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OR, THE

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OF THE

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NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD in the SUN. Price 2 Cents.

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Circulars containing all necessary information regarding the school, may be had of the Principal, Rev. J. G. WILSON, etc. 447

H. D. VARICK,
Secretary of Trustees.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y., August 1, 1866.

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The National Temperance Society and Publication House publish a Monthly Temperance Paper called The National Temperance Advocate. The object of this paper will be to promote the temperance cause of Temperance, by circulating light from every quarter upon its moral, social, financial and scientific bearing.

It is the intention of the Society to secure for the Editorial and Contributing use the best talent in the land, and to make the paper such as to recommend itself and such as will cause it to be sought for by the Temperance public, and indispensably necessary to every true friend of Temperance.

In order to carry out the plans of the Society, we shall need the active sympathy and cooperation of all true friends of this important enterprise in securing subscribers and extending its circulation.

The exacting demands of literary taste are not only met, but anticipated and continued and continued efforts of individuals in favor of resisting and receiving The Advocate from the hands of the publisher shall be conducted in such a broad and catholic spirit that all individual Churches and Temperance Organizations of whatever name can clasp fully and heartily unite in its support.

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THE PRICES FOR ADVERTISING vary, according to location, FROM TWENTY TO FIFTY CENTS PER LINE, for each insertion. Special arrangements may be made for advertisements of unusual length.

The Editorial Department of THE SUN is under the charge of JOSEPH P. BEACH, to whom communications should be addressed.

All letters relating to advertisements, subscriptions, or any branch of the publication business, should be addressed to the Proprietor,

MOSES S. BEACH,
Corner of Nassau and Fulton sts.,
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KIRLY'S GARDEN.—"The Black Crook." Great Parisienne Ballet Troupe.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The Worrell Sisters "Aladdin the Wonderful Scamp" and "Cinderella."

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TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.—"Songs, dances, &c. Panorama "Tour Round the World."

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NEW YORK CIRCUS.—Melville, New York Circus Troupe, Matinees at 2.

THE NEW YORK SUN.

"It Shines for All."

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 2 1867.

Is the Democratic Party Dead?

OUR cotemporaries of the Radical faith dislike the idea of a movement to revivify the Democratic party. In commenting upon our recent restropect of that party, they express a willingness to endorse all we say about the causes that have led to its decay, but they refuse to acknowledge that a revival of the old party is either practicable or possible. They hold that the Democratic organization is beyond hope; that there is no chance for its revival, and that its epitaph might as well be written at once. For example, the Chicago POST says:—

"The truth simply is that there is not enough of the popular leaven left in the obsolete Democratic party to save it. For Democrats to, individually, take offensive positions and to act upon 'popular ideas,' is to become Republicans, Radicals. No separate organization is needed to further 'popular ideas.' As soon as men become informed and energized with 'popular ideas,' the Radical organization 'monopolizes' them. This it has done for twenty-five years or more. One by one the live Democrats have left the ranks of their party, and joined that of the people at various stages of its growth—a few of them becoming first-class Abolitionists, many to become Republicans, and more to swell the ranks, both military and civil, of the Union Republicans. Meanwhile, the ideas which once gave the Democratic party vitality, for it had vitality, a generation ago, are superseded and laid on the shelf."

The idea of the POST is that the Radical party has all the elements of a vigorous and progressive organization, and that all persons who wish to escape from the musty notions of the old Democratic party, must necessarily drift into the Radical ranks. Now the POST volunteers the admission that the Democratic party "had vitality a generation ago." It will also admit, we presume, that the vital current of the party at that time ran toward the South—that is, its vigor was employed in the cause of slavery, State rights, and other peculiarly Southern features. Why, then, did the Democratic party go down, and the effete Whig party come up under another name? The answer is that the people, as a class, became disgusted with the altruism or Radicalism of the former, and the leaders of the latter, seeing their opportunity, had sense enough to abandon their worn out principles, cast aside both the platform and the name of the old organization, and strike out in the new and now popular channel. Now we hold that the Democratic party to-day occupies the same relative position that the Whig party occupied just before it took the new lease of life, under the Republican name. The Whig platform was a foreign concern then, and the Democratic platform, if there be such a thing, is a foreign concern now. The Democrats went too far in their Southern policy then, and the Radicals are going too far in their anti-Southern policy now. The people were then eager to cast aside both the stale principles of the Whig and the Radical Southern principles of the Democrats, and we believe that the people would now be glad of an opportunity to turn from both the antiquated notions of the Democrats and the dangerous principles of the Radicals. The great mass of the people are always sensible, considerate and judicious in their action. When the Democratic party allied itself to the extremists of the South, the people refused to longer endorse them, and since the Radicals have carried their policy to a dangerous extent, the people begin to see the necessity of serving them in the same way. In the elections of last Fall the people were obliged to choose between the nondescript policy of the Democrats and the ultra policy of the other party. It was a choice between two evils, and the decision was to the effect that the public were disposed to take the risk of going a step too far in the progressive direction, rather than to go clear back to the antiquated dogmas of the Democrats. But the political issues of the last elections are not the issues of to-day. The Radicals have taken a prodigious step in their ultra course since that time. The very issue on which they won the late elections—the Constitutional Amendment—is now trampled under foot, and such propositions as the impeachment of the President and the obliteration of the Southern States are their political issues now. We will not see the people so soon in favor of the Democratic policy in preference to that which the Radicals are urging in Congress, but we most confidently believe that a majority of the Northern people are strongly opposed to the latter policy, and that they would vote it down, as they ever did that of the Democrats. If a good common sense platform were offered them by another party. The proper course for the Democrats to pursue is to follow after the tactics of the Whigs. Let them bury their old doctrines out of popular sight; let them change their name, if necessary; let them adopt a new, progressive, liberal and popular policy, and they will very soon change stations with the Radicals.

The School Question.

THE bill now before the Legislature providing for the appointment of Commissioners to supersede our present Board of Education supposes a degree of imperfection in the existing administration of school affairs that cannot actually be demonstrated. It is true that there is room for improvement in many particulars, but the fault does not lie with the Board of Education, that Board has done its duty faithfully, uninfluenced by selfish or party motives, to the extent of its ability, but being limited in power and means, it has been unable to cope with the requirements of a changed and growing population. It remains to be seen whether the management of Commissioners would be any more satisfactory. With the same means at their disposal they could hardly accomplish more than has been done. It would be only fair to empower the Board to carry out what improvements may be deemed necessary, and then if the efficiency of the school system be not satisfactory, it will be time to talk of resigning the management into other hands. If the plan of managing our schools is faulty, let it be corrected, but let us by all means keep it under the control of our own citizens. Of course, the proposed Commissioners would receive a handsome salary for their services—if it were not so we should have heard nothing about the subject. It is wonderful how much interest is taken in a question that involves a few good appointments—and this is such a question.

Revenue Rascality.

It is pretty well understood among the people that dishonesty is practiced in nearly every official department, but the extent of that dishonesty is not appreciated. The report of a Treasury detective who recently visited the custom houses on the Canadian border, gives some idea of the rascality that prevails in the Revenue Department. The detective in question visited twenty-three custom houses, and out of that number succeeded in making arrangements with twenty-two of the officials in charge, to defraud the Government by smuggling goods into the United States. One honest custom house officer out of about two dozen! Now, what reason is there to believe that the Government revenue officers generally are any better than the twenty-three referred to? It is just possible that the proportion of official rascals on the border of Canada is greater than elsewhere, but we fail to see the cause. If, however, we place the most liberal construction upon this matter, the evidence proves that the Government is being outrageously swindled by dishonest officers. It is not only in the Northern Custom Houses that such officials conspire to defraud the national treasury. The recent developments of the Congressional Investigating Committee, in this city, give ample evidence of the fact that such frauds exist wherever revenue agents are found, and there is no doubt that a considerable percentage of the money that ought to go into the treasury is absorbed by that class of scoundrels. But how can such frauds be obviated? With our present revenue system we know of no remedy. There are honest men in the country, but they are not apt to be of the class who bore the government for offices. Unscrupulous politicians will worm themselves into responsible offices, and it is useless to talk about a reform in this respect. The fault primarily lies in the revenue system. That system offers a standing invitation to corruption and fraud, and so long as it exists a liberal share of the people's money will go into the pockets of dishonest revenue officers instead of the treasury vaults. If the Government were to abolish the whole internal revenue and customs machinery, and then raise its income by direct taxation, the present burden upon the people would be materially lightened.

Underground Railroad.

There is now but little doubt that the construction of an underground railroad in this city will be authorized by the Legislature. The favorable report of the special committee, and the strong feeling in favor of the measure, insure the passage of the bill during the present session. It is quite likely, also, that the course of the road will be in accordance with the suggestions of the committee. The next points of interest, therefore, are with regard to the plan of the proposed road, and the length of time required for its completion. A number of places were submitted to the committee, and the difficulty of making a choice is shown by the flattering manner in which they are nearly all alluded to in the report. Great care should be taken to make the best selection, and we hope that no personal or political consideration will be allowed to influence the Legislature in this matter. The best and most feasible plan should be selected. The pressing necessity for the road makes its early completion very desirable, and this fact should be kept in view when the award shall be made. The unwillingness of the Yankee character to pattern after any other nation will probably incline the Legislature to some strictly original plan, but experience is worth a great deal, and the experience of London and Paris in respect to subterranean roads should not be ignored. We are hopeful, however, that the work will go on smoothly and satisfactorily to the end, and that within a reasonable length of time we shall have a means of transit worthy of the city.

The Temperance Cause.

THE session of the State Temperance Society, which has just closed, at Auburn, was one of the most enthusiastic and largely attended that has ever been held. A profound interest is felt throughout the State in the important cause the Society advocates; and the operation of the Excise Law in this city will give much encouragement to the friends of temperance here. The agitation that has been begun on this question will not be allowed to subside until some substantial good has been accomplished. It is high time that the public was aroused and prepared to grapple with the insidious enemy that has been lurking in its midst.

Gift Enterprises.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1st, 1867.

Editor Sun:—Will you please to state in your paper that the use of my name by Messrs. Kennedy & Co., in connection with a gift enterprise, is entirely without my consent. Respectfully, yours,

B. L. TRAFTON,
Late Colonel 71st Regt. N. G. S. N. Y.

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

An Encouraging Set Off Nettered Letter.

The Sandersville GEORGIAN gives the following favorable account of Southern enterprise:

The Northern opinion of our enterprise and industry has always located the Southerner in the shade of some fence corner, listlessly watching a gang of negroes cultivating cotton, rice or tobacco, or upon horseback riding over his broad acres, whose productive capacity was alone stimulated by the crack of his heavy riding whip. That the Southern possessed the ingenuity or the working capacity necessary to sustain himself with the negro, never entered the brain of these speculators in moral philosophy and political economy.

But the Southerner, in the midst of the desolation which was brought to his door by the vandalism of his "Northern brethren" friends, will demonstrate his self-reliance, his enterprise and his independence of negroes and Yankees.

Virginia is setting an example to her sister Southern States. Her magnificent water power is being laid under contribution by the hands of genius and industry. The hum of the spindle and the loom, the noise of busy machinery in every department of the mechanic arts, is waking the echoes of those lovely valleys, where, but a few months ago, a crow in flying over them would have had to carry along its rations."

Tennessee, with the "genius of Brownlow and his hungry pack of "Loyalists," is reported to have twelve mills in successful operation, with an invested capital of $900,000, and producing an annual aggregate of manufactured goods to the amount of $1,000,000.

South Carolina, upon whose devoted head Sherman poured out his vials of wrath, brings into play, from her ashes, eleven cotton factories, running 27,000 spindles and 806 looms. In the vicinity of Fayetteville, in North Carolina, there are one dozen factories. At Raleigh, in the same State, a mammoth building is to be erected for the manufacturing of cotton and woolen goods—while Charlotte is now producing cloths and cassimeres of superior quality. This latter mill alone, runs 25,000 spindles, and consumes about 3000 pounds of wool weekly. Mississippi and Alabama are working out the problem of their independence, while Georgia, even scourged State, sends out a loud amen from 72 mills in operation and twelve in process of execution. Of these latter some are projected on a scale to rival the notorious Lowell, or the pretentious establishment of the *learned* Senator Sprague. Three miles from Covington, and but sixty from this office, has grown up since the war the village of Steadman. Under the magic touch of its founder, Mr. E. Steadman, mills for the fabrication of prints, woolen goods, homespuns and yarns are rapidly rising, and will soon supply a demand which has filled heretofore the pockets of our New England tax assessors.

Only keep your hands oil, ye self-righteous Pharisees, and we will soon demonstrate our equality, if not our superiority, in your own boasted art of manufacturing.

MONTANA.

Journey from Salt Lake to Montana—Secreted Mormons—Bannock—Virginia City—Its Mines and People—Theatres, Concert Saloons, and Gambling Hells in the Rocky Mountains, &c., &c.

Since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, in 1854, the great middle belt of States Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California—has been woven into a perfect band, from the Missouri to the Pacific. Just north of it, the threads of the second belt—Dacotah, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington—begin to assume shape and texture.

Salt Lake City, Utah, is the metropolis and distributing point between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. From it Virginia, capital of Montana, lies four hundred and seventy-five miles north; Boise, the capital of Idaho, four hundred and fifty miles northwest. The road is like the letter Y. Eighty miles from Salt Lake, it forks—the right stroke leading to Montana and the left to Idaho. Both are traversed by mail coaches.

Leaving Utah, with its great basin, the passenger crosses over a low bare "divide," and is in Idaho, on waters running to the Pacific. The southern part of the young Territory juts far eastward, cutting off Montana from Utah. There are no dwellings, except low adobe stage stations, with sacks of winter hay cut from the wild grass of the valleys. The road passes through Port Neuf Canyon—thirty miles long—where twice the coach bringing gold dust from Montana has been robbed.

For hours after leaving the City of Saints the traveler rides along the north bank of the Great Salt Lake—a shining mirror, spotted with purple mountains of islands, and framed in pale, violet peaks, draped with gauzy clouds of purest white. He passes thrifty Mormon villages of dull brown adobe houses, with flourishing orchards, shading cotton woods, and streets watered by little artificial streams. One of these called Morrisville, was built by the fanatical followers of Morris, a prophet who out-Brigham Brigham, and who predicted that the world, with all its people, except themselves, was about to be destroyed, he taught them to seize the cattle, horses and grain of their neighbors, upon the theory that the earth and the fruits thereof belonged to the chosen of the Lord. But religion is a poor excuse for horse stealing, and this was too much, even for a Mormon community, and the fanatics they defeated the schismatics—who fought bravely—and lodged a bullet in the brain of the pretended prophet, and killing several of his deluded followers, including women and children, and drove out the rest. The surviving Morrisites, escorted from the Territory by the United States soldiers, settled in Montana, where they still reside. They assert that Morris is living, just as the Saints from whom they are an offshoot do of their polygamy—that it is a part of their faith, and Brigham may learn a wholesome lesson from their fate.

Beyond, the road winds along the clear Snake river, the old Lewis fork of the Columbia. The Indian name, Shoshone, or winding river, is far more fitting and musical than ours. The static broken utterly of the great desert's heart, fifteen hundred miles in length, rises from springs within a half mile of those forming the head waters of the Missouri. It is the river of desolation. Unrelieved by forests or green banks for nearly the entire length, it is a natural ditch sunk in the sand, with clear water, and faintly fringed with scattering willows and cottonwoods. Many smaller streams suddenly sink into the earth, like the rivers of Damascus, and, running under ground for many miles, abruptly reappear in their parched beds. The road crosses miles of sand, which the slow stage mules and wheels plow a foot deep. On the eastern horizon, the three Tetons (woman's breasts)—a unique spur of the Rocky Mountains—rise side by side, tall, slender, and spire-like, suggesting the name, the Finger mountains, which belong to a group of Arizona peaks. The Indians call them Three Pinnacles. Pleasant Valley Station is in a little grassy basin—a natural bowl among the dark hills. Just beyond, climbing over the divide of the Snake mountains, one leaves the Pacific slope behind, passing into Montana, among the tributaries of the Missouri.

The most important settlement is the town of Bannack, named from a tribe of Indians. It was the pioneer town of Montana, begun deep down in the gulch of Grasshopper Creek, enclosed by bare lofty mountains. The diggings yielded very richly, sometimes paying fifty dollars per day to the man; but, like the most gulch mines, was soon exhausted. In flush times the city had two thousand people; now, it has but a few hundred, and is a dreary succession of straggling, empty low houses, overlooked by a huge gallows which has outlived many tenants. But rich quartz lodes, now opening hard by, will give it a new lease of life. In mining regions, as elsewhere, history repeats itself. Bannack was the first town of Montana; but when its gulch gave out, other sections were developed, and the people flocked to Virginia City, seventy miles beyond. That continues to flourish; but new settlements are springing up among the rich mines of Helena and the Blackfoot region, which bid fair to eclipse it.

Virginia was settled in July, 1863, and has five thousand people, including Nevada City and Junction. Environed by mountain crests, dotted with a few lonely cedars, it lies like a huge serpent—the head, Virginia; the tail, its two suburbs—a crooked, irregular strip of low log houses, winding for nine miles along Alder Creek. Many of these cabins are deserted. Alder Gulch has yielded many millions of dollars, and, for its length—thirteen miles—was probably the richest gold deposit ever found. Now, it is nearly cut in twain, from end to end, with shafts, sunk with windlasses, and enshrouded with timbers. A few miners are still washing the gold from the brown earth.

The heart of the town is within a hundred yards of the diggings. In flush times, it was a crowd of people, and a whirl of business. Streets were thronged, stores choked with a stream of commerce, sidewalks monopolized by irrepressible auctioneers, hoarsely crying horses, oxen, mules, wagons and household goods. Drinking saloons, whose name was legion, were densely crowded. Theatres, which always spring up in mining regions, were closely packed. At the hotels, beds were hardly attainable, for love or money. Gambling halls were musical with clinking coin and shining with yellow gold. Hurdy-gurdy houses, with dancing girls, music and long bars, where whiskey was sold at fifty cents a drink and champagne at $12 per bottle, were filled with visitors, ranging from judges to blacklegs, in every costume, from broadcloth to buckskin. And all this in a town less than one year old; in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a thousand miles from everywhere! For Montana is the most remote Territory of the United States, the furthest both from New York and San Francisco—the great cities of the future, which will yet contend for the mastery of the world.

Virginia, though less lively than of yore, still boasts heavy trade and bustling streets. The buildings are of logs, lumber, and granite, with wooden signs overhanging the plank sidewalks. Many citizens habitually wear revolvers at their belts. Daily mail coaches ply north to Helena, one hundred and twenty-five miles, over mountain roads that were never worked, but have witnessed the best staging in the United States. In summer, coaches often run the whole distance—equal to one hundred and sixty miles of good roads—during daylight, and sometimes in fourteen hours. The route crosses the great Jefferson fork of the Missouri, upon a log bridge two hundred feet in length, where slides the river, along a broad, beautiful valley, between mountains pine-covered and snowclad. We pass the log ranches of the settlers whose huge hay-stacks are waiting for winter, and whose fields are rich in ripening wheat and barley or overgrown turnips and potatoes. Despite frost every month in the year, Montana has great agricultural capacity, and will one day support a large population. Small grains, root vegetables, and the hardy fruits, produce abundantly. It seems far north for barley and wheat, but in the British possessions—still higher latitude—the Hudson Bay Company has raised, annually, every product of our Northern States.

Montana is eight hundred miles from East to West, by nearly three hundred from North to South. It is a mountain territory, containing five large basins—four on the Atlantic slope, one on the Pacific—and numberless smaller valleys. While snow is several feet deep upon the mountains, cattle growing fat among the green bunch grass of the valleys, less than a thousand feet lower. In summer the mails bring letters from New York to Montana in twenty-two days. During winter snows the time is indefinite. About half the freight of the Territory is brought up the Missouri, from St. Louis to Fort Benton, the nominal head of navigation, twenty miles below the Great Falls, one hundred and forty miles from Helena and two hundred and sixty five from Virginia. None but boats of light draft can reach Fort Benton, save upon the spring floods. The river trip from St. Louis consumes from thirty-five to seventy days. The summer boats stop at Fort Union, four hundred miles lower, near the mouth of the Yellowstone.

Remarkable Self-Possession.

The Sacramento UNION of December 20, says:

On the arrival of the San Francisco steamer at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, R. M. Skaggs, who happened with several of his friends to visit the landing, fell accidentally between the hulk and the steamer into the river. The current was very strong and the position most perilous. Of the many similar instances which have occurred within our recollection, but few, indeed, of the victims have escaped with their lives. Skaggs disappeared from sight but soon came to the surface again. Luckily, a fender hanging by the side of the hulk was within reach, which he seized and held on to. While those on the hulk who saw the accident were excited and confused, Skaggs coolly but forcibly expressed his view of the situation: "Whenever any of you have time I wish you would drop me a rope, for it is cold down here. Make a loop on the end so that I can put it around my waist." This hint was quickly acted upon, and Skaggs managed to get first one arm and then the other through the loop, and was soon drawn to the deck of the hulk in safety.

London to be Reconstructed.

The project of the Marquis of Westminster to reconstruct fashionable London, now in progress under the order of the Grosvenor family, is attracting much attention on account of the wonderful character of the work, and the passion for business which the Marquis exhibits. Owner of soil, behind the most secure and most secure rent roll in Europe, he is taking advantage of the falling in of his leases to make Southwest London a city worthy of the richest, if not the most illustrious aristocracy in the world. The Grosvenors will, before 1880, have turned a territory of brick and stucco into a city of Portland stone. There is nothing so very wonderfully original in this of this plan. The Marquis is as rich as a city itself; the family can afford to spend a generation or two on their great work, for under the English system a Grosvenor succeeds, the list of expectant tenants is endless, and there is no possibility of resistance from without. The poor are to be provided with cheap and wholesome dwellings, and the miasma of the capital will be reduced by sewers, the sulphur by smoke drainage, the filth by a tolerable supply of water, and the over-crowding by an extension; and when that is done, the necessity of the entire reconstruction of London will have to be met. The Marquis of Westminster is one of the keenest and hardest men of business in the Kingdom, who loves money but who knows how to use it.

Pen Sketch of the Empress Eugenie.

Gustavus Koerner, Minister of the United States at the Court of Spain, during the years 1862, 1863 and 1864, has published in Frankfort-on-the-Main, a highly interesting book, entitled "From Spain." It rivals fairly and deservedly Irving's masterly book, and should at once be translated into English. He gives therein the most beautiful ink and pen sketches of the impressions both the Court and country of Spain have made on him. The following is his portrait of Eugenie, as she appeared at the Court of Spain a few years ago:

Eugenie unites the most handsome features of the German and Latin—I may even say of the Arabian—races. The forehead high and free; the eyes splendidly blue, but not very large; the hair of a coloring, lightly darkened hue; the form of her face small, oval; the nose fine, in beautiful symmetry, not too high; the mouth a little bit too large, and especially when she smiles, a little Jewish. Her complexion is admirable—that means admirably painted, for nobody of the aristocracy will here show her natural complexion, be it ever so fine. But after the first rounds, and when she had taken some water with Bordeaux, her cheeks began to redden, and heighten her beauty; ears of exceedingly beautiful form, and then her whole figure; She is of medium size, not so large as her pictures suggest; slim, flexible, and still full. Her appearance is still that of a virgin, the most splendid model for a Hebe—breast, neck, shoulders, arms, and, above all, her hands, beautifully shaped, combined with the grace of an Andalusian dancseuse.

But she must speak Spanish, in order to display all her grace and beauty. Though as the daughter of an Irish lady, she speaks the English like her mother tongue, and the French with ease and fluency, yet in both these languages she speaks only with the mouth. She conversed in the liveliest manner with the King, and there and then the eyes, the mouth, the hand, and above all, the sweet fingers participated in the conversation, giving to each word the proper sense and the right meaning.

When, after the coffee had been taken, another circle was formed in the salons of the King—not one of stiff etiquette, but of ease and without constraint, where their Majesties are only bowing to most of the invited guests, and addressing but a few words to some select ones, and where the ladies and gentlemen are uniting more in groups than in straight lines—the Queen, anyhow, kept a certain line, dragged herself from one to another, nodding and smiling as friendly as ever.

But Eugenie, without any constraint, moved like a lovely bird, from one to another; stepped closely, almost caressing, up to every body, and conversed in the most fascinating manner. When both were retiring, and at the entrance to their rooms, turning once more to make their obeisance to the company, then the difference between the two ladies was fully displayed. The Queen set her whole body in motion, and nodded then once more very friendly, and her head, like an unembarrassed woman of the middling class. Eugenie followed her. She turned herself with the most gracious ease, put her little foot firmly on the floor, stood like nailed on, bowed then first the upper part of the body and brought it then forward, with the most enchanting and easiest motion, like a swan bending its neck, and without turning, disappeared slowly behind the doors. She there showed the wonderful motion of the upper part of the body—in which movement the Andalusian dansseuses are unequaled—in its highest degree of perfection.

And then her toilette. What a task for a man to describe it! She wore a wide dress, with white and dark blue stripes. The latter seemed to be of velvet, the white one of silk, interwoven with silver. A large scalloped trimming of Black and white illusion or lace. The basque, striped in the same way, was a sort of Amazon jacket—large half sleeves. Around the neck a narrow, blue velvet ribbon, adorned with the richest diamonds. The head dress, the most charming, the most elegant I have ever seen. A little silver wreath of leaves, the filigree, entirely studded with diamonds, sat somewhat coquettish upon her brow, and encircled her forehead. From this little wreath hung here and there little diamond pendants, set like drops, and fell upon her charming neck. Over the diadem she wore a little ornament of blue velvet, to which a costly blue feather was attached, so that the diadem, with the head dress, formed a most charming Scotch bonnet; the more so, as on the right side a blue and white feather were standing erect. Behind the hair, two white velvish ornaments were pinned together, which reached down to the low neck of the dress, without, however, touching it. The hair hung down half the neck, was then plaited back again, on the left a long curl, which soon danced, soon rested, on her beautiful finely shaped shoulder.

The ladies admired this toilette in silent devotion. Even the stern diplomatic gentlemen were out of their wits, when looking at this head dress. And still she looked too coquettish for an Empress. As an Andalusian, what she is by birth, as a woman, she was undoubtedly the most perfect creature I have ever looked upon. The good Queen of Spain had her heavy diadem straight on her head, like a Queen on one of the playing cards. A chain of pearls, of incalculable value (for most of them were as large as pigeon eggs), adorned her very full neck. She was shining with diamonds, while the diamonds of the Empress were shining with Eugenie.

And Eugenie is fully aware of her superiority, or else she would not have selected as her companion the young, blooming and most amiable Princess Murat. This one is of smaller size, with rich, beautiful light brown hair; the sweetest blue eyes, but of rather brunette complexion. The gentlemen could not conceive how such a fresh, blooming face could come from the court life of Paris, where she had spent the last ten years. She is an American, born in New Jersey, and has the most kind hearted, sweet tempered face in the world. She is considered one of the beauties of Paris, and is considered here so too, when the Empress does not happen to stand by her side.

Female Tyranny in America.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for January has the following:

A newly arrived German girl, who, in her own country, would have been glad to clean a gentleman's boots for sixpence, speedily apes the manners that prevail in the land of her adoption, and will insist upon as much deference as if she were a duchess. She will go up to a gentleman, old enough to be her grandfather, and perhaps rich enough to supply a score of such as she is in the work of his household, and, order him to vacate a seat for her accommodation. It is not to be imagined, however, that the men of America do not sometimes chafe under this oppression, or openly resist it when the opportunity is favorable. Once on the line between Cincinnati and St. Louis, a long distance, on which a traveler going the whole way would naturally desire to make himself as comfortable as possible, a venerable gentleman with long white hair, who it appeared was an eminent judge, and had served with distinction in the Senate of the United States, was seated quietly in a corner of the car, in which every place was occupied, engaged in reading a newspaper. When the train stopped at one of the intermediate stations, a crowd of persons, male and female, poured in at both ends—glad of standing room if they could procure nothing better. After the usual amount of bustling and jostling the majority passed on to the next car; but one woman, hot and blowzy, with a carpet bag in her hand, remained behind. The venerable judge, if he had not the best place, had the place which took the person's fancy, and thinking apparently, that he would be gallant enough to oblige her, she walked boldly up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "I want a seat." The old gentleman looked up and quietly replied, with a very judicial tone and manner, "Madam, I advise you to try if you cannot find accommodation in the next car. This is full. If any gentleman chooses to give up his seat to you he can do so—I shall not. I am an old man—I am on a long journey. I came to the depot (the station) earlier than others in order that I might secure a place. I have secured it, and I shall keep it. In conclusion, let me inform you that, in my opinion your chance of obtaining a seat will be much greater if you would stand patiently until some one saw your distress and volunteered to relieve it." There was a buzz of applause from everybody within hearing, in which the women who had gained their own seats by right of first possession took audible part. The aggressor, had sense enough to see that in that vehicle public opinion was against her, and retired with all convenient celerity into another.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TWO MARRIAGES. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Published by Har