

Intentions of Russia.

Every information we can collect, says the London Economist, both from parties who know the country, and parties who are in constant communication with Russian celebrities, lead us to conclude with positive conviction that the Emperor has resolved on the safe course of purely defensive operations; that he is preparing for a long, obstinate, unyielding struggle; and that he intends to take refuge in his inaccessibility, and to defy the Western Powers to compel him to make peace. His adherents say, "You may burn our ships, you may destroy our harbors; you may even, at the vast cost of life, take Sebastopol and Cronstadt; you may drive us back across the Danube, and even across the Pruth, though in order to effect all this you must put forth your strength in a very different manner from anything which you have done yet; but when you have done all this you cannot force us to negotiate. We shall retire within our frontiers, where you dare not follow us; we shall thus compel you to keep your armies and navies, at a vast expense, along our shores and boundaries; for the moment you retire we shall again advance, and we shall thus weary you out by an interminable war at a distance from your homes and amid inhospitable seas and pestilential marshes. We shall thus have two immense advantages over you: we shall be at home—you will be abroad; you will be playing your game of chess with knights, and we with pawns, for in economic value one Englishman or Frenchman is equal to ten Russians; we can replace our men—you cannot replace yours; and a state of war which will be costly, harassing, and annoying in the last degree, the ordinary habits and comforts of our semi-barbarous population. In the meantime the English will grow tired of the war; their merchants will become discontented with commercial interruptions; the people will grumble at additional taxation; and the two new allies, unaccustomed to act together, will disagree among themselves; coldness and quarrels will ensue, and the game will be ultimately won by Russia." This is the policy England has to fear on the part of Russia. It is subtle and well judged, and there is only one way of meeting it. England must not only lead her promptly and effectively, but she must weaken her so decidedly that she will no longer be formidable; that, when once defeated and driven back into her deserts, it will no longer be necessary to keep up an army on her frontier in order to prevent her re-issuing to recover what she has lost. It is necessary to strengthen her continuous neighbors, as well as weaken her, so that they may henceforth be enabled to hold her in check without the aid (by land) of the distant Western Powers. Georgia must be rescued and replaced, and Circassia maintained as an independent barrier, to keep Russia forever on this side of the Caucasus. The Crimea must be taken also, and Sebastopol stormed at any cost, and the Navy sheltered there captured or destroyed. —Hosarsia longs for the day of her emancipation, and would probably rise on the first thorough disaster that happened to the Russian arms, if assured the faithful and permanent support of the allies. The Danubian Principalities must be freed from the curse of Russian occupation and of Russian protectorate forever. Finland must be restored to Sweden, and the Isles of Aland must be held either by Sweden or by England.

Mysterious Projectile.
The London correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, referring to the war in the East, says: "Great consternation has been caused by a statement that the Czar is possessed of a newly invented projectile or 'infernal shell,' as it is called, the appalling efficiency of which is presumed to have been proved in the horrible catastrophe at Sinope. The invention of this destructive apparatus is attributed to two Frenchmen named Ferris and Champion, the former of whom registered his discovery in Paris in 1839, under the title of the 'Boulet Asphyxiant,' and the latter made a formal offer of a similar implement, with improvements, to the French Government in 1842. Louis Philippe and his ministers, however, declined to profit by either of these opportunities, considering that the use of such murderous machines was inadmissible by the laws of honorable warfare. Champion appears to have been a desperate and unscrupulous character, who, in a notorious career in Paris, had exhausted every means of gain, law-ful and otherwise. It is now recollect that some years ago he repaired his shattered fortune by a visit to Russia; and the obvious inference, accordingly, is that he must have sold the secret to the Czar. The possession of such wholesale means of destruction would at once account for the defiance of the powerful naval armaments of England and France by the Russian despot. The affair at Sinope was undoubtedly shrouded in intense mystery. The Turks were panic struck, and assigned the sudden disappearance of their fleet to what they call 'Greek Fire,' or some potent spell of witchcraft. It was examination of fragments of the wreck which first led to the suspicion that an invention hitherto unknown in warfare had been used, and a French naval officer, who had been in the Bureau of the Marine, when Fortier's 'Boulet Asphyxiant' was offered, noticed the similarity of the effects to those its description predicted. It has not transpired what has become of Fortier and Champion; but scientific men in Paris are busily engaged in examining the dossier connected with Fortier's discovery, for the purpose of finding some clue to the principle of the invention, though it is not yet known how far they have succeeded. The effects of the machine is variously described. In addition to tremendous explosive power, there is said to be a kind of liquid fire burning under water and destroying life by an emission of suffocating vapor. One account thus concludes:—'If the Emperor of Russia is really in possession of this deadly element of destruction, the combined navies of the universe will be powerless against him.' It is, nevertheless, most providential, that our commanders have been put on their guard, and we can only hope that some means may be devised to counteract this mysterious agency, if it is real. To repine at the disregard of such discoveries, by France and England, is now too late; but, as regards the future, the lesson will not be lost."

State of things in Paris.
The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, in his letter of April 17, writes as follows: "Here, in Paris, we have already been suffering under something approaching the famine press. There is not an article of necessary and household consumption, of which the cost has not been raised. It is not too much to say, that the expense of living in the French capital has been increased at least one-third, and this contemporaneously with an increase of house-rent in a yet greater proportion, amounting, in very many instances, to double what it was before. The price of bread has been artificially kept down, but ordinary butchers' meat is now selling at 20 sous the pound, and the superior qualities at ten sous higher. Wine, especially that drunk by the laboring classes, is nearly double what it did two years ago, and the revenue exhibits a decrease of two and a half millions in the last quarter on this article alone. Oil, so essential to the same classes in this country, has also greatly risen. In short, corn, wine and oil, fish, flesh and fowl, eggs, butter, milk—all the great staples of life and strength and comfort, have reached a price already so nearly bordering on the prohibitive for the masses, that should continued warfare, with its inevitable accompaniment of increased taxation, combine with any outward influence of the seasons to augment the difficulty, our rulers are likely to have worse enemies to contend with here at home than any, they are now on the point of encountering abroad. Credit is in a most alarmed and straitened condition, and in the commercial world, many houses are on the verge of bankruptcy. The quarterly returns of the revenue show a deficit of three and a half millions as compared with the same period last year, and the stagnation of trade threatens to be both general and continuous."

The new Delegate from Oregon.
Mr. Columbia Lancaster, who took his seat in Congress on the 10th inst., as delegate from the New Territory of Washington, formerly resided in Trumbull county, in this State. Thence he removed to St. Joseph county, Michigan, and was one of the earliest settlers in that region. He lived the life of a half trapper, and half lawyer, while population was sparse. We believe he represented St. Joseph county once, in the Michigan Legislature. He belonged to the Wild Cat Bank-making democracy of Michigan, in the palmy days of that pet system of his friends. Mr. Lancaster is a man of very considerable native talent and wit. He is a man also, of eccentricity of character. He once left the country of his residence very suddenly. In the spring of 1847, he started across land in company with several neighbors and their families, for Oregon. If any one had asked Columbia when he was starting, if he calculated to return as a delegate from Oregon, his probable answer would have been, "nothing shorter," with an application of his finger to the lower lid of his eye, pulling it down a trifle. He was a candidate against Jo. Lane for delegate from Oregon, at a previous election. We know of several men in the world of nicer sensibilities, and more acute perceptions than Mr. Lancaster, yet as he has the \$10,000 more of less mileage in his pocket, and can afford to be honest and independent, we think the barren hills, and the water falls, and otters, and varnishes, and Indians, and 5 or 10,000 white people in Washington Territory, might have had a worse representative. —Toledo Blade.

FROM THE STATES.
FOREST AND WILLIS.—The N. Y. correspondent of the Charleston Courier, in his letter of the 9th says: "Forest, the tragedian, who seems to have an incurable penchant for law suits, is docketed in a libel case against N. P. Willis, the damages being laid at \$20,000. It seems very absurd that any one knowing Willis' pecuniary circumstances as well as Forest does, should think of even coupling his name with so large an amount. Willis is a literary man, as poor as Harold Skimpole, and I would as soon expect him guilty of having so much money, as I would believe in his ability to squeeze moisture from dust. It has been said that when Willis gained the last suit, for the assault Forest committed upon him, with a verdict in his favor of \$2,500, Forest bought up Willis' bills at ten cents on the dollar, and thus paid him in his own notes. Willis lives up the Hudson river, near Sing Sing, at 'Idle-Wild.'"

Latest Fish Story.
The following story is told by a correspondent of the Charleston Standard: "A gentleman of this city, in company with a friend some time ago, while in Florida, determined upon a fishing excursion. A large eight oared boat was procured, and two stout, able-bodied rowers to row it. They took with them a cast net, and proceeded a short distance from the shore, where they soon found themselves in a school of mullets. The net was thrown, but it enclosed such a prodigious multitude of fish, that to draw it in was found to be utterly impracticable. In consequence the fish began to jump into the boat, when it became so full as to be in danger of sinking. The net was cast loose, and they began to pull for the shore, but soon found themselves unable to propel the boat through the fish, until after great exertion, and considerable delay, they finally reached the shore just in time to prevent her sinking, as the gunwales were down to the surface of the water. After drawing her on the beach, they proceeded to unload their cargo, which consisted of eight cart loads of fish, from the heads of which they had fish-stew for two months. What think you of that for a fish story, every word of which is literally true. Let fishermen beat that if they can."

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Personal.
Tualatin, O. T. June 23, 1854.
C. L. Goodrich—I notice in your Spectator the correspondent of June 10, in

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What eccentric, unique, interesting little things thoughts must be! Would that I could see one in its eternal round. Wonder if the same thought ever was in two beings, and whether the same thought ever entered the cells of the same cranium more than once. One visited the vacant space a little, and was doubtless the morning star in a

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der) and I tried to catch it, to leave a good look at it. But how to get it. Paper, pen, ink; yes, that's it, now I have you. Did you ever set traps to catch thoughts? If you didn't just try it. I've named the materials of which to make the trap. But you ask, where's the bait? Well there, now you've got me. No, no, you haven't tho'. Bait it with the first stray thought that comes along. Don't you see my bait, stuck up there at the head of this? No need of bait after once you get a start. Just make use of them as fast as you catch them. But of what use are they after I get 'em? says one. Don't know; it depends on what kind they are. But they are all for something; did you know that. Some of them will be very beneficial to you, and others, perhaps, might do your friends good. Have you never thought that some young man was doing wrong; and you have thought you could tell him how to do better. Tell your thoughts to him. Have you thought he needed a friend? Keep that thought for yourself; and try and see if you can't be that friend. Have you thought that young lady was injuring herself by associating with that young man, and yet not had resolution enough to tell her so? What, asks another, have thoughts done? What, my friend, have they not done? They are the beginnings of actions. What if Alexander had never thought, and Cyrus and Demosthenes had never thought? What if Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Lafayette, Byron, Gray, Burns, Scott and Bryant had never thought? Why, even the Heavens and the Earth must have been created by a thought from the Eternal Mind. Have you never thought that thoughts were emanations from Deity. Ah! yes, thoughts will well repay taking care of, if for nothing else but your own good. We are made up of thoughts. All the books we read are nothing but thoughts, thoughts, thoughts. Friends! think! and if you can't do better for these thoughts to bait for your own. Hello! my bait is used well, night up, and I must stop and think what to bait with next time. Trick! trick! Who'd thought I'd caught so many? Ha ha! SQUIB.

Gen. Scott for President Again.
"Patmore," the Washington correspondent of the Balt. Patriot, says that a political movement is going on here, and in other sections of the country, which has for its object the thorough reorganization of the whig party, and the naming of Gen. Winfield Scott for President, and Hon. John Bell for Vice President at the election in 1856. It is thought Greeley is at the head of the movement, in order to find a sale for the electoral life of Scott, which he has still on hand in countless thousands.

Ball-Room Etiquette.
Here is a letter from a young gentleman on a momentous subject. He dates from the "U. S. Naval Academy," and thus states a dilemma among the nascent equalities: "Will you please decide in the following case? I assert that a gentleman at a general party need not wait for an introduction to a lady, in order to solicit her hand in the dance. My opponent thinks that it would be the height of impudence to address a lady under such circumstances."

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