intelligent man, to every lover of our constitutional liberty—are we under the dominion of the law? or has the effectual government of the country, at least, in all that regards the greatest interest of the currency, been in a single hand?

Gentlemen, I have done with the narrative of events and measures. I have done with the history of these successive steps in the progress of executive power, toward a complete control over the revenue and the currency.

The result is all now before us. These pretended reforms, these extraordinary exercises of power from an extraordinary zeal for the good of the people,—what have they brought us to?

In 1829, the currency was declared to be neither sound nor uniform; a proposition, in my judgment altogether at variance with the fact, because I do not believe there ever was a country, of equal extent, in which paper formed any part of the circulation, that possessed a currency so sound, so uniform, so convenient, and so perfect in all respects, as the currency of this country, at the moment of the delivery of that message, in 1829.

But how is it now? Where has the improvement brought it? What has reform done? What has the great cry for hard money accomplished? Is the currency uniform now? Is money in New-Orleans now as good, or nearly so, as money in New-York? Are exchanges at par, or only at the same low rates as in 1829, and other years? Every one here knows that all the benefits of this experiment are but injury and oppression; all this reform but aggravated distress.

And as to the *soundness* of the currency, how does that stand? Are the causes or alarm less now than in 1829? Is there less bank paper in circulation? Is there less fear of a general catastrophe? Is property more secure, or industry more certain of its reward? We all know, gentlemen, that during all this pretended warfare against all banks, banks have vastly increased. Millions upon millions of bank paper have been added to the circulation. Every where, and no where so much as where the present administration, and its measures have been most zealously supported, banks have multiplied under state authority, since the decree was made that the Bank of the United States should be suffered to expire. Look at Mississippi, Missouri, Louisiana, Virginia, and other States. Do we not see that banking capital and bank paper are enormously increasing? The opposition to banks, therefore, so much professed, whether it be real, or whether it be but pretended, has not restrained either their number or their issues of paper. Both have vastly increased.

And now a word or two, gentlemen, upon this hard money scheme, and the fancies, and delusions to which it has given birth. Gentlemen this is a subject of delicacy, and one which it is difficult to treat with sufficient caution, in a popular and occasional address like this. I profess to be a *bullionist*, in the usual and accepted sense of that word. I am for a solid specie basis for our circulation, so far as it may be practicable and convenient. I am for giving no value to paper, merely as paper. I abhor paper; that is to say, irredeemable paper, paper that may not be converted into gold and silver at the will of the holder. But while I hold to all this, I believe that an exclusive gold and silver circulation is an utter impossibility in the present state of this country, and of the world. We shall none of us ever see it; and it is credulity and folly, in my opinion, to act under any such hope or expectation. The States will make banks, and these will issue paper; and the longer the government of the United States neglects its duty in regard to measures for regulating the currency, the greater will be the amount of bank paper, overspreading the country. Of this I entertain not a particle of doubt.

While I thus hold to the absolute and indispensable necessity of gold and silver, as the foundation of our circulation, I yet think nothing more absurd and preposterous, than unnatural and strained efforts to import specie. There is but so much specie in the world, and its amount cannot be greatly or suddenly increased. Indeed, there are reasons for supposing that its amount has recently diminished, by the quantity used in manufactures, and by the diminished products of the mines. The existing amount of specie, however, must support the paper circulations, and the systems of currency, not of the United States only, but of other nations also. One of its great uses is to pass from country to country, and for the purpose of settling occasional balances in commercial transactions. It always finds its way, naturally and easily, to places where it is needed for these uses. But to take extraordinary pains to bring it where the course of trade does not bring it, where the state of debt and credit does not require it to be, and then to endeavor, by other regulations, treasury orders, accumulations at the mint, and other contivances, there to retain it, is a course of policy, bordering, as it appears to me, on political insanity.

It is boasted that we have seventy-five or eighty millons of specie in the country. But what more senseless, what more absurd than this boast, if there is a balance against us abroad, of which payment is desired, sooner than remittances of our own products are likely to make that payment? What more miserable than to boast of having that which is not ours,—which belongs to others, and which the convenience of others, and our own convenience, also, require that they should possess? If Boston were in debt to New York, would it be wise in Boston, instead of paying its debt, to contrive all possible means of obtaining specie from the New York banks, and hoarding it at home? And yet this, as I think, would be precisely as sensible as the course which the government of the United States at present pursues.

We have, without all doubt, a great amount of specie in the country, but it does not answer its accustomed end, it does not perform its proper duty. It neither goes abroad to settle balances against us, and thereby quiet those who have demands upon us; nor is it so disposed of at home, as to sustain the circulation, to the extent which the circumstances of the times require. A great part of it is in the western banks, in the land offices, on the roads through the wilderness, on the passages over the lakes, from the land offices to the deposit banks, and from the deposit banks back to the land offices. Another portion is in the hands of buyers and sellers of specie; of men in the West, who sell land office money to the new settlers for a high premium. Another portion, again, is kept in private hands, to be used when circumstances shall tempt to the purchase of lands. And, gentlemen, I am inclined to think, so loud has been the cry about hard money, and so sweeping the denunciation of all paper, that private holding, or hoarding, prevails to some extent, in different parts of the country. These eighty millions of specie, therefore, really do us little good.—We are weaker in our circulation; I have no doubt, our credit is feebler, money is scarcer with us, at this moment, than if twenty millions of this specie were shipped to Europe, and general confidence thereby restored.

Gentlemen, I will not say that some degree of pressure might not have come upon us, if the treasury order had not been issued. I will not say, that there has not been over-trading, and over-production, and a too great expansion of bank circulation. This may all be so, and the last mentioned evil it was easy to foresee was likely to happen, when the United States discontinued their own bank. But what I do say is, that, acting upon the state of things as it actually existed, and is now actually existing, the treasury order has been and now is, productive of great distress. It acts upon a state of things which gives extraordinary force to its stroke, and extraordinary point to its sting. It arrests specie, when the free use and circulation of specie are most important; it cripples the banks at a moment when the banks, more than ever, need all their means. It makes the merchant unable to remit, when remittance is necessary for his own credit, and for the general adjustment of commercial balances. I am not now discussing the general question, whether prices must not come down, and adjust themselves anew, to the amount of bullion existing in Europe and America. I am dealing only with the measures of our own government, on the subject of the currency, and I insist that these measures have been most unfortunate, and most ruinous on the ordinary means of our circulation, at home, and on our ability of remittance abroad.

Gentlemen, I hold this disturbance of the measure of value, and the means of payment, and exchange, this derangement, and, if I may so say, this violation of the currency, to be one of the most unpardonable of political faults. He who tampers with the currency, robs labor of its bread. He panders, indeed, to greedy capital, which is keen-sighted, and may shift for itself; but he beggars labor, which is honest, unsuspecting, and too busy with the present to calculate on the future. The prosperity of the working classes, lives, moves, and has its being in established credit, and a steady medium of payment. All sudden change destroys it. Honest industry never comes in for any part of the spoils in that scramble, which takes place, when the currency of a country is disordered. Did wild schemes and projects ever benefit the industrious? Did irredeemable bank paper ever enrich the laborious?—Did violent fluctuations ever do good to him, who depends on his daily labor for his daily bread? Certainly, never. All these things may gratify greediness for sudden gain, or the rashness of daring speculation; but they can bring nothing but injury and distress to the homes of patient industry and honest labor.

Who are they that profit by the present state of things? They are not the many, but the few. They are speculators, brokers, dealers in money, and lenders of money, at exhorbitant interest. Small capitalists are crushed, and their means, being dispersed as usual, in various parts of the country, and this miserable policy having destroyed exchanges, they have no longer either money or credit.

The executive control over the currency, this power of discriminating, by treasury order, between one man's debt and another man's debt, is a thing not to be endured in a free country; and it should be the constant, persisting demand of all true Whigs—"rescind the illegal treasury order, restore the rule of the law, place all branches of the revenue upon the same grounds, as to the means of payment, make men's rights equal, and leave the government of the country where the Constitution leaves it, in the hands of the representatives of the people in Congress." This point should never be surrendered or compromised. Whatever is established, let it be equal, let it be legal. Let the men know to-day, what money may be required of them to-morrow. Let the rule be open and public, on the pages of the statute book, not a secret in the executive breast.

Gentlemen, in the session which has now just closed, I have done my utmost to effect a direct and immediate repeal of the treasury order.

I have voted for a bill, anticipating the payment of the French and Neapolitan indemnifications, by an advance from the Treasury.

I have voted with great satisfaction for the restoration of duties on goods destroyed in the great conflagration in this city.

I have voted for a deposite with the States of the surplus which may be in the Treasury at the end of the year. All these measures have failed, and it is for you, and for our fellow citizens throughout the country, to decide whether the public interest would, or would not have been promoted by their success.

Whigs of New York! Patriotic citizens of this great metropolis!—Lovers of constitutional liberty, bound by interest and affection to the institutions of your country, Americans in heart and in principle! You are ready, I am sure, to fulfil all the duties imposed upon you by your situation, and demanded of you by your country. You have a central position; your city is the point from which intelligence emanates, and spreads in all directions, over the whole land.

Having fulfilled then, on your part and on mine, though feebly and imperfectly on mine, the offices of kindness and mutual regard, required by this occasion, shall we not use it to a higher and nobler purpose? Shall we not by this friendly meeting, refresh our patriotism, rekindle our love of constitutional liberty, and strengthen our resolution of public duty? Shall we not in all honesty and sincerity, with pure and disinterested love of Country, as Americans, looking back to the renown of our ancestors, and looking forward to the interests of our posterity, here, to-night, pledge our mutual faith, to hold on, to the last, to our professed principles, to the doctrines of true liberty, and to the Constitution of the Country, let who will prove true, and who will prove recreant? Whigs of New York! I meet you in advance, and give you my pledge, for my own performance of these duties, without qualification and without reserve. Whether in public life or in private life, in the Capitol or at home, I mean never to desert them. I mean never to forget that I have a country, to which I am bound by a thousand ties; and the stone which is to lie on the ground that shall cover me, shall not bear the name of a son ungrateful to his native land.

James Scofield, employed in Sims & Reading's foundry, at Vicksburgh, took a deck passage in the steamboat Gen Brown for Cincinnati; on the way he jumped overboard in the night, during a fit of mental aberration from drink, and has not been heard of since. He left a trunk, box, and dog on board.

VERMONT PHŒNIX.

Friday Morning, May 12, 1837.

Mr. Webster's Speech.—We give up a large portion of our paper this week, to the publication of a considerable part of the great speech of Mr Webster, at New York. The character of the orator, the importance of the subjects discussed, and above all the masterly and convincing manner in which they are handled, commend the production to our readers, and render it in our opinion of great consequence that it should be extensively circulated. We regret that our limits prevent our giving it entire. We ask every man under whose eye it may fall, not only to read it, but attentively to *study* and reflect upon it. Let none misconceive of it as an effort at political effect, and turn away from its perusal; it is interesting even if simply considered, as the production of a great mind, on subjects of deep and vital importance to every American citizen. We ask *every man* to read it, whatever may be his political opinions, who professes any degree of patriotism, or to feel any interest in the preservation of our institutions in the purity in which they were left by our fathers.

In the sincerity of our heart we say to those of our fellow citizens who conscientiously adhere to the administration party because they believe its measures are wise, we believe you are cherishing and promoting a system which tends directly to the final subversion of our hitherto well balanced form of government, and we ask *you* candidly to read and reflect upon the clear and plain exposition which Mr Webster has given of the course of events for a few years past; and did we not know the invincible power of prejudice and prepossession, we should say you could not resist coming to the same conclusion with ourselves. We ask especially that those persons who but lately had so high an opinion of the *wisdom* and patriotism of the great statesman of New England, and who once agreed with him in his expanded views of national policy, but who are now unfortunately found enrolled in the ranks of a party who profess and maintain opinions diametrically the reverse, we ask them to weigh the subject anew, and say whether they will from a mere *personal* preference of Van Buren to Harrison, consent to sacrifice for mere party purposes all that is dear and valuable in our institutions. The motto of the Whig party is "*principles* not *men*."

We honestly believe with Mr. Webster, that our country is in imminent danger from the encroachments of Executive power. Can any man read his remarks on this subject and say that our fears are ill grounded. We do not believe that Gen. Jackson *intended* to grasp absolute power himself, nor to start a system of measures that should throw it into the hands of his successors; but that such is the tendency of these measures and such will be the result sooner or later, if they are not checked, we have no doubt; and as Mr Van Buren is pledged to continue this policy and is even now exercising a fearful degree of power, which has unconstitutionally come into his hands, and which no President *before* Gen. Jackson would have *dared* for a moment to assume, why should we not feel alarm? Despotic power in this country will never be grasped in a moment, or our liberties wrested from us "at one fell swoop"; but power will be *gradually* concentrated in the hands of the executive, as all past history teaches, by a succession of popular leaders sustained by a subservient majority, and a well drilled army of office holders, each successive President adding a little to the perogatives of the office, until at length some designing man of the right genius and stamp, finding his power sufficient, will fix and rivet the chains of despotism upon a once proud and free people.

What is the situation of our country at this moment? Is not the time near at hand, if it has not already come, that period looked forward to with so much anxiety and alarm, by the sages of the constitution, when the sword and the purse should become united in the hands of the Executive? The President at this moment exercises a more uncontrolled sway over the revenues of the nation, the great sinew of strength, than the King of England. But we do not ask any man to pin his faith on our sleeve, no, nor on that of so great a man as Daniel Webster. Let him read the plain unvarnished *history* of executive usurpations, as sketched by Mr W. and compare the power wielded by the President from the commencement of Gen. Jackson's career *to the present time*, with the cautious and restricted movements of his predecessors in office, and then judge for himself. We would not strive to excite needless alarm, but it becomes freemen to watch with a jealous eye every step which tends in any degree to unsettle the foundations of our government, laid with so much care and wisdom by the fathers of our country.

Mr Biddle's visit to Washington.—Much has been said in the papers on this subject, and it has been suggested that this visit might possibly have for its object some consultation with the Executive in regard to the distress of the commercial community. The New York American states that Mr Biddle being on other business at Washington, took occasion to call on the President of the U. S. to pay his respects to him, and especially to give him an opportunity, if he chose to avail himself of it, to confer with the head of the largest banking institution in the United States. But during the interview Mr Van Buren remained profoundly silent upon the great and absorbing topics of the day, and Mr Biddle not thinking it his business to introduce the subject, nothing was said upon it.

Living on Small Means.—A correspondent of the Salem Gazette gives the following as the subject of Dr. Alcott's last work:

"For Breakfast, eat two cents worth of dried apple, without drink. For dinner, drink a quart of water to swell the apple.—Take tea with a friend."

A single rose bush was lately sold in Philadelphia for *twelve dollars and a half.*

The Valley Road.—We are happy to learn that the Commissioners under the act of the last session of the Legislature of this State, appropriating money for the survey of a Railroad route from the south line of this State to Canada, through the vallies of the Connecticut and Passumpsic rivers, have secured the services of *Alex. C. Twining, Esq.*, as superintendant.—Mr T. is the chief engineer of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad, and made the surveys for it. It must be extremely gratifying to the friends of this enterprise, so important to this State, to know that the survey is to be in the hands of so able and scientific an Engineer, and one so well and so favorably known. It is expected that he will enter upon his duties about the middle of this month, and complete his plans and estimates in season to be presented to the Legislature at the next session. We hope the citizens of the various towns on the route will manifest their interest in the enterprise, by rendering all the assistance in their power, and by giving the Engineer the benefit of their local knowledge.

The Legislature of Connecticut convened at Hartford last week. The Governor recommends in his message an alteration of the "grab law," alias, the attaching law, by which one creditor can at pleasure sieze upon all the property of a debtor, and leave other more humane and accommodating ones, to take what they can get after his claim, with costs and sacrifices, is satisfied. We trust the enlightened citizens of all the New England States will demand such an alteration generally.

Elections.—The Whig Ticket has prevailed at the late Albany city Election, in all the wards but one;—majority 343, which is a Whig gain of 667. The Van Buren Ticket prevailed at the election last year. In Virginia there has been a Whig gain of *two* members of Congress, in two districts, and a loss of two in other districts.

Death of Mr. Fleming.—Mr. John Fleming, late President of the Mechanics' Bank, was found dead in his bed this morning, about 7 o'clock. A Coroner's Jury was summoned, and after an examination into the circumstances of the case, brought in a verdict of "Death from mental excitement." No other cause of his death was apparent.

This melancholy death has added to the excitement of the day; and in connexion with a further decline in stocks, rumors of more failures, and forebodings in regard to the future, has cast a gloom over the city such as we have rarely witnessed.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

The Mexican Government has protested in the most solemn manner, "against the recognition of the Independence of the so called Republic of Texas, made by the United States, declaring that it cannot in any manner neither now or at any time hereafter diminish or invalidate the least of the rights of the Mexican Republic over the territory of Texas, or of those which it unquestionably possesses, to take all necessary measures in its power to recover it.

Hard Drinking.—Late on Saturday evening, some persons were called into a dwelling of intemperance and poverty, in Tipple avenue, to pacify a man and his wife, who were uproarious. They were both drunk—he with liquor, she with temper. He had just knocked two pannels out of the door of their room, and threatened to *bate* her. She berated him thus: "Och ye varmint, ye leave me to get bread as I can for the *childer*, and bring nothing home but your drunken carcass—ye *drink'd up your pick axe* last Wednesday, and to day ye have *drink'd up your saw and horse*, so you have.

Boston Merc. Journal.

Distressing.—Emily C. Wood, a little girl 10 years of age, daughter of Hiram and Melinda Wood, was burnt to death at her father's house, near Washington College, in this city, on Friday night last. Towards evening, as she was putting a stick of wood upon the fire, her clothes caught, and were almost instantly in a blaze. She ran out towards the river, west of the college, but before she could reach it, her clothes were almost entirely burnt off. She however ran into the river, extinguished the flames, and threw herself upon the bank where she was found by her mother. She lingered in most excruciating agony until 12 o'clock, when she expired.—*Northern Courier.*

Buried Alive.—A correspondent of the East India Magazine, relates a singular account of a man who suffers himself to be buried for weeks and months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the exploit. The first time the writer saw him was at Jaisulmer, in the East Indies, where he was dug out alive from a grave, or tomb, in which he had been voluntarily interred a month. He is about 30 years of age, and travels about the country himself to be buried for a week or a month, or less time, in proportion as he is paid. He is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonary, and floored with cloth, that the wild ants and other insects may not easily be able to molest him.—The place in which he was buried at Jaisulmer is a small building about 12 feet by 8 feet, built of stone; and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and the same depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands also pointed inward towards the chest. At the expiration of a month, the walling up of the door was broken and the buried man dug out of the grave. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast togetheer that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered the use of his senses, and use of his limbs. At first he was laughed at for an imposter; a Cornet of a British Regiment proved his powers of abstinence by enclosing him without food in a wooden chest for thirteen days, when he was taken out alive.

Sale of a Wife.—We occasionally observe in European papers accounts of this barbarous custom. A late English paper states, that on Saturday the selling of a wife took place in the butter market, Bradford. The alleged ground of the separation was the incontinence of the wife, whose affections were stated to have been alienated by an old delver, who had occasionally got his dinners at their house. The husband was an auctioneer, and the wife appeared with a new halter round her neck. The first and only *bona fide* bid, was a sovereign from the delver, which was immediately accepted, and the money being paid, the couple walked off amidst the execrations of the crowd.

The Market.—Western Flour is offered $8 50, with some sales. There is no change in Cotton. Many Stocks continue to decline, and as yet affairs tend downwards, as they must, until the bottom is found.—There is a bottom somewhere, and at this rate we shall soon know where it is.

There has been great excitement in Wall street to-day, particularly on account of the affairs of the Mechanics' Bank. The President and Cashier of that institution had been quite indiscreet in their loans to a great house of brokers which failed some days ago. These transactions were without the particular knowledge of the Directors, and when things came to be known, it was thought expedient that the two managing officers should resign. Their resignation was announced this morning in the papers, together with the names of highly respectable gentlemen to succeed them. A crowd having been around the Bank all the morning, and the Loco Focos made a run upon it for specie; but their rags being chiefly of the kind which the Bank was under no obligation to redeem, they were only able to make out demands to the amount of six hundred dollars in two hours, when finding that the Bank was not broke, they withdrew to collect up more recruits. Several persons brought in and deposited specie during the run. The crowd out of doors were composed chiefly of lookers on. Probably a good many of them might have joined the attack, if only they had had bank bills for ammunition. At about one o'clock, Mr Davis, one of the Bank Commissioners, who had been examining into the affairs of the institution, issued a certificate that it was "safe and sound, and that the public need have no apprehension respecting it." Afterwards, as there seemed to be an end of the fun, the crowd gradually withdrew.—*N. Y. Jour. Com. Tuurs. Eve.*

Wall Street.—*One o'clock.*—This has been a dark day in the street. Stocks have again gone down—a natural consequence of the panic created by the run on the Mechanics' Bank, and the heavy failures of yesterday.

The news by the Express mail yesterday, brought no tidings that would justify the belief that things are any better in the Southern cities.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Loco Foco Meeting.—The Loco Focos held a meeting yesterday in the Park, but it was rather a shy affair, as not more than a thousand persons attended it. Alexander Ming, Job Haskell, and a few others of the party, made sundry speeches in favor of the Specie Circular, and passed resolutions of a similar import, and the meeting then adjourned.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

New Orleans, Aprii 25, 1837.
Tuesday, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Another large failure,—the lion of the Cotton Monopolists—Burke, Watt & Co.—Mr Burke, you may know, is President of the Union Bank here. Rumor says he has failed for 20 millions. It can hardly be so much, though the amount is tremendous.—Many smaller houses will fail in consequence, both here and in Natchez.

Produce of all kinds is falling rapidly.—For cash in large parcels, flour may be had for $5 50, lard for 6 cents, mess pork $15, sugar 5 cents, coffee 9 a 9 1-2 cents, and so of all other articles.

The St. Louis steamboats will all lay up on their return, so little business have they to do. Many of them have been seized for debt, as well as those belonging to Nashville and Louisville.—*Mobile Mer. Adv.*

Where will it end?—Day after day our oldest, and strongest, and best conducted firms are giving way before the fearful pressure of the times, and when the calamity will be overpast, is more than we or the wisest can tell. The number of the heavy suspensions that have taken place since the day on which the Josephs failed, is now two hundred and sixty, to say nothing of countless smaller ones, which, in the crash of millions, are not taken into the account. We have forebore almost entirely to mention the names of those who have been compelled to yield before the tempest, and shall deviate from our rule at present only in a single instance, although there were several houses suspending yesterday, for which we should gladly express a few words of sympathy, could we do so without wounding their delicacy. Among all the suspensions in Pearl-st., we presume none has created livelier regret than that of the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co. It is one of the oldest and soundest, and best conducted establishments in the city. His name has become widely known through the country, in connexion with other subjects than those of merchandise; and there have been collisions of opinion between him and ourselves, which have created an unpleasant alienation of feelings—not mutual however, so far as we are concerned. But such things we allow not to interpose in the discharge of moral and social duties; and we therefore avail ourselves of the present occasion, to express our very deep regret that the now but too common misfortune has overtaken that house, as well as others of high character which we might name.

If Mr Tappan is peculiar in some of his views, and excentric in some of his opinions, there is nevertheless, no man who can question his high moral worth, and integrity.—No merchant deservedly stands higher in his vocation, and there is probably no one in New York, who has done more to elevate the mercantile character than he. If, on certain delicate questions, he is in the wrong, his errors are those of the head and not of the heart—for he has not a personal friend in existence, who more fully believes in the purity and integrity of his motives than ourselves. He has been a munificent giver to the great objects of christian philanthropy, engaging the attention of the world for twenty years past; and when such men are wrecked in their business, the fall is a common calamity.

There were two very heavy suspensions on Monday—seven or eight yesterday—some of which were very heavy, of high character, and most unexpected.

N. Y. Com. Adv.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Washington, April 20.

I must hasten to retract the opinion that the administration has, in any way, relaxed, or is likely to relax its policy towards the business classes. The Globe has re-commended, with redoubled asperity, its denunciations of the merchants, and its vindication of the policy of retaining the Treasury Order. The intimation of the Enquirer in favor of the revocation of the Order, turns out to have been made only for effect upon the pending election of members of Congress in Virginia; and, as you will see by reference to its last number, after the day of election had passed, it intimates the vindicative language of the Globe, in regard to the business community.

The news of the New York Merchants' meeting and the delegation of a committee to demand or propose certain measures of relief, was received here with great exultation and pleasure by our rulers. They think they have now got you on the hip. The deputation of a committee of fifty is considered and held up, as an overt act of *rebellion* against the government. Witness the remarks of the official paper of this morning. "What," says the Government official, "*is the object of Mr Biddle in rallying his troops, in the large cities, to march down in companies of fifties to Washington?*" The President wants an answer to that question. He demands it through his official organ.—Answer it, people of New York. What right have ye to organize meetings, to frame remonstrances, and to send deputations to the government, as if ye were freemen, and this a free country? The President will, perhaps, unless his preliminary question can be satisfactorily answered, depute the marshall of the District of Columbia to receive "*Biddle's troops*,"—the fifty delegates of the N. Y. merchants.

In our paper of last week we copied an article giving an account of a case of abduction at Cincinnati, of an unmarried female under twenty years of age—her confinement among strangers—violation—and return, after three weeks, to her friends in a state of mental alienation. The unfortunate girl is said to have sustained a highly exemplary character, and is a communicant of the Presbyterian Church. The following particulars of her abduction, confinement and escape, were derived from her before she became deranged in mind:

Boston Commercial Gaz.

On her return home from singing-school, which she was in the habit of attending twice a week, she was accosted by a man in Fifth street, who inquired if her name was not Miss ———. She answered yes. He stated that her brother lay at the point of death, and that he had been sent expressly to convey her to his bed side: she thoughtlessly accompanied him. He conducted her to a house in an obscure street, and showed her into a dark room, and locked the door. The room was kept dark during her confinement, which was upwards of two weeks, during which time she was threatened and treated with considerable violence by the monster who had her in custody. She could not recognise the countenance of the man, who visited her. But there was a woman who was in the habit of going into her room, whom she thinks she would know if she were to see her again, as she upon one occasion carried a candle with her into the room. On the night of her escape the door had been left unlocked, whether by accident or design she was unable to say. Her narrative is corroborated by the testimony of the lady with whom she resided, who represents that a man called to her house on the evening of her abduction and enquired for Miss A———, and who stated that her brother was dangerously ill. Upon being told that she was at singing-school, he answered that he would go for her.

At the last accounts from Cincinnati the excitement against the perpetrators of this brutal outrage continued; and two of them had been committed to prison for trial.

A gloomy picture of the condition of things in Mississippi was presented yesterday by the True American. But we fear it is no less true than gloomy. All accounts which we receive from that quarter represent affairs as being in a sad and distressing condition.—The sudden and remarkable fall of cotton, has deprived the State of nearly two-thirds its expected income, and having anticipated more than the full return, it is impossible for the planters to meet more than a third or half of their engagements. The sheriff is now the only personage who prospers, and his daily duty is to knock down, at immense sacrifices, the property of those who were considered the wealthiest and most prosperous of citizens. Property too, has all depreciated, and lands and lots which six months ago were eagerly sought for at high rates, are now dull at a reduction of two and three hundred per cent! (Qu.?) Sincerely do we sympathise with the misfortunes of our neighbors.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Horrid Events.—We learn, from an authentic source, (says the Philadelphia Gazette,) that a laborer (whose name our informant heard, but cannot remember) living in Spruce street near the Schuylkill, went home on Sunday in a state of intoxication, and began to assault his wife, the mother of four promising children, whom it was his design to deprive of both their parents.—Seizing a flat-iron, he rushed upon the mother and inflicted desperate wounds upon her person, with fatal intent. Leaving her senseless in her blood, he sprang from a window, and rushing to the Schuylkill, plunged headlong into its waters, and was seen no more. The wife has been conveyed to the Hospital, where she lingers, mortally wounded and with no prospect of recovery. Our informant received the chief particulars here detailed, from a person who saw the infuriated husband spring from the window, after the commission of his dreadful deed. He has left a dying wife, and four unhappy orphans, to deplore his delusion, and perish or suffer from the crimes.

An Irish sailor, describing a city which he had visited, said, 'the tops of the houses were copper bottomed with sheet lead.'