where she then was, by night and by day—affording to the boys who sold her productions frequent shelter when they could get it no where else. She pointed out to me an old mat, and some clothes which looked of an exceeding ancient cut, lying in a corner of the room, and told me that these were her own, and her two spare beds. She also cooked, she informed me, in the same cabin, where I observed a small sheet iron stove, the funnel of which was inserted in the side of the wall.

In answer to a question as to her success in these hard times, this literary lady informed me that she got along tolerably: better than most of her craft She had two cents in pocket, upon which she should try to live that day, and hope for a shilling to-morrow. When the pressure came on, she had not been obliged like the Harpers, to dismiss any of her hands, for she had but a single pair—and she had not like the Carvills, to suspend payment, for hers was a cash business. Her rent was forty dollars a year, and she paid it weekly, when business was good, but within each month, at all events. Her last book had sold very well, being the Life of Edwin Forrest. True, some of the newspapers had denounced it as being false in every essential particular, though professing to be written by one who has known him from his youth.' Yet the book sold all off before the denunciation appeared, and she made as much by it as she expected.

The famous Richard P Robinson has been heard from however since last summer—There is no end to the 'Extracts from Robinson's Journal,' the 'Confessions of Robinson' as the murder with which he was charged, and the 'Letters from Richard P. Robinson' to friends in this city, which have all sprung from the fertile brain and ready pen of my near acquaintance. She hopes yet to make a sum of expences out of this fruitful and interesting topic. The credulity of the town is her main stay, and she expressed great regret that business had come to a stand still here, chiefly because people, being less in a hurry than before, had now more time to think twice before they purchased any of her literary productions. She was, however hoping for better days, before she should publish her next pamphlet which, she told me, she had already in hand.

This is to be entitled 'James Crow, Esquire, in London,'—and, she thinks, will be her *chef d' œuvre*. The staple of her book will be culled from the newspapers—principally from the Liverpool correspondence of Major North' Star, which, you know contains anecdotes of all distinguished Americans abroad—The woof will be of fancy's weaving, and my enterprising acquaintance will preside at the loom. How rich will be the volume, only they who know the authoress, through her former productions, and a personal interview, as interesting as mine, can imagine.

Having gathered these facts from the lips of the lady, & having received a cordial invitation to call again upon her in her garret. I heard my friend approaching, and joined him, at his rooms. He rallied me a good deal upon my interview with the lady at the end of the corridor, and told me her name. As, however, she depends for success upon her skilful preservation of the anonymous, I shall not reveal it here: feeling full sure that it will yet be enrolled by the pencil of history on the proudest column in the temple of Fame!

Yours, &c.,

WALL STREET.

Ladies' Celebration of the Fourth.—The Ladies of Barre, a flourishing town in Massachusetts, spent a part of the 4th of July in a rational tea drinking. The ladies of the town' says the Barre Gazette, 'to the number of about 920—old and young, married and single, 'without distinction of party,' celebrated *independence* on Tuesday afternoon last, under a bower upon the Common. An appropriate entertainment was provided by Mr. Wheelock suited to the fastidious tastes of the 'fair creatures,'—and we are right glad to learn, that they conducted with great propriety, and had a very social, happy time: notwithstanding not the smallest part of their jollity resulted from the self satisfaction of having sarcastically *toasted* the Old Bachelors, without fear favor, or friendship, until 'those of them present had become fairly *brown*.' We subjoin a few of the sentiments giving on the joyous occasion:

'Old Bachelors—May they lie alone on a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stool, eat alone on a wooden trencher, and be their own *kitchen maids*.'

'Industry of the Young Ladies of Barre—always want to be *engaged*'

'Matrimony—The truth and essence of life; love at home, unity abroad, and consistency at all times and in all conditions,'

'The Old Bachelor like the Thorn Hedge—neither blossoms nor fruit render it useful or ornamental, but it is a scourge to all creatures.'

The Hit Palpable.—A few days since a traveller stepped into a bank located in a village in the neighborhood of this city, and immediately after his entrance pulled off his hat, coat and cravat; this done he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner 'calm as a summer's morning,' and with a commanding shake of his head, said, 'Sir, had'nt you better be gitten that are water heated?' The teller informed him that he was 'in the wrong shop.' 'You are in a bank, sir, not in a barber's shop.' 'A bank, eh' ejaculated the stranger, 'dang'em, they told me it was a shaving shop.—*Western Hemisphere.*

NOVEL TRIAL--SALE OF A WIFE.

The Annapolis Gazette of Thursday contains the report of a trial which took place before a Justice of the Peace of that city; last week, in which the plaintiff brought his action for five dollars, which he claimed to be due him as the purchase money for his wife, whom he had sold to the defendant.

"It appeared from disclosures made on the trial, that sometime last week the plaintiff, Richard Kirby, sold his wife to the defendant, George Dunn, for five dollars. Nobody professed to know the motive that influenced Kirby to make the sale: it may have been the love of money, or the want of money, or it may have been solely to relieve himself from the burthens of matrimony; but certain it is that he did sell his wife for the before mentioned sum, and that too without so much as stipulating at the time, that it should be paid in gold or silver, and not *depreciated* Bank paper. Scarcely, however, was the bargain concluded, before Dunn, who is a married man, repented of having made it, and began to hum the old song, which runs

"Sic a wife as Willie had,
"I wad na gie a button for her."

But it was too late, there was no backing out; he had consented to take her, and the husband had determined that he should have her. The plaintiff proffered Dunn a bill of sale and demanded the money. which Dunn refused to plank up, alleging as the reason that he was in *jest* when he agreed to buy. This excuse was not admitted by the husband, who, discovering that DUNN was not to be DUNNED out of the cash, resolved on a resort to the law, which in some cases is found more efficacious than the arguments of individuals, no matter how eloquent or persuasive the latter may be. His Honour, the Justice, pronounced judgment against KIRBY, who was thus CURBED in his attempt to saddle another man with his wife, and doomed to bear his burthen however grievous he may find it. He was somewhat disconcerted by the decision, and immediately went his way, it may be, in quest of another purchaser With Mr. DUNN it was quite different, his countenance brightened and it was so evident that he was inwardly congratulating himself that he was not DONE over, that the impression of the spectators is, he will hereafter be cautious how he *jests* about serious matters.

The woman is said to be young and pretty.

Novel Courtship—I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus I saw her; I loved her: I proposed; she refused me.—'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him.'—'You do.' Very good, if he remains here, I'll skin him.' 'Lord bless me!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick involuntarily. 'Did you skin the gentleman Sir?' inquired Mr. Winkle with a very pale face. I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing And so it was.' 'Certainly,' interposed Mr. Winkle. 'I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his Majesty's service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction—He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her.'

The Pickwick Papers.

The wonderful propensity of the Europeans to rob the Americans of the fame of having accomplished any thing great or glorious, puts us in mind of the following genuine anecdote: An Irish officer upon seeing a beautiful picture sketched upon a wall in America, exclaimed, it is a fine painting—but it was never done in America. 'Oh, sir,' says his friend, 'don't you see it is on a solid wall, and therefore must have been done in this country?' 'Ah,' replies he, I see that plain enough, but I only meant that the man who did it, never was in America.

From the Baltimore Merchant.

AMOS KENDALL'S GRATITUDE.

We have a few facts for the original Jackson men, which we think should make them stop to enquire into the character and motives of the men who now administer the Government; and as Mr. Amos Kendall is the head—the controlling influence which regulates the movements and the principles of the party—we beg leave to begin with him: and first let us give his own account of himself, as detailed in his examination before the Senate of Kentucky on oath

Mr. Pope asked what made witness glad that Mr. Clay took the printing from him?

Witness replied, that he came to Kentucky early in the year 1814, while Mr. Clay was in Europe: that it so happened that Mrs. Clay employed him to live in her family one year and teach her children; that he remained there about a year, and then settled in Georgetown; that shortly afterwards, he went to Lexington on business, and was taken sick in a boarding house; that Mrs Clay, hearing of it, sent her carriage for him, and as soon as he could be removed, had him carried to her house, where she nursed him with the utmost kindness until he was able to return to Georgetown; that Mr. Clay had not yet come home, and witness had never seen him; that this kindness of Mrs. Clay laid him under a weight of obligation to her, which he always felt and acknowledged, that when Mr. Clay came home, he received a very cordial letter from him, thanking him for his service in his family, &c.; that an acquaintance was formed shortly after, which was kept up with the most friendly feelings until since the late presidential election; that he had been stimulated in his exertions to promote Mr. Clay's views by his obligations to Mrs. Clay; that to Mr. Clay himself he owes no obligations, and never did; that he had labored greatly, and spent much of his time and some of his money in efforts to advance Mr. Clay, without asking for recompense or remuneration, until the advances made by Mr. Clay himself; that in taking the printing from witness, Mr. Clay on his part exhibited a personal hostility towards him, which relieved him from the restraint his feelings were under, and left him to take that course which he thought duty pointed out, perfectly unrestrained.

From the Baltimore Merchant.

AMOS KENDALL—UNMASKED.

The prominent part which this man is now playing in the game of politics, and the influence which he wields over the destines of this country, and of the world, as connected with it, requires that he should be unmasked.

It will be remembered that he was the principal witness in sustaining the charge that there was the corrupt understanding between Mr. Clay & Mr. Adams, that the latter would, if elected by Mr. Clay's influence, appoint him Secretary of State.

By recurring to the old controversy in 1828, we find that Kendall acknowledges that he took an active part in persuading his Representative in Congress to vote for Mr. Adams, because he believed that, if elected, he would appoint Mr. Clay Secretary of State, (we will hereafter show the motive,) and that he openly asserted that it was right for Mr. Clay, before he gave his vote for Mr. Adams, to require as a condition that Mr. Adams should pledge himself to make Mr Clay Secretary of State. *He* says, on his examination before the Legislature of Kentucky, that after the Presidential election, he wrote to Mr. Clay that he would, if Mr. Clay would give him a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum; go to Washington and *'vindicate him against the calumnies which were afloat against him.'* (These are Kendall's own words, reported by himself as the Editor of the Frankfort Argus, as the substance of his own evidence before the Senate of Kentucky, on the examination of the charge of bargain, &c.) Now, what were these slanders against Mr. Clay, against which Mr. Kendall would have defended him for a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. Hear him again. In a letter dated March 8th, 1828, to the Hon. David White, who had been the Representative in Congress, he says:

Many of your friends here have felt dissatisfaction with your address to the public, much deeper than I have expressed in the Argus They have urged me to procure proof of your declarations; but as I do not wish to take a step which would injure you by showing a seeming confliction between your public and private statements, I have put them off by telling them I would write to you for a further explanation. If you are guilty of any thing criminal, so am I, Blair, Crittenden, and many others. We knew that Clay was to be Secretary, and for that reason promoted Adams' election. You did no more. Clay's denunciations have deterred me from avowing my agency; for there was no harm in it.

If you are guilty, says Kendall, so am I, and Blair, &c. We knew that Mr. Clay was to be Secretary, and for that reason promoted Adams' election. You did no more. *Clay's denunciations have deterred me from avowing my agency.* FOR THERE WAS NO HARM IN IT.'

In January, 1828, Kendall swears before the Senate that he believed the charge that Mr. Clay had voted for Mr. Adams with an understanding that Mr Adams would make Mr Clay Secretary of State 'was a slander.' In March, of the same year, he writes to Mr White that he knew, then, Mr. Clay was to be Secretary of State, and, for that reason, promoted Adam's election, and that Mr. Clay's denunciation had deterred him from avowing his agency, *for there was no harm in it.* Such are the facts, and yet this man has risen to power by abusing Mr. Clay for this very act which he boldly avers he aided to accomplish!

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1837.

A general feeling of satisfaction pervaded the great crowd that filled the Circuit Court to day, when the learned Chief Justice Cranch delivered the unanimous opinion of the Court in the case of Stockton & Stokes vs Amos Kendall. The return made by the 'Great Law-contemner' was quashed as insufficient, and a writ of Peremptory Mandamus granted, which however was made returnable as late as the fourteenth of August, as another session of the court will not be held till that time. The opinion is marked by the learning, ability, and nervous simplicity of style which characterize all the productions of the respected Chief Justice's mind, and nobly vindicates the rights and authority of the Judiciary. I trust it will be published far and wide.

A correspondence has taken place between Messrs. Stockton & Stokes and President Van Buren, relative to the conduct of Amos. On the one side, I am told, it is rigorous, and manly, and on the other as is usual with this notable gentleman, quite 'noncommittal.' The correspondence, I learn, is on the files of the Court, and I hope soon to see it made public through the columns of some of our newspapers. Amos will not let it appear in the Globe, even if Blair should consent, perhaps the National Intelligencer may get hold of it.

The President has gone to a delightful house in the country about four miles from the city, and will not probably return until September, as owing to its proximity to the River, the White House is not over-healthy during the heats of July and August.—Poinsett and his family, it is said, will be inmates of the President's country residence. The Secretary of War is high in favor with Van Buren. Mr. Secretary Dickerson is going to Philadelphia, or has gone already, to attend the launch of the Pennsylvania. The President has made up his mind to refuse the application to have the noble vessel equipped there, although the prayer proceeds from many of the faithful. I perceive you have noticed the announcement of a new organ of the Government. Blair is highly indignant at the attempt to put him down, and denies that the undertaking is countenanced by any member of the Administration.—But this is only one of his numerous 'fibs' The Madisonian will be the organ—It is a New York movement The prospectus first appeared in the New York Times, the official Van Buren organ in that city. Depend upon it, the 'Madisonian' is set on foot by the Van Buren leaders, and that it is intended to supersede the Globe in the same manner that that atrocious print superseded Duff Green's Telegraph. Mark the result.—Blair already looks cadaverous, savage and wild.

J. M. S.

The Norfolk Herald; adverting to some recent expositions not creditable to our national character, says—'But there is much less to censure even in this, than there is in the daily attempts of the Globe, the official paper of the Government, to make the United States appear in a mean and shuffling character abroad. by harping upon the folly of the country's paying its honest debts to commercial creditors abroad; than which, as the New York American justly observes, 'nothing can be more pitiful.' It is related (says that paper) of the celebrated English exquisite, Beau Brummell, that, dining one day with one of his noble friends, he chanced to hear of the failure of a wealthy sprig of nobility, who had not utterly discarded all the feelings of propriety and correct principles. 'God bless me' said Brummell, 'is he gone too? Ah, well! I ought not to be surprised, neither. I always *told him* he would be dished at last—*dribbling away his estate to pay his debts.*

Baltimore Merchant.

The Whig Youths of Virginia.—The Richmond Whig, in remarking on the toasts given on the 4th of July, says, 'Nineteen-twentieths of the educated youth of the State are, we believe in opposition to the lawless career of the late and present Executive. The remark is litterally true when applied to the young men of our colleges. At William and Mary's Washington College, Hampden Sydney, and the University, the Whigs are in the proportion of *nineteen to one!*' This is a most cheering sign; for the youth of *to-day* will be the men of *to-morrow.*

'COON SKIN CURRENCY.—If we do not soon retrace our steps on the currency question' 'said Mr. Pitts on Saturday night, 'we shall e'er long have a regular Rocky Mountain Currency—buy a pound of sugar, throw down a 'Coon Skin for pay, and get a rabbit skin in change.' We are not sure but that currency would be even better than the shin plasters the Van Buren policy has thrust upon us.—There is some intrinsic value in a 'Coon Skin—in a shin plaster there is none.

Balt. Chronicle.

HICKORY LEAVES.—A Reading correspondent of Poulson's Advertiser speaks of the worthlessness of the small notes put in circulation by individuals in Berks county, and says that the Germans whose eyes are fast opening to the humbugs which have been played off upon them, designate them by the appropriate title of '*Hickory Leaves.*'—One of General Jackson's favorite sayings formerly was, 'judge the tree by its fruits.'—The time has arrived to apply the rule. What are the fruits of the old Hickory tree? *Rotten leaves* for the people; *nuts* for the office holders alone.—Del. State Journal.

NEW DIME.—The United States Gazette of yesterday, says—'A friend showed to us on Saturday a ten cent piece of the new coinage; it is smaller in circumference than those formerly emitted; on one side are the words ONE DIME, encircled with a wreath, on the other is a finely cut figure of liberty—not the old head and trunk, that once looked so flaring out from our coin—but a neat, tidy female figure, sufficiently dressed, holding in one hand a staff surmounted with a liberty cap; the other hand sustains a shield, inscribed with the word LIBERTY. The figure is in a sitting posture, and resembles, generally, the representation of Britannia on the English coins.

Col. Richard M. Johnson, the dominant party's *intelligent* and *dignified* (!) Vice President is ambitiously figuring in the newspapers in reply to some person, who erroneously ascribe to him the common sense and plain honesty of having abjured the errrors and sins of the administration. The Colonel says—and, we doubt not, most truly 'the paragraph is without a shadow of foundation I have sustained, and I intend to sustain the administration of the general government, in the course which it has pursued.'

TREASURY PAP.

I understand that the Indian agent was compelled to pay in specie the annual appropriation to the Indians—that JOSEPH HOOK, Jr. was appointed wagon master to convey the sum of $500,000 to the Indian agent in Arkansas, he was instructed to employ an assistant, who, with one sent by the Government, would constitute the brigade. Captain Hook named John H. Dorsey, a tide waiter in the customhouse who was of course appointed, and on Saturday last set out for the Indian settlements, provided with drafts on the land offices and pet banks in the West, who was to furnish the metal. Captain Hook receives eight dollars per day and all expenses paid and the two assistants five dollars per day. That per diem, as respects Mr Dorsey, with his three dollars per day at the custom house, makes his per diem equal to Hooks, and the necessary expenses incurred being paid by the Government, Captain Hook has taken his son along, a promising youth of about 14, to enjoy the luxury of treasury pap. Thus you will see that Mr. Dorsey is feeding at the crib with three instead of two spoons, as you remarked a few days ago. The time computed by Captain Hook, before he started, was five months as they must meet delay by some of the banks or offices refusing to pay specie, in that event, he would have to remain at that post until further orders were received from Mr. Woodbury.—*Merchant.* C.

A Deathless Monster—A letter from St. Louis (Mo) of 1st July, published in the Merchants, gives this account of the value of the bills of that ofiesiain monster, the Bank of the United States:

United States Bank Bills are abominably scarce, and command a high premium, depending much upon the amount required. Yesterday *I bought with hard dollars two hundred dollars of United States Bank bills, for which I paid two per cent premium,* and glad to get them at that.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

U. S. BANK.—A letter from Harrisburg, which we find in the New York Journal of Commerce of Thursday, favors the rumor, heretofore prevalent in certain quarters, that the Pennsylvania Bank of the United States, was setting its household in order for an early resumption of specie payments. When we first heard the rumor, we inclined to the opinion that there was some foundation for it—owing to the peculiar circumstances in which that bank finds itself, from certain provisions of its charter—and this letter tends to strengthen if not confirm that impression. The bank has an inducement to such a course, even before the affairs of the country may be ripe for its general adoption which does not operate with other banks. By the act of incorporation, its charter may become voidable in less than four months, after it shall have refused to redeem its notes with coin The 7th article enacts that if the bank at any time refuses to pay any of its notes &c. in gold and silver, the applicant may, at the expiration of three months from such a demand and refusal, make offer to prove the facts before a judge of the City or County Court, by the testimony of one or more competent witnesses. The Judge is then to give ten days notice to the bank, of the time and place of making such proof. If the fact of refusal be substantiated, it then becomes the duty of the Judge to reduce the same to writing, and transmit it to the Governor: and it is made the duty of the Governor, immediately on the receipt of this written proof, to issue his proclamation declaring the charter of the said bank to be forfeited—from and after the tenth day after the date of said proclamation.—Thus, in about three months and twenty days after refusal to redeem its paper with coin, the charter of the U. S Bank may, & if any individual choses to secure that result, by taking the needful steps, *must* become forfeited.

It is known to our readers that a good 'hard money' Van Buren man, took the initiatory step in this process by making a demand on the bank for coin, before competent witnesses, about the latter end of May. As the bank has been an object of so much malignant prosecution we need not doubt that the effort will be persisted in, if there be any prospect of a successful issue. Under such circumstances, we cannot perceive that the bank has any other choice than to redeem its paper within three months after such demand, or to suffer a forfeiture of its charter. It cannot hesitate long, when such are the alternatives At the risk of a decided though temporary curtailment of its profitable business the bank will, no doubt, take order to satisfy the law and preserve its charter. It has already more specie in hand than notes in circulation, and by the end of August, it will manage to get in nearly the whole of its State circulation, in the course of business—so that when it begins to "pay specie for its notes,' there will be a very few of them left to redeem. This operation cannot affect the general circulation of the country, though it will certainly TEND, in some degree, to hasten the general resumption of specie payments.

Question and Answer.—Why is it that gold and silver, the Jackson money, command 10 per cent. premium? *Balt. Rep.*

Answer.—Because gold and silver are 10 per cent. harder to get now than they were before the Administration began its miserable tinkerings with the best currency in the world.

Louisville Journal.

Small Change.—A Mrs. *Cent*, in Wisconsin, has presented her husband with four little Cents, two male and two female.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Concord, N. H., July 4, 1806, thirty one years ago by Daniel Webster.

'When we speak of *preserving the Constitution*, we mean not the *paper* on which it is written, but the *spirit* which dwells in it. Government *may* loose all its real character, its genius, its temper, without losing its appearance. Republicanism, unless you guard it, will creep out of its case of parchment, like a snake out of its skin. You may have a despotism under the name of a Republic. You may look on a government, and see it possess all the external modes of freedom, & yet find nothing of its essence, the vitality of freedom in it; just as you may contemplate an embalmed body, where art hath preserved proportion and form, amidst nerves without motion, and veins void of blood.'

By the last arrival at New York, from France, the following item is received.

American Indemnity—The commission created by the Ordonnance of the 21st May, 1836, for the liquidation of the claims of the American creditors, in pursuance of Art. 3 of the Convention of the 4th July, 1831, between France and the United States, has come to a settlement of all the demands, which will be communicated to the parties interested without delay.

Two immense Russian merchant ships, says the Baltimore American, the burthen of each nearly one thousand tons,—entered our harbour on Tuesday from Bremen. They have on board about 40,000 bushels of wheat, and 12,000 to 15,000 bushels of rye, besides *seven hundred and forty passengers.*

The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer estimates the import of foreign wheat into the United States, within the year, at *five millions* of bushels.

The last packet from England, the Oxford, is said to have brought out $30,000 in gold, to be invested in the purchase of cotton. The New York Express says—

Private letters from England do not fully confirm the suspension of the Messrs Wiggins and Wilsons, bankers in London On the contrary, all their obligations were paid up to the first of June, inclusive Had not the Rose arrived on the day she did, there is no question but they would have gone on without any interruption On the whole, however, the news is favorable. The great staple, cotton, had advanced in the face of the gloomy news from America. After all, it is to cotton the Americans are mainly to look to pay off their debts. If this article should advance but a penny a pound it would be a very important item in setting balances

We have been decidedly of the opinion that the Bank of England would not suspend specie payments and the last advices confirms this belief. Money was abundant, except on American securities. Trade had become so dull that there was no call for money—the rate of interest was, consequently, very low. All accounts from the manufacturing districts agree that business was at a stand No orders, nor no demand from America, for goods

From the Baltimore Merchant.

NEW YORK, 16th July—THREE O'CLOCK.

By the Old Colony, at Boston, dates are received one day later from Liverpool. I send you a slip containing the most important items.

It is now ascertained that Mr. Bates, the active American partner, is going out of the house of Barings. Indeed, great changes are taking place in the London establishments.—The present troubles will after the whole face of commercial affairs in that quarter as in this country—and why? The great houses in London, Liverpool, and New York and New Orleans were doing business on too large a scale. They were compelled to entrust their affairs to agents, and before they knew where they were, they found themselves ruined.—The Browns and Barings have not been so imprudent, and, in consequence, are able to weather the storm.

On Saturday, after 3 o'clock, considerable spirit was manifested in the specie market.—There will go out by the England to-morrow, over $470,000 in coin. The purchases and remittances have been made mostly by the importing merchants.

The tone of the Liverpool papers towards our merchants has excited some indignation here. But it will be altered when they come to hear the sacrifices at which our integrity has been maintained. The difficulties of the English money market may be safely ascribed to the measures of the Bank of England.

From the Savannah Republican of July 14.

FROM FLORIDA.

We learn from a passenger arrived this morning in the steamboat Santee, Captain Poinsett, from Black creek, that a skirmish took place about ten days since on west side of the Suwannee, between a company of mounted Floridians, under the command of Colonel Mills, and about 25 Indians, supposed to be Creeks. The bodies of two of the latter killed were found, and marks of blood were discovered of others, wounded or killed, that were taken away by the Indians. One of the whites is said to have been wounded.

Our informant derived his information from Col. Warren, at Jacksonville, who had just received a letter from Col. Mills, giving the above information, as the Santee was about leaving the wharf, and may be relied on as correct.

We have obtained no other information by this arrival,

LIFE IN NEW YORK.—The following day-break glimpse at the principal thoroughfare is from the pen of the editor of the Sun:

A walk in Broadway at four o'clock in the morning exhibits some reminiscences of a night's debauch in a large city. The string of loafers reposing on stoops and cellar doors is nearly as large as a band of Lazzaroni. One fellow, this morning, lay stiff and stretched out, to all appearance dead, and had attracted a few sympathising spectators, who were pinching and shaking him with the benevolent motive of ascertaining whether he had taken his final nap. He shook the poppies from his eyes, however, grumbling at being thus early disturbed, and in a few minutes was holding a caucus with several other loafers who had been also unceremoniously awakened. 'I never seed such hard hearted folks,' said he, 'bakase they must get up early and work, they won't allow a gentleman wot has been setting up with the sick all night to take a mouthful of sleep in the mornin'. Then there is them ere granite stoops—they calls 'em an improvement—a body can't pick out a spot to sleep on; no more wooden stoops, as used to be. I hate such improvements! If we sleeps in the Park, on the wet grass, we gets the rheumatiz; and if we lays on the benches of the Battery, some wagabone picks our pockets.' So saying he searched his pockets and discovered the stum of a segar, which he put into his mouth, and walked on with a lordly air and a great swagger.

From the Winchester Republican.

CHEERING PROSPECTS.

We have not been out of town lately, but a friend just from the country describes the appearance of the fields as in the highest degree beautiful and flourishing. Indeed, we see evidence of the fact in the cheerful countenance of every Farmer that we meet on the street. The wheat crop, now nearly out of danger, will measure two or three bushels for one expected a month ago. The rye; we are told, is more than an average. Oats are abundant beyond example. Large quantities of hay have been secured, and the new mown fields are already putting up a luxuriant second crop. The pasture lands are in fine condition, and cattle and other live stock never looked better. Meanwhile, the corn (of which there is an uncommonly large planting) is just as promising as heart could wish; while buckwheat, potatoes, and the whole family of vegetables seem ready to pay their full tribute. Putting all these things together we do not know but that this season so inauspiciously begun, may hereafter be noted as our year of plenty. And what is most encouraging, to the Farmers at least, is the certainty of fair, and prospect of high prices.—The new wheat has started at $1,50, (at least a crop has been engaged by one of our most prudent buyers at that price,) and the Railroad has opened a firm a market for all grains, that even the redundancy of the crops will not reduce any of them below a fair living price. We believe that the thick gloom in which the farming interest, and every other kindred interest in this section of country has been wrapped for years past, is now about to disperse. Upon so goodly a prospect we sincerely congratulate our friends in the country. Indeed, there is in our rejoicing a little mixture of selfishness. If the Farmer prospers, every other interest must look up.—The merchants and mechanics who patronise us will now begin to do a better business, and the Farmers themselves, with their pockets full of money, will set down with a better heart to read the Newspapers. So we say again, 'God speed the Plough.'

ANNAPOLIS, Md July 8.

One unpleasant incident substracted from the otherwise general enjoyment of the Fourth of July On firing the morning salute owing to some inadvertence, the second cartridge of the first gun of the battery, on being rammed home, ignited from some remains unextinguished of the first fire, and exploded.

The right hand of Mr. Benjamin Taylor, who was acting as bombardier, was blown off, and his arm so much injured as to require amputation, which was performed by Dr. Beaver, in the course of the morning Mr. James Taylor, who attended the rear of the gun, performed his duty faithfully, and lost his right thumb thereby, which had also to be amputated.

Both of these gentlemen have families dependent upon their daily labor for support.

'The Party Split.'—The schism in the Van Buren ranks has broken out in an open declaration of war by the Anti-Bentonites. The New York Times of Monday contains a letter from that branch of the party addressed to N. P. Tallmadge one of their U. S. Senators, in which they declare themselves, with him, *opposed to the chimerical schems of an extensive metallic currency!*' and tender him their unanimous support in his efforts to carry out that doctrine in Congress.

Among the names of the signers we recognise those of many of the leading Van Burenites of New York. In the same paper in which this letter appeared, was published a communication recommending the 'Madisonian,' the new organ at Washington, to the favor of 'the party.' When it is recollected that Mr. Madison signed the charter of the late U. S. Bank, the import of the following significant remark will be obvious to all. 'The name which the Editor has selected embodies all that is orthodox in politics, or pure in morals.

The death of ROBERT U. LANG, Esq. late a proprietor of the New York Gazette, is mentioned by the papers of that and other cities in terms of deep regret, indicative of the high esteem in which that gentleman was deservedly held. The loss within a short time of the venerable father of the late deceased, and his brother, who departed this life not long since, has deprived the American press of conductors as conspicuous for integrity and worth of character as they were for intelligence

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