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TERMS.

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poetical.

From the New Yorker.

E POET'S BRIDE.

Bride—ah, she should be
dying of a fairy dream,
of warbling melody,
sic gushed o'er some still stream!
dark, unfathomed blue,
lf-veiled glances turned aside,
whose ever-varying hue
what most the soul would hide.

he home of hallowed thought,
nd affection's happiness—
bbings love itself had taught
o that trembles from excess:
ing like some gay bird,
aking soft in tone subdued;
ry low and melting word
witchery deep imbued.

g in her Poet's eyes,
soul of Heaven were there;
g back in sweet surprise,
aking in the very air
passioned lover breathes,
uring out his thrilling song
e vine-clad bower, where wreathes,
mer-flowers in beauty throng.

-all soul—all sympathy!
his most changeful moods the same
h him on soft blue sky,
the lightnings lambent flame;
ch glorious sight and sound
e's haunts, by man scarce trod,
g, through the depth profound
night, to the throne of God!

er being's dearest part,
g with holy trustingness—
pulse of the gentle heart,
which earth has naught to bless:
weep, a soul to feel,
ly share his triumph's pride;
every pang to heal—
t should be the Poet's Bride:

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Old Dominion.

L DUELISTS.—A TALE.

o long, but certainly too true.
aten track?—Ne'er beat enough,
warm the truths it should inspire."
YOUNG.

e no desire to write a very long introduce my readers at once to are to be its "heroes," to use the rase of tale writers. The first, I al rather than reveal, under the Belcour. He was a military of- the field he had acquirred the of skilful and brave; and in the peaceful society, that of intelligent His heart was indeed one of h continually need "something ," and he had surrounded him- little circle of love that afforded portunity of gratifying this amia- ty of his nature. Belcour mar- yet very young, and a time when his country allowed him but a ment of the society of his youth- fectionate bride. Ere the first from the bridal hour had waned, voice of war summoned him to the he was forced to leave the charms home, for the hardships and dan- camp. His own deprivations, were wholly forgotten in his sym- er, whom he was obliged to leave and sorrow, to weep and tremble, her soldier—husband. And y for him, earnestly and unceas- the end of the campaign, the er prayers returned to her in fety. Years of domestic hap- d on, and at the time to which Belcour was not only a very nd, but a happy father of three I would say that his wife and e beautiful; but I fear it would ough, with the host of "pretty " I wished to account for a hus- ther's love, on the score of "au- d blue eyes."

rmed my readers that Belcour t. He was so, far beyond ose lives have been passed in erally are;—for he was not *tionally* intelligent. It had emed a fair matter of impeach- haracter as to intelligence, by military philosophers of the t he was not only a believer e of a Supreme Being, but in likewise; with this exception, opinion was as highly estima- mbr officers, as his kindness were universally felt and be-

brief sketch of the character I must pass to one still more , an officer in the same re- had shared with Belcour the re than one campaign, and, escaped unhurt. Carew was a modern epicurean; that is, pleasure wherever he *thinks* it is to be found, though by paths which virtue has prescribed; and resolves on enjoyment, let who will pay the cost. Such was his *practice*, and though he did not actually *profess* libertineism, he was but little concerned or ashamed when charged with it.

Belcour and Carew, since the conclusion of the war, had associated together, only so far as circumstances rendered necessary, when their regiment was on duty, at the mess-room; for, although by the regulations of the regiment, every officer was obliged to contribute to that establishment, Belcour was but seldom there, having a family and a home.

The habits and characters of the two officers were indeed so opposite, that closer intimacy was neither possible nor desirable. Whilst Carew looked with secret contempt on Belcour's life of domestic seclusion, likening it in his own mind to the winter sleep of the dormouse; Belcour saw in Carew, with pity and regret, a man who was wasting one portion of his time, and abusing the other; spending his life betwixt the idleness of folly and the activity of guilt; foregoing all the joys of the heart for those of the eye, and missing a thousand opportunities of doing good in a restless pursuit of evil. Two beings more antithetical than Belcour a Carew, could not well be conceived; but if this prevented their being on terms of intimacy and friendship, it did not preclude those of gentlemanly behaviour and civility towards each other, till a circumstance, as strange as it was unfortunate, destroyed this good understanding.

It is pretty well known, I believe, that there is a wide difference betwixt the laws of humanity—(not to mention the laws of God)—and what are called "the laws of honor." Carew's conduct was wholly regulated by the latter. He held in small esteem that sacred maxim of doing as he would be done by, and (to hasten over a shameful truth,) he had sacrificed at the shrine of selfishness and guilt, the peace and innocence of a young and unsuspecting creature, who had relied on promises, which, in such cases, a man of honour may make, and violate, without any infraction of its noble laws.

To avoid *inconveniences*, Carew had assumed a fictitious name and character, in the prosecution of his villany; and the better to enable him, when he found it advisable, to make his retreat. This he had done; satisfying his conscience that his purse had made the wronged girl and her parents, who were poor, (alas! *now* poor indeed,") ample amends—for that is according to honour. To his utter astonishment, however, a broken-hearted, gray-headed old man, met him one morning, as he came from the mess-room. It was the father of his victim. Carew, presuming that, in his military garb, the old man might not be certain of his identity, affected at first to treat the matter as a mistake; but the old man, with a trembling hand, produced from his pocket an anonymous letter which had been sent to him, informing him that Cromton, the seducer, and Lieutenant Carew, were one and the same. What think you, were the feelings of the exposed deceiver? Shame, remorse, confusion, perhaps you imagine. Oh, no! the laws of honour prescribe no such thing. He had his feelings as he perused that letter; but they were those of revenge against Belcour, who, he was certain, from the hand writing, had betrayed him—had written that letter.—As it would have been no longer honorable to deny or evade the truth, he confessed himself the party implicated in the "unfortunate affair; but reminded the old man that he had acted *liberally*, and assured him that he should continue to do so, at the same time pulling out and offering him his purse!

The poor old man for a moment forgot a father's grief in a man's indignation. The tears which had been silently, yet abundantly, rolling down the time-worn channels of his face, ceased to flow, and his eyes were lit up with the fire of rage and hatred. He lifted his feeble arm, but his feelings had overwrought his bodily powers, and he fell to the ground before he could strike the blow he meditated. As Carew looked upon the wretched old man, with his silver locks and sorrowing heart, lying prostrate there on the ground before him—he felt a momentary pang; had he trusted his eyes much longer on that melancholy object, he might have felt all that a man—not a man of honour—should feel; but he had his own *wrongs* to right; and calling to some privates who stood near, to "take care of the old man," he hastened back into the mess-room in search of Belcour, who, (he believed,) by his unjustifiable and treacherous interference, had put him to all this *inconvenience*.

I cannot, however, pass from this brief and melancholy episode, which it was necessary, for the proper understanding of my tale, to introduce, without informing my readers of the issue. It pleased God, in a short time, to remedy all the ill which man had done; the hour which was the consummation of shame, was the hour of relief from both shame and sorrow to that old man's child; and amid his grief for her loss, he thanked God for taking her from a world which must thenceforward have been to her a world of misery; and when the day of the funeral came, and he followed her corpse to the grave yard, it was observed by every one that an expression of placid serenity appeared in the old man's countenance, such as he ever wore before his child's disgrace. When the mournful ceremony was over, the old man stood gazing into the grave till they began to fill it up. "You need not close up that grave yet my friends," he said. He cast one look towards his little cottage that was seen in the distance, his eyes again filled with tears. He lifted them up to heaven, and his lips moved, as though in silent prayer; a palid smile came over his features; and he fell down, a corpse, by the side of his daughter's grave.

To return to our first narative:—It was in Belcour assured the enraged Carew that he was not the writer of the letter produced by the old man, neither knew he any thing of the matter. Carew persisted in asserting his belief that he *was* the author of it, till, under some degree of irritation, Belcour repeated his denial with the remark, "that from what he could learn from the contents of that letter, he ought, as a man of humanity, to be more concerned as to its truth than its author."

The matter soon assumed the shape of a quarrel, and Carew, after stigmatizing Belcour as "an officious canting hypocrite," called him a liar and a coward, and left the room. Innocent as Belcour felt himself, and undeserving of both appellations, he knew that to avoid fixing the last indellibly on his character, he must meet his accuser—according to the laws of honour. But his wife! his children! For their sake, his heart *did* quail at that thought, and he felt that honour was neither justice nor humanity.

When Belcour reached his home, his wife and children were enjoying the beauty of the summer eve in the garden. He entered the house unperceived, and saught the little room which he had appropriated as a study. It was adorned by a small, but choice selection of volumes, in plain, neat bindings, of which I shall only notice, that amongst them were many religious and philosophical works. "What can a soldier want with such works as these?" inquired a friend, one day, with an air of levity. "I am a man as well as a soldier," said Belcour, seriously. The walls of the room were hung with a few beautiful paintings, and several minatures of "friends beloved." Much, perhaps may be said against the introduction of pictorial representations into the temples of our God; but I know of no objection to the presence of such in the temples of friendship; and I can conceive no greater benefit which the pictorial art can bestow on man, than thus to surround him with those he loves. The absent, the dead, as we gaze on the faithful delineations of the artist around us, seem present and restored to our bosoms.

The opened window of the room in which Belcour sat, not only looked into the garden, but reaching to the floor, afforded an entrance to it. At the farther end, though unseen himself, Belcour saw his children, sporting in all the joyousness of infancy.

He took up his pen to write a challenge! but his brain was distracted, and his hand refused its office. He rose from his seat, and drawing the curtains of the window, once more attempted to write, when a shout of gladness, and the sound of a light approaching foot, again paralized his hand, and suspended his mental powers. The next moment, a little intruder, it was his *petite* Lucy, had drawn aside the curtains. Seeing her father there, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and had run half across the room with extended arms, to his embrace, when she recollected that her mamma, and her sister and bother, did not know the good news—that "papa had come home;" and she turned suddenly back, and with eager haste sought the garden. And then the air rang with infantine shouts of gladness; and the quick sounds of half a dozen fairy feet were heard, running a race for love, whose prize was to be a father's first kiss. Which was first, or which was last, it was scarcely possible to say, for they seemed to settle on him simultaneously like so many bees.

"How long have you been at home, my dear Edwin?" inquired Mrs. Belcour, as she entered the room, in tones of surprise, "and why might we not have your company in the garden, this afternoon?"

Belcour excused himself for his unwonted conduct, on the score of particular business: adding, that he should be obliged to pass that evening in privacy, with his friend Colonel Drummond, whom he expected shortly. However unwelcome the intelligence to those who heard it, it occasioned sorrow only, and met with resigned acquiescence.

The wretched man was once more left to his own distracting thoughts. Some while he would resolve not to send a challenge; that he would disregard, defy the voice of man, and listen alone to that of reason, of feeling, and of God:—but again and again, faltered in his resolution. The loud voice of shame rung in his ears, and the look of scorn stared him in the face. How could he bear these and live? Whilst thus wavering as to his own conduct upon the matter, a letter was brought in—it was a challenge from Carew, on the plea of "ungentlemanly and treacherous conduct."

"Malignant man!" exclaimed Belcour, as he paced the room with an agitated step; "He has not a wife whom he loves—he has not the feeling of a parent. Oh! surely, surely could he know—could he see——, and he *shall* know—how fair a scene his hand is about to deslocate."

At the time of the quarrel in the mess-room, Belcour foreseeing its possible termination, had begged of his friend, Colonel Drummond, to call on him that evening.—He came, and Belcour showed him the challenge. "I must accept it," said Belcour—"but he shall know that he seeks the blood of a parent and a husband. I will only agree to meet him on the condition that he shall breakfast in this house before we proceed to the ground."

Strange as Drummond thought the request of his friend, he did not oppose it; and when this conditional acceptance of the challenge was communicated to Carew, he professed himself willing to comply with the "somewhat extraordinary wish." In fact, he thought it resulted from a wish, on the part of Belcour, to bring about an amicable arrangement, to which, in his own mind, he had determined not to accede.

The appointed morning came, and Carew, with a friend, who was to act as his second,—both of them armed in all the stoical apathy of honour, kept the appointment at Belcour's house, from whence they were to proceed to the ground. The strangers, as such they were except by name, to Mrs. B., were severally introduced to her in the breakfast parlour—and met with that kind, warm welcome, which an affectionate wife must always give to her husband's friends. But as Carew lightly pressed her proffered hand, a chill of horrow seemed to shoot through his veins, back to his very heart. "Another hour, perhaps," he thought, "and what may you, may your husband—what may I be then?" The touch of that hand, if it had not awoke his conscience, had disturbed it, and made it restless in its slumbers.

During the repast, Carew grew more and more uneasy. Every fresh little display of hospitable kindness, on the part of Mrs. Belcour, seemed like a dagger piercing his heart and roused still more the monitor within. A strange feeling, in truth, seemed to have seized on all present.

"You have seen but part of my possessions yet, gentlemen; I am a rich man, I assure you," said Belcour, with assumed composure, as soon as the breakfast was ended; and he rang the bell, upon which his three children, the eldest a boy, about six years of age, the other two were girls, much younger, entered the parlour. The frank and noble bearing of the boy, and the air of diffidence and gentleness in the little girls, could not fail to excite the admiration of every one. Carew beheld them with feelings of added and deeper horror. He strove in vain to arise himself into stoicism; when conscience is once thoroughly awaked, after a long sleep of years, it is no easy matter to hush it again to repose. The litte boy had given his hand with friendly and pleasing confidence to the strangers, and now offered it to Carew; but he shrunk from it, and said wildly, "No! not to me, my child!"

Mrs. Belcour looked with concern and surprise at Carew, and then at her husband, but his eyes were averted from her gaze, and his lips offered no explanation. Belcour sat for some time in a deep reverie—then rose and walked towards the window perhaps to conceal the falling tear, or conceal the last struggle of affection; but immediately he turned round, saying, with calmness, "Now, gentlemen for our excursion."

They rose from their seats.

"Our good friends return with you Edwin, to dinner, I hope," said Mrs. Belcour.

But to her astonishment, no answer was returned to her question. Belcour had walked to the farther end of the room, and was embracing his children, (though, to prevent suspicion, he had resolved not to do so,) perhaps for the last time. Carew, in a state of agitation, which every moment grew worse, was obliged to support himself on the arm of the second, who was scarcely less affected than himself. But I will close my tale, and tell my readers the result of this struggle between Humanity and Humor.

Once more the friendly hand of Mrs. Belcour was extended to her depating guests—to Carew; and he could no longer endure or conceal his feelings.

"Madam," said the conscience-stricken man "you are grasping the hand, that in another hour, might have left you a widow—those children fatherless! Oh! will you, can you forgive the intention of the crime, whose completion you have prevented? God be thanked; I am not—I will not be a murderer. You have saved your husband—saved me from death, or from remorse worse than ten thousand deaths."

I shall now imitate the painter of old; drop the veil, and leave my readers to imagine a scene to which my pen is unequal.

[Extract from an old Almanac,]

For the Evening Gazette.

THE OLD MAID'S FIRST OFFER

I *must* tell you the heart rending story—I have long wished to do so, and the time is at length arrived. (Here her voice dropped into a confidential whisper.) Poor dear Major Ogilvie, who is now dead and gone—heigh ho!—had been long showing me marked attention:—in fact, paying his addresses, though he never made his declarations; when one morning, after having sung me a song of Farinelli's—the music I believe was Gluck's;—ah! you *should* have heard the Major, he *was* such a sweet singer. Well, the Doctor had gone out to buy a new invented fish sauce,—poor dear man! he *does* like to have his fish well dressed—and I remember he took Franchette, my little beauty of a spaniel with him, so that the Major and I were alone in the breakfast parlor, when looking beseechingly in my face he suddenly went down on one knee before me—ah! there *was* gallantry in those days!—and taking my hand which he tenderly pressed, made a passionate avowal of his love. I felt myself blushing crimson; at this agitating moment, just as I was going to utter a palpitating confession of my partiality, my eyes began to twinkle—I felt a tingling in my nose, my mouth opened in spite of myself, and I sneezed like an explosion of gun powder right in his upturned and imploring face! Now do tell me lady Susun, you know how *tremendously* I always sneeze, did you *ever*—of all the awkward occurrences!

The Major started, as well he might, but recovered himself—so did I—he gazed at me tenderly and expectingly, and I was just about to relieve him from his suspense, when I sneezed with a second and louder explosion, that seemed to shatter the very nose from my face. This was a confusion to me and the Major, but still holding my imprisoned hand but looking downwards, to avoid the shower bath that I was unintentionally scattering round me, he swore that he never would rise from his knees till I had pronounced his doom. I uttered a heart-felt sigh, and the soft avowal was just trembling on the tip of my tongue, when I felt something on the tip of my nose! Lady Susan—Lady Susan—it was beginning to bleed!—*did you ever of all* the distressing moments!

I struggled to withdraw my hand, that I might get my hankerchief, an action which the Major attributed to coyness, and therefore did but hold it more firmly. In the contest, after frightfully spoting my tabinet silk gown, three very large drop of blood fell upon the Major's wrist! He started up—I closed my eyes and sunk in a chair, overwhelmed with confusion. Supposing I had fainted, the Major hastily seized a large tumbler of water and threw it in my face. At such an unexpected sousing, I screamed with surprise and terror. The Mareschal powder which I wore—I was always famous for my powder—mingling with the water and blood converted my face into a hideous spectacle: when just at that moment the door flew open, and Franchette, thinking her mistress was killed, flew at the poor dear Major, and bit a large mouth-ful out of his left leg, while the good, horror-stricken Doctor suffered the bottle of newly invented fish sauce to fall from his hand and be smashed to pieces on the floor. Now dearest Lady Susan! consider what must have been my feelings! did you *ever!*—such a scene!

AN ACT.

To abolish Imprisonment for Debt.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi*, That no persons shall be arrested or imprisoned on any mesne or final writ or process issuing out of any Court of law or equity within this State, in any suit, action or proceeding instituted for the recovery of any contract, promise or agreement, or for the recovery of damages in action of tresspass, or on any judgment or decree founded upon any such contract, promise or agreement, or damages for the non-performance thereof, or any judgment in action of tresspass or for consequential damages, except in cases hereinafter specified.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted*, That the provisions of the first and foregoing section shall not extend to proceedings for contempt, actions on judgments for fines or penalties for crimes, misdemeanors, or offences prosecuted in the name of the State of Mississippi, or on promises to marry, actions of slander, money collected by any public officer or attorney at law, or for any misdemeanor or neglect in office or professional employment.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted*, That if any creditor, his authorized agent or attorney, shall make oath or affirmation in writing before any judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, the Chancellor of the Superior Court of Chancery, a judge of the Superior Court, Justice of the Peace, or Clerk of either of said Courts that there is a debt or demand justly due to such creditors of one hundred dollars or upwards, specifying as early as may be, the nature and amount thereof, and establishing one or more of the following particulars:

First, that the defendant is about to remove his property out of the jurisdiction of the Court, with the intent to defraud his creditors, or

Second. That he is about to convert his property into money for the purpose of placing it beyond the reach of his creditors; or

Third. That he has property or right in action which he fraudulent conceals; or

Fourth. That he has assigned, removed, or disposed of, or is about to dispose of his property with intent to defraud his creditors; or

Fifth. That he fraudulently contracted the debt, or incurred the obligation, for which suit is about to be brought, and shall file such affidavit with the clerk of the circuit court of the proper county. Such clerk shall, thereupon, issue a capias, which shall be served, and the suit instituted thereby shall be in all respects in the same manner as if this act had not passed.

SEC. 4. *Be it further enacted*, That on any judgment or decree, the court when in session, or any Judge thereof in vacation, may order a capias ad satisfaciendum to be issued against the judgment debtor on the application of the judgment creditor, or his lawful attorney, if such court or Judge shall be satisfied by the affidavit of such applicant, and such other testimony as he shall present, of the existence of either of the following particulars:

1. That the judgment debtor has removed or is about to remove any of his property out of the jurisdiction of the court, with intent to prevent the collection of the money due on the judgment or decree; or

2. That he has property right's in action, evidences of debt, or some interest or stock in some corporation or company, which he fraudulently conceales, or unjustly refuses to apply to the payment of the judgment or decreee; or,

3. That he has assigned or disposed of, or is about to assign or dispose of, his property, or his rights in action, with intent to defraud his creditors, or give an unfair preference to some of them; or,

4. That he has converted, or is about to convert, his property into money, with intent to prevent its being taken on execution; or,

5. That he fraudently contracted the debt or incurred the obligation, on which the payment or decree was rendered.

SEC. 5. *Be it further enacted*, That in all cases enumerated in the first section of this act and not excepted in the second section thereof, which comes within the jurisdiction of justices of the peace, the plaintiff shall not be entitled to a capias ad respondendum or capias ad satisfaciendum, unless he shall comply with the provisions of the third and fourth sections of this act; and justices of the peace shall be governed in all cases by the provisions of this act, so far as the same may be applicable.

SECTION 6. *Be it further enacted*, That no capias as either means or final process, shall be issued under the provisions of this act, unless the plaintiff or other persons applying for the same, shal first make and deliver to the clerk a bond, with good and sufficient surety or surities, to the satisfaction of the clerk, in double the amount claimed, on judgment rendered, as the case may be, payable to the person against whom such suit is issued, conditioned for the payment of all damages which he may sustain in consequence of issuing such writ, in case it shall appear that the same was issued without good cause which bond shall remain with the clerk for the benefit of the person against whom such writ was issued.

SECTION 7. *Be it further enacted*, That for services performed under this act, the like fees shall be allowed and charged that are allowed for similar services in other cases.

SEC. 8. *Be it further enacted*, That any person against whom any capias shall have been issued under authority of this act may institute a suit on the bond described in the sixth section, and if upon the trial of the suit so instituted, the jury shall find that such capias was issued without reasonable ground for believing the existence of some one or more of the particulars specified in this act as authorizing the issuance of such capias, the jury shall proceed to assess the damages sustained by the person against whom the same was issued, upon which finding the court shall render judgment as in other cases, and any person causing another to be committed to bail under the provisions of this act shall be liable, in the first instance, for the jail fees, and shall be, if required by the jailor, to pay such fees weekly and in advance, and such fee, so paid, shall be added to the costs taxed or accruing in the case, and be collected as other costs.

SEC. 9. *Be it further enacted*, That the fees allowed hereafter to any jailor for the maintenance and food of every debtor imprisoned under the provisions of this act shall be at the rates of seventy-five cents for each and every day said debtor shall remain in custody; and persons against whom a capias ad satisfaciendum shall be issued under the restriction of this act shall be entitled to the liberty of the prison bounds which shall extend to the entire limits of the county in which the person against whom such writ shall issue shall reside, by giving good and sufficient security that he or they will not break or go beyond the limits of the same, in double the amount for which said capias ad satisfaciendum was issued against said debtor, and said debtor may require to have his food and lodgings furnished him by the jailor, who shall be entitled to the same fees and rights as in other cases.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That all laws and parts of laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act be, and the same are hereby, repealed, and that this act do take effect from and after its passage: *Provided however*, That nothing contained in this shall be so construed as to deprive any person against whom a capias ad satisfaciendum or ad respondendum shall hereafter issue of any of the privileges, benefits, or advantages in the first, second, third, fourth and fifth sections of an entitled "An act further to extend relief to debtors," approved January twenty-third, eighteen hundred and twenty-four.

Approved February 15, 1839.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.—The arrival of the Schr. Sarah Ann, from Tampico, has put us in possession of papers and letters from our correspondents at that place, up to the 31st March last. The Sarah Ann sailed on the 2d inst., and we have only verbal information of what passed between the 31st and the day of her departure.

From the letters of our correspondents, it appears that the liberating army has changed the plan of its operations, and instead of advancing into the interior, it has concentrated its forces into Tampico, whence it was to proceed on the 3d instant to attack Vera Cruz. This expidition, which consists of one thousand five hundred veteran troops, perfectly disciplined, is commanded by Generals Urrea and Maxia. All the vessels in the harbor of Tampico, have been engaged in the service of the expidition.

Major General Peraza, after conucting some troops to Tuscan, and executing some other missions entrusted to his care, would return and take cammand of Tampico.

Louisianian.

IMPORTATION OF SPECIE.—The barque Fanny, Capt. Crowell, which arrived here on Thursday evening, from Liverpool, brings one hundred and seventy thousand dollars in specie—a good sign, as going to prove that our commerce is not in debt to Europe.

Exchange on New York is also favorable to this place, and it will continue so if our banks will conduct their business with circumspection and prudence, and keep the currency in a sound state.

In New York, there have been funds on a large amount lying in the banks there, belonging to some of the New Orleans institutions, and liable to be drawn upon at a moment's warning. This money was loaned on pledge of stocks by the New York banks to brokers. The New York Express informs us that on the 6th of February there was a draft for three hundred thousand dollars in specie in favor of southern institutions, which combined with the apprehension of further drafts from the same quarter, reminded the New York banks of the necessity of *curtailing*. This was the cause of the *tightness*, says the Express, which has continued to the present time. According to the same paper, the treaty between France and Mexico, and the prospect of an amicable arrangement of the Maine question, have wrought a very favorable change in the money and stock market.

Lo