People, in sober reflection, now believe war to be only a sad necessity. There is a portion of our nation, indeed, who would gladly engage in a war as a game of pleasure, but it is yearly diminishing.—Military shows are viewed with constantly decreasing interest, and military titles confer continually diminishing respect.

As a nation we never should suffer ourselves to be drawn into war, if we considered one great truth, viz: that in war we fight people for the faults of their Government. We might now be engaged in war; but who are the armies that are opposed to us, and why? They are men as we are; men ignorant of us; men harmless, who have never wished to wrong us. They have been compelled to seek a livelihood by the arts of death. They have been driven by oppression from the plough—from the work-bench: they have been torn from the embraces of wives and children? or, before they were shipped to fight us, they had, through oppression, been brought up to know few of the charms of existence. They have no quarrel with us. They are victims, sent over here to be immolated by us. Why should we fight them for the crimes of their rulers? Why should we add another cup to the flood of misery which has brought them to our shores?

Or, if our People are drawn up in battle array, do they, as individuals, feel any hostility towards those at whose lives they aim? On the other hand, if one of our enemies shall beg, if it be a time of peace, we feed him; if he asks employment we give it him, and work with him hand to hand. He sits at my fire side, and I listen with interest while he tells me of his country, of its institutions, of its Queen, of its miserable poverty, of its glorious history. He is my friend. Those whom he honors I honor; the history which he surveys with interest is equally interesting to me; the rights of Christianity which he reveres are equally dear to me. Now, shall one word of our respective Governments so turn our hearts, that we shall thirst for each others blood, and suddenly engage in mortal combat? The Government cannot change our hearts. I WILL not fight with him: he will not fight with me.

Our two nations are nations of peaceful individuals. Husbandmen are quietly pursuing their avocations in England so are they here. The shoemaker merrily sings in either country as he fits his leather to the last. The lawyer of England has no personal quarrel with the lawyer here; the minister in each country waits upon the service of the same Master, and repeats the same hallowed words in the prayer of the great congregation. They are not Englishmen, we are not Americans. There are no marks of distinction between us—we are all men.

What now can compel us—men of peace, friends and brothers—to engage in war? Nothing, I reply, but abstractions; nothing in practice but the faults of our Governments. If our faulty Governments could fight—if those alone who have done the wrong could engage in warfare on account of it, war would not be so much to be abhorred. If we, as a nation, could fight the British nobles or the British Parliament, or the Queen, or her Council, it might be well, but why we, for the faults of a few should slaughter ten thousand Englishmen, does not reasonably appear. If the latter bear us enmity, they are taught to bear it. We are their friends; they have no better friends than we are, and there is a possibility that we may teach them to believe so.

Truth requires us to make a broad distinction between Governments and people. Abstractly they are one, but really they are widely different. Their interests are often widely separate. War is the pleasure of the Government; the people can obtain nothing but misery in war. Disguise it as you will, let Government send forth its bulletins of battles gained, and lavish medals and titles upon successful generals, the people bleed; their portion is unmitigated suffering. They fight in a quarrel not their own. Humanity bleeds to think of the delusion into which they must pass before war can become possible.

While contemplating difficulties existing between us and any foreign power, we ought to reflect upon the condition in which, by war, we shall involve the the people whom that power governs. We must find some other way than war to settle difficulties with foreign powers. We must not punish the guiltless. We must not add to the oppressions and miseries which the poor are suffering under other Governments. If we will view our fellow men as men, if we wish for the progress of right principles of government, if we are friends to the human race, we must be careful how we suffer ourselves to be led into war. If we can only diffuse correct sentiments through our people, and through those of foreign nations, we can render war impossible. In peace, we may all enjoy the blessings of industry, of kind and good affections by our own firesides; and earth will be rid of one of the worst scourges, which in the wisdom of an inscrutable Providence, has been permitted to destroy the nations.

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A GREAT SNOW STORM.—The South Bend (Ia.) Free Press gives an account of a great snow storm which fell in that vicinity the latter part of October.—It commenced on the night of the 23d and continued till the next night, when the ground was covered with snow to the depth of 36 inches. The atmosphere was very humid, and there being no wind the snow dropped straight, and remained upon the ground several days. The roofs of a number of houses were broken in with the weight, and much damage was done to the fruit trees, which became loaded till they broke.

## TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The following splendid piece of description is from an article in the Edinburgh Review, written, it is presumed, by MACAULAY:

The preparations for the trial had processed rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster: but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour.—All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the Constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas or deserts, to dusky nations, living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, & writing strange characters from right to left. The high court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lords of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus: the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting.—The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds, under Garter, King at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the upper House, as the upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar, against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King.—Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great Kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the immitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire* thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a Senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age.

The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved us to the thoughtful heads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation: but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted her faith† There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay‡ There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminister election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation.—Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all whom were afterwards raised by their talent and learning to the highest posts in their profession—the bold and strong minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the Kings Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterward Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plumer, who, nearly twenty years latter, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much attention as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding copious and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense his tact & his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as, perhaps, had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and tastes of his hearers; but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenuous, the chivalrous, the high souled Windham.—Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguished themselves in life, are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connexion was wanting that could set off the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three, he had been thought worthy to be ranked with veteran statesmen, who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons at the bar, of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the Court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the company, and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vived as that which existed in his own mind, he proceded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law.

The energy & pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration, even from the stern and hostile Chancellor; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion.—Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warring Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India; whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

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*Gibbons. †Mrs. Fitzherbert. ‡Mrs. Sheridan.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE. The New York Express announces the arrival of the Prince de Joinville in that city.

The Prince remains in the country but a single week. We understand he will receive the city corporation on board the Belle Poule this day. He will leave the city on Tuesday, and on Wednesday evening he will attend the Grand Ball to be given him at Faneuil Hall, Boston.—On Friday afternoon; at 4 o'clock a dinner will be given to him by the French citizens of New York, at Gothic Hall.—On Friday evening the Prince attends a Grand Ball to be given by Mrs Mott, the lady of Dr. Mott, who while in Europe, received distinguished attentions from the family of Louis Phillippe.

Saturday afternoon a dinner will be given him by the city corporation at the Astor House: and from what we hear of the contemplated arrangements, it will be a magnificent affair, worthy of the city and their distinguished guest. The hosts of the Astor are getting up the entertainment on a scale which promises to outdo any thing of the kind ever witnessed in this city.

On Sunday next the Belle Poule with her commander will sail for France.

## THE BOSTON BALL TO THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

The Prince de Joinville and his suite, consisting of M. Lugeol, Captain de Corvette, Captain M. D Aubigny, Comte de Montholon, Messieurs de Sedaigro, Bazin, Borrie, Belville, Bellebon, Vauge, Delanneau, Nello, Lecontour, and Touchard, arrived in Boston on Thursday morning, and was attended by several gentlemen to his lodgings at the Tremont House. At eleven o'clock, the Mayor called formally upon the Prince, and addressed him in the name of the city, offering its hospitalities to him as the representative of his country.

At twelve o'clock, says the Boston Atlas, the Committee of Arrangements for the Ball waited upon the Prince—expressed to him the high satisfaction they felt, that he had done their fellow-citizens the honor to accept the invitation profferred to him, to attend a Ball in Faneuil Hall—and arranged with him as to the time at which the Committee should attend him to the Hall. At half past twelve, the Prince and his suite visited the Navy Yard, and Bunker Hill—and on their return, drove through the principal streets to take a view of the city. In the course of the forenoon, the natives of France resident in this city, paid their respects to the Prince, and P. P. F. Degrand, Esq., in their behalf, delivered an address of very considerable length which in that respect was certainly in very bad taste. The Prince replied, that he was highly gratified at the kind expressions thus presented, in regard to himself and father, and was grateful for them, and would not fail to communicate them to his father, who would undoubtedly be also highly gratified at this mark of kind attention.

Concerning the Ball, the Boston Post has the following paragraph:

The Ball, last evening, was the most brilliant affair ever gotten up in Boston. Every thing was in splendid style. The dancing commenced at eight o'clock. The noble guest and his suite appeared to enjoy themselves much—were very sociable and agreeable, and were treated with that consideration to which their position entitled them, without the exhibition of any vulgar excess of adulation.—The whole affair was conducted with perfect success and propriety, and the active managers deserve great praise for their admirable arrangements and the manner in which they were executed.

The Boston Atlas has the following more full account of the grand entertainment, which appears to have been sufficiently splendid to gratify the tastes of the royal guest.

## GRAND BALL IN FANEUIL HALL.

As our paper is going to press, the magnificent Ball in honor of the Prince de Joinville is in the full tide of most successful progress: Old Faneuil Hall is resounding with the sounds of faetal revelry, and shining in a splendor never equalled before. The Hall is crowded with the hundreds of the lovliest of the fair ones of our city and vicinity, and all that heart could ask or desire is present to render the festivity the most superb and magnificent affair ever witnessed on this continent.

The superb manner in which the hall has been decorated is almost beyond praise to do justice to its excellence.—The brilliant display of lights mingling with the banners of every land, the beauty of the ladies and the magnificence of their attire, combine to present to the astonished eye of the beholders, as he enters the hall one of the most magnificent sights ever witnessed. At the end of the Fanuel Hall opposite the entrance, in the rotunda, has been arranged a superb canopy for the reception of the prince. Its front is ornamented by a brilliant representation of the insignia of the Legion of Honor, while above it is the coat of arms of France, with the arms of Massachusetts and of the United States on either side. Beneath and behind the seat is a most beautiful representation of La Belle Poule and La Cassard, represented as they are at this moment laying off the Battery at New York. The galleries on each side are hung with the flags of different nations, alternating between each pillar with the national ensign, while countless streamers, running from each part of the walls and meeting in the centre, produce a most unique and striking appearance.

The raised floor that has been laid out for the convenience of the dancers, has been most tastefully decorated by paintings in squares, each square containing some neat and appropriate device. In front of the raised platform at the farther end of the hall, the square contains two hands grasped in amity; below this are three others, containing the arms of France, the United States and Massachusetts and lower still, another representation of La Belle Poule.

On the front of the gallery, opposite the rostrum, is presented, on each pannel, the names of Washington, Louis Philippe and La Fayette; while, on those of each of the side galleries, appear the names of each of the sons and daughters of the French King.

The Rotunda of Quincy Hall has been prepared with nearly similar taste. The windows and the sides of the room are hung with flags and other national insignia.—Against the wall are arranged the loaded supper tables, forming a hollow square, in which the centre is occupied by a second and smaller row of tables.

The company commenced assembling a little before eight. Soon after which the signal was given for the commencement of the dance. Meanwhile the company continued to pour in, until the hall is crowded in every corner, almost to suffocation. From the galleries, nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the sight below.

At half past nine o'clock, the Prince de Joinville reached the Hall. He was ushered into the Hall belonging to the Lancers, where he was welcomed by the Committee of Arrangements of which James Read, Esq. is the Chairman. By them he is escorted across the Hall, through a way opened for him on either side by rows of the company, to the rostrum. He is there received by the Mayor, at the head of the Committee of Reception, by whom he is welcomed and introduced to his hosts.

Soon after his entrance the dance is resumed, and the festal enjoyment, if possible, even higher than before. The hour for supper has arrived, the almost countless throng move on in lengthened line being drawn out through the illuminated passage, leading to the Rotunda, where every thing is now resounding with notes of revelry and high enjoyment. Even while we write, the crowd in the Halls is undiminished, and cannot be less than fifteen hundred. Such a magnificent affair, or one so completely successful, we venture to say, has never been witnessed on this continent. It was worthy of the distinguished stranger in whose honnor it is given—it is worthy of Boston. Can we say more?

So vast an assembly of the beautiful, the distinguished and the fashionable of this city has never been seen before, and the time is in all human probability far remote when we shall behold its equal. The magnificence of dress displayed on this occasion is far beyond anything ever seen before. But we must dismiss it, although not yet half at an end, for the press waits, and it is easy to foretell that they won't go home till morning.

The Mayor and Common Council of New-York visited the Prince de Joinville on board the Belle Poule, on Monday between one and two. They were welcomed with a salute, and received all the courtesies of the officers of the ship.

## THE POST OFFICE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have been favored by the proper authority with the following copy of a Letter containing Instructions from the POSTMASTER GENERAL, the strict execution of which cannot fail to reach a class of abuses which though not very glaring, do not the less require the hand of reform to be extended to them.

### CIRCULAR LETTER TO THE SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Nov. 4, 1841.

SIR: To the duties assigned you by any former instructions, as Special and Confidential Agent of this Department, I desire to add that of strictly observing the manner in which the Post Offices are kept in the section and along the lines of route you may be called to inspect and travel.

The Postmaster General expects that every Post Office, whatever may be its importance, shall be attended to or supervised by the Deputy Postmaster. The practice which, I regret to learn, has obtained in many portions of the United States, of one man holding the commission of Postmaster whilst another discharges its duties, must be stopped: and when such cases fall within your knowledge, I desire that they shall be made the subject of special report.

Great carelessness in the opening and keeping the mail in insecure places, and permitting persons other than the Postmaster, or his sworn assistants, to have access to the same when opening, or after it is opened, has been charged, in general terms, upon many of the Postmasters in the small towns and villages. This evil must be corrected, and when you have evidence of the fact, it is expected you will make it known to the Department, that the only efficient remedy may be applied. I will not continue in office those who will not themselves give their time and attention to the discharge of its duties, or who violate or suffer violations of the rules of the Department in opening and distributing the mail.

It is also disirable that you observe the deportment of all carriers and drivers of mails, and report any misconduct arising from wilful negligence or carelessness and inattention to their employers and to the Department.

Many complants having been made against the agent or travelling Postmasters on railroad routes, you are expected to observe the conduct of such as may fall within the range of your supervision.

Information has been communicated to this Department that drivers and carriers of the mail, on the more distant and more unimportant routes, are in the habit of carrying letters in violation of law, thereby lessoning the income of the Department. As this may be done in ignorance of the law, you will inform and instruct the contractors to charge the carriers and drivers not to violate the law in this particular. The act of 1825, section 20 directs that all carriers shall deliver such letters, whether sealed or unsealed, to the first Post Office at which they arrive after receiving them, and the Postmaster is directed to rate and charge the postage.

If you become satisfied that any Post Office is not of public utility, and not required for the public accommodation you will report that fact and the reasons for the opinion.

Upon the active exertion and vigilant supervision of the Special Agents of this Department, mainly depend the regularity, security, and efficiency of mail transportation, and I cannot too strongly impress upon you the importance and high responsibility of your stations. It is to you the Postmaster General must look for accurate information upon all subjects pertaining to the out-door operations of the Department. Give me your efficient aid and I do not despair of making the Post Office Department eminently useful and popular.

Very respectfully, your ob't. Serv't.
C. A. WICKLIFFE.


# EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, MD.

**Saturday Morning, Dec. 4.**


Congress meets on Monday next and the Message of the President will probably be delivered on Tuesday, a copy of which we shall endeavor to obtain in time for our next paper—the chief topic will of course be the currency and without doubt it will be amicably adjusted.

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RESIGNATION OF SENATOR CLAY, OF ALABAMA.—On the 15th ult. the Governor of the State of Alabama communicated to the Legislature of that State a Letter from the Hon. Clement C. Clay, resigning his seat in the Senate of the United States.

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MR. CLAY.—The following paragraph from the Lexington, Ky. Intelligencer of the 23d instant will be read with much gratification by the friends of this distinguished Statesman:

We are happy to be able to state, that Mr. CLAY's health is entirely restored, and to inform his friends that he leaves Ashland in a few days for Washington City, where we have no doubt he will remain as long as his services can be of any benefit to his country. The rumor that he only waits the meeting of the Legislature to tender his resignation, is unfounded. It is not possible that Mr. CLAY should at this time, when, above all others, his counsel is needed, retire from his post, and yield the citadel to the enemy.

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DEPARTURE OF THE AMISTAD AFRICANS.—These personages, thirty-five in number, being all that survive, embarked on Wednesday last, at New York, for Sierra Leone, on board the barque Gentleman, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Steele, Rev. Mr. Raymond and Mrs. Raymond, missionaries, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, teachers. From Sierra Leone they anticipate no difficulty in reaching their own country.

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PORK.—The Marshall (Va.) Beacon of Tuesday last says: 'Several droves of hogs have passed through this place within the last week. They were fed in this county, and sold to persons who driving them on to the East; they were purchased at $1,75 per hundred, live weight. The same price rules elsewhere and those who are buying here now give but $1,50. It is hardly probable that any advance will be made upon this price. The number of hogs fed in Marshall county this season is larger than any previous year, for the last four or five.'

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SPECIE.—Coin continues to flow out of the country in a large and unbroken stream. The export of specie from the port of New York from the 1st to the 20th November (which does not include the Great Western) was to England, $361,565; to France, $101,389; and to other places, $36,244: total, $799,198. The Great Western, which sailed on the 23d, took out $226,000 in coin—making the total export of specie from the 1st to the 23d, inclusive, one million, twenty-five thousand, one hundred and ninety-eight dollars. The New York Express says that the amount of specie exported from that port during the months of August, September, and October, was five millions of dollars—making a grand total of upwards of six millions in less than four months. This large sum in coin has been sent out of the country to day for the manufactures of England and France. Were our commerce with those nations regulated as it ought to be, and placed on a footing of fair reciprocity, we might pay in breadstuffs, tobacco, provisions, and other products, instead of specie, and thus would the basis of our currency remain unimpaired and undisturbed. If other nations will not take our products as readily as we receive their manufactures, we have no course left but to fall back upon our own domestic resources, which are varied and abundant; we must buy less abroad and more at home.—Balt. Amer.

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EXTENSIVE CIRCULATION.—A curious instance of the circulation of a bank note is mentioned by the Houston Telegraph. A gentleman who was closing up some business of a mercantile firm in one of the western settlements of Texas, a few weeks since, paid out a $100 note on one of the Louisiana banks, and in a few days afterwards received it again from a person who was owing him. On making inquiry he ascertained that this bill had made the complete tour of the set-

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