SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A London paper gives the following summary of the news of the week, as regards relations with the United States:—

Judging from the country newspapers, most of which reach us at the end of the week, we should say, that the country is delighted with the turn that the American question has taken; and it is surprising how the public have been enlightened by the cheap press, almost every newspaper of that class having devoted itself to a rational exposition of our American difficulties.

The country is also pleased with the nomination of Mr. Buchanan; but it does not understand, that Mr. Buchanan, in order to attain this honour, has set his face against the great movement for the emanecipation of the slave.

To this our correspondent adds, that the excitement on American affairs has subsided so much, as no longer to exercise any unsettling effects on the markets.

The London *Times*, however, warns the government to have the Central American affair settled up, before Mr. Buchanan shall come to the Presidency—the recruiting affair having been Mr. Pierce's question, and Central America, Mr. Buchanan's.

Parliament had been occupied in discussing the propriety of altering the form of test oaths.

A gentleman of Gainsborough, who uses only the initial "D," but has sent his card to the editor of the London *Star*, writes to that paper, stating that he is a near relative of Mr. Crampton, and thus terminates his letter:—"I have most strongly felt and most firmly believed that the public interests have been overlooked for private considerations. Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., of whom the late American minister is the only son, and the Earl of Clarendon, during the Earl's vice-royalty in Ireland, as well as in former times, when his Lordship, then Mr. Villiers, occupied a situation in the Customs in Dublin, were on terms of the most cordial and intimate friendship. Through his Lordship's influence, Mr Crampton was promoted to that exalted position which he has recently filled, and in which, through his Lordship's influence, he has retained, until the President of the United States has been compelled to dismiss him, though the voice of our country, and the honourable feeling of the magority of our countrymen, feel that Lord Clarendon ought to have recalled him. I repeat, sir and I fully believe, that the public good has been sacrificed to Lord Clarendon's private friendship, and therefore, although I shall feel inclined to spare Mr. Crampton, on the ground of our relationship, I put you in possession of these facts."

Sir J. Pakington has written to the London Daily News, stating that the policy of erecting the Bay Islands into a British colony was adopted by the administration of Lord John Russell. The preparation of a Commission for the Bay is directed by his (Sir J. Pakington's) predecessor, Earl Grey, in 1852, and all that remained to be done, when he (Pakington) took office, was to sign the warrent and a despatch to the Governor of Jamaica, both of which documents were already made out. Sir J. Pakington is, therefore, only responsible to the extent of not having revoked arrangements completed by his predecessors in office.

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Britannia disarming.—England possesses at this moment, or rather did possess two or three weeks ago, the best army, for its numbers, the best navy, the best arms, great and small, the best fleet of transports, the best corps of military labourers, the best commissariat, the best material of all kinds, and, above all, the best militia and the best foreign legion in the world. To these it must be added, that she possessed, even after a costly war, the best exchequer, the best credit and the most unbroken public spirit in the world. We might add a few more superlatives, and, if we come to an end, it is that menory, rather than the resources of our country, fails us. The Premier had only to give the signal, and the people were ready—too ready—to rush into into war, without much consideration of the consequences. All of a sudden, England has laid down her arms, disbanded her legions, returned her fleets to harbor and her arms to store. While an Act of Parliament still empowers the minister to keep under arms a quarter of a million of men, and everything else in proportion, the army is suddenly reduced to 105,000 men, with a view to its ultimate reduction to 95,000: the militia is disembodied, and the foreign legion dismissed with thanks, money, and option of a colony. The vote for the army is reduced from £34,000,000 to £20,000,000 with little explanation, and with members rising up in a half serious tone to expostulate at so prodigious a retrenchment. Fatigue has even led to something like a prostration of spirit. She is not, indeed, dying like the lion in the fable, but rather tired, and takes a kick from the jackass on the other side of the salt water with wonderful equanimity. There she rests, like grandpapa, who having dined and taken his glass, and thrown his hanker-chief over his head, composes himself for a nap, but finds himself suddenly assailed by a lively young grand-daughter, who wants a ride on his gouty leg, an inspection of his watch, or trial of his spectacles, and when these resources are exhausted, a pull at his straggling locks and the derangement of his ruffles. Such is the sleepy, dreamy, good-natured, self-contented lassitude of of England at this moment, while she is allowing herself to be quietly disarmed.—

Extravagance of Fashion.—It is a common thing now for a lady in Paris, who has been accustomed to dress well, to find that she cannot spend at this time less than one thousand pounds a year on dress alone. A thousand a year for the dress of one person, not royal, not noble, not thinking of jewellery, in making this estimate! "How is it?" "How can it be?" is the question everybody asks, on hearing of the fact If you ask, in the most concrete sense, how it can be, the answer is—Look at the quality, and yet more at the quantity, of the dress. Without pretending to be judges of millinery matters we may say, that the silks of the present day must be very costly, with their curious patterns, and the variety of rich fabric that they shew; but the quantity is the marvel. It is such as leaves no trace of the natural human form, any more than the balloons of black silk and the enormous yellow slippers of the Egyptian lady which we are wont to consider so ugly. The French and English ladies put on their disguise in the shape of flouncings and furbelows, which are actually larger and more inconvenient than the hoops of the last century. This vast circumference reaches so high that the covering for the shoulders mnst be planned with a view to it; and the consequence is, that the mantle is made to spread to an extent singularly convenient to deformed persons. A considerable hump may pass unobserved under such a mantle. The balloon-clad Eastern lady completes the disguise by covering her face with the yashmak. There is some consistency in this. The traveller is told, that yonder moving globular mass is a woman, and he believes it, as he believes other strange things that he is told; but he takes the fact altogether on trust. Instead of covering their faces with Oriental consistency, however, the English and French ladies actually present to view, not only their faces, but their heads up to the crown. Amidst the east winds of the late inclement spring, and the burning sunshine of June, the ladies have exposed the head as well as the face to such an extent, as to have incurred a heavy retribution of future suffering. It is said, that every fashion of dress has its martyrs. The abominable powder and paint of a century ago killed more persons by the common effect of dirt than the state of science at the time permitted the sufferers to suspect. The disease and death which have been caught by tight lacing nobody now disputes. When the ladies passed suddenly from tight sleeves to very large ones, not a few died or were disfigured by burns from the balloons on their arms catching fire. At present, the form of retribution is rheumatism, tic-doloureux and every form of cold. Physicians have declared atheir recent observations among their patients and given their warning and we cannot do better, than refer our readers to their medical attendants for further information under this head.—*Daily News.*

How to get a Wife with a Fortune.—Some months ago, I had occasion to recount to you the manner in which a young lady of this strange city managed in order to get a husband and a fair pecuniary start in the world. I have now a companion picture to offer you. A young man of fine family, though impoverished by the revolution, aspired to post under government, to occupy which it was necessary to furnish a certain sum to deposit as security. Our hero could not obtain the requsite amount from his friends, and, at last, hit upon an expedient to put an easy end to the difficulty. He caused an advertisement to appear in one of the journals, as follows:

"A young man, occupying an honorable position wishes to marry a lady well brought up, and possessed of two hundred and fifty francs."

Two hundred and fifty francs are but fifty dollars, and as there are many women in the world who would be glad to purchase a young handsome and honorabl connected husband, on such moderate terms it was quite natural that the advertiser, in the course of the three days during which his notice appeared in public should have received many letters and applications. The young man addressed a note to each of the applicants, appointing a place and hour when he would meet them all together; and politely inviting them all to look at him. On the evening indicated, they came and, it said, the company numbered full two hundred women.

When all assembled the young man "organized the meeting," and made a speech in which he thanked these ladies for the honor they proposed confering uponhim. "But" said the self-possessed young gentleman, "you must understand, ladies, perfectly well, that I cannot marry you *all*, moreover you are all so charming," (many of them were horrible old witches, eyeless, toothless, snuffy, and all that,) "it would be utterly impossible for me to choose amongst such lovely creatures. This, then, is my proposition: Consider me as an object put up at lottery. You number two hundred make two hundred tickets at two hundred and fifty francs each, and the gross sum realized shall be the fortune of the lady who draws the lucky number, and whom I pledge my self to marry immediately."

They hesitated a moment, but the youth was good-looking and the ladies were anxious to marry. One of them determined to accept the proposition, and the rest followed after like a flock of sheep. As if to reward our venturous young friend for his courage, his fortune stars directed that he should fall to the lot of a youthful and pretty girl, whose greatest fault is an unhappy passion for practising on the piano. True to his word, the young man married her and at last accounts the couple thus strangely brought together, were passing a pleasent honey moon. Have I given any of my sharp countrymen a hint?—*Paris Correspondent N. Y. Experss.*

A Modren Sculptor.—Brown and Smith, two gentlemen well known to every one who walks the street, were out a few days since when they were met by an overdressed individual who appeared as if he thought he was somebody, and wanted everybody to know it. Do you know that chap, Smith said Brown. "Yes, I know him, that is, I know of him," Well who in the name of sense is he?" "Why, he's a sculptor?" "Such a looking chap is that a sculptor—surely you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of one you mean but I know that he chiselled a tailor—out of a suit of clothes last week."

Johnson says the greatest magicians of the age, are the paper makers. They transform the beggar's rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

THE DRUNKARD'S ALPHABET.

Allured men from the paths of piety,
Banished domestic happiness,
Created unnatural thirst,
Deranged the intellect,
Enlarged the place of torment,
Filled our prisons,
Generated the vilest propensities,
Hindered the progress of the Gospel,
Inflamed the blood,
Kindled the flames of strife,
Laughed at sin,
Murdered the soul,
Nerved the assassin's arm,
Oppressed the poor,
Poisoned the body,
Quenched holy desire,
Raged with satanic violence,
Scoffed at true religion,
Troubled the Church of Christ,
Unarmed the philosopher,
Vitiated the passions,
Wounded the feelings of friends,
Yielded a harvest of woes, and
Zealously affected men in all evil.

The *Cayuga Chief* says:—It is stated that the names of seventy persons have been removed from the check list of legal voters, in Rockland, Maine, because they have applied to the poor committee, for relief, and that sixty-nine of the number voted for the rum Governor at the last election. This is in keeping. True to its nature, the rum traffic gathers strength from poverty, wretchedness and crime. These men were its victims—wrecked upon the great sea of intemperance. Rum made them paupers. Rum debased and degraded them. They clung to the spoiler, and voted for one whom they supposed would unleash the traffic, and again render drunkard-making lawful. The prohibitory law interfered with the *rights* of these paupers. They could not congregate in the groggeries and drink whiskey.—They could not go home drunk to abuse their wives and children. The sanctity of the "domicil" was invaded, and this right usurped. Ah, who shall tell the wrongs heaped upon the devoted heads of the pauper-constituents of the rum Governor of Maine! And now, ere the day of free whisky, when all their woes are to be assauged, the proper authorities must see that they have bread to eat—are kept heart-whole until the rummillennium of Maine. *Then* they will be above want.

Archy Armstrong, a jester at the Court of Charles the first, at a dinner, when the great tractarian Bishop of those days was present, begged leave to say grace, which being allowed, he pronounced it with due gravity thus—"Great praise be given to God, but little *laud* to the devil."

The New York *Sunday Courier* understands, that Barnum thinks seriously of accepting an offer from the Sydenham Crystal Palace in England, of five thousand dollars a year to go over there and take charge of one of its departments.

Envelopes.—Many tons of paper and barrels of mucilage are used up in the United States, every week, in the manufacture of the small article of letter envelopes. Several firms in New York are engaged in the business on a large scale, and four millions a week are said to be made in that city.

So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly maiden to a pretty young bride. "Yes; was the reply. "Going to have a girl, I suppose," was then queried. The newly-made wife coloured and then quietly responded that—"She really didn't know whether it would be a boy or a girl.'

A very pretty young woman went to the post-office lately, with a letter and no direction, and said to the post-master, 'Send that to my sweetheart!' The post-master took it, looked at it, and said, 'What is his name, and where does he live?' The girl replied, 'Ah, that is the very thing I don't want any one to know!'

Light Diet.—A landlady in Philadelphia, it is said, makes her pies so light, that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle, after eating a moderate-sized piece.

A **physician** advised Sydney Smith to walk upon an empty stomach. "Whose stomach?" asked the wit.

The difference between an honest and dishonest banker is, that one fails in making money, the other makes money in failing.