

her meal but Otaheite, and Goernsey and Jersey—hard little morsels, but Russia is more of the ostrich than the eagle.

The possession of Circassia captivates the eye of the Russian cabinet in more ways than one.—It is in the first place, important to the conquest of the whole Euxine; which would be important to the capture of the city of Constantinople, the old object of Russian ambition. In the next place, its possession is important to authority over Georgia, which in its turn, is important to the Russian impression on Persia, which again is important to the means of alarming John Bull every half dozen years for the fate of India. The Russian never expects to conquer, or at least to keep Persia, which is one of the most sterile, wretched, and cheerless countries of the earth,—but, while it helps him to starve the sensitiveness of England for the Indian dominions, it accomplishes a very favorite object of the Polar monarch, and enables him to keep us at arm's length at the expense of a few paper bullets, and a protocol now and then flung into the inflammable centre of Downing street.

Even the war is made to answer a purpose; Russia no longer sends her growing officers to Siberia,—she finds a shorter destination for them, and a surer one, in the Circassian hills. They are sent to exercise their energies on the shortest notice against the gallant mutineers,—and their discontents, in one way or the other, trouble them no more. Still, this war is a vast evil to Russia,—and no hostilities in which she has been engaged in Europe, have cost her during the last fifty years more blood and treasure, than the obscure, useless, and dishonorable hostilities of Circassia.—Disease, confinement, and vexation make desperate havoc, among the little garrisons shut up in valleys thick with malaria, living on salt provisions, and without any resource in exercise, occupation, or the healthful use of the adjoining country. At last they suddenly feel that they have something to do. They are roused at midnight by an assault of the natives, see the active mountaineers scaling their walls and pouring down upon them, struggle in vain, and are either slain or marched prisoners up the mountains. The forts are destroyed. A new Russian army is sent from Sebastopol—the forts are rebuilt—they are garrisoned again with the unfortunate serfs of the Autocrat—they go through the same round as their predecessors—are attacked, slain, or carried off, and the forts, reduced to ashes, are raised from their ashes again. The country north of the Kuban and the plain of the Kubarda, are the only territory which may be regarded as in possession of the Russians. But even this possession is liable to perils which compel the Russians to perpetual vigilance, picquets are stationed at every half mile across the plains of the Kubarda to Dariel, from which military posts continue almost uninterruptedly to Tiflis. This road is of great importance, as it intersects the Caucasian chain almost in the centre, and thus separates the Caucasians and Lezgians. But even in this portion the attacks of the mountaineers are so formidable, that strong escorts with cannon are frequently required to keep the communication open. The force required for Circassia is large, not less than 40,000 men, and the mortality from sickness, still more than from the sword, is very great.—Continual reinforcements are sent, and yet the general force does not become more efficient.

The war, if war it might be called, had lingered through ten years in a succession of skirmishes, when suddenly it assumed another form. A plan of operations was concerted among the Circassian chiefs. Some degree of unanimity in their purposes was produced by the presence of several distinguished officers who had fled from the failure of the Polish insurrection, and the Russians were attacked in a succession of assaults on their armed posts, with general success. This change in the character of hostilities first awoke the Court of St. Petersburg to the weakness of its system,—a determination was adopted to crush the resistance by a lavish display of force, and 25,000 men were sent with all haste to repossess themselves of the lost ground and rebuild the forts.—This they performed and this was all. The Circassians retired only to await another opportunity, and the war is no more likely now to close than it was in its first year.

To give a single instance of these gallant displays: On one of the wild nights of February 1840, the peasantry appointed to the attack of the Russian fort Soubashee, came down from the hills at midnight, and remained in the neighbourhood of the fort concealed. A little before morning a small company of them ascended the rampart, threw themselves on the guard at the gate, opened it, and let in their comrades. The resistance was easily overpowered, sickness to a considerable extent having disabled the garrison. The Circassians however were not inclined to rest contented with trophies so rapidly acquired,—carrying with them the field guns and ammunition of Soubashee, they immediately advanced against the much stronger garrison of Wichimoff, raised a battery, effected a breach, and took the place by assault, sword in hand. They thus captured five forts in succession, one of which, Aya, had a garrison of 800 men. The quantity of stores of all kinds taken in this short but showy campaign was great; and to it the natives are chiefly indebted for being able to carry on the war. The storms of the Black Sea too are good auxiliaries in this point of view,—the Russian store ships and vessels of war are sometimes stranded,

and their guns and ammunition are instantly converted to good purpose. We have taken the principal part of these facts from the remarks of Captain Jotse, in his amusing and intelligent narrative of a residence on the coasts of the Euxine, and perfectly agree with him in deprecating the barbarous policy which both throws away so large a proportion of Russian life, and inflicts such desperate calamities on a harmless people. Thousands of brave subjects of the Czar thus perished, who might have been employed in cultivating the wastes of Russia, a country which is certainly not overpeopled. Wretchedness to a melancholy extent must be the attendant of this perpetual war to the unfortunate Circassians, however successful in the field, and for what purpose is all this suffering of both? Simply to add new territory to an empire already almost boundless, to give a range of sterile mountains to the sovereign of endless deserts, to give new slaves to the sovereign of 60,000,000 slaves, and too add the Caucasus to *Tartary*, and make the power accused in Circassia, which is already exposed to constant conspiracy, more or less open in St. Petersburg.

UNITED STATES.

New York Express.

Thrilling Incident.—On Thursday evening last, as the celebrated wild beast performer, Driesbach, was performing with his animals at the Bowery Theatre, New York, the leopard and the tiger volunteered an extra incident to the performance, by a regular set-to, while Driesbach was in the cage with them, which came near costing the latter his life. Driesbach had succeeded in separating the combatants, one of which, the leopard, he caused to leap upon his shoulders, when the tiger made a spring upon him also, and buried his teeth and claws in the unfortunate tamer's face and head, tearing off a portion of his scalp, lacerating his face in a most shocking manner, and covering him with blood. The indomitable courage and address of the heroic German, however, was never more conspicuously displayed than upon this occasion; and so effectually did he subdue the enraged animals, even while in the most imminent peril, that some part of the audience were not aware of the accident.

From Africa, and the Cape de Verdes.—The brig *Frances Anne*, at this port, brings intelligence from Bonavista to April 22d. The British ship *Plato*, which was at that port from the coast of Africa, reports having burned the slave factories at Bol-lam, and taken a vessel of Caltano's at Bissaos, besides having destroyed many factories in that neighbourhood, and also having been at Gallinas, where all was burned again.

Since the 6th of Feb. the new Portuguese tariff has been put into force at Cape de Verde Islands, by which most goods of American manufacture pay an enormous duty, amounting to about fifty per cent. on all cotton goods, besides many vexatious regulations, which renders it almost impossible for American vessels to trade with those islands.—By the new tariff American traders will pay more than those of any other nation, but the Portuguese are prohibited from landing their cargoes at any other islands than at Bonavista and St. Jago, unless it is only lumber, flour, and bread, thereby causing a great loss to vessels going to those islands for salt, which article also pays now an export duty of one dollar per mois. The treaty between the United States and Portugal was not put into force in those islands until the 2d Feb., 1842, (instead of having been so in April '41,) and on the 16th the new tariff was put in force.

Boston Daily Advertiser, June 7.

The Destruction of Cape Haytien.—By the brig *Dirigo*, arrived at this port last evening, from Cape Haytien, whence she sailed on the 24th ult. the first direct information of the tremendous earthquake of the 7th ult.

is received. The destruction of human life is fully as large as the accounts via Port au Prince led those acquainted with the island to suppose, and about double the amount reported via Jeremie.

Capt. Tucker was on board his vessel at the time of the earthquake, and was an eye witness of the appalling scene. It took place at 5, P. M. and the entire demolition of almost every building in the city was the work of about two minutes only! A portion of two or three buildings alone remained standing of that city, which was the finest in the island, being built principally of massive stone. The tide flowed into the principal streets, and receded again in a few minutes. Soon after the earthquake, the combustible parts of most of the buildings took fire separately, from the cooking apparatus, &c. and were consumed.

Capt. Tucker states that the entire population of the place was estimated at from ten to twelve thousand, and from the best information he could obtain from many of the survivors, not more than two thousand escaped with their lives. All, or nearly all the officers of the government being killed, there was no authority to control the surviving population, and they were continually fighting, and shooting each other for plunder. The cargo of the *Dirigo* was dug out of the ruins after the earthquake.

Contrary to anticipation, it appears that many of the principal merchants survived the calamity; among the rest Mr. Carvalho, an eminent merchant, who visited Boston a year or two since, and was much esteemed by his acquaintance.

Cunard Steamers.—We are happy to learn that the directors of the Cunard line of Steamers have reduced the price of passage to \$135. This reduction does away with one very great objection to this excellent Line. The price is the same as the Great Western. These Boats have fully sustained their reputation for speed and for the skill and care with which they are managed—Boston Atlas.

Extensive Fire in Norfolk.—Twenty Houses destroyed.—A fire broke out on the 3d instant at half past three o'clock, in a wooden tenement on Little Water street, next to the corner of Woodside's line which spread with great rapidity in the adjoining buildings, and was not subdued until it had swept through to Wide Water street, carrying in its destructive career, every building in the space between Hol's lane (East) and Warren's row in the rear of the Exchange (West) including Lacoste's block, in which was the U. S. rendezvous.

The row of buildings belonging to the estate of James Woodward, Esq. and the large brick house on Wide Water Street of the late Mrs. Leppin. Kimball's house was the only one destroyed on the north side of Little Water street.

We have not time to ascertain the precise number of houses destroyed, but we believe it does not fall short of 20. They were all of brick except two, but with old shingle roofs, very dry and combustible, and mostly tenanted by very poor people—whose condition is truly deplorable—and a few sailor boarding houses.—With few exceptions they were on leased ground, and we believe mostly insured.

The Exchange was eminent danger, but experienced the same good fortune which attended it at the memorable fires of 1799 and 1804, when the same spot was swept by the destructive element.

It would appear from the reducti-

ons of the Naval and Military establishments throughout the United States, that war is not apprehended. In addition to the discharge of a large number of workmen at most of the Navy Yards, a Bill is before Congress to reduce the Army from 12,539 its present number, to 8092; and motions have been made to limit it to 5000 men about half the number of the British troops in Canada.

From the New World.

FIRE AT HAMBURGH.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

This morning at one o'clock, I was awoke by the watchman in my district, the Neuenwall, near the Stadt-haus, springing his rattle and giving the alarm of fire, and at the same time heard the bells of the churches sounding the tocsin. On enquiry, I found the fire to have broken out in the Deichstrasse, in which a great number of warehouses are situated, and in which some of the first merchants of the place have their counting houses. A number of engines were very soon on the spot, but from the want of water, the tide having receded about this time, they were unable to stop the flames. Toward four o'clock several houses were burning fiercely, and also several warehouses stocked with articles of the most combustible matter; and so strong was the wind, that the firemen found it impossible to stem the torrent of flames. Since this period up to the present time, nearly fifty houses have been burnt, and there is nothing to be seen but men, women, and children, leaving the houses, and endeavouring to save a small part of their furniture, which is being placed in the celebrated Nicolai Church, one of the oldest and most splendid churches in the city.

One o'clock.—The flames are rapidly increasing. Fifteen houses in the Deichstrasse are completely burnt down; houses are being pulled down in the Hopfenmarkt to make room for the engines to play, and to prevent further progress, but to no purpose.

Half past one o'clock.—The Nicolai Church appears to be heated, and emits a degree of smoke rather alarming on the upper dome—water is being carried up, and the smoke increases.

Two o'clock.—The dome and spire have caught fire.

Three o'clock.—The firemen are compelled to leave the platform under the upper dome, which is in full flame.

Four o'clock.—The fire increases on all sides, and the Hopfenmarkt, the Rodingsmarkt, the Deichstrasse, and the Stenstwich, present one complete mass of flame, to stem which the engines and firemen are prevented by the momentary fear of the falling down of the spire of the Nicolai church and the bells.

Half past four o'clock.—I believe there never was a more awfully magnificent sight witnessed than the appearance of this beautiful structure, presenting one complete mass of fire, and surrounded by the houses in fearful flaming array, bidding defiance to human power to assuage.

Five o'clock.—The most ancient of all the churches in Hamburg, has lost its spire and upper dome, leaving a wreck of its former grandeur still burning.

Six o'clock, P. M.—The wind has shifted suddenly to the S. W., and the fire is uncontrollable. The Hopfenmarkt, in which is situated three of the principal hotels of the place, and is the principal market for meat of every description, likewise for vegetables—in fact, the Covent Garden of Hamburg, and somewhat similarly arranged—is in full flames. In the midst of all is to be seen the burning ruin of the Nicolai church, pouring forth volumes of fire, and emitting amid the flames portions of furniture which the people had been permitted to lodge within the building for security only three hours before the church took fire itself. The streets are crowded with carts, wagons, cabs, and carriages, conveying people and goods away, and nothing but dreadful suspense is to be observed on all sides.

Seven o'clock.—The Borsenhalle is nearly burnt down, and the flame spreading in all quarters. People have lost all hope of seeing the fire got under, and nothing can be seen but people picking up their goods and leaving the city.

Eight o'clock.—The Senate House on fire, which joins the Bank, the latter is said to be fire proof. The Senate are doing all that men can be expected to do under such awful circumstances. They are to be seen on all sides encouraging the firemen, and seeing the poor people (hundreds of whom have now lost their all) placed with their families in