exclaimed the doctor, at first looking surprised, and then bursting into a laugh; 'the mystery about his lodgings solved at last!'

And Billy Snikes it really was—a poor old lunatic who for years had wandered about the village during the day, but whose repository at night had always been a matter of doubt. He had been in the regular habit of climbing up the balconies and sleeping where he was found, ever since the last tenant had vacated until within a few months, when he had been visiting in the country—a circumstance which had delayed the discovery.

'If we had been living in a house of more proper size, my dear, you might have been spared this fright,' said the doctor; 'I wonder what disaster will come next.'

His curiosity was soon gratified.—Within a few weeks a brick fell down the kitchen chimney, and after grazing Susan's head, mashed her foot so badly that she was laid up for nearly a month and as no servant could be obtained in her place, Louisa was obliged during all the time to do the whole work of the house herself.

Then the time for making fires came on, and it was discovered that every chimney in the house smoked. Coal was not used in that section of the country, and the doctor had a constitutional horror of close stoves. Their rooms, from the smoke and constantly keeping the doors open to make the fires draw, were so uncomfortable that their acquaintances ceased, in a great measure, to visit them. Louisa was of a social turn, and for want of company, began to grow quite melancholy.

'Well, here is March, at last,' said she to her husband, 'I suppose the weather will be warmer now, and that we will have a chance to see some one occasionally.'

'There is no dependance to be placed in March, my dear,' returned the doctor.

That very night the wind rose almost to a tornado, and swept the roof entirely off the house, and a good portion of the wall, and the tops of the chimneys with it. The smoke, of course, was now beyond endurance, and there was no resource but to lock up their effects and go out to board.

'I have heard,' said Mrs. Harris, when this had been concluded upon, 'that Mrs. Jones intends to break up house keeping, now since her daughter is married. In that case, the White Cottage will be to let again. Supposing we apply for it?'

'What, Louisa! give up your three story house, with all its great and manifold advantages!' returned the doctor, affecting amazement.

'Come, now, don't jest about it, dear Charles!—You know I have been tired of it long ago. I shall always call it my Folly, after this. Pray remind me of it whenever you see me give up comfort for ostentation!'

From the New York American.

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, with Notices of Commodore Elliot's Conduct in that Engagement, By the Hon. Tristram Burgess, 1 volume. Philadelphia, *William Marshall & Co.*—Among the most precious of the possessions of a free people, is ever to be numbered the renown of its distinguished men. It forms part of that history, which not only commends them to the respect and admiration of other nations, but which serves to nurse and excite within the bosoms of their own youth, a lofty emulation to prove themselves worthy of such compatriots.

But in proportion to its value is the perishableness of such renown, if it be not sacredly guarded by public sentiment. Calumny and cowardice, which in the presence of the living would be mute, when the lapse of time and the silence of the grave have hushed those lips, and stilled those hearts, that with a word would have blasted detraction,—may venture forth from their obscure and loathsome hiding places, and seek to blacken the glory that they hate, and which they can never hope to equal.

A case more strikingly illustrating these remarks has rarely occurred, than that which has called forth the publication of the little volume now before us. Twenty-two years after the battle of Lake Erie, and fourteen after the death of the gallant victor of the memorable day, a competitor—whom all contemporaneous accounts represent, and all surviving comrades of that battle know, to have been far in the rear of danger, when all the rest were hurrying to the front—now puts forth a claim to the honor of the victory, and seeks to bind his brows with the glorious wreath which national gratitude had twined around the brows of Perry, and which death had consecrated to immortality.

Under such circumstances, a Rhode Island man has taken up the subject, for the honor of his State, and his fellow citizen, Oliver H. Perry, and for the purpose of vindicating truth and rebuking presumption, that, as displayed in this case, is almost sacrilegious.

Mr. Burgess has here collected, arranged, and explained all the particulars of the battle of Lake Erie. He has accompanied the text with diagrams, showing to the eye, as clearly as his text conveys to the mind, the position, at different times, of different vessels, and leaving the impression, which no *facts* can shake, that if he who claims the honors of victory had been dealt with as he deserved, he might have expiated with his life on the quarter-deck the treachery or the imbecility which put at hazard on that day, the honor and safety of a nation.

Mr. Burgess fortifies this narrative which is prepared with logical skill, by the reports of the proceedings of both British and American courts martial and courts of inquiry, and by the testimony of the officers of the squadron. Altogether it is a triumphant vindication of a national benefactor, and consequently a blistering rebuke upon a boastful calumniator.

We annex the summing up of the narrative:

'This victory, the fruit of that on Lake Erie, demolished the British forces in Upper Canada; dispersed the north-west confederacy of Indian tribes and warriors, who immediately threw themselves on the mercy of the United States; and thus secured the whole frontier from Lake Ontario to the Mississippi.

This fleet of Erie is the first American fleet, which in the line of battle, encountered an enemy. It was commanded, as the first continental fleet had been by a Rhode Island man; and to a great extent built, and officered, and manned, by Rhode Island men. Will the people of this State be unmindful of the reputation of those men; their own fellow citizens, who laid the foundation, and raised that superstructure; which was by them, aided by others equally brave, so ornamented and adorned *by such victories and such national benefits*?

How mortifying to the patriot, that, after more than twenty years, such a mist of delusion should by any cause be spread over any part of the American people; that one man could be found to doubt and question the title of Oliver Hazard Perry to the glory of that distinguished naval victory! Still more astonishing, that title is not only questioned, but another has boldly claimed that glory to himself.

If you are not already wearied by the length of this narrative, permit me to state two or three things which are either admitted by this new candidate for this honor, or cannot be controverted by him.

At the close of the battle, Perry set up no *exclusive* claims to the glory of the victory. He submitted all, with unexampled modesty to the award of his country.

Look at his despatches; does he tell what I have done? To General Harrison—'*We* have met the enemy, and they are *ours*,' To the Secretary of the Navy—'It has pleased the Almighty to *give* to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict.'

Nothing can be so conspicuous as the modesty, unless it be the piety, of this most perfect of all naval despatches.—How could he say less of himself! The victory had been given by him who gives all things—had been given, not to him but to the *American* arms. The British squadron had surrendered to *the force*: what force? He could not avoid saying to the force under my command. *One* epithet only, tells the nature of the battle: it was a *sharp* conflict. He puts under sail none of that *squadron of adjectives*, after which, a young egotist would have sent his first victory to the Naval Department the autobiography exemplifies this from the 20th to the 22d page.

Perry not only did not wish to *engross* the honor to himself, but he was anxious that *all* should *share* it with him. At the close of the battle, every voice was loud in praise of the *first* in command, every tongue, but those of his own vessel was questioning, or reluctantly restrained from questioning, the conduct of the *second* in command. Those who had opportunies to write, were, in their letters, expressing their censure on the *position* held by the Niagara *during* the battle.

The moment this was known to Perry, he sent Lieutenant Turner and Mr Hambleton, one to the fleet the other to the camp, entreating them to stop. 'Why' said he, 'should a young officer be ruined? Why should the public eye look on any part of the battle with disapprobation? Honor enough for all has been won; and I am desirous that all my companions in arms should share it with me.' By this effort every letter not despatched already, was stopped. One only had been sent away, and could not be recalled. This act is and ever will be as honorable to Perry's generosity, as the victory was to his courage.

On the 13th of September, he sent a second despatch to the Secretary of the Navy, to 'give him some particulars of the battle.' Here he saved Elliot, by a BENEVOLENT AMBIGUITY. He says, "AT HALF PAST TWO, THE WIND springing up, Captain Elliot was ENABLED to bring his vessel, the Niagara, gallantly into close action." He was ENABLED, he could say; he could *not* say he DID bring the Niagara into close action. For every man in the fleet knew that this was done by Perry himself.

The public might infer, that Elliot, when he was *enabled* to bring, did *in fact*, bring the Niagara gallantly into close action; and Elliott was willing it should be left in this ambiguity. For though he requested Perry to place THIS ENABLED at an EARLIER hour, he never requested him to say that he DID do what he was ENABLED to do; that is, that he DID come gallantly into close action.—The time WHEN he was SO ENABLED was referred to one of HIS OWN Lieutenants, Edwards, and to Lieutenant Turner; but they agreed, that one half past two, as the Commodore stated it, was the *correct* time. This was the *moment* when Perry left the Lawrence to board the Niagara; and this establishes the fact, that this Commodore Elliot who now claims the honor of the victory, had, not, at *one half after* two o'clock, in the afternoon, *been in close action*.

Some other admitted facts place this question still further beyond doubt. It is admitted by all that Commodore Perry left the Lawrence at half past two o'clock, P. M.; that he hoisted the signal on board the Niagara, for close action, to the gun boats astern of her, at 44, as he says, and as Yarnall says, at 48 minutes after two. He could not have been less than ten minutes passing from the St. Lawrence to the Niagara, or more than three in hoisting the signal. How far could eight men send that light barge over the water in ten minutes? Some oarsmen tell me two; some, one and a half; but none less than one mile. So far from the Lawrence, and a *little* father half musket shot, from the enemy, was the Niagara when Perry reached her deck He had left the Lawrence on her larboard or left gangway, when she was directly abeam of the Detroit; and the moment that the Lawrence dropped astern as she did immediately on his leaving her, and struck shortly after, the enemy saw him in his boat, and turned their fire from the ship to him.

It is admitted that he rowed round under the stern of the Niagara & came up on the windward, then the larboard, or left hand gang-way. The wind was south-east. Had the Niagara been coming down the wind would have been on her hand or star-board side; the wind, as it is proved by Elliot himself, was on the larboard or left hand side.

If, then, the Niagara was, as it is admitted, abeam of the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, though she was *enabled* to, yet she had not BEGUN to come into close action

Another admitted fact will tell where Elliot was when the Detroit and Queen Charlotte surrendered.

Wherever the Niagara was when Perry reached her, the Somers, the Tigress and the Porcupine, were in succession, and in a line a long distance astern of her. This is proved by Elliot's own officers. Elliot to bring them up, left the Niagara & rowed down the whole length of the line, of until he could hail the last boat; and rowed back and boarded the Somers, and so brought the gunboats down to engage in the action. Whatever distance these vessels, all dull sailers, were astern of the Niagara, Elliot had to row twice over that distance, before he could get back to the point where he left Perry in the Niagara: then in two or three minutes, starting under full sail, to run down over the space which he had rowed up in fifteen minutes.

Let these facts tell their own story: and they will give the "whereabouts" of Captain Elliot, when the action terminated. This was in fifteen minutes, as Elliot proves, and in twenty minutes as Yarnall states; after Perry boarded the Niagara.

The living can protect their own characters. Those who are dead, and fell in the national service, have left their fame, perhaps the only inheritance of their children, to the safe keeping of their country; and woe betide a people, when they permit the sanctuary of human glory, frail and perishable as it is, to be profaned and plundered.

It was sacrilege among the ancients, and deemed abhorrent to gods and men to destroy or remove a stick or stone, from a trophy erected, by a conqueror on a battle field or by a shore, where a naval victory had been achieved.

Let the people of Rhode Island protect with a pious diligence, the tombs and the glory of their buried patriots and heroes; and like abhor those who would tarnish the one, or demolish the other.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

A marriage took place near Darnestown, in Montgomery county, in this state, on the 24th ult., which goes to add one more proof that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The parties were Mr James Biggs to Miss Martha Meeks. According to the Rockville Journal Biggs was engaged to another lady, a Miss C ——, and "the wedding clothes provided," the invited guests assembled to witness the ceremonies on the appointed night. The evening had far advanced but the bridegroom did not make his appearance—conjectures ran that he had eloped with a "Maiden fair," in the neighborhood. A party sallied forth to ascertain the facts connected with the affair, and to report to the bride as to the "whereabout," of her 'intended lord.' The party were not long in discovering that he married another lady. They aroused him from his comfortable quarters and escorted him to a neighboring town, where they made a friendly proposition—either to pay the expenses the first lady had incurred in preparing for the wedding, or take a coat of tar and feathers. He, as it may reasonably be supposed assented to the first proposition. Miss C. has survived the disappointment, and is ready and willing we doubt not to enter another engagement.

Balt. Chronicle.

Conjugal Felicity—and Cow Hides. Some time since an individual, who considers himself respectable, residing not many miles from Chesnut street, being overcome by 'love,' took for better or for worse a pretty dame residing in the vicinity. He, however, shortly after the golden cord was tied, began to think that wedlock was not the thing it was cracked up to be, and before the honey moon was fairly over, took it into his head to give his wife a severe flogging. The mother of the poor girl, feeling aggrieved at seeing her daughter maltreated, remonstrated against such a course of conduct; but the gentleman was not to be advised or insulted, and ever desirous of being considered a brave man, went to work and abused in the most shameful manner the old lady, to whom he had promised protection.

Scarcely had the excitement subsided in the usually quiet neighborhood, before along came an absent brother of the unfortunate bride. Here was a pretty kettle of fish: what was to be done - what could be done? He consulted the neighbors—advised with his friends, at one moment was on the point of going to law at another of blowing out the brains of his new relation for a redress of grievances; when finally some kind friend intimated that a certain store in Chesnut street had just received a large supply of the most approved cow-skins. Here was a remedy at once: big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome, he immediately set out for the store and procured a *first rater*; after which he proceeded to the residence of his brother-in-law, and congratulated him with one hundred stripes, well laid on, much to the gratification of the neighbors, who were unanimous in opinion, that he deserved all he got.—

Philad. Herald.

The Clerk and the Butter Woman.—Yesterday afternoon as the clerk of one of our markets was travelling around investigating the weight of butter he come across an old lady whose reluctance to display her oleaginous luxury excited suspicion. Bent upon examination he hastily snatched up a lump from a large tubfull and threw it into the scales. It was awfully deficient. He tried another it was ditto another, and still the same result—the old lady's face elongating at each successive failure about 'a foot.' 'Mister,' said she, 'if you take any more of my butter you 'll get trouble I guess. Nothing daunted by her threat he continued, when enraged beyond endurance, the old lady a strong muscular woman 'yoked,' him and after a severe tussel during which victory seemed to lean alternately on both belligerents, and a crowd of amused spectators gathered around them she finally threw him down jumped on him and finally taking from him the lump of butter he still held in his hand she smeared it all over his face filling his eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils full almost to suffocation. Then springing upon her feet she plunged her hands into her butter tub and mashing the lumps completely into one unconscious mass, 'Now,' she vociferated, 'weigh my butter if you can, you puppy—and touch it if you dare. It is needless to say that the clerk 'mizzled,' and you cannot now insult him more than by requesting of him some information as to the state of the butter market.—*Philadelphia Times.*

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

At the launch of the Sloop of war Dale at Philadelphia, the ship was christened by Commander J. M. Dales the son of the late Commodore, and a Philadelphia paper relates the following incident in connexion with that event:

"Commander Dale wore a sword on the occasion, the history of which we are informed is not a little remarkable. This sword, which is a splendid weapon having a hilt of pure gold, and a blade beautifully adorned with emblematical devices, was given by Louis 16th of France to Paul Jones, as a token of esteem and admiration for his conduct in the desperate fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, in 1781 a conflict unsurpassed in the annals of naval warfare. This honor was the more flattering, as the French monarch had never bestowed a sword upon any other officer. Commodore Dale was the first Lieutenant of the Richard in the action with the Serapis, and as Paul Jones attributed much of his success to that officer's gallantry and coolness, he finally presented the sword to him, from whom it descended to the gentleman who wore it yesterday."

GREAT FIRE AT MOBILE—500 HOUSES DESTROYED.

[From the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser. of Oct. 8

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION!

ELEVEN SQUARES DESTROYED BY FIRE.

We have only time this morning, before going to press, to announce the occurrence of the most awful and destructive fire which ever before occurred in our unfortunate and ill-starred city.—Last night, about eight o'clock, when the wind was blowing almost a gale from the South East, the fire broke out in an old wooden building in the rear of the house on the South East corner of Dauphin and Conception streets, owned by Mr. Pinto.

The adjoining buildings, being all of wood, the fire was soon communicated to them, and in a few minutes crossed Conception street. Here it had full sweep—the buildings being very compact and all of wood, and the wind southeast—the fire swept over the 2 squares west of Conception, from Conti, on the south to St. Francis, on the north, with unexampled and terrific rapidity.

Proceeding west, it crossed St. Joachin street—then Jackson—here it extended one square further North, to St. Michael street—and then three solid squares abreast all in one grand terrific flame, it swept onward to Claiborne street—and crossed it, sweeping every thing to Franklin.

Here, at about twelve o'clock, the wind fortunately abated; in consequence of which, and the blowing up of several buildings on the west side of Franklin street the progress of the devouring element was stayed. Not however, until six or eight buildings on the west side of Franklin had been destroyed. The dwelling of Duke Goodman, Esq., on the corner of Dauphin and Franklin, was blown up.

Thus all the buildings on the north side of Court, from Conception to Franklin, a distance of four squares - all on both sides of Dauphin to the same extent—on both sides of St. Francis to same extent, with the exception of three buildings on each side at the corner of Conception—all the buildings on the south side of St. Michael, from Jackson to Franklin—all on the cross streets of Conception St. Joachim, Jackson, Claiborne and Franklin, and probably twenty to thirty buildings besides in the vicinity Within the limits described above, it is supposed, about FIVE HUNDRED BUILDINGS have suddenly been reduced to ashes!

By this awful calamity, probably two hundred families are turned into the streets, many of whom are poor and penyless, and will depend entirely upon the public charity for a place to rest their heads, and for bread to appease their hunger. The flames extended with such rapidity, that but little property could be saved, and many, very many, have lost their all.

We are unable this morning to descend to particulars. It is impossible to convey any idea of the distress produced. The removal of the sick and consequent exposure, excitement and alarm, we fear will in many instances be productive of fatal results.

The origin of the fire is attributed to incendiaries: and we understand that two persons were seized on suspicion and lodged in jail. Can it be possible there can be found in human shape, such base fiendish monsters? Mobile seems indeed a doomed city. Have we not drank deep enough of the bitter cup of adversity and affliction? When and where will our calamities end? Alas! heaven only knows!

MOBILE.

The sickness is abating. On the 5th there was only one death by yellow fever, and on the 6th, 2 deaths.

Among the deaths published in the Chronicle of the 5th, we note the following, some of which occurred as far back as the 26th ult:—Mrs. Lydia Ward, Benjamin Dorman, Mrs. Margaret Griffen, Joseph W. Rea, Lemuel H. Smoot, Wm. H. Whiting of Augusta, Lindsay Patterson, James Palmer, Lobert Riley, Geo. W. Carpenter. J. S. McCain, G. B. Marshall, Anson Allen, Edmund Monroe, Abial Wade, Mrs. Phebe Pickering.

From the Alabama Southern Advocate.

HUNTSVILLE, Sept. 19.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The meeting of this Convention will take place at Harrisburg on Wednesday, the fourth day of December next. It is now quite certain that Alabama will be represented, and the question at once occurs, "*To whom shall her vote be given?*" The meetings in Concoub and Greene appear to desire that the vote should be given to that distinguished statesman, *HENRY CLAY*; and indeed, the meeting in the latter county instructs the delegation (not yet appointed) to vote for him alone. Viewing *Mr. CLAY* as the only individual among those whose claims will be laid before the Convention likely to secure the unanimity of the Whigs, we are proud to see manifestations of preference for him: but we doubt the propriety of instructing the Alabama delegation to support him alone. If we understand the object of the convention, it is to select the *strongest* man from our ranks, and to do that justly no delegate should be encumbered with positive instructions to support any one man. The unanimity of the Whigs cannot be effected by such a course. Individual preferences must be thrown aside and we must unite upon the man whom the majority of our friends concur in recommending to our suffrages, and do our best to carry him. Such is the advice of Mr. Clay himself, and it is worthy of its patriotic author. The Whigs are not struggling for the elevation of *men* alone, but for PRINCIPLES *and* MEN, so far as the latter entertain and will *sustain* the former. In such a struggle the party now in power must be defeated before the Whigs can elevate men who will carry out whig principles in the administration of the Government. And shall we then create division in our ranks in selecting the man who shall be our instrument in defeating the administration and advancing our principles? Never, never! We have enough to occupy our most strenuous and united exertion in combating our opponents and the power and patronage of the Executive, without creating distrust and jealousy among ourselves. Let us, then, away with our predilections, and let not our enemies laugh at our dissentions, which they know is now their only hope for security in power.—We must rally around the nominee of the Convention, *whoever he may be*,' if nominated after a due deliberation on the strength & claims of others, and deemed to be our strongest man. With him as our leader, we must proceed to the struggle, losing sight of every minor objection to the man for the good of our country

A distinguished British statesman, at a momentous period in the Reform cause in Great Britain, used the following language (says the New York Times) to more than ten thousand people. 'You must rally together in opposition to the corrupt and tyrannical crew who have contrived to get into power; and remember that '*unity is strength*!' I have heard of a man's saying, 'I will be unanimous if every body agrees with me.' Such unanimity is not worth a bulrush. Give me the man who will sacrifice every thing to unanimity but principle.' Here are sentiments which should be echoed by every whig. We are approaching a crisis of much importance in the destiny of our country. Under the control of the Spoilsmen, it is fast approaching to a monarchy, to prevent which the Whigs must exert their strength—they must remember that '*unity is strength*,' and '*sacrifice every thing to unanimity but principle*.'

In this state of things, to whom shall the vote of Alabama be given? Shall our delegates go to the Convention instructed to support *Mr CLAY alone*? No; rather let us instruct them that Mr CLAY, is our FIRST choice of all men, and, in our opinion, the strongest man of the Whig party, yet, if a majority of the Convention think differently, we will abandon our choice and support theirs.

HORRIBLE.—We have rarely read a more horrible account than is detailed in the police reports of the New York papers of Saturday. According to the Courier, on Thursday morning about 10 o'clock, Mr. M. Hanlan, officer of the 4th Ward, found an unfortunate man, named William Kitchiman, lying at the foot of Dover street in a state of insensibility, and apparently laboring under the effects of intoxication. The officer very carefully conveyed the poor man to the lower police office, where a complaint was duly made before the magistrate and he was fined $5 and ordered to be committed under proper care to the city prison. He was taken in, and though utterly insensible, was thrust, by the under keepers, into a place called the 'hole in the wall'—a place appropriated to the confinement of noisy and drunken persons.

Here the unfortunate wretch was suffered to remain without care or attention until towards evening; when an uproarious customer was brought in, and being a proper subject for punishment, was put into the 'hole in the wall,' and to make room for him, the subject was removed and put above into a cell in the body of the prison. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon that this removal was made, and the 'drunken' man was suffered to remain locked up in his cell unseen, by any human eye, nor offered the least care or sustenance—not even a cup of cold water, till seven o'clock, on Friday morning, when on opening the cell, what a scene presented itself! *The man was lying dead upon his back. The entire of his face from the forehead to the chin was eaten off by rats, as was also a portion of the neck, perforating the jugular vain.*

We imagine it will be a difficult matter for the officers of the prison to clear their consciences of the death of that man.

LOGIC.—'Dad,' said hopeful sprig, 'how many fowls are there on the table?'

'Why,' said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens, that were smoking on the dinner table, 'why, my son, there are two'

'Two!' replied young smartness, 'there are three sir, and I'll prove it.'

'Three!' replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter of fact man, and understood things as he saw them, 'I'd like to have you prove that.'

'Easly done, sir—easily done. Ain't that *one*?' laying his knife on the first.

'Yes, that's certain,' said his dad.

'And ain't that *two*? pointing to the second, and don't *one* and *two* added together make three?'

'Really,' said the father, turning to the old lady who was in amazement at the immense learning of her son, 'really wife, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the *second*, and John may have the *third* for his learning.'

Correspondence of the U. S. Gazette.

NEW YORK, Sunday, P. M.

At about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, a gun from the steamer Liverpool announced that she was about leaving the wharf on her return voyage home. Immediately afterwards she was seen ploughing her way down East River, and before dark she was riding on the waves of the Atlantic. She takes out but thirty-three passengers, who will no doubt have a more pleasant voyage in her than those who came out in her had, as she was then so crowded that all idea of comfort was out of the question—so loaded, that the passengers' saloon was filled with passengers' baggage.

It is certainly highly reprehensible on the part of the managers of this concern in Liverpool, that they take more passengers than they can conveniently accommodate; the excuse is that an hour or two before the hour fixed for the departure of the steamship they are overwhelmed by applications, and their previous determination overpowered by the entreaties of passengers arriving from different parts of Europe, who offer any sums for a passage.

The Liverpool has on board $324,000 in coin, of which $153,000 were shipped by the Girard Bank of your city, and $115,000 by one firm here, supposed to be Brown, Brothers & Co. A sudden demand for sterling bills sprang up two or three hours only before the departure of the steamer, and some considerable amount was sold at 9 a 9 1-4 premium. The banks were among the sellers; the buyers as far as can be ascertained, were chiefly importers.

It is a strong proof of the cautious manner in which this latter class of our merchants carry on their business, that notwithstanding the excessive scarcity of money generally prevailing, they are still able to command their means, so as to remit funds to their friends in England. It is probable, however, that in the present state of the English money market houses there are urgent in their demands for remittances.

The money market of yesterday was never before in such a state; a large Tea sale fell due, then added to the universal embarrassment. The confidence in our Banks maintaining specie payments is however daily gaining ground, and it is understood that in the course of this week, they will afford some relief.—Stocks were somewhat firmer on Saturday, and at the first board, U. States Bank shares, were full 2 per ct. better; at the second board, nothing was done in them, but the general aspect of the Stock market remained good. Philadelphia Bank notes are at a discount of 14 a 15 per cent; Drafts on Philadelphia closed at 12 1-2.

The ship Horatio, from Canton, arrived last night. All the British residents had left that place, and all business was still suspended there. They were collected in Macoa, with the principal American residents. Private letters talk of the landing of powder at Macoa from the British and American ships, and a determination to act agressively towards the Chinese, but I expect these are written under the impulse of more feeling than judgment, and that Captain Elliott, the British resident, will prevent all hostile acts till he receives instructions from

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