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INTERESTING LETTER.

We copy from the Evening Post the following interesting letter from William Cullen Bryant, who is travelling in the East. Apart from its merit in other respects, the letter is valuable for its political information.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 11, 1853.

The echoes of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn—and they are very fine echoes—were awakened on the morning after my arrival at Constantinople, by a salute fired in honor of the arrival of Lord Stratford, the British ambassador. It was quite time for him to be at his post, for the Russian government seemed on the point of bringing over the Sultan to its projects. What they were I have learned from good authority; but perhaps before this letter reaches your hands you may have the information from some other quarter. Meantime I give it to you, as nearly as I can, in the words in which I received it:

"The Russian government has pretended to interest itself very much in the dispute between the Greek and the Latin church respecting the possession of the Holy Sepulchre and other sanctuaries in Palestine. It has also professed a strong desire to be recognised by the Sultan as a kind of protector of the Greek Christians within his dominions. These, however, were the public pretexts of deeper design. Russia was in reality laboring to engage the Turkish government in a triple alliance, offensive and defensive, in favor of the principle of absolutism, with Austria for the third power. By means of this it was hoped to mould the policy of the Porte to a perfect conformity with that of Russia, and make it in effect a Russian province. You know that Turkey has been a place of refuge to the liberals of Europe from the persecution of the absolute governments; you know, too, that in Turkey perfect freedom of opinion concerning questions of European politics is allowed. This was to be so no longer, if the scheme of Russia could be carried into effect.

"The Sultan was not much inclined to the proposed alliance; the Grand Vizer was decidedly against it; but the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had resided in western Europe, was as strongly in its favor. Pressed by his minister on one side, and the Russian embassy on the other, to make common cause with the two great absolute powers of Europe against the enemies of monarchy in its purity, there was danger that the Sultan would give way."

Since the arrival of Lord Stratford affairs wear a new face. The project of a triple alliance is now given up, and the negotiations on the part of Russia have fallen back upon minor questions. In resisting this project, the French government has been quite as decided and active as that of Great Britain, inasmuch as France has, or imagines she has, the same interest in preventing Russia from aggrandizing herself in the East.

In this account of the matter we have an explanation of the ordering of the French fleet to the waters of Turkey, the haste with which the British government despatched Lord Stratfort to Constantinope, and the reported sailing—I do not yet know whether the report be true, but suppose it must be—of the British squadron at Malta for the Levant. The history of the affair illustrates in a remarkable manner both the weakness of the Turkish empire and the skill of the Russian diplomacy. The foreign policy of the Porte does not depend upon its own views or inclinations, but on the accidental influence which any of the great powers of Europe obtain over it.—The Russian negotiators are the ablest and wiliest of Europe. Now, when they are just on the point of becoming, by superior dexterity, winners on the Turkish question, England tosses a sword upon the chess-board, and breaks up the game.

The Turkish government is as feeble in its administration at home as it is in its dealings with other powers—feeble to enforce its own authority, feeble to preserve order, feeble to execute any work of public importance.

"The people who surround the pasha," said an American, long a resident in Constantinople, "are the most rapacious and shameless of plunderers. No project on which money is to be spent can be set on foot, which they will not contrive the means of making an occasion of unbounded pillage. Not long since, a road was laid out from this city to Adrianople, and a large sum of money was raised for the purpose—enough, as was estimated to complete it. Ten miles of the road were made, and the money was gone. It was computed that if the rest of the road were to be constructed at the same rate it would bring the empire to bankruptcy, and the project was accordingly abandoned. Every public work is as wastefully managed."

While at Smyrna, the other day, I heard many accounts of robberies committed by banditti who have their haunts in the neighboring mountains. The city is fairly infested by them; and no man whose life is worth the ransom of a thousand piastres ventures to trust himself at any considerable distance from the city, or to inhabit any of the neighboring villages except that of Boormabat, on the plains of Smyrna. In these villages many merchants still possess country houses and gardens, grateful and pleasant retreats, where they once lived with their families a part of the year, when the heat made Smyrna, a closely-built city with very narrow and very dirty streets, and not a single open square or public promenade, disagreeable and unwholesome. At present they never visit them. Smyrna is now a sort of prison watched by a guard of robbers. About two years ago they seized Mr. Van Lennup, a respectable merchant of Smyrna, who was walking out with two of his children. They demanded a hundred thousand piastres for his ransom; which was negotiated down to fifty thousand—about twenty thousand dollars—on the payment of which, he was allowed to return home. One of the most remarkable of their recent captures, was that of a Frenchman, the proprietor of a silk factory, who a short time since was by some means decoyed to a village not far from the city, seized, and released on the payment of thirty thousand piastres—about twelve thousand dollars. "He deserved his fate," said a Smyrnaite, who acted as our guide through the city. "He had seduced several young women employed in his factory, and the people of Smyrna all say that the robbers served him right."

A lady, a native of the East, who had lived many years in Smyrna, related to me an incident which shows how little regard this community of robbers have for human life. "A young man of Smyrna, a Christian, had fallen in love with a Turkish girl, and eloping with her, sought refuge with the banditti among the mountains. They gave him shelter, and urged him to become one of them, but he declined, hoping yet to escape to Greece or some of its islands, where to have run away with a Moslem would not be punishable as a crime. One day the chief of the troop renewed his instances, which were again firmly rejected. The chief drew one of his pistols, aimed it at the young woman, shot her dead on the spot, and turning again to her lover, said to him, "Now you are ours." Since that time the young man has been a robber. He knew that if he returned to society the blood of the Turkish girl would be required at his hands."

The present chief of the banditti is one who, amidst the atrocities he is committing, has shown himself capable of generous actions. On one occasion, hearing that a member of a family in which he had been a servant was in some pecuniary embarrassment, he made his appearance and offered him the means of extricating his affairs, which however was not accepted.—He resolutely withheld his companions from committing any robbery or act of wrong on Franks or Christians. "The Turks," he said, "are our tyrants and oppressors, and in plundering the Turks we perform an act of justice; but let us spare the Christians, who have never done us harm."

Some time since, this man was taken and carried to Constantinople, where he was long detained as a prisoner. During his confinement the troops broke through the rules he had laid down, and robbed Franks, Christians, and Turks, indiscriminately. "He is now at large," said the person who gave me this account, "and I hear that in returning to his companions he manifested great indignation at their conduct during his absence."

I expressed my astonishment that the Turkish government, having had him once in their hands, should have allowed him again to be at liberty.

"He bribed high," was the reply; "that is the way we explain such things in this country."

When I was waiting at Beyroot, about four weeks since, for the Austrian steamer to bring me to Smyrna, I heard that a Druse chief, a prisoner of the government, had been exposed at the barracks without the city, chained to a post, with his hands tied behind him. On inquiry, I learned that it was a Muhammed Daoud, a noted robber, who for some time past, with a band of followers, has infested the road over Mount Lebanon, between Beyroot and Damascus, and committed many murders and robberies. They relate of him that a man having a wife whom he coveted, he entered his house by night, slew the husband, and carried off the woman to his retreat in the mountains.

Muhammed Daoud was one of the boldest villains of his class. He wrote to the Turkish authorities, enumerating the robberies and assassinations of which he had been guilty, and added: "You do not know by whom these things were done. I am the man, Muhammed Daoud; they were done by my hand, or by my order. Take me, if you can." The government had made various attempts to seize his person, but without success, until at length a Druse family, named Joubelat, possessing high rank and great influence among their people engaged to apprehend him and deliver him up. They watched his movements, and finding him at a convent, entered the room where he was dining. He asked if they came in peace, and being told that they did, allowed them to approach him, and found himself their prisoner. He now complains that he was taken by treachery. He is to be taken to Constantinople, and if he has the means of paying a heavy bribe, I shall not be surprised to hear that he, like the robber-chief from Smyrna, is again at liberty, hovering about the road from Beyroot to Damascus.

While I am speaking about the Druses, I will add a word concerning those who inhabit the country to the south of Damascus, and their quarrel with the Turkish government.

These people possess a region the passes to which among the mountains are easily defended by a few men. It is the rule of the Turkish empire to allow none to become soldiers in its armies who are not Mussulmen. The Muhammedans are subject to a conscription; the Christians, instead of this, pay a tax. The Turkish government says to Druses. "We consider you as Muhammedans, and require of you a certain number of soldiers proportioned to your population." The Druses of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon submit to the demand, but the Druses to the south of Damascus says, "We will pay a tax, but we will give you no soldiers."

For the present—for this year at least—the quarrel has been compromised. In February the Druses said to the Turkish government, "We want time to attend to our crops; receive the value of a thousand yoke of oxen, and withdraw your troops the present year." The government, thinking it better to take the tribute than to get neither tribute nor conscripts, agreed to the postponement of the quarrel, accepted the conditions, and recalled their troops. The dispute meantime stands good for another season; it will be duly renewed, and the roads in that quarter will again become unsafe. It is possible that if the controversy is ever settled, the Druses will take their own terms.

Last Friday, three days since, I saw the man who is the nominal head of that ill-compacted and scarcely cohering empire, once held in rigorous obedience by fierce and mighty monarchs, whose names were the dread of Christendom. From a wooden palace immediately on the Bosphorus—a finer is building for him of marble, and of florid palladian architecture—rode forth on a handsome black horse, a pale slender man, dressed in a blue frock and pantaloons, wearing the tarboosh or red cap, which here, with the French, has taken the place both of the hat and the turban. Before him rode his pashes, his officers of state and war, the men who dispose of the money that comes into his treasury—stout men, for the most part, with tolerably florid complexions.—They were dressed in the same garb with himself. The enormous turbans and barbaric robes, which officers of this class wore, twenty-five or thirty years ago, are now only to be found in the Museum of Ancient Costumes, established by this Sultan's father in the atmedian or hippodrome. As Sultan Abdool Medjid rode leisurely along, women who were standing in groups beside the way reached forth petitions, wrapped in green silk, which were taken by some person belonging to the Sultan's train, and handed to an officer on horseback, carrying a box, in which they were deposited. It is said that the Sultan is always careful to read them. He is represented as a man of mild, amiable disposition, who would be glad to govern his empire better than he does, if he only knew how, or if those who surround him would only let him.

The different parts of the Turkish empire are now held together by the pressure applied to them from without. There are many who think it better that this should be so than that its different provinces should be distributed among the powers of Christendom. For the interests of religious liberty it is most clearly better. The Mussulman government interferes less with liberty of public worship than most of the governments of Christian empires. To what degree civil and political liberty may yet be developed from amidst the elements now in effervescence in the Turkish empire, I will not undertake to conjecture, but I would as soon take my chance of freedom in Turkey as in most of the countries east of the British channel.

KISSING TREATED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.—Ladies are requested to see that those "Rules," by a celebrated Professor, are strictly observed;

The gentleman must be taller than the lady he intends to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you, pass your left arm over her right sholder, diagonally down across her back under her left arm, press her to your bosom, at the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and then the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing off shooting crackers, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without smashing her standing collar or spoiling her curls, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth, revel in the blissfullness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a glass of Lager Beer.

N. B.—Let the application be repeated ever and anon, as inclination may prompt.

Disputed Property, or Smith vs. Smith.

John George Smith, Esq., senior, is a man about forty years of age, red faced, very corpulent, very cautious and very good natured.

John George Smith, Esq., junior, is a man who had seen about half the number of summers, which have contributed to ripen his highly respectable father, he is handsome, slender, hot blooded and independent.

John George Smith, Esq., senior, and John George Smith, Esq., junior, are the only remaining members of a particular family of Smiths. The old man is a widower; the young man is a bachelor. The former is rich, and the latter is fortunate enough to have the good will of his worthy progenitor. Old Smith is proud of his son, and young Smith is proud of his father's purse. If old John took pleasure in accumulating a handsome property; it can be said without fear of contradiction, that young John, at the time of our story, took no less pleasure in spending what his father had acquired.

But these personages were great favorites of the ladies. The fair creatures liked the father for his quiet humor and unrivalled gallantry, and the son for his sparkling wit, pleasing address, and handsome person. Thus, strange as it may appear, John George, senior, and John George, junior, had cause frequently to be jealous of each other, in consequence of which, they at length began to move in different circles of society, in order to have separate and undisputed fields of operation.

Thus, the indulgent father and affectionate son seldom saw each other except at home, and then few words passed between them except on matters of business.

One morning, however, as John George the elder, was on the point of entering the apartment of John George the younger, to speak with him on a matter of vital importance, he met the latter coming into his own room to converse with him on the equally important subject.

"Ah John," said the old beau, taking his son's hand with the usual affability, "how are you this morning?"

"Tolerable," replied the young beau, happy at finding his father in a good humor; "and I am glad to see you look so well to-day. What's the news?"

"I want to talk with you, John," said the elder Smith.

And I have no less a desire to have a quiet, serious conversation with you, beloved father; returned young Smith, entering the old man's apartment.

"On what subject?"

"Marriage."

"Marriage!" echoed old John, "the very thing I wanted to talk with you about."

"No!"

"Fact!"

"But you've no notion of taking a wife, father!"

"I have, by Jupiter!"

"By Juno, so have I!"

"I am glad of it exclaimed old John warmly. "You are wild my boy and a wife will tend to tame you."

"And you are rather gay, father, and a companion will serve to sober you," returned young John, with a sly vein of satire in his tone.

"Pshaw, John. But tell me about that—your marriage."

"And will you tell me all about yours?"

"Certainly."

Old John stroked his beard in a thoughtful manner, and then looked up with a business like air, and said:

"In the first place I must tell you that my intended is rather young for me."

"There we are even," said the other with a smile.

"But my lady is the prettiest in town."

"I am sure mine will prove an exception."

"Very beautiful, is she?"

"Enchanting!"

"So is mine!"

"But mine has one defect."

"What is it?"

"She is near sighted."

"Strange coincidence. I have noticed the same defect in my intended."

"And mine is perhaps a little too dark."

"So is mine."

"And a little too tall—"

"Mine is tall—but I am vastly fond of tall women."

There was a pause in the conversation, when old John remarked to young John, with a sad smile and something of a sigh—

"I've a rival."

"No!"

"I have 'pon my word."

"And so have I."

"Mine is a young buck, who, although I have never seen him, is said to be quite captivating."

"And mine is an old rake, good looking enough I am told, very rich, who has the impudence to dispute my claim to the hand of my fair lady."

"But I don't fear my rival."

"Nor I mine."

"My intended laughs at the young buck."

"And mine I am sure dispises the superanuated old rake."

"I congratulate you, John."

"And you have my sympathy sir."

"The name of your rival?"

"Oh, he is one of our family. His name is Smith."

"Strange! my rival has the honor to bear that name too."

"So it is Smith cut Smith, this time all around."

"Exactly."

"But when do you get married, father?"

"The question is not decided yet, in my case, John."

"Nor in mine either."

"But I shall step off as soon as my charming Mary Anne—"

"Mary Anne!"

"That's the name."

"And it is the name of my intended, too."

"Mary Anne Brown?"

"Mary Anne Brown?"

"The daughter of Isaac A. Brown?"

"The same."

"She's my intended!"

"No, by Judas, she is mine!"

And John George Smith, junior, and John George Smith, senior, looked at each other as if they were the very last of the numerous family of Smiths, and wished to exterminate each other.

"You are a presumptuous fellow! exclaimed old John, frowning as he never before frowned in his life.

"Were you not my father," retorted young John coldly, "I should call you a silly old cock—I'm sure I should!"

"But you are to blame—"

"I am not!"

"You designed winning the affections of my Mary Anne!

"And you plotted to get her away from me! You are to blame!"

After this pleasant little storm, there was a calm, and old John and young John looked at each other solemnly.

"You must give her up to me, said the elder at length. You are too young to marry."

"No," replied the other firmly, "I will marry her myself, you are too old."

"Do you think I could call my beloved Mary Anne, daughter?"

"Do you think I could call my beloved Mary Anne, mother?"

The idea served as a very beautiful climax to the conversation we have noted down, so the two as if by mutual consent, turned their backs upon each other and parted in high dudgeon.

For a whole week the father and son never exchanged even the morning compliments with each other.

One day, however, old John and young John met in the hall, and old John bowed and smiled, and young John touched his hat and extended his hand.

"Your Mary Anne," began the elder.

"Your Mary Anne," interrupted the younger, correcting him."

"Very well," said the other smiling, "we will have it our Mary Anne."

"Just so."

"I was disappointed in her."

"So was I."

"She is a coquette."

"She is, by Jupiter."

"You have heard the news, then?"

"That she is married?"

"Yes."

"I was told so this morning."

"A rich joke!" laughed old John.

"A piece of deception!" exclaimed the other.

"But I am glad you were not so rash, John, as to make her your wife."

"And I am glad, father, you did not commit such an indiscretion as to make her yours."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!"

Thus offering each other mutual congratulations, the father and son said good morning, and the important case in the court of love, *Smith vs. Smith*, was settled to the satisfaction of all parties. Their Mary Anne, was no longer disputed property, she being found to belong solely and entirely to another.

MORAL.—It is thus that cases in other courts, as in the court of love, are usually terminated. The parties have the satisfaction of seeing the property in dispute pass gradually and effectually into the hands of a third person.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND FERRYMAN.—A philosopher stepped on board a ferry boat to cross a stream. On the passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.

"Arithmetic! No sir."

"I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone."

A few minutes after he asked,

"Do you understand mathematics?"

The boatsman smiled and replied,

"No."

"Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone."

Just then the boat ran on a snag and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled of his coat, and asked the phiosopher with great earnestnes of manner,

"Sir, can you swim?,'

"No, sir."

"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is gone, for the boat is going to the bottom—*Merry's Museum.*

TUNNELS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

A petition has been made to the Massachusetts Legislature for a lone of two millions of dollars to tunnel the Hoosac Mountans, and this has brought out a great amount of information highly important to the scientific man, as well as interesting to the general reader. The Hoosac tunnel project, although the most gigantic of its kind in this country, is by no means a startling precedent in the internal improvements of the world at large, nor is it a pioneer enterprise of its kind in America. On the great line of railroad leading from Baltimore to Wheeling, there are sixteen tunnels, the longest of which is 4100 feet; more than four-fifths of a mile. On the hempfield road, 76 miles long, leading from Greensburg, Pa., on the great Pennsylvania road to Wheeling, there are in process of construction seven tunnels the lengths of which are respectfully 2600, 1,500, 1200, three of 200 and one of 300 feet. The Hudson river railroad, and several other railroads and canals, have extensive tunnels as well as deep open cuttings.

In Europe, tunnels of two or three miles in length are not uncommon. The Nertheunnel, at Marseilles, France, is near three miles long. The cost to the company for excavating the tunnel was $705,000. The superficial area is fifty per cent more than that of the proposed Hoosac tunnel, and the cubical excavation also greater.—The Woodhead tunnel, on the Sheffield and Manchester railroad, bears a very close resemblance to the Hoosac. It is over three miles long, through a granite rock formation, known in geology as millstone grit. Five shafts were sunk to the depth of from 400 to 600 feet; and the cost of the entire work was $1,026,705. The time consumed in its completion was five years. The Thames and Medway tunnel between Gravesand and Catham, England, is 2¼ miles long. It was commenced in 1819 and finished in 1824. The Box tunnel on the Great Western railroad is one of very large dimensions, being 39 feet high by 32 wide, 9576 feet long. There are many more extensive works of a similar character, both in England and Continental Europe; and the extensive mines of Cornwall and Wales, there are abits and tunnels nearly thirty miles in length. There are also nearly thirty miles of tunneling connected with the Duke of Bridgewater's canal.

A FEW MONTHS SINCE two soldiers deserted from Fort Massachusetts, wandered about four days on their return to the States, in fear at any moment of falling into the hands either of the hostile Indians or of troops in pursuit. They met with another deserter and the three were overtaken by a party of trading Delawares, consisting of the squaw of a trader, her brother, and some nine or ten mules.—The Delawares, fed the fellows, and agreed that they should travel with them to the frontier, giving them mules to ride on.—With all this kindness the villains conceived the dastardly design of murdering the squaw and the man for the money which they learned she had about her, and taking the mules to the States for sale. The trader had died somewhere near Salt Lake, and they were returning to pay his debts, and commence trade on their own account. One day at noon, the party stopped to dine and water the mules, and the butchery was commenced. They followed the Delaware down to the water course, and soon despatched him. They then returned to the woman, cut her throat, and threw her body into a gully, through which—as if Providence had ordained it for this particular purpose—the water flowed. The villans divided the money and made their way to the States, sold the mules, and went to St. Louis. The woman afterwards managed to crawl out of the gully, and was at length picked up by a tribe of Indians who brought her to the frontier, and then gave such information as led to the arrest of the three scoundrels in St. Louis, by an officer, who took them up the country, where they were recognized by the squaw, and fully committed for trial by the magistrates there.

A TRAP TO CATCH A POLAR BEAR.—The native of the Polar regoin have a most ingenious method of trapping bears. A thick and strong piece of whalebone, about four inches broad and two feet long, is bent double. While in this state, some pieces of blubber are wrapped around it, and the contrivance placed in the open air, where a low temperature renders it hard and compact; it is now ready for use. The natives, being armed with bows and arrows, and, taking the frozen mass with them, depart in quest of their prey, and, as soon the animal is seen, one of them deliberately discharges an arrow at it. The bear, feeling the insult, pursues the party, now in full retreat; but meeting with the frozen blubber, dropped expressly for it, swallows the bump. The chase, the exercise of running, and the natural heat of the inside, soon cause the dissolution of the blubber. The whalebone, thus freed from buberance, springs back to its old position, and makes such havoc with the intestines, that the beast discontinues the chase and soon dies.