a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers; it is decorating a place where I am to meet a friend or lover. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook, it is preparing refreshments for him I love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachments, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world."

Manners in Japan.—The U. S. ship-of-war Powhattan had relieved the Vandalia at Shanghai, and the Vandalia had gone to Hong Kong. The Powhattan had just arrived from Simoda, Japan, where she had found the officers and crew of the Russian frigate Diana, which had been sunk by an earthquake in the harbor of Simoda. The Russians had concluded the same treaty as ours, and were living on shore. The Powhattan found them a very intelligent, gentlemanly set of men, and left them all the stores and provisions they could spare. It was their intention to take junks and go to Petropaulovski, in Kamschatka, where they will probably arrive in time to resist an attack which the allies are preparing to make the ensuing season. The English and French squadrons were at Hong Kong getting ready, and would soon sail. They were somewhat chagrined at their repulse last year.

The officers of the Powhattan report that a great change has already taken place among the Japanese. They appear to be desirous of intercourse with foreigners, and are much more social and affable than they were on the previous visit of the steamer. The officers bought some beautiful lackered and porcelain ware. No restrictions were placed upon their intercourse with the people on shore, and they say, it was a common thing to see officers sitting about in the houses, surrounded by the family, and entertained by accomplished young ladies singing and playing on the lute. The Macedonian is to visit Japan.

The Power of an Elephant's Trunk.—One has been apt to consider Nasmyth's steam-hammer, which can with one blow exert a force of two tons, and with another break a nut without injuring the kernel, as a triumph of human ingenuity, and so it is: but how insignificant when placed in comparison with the trunk of an elephant; for not only can the latter strike a blow of a ton or so, and break an egg or a nut, but it can pick a pin from the floor, or pull down a tree; project water with the force of a twenty-man power forcing pump, or uncork and drink a bottle of soda-water without spilling a drop!

A Profitable Purchase.—A few evenings since, one of our grocers, when the day's business was about over, placed the silver change on hand in his scales for the purpose of weighing it and ascertaining the amount in that way instead of by counting it. Before the operation was completed, a customer came in and called for a small quantity of sugar, which was thrown into the same scales containing the silver change, the latter being forgotten and concealed by the view of the sugar. When the process of weighing the sugar, as was supposed, was compelled, the contents of the scales—sugar and silver—were emptied into a paper and carefully tied up, with which the customer departed.

The grocer missed his money, and could come to no other conclusion than that some light-fingered person had robbed his drawer. The customer, on opening his sugar, was astonished to find about ten dollars in silver mixed with it. He knew the money did not belong to him, and naturally concluded, that it must belong to the grocer, although he was puzzled to conjecture why or how it was placed in his possession in this singular manner. On mentioning the circumstance at the store, the grocer instantly recollected putting the money in the scales and the whole mystery was easily explained. Had the customer kept quiet, the grocer would have probably believed to the day of his death that he had been robbed, and perhaps suspicion would have rested upon innocent persons.—*Pawtucket Chronicle.*

LATE FROM EUROPE.

CRITICAL SITUATION OF KARS.

Erzeroum, June 26.—Kars is not invested; but the Russian army, having an effective strength of about 36,000 men, commanded by General Mouravieff, is encamped about two leagues from the town. The Russian general, who has selected Zaim as the basis of his operations, appears determined on using all the means at his disposal for taking Kars. The very heavy torrents of rain, that have been incessantly falling for some days past, have as yet retarded the attack, and greatly impeded the manoeuvres of the enemy, who has been obliged to pitch his tents in the mud. The Russians have sent to Alexandropol for eight large siege guns, but these have got embedded in the track near the Arpa Tchai. General Mouravieff has consequently been obliged to send several men and oxen to get them out again, and bring them on to his head-quarters as soon as possible.

Tchiprakli, a village on the road to Erzeroum, and eight leagues from Kars, is occupied by the Russians, in consequence of which communication with Erzeroum is intercepted on this side. We can now only receive news from Kars by Olti, that is to say, by a round-about way of ten leagues.

The Russians have evacuated Ardahan.

Such is at this moment the exact state of things at the seat of war in Asia. There can be no douht of the great importance the Russian Government attaches to the capture of Kars, nor will General Mouravieff spare any effort that may enable him to take the place. The strength of the Russian troops is great, and far surpasses what the Turks can oppose to it. Nevertheless, thanks to the skill and courage of the generals who protect the city now being attacked, thanks also to the firmness of the inhabitants, we venture to hope, that the besieged at Kars will show themselves worthy brethren in arms and race of those who defended Silistria.

It is believed in Paris that the Turkish army in Asia will be able to hold out until reinforcements arrive. The journals of Vienna are circulating a false report of the English having demanded of the Porte the Castles of the Dardanelles, and the French the fortresses of the Bosphorus.

RESTORATION OF SIR J. CAMPBELL'S SWORD.

The courtesies of war are still observed at the scene of deadly contest. On an application made to the Russians, the sword of Sir John Campbell, an old family claymore has been brought to the English camp by a flag of truce; and it was announced, that the body of the general had been buried in the town with proper military honours. General Eyre has had his leg amputated. He bore the painful operation with the greatest fortitude, and his health is now such as to cause no further uneasiness. He will proceed to England as soon as he can bear the voyage.

DAMAGE DONE IN SEBASTOPOL.

The deserters and prisoners report that the Russian line-of-battle ships anchored in the roadstead opposite Fort St. Nicholas begin to suffer from the fire of the mortar battery on the side of the Quarantine Bay. On the 27th a shell passed through the three decks of the Tchesme, killing and wounding several men, and then bursting in the hold, set fire to her for a short time. Some days before a projectile, fired by a French vessel, bursting in a workshop near the Artillery Bay, caused the explosion of a number of loaded shells, killed several artillerymen, and caused such damage that the Russians have not since dared to collect together such a quantity of combustibles in one place. The shells from the allied vessels occasion much damage to the place and severe losses to the garrison. Their effects are more feared than those of the rockets. The number of naval artillerymen in the place has been reduced from 16,000 to 3,500, and there are now only three artillerymen for each gun. The rations of vegetables and brandy have been diminished one-half on board the Russian vessels, and the captains of them have received orders to economize their consumption of salt pork as much as possible. The Commander-in-Chief has ordered the inhabitants to quit the town. The opinion that the place must infallibly fall into the power of the allied armies is more and more general among the besieged, and that feeling has greatly increased their discouragement, particularly during the last few days.

WAR DEPARTMEMT, JULY 5, 1855.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to give orders for the appointment of the following officers, of Her Majesty's land and naval forces, to be ordinary members of the Military Divisions of the first, second, and third classes of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath respectively.

To be KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS

Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Brown, K. C. B.
Vice-Admiral James Whitely Deans Dundas, C. B.
Lieut.-Gen. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K. G.
Lieut.-Gen, Sir De Lacy Evans, K. C. B.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard England, K. C. B.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B.
Rear Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., G.C.B.

To be KNIGHTS COMMANDERS.

Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Lucan.
Lieut.-Gen. Henry J. W. Bentinck.
Lieut.-Gen. John Lysaght Pennefather, C. B.
Rear-Admiral Houston Stewart, C. B.
Rear-Admiral James Hanway Plumridge.
Major-Gen. the Earl of Cardigan.
Major-Gen. William John Codrington.
Major-Gen. Richard Airey.
Major-Gen. the Hon. James Yorks Scarlett.
Major-Gen. Harry David Jones, Royal Engineers.
Major-Gen. Arthur Wellesley Torrens.
Major-Gen. George Buller, C. B.
Major-Gen. William Eyre, C. B.
Major-Gen. Richard J. Dacres, Royal Artillery.
Rear-Admiral the Hon. Montagu Stopford.
Rear-Admiral Henry Ducie Chads, C. B.
Rear-Admiral Michael Seymour.
Rear-Admiral Henry Byam Martin, C. B.
Captain Stephen Lushington, R. N.

TALK OF THE DAY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

Camp before Sebastopol, July 7.—"Sebastopol will be taken in three weeks." "Not this year." "It never will be taken." "Certainly not until it is invested." "We are not strong enough yet to do so." Such are the opinions one hears in various quarters—and, moreover, in military quarters. There is the utmost confidence expressed by many, and, on the other side, much doubt by some; but all now agree—English as well as French—that the Crimea expedition was, at the time it was undertaken, an ill-judged, imprudent, and rash one. At present, the main hopes of taking the place rest on the new batteries which have been raised by the Allies, particularly on one to the extreme Left attack—that of the French. The object is to reach the Russian men-of-war, and to silence them: for it is now deemed all but impossible to take the Malakhoff tower, or rather—for the tower itself no longer exists—its batteries, before those vessels are prevented throwing their formidable shells, and sweeping all before them with their round shot. It is impossible to conceive anything more systematic or more effective than the defence by that fleet of certain approaches to the town. Every advantage is adroitly turned to account; not a loop-hole is neglected; every position, every bend, as it were, of a position of the Allies is constantly kept in view, when the nature of the ground so permits; every turn of the road is closely watched, and engineering ingenuity is racked to the utmost to ascertain and even divine by what way the Allied troops are advancing to the attack. You would say that each officer of a Russian ship-of-war is a perfect Argus, and the thunder from each ship itself is anything but a *brutum fulmen*, as our over-worked troops can but too well testify. I know that one excuse for not laying Sebastopol proper in ashes is that it will be better, when it is taken, to have comfortable quarters to go into. That is certainly a consideration. But will the Russians themselves spare the place, either just before they evacuate it, or after they retreat to the northern side and forts. It is folly to think they will, and, moreover, to speak plainly, they would be fools to do so. I venture to assert, that their conviction is, that the reason of the fire not being directed against the private houses, is not on account of any sentiment of humanity, or of that prudence which, ant like, is *non ignara ac non incauta futuri*, but because there is, as they suppose, a want of ammunition. In that respect, however, they are, I think, mistaken, although certainly the long pauses in the cannonade and the frequent cessation of the bombardment might well tend to confirm them in their opinion. So often, in fact, do those pauses and that cessation occur, that even Russian women are seen wending their way tranquilly through the streets. It would appear, too that not a few of them still reside permanently in the town, for two British officers who, on the memorable—that is to say, in the annals of Crimean warfare—ever deplorable 18th of June, had actually entered one of its suburbs, saw dozens of females here and there. There was a rather brisk firing last night, but who out here cares a fig about it? You may ride about for tens of miles, go into every division, into nearly every regiment, and you will not be a whit the wiser for all your inquiries. People either shrug up their shoulders or set you down as a very "green" fellow—a *tyro*, a *novus homo*, a canteen-keeper, a speculator in ready-made clothes, a commissariat butcher, a Cockney amateur just come out, or anything else you like. To be inquisitive about, or to appear interested in, matters to which even the very parties engaged in the firing do not attach the value of a straw, provokes a horse-laugh, or a very significant glance at the pericranium of the visitor. One might just as consistently gallop down, post-haste, to a few truant school-boys quarrelling over their marbles, and manifest a feverish anxiety to know all the ins and outs of the affair, as display any zeal in arriving at details regarding an ordinary Russian sortie, or an ordinary attack, or a common-place cannonade. Even a few deaths scarcely impart any additional interest, for in this happy Crimea, there is a perfect indifference about life. One goes off with and like a cannon-ball, or piecemeal with and like a shell, or through cholera, or dysentery, or diarrhœa, or fever, often enough, I believe, through anxiety, not to say *ennui*—and there is an end of it. Some contrive to make their final exit by means of bites from scorpions or centipedes; others by sunstrokes. Now and then one is kicked beyond the last bourne by the fiery steeds which abound in this peninsula, or dashed down the ravines by water-spouts—water-walls, as our Turkish friends call them. Others have been whisked into eternity by a railway truck diverging from the inclined plane, and many have laid down in the arms of Bacchus, and liked their companion so well that they never rose again. Then there are a few inches of clay, a hasty mouthful of prayers, a total indifference on the part of the few spectators, and so one is more or less indecently buried, wrapped up in a bit of horse-cloth, and covered with lime, in order to deprive the poor worms of their hereditary rights. Thus ends "the strange eventful tale," and the world wags on as usual, whilst Sebastopol is still towering in its pride of strength, and the "gentlemen of England" are looking out every morning for the intelligence of the final catastrophe. In my humble opinion, backed however by that of others of more weight, those gentlemen at ease will have to wait a long time yet to come, before they hear the "Downfal of Sebastopol" played on the pianos of their pretty wives, daughters, or sisters. Meantime, good news has reached the camp—the medals have arrived at last. But that is not all—money too, is at hand. The paymasters are looking again cheerful, and so would many a subaltern, did he not know, that the fact of cash coming out to pay the troops will be the signal for hungry, though not lean creditors to give him a morning call, in order to inquire after his health. And well may such creditors grow fat. We have at Kadikoi, for example, a ready-made clothes dealer, who sells paletots at thirty-two shillings each, for which, according to his own avowal, he only gave eight shillings and sixpence in England, and who charges £2 12s 6d for military inexpressibles, which can be got in London for one guinea, or something less. I may just state here, that he has already received from officers numerous orders for winter clothing—a tolerably clear proof that they do not expect the Crimean war to be over this side of 1856.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF BARNUM.

In about 1843, the editors of the Atlas were much annoyed by a series of libel suits. The first case rebuired bonds of 5000 dollars. I gave them. A second suit from the same party was immediately instituted, and I again gave the same amount of bonds. A third suit followed, and I again offered myself as their bail. The lawyer of the plaintiff, having hoped by bsinging so many suits to give the defendants trouble in obtaining bonds, was much annoyed at my continually offering myself as their bail.

On my third appearance before the judge for that purpose, the lawyer being much vexed became impertinent. "Mr. Barnum," said he "you have already given bail to the amount of 10,000 dollars, and now you offer yourself for 5000 dollars more. Are you worth 15,000 dollars, sir?"

"I am, sir," I replied.

"Of what does your property consist, sir?" he asked peremptorily.

"Do you desire a list of it?" I inquired.

"I do, sir, and I insist upon your giving it before your are accepted as further security," he replied firmly.

"With pleasure, sir. Have the kindness to mark it down as I call it off."

"I will, sir," he answered, taking a sheet of paper and dipping his pen in the ink for that purpose.

"One preserved elephant, 1000 dollars," said I.

He looked a little surprized, but marked it down.

"One stuffed monkey skin, and two gander skins, good as new, 15 dollars for the lot."

"What does this mean? What are you doing, sir?" said he, starting to his feet in indignation.

"I am giving you an inventory of my Museum. It contains only five hundred thousand different articles," I replied with due gravity.

"I appeal to the court for protection from insult," exclaimed the lawyer, his voice trembling with anger and the blood rushing to his face as he spoke.

Judge Ulshoeffer decided that I was doing just what the lawyer had required, and that if he was unwilling to take an affidavit as to my responsibility, I must go on with the "catalogue" of the Museum. The lawyer mutteringly decided to accept the affidavit and bail without going further into the "bill of particulars."