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The New Orleans Bee.

NEW ORLEANS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1854.

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One Dollar for every TEN lines, in each insertion on the first insertion and HALF that price for each subsequent one. No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar in each language.

☞ Advertisements inserted at intervals will be charged one dollar for every TEN lines for each language for each insertion.

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ST CHARLES THEATRE.—MISS JULIA DEAN and Mr. GUS JAMESON are fulfilling an engagement at the St. Charles. Of the merit of these two performers it is almost superfluous to speak. MISS DEAN is an established favorite in New Orleans, where she has won her way to high artistic reputation, by her exquisite conception and a favorable delineation of most every character within the range of the legitimate drama. She embodies with marked fidelity the leading traits of the part assigned to her; however, are a passion to falter, and rarely suffers to fall a false idea of sobriety to render her performance cold and tame. She has been charged with an undue fondness for making points—with a tendency to sensationalism—to be artificial performers, but we think MISS DEAN far less open to the charge than some of her predecessors. Taking all her excellences into consideration, we are of opinion that MISS DEAN is the truest actress we have at present on the American stage.

MR. JAMESON is a clever actor, but somewhat unequal. We have seen him play one part of a character beautifully, while the other half was given to severe criticism.

FANCIFUL VARIETIES.—The drama of "A Father's Love," which has been the principal and chief attraction at this theatre, is one of the most effective plays ever produced on the stage. It is an exciting and pathetic piece, and derives much of its power from its success in awakening the tender emotions which are peculiarly domestic and irresistibly touching. It is excellently well performed, and MR. BROWNE as the Father, achieves one of those triumphs which are fatal to the critic's veteran nerve.

By the way it is but sheer justice to acknowledge the excellence of the stock company of the VARIETIES. The manager has displayed great taste and discrimination in gathering together a fine an assortment of histrionic ability. There is scarcely a play, even among those written professedly for "Stars," that the stock company of VARIETIES could not perform better than the "Stars" can. That the stock company of VARIETIES could not perform more than respectably, and this, we understand, it is the intention of the manager to prove in the course of the season.

J. RICE'S AMPHITHEATRE.—The equestrian performances of the world renowned Mme. Tourniaire and her troupe give special attraction to this establishment. Mme. Tourniaire herself, as a horsewoman, is at once the boldest, most graceful and elegant we have seen. Her exercises are actually stupendous. They must be witnessed to be properly appreciated. There are to-day performances on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, at 2 o'clock, and on each occasion the French troops will appear.

THE RIOT AT ERIE.—On the night of the 26th, the railroad track and bridge at Harbor Creek, were again destroyed. One of the rioters was arrested on the railroad people, but he got bail. A meeting of the citizens was held and the attempt made to induce the rioters to abandon their lawless proceedings. The sheriff of Philadelphia is at Erie serving injunctions in behalf of the Western road.

BOSTON MUNICIPAL ELECTION.—The election for Mayor of Boston has again resulted in no choice. Dr. J. V. C. SMITH, the people's candidate, lacked 30 votes of an election.

HORRIBLE.—On the night of the 26th ult. Mr Hayes, keeper of the poor house in the town of Groton, Massachusetts, murdered his wife and three children, and after cut his own throat.

LOST MONEY FOUND.—The sum of $10,000, of which the Mechanics and Traders' Bank of New York was supposed to have been robbed some three months ago, was found, on the 26th ult, in the pocket of the cashier at Elizabethtown N. J.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

At the ST. CHARLES, Shield's beautiful tragedy "Evadne," in which Miss Dean and Mr. Jamison will personate the principal characters. Dancing by Mlle Valleo, M. Schmidt and Miss Thomas. The farce of "Good for Nothing" which is eminently good as a cure for the blues.

At the VARIETIES, Sheridan's fine comedy the "Rivals," in which Mr. Bass, Mr. Brown, and Mrs Stuart will appear. La Gerucha by Miss Edmiston. The laughable farce of the "Foodles."

At RICE'S AMPHITHEATRE, the grand equestrian performances of Madame Tourniaire and the French troupe.

At the SOUTHERN MUSEUM the Fat Lady, and fifty thousand curiosities, with a full allopathic.

MAD. SCHELL'S FASHIONABLE DRY GOOD STORE.—We [illegible] the advertisement of Mad. Schell's fashionable dry good store, which has just opened [illegible] assortment of Broadcloths, cloaks, and other articles of ladies' toilet, which she offers for sale on most reasonable terms than those of any other house in the city. Mad. SCHELL'S is well known as one of the most popular and fashionable establishments in New Orleans.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1853.

Mr. Editor:—

At a dinner given in the St. Nicholas Hotel, the other evening, by a committee of our wealthy merchants, to the Governor of New York and New Jersey, and other dignitaries, Mr. Tilman Tileston was permitted to preside, in deference to his wealth; and among the many *fawn pas* which he made during the evening, he offered a toast "to the health of General Wool in his *declining years.*" Now, though the General is 64 years of age, he is hale and hearty, and has no idea of being decayed in old age, with his foot in the grave, and he promptly pitched the *gauchers* of the Chairman, by stating that he was about to take command of the army in California, where his headquarters will be mostly in the saddle, and that he trusted he would be found that the energy in the service of the country was unabated.

General John E. Wool was born at Newburgh, in this State, in 1786, and passed the greater part of his youth as a clerk in the store of a merchant at Troy. He afterwards commenced the study of the law, but after a year's practice gave up the idea of following that profession, and, war having been declared against England, he obtained a captain's commission in a regiment of infantry, and joined the forces under General VAN RENSSELAER, on the Niagara frontier. During the war, he greatly distinguished himself, especially at the battles of Queenstown and Plattsburgh, and he was successively promoted to the ranks of Major and Lieutenant Colonel by brevet. In 1832, the government sent him to Europe, to examine the military schools, &c., and he happened to be present at Antwerp, during the siege of that city by the French. In 1839, he superintended the removal of the Cherokee Indians to the territory west of Arkansas; and, in 1846, he was appointed to the command on the Mexico frontier, during the boundary dispute with Great Britain. In 1841, he attained the rank of Brigadier General. His services in the Mexican war, particularly at the battle of Buena Vista, are too fresh in the public recollection to need recapitulation. It is by no means improbable that his friends will make a vigorous effort to bring him before the people as a candidate for the Presidency.

Many months ago, Mr. R. W. Latham, a banker at Washington, who aspires to the reputation of a modern Mecenas, offered a prize of $500 for a national poem, ode or epic, which, in the judgement of a committee appointed for that purpose, should be deemed worthy of reward. And on the 14th inst., a committee, consisting of Senator Sumner, Mr. Chandler, of Philadelphia, and other litterary members of Congress, reported that they had examined all the communications presented for the prize, and had unanimously decided that no production among those submitted was of such a character as to justify entitle it to be considered a "national poem, ode or epic." Thus, Mr. Latham has accumulated a considerable batch of poetry, which he intends to publish in a volume of immortalize himself as a patron of American genius, although his purse will remain in his pocket. It is a ridiculous idea that three months have, that poetry can be inspired by pecuniary rewards. Mr. Latham is probably much surprised that he has not encouraged the growth of the products of genius by the same means as would serve to stimulate the growth of cabbages, radishes, or onions.

We have a genius in New York, however, who insists that he is a poet, and that, if justice had been done, he would have drawn Mr. La tham's prize. This is a man named CHRISTOPHER PHYMISTER is John McChesney, and his residence No. 108 Grand street. In a letter to a morning paper, he says:

"Professor Nash and others have pronounced my piece superior to Hall Columbia, in their estimation—they like it better than Hail Columbia, and one person remarked that it would supersede Hail Columbia; and another, that when it was published and became known, it would be hailed in the countries as the Marseilles Hymn is to France. James W. Gerard, Esq., says I can use his name, as it is 'practicable.' When published, (as I propose so doing as soon as I can,) I shall send copies to Mr. Smith, Mr. Lamartine, &c., for the piece *is not only humane, but it is destined to have its effect in a large and extensive country.* I have named it the 'Ode to Liberty,' and the sentiments all strike to sustain its title. That I know, for it has received tests enough to satisfy me and a great many others. You can make use of this if you like."

Had not Senator Sumner and the rest of the Committee better review their judgment, and see what can be done for Mr. McChesney? *Justitia fiat, mat cœlum*, and all the other poets in America be tormented with envy.

The stock market is quiet, and it is now so late to the season that very little hope can be entertained by holders of stocks for any speculative excitement. Money is undoubtedly a little more abundant, but yet only enough so to make the operations of the Bulls more easy, and to prevent forcing fancy stocks on the market. The banks have not yet make a general call for their demand loans, and it will be well for speculators if they do not, for nothing would produce a panic quicker than such a movement. Millions of dollars are locked up in unproductive securities, the basis on which alone must be no small item. Investments are not made in these stocks with the idea of ever receiving a dividend, but entirely upon the probability of a rise, and when one will score confidence of more nerve, who will buy at higher prices.

The receipts at the office of the Assistant Treasurer on Saturday amounted to $481,310 33c., paid $233,503 36—balance $3,689,047 97.

During the week ending and including Thursday, December 22, the exports of the principal articles of dry goods were entered at this port:

Manufactures of Cotton,	Packages.	Value.
" Silk,	1,041	$516,772
" Wool,	231	129,676
" Flax,	77	25,000
" Miscellaneous,	221	85,542
Total	3,050	$1,406,772

I notice that Chief Justice Taney has latterly decided an important and interesting question, on which a correct certainty of opinion has existed for a long time. A legal gentleman, a month or two ago, when a debtor remitted money to his creditor by mail, and such money is lost before it reaches its destination, the remittance can be deemed a payment to the debtor? Or, in other words, as Justice holds that, if the creditor requests the money, without specifying or directing how it is to be sent, and the debtor complies with such request by remitting through the mail in the usual way, the debt must be considered paid, and if the money is lost, the creditor must suffer.

Chickering, the Boston Piano Forte maker, died, a few days ago, of apoplexy. The burning of his factory, a year or two ago, was that which he never recovered. This and another circumstance, affected the prestige of his instruments. The house of T. Gilbert & Co., by securing two important contracts, one for the Astor house, and the best of all the Astor attachments, has been able to fill the space once occupied by Chickering. Deaths, the destruction of the Piano Fortes, and the fatality of the burning of the rival establishment have not contributed more to the success of the house we have referred to, than the talent, taste, popularity and masterly business management, of the New York agent, Mr. Horace Waters, a man of great skill and facility of character to command success, a who could not fail, to be, because he understands all its elements. He is one of the dozen or so of our men of mark in business, and he does not fail to succeed with great reputation, he does not disappoint you. He is as highly appreciated in the Fifth Avenue of New York, as among his most distant customers in Oregon, New Zealand, or Australia. He knows, also, what some at times seem to forget, how much he owes to the power of the press. He knows the sensations and fortunes—the power of the press.

Alexandre Dumas is about to take up his residence in this country. I have been favored by a friend with the perusal of a letter addressed by the great Parisian—The Borree was dull, Threes closed 75 85; Four-and-halves, 10?¼.

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.

LOSS OVER A MILLION OF DOLLARS.

The fire in New York which destroyed so large an amount of valuable property, commenced at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 27th ult., in a building in the rear of 244 Front street, occupied by Messrs. Treadwell & Soe, as the Novelty Bakery. The *Commercial Advertiser* says:

Unfortunately, there was a strong breeze from the Westward at the time, and the flames made rapid progress. The front building occupied by Treadwell & Soe, as a bakery and dwelling house, was soon on fire, and the flames communicated to the adjoining warehouses.—No 242, occupied by Messrs. Jones, Rowland & Co., flour dealers, No. 244 by Messrs. Wm. Ward & Co., importers of Russian matting, etc., which were also destroyed. The flames also communicated to the store of R. Schiffelin & Co., No. 247 Front, on the opposite side of the street, which was burned out. The store of Edward Owens, Commission merchant, No. 249 Front street, and the large and well known establishment of George C. Newman, No. 245 Front street, were partly destroyed. Other neighboring buildings were greatly damaged by water.

The rear parts of the buildings Nos. 265 and 267 Water street, and of the Irish Volunteer Fourth Ward House, were also burned, and much damaged, but their fronts were uninjured. These premises are occupied respectively by Messrs. Dunscomb & Hall, boot dealers, and W. Hilt, clothier, and Michael Doody, tavern keeper.

The law of Messrs. Jones, Rowland & Co., No. 242 Front street, is for $14,000 on the building, was insured for $14,000 in the National office, and the stock for $12,000 in the Market office.

The insurance on the stock in trade generally, remains to be described. As we have remarked, the wind was blowing violently from the Westward, and the fire was fanned into terrible fierceness. Large fragments of wood which were whirled into the air by the tempest were carried over the houses and fell upon the shipping moored in the slip at that place. Here lay the Great Republic, the Joseph Walker, the Constellation, and the White Squall and of these only the white ships the Constellation alone escaped.

The rigging of the Great Republic, whose ill starred name was to be the last on the list that it should carry, was fired, and the flames then spread with terrible fury and rapidity. The burning sails falling upon the deck ignited the hull, and it was then that it was impossible to tow her into the stream. The Joseph Walker was likewise fobbed of rather cobbed on the back of his head. A thick cripple of burning wood struck his shoulder, under which he wore a blue garment much resembling a Western hunting-shirt. His pants were of blue broadcloth, small at the bottom, and tied around his ankles with ribbons. White woollen socks protected his feet, and as he sidled along the pavement, cuddled in a cowl of negrohood, he looked like a veritable Ethiopian serenader. Through his eyeglass, pyrat music issued spontaneously, or at least, passed the unfortunate conclusion thereof.

The fire was soon got under control, but not before it had destroyed the entire police force at the watch house, which is situated opposite the Archbishop's residence. As the "Procession" approached, they set up a disgusting howl, accompanied with shouting and discordant music. When the procession was passing the watch house, the police, at the word of command, rushed upon it, and each secreted a man. A general *meleé* followed, and a scene ensued which baffles description. Shots were fired, and shouts and executions filled the air. The rioters finally fled, but were pursued by the police, and upwards of sixty of their number captured, and placed in the cells of the watch house.

The latter animosity against the Nuncio, which led to this outbreak, is the consequence of that misdirected zeal which was manifested in early in Italy, during the revolution of 1848.

Several inflammatory articles have recently appeared in the public papers touching this matter, in one of which the following sentence occurs:

"If the Hungarian butcher, Haynau, met with no warm a reception in Monarchical England, how will the Pope's Nuncio to expect in Republican America?"

The excitement is continued this morning in the neighborhood of the watch house where a guard is collected.

Fourteen were wounded, of whom one died this morning. All is quiet now.

TELEGRAPHIC.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Dec. 26.

GREAT FIRE IN AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—Yesterday morning a fire broke out in the grocery store of McDonnell & McClemphs, which destroyed the block on the corner of Main & Market, and two buildings owned by J B Borst and A G Mallory. The tenements were occupied by McDonnell & McClemphs, grocers. W H Green, grocer, J Warren, hardware, H Pierson, shoe dealer, Mrs Wyburn, millinery, Mr C Young, sadler, A Neff, barber, and the American Mutual Insurance Company.

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There is but one way in which the *Herald* could possibly please WINFIELD SCOTT, and that would be to say nothing of him. Silence is the only homage it could render. Fulsome adulation at no time desirable from such a source, is little better than an insult. The tinsel has survived the enmity of the *Herald*. With a tough temperament and a powerful constitution, he has managed to outlive the bounding ferocity with which he was assailed by that journal—But now that the *Herald* has begun to praise him, we tremble for the veteran's safety. The sycophancy of the *Herald* is far more perilous than the canons of the Mexican line of battle of the British. The only consolation of the illustrious General in the unexpected danger, is the reflection that the baboy is not intended as praise *per se*, but is simply employed to render more effective the onslaught of the *Herald* on the cabinet of Gen. Pierce.

It may be as well to add, while on this topic, that the *Herald* has not tact enough to mingle good manners, decency and wit happily together. In losing one of these, it sacrifices the poignant characteristic that made its articles eminently readable. While it was impudent, it continued amusing, now that it apes dignity, it grows insufferably dull. The obvious policy of the paper is to resume its former character, with a scurvy joke, bold even to effrontery, a decent disregard of proprieties, and particularly studying the telling humor of the lower classes of readers, and if the public sometimes laughed *with* it, they sometimes laughed *at* it. But the *Herald's* "sentiments" are worse than JOSEPH SURFACE'S, and we damn them quite as heartily as SIR PETER TEAZLE could do.

ST CHARLES THEATRE.—MISS JULIA DEAN and Mr. GUS JAMESON are fulfilling an engagement at the St. Charles. Of the merit of these two performers it is almost superfluous to speak. MISS DEAN is an established favorite in New Orleans, where she has won her way to high artistic reputation, by her exquisite conception and a favorable delineation of most every character within the range of the legitimate drama. She embodies with marked fidelity the leading traits of the part assigned to her; however, are a passion to falter, and rarely suffers to fall a false idea of sobriety to render her performance cold and tame. She has been charged with an undue fondness for making points—with a tendency to sensationalism—to be artificial performers, but we think MISS DEAN far less open to the charge than some of her predecessors. Taking all her excellences into consideration, we are of opinion that MISS DEAN is the truest actress we have at present on the American stage.

MR. JAMESON is a clever actor, but somewhat unequal. We have seen him play one part of a character beautifully, while the other half was given to severe criticism.

FANCIFUL VARIETIES.—The drama of "A Father's Love," which has been the principal and chief attraction at this theatre, is one of the most effective plays ever produced on the stage. It is an exciting and pathetic piece, and derives much of its power from its success in awakening the tender emotions which are peculiarly domestic and irresistibly touching. It is excellently well performed, and MR. BROWNE as the Father, achieves one of those triumphs which are fatal to the critic's veteran nerve.

By the way it is but sheer justice to acknowledge the excellence of the stock company of the VARIETIES. The manager has displayed great taste and discrimination in gathering together a fine an assortment of histrionic ability. There is scarcely a play, even among those written professedly for "Stars," that the stock company of VARIETIES could not perform better than the "Stars" can. That the stock company of VARIETIES could not perform more than respectably, and this, we understand, it is the intention of the manager to prove in the course of the season.

J. RICE'S AMPHITHEATRE.—The equestrian performances of the world renowned Mme. Tourniaire and her troupe give special attraction to this establishment. Mme. Tourniaire herself, as a horsewoman, is at once the boldest, most graceful and elegant we have seen. Her exercises are actually stupendous. They must be witnessed to be properly appreciated. There are to-day performances on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, at 2 o'clock, and on each occasion the French troops will appear.

THE RIOT AT ERIE.—On the night of the 26th, the railroad track and bridge at Harbor Creek, were again destroyed. One of the rioters was arrested on the railroad people, but he got bail. A meeting of the citizens was held and the attempt made to induce the rioters to abandon their lawless proceedings. The sheriff of Philadelphia is at Erie serving injunctions in behalf of the Western road.

BOSTON MUNICIPAL ELECTION.—The election for Mayor of Boston has again resulted in no choice. Dr. J. V. C. SMITH, the people's candidate, lacked 30 votes of an election.

HORRIBLE.—On the night of the 26th ult. Mr Hayes, keeper of the poor house in the town of Groton, Massachusetts, murdered his wife and three children, and after cut his own throat.

LOST MONEY FOUND.—The sum of $10,000, of which the Mechanics and Traders' Bank of New York was supposed to have been robbed some three months ago, was found, on the 26th ult, in the pocket of the cashier at Elizabethtown N. J.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

At the ST. CHARLES, Shield's beautiful tragedy "Evadne," in which Miss Dean and Mr. Jamison will personate the principal characters. Dancing by Mlle Valleo, M. Schmidt and Miss Thomas. The farce of "Good for Nothing" which is eminently good as a cure for the blues.

At the VARIETIES, Sheridan's fine comedy the "Rivals," in which Mr. Bass, Mr. Brown, and Mrs Stuart will appear. La Gerucha by Miss Edmiston. The laughable farce of the "Foodles."

At RICE'S AMPHITHEATRE, the grand equestrian performances of Madame Tourniaire and the French troupe.

At the SOUTHERN MUSEUM the Fat Lady, and fifty thousand curiosities, with a full allopathic.

MAD. SCHELL'S FASHIONABLE DRY GOOD STORE.—We [illegible] the advertisement of Mad. Schell's fashionable dry good store, which has just opened [illegible] assortment of Broadcloths, cloaks, and other articles of ladies' toilet, which she offers for sale on most reasonable terms than those of any other house in the city. Mad. SCHELL'S is well known as one of the most popular and fashionable establishments in New Orleans.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1853.

Mr. Editor:—

At a dinner given in the St. Nicholas Hotel, the other evening, by a committee of our wealthy merchants, to the Governor of New York and New Jersey, and other dignitaries, Mr. Tilman Tileston was permitted to preside, in deference to his wealth; and among the many *fawn pas* which he made during the evening, he offered a toast "to the health of General Wool in his *declining years.*" Now, though the General is 64 years of age, he is hale and hearty, and has no idea of being decayed in old age, with his foot in the grave, and he promptly pitched the *gauchers* of the Chairman, by stating that he was about to take command of the army in California, where his headquarters will be mostly in the saddle, and that he trusted he would be found that the energy in the service of the country was unabated.

General John E. Wool was born at Newburgh, in this State, in 1786, and passed the greater part of his youth as a clerk in the store of a merchant at Troy. He afterwards commenced the study of the law, but after a year's practice gave up the idea of following that profession, and, war having been declared against England, he obtained a captain's commission in a regiment of infantry, and joined the forces under General VAN RENSSELAER, on the Niagara frontier. During the war, he greatly distinguished himself, especially at the battles of Queenstown and Plattsburgh, and he was successively promoted to the ranks of Major and Lieutenant Colonel by brevet. In 1832, the government sent him to Europe, to examine the military schools, &c., and he happened to be present at Antwerp, during the siege of that city by the French. In 1839, he superintended the removal of the Cherokee Indians to the territory west of Arkansas; and, in 1846, he was appointed to the command on the Mexico frontier, during the boundary dispute with Great Britain. In 1841, he attained the rank of Brigadier General. His services in the Mexican war, particularly at the battle of Buena Vista, are too fresh in the public recollection to need recapitulation. It is by no means improbable that his friends will make a vigorous effort to bring him before the people as a candidate for the Presidency.

Many months ago, Mr. R. W. Latham, a banker at Washington, who aspires to the reputation of a modern Mecenas, offered a prize of $500 for a national poem, ode or epic, which, in the judgement of a committee appointed for that purpose, should be deemed worthy of reward. And on the 14th inst., a committee, consisting of Senator Sumner, Mr. Chandler, of Philadelphia, and other litterary members of Congress, reported that they had examined all the communications presented for the prize, and had unanimously decided that no production among those submitted was of such a character as to justify entitle it to be considered a "national poem, ode or epic." Thus, Mr. Latham has accumulated a considerable batch of poetry, which he intends to publish in a volume of immortalize himself as a patron of American genius, although his purse will remain in his pocket. It is a ridiculous idea that three months have, that poetry can be inspired by pecuniary rewards. Mr. Latham is probably much surprised that he has not encouraged the growth of the products of genius by the same means as would serve to stimulate the growth of cabbages, radishes, or onions.

We have a genius in New York, however, who insists that he is a poet, and that, if justice had been done, he would have drawn Mr. La tham's prize. This is a man named CHRISTOPHER PHYMISTER is John McChesney, and his residence No. 108 Grand street. In a letter to a morning paper, he says:

"Professor Nash and others have pronounced my piece superior to Hail Columbia, in their estimation—they like it better than Hail Columbia, and one person remarked that it would supersede Hail Columbia; and another, that when it was published and became known, it would be hailed in the countries as the Marseilles Hymn is to France. James W. Gerard, Esq., says I can use his name, as it is 'practicable.' When published, (as I propose so doing as soon as I can,) I shall send copies to Mr. Smith, Mr. Lamartine, &c., for the piece *is not only humane, but it is destined to have its effect in a large and extensive country.* I have named it the 'Ode to Liberty,' and the sentiments all strike to sustain its title. That I know, for it has received tests enough to satisfy me and a great many others. You can make use of this if you like."

Had not Senator Sumner and the rest of the Committee better review their judgment, and see what can be done for Mr. McChesney? *Justitia fiat, mat cœlum*, and all the other poets in America be tormented with envy.

The stock market is quiet, and it is now so late to the season that very little hope can be entertained by holders of stocks for any speculative excitement. Money is undoubtedly a little more abundant, but yet only enough so to make the operations of the Bulls more easy, and to prevent forcing fancy stocks on the market. The banks have not yet make a general call for their demand loans, and it will be well for speculators if they do not, for nothing would produce a panic quicker than such a movement. Millions of dollars are locked up in unproductive securities, the basis on which alone must be no small item. Investments are not made in these stocks with the idea of ever receiving a dividend, but entirely upon the probability of a rise, and when one will score confidence of more nerve, who will buy at higher prices.

The receipts at the office of the Assistant Treasurer on Saturday amounted to $481,310 33c., paid $233,503 36—balance $3,689,047 97.

During the week ending and including Thursday, December 22, the exports of the principal articles of dry goods were entered at this port:

Manufactures of Cotton,	Packages.	Value.
" Silk,	1,041	$516,772
" Wool,	231	129,676
" Flax,	77	25,000
" Miscellaneous,	221	85,542
Total	3,050	$1,406,772

I notice that Chief Justice Taney has latterly decided an important and interesting question, on which a correct certainty of opinion has existed for a long time. A legal gentleman, a month or two ago, when a debtor remitted money to his creditor by mail, and such money is lost before it reaches its destination, the remittance can be deemed a payment to the debtor? Or, in other words, as Justice holds that, if the creditor requests the money, without specifying or directing how it is to be sent, and the debtor complies with such request by remitting through the mail in the usual way, the debt must be considered paid