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Miscellaneous.

WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, pastor of the Harvard street Church, Boston, wrote a letter during his recent tour to Europe, to the members of the Sabbath school connected with his congregation, in which he gave an interesting account of a wonderful work of art. After introducing the letter he proceeds as follows:

There is no subject that I can think of which will be so likely to interest you as the great astronomical clock, which I saw the other day in the Cathedral at Strasburg. The Cathedral, by the way, is one of the finest and oldest in Europe. It is very large, and its tower or steeple is the highest in the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid in Egypt, one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and three or four times higher than the old South Church in Boston.

The astronomical clock stands in the inside, in one corner of it, and is a most imposing and beautiful edifice. Five or six hundred people visit it every day at 12 o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently, and several millions in the course of the year. There have been two or three clocks in the same place, upon the model of which the present is formed, but it is almost a new one, & was constructed by a mechanic whose name was Schwilghe, in 1838, to whom a nocturnal feat or festival was given by his fellow citizens on the occasion of its completion.

To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar. Instead of saying it was so many feet high, and so many feet wide, &c.—Well, then, you remember the size of the post office in Washington street. It is as high as that, and about as wide, or at least nearly so. Its top would reach to the very summit of our meeting house, and its front would go about half across the front of the meeting house. On the top of it is the figure of the prophet Isaiah, about as large as life, on its two sides are a couple of stairs to go up into it.

Its front is beautifully painted, and has places upon which the hours of the day, the days of the week, the revolution of the stars, the days of the month, the seasons of the year, the phases of the sun and moon, and a great many things, are indicated. Here, also, in niches prepared for them, are moving images of the Saviour and his twelve apostles; Death and Time with his scythes; the four ages of human life, and several other forms which I cannot mention.

To give you a little farther idea of its magnitude, let me say that there are means of going inside of it; and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart and examine the machinery. Mr. Neale, two other gentlemen and myself, with the conductor went into it and spent about an hour there. We went first into a lower, then into a higher, and then still higher apartment of it and saw, we think, more than a thousand pieces splendidly polished and all dependent for the harmonious action upon the short thick brass pendulum which swings in the centre.

But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and the days, the times and the seasons, but the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar equations, the conjunctions and the eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and various changes through which they pass for thousands of years. It points out apparent time, mean, or real time, and ecclesiastical time. On its face you see the motion of the stars, of the sun and planets, and her satellites. Two little cherubs who sit one on one side, the other on the other, strike the quarters of the hour—Death strikes the hour with a mace,—while four figures pass and repass before him, representing the various stages of human life.

At 12 o'clock every day, when Death strikes 12, the apostles, who are represented each with the badge of his martyrdom, come out from the clock and pass before the image of the saviour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his benediction, which he gives with a movement of the hand. When the Apostle Peter makes his appearance, a gilded cock, which is perched on one side of the clock, flaps his wings, raises his head, and crows so long and loud as to make the whole Cathedral ring again. This he repeats three times, in memorial of the cock that crowed three times before the fall of Peter, during the crucifixion of our Saviour. Of course the clock makes no further noise or motion till the next day at 12 o'clock, when he repeats the same loud and startling cry, flapping his wings and raising his head.

The WABASH has been higher than ever by the last accounts. There will be no crops in the low lands, or river or creek bottoms. Thousands of acres have been stripped of their fencing and the crops drowned out.

It is said there are two words and two only, in our language, which contain all the vowels in their regular order. They are "abstemiously" and "facetiously."

THE AFRICAN GUANO ISLAND.—Iceland.—The island whence the guano is taken is about three miles from the shore, or the southwest coast of Africa. It is a barren rock, about a mile in circumference, has no soil, or the least sign of vegetation. The guano lies to the depth of about 20 feet, and without any variation in quality. The continent is very sandy, and in high winds, (hurricanes, for instance) will cover a ship's deck nearly one hundred miles from the land. The birds on the island are a kind of penguin, and cannot fly to any distance, if at all, their wings being a kind of fin. It is believed that the captain of the vessel (said to be Mr. Parr, of the Anne, of Bristol) who brought the guano, was the first human being who set foot on the island, which is very difficult to approach, there being no harbor, and a heavy surf. On walking on it, he scarcely set his foot down without treading on the birds, and they took no notice whatever of him, except pecking at his feet, he being barefoot, and on a gun being fired, they fluttered a good deal, and made much noise. There is no fresh water, it is believed, for some hundred miles along the coast, and no rain. —Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

[This island lies in latitude about 26° south. We learn the price of African guano in England is \$45 to \$50 per ton; Peruvian, \$50. A cargo of South America guano has arrived at Baltimore.]

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

THE CORN WORM.—Caution to Farmers. There is at this time a worm attacking the corn plant that bids fair to do great injury to future crops. These worms can now be easily destroyed and their propagation prevented. They can be easily found; the stalks and leaves will appear somewhat withered; on examination several holes will be observed in the sides of the stock near the ground, mostly through the lower leaf sheath. All such should be immediately taken up and burned, that the destruction of the whole of the worms may be certainly accomplished. If allowed to remain, each pair of worms will leave a progeny of several hundred for next year's crop, and then it may be too late to prevent the evil. It is the "spindle worm," of Massachusetts, belongs to the family of Lepidostomes, and is called by Harris, in his most excellent work on the "insects injurious to vegetation," Gostyna Lee, or corn Gostyna. I shall, as soon as possible, publish a more extended notice of this destructive insect; but in the mean time hope this will be sufficient to put our farmers on their guard, and to induce them search their corn fields while the evil is within the reach of an easy remedy. GIDEON B. SMITH.

Small farms and Skilful Farming.—The following brief but comprehensive letter copied from the New Hampshire Farmer, excites a good deal of commendation from the agricultural journals of New-England:

SMALL PRODUCTIVE FARM.—I raised the past year from 20 acres of land, 700 bushels of potatoes, 80 bushels of barley, 25 bushels of oats, 15 bushels of wheat, 10 bushels of beans, 4 tons of mowed oats, 6 tons of English hay, 10 tons of meadow hay, 40 bushels of corn, 20 bushels of carrots, 75 chickens and turkeys, and a great variety of garden sauce.

I have killed one hog, weighing 390 lbs., made 400 lbs. of butter, kept three cows, a pair of oxen, two heifers, two steers, eight sheep, four hogs. I have been on the place but two years, and have laid six acres of land to grass; the land a clay loam, easy to work. I mix lime with my compost, and plaster my corn, potatoes and grass. I cook my potatoes before sale. Finally, I cook every thing I give my hogs, and feed warm and keep warm. A. T. ATKINS.

Mr. ATKINS conducts his farming operations upon strict scientific principles. By boiling his potatoes for his swine the insoluble, and therefore comparatively indigestible starch of that root, is converted into soluble gum. This chemical transformation, produced by heat in boiling, steaming or baking potatoes, renders a cooked potato vastly more nutritious for man or brute than a raw one.

THE STUARTS.—It was noticed that the last of the Stuarts died lately in obscurity. There never was a whole race so singularly unfortunate during at least four hundred years. Robert III broke his heart because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest son made captive. James I was assassinated in a convent near Perth, James II was killed by the bursting of a cannon; James III was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage where he sought shelter; James IV fell at the battle of Flodden Field; James V died of grief for the loss of his army. Henry Stuart, Lord Dudley was assassinated; Mary Stuart beheaded, Charles II exiled for many years; James II lost his crown; Anne died broken hearted, and the posterity of James were wretched wanderers, and all are now gone. —N. Y. Sun.

It's Hard Beating the Texans. The Yankees are tolerably good at the brag game, but the Texans can beat them occasionally. A "Down Easter," it is said recently told a citizen of the "Lone Star Republic," that nothing could beat the corn in Connecticut. The Texan said he knew nothing of the crops in that section, but in his country the corn stalks bore seven or eight large ears, and a good on top with several quarts of shelled corn in it.—The Yankee took up his hat and marvelled.

ESTIMATE OF MARRIAGE.—They said marrying was fun—pretty fun to be sure. When I was a single man the world wagged about well enough. I was just like an omnibus, was a passenger, and my life, and had no more to do with it, than to set down and care not a fig for any thing. Spousing the omnibus got upset, well I walked off and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. — But then I takes a wife, and he hangs to me—it's all very well for a while, but plaguy like owing an omnibus. What did I get by it? How much fun?—Why, a jaxing old woman and three squabblers. Mighty difference from courting. Instead of yes my duck—no my dear—as you please honey—and, when you like, lovey?—like what it was in courting time, it's a regular row. Sows looks and cold potatoes—children and table, clubs badly off for soap, always darning and mending, and nothing ever darned or mended. If it was't that I am particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink. My house ain't my own, I belong to four persons besides myself, the old woman and children. — In a partnership concern—and as so many have got their fingers in, I must burst up. I'll break and sign over to you.

BURNT RHUBARB IN DIARRHEA. It may be useful to know the value of burnt rhubarb in diarrhea. It has been used with the same pleasing effects for more than twenty years. After one or two doses the pains quickly subside, and the bowels return to their natural state. The dose is from five to ten grains. The manner of preparing it is to burn the rhubarb powder in an iron pot, stirring it until it is blackened; then smother it in a covered jar. It loses two-thirds of its weight by the incineration. It is nearly tasteless. In no one case has it failed where given. It may be given in port wine, milk, and water.

TOMATO CATSUP. To a gallon skinned tomatoes add 4 tablespoonfuls of salt, 4 do black pepper, half a spoonful allspice, 3 red peppers, and 3 spoonfuls mustard. All these ingredients must be ground fine, and simmered slowly in sharp vinegar for three to four hours. As much vinegar is to be used as to leave half a gallon of liquor when the process is over. Strain it through a fine sieve, and bottle and seal from the air. This may be used in two weeks, but improves by age, & will keep several years.

To make Blacking.—Put one gallon of vinegar into a stone jug; add one pound of ivory-black, well pulverized, half a pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of oil vitriol, and one ounce of sweet oil, incorporate the whole by stirring. This is a blacking of very great repute.

To cure the sting of a bee, apply a salve of hartshorn and chalk to the sting, removing it frequently, and it will give almost instant relief.

Rubbing the spot with a fresh horizontally cut piece of onion will also give relief. A New Temperance Drink.—Bimbo, the drink so extensively used by fishing parties in Boston Bay, says the New York Spirit of the Times, is a strictly temperance beverage, being compounded of three parts root-beer and one water-gruel, thickened with very soft squash and strained through a cane-bottomed chair.—An excellent remedy in cases of sea-sickness.

Col. Carter, of the Lancaster Democrat, in his weekly gossipings to his lady—his, "Dear Mary"—in Williamsport, says many good things. For instance the following:

The recent marriage of John Tyler and the young, rich, beautiful and accomplished Julia Gardiner has been the city talk for the last two or three days. Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, performed the ceremony, and it is said that his right reverence received five hundred dollars for his services on this interesting occasion. Five hundred dollars sounds extravagant; but it is not a penny too much for an old fellow to give for a young, rich, and pretty girl; and that old fellow a President and that President about to be poked out of office. When Mr. Tyler became the occupant of the White House, he was far from being in easy circumstances; and we should suppose that his young bride's large fortune will prove particularly acceptable at the present time. Her situation, in some respects, must be peculiarly embarrassing. Only think of her having two such strapping fellows as brother John and Bob for step sons, and then, again, the relations which exist between her and John and Bob's children! A young bride of twenty-two, and yet a grandmother! When a blooming miss, a few short years ago, she witnessed the performances of that celebrated actress, Miss Cooper, she little thought then, that at no very distant day, she was to become the mother-in-law of that bright, particular star! This is a strange world.

FARMERS, READ THIS!—Henry Clay, in a letter to Branham and Bledsoe, of Georgia, under date of July 5th, 1835 said: "AGRICULTURE NEEDS NO PROTECTION." The democratic candidate, James K. Polk, on the contrary, avows himself in favor of "FAIR AND JUST PROTECTION," through a revenue tariff, of all classes of industry, agriculture included.

Table salt moistened with water will relieve the pain incident upon the sting of a bee.

POLITICAL.

[From the Republican & Argus.]

A SONG. Am—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea." We have a good and noble cause, And patriotic men, Our glorious principles have spread O'er every hill and glen. O'er every hill and glen, my boys, From the Atlantic's tide, To Rocky mountains' soaring heights; On eagle's wings it ride.

We have a true and well tried man Known as "Young Hickory" Of morals pure and uncorrupt At all men will agree; As all men will agree, my boys, And its not more than fair, That we should now reserve for him The Presidential chair.

James Carroll too, will soon preside Over his native State, And leave the coons and T. G. Pratt To their deserved fate; To their deserved fate, my boys, We soon will leave them all; And patiently we'll toll along The Democratic ball.

The Democrats of Baltimore Will rise up in their might; And show the coons of Maryland That they're prepared to fight; That they're prepared to fight, my boys, Till victory at last, Shall crown them with success, and all The hopes of Whiggery blast.

From the "Sober Second Thought;"

HURRAH FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PYRAMID! OHIO 23 MAINE 9 INDIANA 12 NEW YORK 36 ILLINOIS 9 VIRGINIA 17 ALABAMA 9 MICHIGAN 5 MISSOURI 7 ARKANSAS 3 LOUISIANA 6 MISSISSIPPI 6 NEW HAMPSHIRE 6 SOUTH CAROLINA 9 PENNSYLVANIA 26

Necessary to elect

To spare 45 Is there a stone in it that does not belong there. Let us see.

Ohio.—What a splendid capital she makes for the column! Ohio has now a democratic legislature and governor. Her vote was cast for Harrison in 1840 by means of the most extensive, systematic, and audacious pipe-laying ever perpetrated even by the whig party. It can't be done again. All the Kentucky whigs are needed at home; there is not one to spare.

Maine.—Now democratic—that is to say, all of her that Webster didn't sell to England. The people of Maine might as well be expected to vote for re-annexation to Great Britain; as to vote for H. Clay. Bit the whigs dont claim Maine, so there enough said.

Indiana.—Democratic now by thousands. And since the whigs have espoused native Americanism, they can't hope to come within sight of the winning post in Indiana, to say nothing of the popularity of annexation in that State, or the aversion to H. Clay for his hostility and numberless insults to the pioneers and squatters: Indiana is sure for Polk by 10,000.

The Indiana American, a coon paper, lately said of Mr. Clay and his prospects: "He never received the votes of Ohio or Indiana, and it is worse than idle to calculate that he ever will. We have heretofore exerted all our strength for the election of Henry Clay—and we believe him superior to any man living, but it is worse than folly to endeavor to sustain him, whom the people have so often condemned. And although we would rather see him President than any man who has been named for that station, still we believe he will be distanced more than 10,000 votes in this State, at this time or any time to come."

New York.—Our friends in this State would laugh at us speaking of her vote as doubtful. Our majority on the popular vote was only 20,000 and upwards; rather small number to be sure, in the eyes of some hard faced whigs, disciplined in thug. Every one in the State knows perfectly well that the coons only claim it because to give it up is virtually to abandon the field without an effort. Set down the vote of New York for Polk as inevitable!

Illinois.—We have not yet seen a single coon barking up this tree; it would be too evidently the wrong one. It is hard to remember the time when Illinois was a federal State. She is democratic now, and our man Gov. Ford, is at this moment battling nobly for the supremacy of the laws over a reckless, superstitious mob. Illinois is safe as New Hampshire; isn't that safe enough?

Virginia.—The Gibraltar of Democracy. She never has given a federal vote, and never will. About half of the "glorious Tenth Legion" are subscribers to the Sober Second Thought, and they all tell us that there is corps de reserve in that part of the State

more than strong enough to sink the strongest whig counties altogether. We refer any whig, who dreams of carrying Virginia, to the "Tenth Legion" generally. The Frelinghuysen coons give up Virginia; they don't play "brag."

Michigan.—The whigs will scarcely run a ticket in Michigan, except as a matter of form. They intend to use as many of the votes as possible in the western part of New York. Mr. Clay does not believe that Michigan is a State, (see his Raleigh speech); of course, he would not take her vote, if he could get it.

Here's a sample of Michigan: Another Sign.—At the militia training, on Wednesday, by the militia of this city and Hamtramck, a city coon proposed to take a vote on the presidential question, which resulted as follows: For Polk 250 For Clay 60

After this, the militia gave three cheers for Polk and Dallas.—Detroit Free Press. Missouri.—Thomas H. Benton represents Missouri, and has done so for some time past. Arkansas.—We have never heard of but one coon in Arkansas; he was a notably fat one, though, and represented himself in the whig convention at Baltimore. That party in the State is perfectly united, as may be supposed.

Louisiana.—The whigs don't mention it. Louisiana is just about as strong for Polk as Texas would be. Mississippi.—There is no use spending time about the particular States of the Southwest. The whigs give up the whole region. Mississippi is now democratic throughout her State government.

New Hampshire.—Need any one ask the price of twenty-shilling boots? South Carolina votes through her legislature. She cast a unanimous vote for Martin Van Buren, and probably will not do more for Polk and Dallas; anything less is not looked for from the noble birthplace of Sumpter, Lawrence and Calhoun.

Pennsylvania.—The pedestal of the column—the keystone of the democratic arch. We have the State now by more than 20,000. The whigs will undoubtedly carry Philadelphia by an increased majority, provided the "Native American" mob doesn't clinch with Gen. Cadwallader's brigade again. In Philadelphia there is not an even bet on the State to be found. Mr. Clay does not hold that card.

There our pyramid stands! resting on the rock of Pennsylvania republicanism, and crowned by the gallant aspiring head of young Ohio. "Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself, An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the Herald Mercury, New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." There is not a State in the whole pile which is not already ours; and every letter we receive, and every messenger we meet, from any part of the Union, tells us of daily accessions to our numbers. We are getting stronger every hour; already able to sweep the Federal Philistines from power, with our "Young Hickory," who is bold enough to define the limits of our power at the ballot-box when November shall arrive?

Hurrah for Polk the Young Hickory, Dallas and Victory.

HENRY CLAY'S POPULARITY.—In 1832, it will be remembered, Henry was a candidate for the Presidency, and was defeated by a majority of 188 Electoral votes! The following is the very significant result of that election in the several States: In Maine he was defeated by over 6000. In New Hampshire by about the same vote.

In Virginia by 18,820. In North Carolina by over 20,000. In Tennessee by 15,291. In Indiana by about 6000. In Ohio by 4707. In New Jersey by 1250.

In Pennsylvania, so hopeless were his prospects that his friends did not think proper to form an electoral ticket. The Clay men united with the anti-masons on Wirt, who was defeated by a majority of 24,267. In New York, the Clay men and anti-masons on Wirt, who was defeated by 13,753 votes. He did not get a vote in Mississippi. He carried Kentucky by about 6000. Massachusetts by a nett majority 1686. Connecticut by 3,147. Delaware by 30. In Vermont, Wirt beat him 1951.

How prodigiously popular Mr. Clay is! "THE DICTATOR."—It will not be denied and must be admitted by all, that Henry Clay is well suited for a "dictator," and not at all qualified for a servant of the people, for he has even dictated to his followers as imperiously as a spoiled coquette. He never obeyed his constituents. In two instances he most signally disobeyed them. When in Congress, he voted for Mr. Adams against General Jackson for President. The legislature of his State, by a vote of 69 to 21, requested him to vote for General Jackson, and that said legislature, by a vote of 73 to 11, declared that Andrew Jackson was the choice of the people of Kentucky.

He voted against the repeal of the late bankrupt law, in direct violation of the known will of his constituents. Truly he is unfit for a servant of the people.—Arkansas Intelligencer. Did you ever think of the reason which operates so powerfully in favor of a tariff

with the manufacturers of the country? By it they get the articles used in their business almost free of duty, and an additional price on their goods. Farmers, planters, and mechanics, have to pay for it.—Cold Water (Mich.) Sentinel.

THE FIRST FUR HAT.

[Correspondence of the Ohio Statesman.] ANECDOTE OF JAMES K. POLK.

NASHVILLE, June 20, 1834.

Dear Sir:—Thirty-six years ago, the father of James K. Polk, having emigrated to the fertile valley of Duck River, which had just then been acquired by the Chickasaws, was followed by emigrants from the East, until there was a considerable neighborhood in the forest. Each emigrant raised cotton enough for his own consumption; there was no cotton gin in this section of the country, and it was with great difficulty that it could be manufactured. At their unanimous request, the father of Mr. Polk erected a cotton gin, and entrusted it to the management of his son, J. K., whose duty it became to devote every Saturday to ginning the cotton of the neighbors, taking a given small quantity of the contents of each bag for the service. He was the regular ginner of the establishment for years always attending in person. About this time a hatter settled in its neighborhood, & gave notice that he would make a fur hat (a luxury by the way, which very few of the pioneer boys could be indulged) for any person who would furnish him with coon or fox skins enough to make two. Young Polk was so constantly engaged for five days of the week in working on the farm and attending the village school and in ginning cotton for neighbors on the sixth, that he had no leisure to devote to the ways and means of obtaining the requisite number of skins; so he applied to his father for the means to procure him a fur hat. His father replied that he must earn the means himself, and gave him the privilege of appropriating for that purpose all the avails of the gin on the next Saturday. The first man that came to the gin on that day with his bag of cotton, was approached with an offer to gin his cotton for two coon skins; but having none the toll was extracted as usual. Another and another came; but coon-skins being a species of ready change with the pioneers, they would not be given instead of the small quantity of cotton deducted as toll. At length a man came who was followed by a dog that was known to be expert at catching coons, when young Polk proposed to gin him his cotton if he would give him his dog. The man readily accepted the proposition—the cotton was ginned and re-packed upon his horses, and the coon dog delivered to the young ginner, who was all the while delighted with the idea that he had at length found the means of raising the fur hat, and fancying to himself how fortunate he would now be, after the labors of the day, were over, in sallying out into the forest with his dog at night, to tree, catch and skin coons for the latter. He took the dog from the hands of the settler, and placing a trace chain round his neck, tied him to a sapling, and resumed the duties of the gin. Before the settler had gone two hundred yards on his way home, he gave a shrill whistle, when the dog, springing towards his old master, loosened the chain from the sapling, and bounded off with it dangling at his side. Young Polk took after him on the run, and followed him for more than a mile; but finding it impossible to overtake the dog and his deceitful master, gave up the chase and returned to his gin. "Well James," said a man who was in waiting for his services, "did you recover your dog?" "No, sir," said the boy, "but I recovered my trace chain." Baffled in every attempt to earn the requisite number of skins to procure a hat by the service of the cotton gin, he was compelled to resort to other measures. He resolved therefore to attempt to kill them, which resolve he adhered to perseveringly, until he had taken sixteen, and having skinned them with his own hands, he carried them to the hatter, who reserved to himself one half the number for manufacturing the other half into the first fur hat that ever graced the head of Gov. James K. Polk, the Democratic Republican nominee for the Presidency of the United States.

UNIFORMITY AND CHEAPNESS OF EXCHANGES.—The admirable uniformity and cheapness of the exchanges may excite our special wonder when we consider the pertinacity with which the highest and mightiest in the land for years reiterated and re-echoed the cry that there could, by no possibility, be either uniformity of currency or regularity of exchange without a "National Bank." When public opinion compelled the broken banks to wind up and pay their debts, and the laws of trade regulated exchanges, the politicians were somewhat astonished; and they ascribed the fact, which could not be denied, to "stagnation of trade." Well, within the year, trade has increased prodigiously. Crops of cotton, tobacco, rice, corn, flour, pork, and every description of produce, immensely larger than ever before, have been sent to market, bills drawn against it, and last year \$23,000,000 of specie imported.—In the last six months the import of specie has ceased, and goods to a large amount have been imported while an unusual amount of domestic goods has been sent all over the country, creating a large amount of paper to be collected, and the proceeds remitted. Yet, through stagnation and activity, through small trade and large trade, the exchanges are low, uniform, and regular. The rate between here and Philadelphia seldom exceeds 1-4 per cent, and the expense of sending gold to Philadelphia is fully 1-4 a 1-2 per cent. The competition of individual houses buying paper from one set of persons and selling it to another, must inevitably keep the rates low and regular. Kiting can be practiced but to no small extent without the intervention of banks. Hence a fictitious demand for bills, to be supplied by others drawn on credit at a high rate, cannot gain strength. From the money article of the N. Y. Rep. Utc.