THE REPUBLIC.

WASHINGTON:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1853.

Whig Convention in Vermont.

We applaud the sentiment contained in the two following resolutions of the Vermont Whig State Convention:

"A greater restriction of the *Executive* power and patronage of the United States, which now, from its vast and yet increasing extent, bids fair to overshadow every other branch of the Government, to the great detriment of the general welfare, and with manifest danger to the liberties of the people.

"An administration of the finances of the Government (both of the State and of the United States) which shall be strictly limited by law, and economical in its character."

The convention says well, "that a party 'which maintains such principles in a free 'country never dies," unless, it might be added, freedom should expire with them.

We are well satisfied that the Executive has grown at the expense of the co-ordinate Departments of the Legislative and the Judiciary. It is also fast overshadowing the dignity of the States themselves.

Of the power of the Federal Executive over the Congress we need offer no higher proof than the number of members who have sought and accepted office at the hands of the PRESIDENT, and the open use that is made of Executive influence in strengthening the representative by bestowing office upon his constituents.

The same influence has been shown in the translation of the highest State functionaries to Federal offices, and by the swarm of persons who, passing by the employments public and private offered at home, besiege the Executive with their claims, and what must be even more annoying to him, their flatteries.

The press is far from having escaped the attractive effects of Executive patronage. With a large amount of advertising and job work at its disposal, the temptation to sustain the dispenser of such rewards is too strong for ordinary morality. Hence we see the more immediate recipients guarding the door of the palace with the most ferocious vigilance, whilst the smaller pack in the interior yelp an accordant wrath at any thing that threatens the hand which feeds them.

How Executive power may be restricted, is a question worthy of patriot statesmen. It was the question upon which the Whig party was founded, and we regret to say that it is now farther from solution than at first. Perhaps if the Whig party had not been led off upon immaterial issues—mere measures of expediency—it might have achieved more; but we have always regretted that the republican principle upon which it was founded—we mean Executive restriction and official reform—has become so mixed up with the subordinate measures of revenue, the encouragement of manufactures, the improvement of the country, and the domestic question so dangerous to the existence of the Union, that it has not attained the great constitutional result which had been hoped for.

Another great principle to which the Whig party owes its organization was the constitutional and economical administration of the Federal finances. This has, we regret to know, been held an issue of less consequence in these latter days—when men, without respect to party, have been guilty of the most corrupt abuse of public trust both under the Federal and State governments.

These cardinal principles enounced by the convention cannot, we are convinced, die so long as the principles of republicanism shall throb in the bosom of Americans; and although the popular mind may have been diverted from their view by the clouds of abstraction or the interposition of expediency, we are convinced that upon any proper issue made in regard to them the American people will be found, without regard to party classification, to approve the restriction of Executive power, and the strictest economy, both in the appropriation and expenditure of the public money.

The Hon. HENRY VAIL, formerly a Representative in Congress from the State of New York, died at Troy, in that State, on Saturday, the 25th instant.

COMPLIMENT TO AMERICANS.—We notice by our late English files that the following Americans had the honorary degree of D. C. L. conferred upon them at the recent installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University of Oxford: The Hon. Joseph Randolph Ingersoll, Minister of the United States; the Hon. Martin Van Buren, formerly President of the United States; the Right Rev. George Jehosaphat Mountain, Bishop of Quebec; the Right Rev. Charles Petit McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio; the Hon. Mr. Justice Halburton.

[*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

THE LATE NEGRO EFFERVESCENCE in New Orleans, though ridiculous enough in itself, the *Picayune* says, has established the fact that white men have been tampering with the negroes, and shows the necessity of a rigorous enforcement of the laws in regard to inciting the slaves to insurrection, which are very severe, the penalty for this offence being imprisonment for life or death at the discretion of the judge.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN WALBACH.—This morning the last ceremonial rites were performed over the body of Captain Walbach, United States army, who died at the arsenal at Pikesville, near Baltimore. At 10 o'clock the body was removed from the residence of his father, North Calvert street, upon one of the battery carriages from Fort McHenry, shrouded with the national flag. The escort was composed of the Baltimore City Guards, Captain McDonald; Lafayette Guards, Lieutenant Ferrandini, and a detachment of horse from Fort McHenry. Following in the rear were the two batteries from the fort, and a long line of carriages, filled with army and navy officers, and many of our most prominent citizens. The body was taken to the Cathedral, where high mass was performed, and from thence to the Cathedral burying ground, where it was committed to the earth, a volley being fired over the grave by the military. Along the whole route the pageant moved in solid column, and as the solemn strains from Linhard's band pealed over the moving mass, many a countenance bore the marks of sadness. An officer from the fort rode upon the left, but the column was under the command of Major Egerton. The body was flanked by United States soldiers.

[*Baltimore Patriot of last evening.*

A Boston correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing on the 25th instant, says:

"Upwards of forty gentlemen of the Whig persuasion were yesterday put out of their pain by Collector Peaslee putting them out of their places in the custom-house."

DONALD G. MITCHELL, esq., (Ik Marvel,) Consul to Venice, and lady, sailed from New York on Saturday in the Arctic.

GOV. SEYMOUR, of New York, declines to offer a reward for the rest of the anti-renters who recently committed an outrage upon an officer of Albany county while in the discharge of his official duty. The Governor thinks it is the duty of the officers of the county to arrest the offenders. The present course of the authorities will not tend to put a stop to these anti-rent outrages.

The Harvest.

The wheat harvest is actively progressing in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and other parts of the country, and, with the exception of some particular localities, the yield will be a full one.

The Baltimore American of yesterday says:

"The harvest in Maryland was in active progress last week, and the country papers are generally occupied with details of the character of the crop. In none of the counties will the yield be below an average one. In Cecil and Kent counties the crop will be a full one; in Dorchester it will be a good average crop, though some damage has been done by the fly and smut; in Frederick and St. Mary's counties there will be an average crop. The Worcester, Dorchester, and Kent county papers complain of the unpromising condition of the corn."

The Delaware *State Reporter* of June 24 says:

"This and the week past has been a busy time with the farmers. Last week most of the Alabama wheat was harvested and garnered. On last Monday the reaping of the Mediterranean wheat was a general thing. The old English or round-head white wheat is fast ripening, and will be awaiting the scythe of the reaper on Monday next. Many fields are fully ripe. The harvest coming on the farmers rather earlier than was anticipated, has made them bestir themselves smartly. In most cases the yield is large, and in some it is abundant, filling the hearts of the honest sons of the soil with pride and much joy at their great success."

The Richmond *Whig* says the wheat harvest is rapidly progressing on James river, and that richer crops have never been seen.

The Alexandria *Gazette*, of yesterday, says:

"Harvesting is going on in all this neighborhood, and we learn that the prospect for an excellent crop is good, the yield being large and the quality fine. We wish all parts of the State could make as good a show as we do in this quarter."

The St. Louis *Republican* says most of the wheat between Memphis and that city has been cut, and the dry weather has favored in getting it in. The *Republican* is informed that the yield is very abundant.

The Russo-Turkish Question.

The last Note of Prince Menschikoff to the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

BUYUKDERE, May 9, (21,) 1853.

At the moment of departure from Constantinople, the undersigned Ambassador of Russia has learned that the Sublime Porte manifested its intention to proclaim a guarantee for the exercise of the spiritual rights vested in the clergy of the Eastern Church, which in fact renders doubtful the maintenance of the other privileges which that church enjoys.

Whatever may be the motive of this determination, the undersigned is under the necessity of informing his highness, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that a declaration or any other act which, although it may preserve the integrity of the purely spiritual rights of the orthodox Eastern Church, tends to invalidate the other rights, privileges, and immunities accorded to her religion and clergy from the most ancient times, and which they enjoy at the present moment, will be considered by the Imperial Cabinet as an act of hostility to Russia and to her religion.

The undersigned begs, &c.,

MENSCHIKOFF.

His Highness REDSCHID PASHA,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

POLITICS AND LAW are strangely commingled at New York, according to the following paragraph, which we clip from a paper of that city, the *Daily National Democrat*, of Monday:

"*Disgusting Rascality.*—We are definitely informed, and by the very best authority, that the most strenuous efforts have been made to prevent the just sentence of the law from being pronounced upon the villains who are convicted of riot at Tammany Hall, and of assault upon Augustus Schell, esq., by which he was very nearly killed. Judge Beebe has tried in vain for several weeks to sentence the culprits—always some trick or legal quibble has been thrown in to prevent him: and at last one of their political friends, who now has a high and responsible office, informed one of the judges that there were some of his friends in a certain Department of the General Government, and that they should not be removed if these criminals are allowed to escape with a fine; but that in no case must they be imprisoned, even for the shortest period. This seems incredible, but nevertheless we have no doubt that it is true. Nor do we hesitate to say that the judge ought at once to give his name to the public, and let him be indicted for the offence. Every good citizen has a common interest in bringing to justice the double rascal who would hold off the penalties of the law from rioters and midnight assassins. And when such business is done to save a political partisan, it becomes a crime of peculiar blackness. We say out with this whole matter, and let official ranks be purged of such rascality."

MINISTERIAL CHANGES IN CANADA.—We believe there is good authority for making the announcement of the following ministerial changes, some of which have been long expected:

Messrs. Caron and Richards go on the Bench, to the places vacated by the deaths of Justices Bacquet and Sullivan.

Hon. Mr. Ross takes the Attorney Generalship, vacant by the promotion of Mr. Richards.

Mr. Morrison succeeds Mr. Ross as Solicitor General.

Hon. John Rolph takes the Presidentship of the Council, and Bureau of Agriculture, which are vacated by Hon. M. Cameron, who becomes Post master General.

The Postmaster General, Hon. James Morris, is to become Speaker of the Legislative Council, vice Caron.

The Crown Lands has been offered to Mr. Sicotte, but that gentleman had not accepted at last accounts.—*Montreal Herald.*

MASSACHUSETTS AND ALABAMA.—Governor COLLIER, of Alabama, in an official letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, has acknowledged the reception of the resolves of the Legislature of Massachusetts in relation to the death of WILLIAM R. KING, the Vice President of the United States, in doing which he says:

"The Commonwealth over which you preside has paid a just and merited compliment to the memory of Colonel King. Alabama honors Massachusetts as an elder sister, whose history is the record of noble deeds, and whose enterprise and progress in whatever advances humanity has given to her consideration and distinction wherever the American name is known and appreciated. As the representative of Alabama, I thank the Legislature of your State for the honor it has paid the memory of our distinguished son.

"The duplicate copy of the resolves you have enclosed shall, as you request, be transmitted without delay to the family of Colonel King."

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION—LOSS OF LIFE.—Between 10 and 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the propeller Challenge, (lately built at this port,) while about 20 miles below Mackinac, bound down, exploded her boiler, with the most disastrous effects. Five persons were killed, three severely and one slightly injured. The stern of the boat was blown off, and she sank in about five minutes.

The passengers and crew escaped in two boats, and were picked up shortly afterward by the schooner North Star, which was about ten miles distant at the time of the explosion, and, bearing the report, hastened to the rescue. The North Star meeting the propeller Bucephalus, bound for this port, the survivors were transferred to the latter vessel, which arrived there last evening.

[*Detroit Free Press, June 24.*

ASSEMBLYMEN LAID OUT.—A good story is told of a Kentuckian who in his wanderings found himself in Albany, where he put up at one of the hotels at which was located a large number of the members of our State Legislature. These gentlemen took great delight in showing off for the edification of such outsiders and strangers as this Kentuckian. The Assemblymen greatly annoyed him by calling each other from their respective counties, after this style: "I'll thank the gentleman from Oneida," &c., &c.; whereupon the Kentuckian said to a huge darky waiter, "I'll thank the gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham." He got the ham, and wasn't disturbed any more during his stay at Albany.

[*Sunday Dispatch.*

CAPTAIN J. W. T. GARDNER.—We learn from the Minnesota *Democrat* that this distinguished officer of the United States army has been compelled, in consequence of a severe rheumatic affection, to retire from the North Pacific Railroad Expedition. His place cannot easily be supplied. He is an experienced officer, an old explorer, perfectly acquainted with all the details of camp police, the habits of Indians, and is just the man for almost any emergency that might arise on such an expedition. Governor Stevens expresses the deepest regret for the loss of his services.

[*St. Louis Republican, 19th.*

"Women's Rights"—to have husbands and children. Women's wrongs—to be compelled by the force of public opinion to obey the former and take care of the latter. Hard, but honest. What says Mrs. What's-her-name, who, having survived her bloom, takes to "bloomers," and talks about enlarging her "spear?"—*Boston Post.*

"Sammy, why don't your mother mend that rip in your trousers?"

"Oh, she's gone to the sewing circle, to make clothes for poor children."

Monsieur Ampere's Visit to Washington.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, in a late letter, says:

"The last published *Promenade* of M. Ampere, the eminent French writer, consists chiefly of his visit to the city of Washington. It was merely mentioned in my epistle of last week. Perhaps something more of it may be acceptable to your readers. The accomplished and lively gentleman entered Washington towards the end of December, when its whole surface was covered with snow; and the effect, as a city perspective, was rather dismal. The negroes presented a contrast with the general white pall. The Capitol pleased him; so the statuary of Greenough. He was agreeably disappointed in the character of the sittings of the Senate and the House of Representatives; they were less unruly than he had been taught to expect. When the Kossuth affair occasioned some agitation on the floor and in the galleries of the House of Representatives, he heard this remark from an American auditor: 'We have a French House to-day.' He observes, incidentally, that as some parts of the Union are not entirely civilized, it is not surprising that some uncouth mortals are deputed to Congress, such as the mountains of Corsica might elect for the French Legislative Body. He approves the one-hour regulation for oratory, and opines that it would not be an evil for the Senate. He heard speeches of General Foote, General Houston, and Mr. Douglas; the first was violent in an unprovoked attack on the second; the Texan Senator kept his temper, and replied with good humor by a piquant anecdote; a short biographical sketch of General Houston is given. Ampere dwells on the nervous style and promising capacity of Mr. Douglas; Mr Clay he calls the Aristides of the Republic. He was admitted to the floor of the House of Representatives, and a member most politely gave up his seat to the stranger, who apprehended only that he might be counted among the ayes and noes.

Eight or ten pages of the *Promenade* are allotted to American politics and destinies. The distinctions of Federalists and Republicans, Democrats and Federal Republicans—Whigs and Democrats—are historically traced, and the several Presidents passed in review. M. Ampere characterizes each; he undervalues Mr. Polk, and rather overrates Mr. Fillmore. Harrison and Taylor were not duly qualified, and therefore more or less of automatons. Since General Jackson, no President has been *a personage*. 'After the majestic figure of Washington, but far below, stands out a figure rather wild but yet great—the original, energetic Jackson.' America, M. Ampere fears, is growing extravagant; the young Democracy thirst for territorial expansion and conquest, and the rectification or management of European affairs. This new passion for aggrandizement conflicts with the Democratic doctrine of State sovereignty, since every accession of territory and population tends to augment the power of the General Government. The traveller could discover no real animosity between the political parties, except on the topic of negro slavery. He quotes Channing copiously. Kossuth arrived at Washington during his sojourn. The Hungarian hero was partly shorn of his beams. He had dwindled. The man at Washington was not the same the French spectator had contemplated at New York in his first triumphs and harangues. They met at the dinner table of President Fillmore; and Webster, Cass, Scott, and Seward were of the company. Nothing was said of Hungarian wrongs or Austrian despotism. Kossuth seemed out of his element. He was restricted in his talk to history and languages in general. His black velvet mantle gave him a theatrical air. He excited no enthusiasm. The five rival candidates for the Presidentship chatted with each other in the most familiar and amicable way.

"M. Ampere was present also at the New Year's reception at the White House. He had been told that the crowd was usually rude and grotesque: singular feats of vulgarity were related to him. He remained an hour and witnessed no grossness—no indecorum whatever. On his exit, indeed, he was robbed of his purse, and he cautions, accordingly, all foreign guests on such occasions. He describes the Smithsonian Institution in detail, and contests Mr. Owen's theory of American Republican Architecture. He pays an earnest tribute to Professor Henry and his scientific merits. M. Ampere's celebrated father first suggested the application of electro-magnetism to the transmission of intelligence to great distances; so testified Professor Henry in the Morse Patent case before the courts. The traveller surveyed the Patent Office; the contents, however curious, are not well arranged nor suitably displayed. The Observatory gratified him exceedingly; he dwells on Locke's electrical clock, and Lieutenant Maury's most sagacious and laudable hydrographical studies and performances. He quotes Humboldt's lofty opinion of them—adding, 'These maritime charts must be deemed one of the noblest and most useful results of nautical science.' He particularly inspected the establishment over which Professor Bache presides with indefatigable sedulousness and profound knowledge. He celebrates the excellence of the charts and the general value of the Coast Survey. 'The Smithsonian Institution,' he says—'the operations of the Observatory, and the other establishment, the labors of Maury and Bache—constitute an ensemble of scientific activity of importance, and even grandeur. They must be held of large account in any impartial estimate of American cultivation.'"

THE RUSSIAN FLEET.—Letters from Constantinople, of the 29th ultimo, state that the Russian fleet at Sebastopol consisted of 13 ships of the line, six of which mounted 120 guns—namely, the Varna, the Twelve Apostles, the Rostilar Sviatorlar, Selafond, and the Three Swiagytoli; of eight frigates of 60 guns, six corvettes, and 12 smaller vessels. Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining information relative to the Russian armament, it was known by deserters that the crews had been lately completed, and that the 120-gun ships were amply supplied with heavy artillery. The fleet however wanted steamers, which rendered its evolutions more difficult.

STAY AT HOME.—The New York *Express* thus truly discourseth:

"The summer solstice has come and gone, and with it the longest day of the year. While the sun is just now reversing her wheels upon Cancer, citizens are flying by thousands from the seaside to the woods and from the woods to the seaside. What discontented mortals we are! For cool rooms at home we follow steam engines on the river, locomotives upon the rails, and carriages amidst clouds of dust. Instead of the morning *robe de chambre*, Croton and seaside baths, the rest and pleasures of home, we plunge into the bonds of fashionable dressing and the restraints of fashionable life. The country we know is very beautiful, and never looked more charmingly than now. But the city, if one is comfortably housed in it, with home comforts, and that sort of castle which one can call his own, is not so bad a place as many who like to tantalize their neighbors who have to stay at home would have the world believe."

PLENTY OF STUFF.—One of the heads of department [at New York]—a body of patriots whose salaries range from $1,500 to $2,500—the other night paid a visit to the Hippodrome, and by way of proving that he was "some pumpkins," pulled out *three one thousand dollar bills* and shook them at the crowd, to show, we suppose, that his salary was the smallest part of the change his office was worth.

Another of these gentlemen not long since paid *one thousand dollars* for a "fast nag." Of course he don't rely on his salary for his pocket money.

We are also told that some of these men own horseflesh to the value of thousands of dollars; and we know that the grog bills of many of our city officials amount to two or three times the amount of their respective salaries, to say nothing of their other expenses.

These items clearly prove that our office holders are great financiers. When compared with them, Comptroller Flagg sinks into insignificance. On salaries of from $1,000 to $3,000 a year, they manage to spend three times that amount and get rich at that.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

A WINDFALL.—Isaak Butler, of Vernon, in this county, a very poor but a very honest, worthy man, a Norwegian by birth, and for many years a sailor on the high seas, has recently received a letter from the Swedish and Norwegian consul at New York, conveying to him the pleasant intelligence that by the death of a relative in Norway he is the heir to $94,110. Mr. Butler is about sixty years of age, has no relatives in this country, and for the last twelve or fifteen years has resided at Vernon.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

Paris Correspondence of the Republic.

PARIS, June 13, 1853.

The affairs of the East continue in a state of profound obscurity. If the sun would rise there for once, and shed its rays over that benighted part of—I was going to say Christendom, but I believe that is the very subject of the difficulty, whether it shall be Christian or not—I think everybody would be better pleased. The papers are filled with tabular views of the force of the Turkish, English and French fleets, with estimates of the land forces of Russia along the Danubian provinces, with estimates of the time this courier will be on his journey, and that despatch or ultimatum in arriving at its destination. The question is a remarkably intricate one. I never saw any one yet who really knew any thing about it, however profound might be his opinions, and however studied his apparent familiarity with the matter in all its details. For myself, I am waiting for the first cannon shot, and am convinced that that will elucidate the whole affair, just as a clap of thunder is said to purify the air. A little smoke just now, so far from obscuring the scene of action, would aid in a remarkable degree in dispelling all the doubt and ignorance that are hanging over it. If I were your St. Petersburgh or Constantinople correspondent it would be my duty to go into the fullest details on the subject, and the less I knew, the more categorically and positively to speak. Writing from Paris, however, I have nothing to say further than that the French fleet has sailed in conjunction with the British squadron; that the combined forces will probably enter the Dardanelles day after to morrow; that we cannot know the Emperor of Russia's final decision before eight or nine days; that it is thought his commencement of hostilities will be the occupation of the Danubian provinces, which he can very easily effect, as no opposition will be made; that the Bourse of this city falls on the arrival of every fresh piece of intelligence, and recovers again the next day; and that the adversaries of Louis Napoleon are not as much pleased at the prospect of a skirmish as they promised themselves they should be at the first smell of gunpowder, for he has the sentiment of the French nation with him and the alliance of three of the other powers to sustain him. The *Debats* of to-day has one whole page devoted to the Eastern question, a column of editorial, two columns of reproduction from the Paris papers of yesterday, and three columns of translation from the London *Times*, the Austrian *Lloyds*, and other journals printed in English and German. You see that the question is an absorbing one.

You must have remarked that the imperial journals have long found no language too strong to express their dislike of the London *Times* for its hostility towards Louis Napoleon. But it seems that that newspaper can buy them all up with a single word of favorable comment, or the slightest dose of flattering appreciation. I remember that the *Pays* has often stigmatized the *Times* as speaking for itself and nobody else, and as being the organ of no greater mass of people than its own editorial staff. A few days ago the *Times* spoke commendingly of the Russian article in the *Pays*. The *Pays* immediately copies the *Times's* remarks, and adds underneath:

"It is well known that the *Times* is the exact reflex of public opinion in England. We have no need to dwell upon its high literary and political merits!"

Alas! Poor human nature! And especially the human nature of Vicomte Gueronniere, who is not proof against a paragraph of the Thunderer's palaver. Why, Gueronniere has been called renegade, apostate, turn-coat, and all other names expressive of treachery, time and time again, by the *Times*, but he forgets it all in the flutter of delight occasioned by seeing his editorial on Nicholas approvingly mentioned by that paper. The *Times* has given him a good mask for his composition. There were no mistakes in spelling, and the style was irreproachable. I can remember when the *Times* called Gueronniere an ass; and I suppose it was just as much a reflex of public opinion in England then as it is now.

Some one was proposing, the other day at the club, to offer the publishers of Barnum's *American Illustrated News* some prize worth having, the very first time it will appear with less than six pictures of horrible accidents in it. But if this pictorial sheet wishes to be like the *Times*, a reflex of public opinion, of course it must put in the collisions, and the explosions, and the wrecks, and the murders, and all the other facilities offered among you for meeting a violent death, which seem to be the prominent feature in American life.

If the accounts we receive of the New York Crystal Palace are correct, that much-vaunted enterprise would seem to be in a very bad way. Our own Palace of Industry is progressing slowly, but much more surely than many things which advance faster. The cellars and underground works are completed, and the outer wall is perhaps three feet high, all the way round. Very handsome blocks of granite, of a reddish hue—the material of which the Cathedral of Strasburg is built—are beginning to arrive, for the pedestal, columns, and pilasters of the edifice. The men at work upon it obtain their food from an immense kitchen in the open air, carried on within the enclosed space by the contractors, who charge for each plate exactly what it costs. The workmen say they never lived so well or so cheaply before. The is the fair side of Socialism. The Socialists say that it has none other than a fair side.

We have not done with the Rue de Rivoli yet. The prolongation of the street being now nearly completed, the prefect of the Seine has cast his eyes upon that portion of the old street facing the Louvre, where the arcades come to a stop. It has been decided that the houses lining the street which have no arcade shall be pulled down, and be replaced by others, in which the roofed and pilastered sidewalk, already existing from the Place de la Concorde to the Passage Delorme, shall be continued to the Palais Royal. The city has sent the proprietors of the forty-five houses to be demolished notice to quit on the 15th of July. They have every one of them protested, to a man; but their objections are founded entirely on considerations of private interest; whereas the law of the 3d of May, 1841, gives the municipal caucus the right to order as much "*expropriation, pour utilité publique*," as it pleases. The jury has been set to work to decide between the sums demanded by the landlords and those offered by the city. The demolition will be concluded by the end of the year, and in a twelvemonth more the whole street will be finished.

It seems positive that grindstones do explode; or rather, to speak scientifically, that the centrifugal force sometimes overcomes the centripetal, and that a blowing up of the wheel and a dispersion of the fragments is the immediate consequence. I regret to say that an accident of this sort has happened in our midst, and that fatal results ensued. A hatter's boy was sharpening his jack-knife upon a stone in rapid motion. The boy that was turning it seemed perfectly reckless, and went on accelerating its speed, till the explosion took place. The hatter's boy was killed, and the apprentice was knocked over by a splinter, resembling in shape the segment of a cheese. The commissary of police, who was immediately summoned, ordered that a post-mortem examination be made of the body of the victim. Appearances certainly favored the idea that he came to his death by the rupture of a grindstone, but it might be poison, after all, and he would like to be sure that there was no foul play.

The fine season has brought out some interesting statistics upon the flower trade in Paris. The commerce in posies is certainly large. The sale of rose-bushes, *non fleuris*, before the bud, amounts to a million and a-half francs a year; and the sale of rose-bushes in flower, and of cut-flowers, amounts to three million a year. This estimate does not include the transactions in costly and exotic plants, and the green house department generally. I have often longed to speak at length and becomingly of the advantages offered by Paris in the nosegay point of view, and have often been to the flower market of the Madeleine to obtain the requisite facts, and inhale the necessary inspiration; but I have always returned convinced that neither I nor any one else could do justice to the subject, and have uniformly abstained; nor do I mean to infringe upon a good resolution now. A few pieces of very matter-of-fact information I may safely venture upon, however. There are three flower markets in the open air, besides a large number of shops—one upon the broad asphalta pavement bordering the Church of the Madeleine, one upon the walk of the Boulevard, at the Chateau d'Eau, and one upon the Quay, called, from the circumstance, *Le quai aux fleurs.* Tuesdays and Fridays are the Madeleine days; Mondays and Thursdays those of the Chateau; and Wednesdays and Saturdays those of the Quay. The same old women do duty at them all, and fold up their tents and emigrate every night. The bouquets not sold at the Madeleine are offered at half-price the next day at the cheaper fair in the Boulevard; and if the weather is fine, and revigorating odors are in demand, it is very rare that they are again transferred to the still cheaper market in the Quay. Paris bouquets have one peculiarity about them which it is worth while to mention. The flowers are cut excessively close, and the requisite length of stalk is attained by splicing on stout splinters of straw. This operation is most skilfully done, and the combination of straw and wire is really a beautiful piece of handiwork. You feel positively as if you had too much for your money, and as if so much delicate braiding and interlacing must have been a dead loss to the florist. But in this country, where the raw material is so dear, and labor is so cheap, it is much more easy for him to furnish you with stalks made by hand than with stalks grown by nature. A purchaser at the flower markets must be careful and never take a bouquet or a pot at the first price asked. It is rarely necessary to pay over one half, and never over two-thirds. The old women have one bad way with them. They are apt to drop a little quick lime or other injurious substance into the earth contained in a pot or box of flowers, so that the plants may speedily die and the purchaser come back for more. However, as they never do this until after the bargain is made, a person has only to keep his eyes on his property, and watch that the subtle infusion gets no chance to take place. On a fine day, the asphalta of the Madeleine seems to have sprouted with flowers of every color of the rainbow; and you wonder how so hard a ground can have produced so delicately-petaled and so sweet-scented a crop. The next day no trace of the harvest is left, though the soil that bore it is still there, in all its adamantine and impregnable solidity. You can walk on it now, in no danger of crushing a rosebud, or disarranging a violet's toilet. But I would not advise you to stroll upon the asphalta along the Chateau d'Eau just now; every footstep would be as destructive as a howitzer among the enemy, and if there really are sexes, and if there really is propagation in the botanic world, each stride would leave a daisy or two orphans, a few moss roses childless, and perhaps widow a bright-cheeked carnation, but who will not put on black for all that. The flower markets are well worth seeing by every stranger in Paris.

One more of the political prisoners of Louis Napoleon has gone to his rest. He had his choice between going there and being sent to Cayenne. He died, after an illness of a month. He was incarcerated at Belle Isle after the affairs of December. His antecedents were in every way frightful; he was, before his condemnation, book-keeper at Marseilles, and had been in 1848 a captain in the national guard! How true it is that evil causes ultimately lead to ruin!

The improvements in progress in the Bois de Boulogne have recalled to mind the embellishments proposed to be made by Henry III. The idea of this monarch (Heaven be praised that he never executed it) was to lay out six large avenues, all of them meeting in the central open space known as the *Rond du Roi*. Here he contemplated the erection of a magnificent mausoleum for the reception of his remains and those of the kings of his successors. Every chevalier of the order of the Holy Ghost would build himself a tomb with a statue in marble along the six diverging alleys. The space between would be planted with poplars and other trees esteemed for the gloominess of their verdure—cypresses, weeping willows, &c. "In a hundred years," said this melancholy king, "this will be a most delightful promenade, filled, as it will be, with tombs to the number, perhaps, of four hundred." Louis Napoleon has the merit, if he has no other, of not having confounded the Bois de Boulogne with Père La Chaise. His embellishments will be more in tone with the uses to which the forest is put; and the artificial lake, the serpentine river, the island in its midst, the lawns, the vistas, the statues, the Swiss cottages, and the points of view, will be vastly more to the taste of the Parisians than the mausoleum, the cypresses, and the four hundred tombs.

A fire burst out a few days back in a house in the country, during the absence of the owner, and the whole building was consumed. Two gen-d'armes, on inspecting the still smoking ruins, were struck with the circumstance that no remains of furniture were to be found anywhere. Carrying their investigations further, they perceived in the garden a mound of earth, covered with green turf, and ornamented with fresh flowers. Curious to examine this apparently new construction, one of them got a pickaxe, and, on turning up the earth, found below several wooden cases, containing all the furniture of the burned house most carefully packed up. The owner, on his return, was arrested on the charge of having set his house on fire in a view of pocketing the insurance.

The *Heraldo* of Madrid publishes an ode, addressed to the Empress of the French by the Marquis de Aunan, a young poet. The following lines will serve as a specimen of it:

> "Un heroe salva un pueblo que moncilla
> Y ensangrienta su historia,
> Y dios leda la perla de Castilla
> En premio de su gloria!"

Spanish is so much like English that it is hardly worth while to translate this fragment; for those that are poor linguists, however, here is a literal version:

> "A hero saves a people that disgraces
> And stains with blood its own history,
> And God gives him the pearl of Castille
> As the reward of his glory!"

So it seems that even a Spaniard, in order to adulate Louis Napoleon, finds it necessary to vilify and abuse the nation he governs. They were disgracing themselves, and staining their history, when the hero in question stepped in to the rescue. I should hardly think it could gratify an Emperor to be told that the nation he had saved, or pretended to have saved, was hardly worth the pains. A pearl of Castilie, for so poor a job, is rewarding him beyond his deserts.

The following is a fact. I should not have believed it, were not a person who eye-witnessed the scene my authority and guarantee: A tiler, who was walking on the roof of a house five stories high in the Rue des Fossés Montmartre, lost his balance and fell to the ground. The spectators expected that he would have been killed on the spot, but to their astonishment he quietly got up, picked up a tool which had fallen with him, walked to the nearest public house, took a glass of brandy, and then returned to his work as if nothing had happened. The day before, in a neighboring street, a man threw himself from a second story window and was taken up dead. Had he gone up three stories higher he would doubtless be alive at this moment.

But this falling from windows is insignificant indeed compared to falling from a balloon. We have been gratified with a spectacle of this sort this week. M. Letar—a new name in æronautics—announced his ascent underneath the balloon of the Hippodrome, in a machine which he called a Navigable Parachute. He himself was designated in the bill as the "man that flies." Every thing was so pompous and so promising that the Emperor and Empress were unfortunate enough to be taken in by M. Letar, (not into his parachute—Heaven forbid!) but taken in in the sense of befooled. They attended the representation in grand state. After the usual equestrian and military manœuvres, the balloon went up, dragging up a very unwilling-looking contrivance, which was the Navigable Parachute in question. M. Letar was invisible, being completely shrouded in the falling folds of this remarkable invention. He was to be cut down at the height of three thousand feet. I believe that generally when men are cut down it is with an idea of resuscitating them; this time, the object seemed to be rather to put him beyond resuscitation altogether. At the height promised the balloon gave out, and a rapid descent was the consequence; the cord was cut at an elevation of two hundred yards, and M. Letar came down, and M. Fontain went up. The Navigable Parachute, tipped up on one end, refused to open and thus resist the descent, and, aiming at one end of the Champ de Mars, it swooped down, taking M. Letar along with it, in something of the style that would be adopted by a hungry hawk having descried a sparrow on a stone wall. To the spectators the concussion seemed terrific, but the man that flies minded it very little. He was stunned for a moment, but actually got up and walked home. His ideas of gravitation, of space, of meteorology, and of ærian legislation generally, have entirely changed since the performance of this interesting experiment.

The Emperor's imperial steam yacht, Eugenie, which has lately been undergoing repairs, is nearly ready for service. This vessel is intended for the navigation of the Siene, and is soon to be anchored off the coast of St. Cloud. She has been making an engineer's trip from Chalon to Macon, and accomplished, I believe, eleven revolutions a minute.

A German autograph hunter has just died at Vienna, leaving nothing for his family except his collection of manuscripts, signatures, &c., the greater part of them souvenirs of great composers and musicians. He had spent fifty years in this occupation. His treasure was about to be sold by auction; the proceeds would have been small, for its value consisted in its being kept together, as each manuscript added to the importance of the others. Thalberg heard of the circumstance, examined the collection, and bought it entire; the sum is not stated, but the widow thought herself and family set up for life.

Madeleine Brohan, the favorite of the *habitués* of the *Comedie Française*, and of whom you must have heard in America, as the talented young lady who in two years conquered the highest place in the comic repertoire of the Theatre Moliné, was married last week to M. Marie Huchard Causlin. The marriage contract said nothing about the bride's leaving the stage—in fact there was a previous contract which would have overridden it. She is a *sociétaire* of the theatre. She returns to the public to night, after a month's absence. The bill announces her as Madame, and not Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan. This is the *Juste Milien* in such cases made and provided. To print her name as it was would be improper; to print it Mme. Buchard would be grotesque.

Their majesties have attended a representation of *Les Filles de Marbre*, of which I wrote in my last. Petra Camara, *danseuse* from Andalusia, whose style is peculiarly impetuous and demoniacal, is executing Jaleas and Oles at the Gymnase. Of course the Empress has been to see her impassioned countrywoman. The *Variétés* has produced a comedy entitled the Mysteries of Summer. The only mystery in it is that somebody falls in love with somebody else in July, and marries her in December. The Italian Opera House is made over to the indecent hilarity of the frequenters of the Palais Royal; the actors of the latter theatre performing in the former, while their own undergoes the cleansing necessitated by four years' uninterrupted burlesque and caricature.

FRANCO.

A Canine Sketch.

The following dog story from a recently published work entitled "The Attorney," by John Theodore Irving, nephew of Washington Irving, will serve to dispel melancholy. It is akin to his uncle's description of the little pugnacious dog whose tail curled up so tight as to lift his hind legs from the floor:

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves; the one on a chair and the other on end directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you one of the witnesses?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpœnaed to testify; and here's the document." As he spoke, he laid upon the table a paper which, from having been several days in that gentleman's pocket, had faded from white into a snuff color, and was particularly crumpled.

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"He hasn't had time to do anything," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I comes. He goes when I goes. He's a peeler."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly."

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had had a slight taste of the sessions; so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been, and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir, and shall not move a finger to perwent it. There's the animal, and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is, and that ain't one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg," said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove the dog."

Mr Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions, and, receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir. He resists the court," replied Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger, sternly.

Walker, a small man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentally withdrawn as soon as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness," said Mr. Jagger.

"Sir," exclaimed a thin man in the corner—who had been subpœnaed, to his own great terror, and who at that particular moment had an idea that he was the only witness in the world—starting to his feet under the vague impression that he was to be sworn on the spot, and thoroughly convinced that testifying and committing perjury were only different names for the same thing.

"Not you—the man with the dog."

Mr Rawley looked the court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly.

"Certingly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home." Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with the wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and, having comforted himself by a violent onslaught upon a small dog belonging to the surrogate, whom he encountered in the entry, was seen from the window walking up the street with the most profound gravity.

DUEL.—A duel was fought on the other side of the river yesterday afternoon, between Mr. Cohn, editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, and Dr. Wintzel, editor of another German paper published in this city, which it is feared will end fatally for one of the parties. The conditions of the duel were that they should fight with pistols, the one winning the first shot to fire at fifteen paces, the other at five. The following are stated as particulars of what transpired on the ground: Mr. Cohn fired first, at fifteen paces, and missed. He then advanced ten paces and halted, when Wintzel raised his pistol. While all were expecting to hear the report, his hand slowly sunk to his side, and the seconds rejoiced in the idea that no blood would be shed, and an estimable life be preserved. But their hopes proved fallacious, for Wintzel again raised his pistol and fired. The ball struck Mr. Cohn in the right side, just below the ribs, but did not pass out, and at a late hour last night no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Wintzel has disappeared, but the police are in hot pursuit of him.

Dr. Mercier is attending the wounded man.

[*New Orleans Picayune, June 20.*

DEATH OF GENERAL MATHER.—We regret to learn that General Calvin E. Mather, of the city of New York, died in this city yesterday morning. General M. was about thirty four years old, and a lawyer of excellent promise and fine reputation; and was a member of the Senate of New York some six or seven years ago. He was a partner of H. C. Seymour in the contract for the construction of the Ohio and Mississippi railway, and died at his residence on Fourth street. General Mather arrived in this city on Sunday last, and has since been under the treatment of Dr. Whiting, of New York, and Dr. Wood, of this city. A post-mortem examination of the body was made yesterday afternoon by these gentlemen, by which it was discovered that death had been produced by an aneurism of the arch of the aorta.

[*Cincinnati Gazette, 25th.*

General Mather was a brother of canal commissioner Mather.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

To Aglae.—[EXTRACT.]

Laugh on! joyous girl, though the grave and the prudent
May uplift their sage hands and their eyebrows exalt,
So far from believing there's any thing rude in't,
To me it seems rather a grace than a fault.

Laugh on! though remonstrance thy merriment heighten,
'Twill subside at the glance of displeasure or pain,
'Tis a streamlet reflecting each picture that brightens,
Whilst clouds throw their visions of darkness in vain.

Laugh on! happy girl, long may Heaven forbear,
Ere the gift of a pleasure so pure it recal;
May thy bosom beat free from each hovering care,
That would cloud thy bright brow, or thy spirit enthral.

Laugh on! Mirth will soften; Oh, many a sorrow
'Twill misfortune and wrong of much bitterness strip;
And that innocent smile, on eternity's morrow,
At the voice of thy God will revisit thy lip.

The Latest Aspect of the Turkish Question.

From the London Times, June 15.

The oscillations of suspense are much more strongly felt by our neighbors, the French, than by ourselves, and accordingly we were prepared for the violent alternations of hope and apprehension on the Eastern question which are conveyed to us from day to day by the telegraph from Paris. But, in reality, we have already shown that it is extremely improbable that any important occurrence should take place, or any material change be announced in the present course of events, until we have had time to learn the result of the message conveyed by the last Russian courier to Constantinople; and, as the period assigned to his commission will not expire till about the 16th, it is impossible we should know the consequences of his communication much before the end of the present month. In the meantime, as the Russian government has distinctly intimated to all Europe that it is resolved to adhere to its demands, and that, in the event of failure, it will seek for redress by the occupation of the Principalities, it is absurd to suppose that any other course of proceeding will be simultaneously pursued, and that negotiations can be opened with any effect elsewhere than at Constantinople and St. Petersburgh. From the latter capital each successive statement strengthens the belief that Prince Menschikoff correctly represented the intentions and instructions of his government, that he has been fully approved, and that there is now no intention of reverting into a less dangerous path. With these facts before us, which seem to be the only facts that can at this instant be known with precision, we see nothing to explain or justify the favorable turn which has been given to public opinion in Paris, except that, as the danger of war had been somewhat exaggerated on one day, it was rather too easily dispelled on the next, the truth being that the state of affairs remains wholly unchanged.

We therefore attribute these attempts to obtain credence for more favorable intelligence to the strong desire of certain parties, and probably of the French government, to counteract the heavy fall on the Bourse at Paris, or at any rate to carry on with additional chances the enormous speculations which these events have occasioned. The agents of the Russian government, too, have of course contributed, by their language and assurances, to lessen the apprehensions and to suspend the preparations of the States opposed to the designs of the Emperor Nicholas, and probably the mission of Count Panin to Paris has no other.

It was already well known in this country, and we ourselves had publicly stated, that in the same despatch in which the Emperor of Russia communicated to the other courts of Europe his intention of sending back the proposal of Prince Menschikoff by a common courier, and of occupying the principalities in the event of a further refusal, he disclaimed any further intention of overthrowing the Ottoman empire, or even of making war upon it. But after the occurrences of the last few weeks, we cannot regard such a declaration as any thing more than one of those artifices of diplomatic language in which it is customary to give a mild and qualified expression to very unwelcome facts. The occupation of the Danubian principalities may not amount to a positive and necessary *casus belli*. *We have expressed an opinion that it is politic, under the present aspect of affairs, not to regard it as such, but to concentrate the defensive forces of Turkey behind the Danube.*

Whatever may be the preparations of the Russian army, the passage of that great river is, both in a military and political sense, a difficult and critical operation; and before it is accomplished we have little doubt that further negotiations will take place. But the occupation of the principalities is a measure which would prove indecisive, precisely because it is, comparatively speaking, safe and easy. The unfortunate inhabitants of those provinces have repeatedly endured the hardship of being overrun by Russian armies; and scarcely two years have elapsed since the Russian troops were withdrawn, after having exhausted the country, and then exacted a military contribution of £600,000 for their maintenance. But the occupation would have no positive effect on the obligations or the interests of Turkey, and though it may give the Emperor of Russia a territorial gratification to hold these provinces for a certain period, it would not bring him a step nearer to the concession which he instructed Prince Menschikoff to demand. If the court of Russia intends, as it has announced, to persist in endeavoring to impose on Turkey the terms which it has put forward with reference to the Eastern Church, it is evident that, even after the occupation of the principalities has taken place, the same imperious summons will be repeated, and that the next step will lead to a more serious rupture, unless some expedient or compromise be assented to in the meantime. We do not affirm that such a compromise is impossible; we hope and believe such a compromise will be made; but it is evidently a mistake to assert that a mediation has been accepted at the very time when an *ultimatum* has been presented, to which the Russians, of course, profess to expect that the Porte will submit.

On these grounds, although the door is certainly not closed against negotiation in any form consistent with the independence of the Christian subjects of Turkey from Russian domination, the Western powers are quietly, but prudently, preparing to support their line of policy against any contingency that may arise. Already our naval intelligence has recorded that a squadron of line-of-battle ships, fitted with screw propellers, is being formed at Spithead, and may soon be expected to proceed to the Downs or to Yarmouth Roads. We may add that this squadron will probably be reinforced within a few days by the return of Admiral Corry from his cruise; for the despatches sent out by the Banshee in search of that officer were not, as was generally believed, that he should join Admiral Dundas; but, on the contrary, to order his immediate return to England. The strength of the English and French fleets in the Mediteranean is already more than equal to any service they could be required to perform; but if, unfortunately, maritime operations should be required, it is of course necessary that the British admiralty should be in a condition to watch the Russian fleet in the Baltic, which is not inferior in force to the fleet in the Black Sea, and we ought also in case of need be prepared to close that outlet of the Russian empire.

These precautions are not more than sufficient to provide against the emergency which has been produced by the attitude assumed by Russia; and, until we learn that the cabinet of St. Petersburgh has desisted from the inadmissible part of its demands, we shall see no reason to relax the vigilance with which it is necessary to watch its proceedings. Russian Ministers and emissaries have been despatched in all directions to give a favorable version of their case at the different courts of Europe, to throw the blame of Prince Menschikoff's proceedings on Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and to sow division between the British government and its allies abroad. But as the effect they are seeking to produce is not accompanied by any practical modification of the pretentions of Russia, we have yet to learn on what the altered state of public opinion is founded; and the intelligence we shall eventually receive from Constantinople can alone warrant any certain conclusion. In the meantime, Russia has succeeded to a certain extent in familiarizing the public mind of Europe with the occupation of the Danubian principalities, because the consequences of that measure to Austria and Turkey would be rather indirect than immediate. But even that step is one of extreme importance; and, though it may not be made an immediate ground of war, it is an event which will long continue unfavorably to affect the pacific relations of several States in Europe.

WATER THROUGH LEAD PIPES.—We are frequently told of the deleterious effect upon the system of water which passes through a lead pipe, but only occasionally are we made sensible of the extent of the danger. Several days ago a gentleman living several miles out of the city caught a couple of trout and placed them in a trough, the water of which was supplied through a lead pipe, intending to keep them there. In less than three hours they were both dead. Suspicious of the reason of this sudden death, he determined to make another trial, and he placed in the trough another trout. The same result followed in less time; and he considers it a settled fact that a trout, a native of the pure sparkling stream, cannot live in lead-impregnated water. If such water is poisonous enough to kill fishes, it cannot be without its destructive effects upon the human system.

[*Manchester (N. H.) Democrat.*