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NEW ORLEANS, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1854.

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THE DAILY BEE.

Friday Morning, December 8, 1854

THE NORTHERN MAIL came through yesterday with the latest dates.

SEBASTOPOL.

That the battle of the 5th November fought by the Russians and the Allies was an indecisive contest seems to be conceded by the English press. The French journals, however, regard the result as a substantial victory of the Allies. In one sense, they are probably right. The Russians, in spite of their desperate assaults and indomitable courage, were repulsed in every attempt to get between the Allies and the sea, and were ultimately forced to retreat, with heavy loss, variously estimated at from 4,000 to 8,000 men. The Allies no doubt suffered immensely—according to some reports their losses equal that of their foe. But as they succeeded in holding their ground, and in checking the Russians, we suppose the advantage of the day may be said to have remained with them. The triumph was dearly bought by the best blood of France and England. The Russians appear to have combatted not merely with obstinate valor, but with reckless desperation. The battle lasted till night fell, by which time besiegers and besieged were glad to withdraw their wearied and shattered forces.

It is argued from this vigorous demonstration by the Russians, first, that they have been largely reinforced, and second, that the Allies may be ultimately compelled to raise the siege. The former inference is plausible. The approaches to Sebastopol are commanded by the Russians. The importance of a well sustained defence of the place is perfectly understood by the Czar. The fact that his two sons have been sent to the beleaguered fortress, is as evidence of his determination to spare no means by which the moral courage of his troops may be maintained at the highest pitch. The return of the Baltic fleet leaves him free to despatch material succors to Sebastopol, and in fact letters from the Crimea state positively that troops have been pouring in by way of the Isthmus of Perekop. MENSCHIKOFF no doubt felt himself strong enough to give battle to the Allies, on something like equal terms. Hence the murderous conflict of the 5th, in which, if reports are not exaggerated, nearly one sixth of the forces engaged were put *hors de combat*. We believe the Russians at the latest dates out numbered the Allies; but we have no idea that this disparity will continue long enough to constrain the latter to abandon the siege.

Our reasons for this faith in its success are two-fold. In the first place, man for man the English and French have shown themselves superior to the Russians, not in physical courage, but in discipline and generalship. Every combat has demonstrated this. Such soldiers are not to be driven from their camps by repeated sorties of the garrison of Sebastopol, but will stick unflinchingly to the Crimea until the reinforcements arrive which are anxiously awaited. Large gaps have been made in the English and French forces. Sickness, a new and unhealthy climate, and the guns of the besieged have told fearfully upon them; but the hell-dog tenacity of the English and the impetuous courage of the French still sustain them. Besides, reinforcements had already begun to arrive. The allies had only to defend their position for a fortnight from the last accounts, to be strengthened by accessions of from twenty to thirty thousand troops. Harrassed though they be by the sallies of MENSCHIKOFF, and exhausted by constant labor, sore-trying vigilance, and poor and deficient nutriment, we have no idea they will dream of relinquishing the siege. It is probable that were an English army, or a French army alone confronted with the terrific obstacles which arrest the progress, and endanger the safety of the allies, either might abandon the undertaking as hopeless in itself, or only to be accomplished at too vast a sacrifice. But the *elan* of the warriors of both nations are now in the field together—fighting side by side, and fraternizing for the first time within the memory of man. The spirit of generous emulation, or national rivalry which must animate the English and French, and incite them to deeds of martial daring, is probably unsurpassed by any illustration of warlike enthusiasm which history can present. These men may die in the trenches may be overwhelmed by crush ing preponderance of numbers; may be grad ually cut off in detail, but they will not yield to it as a duty of repulsing the fiercest chivalry of Europe.

Our conviction, from the landing of the Allies, has never wavered, nor does it now. We believe Sebastopol will fall. It is a question only of time and reinforcements, but its doom seems to us certain. Though a hundred thousand lives are needed to cement the bloody obelisk to the hill demon of battle, though France should drain her population for troops, and England heap hundreds of millions on her national debt, to equip and pay them, we believe that both nations would take scorn of all counsels save those of perseverance, stern resolve and invincible constancy. Having risked the cast gage on the capture of Sebastopol, they will never brook the shame and humiliation of a failure. They may reduce the place to a shapeless mass of ruins, but unless all resounding be set at defiance, the red cross of St. George and the tri-color of France will even totally wave in triumph from the citadel of Sebastopol.

The Feeling in Paris.

That respectable journal, the Springfield [Mass.] Republican, copies, as authentic, the knowing, from one of our city journals:—

"The Americans in Paris, seems two thousand while their Souls difficulty was pending, declared they would leave France with Mr. MASON, if the French Government refused the proper apology.

There is not one word of truth in this, says the New York *Express*, not even the shadow of a shadow. We have had or seen twenty private letters, which show a very different state of feeling among the Americans in Paris. The apprehension was, that Mr. MASON was going too far, in defending Mr. SOULE.

NEW SHIP.—One of the finest specimens of naval architecture we have ever seen in our port, is the ship *Johannsberg*, which arrived on Wednesday from New York, where she was last summer built for Mr. A. Bergeret, of this city She is of 1,098 tons burthen, and is to be commanded by Capt. Bowie and will New Orleans and Havre, and will accommodate upwards of 400 passengers. The accommodations for cabin passengers are exceedingly comfortable; and as she is to have that able and refined commander, Captain George Ulrich, for her master, the *Johannsberg* will undoubtedly have large numbers of passengers of those of our citizens visiting Europe.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—"Time Tries All," in which Miss Louisa Howard performs the part of *Lucy*, and Mr. Farren that of *Mathew Mates*, is to be presented at the St. Charles to-night. Both these Artists will appear also in the farce of the "Angel of the Attic," and Miss Howard will personate *Ganem* in the most amusing burlesque of the "Slave of Love." This bill should draw a good house.

NEW BOOKS.—Our thanks are due J. C. MORGAN, Exchange Place, for copies of the last numbers of the Edinburg, London Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews. Also for the November number of Blackwood, and the December number of De Bow's Commercial Review. MORGAN has likewise sent us the second series of Sol Smith's spicy reminiscences of his theatrical career.

☞ The President of the United States has recognised JOHANN THEODOR HASENAUR as Consul of Saxony for the port of New Orleans.

DROWNED.—Yesterday morning about 11 o'clock, a German, by the name of G. W. Summers fell from the deck of the steamer *Bella Donna*, about 18 miles above the city, and was drowned He had been employed as Bayou Sara as a shoemaker. SUMMERS was in the act of drawing a bucket of water, when he toppled over into the river. Every exertion was made to save him, but in vain. His pocket-book, containing a small amount of money, remains in the hands of the clerk of the boat.

Progress of the Know-Nothings.—At HARTFORD.—In Hartford, this week, the Know-Nothings carried the municipal election. The Times bitterly complains that the Know-Nothing tickets embraced many Whigs, and that many Democrats voted for them.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The latest classification of the House of Representatives in Massachusetts, is as follows:

Democrat	1
Whig	1
Republican	1
Know-Nothings	397

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Legislature, a careful and intelligent examination has disclosed the fact, that the Know-Nothings have a decided majority in that body, with the power of controlling all its important proceedings.

No MORE FOREIGN MARINERS.—By a recent order from Washington, the enlistment of foreigners into the Marine corps, now stationed at the Charlestown Navy Yard, is to cease. It is believed that the same order has been sent to all our military posts.

☞ Ole Bull and Strakosch were brought up to the "ring" 1 o. before the Mayor—in Louisville, on the 25th ult., for not obtaining a license for a Concert which they gave the night before. They did not know it was necessary, and as they "almost" ignominiously, the paying of a by consent of friends was the only forfeit.

THE WAR.

INCIDENTS AT SEBASTOPOL.

GLEANED FROM THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

The two Grand Dukes, sons of the Emperor Nicholas, on their arrival at Sebastopol is mentioned in General Canrobert's report of the battle of the 5th instant, hold high rank in the Russian army. The Grand Duke Nicholas, the third son of the Emperor, is 23 years of age. He is Inspector-General of the engineering department, Aid-de-camp of the Emperor, titular Colonel of a regiment of Sappeurs, of a regiment of grenadiers, and of the regiment of cuirassiers of Astrakan. He is besides proprietor of the 3d regiment of Austrian hussars, and chief of the 5th regiment of Prussian cuirassiers. The Grand Duke Michael, fourth son of the Czar, is 19 years of age. He has the title of Quartermaster-General of the artillery, is commander of the 2d brigade of artillery of the Imperial Guard, Aid-de-camp of the Emperor, Colonel of a regiment of lancers, of a regiment of dragoons, and of a regiment of horse chasseurs; he is, moreover, proprietor of the 95th regiment of Austrian infantry, and chief of the 5th regiment of Prussian hussars.

A SOLDIER'S FEELINGS IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE.—A letter from a private soldier says: "The bullets of the Minie rifle go past you with the infernal sound. It's as though mocking "devils were scouring at you in the air. But "your blood soon gets up, the sound maddens "you, the smell of gunpowder has intoxication "in it, your nerves begin to feel as though running "through them, the eyes strain, the jaws become rigid, and in you go." He states that he has lost himself altogether at the Alma, till he found himself a victor. He got a wound on the forehead, only a graze, but it bled considerably, "the blood ran down into his mouth, and in his "burning excitement he drank it as though it "had been inspiring wine."

SUNDAY SERVICE.—The Russians opened a very heavy cannonade on us this morning—they always have done so on Sundays. Divine service was performed with a continued bass of cannon rolling through the responses and litergy. The church was terribly cut up by the Garden Battery; more so, however, by the misfortune of last night. The Russians made a shabby sortie toward morning, and advanced close to the Garden Battery. When challenged, they replied "Inglis, Inglis," which passed muster with our allies as *bona fida* English they say, and before they knew where they were, the Russians had charged them, got into their batteries, and spiked five mortars. They were speedily repulsed; but this manœuvre has decidedly increased our sensitiveness.

A NOVEL EXPLOSION.—On the 24th (the eighth day of the siege,) we had another explosion on our right attack. The story has an air of Munchausen about it, and if the facts were not well known, I should have some scruples in telling it. An eight-inch gun had just been loaded with a live shell, and the match was applied to fire it off. At that moment one of the enemy's shells entered the gun, and the two shells exploding together, the gun burst. Every man in the battery was more or less hurt. Some were killed.

A TERRIFIC SPECTACLE.—The Russian batteries having it now all their own way, hammered away unmitigated upon us with the greatest severity. They had sent forth from their rear parts loud shouts of defiance or of victory when the explosion of the French and English magazines acquainted them with our misfortune; but it was now our turn to crow, for about half-past three there suddenly shot upwards from the works, or rather from the Redan on our front, a white livid flame, which seconded high into the air, and while we all paused to gaze on the spectacle, a second flash made the very earth tremble beneath us, followed by a most awful report, told us that the Redan had ceased to exist—for in the next minute its garrison of hundreds, the flower of the Russian army, was mutilated by the action of the explosion, were discovered hundreds of yards above the parent earth. Beautiful and terrifying spectacle I never have, nor do I hope ever again to witness. In the midst of a dense volume of smoke and sparks, while resembled a waterspout ascending to the clouds, were visible to the naked eye arms, legs, trunks, and heads of the Russian warriors, mingled with cannons, wheels, and various other fragments of matter, and I may say, with every living thing it contained. The explosion in the French and English batteries was like the flashes in the pan of a musket compared with this.

PRISONERS.—We have 90 prisoners in Balaklava, and as a measure of precaution, the bulk of them will be sent off to day. The officer who captured Lieut. Dundellin on the 5th has taken his lordship to Prince Menschikoff, and that his reception was of the kindest possible description. He will be *here sought* by his exchange. An attempt to exchange Russian prisoners for his lordship is said to have been made, and to have failed. Our guns are becoming very shabby, from repeated firing. They require a more moderate, and that speedily. The weather is lovely—the days being as warm as ours in July.

HOW LORD DUNDELLIN WAS TAKEN.—It seems that Lord Dundellin was out on with a working party of his regiment, which had got a little out of their ways, when a number of men were observed through the dawning light in the ravine in front of them. "There are the Russians, exclaimed one of the men." Nonsense—they're our fellows," said his lordship, and off he went toward them, when in a high tone, as he got near, "Who is in command of this party?" His men saw him no more. As he moved toward them, they retreated rapidly, but there was no fear of his lordship's safety, for the Russians fired no shot, and merely closed around, and seized him ere he could get away. No doubt he will be well taken care of, and forwarded, probably, to St. Petersburg, for his father was Embassador at the Court of the Czar, and is said to have once enjoyed a friendship.

THE RIFLEMEN.—One of the most wonderful things I think is to see the way in which our riflemen go about in small detached parties, crawling along on the ground to the side of a hill, till they appear to be within three hundred yards of the enemy, and thus they lie on their bellies till a chance offers when certain guns of Minie and down falls a Russian. I was informed most credibly that one of these brave fellows a few days since thought that he would go and do a little business on his own account, got away from his company, and crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a hill, lay on his back and loaded, and turned over and fired, when after killing eleven men, a party rushed out, and he took to his heels, but, sad to say, a volley fired after him by the party, leveled him with the earth, and he was subsequently picked up with thirty-two balls in his body.

THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE FIELD.—As a matter of course, the field on the spots where the cavalry charged had taken place was a horrible sight; more so from the peculiarly ghastly nature of salve wounds. In such places the dead and dying men and horses literally cover the ground. Both sides fired and the enemy appear to have had two horses killed or wounded for one man. This gave the field an unusually sanguinary appearance, very likely to mislead those not on the spot. I have always imagined that split shells and cloven heads were figures of speech until to-day, when I have, indeed, been terribly convinced of the reality of such horrors. Some of the dead to-day had their heads as completely cloven as if the operation was performed by a surgeon with a saw. Nearly all the Russians were so killed. Our fellows had been principally slain with lance thrusts; I saw one body with thirteen such wounds through the chest and stomach. Another man had six, which all were mere flesh wounds, and not dangerous. The same man, in the 17th Lancers, extraordinary and incredible as it may appear, had two horses killed or his we or two saltre and bullet wounds in his cap, his sword bent double in its sheath by a Minie bullet, five bullets in his saddle, one in his lance-staff, and sword cuts innumerable. Such escapes may well appear almost miraculous, yet is harried hand-to-hand combat they often occur.

There was a large proportion of killed and wounded Russian officers; it was quite impossible to distinguish them from the privates, except by the superiority of their under clothing. Their uniform was precisely similar to the common soldier's, with the exception of a narrow strip of gold lace on the shoulder. Struck with this peculiarity, I addressed one of the Russian officers, who was slightly wounded, and could speak French, and he informed me that the cause of the change in their dress was owing to an order to that effect, which had come from St. Petersburg about three months ago, when the invasion of the Crimea appeared probable. He also said that Gen. Luders had commanded in chief the attack of to-day, and that the cavalry were under the orders of the Grand Duke Maximilianowitch. Most of the troops had been sent in by Menschikoff, who had collected them from different garrisons and depots throughout the Crimea. They had marched from all parts of the country, and still had five days' provisions with them, and expected more. Prince Menschikoff was greatly out of favor with all the other Generals, in consequence of his defeat on the Alma, a position which, from its strength, he should have held against the world. The defeat was attributed to his negligence. On the day of the battle Menschikoff wore the uniform of a private cavalry soldier. The same officer informed me that he was certain we should never take Sebastopol, either by sea or land. The Russians had thrown up so many additional works that the place was even stronger than when we first sat down before it. Our fire on the town, however, had done a good deal of mischief, especially in setting fire to a Russian hospital, in which were one thousand sick and wounded, the majority of whom perished in the flames. He laid the blame of this awful accident on the Russian commanders, who declined to hoist any distinguishing flag by which the Allies might know and respect the building. Several other of the Russian wounded spoke English. One unfortunate young officer, who had a desperate cut across the abdomen, through which his intestines were protruding, and who seemed in great agony, was imploring one man to kill him, say he it was a mercy, as he could not live. After the fight was quite done, I saw our men bearing out, with the backs of their muskets, the wretched Turks who were hiding away under the trees and bushes in all directions. One of our Marines was literally sicking back into the field nearly one hundred of these cravens. Until I saw the conduct of these fellows, I could never have believed that even the most effeminate race would have fought as with tigers in their hands. The two men they had wounded were their artillerymen, who were bayoneted while at their batteries. Unfortunately many of our wounded remain near the Russian batteries in the enemy's hands.

THE GREAT CAVALRY CHARGE.—The Russians have had some severe strapping, but they have not the "pluck" of Englishmen, for, except their artillery, they have no infantry, for, when pressed they turn tail. We are in the right way to-day. I can't tell you how long since I got up and dressed; I only know that it has been at no time later than 4 o'clock. Well, I was in the saddle by 5, and had won the day before yesterday. At day break the enemy appeared, and advanced in great force. They were driven back from the Turkish line of their batteries, and we followed on their pursuit. We were obliged to retreat out of range of the guns, and then re-formed the cavalry and infantry, and then re-advanced the enemy into the open field with us. Those regiments of their cavalry tried to gain possession of the Highland Brigade's [93d] guns, but repulsed them, and they had their labor for their pains. The Russians like old cattle when they're pressed, they turn and fight, and the ground was covered with their dead and dying. The Russian cavalry are splendid regiments of cavalry, including the choicest cr ack Imperial Guards. There were the Greys and 1st royals up at this time, and we charged them—they had nothing else for it, as they charged at the same time. Oh, God! I cannot describe it; they were so superior in numbers that they "outflanked" us, and we were in the middle of them. I never probably felt less fear in my life than I did at that time and I hope God will forgive me, for I felt more like a devil than a man. We fought our way out of them as only Englishmen can fight, and the 6th, 9th and 6th were up with us. I escaped without a scratch, thank God, though I was covered with blood; my horse was not even wounded; but, oh, the work of slaughter that then began—it was truly awful, but I suppose it was necessary; we cut them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist. The plain is covered with dead Russians, and of course we left some of our poor comrades on the field. We only lost two, and about seven wounded.

FRENCH SHARP-SHOOTERS.—I must tell you what the *franco tirreurs* are. There are two companies of them, each composed of 150 men, chosen from among the best marksmen of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. In the night they creep in front of the entrenchments, dig holes, and place themselves in them as well as they can. Then they fire at the Russian artillerymen. They have already killed so many that the Russians now cross their embrasures with a sort of double door, which is half-proof. But they are obliged to open it to point their gun and fire, and no sooner is this done than twenty balls whistle through it. The Russians have sustained such losses that they were at times seized with despair—raising their guns from behind, they fired volleys of grape shot at their disagreeable visitors. Nevertheless, the latter have succeeded in extinguishing all the first line of their batteries. I say first line, because there are several others in the rear, the pets of the town which faces as being as inclined plane on which batteries have been raised in lines one above the other. That our *franco tireurs* have done good execution is evident from the fact that, in the evening of the 26th, Gen. de Martimprey, chief of the general staff, received a note informing him that the Russian fire had become uncertain, and that artillerymen were so scarce that the guns had to be served by the infantry. Express no surprise at the word *uncertain*, for from the 6th to the 17th the Russian gentlemen did not cease to point their guns at us as a target, while we did not deign to answer them even by a musket shot. They consequently attained such proficiency, that the day on which we unmasked our batteries, their balls were flying as thick as a if cast by the hand. One ball went into the very mouth of a cannon, but was too large to penetrate more than a third. It burst over, much fast. This was considered so curious that the gun was carried to the General's tent to be shown to him.

☞ Extract of a letter from a respectable and well-informed citizen of the United States to a friend in Washington, dated

"St. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, Sept. 16, 1854.

DEAR F.—The war is sincerely begun. There is no chance for say Power, be it ever so great, to conquer Russia. The Emperor is only preparing for war. Next year he will have in the field, ready for active battle, one and a half millions of soldiers, well drilled. The people are all for the war, and he has no trouble in getting men and money. They look on it as a religious war. They want the christian faith to be sanctioned over the world. They are the most devout people on earth, and the last crucifix will go for the war before they give up."

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE TO CHINA.—The Washington papers are authorized to announce a reduction of the letter postage to China (except Hong Kong) to five cents. The postage will be thirty-three cents, instead of forty-five cents when sent via Southampton, *pre-payment required*, and forty-three cents, instead of sixty-five cents, the quarter ounce, or fifty-three cents, instead of seventy-five cents, the half-ounce, by closed mails via Marseilles—*pre-payment also required*. The postage is to be paid either via Southampton or via Marseilles, the United States postage *only* should be pre-paid, viz: twenty-one cents the single rate of half an ounce or under when the Atlantic conveyance is by the United States steamers, and five cents when by British steamers—leaving the balance to be collected at Hong-Kong.

From the same source we learn that the next steamer on the Bremen Line will not depart from New York until the 27th of January, 1855. In the meantime, correspondents writing to Germany should direct their letters to go either in the open mail to England, or by the steamer at Liverpool. They can be directed to be forwarded in the open mail, the United States postage of five or twenty-one cents, the single rate, must be pre-paid five cents, when forwarded by British, and twenty-one cents when by United States steamers. The Prussian closed mail rate is thirty cents pre-payment *optional*.

☞ There is a general "pitching in" to MR. BANCROFT from every quarter, for his theological announcement on occasion of the Historical Society's anniversary. The Unitarians treat him as a deserter, and the Trinitarians charge that such an occasion was not a proper one for his announcement; moreover, that he presented his convictions not as the result of careful study or long reasoning, but with the dogmatic positiveness of a neophyte who is more determined than assured.

☞ N. P. Willis was thrown from his horse near Idlewild, on Monday week, but was not severely hurt.

☞ The long examination of rioters at Williamsburg, on election day, has been finished. Fourteen men were put under $500 each to await the action of the Grand Jury.

☞ Gray, the vitriol man, requests an investigation, which he will have in a day or two. The ground his counsel mean to take is, that he was insane at the time he committed the crime, but that he has now recovered his reason!

☞ W. Watkins has been arrested in Goochland county, Virginia, charged with killing his brother, John E. Watkins.

TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

WASHINGTON AFFAIRS.—Washington, Dec. 1.—Congressmen are arriving rapidly, and all the hotels are fast filling up.

The President's Message is now said to be in type. It leaks out that copies of it will be despatched abroad, as heretofore, under seal to the various Postmasters, North probably as far as Boston and South perhaps as far as Charleston and intermediate points, to be delivered to the press as soon as the telegraph shall announce its delivery at the Capitol. Baltimore, I presume, will not be overlooked this time in the distribution of Executive courtesies.

The Spanish Minister is slightly easier, but still very low and in a critical condition of health.

We have quite cold weather. There were a few drops of snow this morning.

THANKSGIVING.—New York, Dec. 1.—The whole of yesterday was appropriately observed as a day of Thanksgiving. All business was suspended, the churches were well attended, and it was truly a day of enjoyment. Every one seemed disposed to forget the turmoil of life. Thousands were on the streets promenading and many sought various retreats in the country. Some of our benevolent citizens gave sumptuous dinners to poor children, while others manifested their benevolence in other forms. All who could by any possible means had the festive board spread with plenty, and enjoyed the occasion as if there were no morrow. Hard times at hand and harder in anticipation were forgotten, and the thought of a tight money market had no place in memory. At night all the places of amusement were filled to overflowing with happy auditors. So far as I can learn the witness appeared probable unusual upon such gala days.

FATAL ACCIDENT FROM THE EXPLOSION OF CAMPHINE.—New York, Dec. 1.—An accident occurred here yesterday in the residence of Major Peirson, by which his daughter, an interesting young lady, lost her life. A quantity of camphine exploded, in a lamp which she was using. Her clothes took fire and she was dreadfully burnt. Her parents and all in the house whilst endeavoring to extinguish the flames, were also badly injured and burned.

DR. BEALE.—Philadelphia, Dec. 1.—Petitions are extensively circulating, and receiving numerous respectable signatures, asking for the pardon of Dr. Beale. There is much sympathy in behalf of his distressed family—and anxiety ment on the subject. Some are of opinion that the Governor will pardon him. It is said that Mrs. Beale will present the petition to the Governor in person.

THE NEXT EUROPEAN MAIL.—New York Dec. 1.—No mail will leave the United States for Europe until Wednesday next by the steamer Canada, which sails from Boston. She will, in all probability, take out the first copy of the President's Annual Message.

Restoration of the Missouri Line.

A writer in the 'Daily South Carolinian, over the signature of 'Calhoun,' strongly urges the re-establishment of the Missouri Compromise line. The South, he thinks, was badly damaged in the passage of the Nebraska-Kansas bill; and, without in the slightest degree connecting those Southern members of Congress who voted for the Hundred obliteration of the line, he advises that they retrace their steps at the earliest opportunity.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

The late WORMLEY of some of the leading Northern Democrats that breaking down the line was done to have the effect of preventing the creation of any more slave States was certainly not calculated to give Southern politicians a very encouraging prospect.

A WEEKLY LOCALITY.—The following shows the wealth of thirteen families then living in Sunnyocean square, in New York city:

Stephen Tuck, (ex Governor,) [illegible] $2,000,000; John Hudson, (retired merchant,) [illegible] $1,500,000; W. Montgomery, manufacturer, [illegible] $1,000,000; Peter Hone, (retired grocer,) $2,000,000; John Hone, Cashier, [illegible]; Joseph Hone, [illegible]; Isaac Jones, [illegible]; Benjamin B. Wadsworth, [illegible]; Benjamin B. Wadsworth, Jr., [illegible]; Benjamin B. Wadsworth, 3d, [illegible]; W. W. Thompson, of the Bank of Commerce; Thomas Thompson, of the Bank of Commerce; David R. Austin, Jr., [illegible]; Edward Austin, [illegible]; Thomas Austin, [illegible]. Total wealth of 13 families, $[illegible].

[illegible] Bank, [illegible] Bank, [illegible] Bank, [