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McLEOD, Editor. That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER. TERMS,— ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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E OF FAITH, or, The Art of Dying and Living Again.

STRATED IN THE LETTER OF A CLERGYMAN HIS SISTER, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 795.

Remarks:—

ul says, "I a crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth me: and the life which I now live in the live by the faith of the Son of God, loved me and gave himself for me." h in Christ is a holy, happy, operative ciple; comparatively few Christians w what such a life is. The following let has, by the aid of God's Spirit, opened the s of many. May the blessed Jesus con- His blessings to the reader. If Christ s only lived by faith, sinners would see what God requires of them, and would ve in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. following is a true copy:—

Letter.

JULY 10th, 1795.

ear Sister:—There is nothing of more ortance than for us to be prepared for en. Nothing. Nothing but the righteness of Christ can entitle us to one of blessings of the covenant of grace. This sentiment generally believed; but alas! often does our attachment to the covenof works contradict our faith, bear the y in our hearts and inward sentiments, place our own feelings and graces beed on us in place of Christ, and thus make religion as fickle as our frames, and leave to despond and fear lest we have no Sar, even when he is carrying on his own k in our hearts. It is truly astonishing think how shamefully little dependence is ced on Christ, even by his own dear peo- I have sometimes taken a view of myself from the first moment I have any reason believe I felt religion. I spent twelve rs and a half in difficulties, toils, anched self-righteousness, firmly believing vation to be through grace, and yet seemto forget that Jesus alone could save a er. I often made application to him with s and begged His assistance over and r, His faithful word in my hand pointing trust my ALL to Him, but my poor selfteous soul, wanting something in me to dle me to Him, poring on my own feelgs and exercises, knew not how to trust a viour's promise. I went on comfortless post always, ever seeking, and seemy never able to find. Trusting to nothbut my own feelings, I thought that he believeth shall be saved. Thus I bene a prey to every remaining lust that s in me. For my life I could not keep m sinning, and every sin destroyed my ce. All my dependence was in a holy rt—but alas! I found I was carnel, sold to sin.* This made me often cry, Oh, ched man that I am! but still I never nt so far as to thank God for Christ's sake.† w have I sincerely pitied many a dear ld of God going on thus, always engaged his own feelings, but never trusting to Him o alone is able to save.

We cry up evidences of religion. Would God we had more evidences than we have out it is base, it is on a legal score, to trust ours or a thousand of the best of evidences. w often do we sit down and despond when feel corruption, or when overtaken with ult; and the true reason is, we are unling to come to Christ without some holy nciple to recommend us. Whenever we nk ourselves poor and guilty, we think rist will have nothing to do with us, and y back till we pray, confess, repent, and e a while in a better way; then we imane we can come forward, and if we happen fall into sin on the way, we turn right k and fall on our faces and weep and urn till we wipe away our crime; then come to Christ, depending on nothing for r acceptance with Him but our repentance, rs, and reformation—and while we conve in a pretty lively frame we can venture most to call Jesus our Savior—but as soon w [illegible] and coldness, or into e sin, we are all despondence and doubt ain.‡

This is the wretched race I ran for twelve rs; depending all on my own work and d's work in me, and not on himself, who d promised to do all things for me. I dragd heavily, wading through darkness, tempsts, and tears, and no wonder, when I d no dependence on anything but what I d in hand, and often I thought I had nothing, d I looked not to Christ to support my hope future.

When I feel a good evidence, I have not nfidence in Christ. I am trusting to that idence, and when I have confidence in rist no longer, then I feel that my evidence the only pillar of my hope, and I am still commending myself to Him, and trusting this recommendation, and not to Jesus.—, the wickedness of my heart! what little th is given to God's word, while all our pe is in our own exercises.

Thus far, twelve years' experience taught e, the two last of which I spent in bitter lamentations and distress, in which time I died the nature of faith for life and death; d the more I thought on, the less I knew out it, and I am persuaded that if any n buy his knowledge of faith as dear I did, he will thank God for it when he s it.

After two years' anxiety, preaching every Sabbath, awful apprehensions of eternity, conscious that I knew nothing of the Gospel, almost in despair, searching the Scriptures to know what I was, and what would become of me, it pleased God to bring me out of an abyss of darkness into the blaze of assurance. I always thought that by evidences I was to know whether I was to be saved or not, and took my Bible, read over John's first epistle, compared my heart and life, and compared again and again—and Scripture where marks are given, and all books, and my own knowledge of what Christians ought to feel. I left nothing untried but one thing, and that was the main thing. At length I read the Scriptures, "He that believeth shall not be ashamed."

My poor burthened soul met the joyful tidings with pleasure and surprise. I never before, at least with any degree of confidence, saw Christ offered in the Gospel. I took Him at His word, gave up myself to Him, and placed my hopes alone in Him. I clearly saw that I had all along been trusting to my own feelings, duties, repentance, etc., but I cast them all behind my back, and counted them as dung, and came to a precious, faithful Saviour, with nothing but sin. I believed Him to be faithful and able, and, therefore, I committed all into His hands, and looked to His faithful word for the salvation of my soul. All this was done in five minutes.—I felt easy, happy, and humble; ashamed of my former ways, and thankful to God for His most gracious deliverance. The next Sabbath I preached that sermon at M———d on faith, which I hope you will remember as long as you live. Faith in Christ has ever since been my darling theme in the pulpit.—Faith in Christ has ever since and ever shall be my only hold. Jesus is a faithful Saviour. I love His name, I love His cross, I love His word, and my whole hope is in Him, and I know I shall never be ashamed, and I know this because He has said so. Now, my sister, if any ask me the reason of my hope, I answer, because I have believed on the Lord Jesus. I have consented to the offer in the Gospel, I trust to Him alone.

Moreover, I say He is able, willing, true, faithful; He has said, promised, signed, sealed, with His blood, and sworn by Himself.—(Heb. vi. 17, 18, 19, 20.)

Thus I glory in the cross of Christ. If I am asked what Christ has done for me, He has fulfilled the law, died, rose, and makes intercession for me. And as to what He has done in me, He has shown me that I am a poor, imperfect, lost sinner in myself, that I have a wicked, wretched, deceitful, hard, and unbelieving heart in me, that I have daily need of His pardoning blood and sanctifying spirit. He makes me hate myself more and more, and long for deliverance from ALL sin and corruption; and enables me to look to Him for all I need, and all I hope to enjoy. May God help my dear sister to believe.

W. C. D.

* Rom. vii. 14, compare with viii. 5-8.
† Rom. vii. 21, 24, compare viii. 1, 2, 9, 10 and 12.
‡ Rom. ix. 31, 32, 3, and ref.

Rev. Dr. Tyng in Turkey.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 8, 1857.

I have now passed a week in this beautiful metropolis of Turkey. Can any view on earth exceed the many which surround this glorious centre? The voyage from Smyrna is full of interest. You pass the narrow passage between the island of Tendos and the ancient Troy. You enter the Strait of the Dardanelles, where beautiful banks are on either side of you. You stretch forth into the wide spread sea of Marmora again, covered with its many islands. You draw up again into the narrow opening of the Bosphorus, and sweeping by the water front of Stamboul, and round the Seraglio's Point, you anchor amidst hundreds of crafts of every size, and shape, in the Golden Horn. Every view is a new aspect in the succession of surpassing beauty. You hardly drop your anchor before you are encompassed with every shape of boats, from the airy and dangerous little caique to the large luggage boats which offer to take your goods and yourself with ease.

Scarce had we dropped our anchor before the runners of an English hotel had taken possession of me and my luggage, and I had nothing to do but to follow in the way which they had opened. Not an obstacle intervened, until I was safely at home in the Hotel d'Angleterre, in Pera, the most extravagant of all the houses of entertainment which have yet met me on my journey. The rule of the house is almost a payment for the sight of everything which they choose to place before you. But the beauty of the prospect from my windows, as I gaze over the harbour of Stamboul, compensates for heavy payments. Scutari, with its extensive hospitals, the fruit of that wonderful woman's labours and energies before me across the water. The soft current of the Bosphorus sweeps around Seraglio Point, and carries gently on its bosom, without the aid of human effort hundreds of boats. The full moon has illuminated the nightly scene with inexpressible grandeur. The week has been one of the great fetes of Circumcision, when thousands of Mahometan youths have been gathered from various parts of the empire to undergo this rite with the sons of the Sultan. And three times a day salutes of artillery have sounded under my windows, while fire-works every evening have enlightened the whole sky around. All these are the parts of outward splendour and glory.

But there is a glory here which excelleth. The wonderful attainments and success of the American missionaries here have become a great and commanding fact in the state of this empire. These are seen and acknowledged with amazement by every class of intelligent travellers. I have met these brethren and worshipped with them with great delight. I have attended their social and their business meetings. I have been in their well-arranged and furnished chapels, and seen their congregations of Protestant Christians collected, and worshipping with their native pastors in the simplicity of Gospel truth. I have seen their schools, and their Bible efforts, and entered into an examination of their work. And the deep conviction of my soul is, that of all the wonderful results of that great institution, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, this enterprise is the most remarkable.

So extensively is the spirit of inquiry awakened, that the two Bible Depositories cannot supply the demand for the Scriptures which the influence of this Mission has created. A large depository is open on the main street at Pera, the Foreign quarter; and another still larger in the very centre of the business of Stamboul. Both are kept busy, and both are crowned with wonderful success. I have been delighted in attending their Bible Committee and their branch of the Evangelical Alliance, where ministers of the Church of England and of Scotland, missionaries of the Gospel Propagation Society, and the Chaplain of the British Embassy, together with all the American missionaries, were assembled, under the presidency of Count De Zielin, the Ambassador from Holland. The President of the Bible Society is the American Ambassador, Mr. Spence. All these varied aspects of their work are but a small part of the indications of the result.

These brethren live apart, in different portions of Constantinople and its environs. They meet at stated times for consultation. But the simplicity of their abodes and styles of living are a perfect example of apostolic contentment and separation from the world. Here are talent and learning and wisdom, such as the world looks upon with wonder, housed in the simplest and narrowest style for Christ's sake. Never have I so seen the moral grandeur of the missionary work. It has been a lesson which I hope never to forget. How freely and how much they have sacrificed for Christ! They have gone through every class of opposition. They have brought their converts through immense persecution. And now they reap their reward of unfainting labors. Large congregations of Protestant Christians are gathered to honor them. And their printing establishment, constantly at work, hardly furnishes adequate intellectual and spiritual food for the families they have gathered. Here is a work of triumph—wonderful triumph for Christ. And the Churches of the Lord will unite to honor it, the more it is seen and known.

WANDERER.

SEWING MACHINES.

Some of our readers are perhaps not aware that machines for the performance of *needle work* are becoming extensively used in some parts of the United States. We transfer the following article to our pages from the New York *Observer* for the information of all our readers, and the particular benefit of the ladies. —[ED. INT.

When Sewing Machines were first suggested it was feared that they would be a sore injury to the poor women who live by their needle. When they became common it began to be said that soon there would be no need of women at all. Both apprehensions have already proved to be groundless, and with the multiplication of the machines, there has come an increased demand for women to work them, and the poor get better pay for lighter work than they did before. The great difficulty to get a machine has to be overcome by the economy and industry of the party, or by the aid of friends, and then a means of livelihood is at once furnished to any frugal and honest family, willing to work — At Douglas & Sherwood's establishment, for the manufacture of hooped skirts, we saw a family of three persons, earning eighteen dollars a week, by working nine hours a day, and thus maintaining themselves comfortably, and laying up something for a winter's day.

But it is far from being true that sewing machines are for the poor only. Tens of thousands of ladies do their own sewing, and any woman of sense, no matter how well off she may be, is in the habit of doing more or less sewing for herself and her children. But we are inclined to think that many have thought sewing to be genteel enough, but using the sewing machine very ungenteel; as if sewing with a needle were an accomplishment or a pastime, but sewing with a machine a slavish employment. It will be seen, on a moment's consideration, that just the reverse is true. It is a real drudgery to be all day long doing a piece of sewing, that with a machine may be better done in half an hour. Think of making up a set of shirts in half a day! Think of a thousand stitches in a minute! Now, the machine is a neat, ornamental piece of furniture in any parlor, taking up no more room than a ladies work table, and worked so easily that it produces no fatigue, affords a pleasant excitement in the family, and becomes a source of entertainment to those who operate, and those who look on to see the work. The introduction of sewing machines into the manufacturing establishments, where many women are employed, and their use in the family; will certainly introduce a new era in the history of womankind, improving their physical health and comfort, and affording them hours for mental and moral improvement, of which thousands of the sex have been hitherto deprived. We have been led to these remarks by having recently seen the operation on a large scale, and on a small scale, that is, in the manufactory and in the parlor, of the Wheeler & Wilson Family Sewing Machine.

It is quite impossible to give such a description of the construction of one of these instruments as will make it intelligible to one who has not seen it, and we will not attempt a mechanical explanation, which would be unsatisfactory to the reader.

Among the advantages of this machine are, 1. Elegance and simplicity of construction, and consequent freedom from derangement and need of repairs, 2. Durability. 3. Unexampled ease and rapidity of operation. 4. Noiseless movement. 5. Beauty of stitch, and firmness of seam. 6. Economy of thread. 7, Applicability to a variety of purposes and materials.

A lady sits down before a handsome work-table, with a gentle motion of her foot, sets the machine in operation; on the plate and beneath the needle that is now rising and falling, she places her work, and steadily but rapidly the needle plies up and down through it, interweaving two threads, an upper and lower one, so neatly that the thread lies even with the cloth, and on both sides it is equally smooth and handsome.

Its adaptedness to all kinds of work is a great recommendation, as in a family, it is essential to satisfaction in the use of such an instrument, that it should do equal execution upon linen, cotton, silk and woollen goods.—We have the most satisfactory evidence that it will accomplish all this, for we have seen the neatest and the most beautiful work done by the machine on all these different kinds of cloth, and we know that it will answer the purpose, in every desired case. Even the most delicate fabrics, such as are used for infant's clothing, are wrought with exquisite finish, and with wonderful rapidity, securing an elegance that the finger needle cannot produce, and yet turning it out in a space of time so brief as to be almost incredible. At the Fair of the American Institute, is now exhibited a complete dress for a child, trimmed with costly lace, with numerous rows of insertion, and a prodigious amount of fine stitching expended upon it, the whole being done by one of these machines. And we have seen coarse cloths and leather wrought with equal success, demonstrating the ability of the machine to do all that is promised.

It strikes the most of persons, when they first sit down to one of the machines, that it is so complicated, they will never be able to learn its operation; but a single day's use of it, with the instruction that is easily obtained, will enable any lady to make a good beginning, and a few days' practice will make it a pleasant employment. Of course, in this, as in any other work, practice is needful to reach perfection. Sewing with the needle in the fingers is not learned in a day, and years are required to become an expert. But a few weeks' use of the sewing machine will enable any lady to do all her plain sewing, and to do it well, and soon her fine sewing, with far more success than with her needle, and leave her plenty of time for everything else she may have on hand.

We are aware, that as our paper reaches the most distant and secluded parts of the country, and is the family paper of thousands who may be determined in their choice of a machine by our commendation, we are assuming some responsibility in presenting these facts. But we have seen the operation of Wheeler & Wilson's machines under the most favorable circumstances for forming an intelligent judgment, and we do not hesitate to say, that families purchasing them may be sure that they will give entire satisfaction. Our readers visiting the city, should call at 343 Broadway, and see them in operation. Our friends abroad may be assured that to purchase one of them is a safe investment.

"Have I Done all I can Do?"

M———had been laboring in many ways for the conversion of one particular soul. He had made him the subject of continued prayer, and oftentimes urged him to seek the Saviour, as the only refuge for the perishing. He had held before him both the threatenings and the promises of God; had told him of his duty to God, and his own soul, but without avail. And he was ready to ask, "What more can I do?" But assured that there was mercy with God, he resolved to persevere.

He brought his case to the prayer-meeting, and there requested the earnest prayers of God's people in his behalf. Now, thought he, this will be the last effort on my part; for what more can I do? But I see not why, these prayers, if offered from the heart, will not be the means through Christ of bringing him speedily into the fold. He told him that he was thus to be made a subject of special prayer, thinking this possibly might lead him to greater thoughtfulness.

Though somewhat affected at first, the influence was not lasting, and the laborer sat down sick at heart, and almost distrusting the precious promises of God. Suddenly the thought came home to him with exceeding force, I have never prayed with him. True, I have often prayed for him, but have I ever taken him right to God's throne, and kneeling by his side, asked God, in his presence, to convert his soul? No, never. Starting immediately in search of his friend, with earnest prayer in his heart for a divine blessing to attend his feeble efforts, he hastened to his neighbor's home.

He found him free as ever to converse upon his soul. After a few moments, he said to him, "Shall I pray with you?" He appeared surprised and somewhat agitated, as he had never been asked this question before, and for a moment was silent. The question being repeated, he replied in the affirmative. He was thus taken more directly than ever into the presence of God; and God touched his heart, and he was melted to tears. Oh, the influence of prayer! Said he, "I cannot rise from my knees until I have sought forgiveness for my sins, and acceptance with God. I never saw my heart, and now God is showing it to me."

He arose evidently a changed man He went his way rejoicing with joy unspeakeable, and continued to glorify God, who had thus rescued him from eternal ruin.

Christians, can any of you say, "I have done all I can do?" Let us seek to reply as in the presence of the great Searcher of hearts.—*Am. Mes.*

A Sudden Death.

I shall never lose the impression made upon me by 'a sudden death.' It was a hot day in July, when a woman called upon me, who said she had been sent by her next door neighbour, to ask me to come to see a young man who lay ill in her house. 'Is he very ill?' I asked. 'He is very ill,' said the woman. 'Perhaps, then, I had better go immediately?' 'If you please, sir,' said the woman; 'we think his time will not be long.' In a few minutes I stood in the room where lay the dying man. It was one of those apartments that unmistakably bespeak the character of the inmates. The naked and dingy walls, the scanty, broken, and threadbare furniture, the faded and soiled drapery of the bed, and the thick, choking atmosphere, told very plainly that it was the home of the drunkard. As I entered, the father and mother stood in a ministering attitude by the dying, and two miserable children sat playing themselves in a dark corner of the room—the remains of a blasted, poisoned, murdered family. A look at the dying sufficed to show that he was very near his end. He had been taken very suddenly ill but two days before, when at his employment, and now he was in the last stage of inflamation, accompanied with mortification. His eye protruded, and looked no whither, in the frightful glare of death; his mouth was open, and his breathing quick, laboured, and irregular. His whole frame seemed in a fever of agitation, and hastening with fearful rapidity to dissolution. 'Would you wish me to pray for him? I asked the father, though he was too far gone in the valley to be communicated with by those on this side. 'If you please, sir,' said the father eagerly. We stood round, and I briefly engaged in prayer for the dying. I had not yet opened my eyes, when the father, pressing nearer to the bed, exclaimed, 'It's done, sir.' I looked, and there lay the young man who, but a minute before, was all life and agitation, in the wrapt and awful fixedness of death. So sudden a change and so marked struck me with an awe which I had never before felt in such a place, and as I began to recover myself—still standing with fixed gaze upon the countenance of the dead—I thought of the unspeakable folly of those who put off embracing the great salvation till such an hour as this. Reader, are you reconciled to God through the blood of his Son? If not, how hapless indeed will be your case, should you ere long be overtaken by 'a sudden death.'—*Family Paper.*

Pity the Drunkard.

I pray you do not hate the drunkard; he hates himself. Do not despise him; oh, he cannot sink so low in your opinions as he is sunk in his own. Your hatred and contempt may rivet but will never rend his chains. Lend a kind hand to pluck him from the mire. With a strong hand shatter that bowl remove the temptations which, while he hates, he cannot resist. Hate, abhor, tremble at his sin. And for pity's sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for humanity's sake, rouse yourself for the question, What can be done? Without heeding others—whether they follow or whether they stay—rushing down to the beach, throw yourself into the boat, push away, and bend on the oar, like a man to the wreck. Say, I will not stand by and see my fellow-creatures perish. They are perishing. To save them I will do anything. What luxury will I not give up? What indulgences will I not abstain from? What customs, what shackles of old habits will I not break that these hands may be freer to pluck the drowning from the deep? God may help; His word, my law; the love of His son, my ruling motives; I shall never balance a poor personal indulgence against the good of my country and the welfare of mankind. Brethren, such resolutions, such high and holy, and sustained, and self-denying efforts, the height of this evil demands.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

The Bank Panic in New-York.

A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writing from New York on the 14th inst., describes the great Bank Panic in that city as follows:—

"Yesterday was a day such as never was equalled in this city, and I hope may not be equalled again. The very lightning itself cannot tell you the intense excitement of our people. The day opened with one of thick, dense fogs, that cover the city like a mantle. None of our suburban neighbours could be seen. Had Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, Hoboken, Staten Island, all been sunk, they could not have been more completely hidden from our view.

"Ferry boats landed their passengers in all conceivable places but the right one. Peck Slip ran down to the Atlantic Dock, and the South Ferry boats ran up to Williamsburg. First we were saluted with the reports of collisions and death from collisions. The Staten Island boat ran into a vessel and sunk. The Island Belle, on the Hudson river, ran into the Arrow and jeopardized many lives. The Commodore ran into the Metamora, doing great damage and exposing the passengers to much peril; and finally, several gentlemen who left New York for Boston on Monday night, suddenly appeared in our streets on Tuesday morning with the news that the Empire State, of the Fall River line, ran on a rock at Hurlgate, stove in her bottom, filled the craft with water, and finally hauled up at the foot of Pike street where she now lies.

"And all this was a fitting prelude to the moral and financial fog; the collision of men and merchants; the striking, stranding and sinking of the moneyed Empire State, and the crash that was to follow.

"The real panic began before the banks opened. In all the circles of business the excitement was intense, and the financial atmosphere indicated trouble. As the wise can read the storm and the earthquake in the character of the air, so men seemed to be full of foreboding No confidence seemed to exist: no man felt safe about his money, unless he had it in his pocket. The first step was to draw checks from all on deposit; nearly every man who had ten hundred dollars in the bank drew it out; and laboring men who had funds in the Savings Bank, sent for these.

"Business was not suspended, for it did not begin at all. No one seemed ready to do anything. No one could be found in their places of business. But Wall street presented an unusual sight from the early part of the day till dark. The walks were crowded. It was difficult to get along; and with the opening of the doors of the banks, at ten o'clock, the run commenced. And with the passage of each hour, the crowd and excitement increased. And as one bank after another gave way, the crowd and the excitement increased. The idea of breaking the Bank of New York was scouted at by the crowd. It was one of our oldest banks, and stood all crisises and changes. But it was one of the earliest to succumb to the tempest; and when that closed, the people felt that all was over, and then Wall street was a sight. It looked like a holiday in New York. Men crowded the sidewalks—stood thick, and many on the corners of the streets—filled the street full, so that drays and carmen could not get along The steps of the Custom House were crowded, as if the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia were expected along soon. The windows of the offices, stores, saloons and brokers' shops were wide open and crowded.—Men stood over against the banks, on the roofs of the houses, on the sills of the windows, on the steps, columns, and pilasters of the Exchange, and men of all classes and conditions too. The Irish hod man, with the dress of his trade on him, and the late millionare from University place, the apple woman from Chatham Square and Park Row, and the merchant from Park Place, news boys and clerks, judge and lawyer, all jostling and crowding, excited and moving with the excited throng, and the crowd increased with the news of failure and suspension. Mr. David Leavitt, late President of the American Exchange Bank, came out on the steps to make a speech. It was a bravado speech.—He spoke for himself and other banks. He gave the crowd to understand that the bank was ready for anything—could stand any thing—would pay specie till the last bill was paid. But the speech had not the effect intended. The people were glad to hear that the bank was so well off—meant to try the metal of the concern, and get the gold if it was to be had. And then the rush was more intense. The crowd came faster and more earnest. And as the dial hand of Old Trinity, that looked down calmly on the excited and turbulent crowd below, indicated that the terrible hour of three o'clock, when all banks close, was near—and when the mass outside saw that it would be impossible to get their money before banking hours were over, the excitement became more intense. Soon one of the officers came out of the bank and announced the bank would keep open till six o'clock. But this produced no effect but to give hope to the last man that he would stand a chance to get his pay as well as others.—And when the bank closed, no man in New York believed that one bank would pay specie to-day.

So this morning all have suspended, and in law not a bank exists in New York, except