

[From the Journal of Commerce.]  
**A Father's Advice to his Son, on leav-  
ing his Home for California.**

BY J. D. G.

Farewell, my son the hour has come,  
The solemn hour when we must part;  
The hour that bears thee from thy home,  
With sorrow fills thy Father's heart.

Farewell, my son, thou leav'st behind,  
Thy mother, sisters, brothers dear,  
And guest the far-off land to find,  
Without one friend thy way to cheer.

Alone thou leav'st thy vine clad cot,  
Thy childhood's home, thy natal bower,  
Sweet scenes, that ne'er can be forgot,  
Where life has passed its sunniest hours.

When far away from distant lands,  
Mid California's golden streams,  
Where brightly shine those yellow sands,  
Oft will "Sweet Home" come o'er thy dreams.

Thy father's counsels, prayers, and love  
Pursue thee through thy dangerous way,  
And at the mercy seat above,  
Implore his son may never stray.

From that straight path where virtue guides,  
To purest, noblest joys on high,  
Where God in his holiness resides,  
And springs perennial never dry.

Remember, His omniscient eye  
Beholds each devious step you take—  
That you can ne'er his presence fly,  
At home, abroad, asleep, awake.

On California's sea-beat shore,  
Where the Pacific rolls its tide,  
Where waves on waves eternal roar,  
You cannot from his notice hide.

He holds you there upon his arm,  
Encircled with his boundless might,  
Preserves you safe from every harm,  
Mid brightest day and darkest night.

Let this great truth be deep impress'd  
Upon the tablets of thy heart—  
Be cherished there within thy breast,  
And from thy memory ne'er depart.

If strong temptations round you rise,  
Where sin's deceitful smiles betray,  
This thought will prompt you to despise  
The course that leads the downward way.

When fascination spreads her charms,  
But to allure, beguile, destroy,  
Think, then, a father's faithful arms,  
Are thrown around his wandering boy.

To keep him from the fatal snare,  
Spread to entrap his youthful feet,  
And lead his youthful footsteps where  
Pale rain holds its gloomy seat.

What pangs must rend thy father's soul,  
To find his counsels all are crossed  
Are set at naught, without control,  
And his beloved son is lost.

Oh! think what mourning, anguish, grief,  
Would be to thy kindred all in tears;  
That one dear youth, in life so brief,  
Should cloud in night their future years.

Should these bright hopes that gild thy sky—  
And o'er thy splendours on the West,  
Fade on thy sight, grow dim and die,  
And hearts sink down with gloom oppress'd;

Should sickness chain thee to thy bed,  
In California's distant land,  
No brothers there to hold thy head,  
Nor sisters take thy trembling hand,—

Think, then, my son, that guardian power,  
Whose eye beholds the sparrow's fall,  
He'll watch thee in that lonely hour,  
Whose gracious care is o'er us all.

Then if beneath the evening star,  
Beside the great Pacific's wave,  
Thou find'st an early tomb afar,  
His grace will there thy spirit save.

Or if upon thy safe return,  
Thou find'st no more thy father here,  
Pay one sad visit to his urn,  
Drop on his dust one filial tear.

May God's rich blessings on thy head,  
Descend in showers of heavenly grace,  
And keep you safe wherever you tread,  
As we here end this fond embrace.

So live my son, while here I stand,  
On Time's bleak, ever-changing shore,  
That we may reach that better land,  
Where sons and fathers part no more.

MARCH, 1849.

[From the Alta California.]  
**From Los Angeles to Salt Lake.**

We have been permitted by Messrs. Adams & Co. to publish the following portion of the journal of Mr. Felix Tracy, Jr., during his late journey through from Los Angeles to Salt Lake.

This diary, though brief, will be of value to those who may wish to travel through Salt Lake by the same route, and it will also give a very correct idea of the country to the general reader. The indefatigable and ubiquitous Adams & Co., will soon dispatch messengers through all the principal routes to Salt Lake, for the purpose of ascertaining by direct observation the best route for an Express. The enterprise of this firm bids fair to establish the best route for the Pacific Railroad while Congress is quarrelling about appropriations for engineers to do the same work.

OFFICE OF ADAMS & CO.,  
City of the Great Salt Lake.

To I. C. Woods, Esq., Resident Partner of  
Adams & Co. of California.

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your request I hand you enclosed so much of the journal of my late trip from Los Angeles to this place as is of public interest, and calculated I think to be of value to the Pacific Emigrant Society, in which, if I remember rightly, you hold a prominent position. I have omitted all of my own speculations on the route, which I will give in a subsequent letter, and confine myself to noting the essential facts for emigrants, namely: grass, wood and water.

Nov. 24th.—Leaving San Francisco, as you remember, this day per steamer *Goliath*, at half past five o'clock P. M., we reached San Pedro Nov. 25th, at 8 A. M., which small place of a few houses, and proportionally smaller number of people, is the port for Los

Angeles, twenty-five miles inland, to which place I proceeded in Alexander & Banning's line of coaches, on which our Express matter is carried, and reached Los Angeles the same night, 25th.

This place is too well known to you to demand description from me, and I content myself with stating a few facts to which I would specially call your attention in the future.—One is, that corn is said to grow here splendidly and the ears to fill and ripen equal to anything in the older States, a fact, if a fact, which is not known on the Bay of San Francisco, or in the mining regions where corn is grown with difficulty. The raising here of a sufficient supply of maize for the California demand, would help enrich the country by keeping this much of our gold at home.

The culture of grapes and manufacture of wine is destined to become a feature of this part of California, and I confidently predict that, if fostered properly by those having as deep an interest as yourself in the welfare of California, the wine of this section will cause importations to nearly cease, and we shall become large exporters, besides doing a wonderful work in the way of temperance.—Drinkers of Sherry and Madeira in San Francisco are probably aware that their best English imported wines are nearly all manufactured in London, from the cheap vines of the Cape of Good Hope. Los Angeles can supply the basis in place of Cape Town, and your ingenious merchants can do the manufacturing, including stamping the boxes and copying the labels.

Dec. 1st.—Left Los Angeles at 10 o'clock this A. M. Eight miles this side passed San Gabriel, an old mission, in the vicinity of which is said to be some of the best land in California. The Padres fenced many of the fields with the cactus.

At noon we stopped at a place called Monte, which has about five hundred inhabitants.

Water abundant; land very fertile, one square mile producing three squashes, which weighed four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, and I also saw a corn stalk seventeen and a half feet high.

Saturday, Dec. 2d.—Staid last night at an old Spaniard's by the name of Palenceros, who has a fine, large ranch, well stocked. A few years since, the Utah tribe of Indians, led by their Chief, Walker, were in the habit of driving off several hundred head of cattle—the Spaniards in this vicinity not being able to resist them.

Distance to-day, thirty-two miles.

Sunday, Dec. 3d.—For twenty miles it is nearly a desert, without water. Arrived at San Bernardino this evening. Distance to-day thirty-two miles.

Monday, Dec. 4th.—San Bernardino, the Mormon settlement, containing about one thousand inhabitants.

The Mormons have possession of some eight square leagues of land, well watered, which produces well.

Timber is scarce, consequently the houses are built of adobe.

Within five miles of this place are hot springs, from lukewarm to hot enough to cook an egg.

Tuesday, Dec. 5th.—Left San Bernardino to-day at 2 P. M., in company with James B. Leach, James Williams, Jacob Mosier and Mr. Pinney. We have four mules packed. Good road and plenty of water.

Distance to-day 12 miles.

Wednesday, Dec. 6th.—Left camp at half past seven A. M.

Crossed the Sierra Nevada by Hunt's Pass—which is ten miles nearer than by Cajon, and to the south of it, although the latter is much the best for wagons, and, in fact, one thousand dollars would make it a first rate road.

Camped at 6 P. M. Distance to-day 25 miles; the last 20 poor land and without water.

Thursday, Dec. 7th.—Left camp at half-past 7. Distance to-day 35 miles; water half way. Good wagon road, land poor.

Camped at Sugar Loaf, on the Mohave river.

Friday, Dec. 8th.—Started at 8 A. M.; traveled 25 miles northward along the Mohave. The soil could be made to produce well by irrigation. Road level and sandy.

Camped at 8 P. M. near a small lake, good grass. Distance to-day 25 miles. We have seen some alkali.

Saturday, Dec. 9th.—Left camp at half past 8 A. M.

To-day we have traveled twenty-five miles without water; road good, through a desert. Camped at 4 P. M., water bad, grass scarce.

We have passed through a canon three miles long, through a low range of mountains; the ascent was gradual.

Sunday, Dec. 10th.—Left camp last night at eight P. M., it being thought best to travel on the desert in the night. From Bitter Springs, where we camped last night, to Kings-ton Springs, where we camped this morning, at 11 A. M., is forty miles over desert; water to be had at a small lake about half way; road fair.

Fed our mules with barley last night and this morning.

Started this afternoon at half past 3.

Monday, Dec. 11th.—Camped this morning at half past 8, all tired and very sleepy. Distance last night forty miles; road good over a desert. This place is called Mountain Springs, grass is poor, and we here fed the last of our barley. About twenty miles from Bitter Springs we left the regular emigrant road, and came on to it within four miles of Mountain Springs, saving about forty miles, avoiding Salt Springs, the Highlander, Resting and Stump Springs. Left Mountain Springs at half past 11 A. M., and traveled 12 miles to Cottonwood. Road good.

Tuesday, Dec. 12th.—Left Cottonwood at half past seven A. M. Camped at 3 P. M., on the Las Vegas. This is a small stream, but runs very rapidly, and waters several hundred acres of good land.

Here there is a spring in which a person cannot sink.

It is twenty-five miles over to the Colorado river.

Road somewhat uneven, but not bad.

Distance to-day twenty miles, without water.

Friday, Dec. 15th.—Started this morning at 4 o'clock. We have followed the Rio Virgin up to its source. Camped at six P. M.; road fair. Distance to-day 33 miles.—The Muddy river empties into the Rio Virgin and the latter into the Colorado.

Saturday, Dec. 16th.—The road for the first fifteen miles has been a gradual ascent, and the last ten uneven and bad. No water to-day.

Camped on the Santa Clara river. Twelve miles below us, the Mormons are building a house.

The Indians have three corn fields on this river, about twelve acres in all, one of which we are encamped in.

There are a few cottonwood trees on this river, which is the first timber we have seen.

Sunday, Dec. 17th.—Camped at the Mountain Springs, which is also called the Rim of the Basin. The road to-day has been bad—being quite rough. Distance thirty-five miles, without water. The land in this vicinity would produce well if there was water to irrigate it with.

Monday, Dec. 18th.—Camped at Iron Spring. Distance to-day 43 miles. No water but plenty of ice.

Tuesday, Dec. 19th.—Arrived at Cedar City, on Coal Creek, this morning, the first of the Mormon settlements.

Here iron ore is found, and the Mormons expect to manufacture iron in about a month. Coal is also found here.

This place is surrounded by an adobe wall, ten feet high and from two to three feet thick.

There are about one hundred families here whose farms are three or four miles off, which are said to produce corn, wheat, oats, barley, &c., the land being irrigated. All the timber here is a few small cedar trees.

From San Bernardino to Cedar City, there is probably not 1,000 acres of good land, all in one body; all there is situated on the Vegas, Middle and Santa Clara rivers; and there is no timber except a few cottonwood trees on the Santa Clara. There are no streams that require bridging. The road from the Rim of the Basin is splendid—from the Vegas to the Rim of the Basin is quite rough, that it is up and down.

We came through with nine mules. Mr. Leach is of the opinion that a wagon and six mules would have come through easier.

You will see by what I have already written, that there are stretches of thirty to fifty miles without water. Four or five artesian wells would probably be all that would be required. We crossed small mountains almost every day, through cañons.

If this route should ever become much traveled, it would be difficult to find grass for animals, for this whole country is nearly all a desert, producing nothing but a little sage brush or greasewood.

By next Express I will finish copying my diary, but in the mean time would remark that the road from Cedar City to this place is a very good one, about three streams requiring bridges.

Yours, truly,  
FELIX TRACY, JR.

Great Events from Slender Canoes.

Dr. Paris observes, that "the history of great events from small causes would form an interesting work."

"How momentous," says Campbell, "are the results of apparently trivial circumstances!" When Mohammed was flying from his enemies, he took refuge in a cave; which his pursuers would have entered if they had not seen a spider's web at the entrance. Not knowing that it was freshly woven, they passed by the cave; and thus a spider's web changed the history of the world.

When Louis VII., to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II. of England. She had for her marriage dowry the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All this probably had never occurred, had Louis not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of Queen Eleanor.

Watson mentions, in his Notes on Pope, that the treaty of Utrecht was occasioned by a quarrel between the Duchess of Marlborough and Queen Anne about a pair of gloves.

The coquetry of the daughter of Count Julian introduced the Saracens into Spain.

"What can be imagined more trivial," remarks Home in one of his essays, "than the difference between one color of livery and another in horse races? Yet this difference begot two most inveterate factions in the Greek Empire, the Prasin and Veneti; who never suspended their animosities till they ruined that unhappy country."

The murder of Caesar in the capital was chiefly owing to his not rising from his seat when the Senate tendered him some particular honors.

The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry VIII.'s marriage, (which brought on the Reformation), are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his Holiness' toe when he put it out to be kissed by that ambassador; and the Duchess of Marlborough's spilling a basin of water on Mrs. Masham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the Tory ministry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe.

"If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter," said Pascal, in his epigrammatic manner, "the condition of the world would have been different."

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder storm; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the people had not started him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle; and if Mr. Grenville had not carried in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging certain stamp duties on the plantations in America, the western

world might still have bowed to the British sceptre.

Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone, had not, by the merest accident, attracted the notice of Cimabue.

[From "Eth and Nora," a poem by Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North of Blackwood's Magazine."]—

She had risen up from her morning prayer,  
And chained the waves of her golden hair,  
Half kissed her sleeping sisters cheek,  
And breathed the blessings she might not speak;

Lest the whisper should break the dream that smiled  
Round the snow-white brow of the sinless child,  
Her radiant lamb and her purple dove  
Have taken their food from the hand they love;

The low deep coo and the plaintive bleat,  
In the morning calm, how clear and sweet;  
Ere the sun hath warmed the dawning hours  
She hath watered the glow of her garden flowers.

And welcomed the hum of the earliest bee  
In the moist bloom working drowsily;  
Then up the flow of the rocky rill  
She trips away to the pastoral hill;

And, as she lifts her glittering eyes,  
In the joy of her heart to the dewy skies,  
She feels that her sainted parents bless  
The life of their orphan shepherdess.

'Tis a lonely glen! but the happy child  
Hath friends whom she meets in the morning wild!

As on the trips, her native stream,  
Like her, hath awoke from a joyful dream,  
And glides away by her twinkling feet,  
With a face as bright and a voice as sweet,

In the osier bank the osel sitting  
Hath heard her step, and away is flitting  
From stone to stone as she glides along,  
Then sinks in the stream with a broken song.

The lapping, fearless of his nest,  
Stands looking round with delicate crest;  
For a love-like joy is in his cry  
As he wheels and darts and glances by.

Is the heron asleep on the silvery strand  
Of his little lake? Lo! his wings expand  
As a dreamy thought, and without dread  
Cloud-like he floats o'er the maiden's head.

She looks to the birch wood glade, and lo!  
There is browsing there the mountain roe,  
Who lifts up her gleaming eyes, nor moves,  
As on glides the form whom all nature loves.

Having spent in heaven an hour of mirth,  
The lark drops down to the dewy earth,  
And a silence soothes his yearning breast  
In the fields of his lowly nest;

The linnet takes up the hymn, unseen,  
In the yellow bloom or the bracken green;  
And now, as the morning hours are growing,  
From the hill-side coo the cuckoo are crying,

And the shepherd's dog is barking shrill  
From the mist fast rising from the hill,  
And the shepherd's self, with locks of gray,  
Hath blessed the maiden on her way.

And now she sees her own dear flock  
On a verdant mound beneath the rock,  
All close together in beauty and love,  
Like the small fair clouds in heaven above.

And her innocent soul, at the peaceful sight  
Is swimming o'er with a still delight.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—There is a strange story now floating on the great sea of literary tale talk. Nothing less, let me tell you, than an unpublished fiction of Sir Walter Scott has turned up, and will be published in Paris, where it was found. The story runs, that a rich old German, who lived in Paris when Scott visited it in 1826, had a monomania for collecting autographs and wanted one of Scott's; that Anne Scott gave him the manuscript of a historical romance by her father, which he had determined not to publish; that he prized this very much, kept it in a box by itself, and promised to bequeath it to his private secretary; that he quitted Paris in 1830, and was lost sight of; that a few months ago the German's daughter forwarded the writing case from Bavaria; that the secretary opened it, and found it to contain "Moreen, a tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten"; that it is of the usual three volume extent; that it is being translated for publication in the French, and that it has the genuine life, spirit and reality of the best Waverley romances.—*London Correspondent.*

SCOTTS says the best sewing machine in the world is one about seventeen years old, with a short sleeve dress, pretty little feet with gaiter boots on. O! don't.

ECONOMICAL.—"My lad," said a traveler to a little fellow whom he met, clothed in pants and small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"Mammy's washing it."

"Have you no other?"

"No other?" exclaimed the urchin in surprise, "would you want a boy to have a thousand shirts?"

EMIGRATION FROM CALIFORNIA.—Under the above head, that spirited little paper, the *Town Talk*, "pitches in" to those who have been guilty of abusing Native Californians, after this fashion:

Since the subject has been broached of the emigration of the native Californians, we have heard of numerous instances of most outrageous oppression upon the people. We have no doubt that in many instances, by cunning lawyers, with native Californians as representative proprietors, for large tracts of public lands, and that, by the aid of perjury, some of these forged grants have been confirmed; but this does not justify men in squandering upon well known tracts, about the title of which there is no dispute. We are informed that in many cases they have, and not content with seizing on Californian lands they have killed his cattle, prosecuted him for damages where his stock has broken into their enclosures, and recovered them—actually made him pay for occupying his own lands. Americans in some cases not content with taking possession of the outer edge of their ranches, have taken possession of, and fenced in their gardens. We have been told of one man across the Bay, who has not been able to raise a calf these two past years, from a large herd of cattle, because the squatters on his ranch draw from his stock, free of cost, their entire supply of veal.

[Through Cram, Rogers & Co.]  
**From the Marysville Express Extra.**

**ARRIVAL OF THE  
Steamship Oregon!**

**STORMING OF SEBASTOPOL!!**

**DREADFUL LOSS OF THE ALLIES!!**

**Austria Withdrawn from her Treaty!**

The P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamship Oregon, arrived at San Francisco, Feb. 17th, at 9 A. M.

The Panama Railroad is completed. By arrival of the B. M. steamship Asia, Capt. E. G. Lott, at Halifax, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., at 4 P. M., we have received by telegraph via New York, five days later intelligence from London, to January 13th.

Owing to the thick weather, the Asia was unable to reach port in time to transmit intelligence by the North Star, and we hasten to forward, to our Pacific readers by express via Vera Cruz and Acapulco, the following confirmation and startling intelligence of the storming of Sebastopol and other discomfiture of the Allies; the revolt of Poland, and other European news of great importance.—*N. O. Pic.*

The Diplomatic Conference held at the house of the English Ambassador, at Vienna, on the 28th, terminated by the sudden and indignant withdrawal of Austria from her former treaty stipulation, made with the Western Powers. Prince Gortschakoff, for Russia, presented a note in Conference, as a final reply of the Czar, rejecting all overtures of peace as laid down on his former basis.

Prussia will remain neutral and is determined to take no active part in the crisis of affairs which are convulsing Europe. The news of the conference was immediately telegraphed to London and Paris, causing great excitement in both places. Much feeling was manifested throughout the Continent, on hearing of Austria's treachery.

An especial Envoy had arrived at London from France to confer with the British minister, on the necessity of taking immediate steps for declaring war against Austria forthwith. On hearing the disastrous news from the Crimea, the funds on the Paris Bourse sadly declined.

Louis Napoleon was organizing another reserve corps of 200,000 men.

Several new regiments of Zouaves had been ordered to the Crimea from Africa.

The American Minister at Madrid, Mr. Soule, had been refused at Court, proof being substantiated of his connivance with the Republican party for the overthrow of the present dynasty.

Telegraphic dispatches had been received at Paris from Vienna to the 10th inst., to the effect that Poland had revolted against the tyranny of the Czar.

Prince Zorowski heads the rebellion.—The Emperor of Russia was sending large reinforcements to the frontier to quell the disturbance. Efforts were being made in France and England to send immediate aid to the Poles, both in money, men and the munitions of war. Another disastrous gale had occurred in the Black Sea; many vessels were lost. The Paris *Moniteur*, of Jan. 9th, publishes the following additional news from Balaklava:

The cholera was raging fearfully among the troops at Sebastopol, large numbers were carried off by the pestilence. The cold was intense, and the troops were suffering severely for the want of proper clothing and comfortable quarters. Preparations were being made for the assault at an early day. Large French, English and Turkish reinforcements to the number of 45,000 men, have arrived and were concentrated in front of Sebastopol. The number included 5,000 cavalry, and 200 extra siege guns. The dismissal of Omar Pasha from command is confirmed.

An extra of the *London Times*, Jan. 12th—says—

The Metropolis was startled from its slumbers at an early hour this morning, long after we had gone to press, by loud salutes of artillery and the ringing of bells, announcing to the world the glorious and gratifying intelligence that Sebastopol had fallen, a proud trophy of the invincibility of our army, and the gallant valor of our French allies. The victory is ours.

The Royal Standard of St. George is twined with that of the Tri-color of France, on the barbed walls of Sebastopol, notwithstanding the drawbacks and the thousand obstacles that opposed our gallant army, disease, war and pestilence thinning their ranks by thousands, they have overcome every impediment and shown by their indomitable will and bravery, that no barrier, however great, can impede their onward march to victory. Our loss is dreadful. We hasten to lay before our readers the following telegraphic dispatch, which was received by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, at 3 A. M., this morning.

The fleet under Admiral Lyons, are vigorously bombarding the defenses of the enemy to seaward. The Quarantine Battery has struck its colors, and is now in possession of the French Rifle Brigade and battalion of artillery. We keep up an incessant rocket firing. Three of the enemy's line of battle-ships have been sunk in the inner harbor by our shot. Part of the city is in flames.

We are under good cover from the enemy's guns. I will hasten to send a list of the casualties as soon as they can be obtained.

The wounded are being well cared for.

From the Vienna correspondence of the *London Times*, we clip the following, dated Vienna, Jan. 15th, 6 P. M.:

H. B. M. steamer *Battler*, Capt. Pearson, arrived this morning from Constantinople, confirming the news as reported in this city of the successful storming of Sebastopol. Our loss has been appalling. I have been unable to gather full particulars. She is coming up in haste. I fear some disaster has happened to our brave army, after taking the place.—One report has it that they were compelled to fall back again within their third parallel, but I can scarcely credit it.

Another, that Gen. Canrobert was killed, which as soon as it became known, threw the French into confusion, and they were driven, pell mell, into their outer works.—That the place had been stormed, there can be no doubt. Capt. P. and his officers, appear silent on the subject. He will depart immediately. He has, as I am informed, important dispatches for the home government. The Austrians show but little sympathy with our cause. More districts have

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joined the insurgents in Poland. London Times Extra.

SECOND DISPATCH.—Telegraphed via Halifax to N. O. Pionye.—Immediately on receiving the news of the above, the whole Metropolis participated in the general joy.—All business was suspended. Crowds thronged the Exchange and Horse Guards. The noblemen, day laborer and beggar nudged and elbowed each other to learn further particulars. Salutes of artillery have been fired from Regents and other Parks throughout the city, while the bells seem to toll a solemn requiem for brave comrades who have fallen on the blood stained heights of Sebastopol.

From a private telegraphic source we learn that another dispatch had been received from Lord Raglan, prior to the sailing of the Asia, which had not yet been given to the public. Well-grounded fears were entertained that some discomfiture had overtaken the Allies in consequence. The public were clamorous to have everything known as soon as received.

Additional News from the English Papers of the 12th Inst.

The London Morning Herald says, that instructions have gone forward, recalling Lord Raglan from the Crimea, his successor was not known. A change in the English Ministry was anticipated.