THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, JULY 2, 1855.

Affairs in Europe.

So far as we can judge from the latest advices, the whole matter at issue between the contending parties is more at sea than ever, with even a smaller prospect of a speedy and peaceful solution than before. Indeed, the allies begin to calculate on a six years' war, at least, and are making their arrangements accordingly; and the London Times, believed at the present time to reflect the views of the British government, speaks of the "Four Points," and all other previously existing propositions for the settlement of the pending dispute, as already passed away and lost sight of. The result of warlike operations must alone determine the character of any settlement which may be made. The demands of the allies will depend upon the position they may occupy. They may be in a position to demand and insist upon more—they may be forced to content themselves with less. The fortune of war must decide. The war is no longer in any aspect a Turkish affair. It is Anglo-Frankish and Russian. If the allies can make Russia submit to their terms, they will. If they *can't* make her do so, they know they can't wheedle or intimidate her, and they can no longer operate by the threat of an European coalition, for Germany, including Austria and Prussia, will not become parties to such a movement as against Russia, while they are held in check by the perilous position of their Rhenish and Italian possessions from taking any active part against the allies. Warned by the fate of the great Napoleon, the nations of the West will not risk their forces in the Baltic, where they may be shut in by the winter, and cut off both by cold ice and cold steel.—Their efforts will be mainly confined to the Southern portion of the Empire, as it is in that direction that jealousy is chiefly felt in regard to the extension of Russian power, and it is also in that direction that that the allies wish to extend their own, and it is also in that direction that England fears any attempt upon her Eastern possessions.

The *Times* and other English papers, apparently official or semi-official, speak strongly of the union of the Principalities under one government, as a means of building up a barrier against Russian advances on the Danube. Such things, even if practicable, have always failed on trial. The formation of national character—the agglomeration of the elements of national strength and union, must be the result of some internal movement. Like all other forms of vitality, nationality must grow, it cannot be made to order.

When Rogues Fall Out, &c.

Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, for some months past a tremendous friend of the K. N. movement, and a ferocious enemy of the President and Cabinet, from whom he did *not* receive a foreign mission, has lately discovered the most astonishing virtues in George Law, the speculator in steamboats, filibustering and rusty muskets; a man who by hook or by crook has made much money, and who can pay for any service the *Herald* may do him.

Now Law, for all his money, is a coarse and uncivilized person, and even with his money he don't feel that he is quite the thing. He has a sort of cent. per cent. reputation and position, and that is all, but the bullying money-bag sights for political distinction, and the chance for plunder that official position would open to a man like him, up to the tricks of trade, and too "energetic" to stop for small scruples of conscience.

Strangely enough, too, Bennett sights for respectability. He has talents of a certain order—has made money, but wants to make more. Is at the head of the "Satanic" press in the United States. The first objects of his ambition, money and notoriety, have been attained, but after all he has no personal respect or consideration. It was by way of a public certificate of respectability that Bennett wanted the mission to France. This was the motive of his praising Mr. Pierce and working for his election; but Franklin Pierce may have made imprudent appointments of unsuitable men, but he never could be brought to elevate a notoriously low scoundrel like Bennett.—Hence, Bennett has turned against him with most malicious fury, and is now going for "Sam" and George Law, who, no doubt, has promised him anything, in the event of the election of the said George Law to the Presidency.

Well, Vespasian Ellis, of the Washington Organ, a sort of joint stock affair, don't go for George Law, and the Petersburg Intelligencer don't go for him neither, and so the Herald pitches into them and they into it, and the fur flies and the cat gets out of the bag, and Ellis has to leave the organ, but not without first warning the readers of that paper of the treachery of the New Yorkers, who accepted the platform only for sinister purposes, who have no idea to stick up to it, and who are, in short scoundrels.

We think that pretty near all that is said on both sides is true. Bennett is his own stock company.—Ellis was only a hireling, paid a salary to abuse his former Democratic associates. They are specimens of classes.

General Cass.

The Wilmington *Herald* of Thursday, states on the authority (Heaven save the mark!) of the New York *Herald*, that certain statesmen at the North approve of the K. N. Platform of the Philadelphia Council. Among the names mentioned is that of General Cass. We have not the slightest doubt but that General Cass does approve of some portions of the platform; that, for instance, which says that Congress has no power to exclude from admission into the Union any State because its Constitution does, or does not recognize the institution of Slavery as a part of its social system. And here let it be remarked, that an approval of this is what could neither be wrung, coaxed, wheedled, begged nor beseeched from any Know-Nothing in General Cass' State—not even the "Third Degree" members. As for the proscriptive and consolidating parts of the platform, General Cass' speech made in the Senate of the United States, a few months past, is on record, and shows what his position is. A K. N. Legislature instructed him to go for the repeal of the Nebraska Bill, and the Fugi-Slave Law, and he didn't obey, but shewed the order up in an unenviable light.

NEW ORLEANS.—It would appear that Norfolk and Buffalo and New Haven are not the only points reached by the reaction of Know-Nothingism. At an election held in New Orleans, on the 25th, for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Elgee, Anti-Know-Nothing, received three thousand four hundred and fifteen votes, and Merrick, K. N., received two thousand two hundred and thirty-seven. For the last year or two, the Know-Nothing have been in the habit of carrying New Orleans by nearly two thousand majority, usually celebrating their victory by patriotically killing an Irishman or two. The hand-writing on the wall is becoming too plain to be mistaken. The affair is doomed to speedy and merited dissolution. The *ruins* of the Democratic and Whig parties, forsooth! Aye, and of the country, too, if it only had its swing.

☞ The Know Nothings had a ratification meeting at Fayetteville, on Wednesday evening last. A. A. McKethan, Esqr., former democrat, presided, and John W. Cameron, Federalist Editor, made the Speech. Verily, a case of political *crim con.* Cheers were given for McKethan, Reid and Cameron. "When shall we three meet again?"

A K. N. PRESIDENT.—We notice in the last Raleigh *Star*, an account of a K. N. ratification meeting recently held at Raleigh. This meeting was presided over by "O. L. Burch, Esq." This O. L. Burch, Esq., is the same gentleman who came into a Democratic meeting held in Raleigh, for the purpose of appointing delegates to a Democratic Convention, and attempted to participate and influence the proceedings of that meeting, while he was at that time a sworn member of a secret order, which professes to have risen on the ruins of the Democratic party. Mr. Burch was incontinently silenced.

But we can hardly think that Mr. Burch's assurance was much greater than that of a Congressional candidate who will stand before a Democratic audience, as Mr. Reid does in this District, and vaunt his soundness as a Democrat, while he proclaims himself the champion of a party which openly asserts that it has arisen upon the ruins of the Democratic party.

Mr. Burch, the K. N. President, was a very eager, and very disappointed seeker after office under Franklin Pierce. The said Franklin Pierce did not give Mr. Burch an office, and therefore he has made an enemy for life, and the Democratic party has lost O. L. Burch. God save the State!

Mr. Burch is a fair specimen of a class—the only class of Democratic politicians that have joined the K. N's. We can spare them, we rather think, and we are certain that even their new allies will soon get tired of their importunities.

☞ The "Locomotive" is the "fast" name of a small sheet published at Newberne, the 6th number of which has reached us. Published semi-monthly, by A. M. Watson and A. R. Raven, at 50 cents a year. We suppose it is intended to be lively, for it has by way of a running head over its pages, "The Locomotive—A Lively Newspaper." It is now about as little as a Locomotive ever gets to be, but is to be considerably enlarged—increased one hundred per cent, when it will become quite a steam horse. Hooray!

Later from Europe.

The steamship Baltic arrived at New York on the 28th, brings Liverpool dates to the 16th inst.

The English papers contain telegraphic details of the recent successes of the allies before Sebastopol. The French, as before stated, captured the Mamelon and White works of the Russians, after most sanguinary fighting. Five thousand men were killed and wounded.

The French took sixty-two guns and 500 prisoners, and their new position enables them to shell the shipping in Sebastopol harbor. Simultaneously, the English stormed and took the riflemen's works in the quarries, but lost five hundred men in killed and wounded. Since then the firing has been slack.

The allied fleets have achieved new successes in the sea of Azoff, and have burned the Russian stores at Taganrog, Manopol, and Ganetsick.

A boat expedition was being fitted out against Perekop.

The Russians are reported to have evacuated Anapa.

There is nothing important from the line of the Tchernaya, or from the Baltic fleets.

It will be seen from our commercial news, Breadstuffs have declined; Cotton quiet, and money was easy.

ADDITIONAL NEWS BY THE BALTIC.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

The War.

In order to form a correct notion of the operation of the Allies, on the 7th of June, against the Russian works at Sebastopol, it is desirable to refer to the description of these works. Every one is aware that the ground before Sebastopol is intersected by ravines descending to the sea, these ravines being divided from each other by ridges, upon which both the Russian works and the principal batteries of the besieging armies are erected. The ravine farthest to the northeast, and on the extreme right of the allied position, in front of what is now called the Inkermann attack, is that descending to the careening harbor. It was at one time intended by the Allies to take possession of the whole of the north ridge down to the careening harbor, but the Russians crossed the ravine with great determination, and established two works on a lower slope of it—one at 800 yards, and the other at 400 yards from the second parallel.—These redoubts have probably ere this fallen into the hands of the Allies, for Pelissier's dispatch of June 9th says, "the enemy have completely abandoned the right shore of the careening bay."

This is an important position, commanding the ships in port, and almost intercepting the entrance to the town. The next ridge is that on which the Malakoff Tower stands, and, opposite to it, at a distance of about a mile and a half, the Victoria redoubt has been erected by the allies. The Victoria attack carried on by the French, is directed from this point against the tower and adjoining works. Descending nearer to the town, and about 500 yards in front of it, is the Mamelon, which is described as commanding the tower itself. The conquest and occupation of the hill by the French is the result of the contest of June 7th. The Malakoff tower itself, being one of the few works in masonry on the land side of Sebastopol, was long since reduced to ruins, but it is now enclosed by a very high semi-circular parapet of earth, pierced with 12 embrasures, and surrounded by a ditch. From the tower to the careening bay there runs a long line of parapet, broken at a half-way by a battery of 16 guns on two faces, and thus flanking the curtain between this point and the tower. Another of 12 guns on the hill above careening bay is connected with this work by a further parapet, which extends to the sea. We apprehend that the works taken on the 7th June are outside the line. The Redan is separated from the Malakoff tower by what is termed the Middle Ravine, and stands upon the ridge between the Woronzoff ravine and this middle ravine.

On this ridge also stands the allied Crown battery, fronting the apex of the Redan, which was further defended by an *abbatis*, and by a strong party of riflemen lodged in a stone quarry in front of the work, and which quarry was carried by the British on the 7th June. Sebastopol, it is to be remembered, is not a fortress, but a town defended by a chain of forts and field fortifications. From this description it will be noticed that the several attacks of the besieging armies are advancing *pari passu* on parallel lines, and that the recent operations of the French and English, although distinct, assist each other, and are essential to the success of the common enterprise—the plan of the allies being to enclose the Russian line of fortifications within another line which shall gradually advance until the besieged are driven into the sea.

We now give the official accounts of these operations:

Gen. Pelissier's first despatches are quite dramatic. "June 6th, 10 P. M. To-day, with our allies, we opened fire against the external works, and to morrow, please God, we will take them."

"June 7th, 11 P. M. At 6.30 our signals for assault were given, and one hour afterwards our eagles floated over the Mamelon Vert, and over the two redoubts at Careening Bay. The artillery of the enemy fell into our hands. We have taken 400 prisoners. Our legions occupy the conquered works. On their side, our allies, with their usual resolution, carried the works in the quarries, and established themselves there. All the troops showed the most admirable devotion and intrepidity."

June 8th. Last evening we took possession of 62 guns in the captured redoubts. Thirteen officers were made prisoners. Our loss, which has not been accurately ascertained, is considerable, as might have been expected from so great a result.

June 9. The stipulation is the same as yesterday. All the demonstrations of the enemy against the captured works have been fruitless. They have abandoned the so-called battery of the 2d May; they have also completely abandoned to us the right shore of Careening Bay. The vessels in port have sought refuge in Artillery Bay, where our large mortars can reach them. We are watching them attentively.

Lord Raglan's despatch we have received, via Halifax.

Later accounts state that the British loss was eleven officers killed, namely: Col. Shearman, Majors Bayley and Dickson, Captains Muller, Forster, Corbett and Wray, and Lieutenants Lawrence, Stone, Machell and Lowrey; 150 private men killed, 510 wounded and 15 missing. It is singular that Lord Raglan omits to mention how the British were engaged, or if they were engaged at all. General Pelissier's despatch informs us that the English allies carried the rifle works in the Quarry.

Pelissier's latest despatches are.

"June 10th, 11½ P. M.—The combat of the 7th was more advantageous for us than I at first announced. It placed in our hands 502 prisoners, of whom 20 were officers, and 73 pieces of cannon."

"June 11th, 11 P. M.—We are consolidating ourselves in the new works. We have been able to fire with the Russian mortars on their ships, which have gone still farther off. We are preparing new batteries. (Signed,) PELISSIER."

Prince Gortschakoff telegraphs to St. Petersburg, evening of June 8th:

"After two days of heavy bombardment, three French divisions attacked redoubt No. 7, at 6 o'clock last evening, and occupied the redoubts Kamtchatka, Selenghinsk, and Volhynia, and a battery between Selenghinsk and Bastion No. 1. Our troops retook the Kamtchatka redoubt, but the French poured in fresh reserves and retook it once more. We finally remained masters of that battery, (the French holding a lodgement near,) from whence we hope to drive them. Our soldiers fought admirably, in proof of which I may say that the enemy's loss exceeds ours. They have lost 2,500 men, and we have taken 275 men and seven officers prisoners, as well as two French cannon."

Loss of the U. S. Brig Porpoise.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The Navy Department today received official intelligence which has produced a conviction that the U. S. brig Porpoise has been lost with all her officers and crew. It will be remembered that the Porpoise was one of the vessels detailed on the special service of the expedition to Behrings Straits, North Pacific and China Seas. The following were her officers: Acting Lieutenant, Wm. King Bridge, commanding; Acting Lieuts. Wm. Reily, Sylvanus J. Bliss and Wm. Van Wyck; Assistant surgeon, James Stuart; Midshipman, George F. B. Baber.

Mexican Intelligence.

NEW ORLEANS, June 27.—Advices from Brazos to the 21st instant state that all the towns of Tamaulipas and Nueva Leon, except Matomoras, Reynosa and Camargo, have pronounced in favor of the revolution without bloodshed.

THE MONSTER SHIP.—Dickens' Household Words of the 25th of May contains a long account of the largest steamer ever built or projected. It is being built on an island in the Thames, near Greenwich.

The writer says that a great variety of speculations exist as to the nature of the huge hulk. Some have not the slightest doubt as to its being a new sort of gasometer for supplying London with pure gas. Others believe it to be a pile of fire-proof warehouses, on the Milner Safe principle, for the better custody of the national state papers and the crown jewels. By some it is said to be an enormous oven for baking bread and roasting coffee for our troops in the Crimea. One or two have heard, on good authority, that it is intended for Wombwell's Menagerie, to be moved on a hundred wheels. Others again have the firmest belief in its being an iron incarnation of Lord Dundonald's mysterious plan for destroying Cronstadt and Sebastopol.

Now, it happens that none of these opinions are correct. Not one of these guessers have ever dreamed of this object being the mid portion of a ship, which we have since learned is really the case. A ship! talk of the Great Harry or the Great Britain, or any other great craft of the middle age or modern period! They shrink into utter insignificance by the side of our metal monster of the Isle of Dogs.

The huge fabric erecting at the Isle of Dogs as yet bears no resemblance to any known kind of craft.—At a distance the eye is unable to detect any particular proportions about it, and if we were to be pressed on the point, we shall say that it had no shape at all. A closer inspection, however, shows a line of uprights at each end, which mark the shelving proportions of stem and stern, and then one can perceive that the object before us is really intended for a ship.

Standing on the banks of the river Thames, with vast open space on one side, and Greenwich Hospital on the other, it is not easy to form a just conception of this marine monster, which, for want of a better name, we call the Leviathan. It is being built by Scott, Russell & Co., from designs of Mr. Brunel, the engineer, whose conception the entire fabric is. When we remind our readers that the Royal Albert line of battle-ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, is something under four thousand tons, and about two hundred and twenty feet in length; and that the Simla and Himalaya, at present the largest steamers afloat, are only 320 feet in length or thereabouts, they may form some idea of the proportions of this Eastern Steam Navigation Company's ship, when they are told that it would be 680 feet in length and 25,000 tons burden; in other words, of more than six times the capacity of our largest men-of-war, and about double the length of the largest steamship afloat.

The War on the Crimea—The Towns of Taganrog and Simpheropol.

The most important town on the Sea of Azoff is that of Taganrog, with 25,000 inhabitants. It forms the depot for the produce of the south-east of Russia. Amongst its public buildings are remarkable the Admiralty, the Marine Hospital, the Quarantine Building, the Bank, and the College. It has an Exchange, and about 170 warehouses. The fort or citadel which protects the town is said to be in a state of decay. Taganrog has 26 vessels of a larger description, and 684 for the coast navigation. The harbor is only accessible for vessels of inconsiderable draft. It was here that the Emperor Alexander died, on the 1st of December, 1825.

Simpheropol, against which General Pelissier's movements appear to be directed, is the capital of the Crimea; it counts 14,000 inhabitants, of which from 5,000 to 6,000 are Tartars. The town is situated on the base of the Taurian mountain chain. It is described as well built, and presenting, with the villas surrounding it, a beautiful aspect. It contains six churches, amongst which the cathedral is remarkable for being built in good architectural taste. The town has also a Russian College, four other schools, and several factories. It is central, and consequently a most important point in regard to the trade in the productions of the Crimea. Its acquisition by the allies would prove, therefore, a great advantage, as it would make it possible to thus draw supplies from the resources of the country, which they have hitherto been unable to effect. General Pelissier has told his soldiers that they would receive for this march upon Simpheropol only four days' provisions, as on the fifth they must be in the town. But as yet he has not been able to cross the Tchernaya.—*Philadelphia American.*

EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN AT AN EARTHQUAKE.—An American gentleman writes from Nice, Italy, that during the last season, while Mr. Van Buren was in that city, hearing that earthquakes were formerly prevalent in that part of the country, but that no shock had been felt for a number of years, told his Italian host, that for the rarity and novelty of it, he would like to have a "small shake" happen while he was there. Sure enough, in a few weeks thereafter, in the dead of the night, the whole city and mountains commenced rocking, and the inhabitants, in the greatest consternation, fled into the streets.—Among others in the park, which is near the hotel, was Mr. Van Buren, in primitive costume, and in a high state of excitement. The ex-President and the citizens passed the balance of the night in the streets, and he was perfectly satisfied with the "small shake."

Full forty thousand voters of the State of Connecticut, ask for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise.—*Hartford Courant.*

Fudge! There are not one quarter of that number, in the State, who care the snap of a finger for the "Missouri Compromise," or the demagogues who are trying to make political capital out of its repeal! A majority of the people of Connecticut are willing that the people of each territory should organize a government to suit themselves; and have no desire to dictate, or be dictated to, in matters of domestic concern. This "veneration for the Missouri Compromise," is a newly-born virtue in Connecticut. It is but a few years, since a whig Legislature voted down a Resolution expressive of its binding obligations.—*New Haven Ct., Register, (Dem.)*

We have in another column announced (says the Washington *Union.*) the removal of John Wilson from the office of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, and the temporary appointment of Geo. C. Whiting, chief clerk of the Department of the Interior, in his place. It may be proper for us to say that this change has been made solely upon political grounds.

COULDN'T GET HIM.—The following is from the last number of the Southern Military Gazette. It reads like one of Hooper's stories:

"Old John Sarchem was for many years known as one of the shrewdest men about Montgomery. In fact, there were many persons who did not hesitate to say that his shrewdness was nothing but rascality. The chief peculiarity of old John was, that he could prove anything under the face of the heavens, if he chose to do so, in a Court of justice. Even the lawyers got to be afraid of him. One of their number had a note for $100 on old John, and for some time he was afraid to sue on it, least John should prove a set-off of some sort against it, although there was nothing of the sort existing in reality. A bright thought occurred to *Greenbag*: He would sue in the name of Peter Squizlefanter, and as no such man ever existed, it would be difficult to show that he ever owed Sarchem anything. He did so. At the trial Sarchem proved by three witnesses that Peter Squizlefanter was an old "residenter," and was indebted to him, the said John, at the time of the supposed transfer of the note, and continually since in a sum *double the amount due on it!* Nobody ever "took issue" with Sarchem *after that!*

POPULAR IGNORANCE.—There is an opinion prevalent among many (says the Baltimore American) that in case of death by murder or other violent cause, it is against the law to lay hands on the defunct until the Coroner is present, and that any one so doing subjects himself to a penalty. The Philadelphia Bulletin states that not long since, in that city, a man who had been killed by being caught in a machine, was suffered to hang for some time in a mangled condition, until those present were assured that the mere extrication of the corpse from its position would not involve punishment. In the Morris Jerseyman we find it mentioned that recently, at the Rockaway Basin of the Morris Canal, a boy named Henry Herring, aged about thirteen years, while performing some duty on a boat, fell over into the canal. An alarm was immediately given, a boat-hook procured, and boy taken out. He had been in the water only about five minutes, and it was stated that his eyes were open, and that he had every appearance of coming to life; but his rescuers tied a rope around his neck, and threw him back into the canal, where he remained until morning; they alleged as a reason for so doing, that they thought the law required him to remain in the water until an inquest could be held!

SUPPERLESS TO BED.—The New Bedford Standard says that on Wednesday evening, a Providence gentleman gave a brilliant entertainment to a large company of acquaintances. As the hour of refreshment drew near, a bountiful and elegant collation was spread out upon the table, and the host, after a hasty glance to see that everything was arranged to his satisfaction, re-entered the parlor to summon his guests. He was absent but a few moments; but on returning with his company to the supper room, lo, what a change was there! The table which he had left groaning under the weight of all delicacies of the season, was bare and desolate. Everything else remained undisturbed, but some mysterious hand had awaited an opportunity when the servants were away and the room was empty, to clear the board by one fell swoop, and furnish a practical exemplification of the theatrical phrase, *exeunt omnes.* The fond hopes of the hungry guests were demolished, and the tempting viands which had been prepared for their palates were, in all probability, consigned to the plebeian stomach of an unscrupulous thief. The Standard suggests that the affair was possibly a joke prepared for the perpetrator by some obliging friend. We should think the perpetrator of such a joke would never dare acknowledge his connection with the deed. He would be withered by the treasured indignation of the disappointed revellers.

Boston Journal.

The Doom of Treachery.

Nothing more instructively marks the triumphant progress of the Democratic party, in spite of the treasons of men it has nursed into greatness, than the tombstones which indicate where such ingrates lie buried. Each is, in itself, an admonition and a history. No administration was ever called upon to contend with so many disappointed and revengeful leaders as Andrew Jackson. His path was beset with them. Men whom he had taken to his bosom, whom he had lifted into power, whom he had defended against the world, were too often carried away by dishonest hopes. In every case it was a selfish or a corrupt motive which controlled them. They carried their griefs into the whig market, and sold them to the highest bidder. They halted at no falsehood, stickled at no calumny against their former friend, but struck home with bold malignity. How strange it is to see a man who boasts the name of Andrew Jackson Donelson imitating this example at the present day—one who knows, or ought to know, the desires which animated the deserters from the democratic party during the days of Jackson! Does he flatter himself that his own motives are higher and purer? Does he, too, like the faithless sentinels during the bank war, flatter himself with the insane infatuation that it is not he who has left the democratic party, but the democracy who have left him? All his epithets against President Pierce are so many copies of the epithets against Jackson. And upon what an issue has he joined the foe? It is not upon questions such as lost (!) to the democracy the Whites, the McDuffies, the Tallmadges, and the Riveses of the past; it is not upon such issues that gave these men pretexts for desertion that Donelson has fled. No; he has left the democratic party because that party is true to a great democratic principle. He leaves it upon an issue such as aroused Jefferson against the alien and sedition laws; and, to gratify his animosities against an administration that would not favor his wishes, he is willing to strike hands with men all their lives against the democracy, and at all times the foes of his benefactor and his friend, Andrew Jackson. Shame, where is thy blush? Happily, however, for consistent history, hardly had Major Donelson united himself to the ranks of the proscriptionists than their doom seemed to be fixed. It may have been an accidental coincidence, but it shows that what has been before will be again, and that men who forget their own principles, and fly in the face of their own record, and essay to gratify revenge at the expense of character, are, in nearly every instance, broken on the very wheel they have erected for others.—*Washington Union.*

Chinese Amazement at English Fashions.

Europeans who go to China are apt to consider the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire very odd and supremely ridiculous, and the provincial Chinese at Canton and Macao pay back this sentiment with interest. It is very amusing to hear their sarcastic remarks on the appearance of the devils of the West, their utter astonishment at the sight of their tight-fitting garments, their wonderful trousers and prodigious round hats, like chimney-pots, the shirt collars adapted to cut off the ears, and making a frame around such grotesque faces, with long noses and blue eyes, no beard or mustache, but a handful of curly hair on each cheek. The shape of the dress coat puzzles them above everything. They try in vain to account for it, calling it a half-garment, because it is impossible to make it meet over the breast, and because there is nothing in front to correspond with the tail behind. They admire the judgment and exquisite taste of putting buttons behind where they never have anything to button.—How much handsomer they think themselves with their narrow, oblique black eyes, high cheek bones and little round noses, their shaven crowns and magnificent pig-tails hanging almost to their heels! Add to all these natural graces a conical hat covered with red fringe, and ample tunic, with large sleeves and black satin boots, and a white sole of immense thickness, and it must be evident to all that a European cannot compare in appearance with a Chinese.

Postmaster General CAMPBELL was applied to recently by the Postmaster at York, Pa., to know whether a letter containing, as was supposed, counterfeit money, could be opened at the request of the police authorities, in order that the money contained therein might be identified as the same as that passed by the prisoner, and that thus further evidence might be furnished to aid in his conviction and punishment. The Postmaster General replied, emphatically, that it could not; that he had no right, nor any officer under him, to open any letter until it reached the Dead Letter Office, and that this principle must be always acted upon by those in the employment of the Department. Judge HALL, of New York, formerly Postmaster General, gave a decision a few days ago, that a letter in the mails could not be opened under any circumstances.

"Why, my dear brother, will you put a thief into your head to steal away your brains?" said a temperance disciple to a person with a glass of brandy and water at his lips. "Because I have a plenty to spare, but if a thief were to enter your skull for brains he would n't find booty enough to pay travelling expenses," was the rude response.

Morality of Know-Nothingism.

The Pennsylvanian says that it did not publish the proceedings of the late Know-Nothing National Council, "not because the members were not purchaseable, but on account of the high price one-half the members *at least* held themselves at. The smallest sort of creatures in the National Council demanded *one thousand dollars* for their notes of the proceedings from day to day—but they were written so imperfectly, for want of education, that we refused to purchase at that exorbitant price. The *Tribune, Herald* and *Express* had secured the cream of the Council, and we were not disposed to purchase the skim milk. This accounts for our New York cotemporaries furnishing the proceedings of the National Council, instead of ourselves. Those who *proffered* their services to us, for a heavy compensation, were hang-dog looking scamps, smooth as oil, which made us think of the razor's sharpness."

FIGHTING SOUTHERNERS IN KANSAS—The Rev. Mr. Starr, whose twinkling, in Kansas, was extinguished in a hasty manner, on account of a slight defect in his ideas on Slavery, has been lecturing in New York on the subject, and attempting to impress upon his audience the utter barbarity of the Southerners. He says that directly after the Kansas bill passed, a great emigration demonstration in Boston, took place which effectually aroused the Missourians, and led them to say that if the Northerners came there they would out-fight them, for, says the Reverend Luminary, "they all have the idea that one Southern man can whip fifteen Northerners. I have friends there who have just this idea that a Northerner can't fight, don't know how to fight, hasn't got any blood in him to fight, and that one Southerner is equal to fifteen Northerners at any time in anything.

"People at the North talk all the while about Southern chivalry, as though there was not any there. They think that when they come to talk right up to a Southerner, he will come down. At the South, they say the Northerners do nothing but gas all the while. Now, to my mind, they are both badly mistaken. In the South there is an utter recklessness about which we know nothing at the North. They are always ready to fight at the drop of a hat. They had just as lief die about a sixpence as about a million of dollars when their blood is up. Here, at the North, men are of a different temperament. In the South, tell a man he lies, and he will say, 'I want an apology, or I'll kill you,' and he is taught to keep excited until he will kill you. Here at the North tell a man he lies, and he is very much obliged to you, but, until you prove it, it is merely an assertion. I suppose men North can fight just as well as men South, but when the North think the South have got no pluck they are just as badly mistaken. The Northerner fights from a feeling of duty; the Southerner from excitement.

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.—A Mr. Daniel Terryman communicates to the Massillon (Ohio) News, a thrilling encounter he had with a rattlesnake. On first discovery, his snakeship was preparing to appropriate to his use a squirrel by the side of the road, but probably fancying larger game, "put after" Mr. T., who gave "leg bail" and ran. On finding that the gap between him and the snake was closing, Mr. T. sought the first weapon in the shape of a club, and turning, gave the snake a blow just as the reptile was pausing and gathering for the fatal spring. The blow came just in the nick of time, and just in the right spot, severing the head from the body. Mr T. says:

"After the head was severed, the body continued to run in different directions, as is generally the case previous to death—but in this case it continued for an unusual length of time, owing no doubt to the size of the reptile and the amount of muscular strength which it possessed. After it became sufficiently quiet, so that it could be straightened out, I measured it closely, and found it to be exactly six feet eleven inches in length, by nine and a half inches in circumference, being the largest one of that species that had ever been seen in that region of the country."

Mr. T. has preserved the hide and the rattles as trophies of his victory.

SENSIBLE TO THE CORE.—In the course of some judicious remarks on matters and things in general, the New York Times observes:

"A coat that has the mark of use upon it is a recommendation to people of sense, and a hat with too smooth a nap and too high a lustre is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken-down merchants, clerks on pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open, the fact of a silly lover or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a spirit of plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband who can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding makes us suspicious that the binding is the most important."

Physical Exercises.

One of the principal causes, if not the cause, of the attenuated and pallid appearance of Americans, is doubtless the neglect, or rather the violation—the habitual violation of the rules laid down by Nature for muscular development. The class of men in this country whose occupations are such as almost necessarily lead to the formation of sedentary habits is very large, larger perhaps in proportion, than that of any other commercial nation. And this will account in a measure for the fact that the various complaints, generally the concomitants of insufficient physical exercise, are more prevalent here than elsewhere. Our young men become clerks at an early age, and being thus confined to the narrow limits of a counting room at a time of life when the open air and constant motion of the body are indispensable, it is not surprising that they should be in their manhood so sadly deficient in muscular vigor and exhibit so little of the athletic development that are looked for in the sterner sex. With many such their lot is their fate, or is imposed as a necessity from which there is no escape, and for these there is some excuse for the loss of health and life. But what shall be said of those who make no effort to ameliorate their condition, or of that still more culpable class, who, from mere indolence, suffer their bodies to waste away, to sink into premature old age—actually paying a premium for crooked spines, humped backs, round shoulders, attenuated limbs and drooping heads! Such persons are guilty of a species of suicide, which inasmuch as it is more deliberate, may be equally if not more criminal than when the "brittle thread" is severed in an instant by the victim of misfortune or delirium.

In Germany, the old men thought that they saw the youth degenerating, both physically and socially; and after severe study and mature reflection, recommended by eloqent appeals, through the public prints, the adoption of vocal and gymnastic exercises, as characteristics of the German race. In a short time, gymnastic and vocal associations were organized throughout the whole extent of Germany, which resulted in a highly favorable revolution in the physical condition of the people. It is not really necessary for proper and healthful exercise, that one should be provided with parallel bars, &c., for there are many things at hand that may be substituted for them, which can be made at no expense or trouble, equally efficient. Fist-irons, it is suggested by a cotemporary, can be used to develope the muscles of the arms and chest, and a rope to serve the same purpose for the lower limbs. If such simple exercises were practised daily within doors and in the open air by the youth of the country, there would soon be a diminution in the many defects which mar the appearance and impair the health of the people.—*Baltimore American.*

Wheat and Corn in Georgia.—The wheat harvest in Georgia is over, and the yield is said to be abundant. In the interior of the State new flour opened at $6 per cwt for first quality, and a further decline is expected. An unusally heavy crop of corn has been planted throughout the State, and the indications, it is said, are that the yield will be larger than for years.

ARRIVAL OF NEW WHEAT.—There were offered on 'change yesterday, samples of new wheat from Virginia and Tennessee. Those from the latter State were samples of some 10,000 bushels now en route for this city. These are the first offerings of the new crop, and are represented as superior specimens.

Baltimore Sun.

PRECOCITY.—A venerable young gentleman of our acquaintance, four years old, recently threw his maternal relative into a fit of admiration by the following speech: "I like all kinds of cake—most pound-cake, sponge-cake and jelly-cake, but I don't like stomach-ache!"

LOVE, GARTERS AND SAUSAGES.—About a hundred years ago a young lady of Amsterdam named Wilhelmina Terscheling was riding on horseback through the village of Boxmeer, when her horse became frightened and ran away with her. The young man who accompanied her, and to whom she was betrothed, cried out that he would give a hundred ducats to any one who would stop the horse.

The young villagers who were playing ball upon the green near by, seeing a woman in danger, threw themselves before the furious animal. One of them was thrown down and wounded, two others received contusions; the horse fell, and the beautiful Wilhelmina rolled in the dust. A young man who was passing, threw immediately his cloak over the lady before any one else had time to perceive a finely-turned leg and a pretty garter.

Mademoiselle Terscheling, on being carried home, had time to reflect; and the result of her reflections was that there must never be two men in the world who had seen her garter. She sent for her betrothed and said, "Will you kill the man who threw his cloak over me?"

"Who, I? What an enormity!"

"I thought you would refuse. Then I shall marry him. When my life was in danger you offered one hundred ducats to save me. This is the price you set upon my hand. Here are twenty-five hundred. You have made a good bargain."

She then sent for the stranger. "Monsieur," said she, "I am rich and young, and (she blushed prodigiously while adding one of these hypocritical periphrases by which women speak of their beauty) I am not considered repulsive. I wish to marry immediately. I see that you are surprised. I will be frank with you. I have sent for you because you have seen my garter. You have rendered me a great service, Monsieur. Without you all the young men of Boxmeer would have seen it, and as I could not have married them all I should have killed myself. But if you are not free, or I am not so happy as to please you, I shall give my hand and my fortune to a man who will kill you. Do you accept? yes or nor?"

"Yes; a thousand times yes! a hundred thousand times yes!"

The marriage took place, and was like all other marriages probably; we have no particulars on the subject. All the young men of Boxmeer were invited to the nuptials and sumptuously feasted.

At her death, which took place in the course of time, the following codicil was found to her will:

"My farm, situated on the borders of the Meuse, will remain forever, whoever may be the proprietor of it, subject to the following conditions. Every year, under penalty of forfeiture, on the thirteenth of May, tables shall be prepared, and a tun of strong beer, and twenty ells of the best sausage in Rotterdam, shall be served to the young men of Boxmeer, as a token of gratitude that they saved my life, and of rejoicing that they did not see my garter the 13th of May, 1756."

Until the present time, that is, during a hundred years, the wishes of the testatrix have been punctiliously executed. But the present heir, on the 13th of last May, attempted to elude them. Under pretext of conforming to the decimal system, he gave twenty meters of sausages instead of twenty ells, which made a difference of four meters to the detriment of the youth of Boxmeer.

Not to lose their fete, they devoured the twenty metres "under protest;" but this year they have brought a suit against the heir, and demanded that the case shall be decided before the 13th of May.

Melancholly Suicide.

Mr. F. C. Stainback, Flour Inspector and a prominent citizen of Petersburg, committed suicide by cutting his throat and ripping out his entrails with a razor on Tuesday night last.

His wife was absent at Hampton at the time, and previous to the occurrence he evinced the greatest anxiety to see her. He wrote several letters, one to his oldest son, another to Mr. Francis Pace and a third to Mr. Alfriend, showing that the act of self destruction was premeditated, but assigning no cause for it.

The "ten thousand Irishmen" who defeated the Know Nothings in Virginia, unfortunately for the veracity of the Washington American Organ, are disposed of by the census, which shows that there are but 7000 foreign born persons in Virginia—men, women and children.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM—WHAT HISTORY WILL SAY OF IT.—When some future American annalist (says the Vicksburg Sentinel) comes to detail the rise, progress and decay of the factions which have coalesced under the name of Know-Nothings to overthrow the democracy, his work will be arranged and written somewhat after the following fashion:

CHAPTER I—RISE OF THE ORDER:
Jack and Gill went up the hill.
CHAHTER II—OBJECT OF THE COALITION:
To get a pail of water.
CHAPTER III—WHAT BEFEL ONE WING OF IT:
Jack fell down and broke his crown.
CHAPTER IV—WHAT BEFEL THE OTHER:
And Gill came tumbling arter.

KEEPING A GOOD FACE ON.—The Boston Transcript tells a story of a young woman who a few days since had a tumor extracted from her cheek at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Her last remark, before being rendered insensible by ether, was, "Now, Doctor, you will cut it out so as not to leave a bad scar, won't you?" This *touching* request was of course complied with.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—Charles Rey, of New York, to be commercial agent of the United States for that portion of the island of St. Martin, in the West Indies, which pertains to the Netherlands.

DIED.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, aged 78 years, a native of Calderparish, Lanark County, Scotland, and a citizen of this town since 1803.

His friends and acqu