TURKEY.

The Empress Eugenie on the Shores of The Bosphorus.

First Immediate Reception of Her Majesty.

"Partant Pour la Syrie," and "How Beautiful, How Beautiful."

By mail we have the following special correspondence from Constantinople, describing the immediate landing of the Empress of the French from the imperial yacht L'Aigle on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus and her first reception by the Sultan and people. Our Constantinople letter of the 11th of October, already published, described the preparations which had been made by the Turkish potentate and magnates for the great event and this communication chronicles events as they occurred subsequently in chronological order.

"Partant Pour la Syrie"—French Royalty Stepping Ashore—Imperialism, Diplomacy, the Great Men and the People All Out—Eugenie and the Mother of the Sultan—The Harem and Eight Hundred Circasian Beauties—A Tour of the Holy Places—Other Points of Historic Interest—Splendid Yet Extraordinary Scenes.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 14, 1869.

The French imperial yacht L'Aigle reached the palace of Begierbeg, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, at about half-past three o'clock yesterday and was anchored a few hundred yards above it, so as to avoid the strong current, and also so as not to cut off the view of the Empress from the windows of her new abode. Scarcely was its anchor down than the Sultan, wearing the Grand Cordon of the Legion d'Honneur, came alongside in a small steam yacht, lately purchased by his Imperial Majesty, steered by Admiral Hussam Pacha. Along the shores of the straits soldiers were stationed, who presented arms, and their bands played the fine air of Queen Hortense, mother of the Emperor Napoleon—"Partant pour la Syrie."

The weather was lovely; the sun shone out brightly, but without much heat, and the air was almost calm. Whatever breeze there was came down the Bosphorus from the north. An immense crowd of men and women, in boats, were about the yachts, vainly striving to catch a glimpse of the national guest, the beautiful Empress Eugenie. For some days past various portaits of her have been selling in the streets of Stamboul, Pera, Galata and some even in Scutari, on the Asiatic shore. The Sultan mounted the steps of the gangway, followed by Emir Pacha, his chief secretary, and Arifie Bey, the chief Dragoman, as interpreter of the *Divan*. The Empress Eugénie, dressed in a light white robe, and looking most lovely, met his Imperial Majesty on the deck, and they had there a good time "shaking hands," a custom said to have been invented in the United States and imported to Europe. He neither embraced her by hug or kiss, as would probably have been done had the Empress been supplanted by her husband, the Emperor Napoleon. After hastily inquiring after her health the Sultan gallantly offered her his right arm, which she took, and together they descended the few steps leading to the Sultan's tiny yacht. Followed by several persons of her suite, among whom are two nieces and a nephew, all three Spanish, she was soon on shore at the palace. There all of the members of the French Embassy and all of the Sultan's Ministers, in full uniform, waited to receive her. Passing by the file of honor composed of these dignitaries, she ascended the marble steps of the palace, and so finally took temporary possession of her new residence. It should be mentioned that so soon as the Sultan set foot on the deck of the French steamer L'Aigle the French standard was superseded at her mainmast by that of the Sultan, and her crew vociferously welcomed the host of their own sovereign. During the passage on shore all of the crews of the men-of-war lying at anchor in the Bosphorus, and the batteries on shore again fired an imperial salute of twenty-one guns each.

In the afternoon the Empress paid a visit to the Sultan at the palace of Dolmabaktcha, and dined there in company with some of the Ottoman Ministers and the French Embassy. As she returned at night to her own palace the ships of war in the Bosphorus were brilliantly lit up, many of the summer residences of the functionaries were illuminated, and rockets were sent up from floating stages on the water.

Wednesday, the day after her arrival, the Empress paid a visit to the mother of the Sultan, the Balidah Sultan, who resides with her son in his palace of Dolmabaktcha. This must have been one of the most interesting of her sights in Stamboul. The imperial harem is said to contain some 600 or 800 of the choicest beauties of the capital, all Circassians. What must the chaste Eugénie have thought of such a crowd of lovely faces, dressed in the most exquisite Oriental style, bedecked with costly jewelry and embroidery, all submissive to the will of their one lord and master? What if she were to tell this to the Emperor? Or, as in the language of a past period, *"il est trop tard,"* for him to introduce into Paris, the civilization of the East. The Sultan's mother is a lady, now well advanced in years; a Circassian slave of his father, Sultan Mahmoud II., a present; or a purchase and, apparently, one of his favorites; no doubt, also, in her time, a beauty, but now only a "fat old lady," much respected for her great benevolence and generosity to the poor. As is always the case in the East, where mothers, under all circumstances, possess a strong hold on the affections of their children, and especially on the minds of their sons, the Sultan is much devoted to his mother, and she exercises great influence over him, both in official and private life. She has her favorites among her sons' Ministers, and her personal influence maintains them in office. No functionary of the government would venture to disregard a request or recommendation of the mother of the Sultan; and yet it is not known that she ever has made an improper one. She has out of her own purse built and endowed a hospital for all classes of the poor, irrespective of religion, and the Christian and Jew is as freely admitted to it as the Mussulman. Lately she has succeeded in getting up a school for the education of teachers or governesses among the Mussulmans, and it is well known that she fully advocates the necessity of educating the rising generation of her own faith.

When the Empress made her a visit she was accompanied by the Sultan and an American lady as interpretress. The Sultan, on approaching her, respectfully kissed her hand, and then, putting it into that of the Empress, paid the latter a compliment, which caused the old lady to embrace her as a daughter. The curiosity of the maidens of the imperial harem to see the Empress of France was so great that, notwithstanding all of the violent reproaches of the sable "fadlescent" in charge of them, they flocked to the windows, threw them up, and, perfectly disregardful of their unveiled faces, thrust out their heads, to the no small amusement, and perhaps dismay of the passing cut-jees, who must have "laid on their oars" to behold the captivating spectacle. After remaining some time in the harem the Empress retired with the Sultan to the dining room and by his side partook of a dinner composed of both Oriental and Occidental dishes of the choicest kinds. It is said that, perhaps out of respect for the religious prejudices of the Empress, the Sultan only presented to her in the harem one of his wives—the mother of his eldest son—and two daughters. This son, named Iz Eddeen, is a fine boy of some twelve years of age, much resembling his father, and is, just now, an *élève* of the military academy, where he makes good progress in his studies and the French language. At dinner the Empress sat at the right hand of the Sultan, with the Grand Vizier on her right, to serve as interpreter. To the left of the Sultan sat Prince Joachim Murat, grandson of the ex-King of Naples. He is a tall, handsome man, of some thirty-five or forty years of age, dressed in a hussar uniform. Paris life is visible in his features.

Some time after dinner the Sultan accompanied the Empress to the water's edge, when, by steamer, she returned to the Palace of Beglerbeg with her suite of attendants.

Thursday the Sultan's mother returned the visit of the Empress, accompanied by quite a large retinue of Circassian ladies, of the imperial harem. All of the men servants of Beglerbeg received "notice to quit" for the time being, and their places were supplanted by the guard of "colored gentlemen," whose peculiar condition qualifies them for escorting ladies on their visits and excursions out doors. She landed at the harem entrance of the palace, and thus was received in what may be called the private apartments of the Empress. Indeed, the word harem (Arabic) only signifies the sacred apartments of the female members of a family, and has no more indelicate signification than "female apartments" has in the English language. Ignorance of this fact has given to it in the United States, and, perhaps, wherever English is spoken, an indelicate meaning, which is most erroneous.

Soon after the departure of the Sultan Validek the Empress made her first and perhaps only visit to Stamboul proper in one of the Sultan's yachts, landing on Seraglio Point, or that of the old and now deserted seraglio, she drove through its cypress grove to the Church of St. Irene, now used only as an armory. She was much interested in the large collection of Saracenic armor still preserved there, composed of helmets, richly worked in gold and carved with Arabic inscriptions, mostly verses of the Koran; shirts of mail, equally rich; visors, battle axes, shields, lances, &c. Here, also, are some objects of antiquity which have not yet been transported to the museum lately established by the Sultan, dating mostly back to the Lower Greek empire. In this edifice was held one of the great councils of Christianity. Since the conquest of Constantinople it has not, like so many other Greek churches, been converted into a mosque, and has always served, as at present, for an armory. From this the Empress visited the Kiosks and other edifices of the old seraglio, none of which are remarkable for their architecture. The older ones are Moorish or Saracenic in their style. In one is kept, sacred from the sight of all, even Mussulmans, the Holy Standard of the Prophet. It, of course, was not shown to her, and it may be supposed that she lost but little by the exception. A small palace or rather kiosk, built by the late Sultan, is situated on the most elevated point and commands a magnificent view of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora and Asiatic coast. She inspected what is called the "Ancient Treasury" of the Sultan, in which are many objects of Ottoman antiquity, such as an ancient throne, used as late as the first years of the reign of the father of the present Sultan, Mahmoud II. It is a large and massive dais, supported on four columns, each richly studded over with jewelry of a rather low order. The room is small and dark, and one feels a cold chill run over his body on entering it. How many souvenirs of a sad and revolting character to humanity are connected with it—souvenirs of the violent deaths of the sovereigns who once filled it, and of the death commands issued from it during their own lifetime! European ambassadors here were formerly received in audience by the same Sultans after having, by their commands, been previously "washed, fed and clothed," so as to be rendered fit for such an honor. At one time all Europe feared the dread commands which emanated from this same throne. But now what a change has come over it! It is deserted; its successors use no throne at all; ambassadors are ushered into the presence of the Sultan, in his modern palaces on the Bosphorus, without any ordeal of cleansing, feeding or clothing other than that prescribed by civilization and the usages of their respective courts. With civilization the Sultan has also lost much of his barbaric power and prestige. The famous corps of the Janissaries have given place to the Zouave, the lancers, the artillery and cavalry of modern times.

Who could have supposed in the fifteenth century that Turkey would arm her troops with 25,000 muskets purchased from the New World—the United States—a people then, and for two centuries later, of no importance to the rest of the world. And yet this has been the case, and the Empress of the French was, in all probability, shown a newly acquired stock of guns marked "Springfield, U. S. A.," in the Armory of St. Irene. Close beside this throne room is the library of the deceased Sultans—a small room, with its walls well stocked with books in the Arabic, Persian and Turkish languages. It was for a long time supposed that this library contained books also in the old Greek language, captured with the city, but it is now pretty well ascertained that this is not, unfortunately, the case. There is likewise another apartment in which are shown a large number of objects of value handed down from the times of some of the older Sultans. Jewelry, mostly emeralds, crystal vases, richly worked arms, sabres, daggers, buckles, coats of mail, saddles, bridles and stirrups richly wrought in gold and embroidery. Among them is the casque of Mohammed II., the conqueror of Bagdad, of solid gold and covered with jewels. Also, belonging to the same Sultan, is the diamond aigrette worn on the front part of his turban, of great value. Heavy belts, embroidered in jewels, some of them of large size, though not of the best character. Robes, pelisses, vests edged with furs, the latter much the worse of the moths; and, lastly, cradles, made of sandal wood, incrusted with jewelry, in which, probably, were rocked to sleep sultans and kings who now take the long sleep of the grave. Pipes, hubble bubbles (or water pipes), coffee cups, coffee boilers—porcelain vases, from the farther East and the remote China—spread out on a rich table presented to a grand vizier by Catharine II. of Russia. In this place the Empress loitered for more than an hour, and then re-entering her State coach visited the mosques of St. Sophia, Sultan Achmet, Sultan Soliman and the bazaars. On her way to the latter she examined the mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud II., and the curious collection of the Janissaries costumes.

Thousands of people had assembled by the wayside to see her, and as she passed the long lines of Turkish females, all dressed in the richest attire and gayly colored cloaks, they actually cheered her. She responded to their greetings in the most gracious manner, and won all their hearts by her personal beauty and her graceful behavior toward them. The honors bestowed upon a female by their own great Padishah, whom they consider as the "Shadow of God upon the Earth," must have deeply impressed them, especially as this same female is an "infidel!" It must also have thrown out in relief their own degraded position in society. But time is producing an immense difference also on this point. The veils which conceal the faces of Turkish ladies are annually growing thinner. It is already no more a concealment than the veil of a Parisian belle when she takes an airing in a summer afternoon in the Champs Elysees or the Bois de Boulogne, and will soon give place to the march of civilization. A Turkish newspaper, called the *Progress*, is already being published expressly for Mussulman females, and will convey to them much of what they hitherto had no idea. After making a few purchases in the bazaars, of not much value or importance, the Empress retired in her carriage over the wide avenue, lately made through the centre of the city, to the Bosphorus, and, embarking in one of the Sultan's yachts, regained the palace of Beglerbeg.

Friday, at ten A. M., the Empress reviewed the diplomatic corps. All the members of each embassy and legation were present, and so also were the wives of the chiefs of the missions. She received them in the most graceful and dignified manner, and showed no little tact in the manner that she addressed each one. She is a perfect polyglot, inasmuch as she conversed with them in French, English, German, Spanish and Italian, with equal ease. Elegant in form, in costume and in address, with a smile that captivates the hearts of all who behold her, she makes an impression which is not effaced or forgotten. At noon she crossed over the Bosphorus to see the Mussulman pageant of the Sultan going to mosque, which he did at the village of Orta Kioug, immediately beyond the palace of Dolma Daktcha, in which he resides. Here, again, an immense crowd waited to see her, with disappointment, for she did not leave the palace until it had dispersed. She then went in a carriage to visit the "Valley of Sweet Waters" of Europe, and after this, embarking in one of the Sultan's fine gilded barges, went up the Bosphorus to the "Valley of Heavenly Waters," on the Asiatic shore of the Straits. The former is a familiar place of resort in the spring months, and the latter in autumn, for Turkish ladies. The former was consequently almost free from visitors, while the latter was filled with a crowd of people from among the highest families of the capital. Mingling among these ladies she had an opportunity of seeing them in their most fashionable outdoor attire. As she slowly moved amid them they assembled around her, and many were heard to exclaim, "Mashallah! Mashallah!" How beautiful! How beautiful.

THE WOMAN'S BUREAU.

A Hillman Among the Lively Ladies—Fred Douglass Preferred to John Morrissey—Dariceys for the City Council—Mrs. Wilbour on "Dogs."

The Woman's Bureau is becoming quite an itinerant institution. Yesterday afternoon its location was corner Broadway and Twenty-second street, in a high yellow stone building. The previous meeting was at the Medical College, Second avenue, and where the next will be time alone can determine. The attendance, owing to this, was not so numerous as it has been in the time when the bureau had a local and permanent habitation in the *Revolution* office, where the genius of the place, Miss Anthony, attracted by the magnetism of female loveliness, grace of manner and irresistible fascination of intellect the *dilettanti* in all the isms and ologies of the day. Though not a large audience, it was seemingly a refined, if not an appreciative one. Some of the ladies looked as though they had casually called in on their way to the Park via Fifth avenue. The old habitues of the Bureau, with few exceptions, were on hand, and were more than commonly orderly and unobtrusive. Mrs. Wilbour occupied the chair and introduced an advocate of woman's rights, Mr. James W. E. Hillman, of Rhode Island, to make an address to the meeting. The Napoleonic continuations of the orator's mustache were a centre of attraction and a theme of admiration.

He said it looked like carrying coals to Newcastle to offer any arguments in favor of woman suffrage before such an audience, composed of those who had already exhausted all the logic of reason in support of their claim to be recognized as the political equals of men. They knew his subject too fully to leave him any room for enlargement; but nevertheless he could offer them the aid of his voice to join in their application for admission to the circle of political equality from which women was excluded through no lack of the requisite requirement on her part, but rather through the prejudices and unthinking jealousy of men. The time, he thought, had arrived when the right of woman to share in the exercise of the ballot should be as unquestioned as that of the negro, the Chinaman or the Irishman, and with a little more agitation of the subject, a wider spread of dispassionate thought and feeling, this right would finally be granted, with an apology for its prolonged withholding.

Mrs. NORTON, in her customary impetuous manner, spiced with a certain tartness of accent highly in character with the philosophy of the female reformer, declared her views about the vile and ignorant foreigners who exercise the functions of freemen in this city and elsewhere. Who would not rather see Fred Douglass in Congress than John Morrissey, she asked, "and who would not rather see intelligent black men in the City Council than most of the present incumbents?"

Mrs. STANTON said she was willing the ignorant Chinaman and the ignorant negro on a Southern plantation should vote, but she was decidedly unwilling that they should make laws for herself and her daughters.

Mrs. WILBOUR recited an essay on "Dogs," pitching into the ladies who have a weakness for poodles. The essay was interspersed with pretty severe strictures on the amiable beings who devote the surplus of their affections to nursing canine helplessness.

Mrs. STANTON offered the following resolution, which was adopted:—

Resolved, That as an association we rejoice over the successful sessions of the Women's Parliament, so able and orderly in its proceedings, so far reaching in its debates and so humane in the reforms it proposes, while we regret that they repudiated the demand for suffrage—the only means by which they can accomplish all they propose.

Mrs. WILBUR made a few closing remarks, after which, with a flutter of social chitchat, the meeting separated.

SOCIAL TRAGEDIES.

A Wife Beaten to Death by her Husband.

[From the Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial, Nov. 9.]

A shocking murder, surrounded with circumstances of more than ordinary brutality and ferocity, was perpetrated in this city on Sunday night or Monday morning, at a house on Fifth avenue, three doors east of the tollgate at Soho run, the victim being Mrs. Isabella Campbell and the murderer her husband, Thomas J. Campbell, who for some time past has been following the occupation of driver of an express wagon.

HOW THE MURDER WAS DISCOVERED.

The first intimation that a murder had been committed came from Campbell himself, who, while going down Fifth avenue a little before seven o'clock Monday morning, carrying a boy in his arms, aged three years, overtook Mayor Brush at the corner of Cassham street, and informed him that his wife had accidentally fallen down stairs and he thought she had killed herself. He further stated that he was afraid some of his neighbors might accuse him of the murder, and desired to give himself up as a prisoner. He was then quite intoxicated, and the Mayor told him to go home and he would send an officer up to inquire into the matter. With this Campbell left for home.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER—A SHOCKING SPECTACLE.

The Mayor on reaching his office despatched officer Long to investigate the matter. On the way Mr. Long called officer Frederick Ruch to accompany him, and when they had reached the corner of Brady street they met Campbell, who was then on his way to the office of Dr. J. C. Thorn. They stopped and heard Campbell ask Dr. Thorn to go down to the house and examine his wife and pronounce her dead if she was dead. The officers, not knowing that she was dead, went to the house, and on entering found the body of Mrs. Campbell lying on the kitchen floor, horribly bruised and cut about the face and head, and exhibiting unmistakable signs of a desperate struggle and a violent death. They concluded that Campbell had committed the awful tragedy, and at once hastened to the doctor's office and took him into custody, conveying him to the Mayor's office and locking him up for a hearing. A number of officers then visited the house and made a thorough examination of it. It is a small brick house, containing two rooms on the main floor, a basement kitchen and an attic extending over the two rooms. It does not adjoin any other dwelling, although there are numerous tenements in the immediate vicinity.

THE BODY OF THE VICTIM

lay in the kitchen, immediately opposite the door. It had been stretched upon some old bedclothes and covered up, with the exception of the face, which was swollen and distorted, and exhibited numerous ghastly wounds. The room presented a most sickening and squalid appearance. Against the wall was a lounge, upon which were some bedclothes, partially saturated with blood, and clots of blood were seen on the wall above the lounge, showing that the woman had been placed there after the murder, or that she had been there during some part of the encounter. In the kitchen were a few pieces of old furniture, greatly disarranged, and a table with some dishes containing remnants of food. On the table were two pitchers, both marked with blood. The body had evidently been moved about after life was extinct, and it had probably been placed on the lounge first and then on the floor, under the belief that the latter position would better accord with the story that she had fallen down stairs and killed herself.

WHERE THE DEATH STRUGGLE OCCURRED.

An examination of the upper rooms left no doubt that the death struggle occurred therein. The officers, ascending from the kitchen by a narrow and ill lighted stairway, entered what was used as a sitting room. By the aid of a lighted candle blood was traced on the walls of the stairway from top to bottom. In the rooms above everything was in disorder and betokened murder in its most horrible aspect. There was a large pool of thickened blood on a piece of oilcloth in front of the fireplace, and here, probably, the wretched woman, after having been beaten until unable to move, was permitted to bleed to death. Here also the walls were smeared with blood, and the overturned furniture and broken dishes showed too plainly that violence had been witnessed in this apartment. The adjoining room, however, bespoke an equally desperate encounter, and it was probably here that the murderous assault was commenced. The room was uncarpeted, curtained, but little furniture, and had been used for storing soap and candle boxes. Some boxes and an old bureau and washstand were the principal articles. The floor was literally red with blood, and the walls, door, window sills, &c., were more or less spotted. Pieces of a very large washbowl, with blood and hair adhering, were picked up from the floor, and the leg of a chair, with a splintered portion of a rung attached, was also found, with matted hair and blood on the end. The washbowl and chair leg had evidently both been used to beat the life out of the helpless woman. From the horrors of this room she probably escaped into the next, there to fall and die of her wounds. A bloodstained poker was also found, and marks, resembling those made by a poker, were discernible on the wall between the doors. A bucket of water and some wet rags were found in the room, and the uncarpeted floor showed plainly that attempts had been made to wash up the blood. The bloody poker was taken by an officer to the Mayor's office, as was also a large butcher knife, and both will be used in evidence against the accused.

Wife Murder in Michigan—Attempted Suicide of the Murderer.

[From the Saginaw (Mich.) Enterprise, Nov. 8.]

The quiet little village of Carrollton, across the river, was last Saturday startled by a tragic occurrence that has caused an excitement all along the Saginaw river. Between one and two o'clock a man named Charles Dolan (his name was given as Dolin and Nolan), formerly a resident of Carrollton, shot his wife, killing her instantly, and then shot himself in the head. Justice Miller was summoned, and an inquest was held over the dead body of the wife, which developed the particulars given below.

Nolan is a man between thirty-five and forty years of age. He is of Irish descent and very irritable in his nature. His acquaintances say that when enraged or under the influence of liquor he is a perfect demon. He has lived in Carrollton for several years and married there. His wife was Elizabeth McGinnis. At the time of her death she was about twenty-eight years of age. She had two children by Dolan. The past year or two of their married life has been a series of petty quarrels. On one or two occasions Dolan has beaten his wife in a brutal manner, and twice he has been arrested, at the instance of his wife's mother and family, for assault and battery. Once, before Justice Miller, he was inflicted with a heavy fine. The second time—about four weeks since—the warrant was issued at Justice Springer's office, but the case never came to a trial. A compromise was effected by Mrs. McGinnis, the wife's mother, and Dolan, the latter agreeing to a separation, he ceding his house and property, giving his wife a portion of the proceeds. Shortly after this Dolan went to Canada, whence he came back a day or two since, and has been stopping in this city. Saturday he bought a new Smith's four shooter pistol, and took the boat for Carrollton. Officer Bilger, of this city, who had a warrant to serve at Carrollton, was with him. In company with Bilger Dolan went to to the house of Mrs. McGinnis, where he expected to find his wife. He there represented that he was after the children, so that in case a divorce was obtained he could not be held for the support of them. Mrs. McGinnis was somewhat alarmed from the fact that Dolan had repeatedly said that he would kill his wife if he got an opportunity. Mrs. Dolan, it appears, was then stopping with her sister, Mrs. Smith, who lived a short distance off, near the river. Here Dolan went, Mrs. McGinnis and officer Bilger accompanying at Dolan's request. Arriving at the house Dolan inquired for Lizzie, and was told that she was in the bedroom dressing, but that she would be out in a few minutes. The party sat in the room a few minutes talking, during which time Lizzie slipped out of the back door and went to the privy in the rear, as some suppose, to secrete herself. Dolan, it appears, was cognizant of the movement, and asked a moment afterwards were Lizzie had gone. He was told that she had gone out of the back door, but would be back in a moment. Starting up he rushed out, and within a minute or two a scream was heard. Mrs. McGinnis and Bilger rushed out the back way, to find that Dolan had shot himself and his wife. The scream, it appears, came from Mrs. Smith. Her statement is to the effect that she was attending to her work in such a position as to see what was going on in the back yard. Her attention was first attracted by voices in the privy, and looking in that direction she could see through the partially open door Dolan with one hand in his wife's hair, pointing the pistol at her with the other. Lizzie exclaimed, "Don't Charlie; for God's sake, don't!" At the same instant the pistol was discharged and the woman fell on the floor. Dolan then cocked the pistol, placed it to his own head and fired, falling near the wife.

Mrs. Dolan must have died almost instantly. The ball penetrated the upper part of the eye, passing upward through the brain toward the back part of the head, where it lodged. Dolan was shot in the right temple, the ball remaining in the head. Dr. Smith, who examined the wound, says that the ball penetrated through the temple bone and lodged near the anterior lobe of the brain. At the first examination it was thought the wound would prove fatal. Dr. Ross made a subsequent examination, but we did not learn the result. The event created considerable excitement and indignation among the citizens. At one time it was thought that the house would be broken into, and Dolan taken out and lynched. A strong guard was kept at the house Saturday evening to prevent violence. Dolan was so far from dying that he got out of bed Saturday night and went out of doors. A wagon was sent down to Carrollton yesterday from this place to convey him to jail. There seems to be no doubt that the murder of Mrs. Dolan by her husband was premeditated; that when he bought the pistol he did so with the deliberate intention of committing the act he did commit. Whether he designed destroying himself is, perhaps, only known to himself.

ASIA.

Calcutta the "City of Palaces," of the English, of Native Poverty, Foreign Wealth and Social Demoralization.

By mail from Europe we have the following valuable and highly interesting special correspondence from British India in continuation of our narrative of the modern history of that part of Asia already commenced in the HERALD.

The "City of Palaces"—General Appearance of Calcutta—First Impressions—Life in an Indian Hotel—Native Servants and English Treatment of Them—The "Sights" of Calcutta—Commercial Status of the City—The New Settlement at Port Canning—Misery of the Native Population—Every Day Life.

CALCUTTA, Sept. 24, 1869.

Some five or six hundred years ago a Mussulman traveller, after describing the cheapness of provisions and slave girls and other luxuries in Bengal, bewailed the discomforts occasioned by the climate and summed up his opinion of the country by saying that it was a "hell filled with good things." Many changes have taken place in Bengal since the days of Ibn Sabuta. A man can no longer live sumptuously on a few rupees a month, and slave girls, though they are still sold in secret, are reputed to cost much more than a couple of gold mimars; but his criticism on this "sweet Indian land" applies with as much force as ever, at any rate during the hot season. Luxurious living is still, no doubt, inexpensive; but in this enervating climate, which has been aptly described as a "perpetual vapor bath," a white man can enjoy but few pleasures beyond iced brandy and soda water and the artificial breezes of the punkah. Let no American who desires to circumnavigate the world in comfort attempt to "do" India in any of the months between April and November.

Calcutta, by the general consent of travellers and newspaper correspondents, has been christened the "City of Palaces," and when, after a tedious passage of fifty miles up the Hooghly, between shores that are unutterably dreary and uninteresting, one obtains a first view of the city the justice of the compliment is cheerfully acknowledged. The long lines of magnificent warehouses, the number of splendid residences that stand out in isolated importance, the imposing proportions of Government House and the other public buildings, the hundreds of stately vessels that lie moored in the stream, the noise and activity and bustle that prevail on every side—all impress the spectator with a strong sense of being in the presence of vast wealth and power. When he grows better acquainted with the place he will no doubt discover that, like the empire of which she is the seat, Calcutta looks a great deal more stable and imposing than she really is, and that most of these apparently splendid stone buildings are, in strict fact, very flimsy structures of bricks and plaster. But at first sight Calcutta certainly seems, in serious earnest, a "city of palaces." The general air and tone of the place, however, scarcely correspond with the unravelled idea of an Oriental city. It is true that here and there the minaret of a mosque or the tower of a burning ghaut shoots up into the sky. Many things, too, are very unfamiliar—the huge adjutant storks that stand like monuments on the corners of the housetops and now and then float clumsily away to another "coign of vantage;" the humpbacked Indian cattle, toiling along the main thoroughfares with well laden drays; the palankeens, and the naked coolies, so utterly unlike the "colored people" of our own country. But, in spite of all this Calcutta seems at first acquaintance merely a modern European city. The houses would not to be greatly stared at if they were transplanted to New York or Chicago. The principal streets are broad and dusty, and have both sidewalks and gas lamps, and here and there one passes by a sailors' drinking house, not very dissimilar in appearance to a fourth rate lager beer saloon. The native quarters of the town are, of course, very different from anything that usually comes under the notice of American eyes; but these are hidden carefully away, and a man might live in Calcutta for weeks, transacting his business and pursuing his accustomed pleasures, without seeing a single row of the hovels in which the children of the soil are lodged.

The one thing that generally strikes the new comer most forcibly is the profuse abundance of dark-skinned human life. Wherever one goes naked natives are seen in dense swarms. The *genus homo* seems, indeed, as De Quincey shrewdly guessed, to flourish with the rank luxuriance of a weed. Landing from the steamer you are engulfed in a huge crowd, who take possession of you and your baggage, and only fall back when the last hope of a bukshish has vanished from their minds. As you lumber along to the hotel, men by the dozen run by the side of the gharee, and thrust their dusky arms through the windows, and entreat you to buy soap and knives and books and shirt studs and bogus jewelry. At the hotel itself matters are even worse. In the corridors and passages and courtyard, "niggers," to use the usual Anglo-Indian term, are everywhere thick as ants. Barbers, and tailors and pedlers of all kinds lie in wait for you outside your chamber door; and if you venture without the precincts of the hotel after dusk, before you have gone a couple of hundred yards, you will be besieged by the solicitations of that class who, in Bengal form a distinct caste—panders. A white man in Calcutta soon begins to realize that he is the Caucasian centre of a very wide and inclusive Hindoo circle.

There are several hotels in Calcutta, and one of them is supposed to be somewhat on the American model; but they are all pretty much on a dead level of badness. Civilized people who come here should expect but little in the way of edible fare unless they become the guests of a private friend. At the hotels the table is shamefully bad, the cooking is reported to be disgustingly dirty, and the general arrangements are mean and uncomfortable. Living in a hotel, too, in India is a very different thing from what it is anywhere else. As soon as you arrive you will be told that you must hire your own servants, of whom you will require four—a khitmagar to brush your clothes and black your boots and make your bed and wait at table, a bearer to perform mere menial duties, and a couple of punkah-wallahs to pull your bedroom punkah through the night. Only a khitmagar is really indispensable; but unless a man has the moral courage to be content to be esteemed a very mean or a very poor man he had better hire the others also. A punkah, however, is a dangerous luxury. The coolies, after swinging it until they hear you snore, generally stop pulling. You wake up, bathed in perspiration, and set them again at work. The cold air then gives you a chill and the morning finds you in the possession of a severe cold, which in a tropical country, is apt to become chronic. All kinds of devices have been tried to keep the coolies to their task, but in vain. A few blows may, perhaps, be of temporary service, but have no lasting effect; and dismissal is absurdly useless, as the new coolies will certainly be no better than the old ones.

The carelessness, indolence and sulky indifference of native servants is indeed a standing grievance with Anglo-Indians. The old stagers tell you that in these respects the great mutiny brought about a very remarkable change for the worse. The natives were never intelligent or cheerful servants; but ever since the grand revolt they have seemed utterly careless of finding favor in the eyes of their white masters. And almost daily, at any hotel or private table where the question is discussed, may be also heard what are undoubtedly the matured opinions of nine resident Europeans out of ten—that not one living Hindoo, much less Mussulman, is, in heart, loyal to the rule of the white race; that the sullen discontent which finds expression in his outward demeanor is but a faint shadow of the bitter hatred he feels toward the English; and that, if retribution were a little less certain, there is not a native in Bengal who would not redden his knife in the lifeblood of his master—yes, even though he had been in his service for a dozen years.

However this may be, it must be admitted that, under existing circumstances, it would be strange indeed if native servants were good. The current rate of pay is, for a khitmagar $4 a month and for a coolie or bearer $2 50 a month—that is from eight to thirteen cents a day. Upon these stipends the poor wretches have to clothe and feed and lodge themselves and their families. No doubt, in India, this is quite a possibility, but it can hardly be expected that so hard a lot should be accepted with extravagant gratitude; and it must also be taken into account that white men take pains to show that they despise and hate the miserable snuff-colored human beings whose toil is enabling them to amass large fortunes. The ordinary treatment of a Hindoo nigger by an English master is very much that of a slave by a careless owner. Big-framed Anglo-Saxons are not ashamed even to publicly beat the puny creatures who minister to their wants. In fact, during the past three weeks several cases of the kind have occurred at the table of the hotel in which this letter is being written. In one instance two servants were seriously hurt, and as they were not in the employ of the lady who struck them they appealed to the magistrate, and a fine of three rupees ($1 50) was inflicted upon the offender for each assault. No word of kindness or sympathy ever passes between a Bengalee and his white employer. The relations between them are purely and confessedly dependent upon brute force and the "fear of starvation." "*Goor!*" (pig) is the favorite mode of addressing his colored fellow servant adopted by an officer of her Majesty's army or a highly educated competition wallah, who hopes in due course of time to become the judicial and executive ruler of some large district.

The "sights" of Calcutta are not very numerous. The wealth of the city has always flowed into the hands of merchants and officials, who hasten home to England to spend it; and beyond the government buildings and the fort and a few charitable institutions there is, therefore, but little to be seen. The fort is of very great extent, mounts 600 guns, contains three or four churches and a great many blocks of barracks and stockhouses, and is supposed to be a work of great strength. It is surrounded by a broad moat, and to get inside it one has to pass over several drawbridges and through two or three covered archways. The garrison consists of whatever European troops may be stationed in Calcutta, together with several regiments of Sikh sepoys. Many people suppose that somewhere in its precincts is the famed Black Hole; but this is a mistake, as that was in the Company's old factory in what is now the business section of the city and disappeared some fifty years ago. There is, however, a subterranean passage upwards of a mile in length, which communicates with the Government House, so that the Governor if threatened with any peril can at once cusconce himself in a place of security. But no one is allowed to explore this passage without the special permission of the authorities.

Every one who comes to Calcutta goes as a matter of course to see the "Seven Tanks," the residence of a Hindoo gentleman, some three miles from the city, and which is courteously thrown open to the public. The grounds are very carefully kept, and boast a rhinoceros and some fish, so tame that, like those of Berlin, they eat out of your hand. But the house itself is far more interesting. Very large sums of money have been expended in making it a worthy expression of the wealth of its owner. The walls are adorned with many really good paintings, and the rooms are filled with costly knick knacks, picked up during a visit in Europe. It is, however, curious to see how strangely Hindoo cultivated taste has arranged these various treasures. A valuable oil painting, with a great name in its corner, is hung cheek by jowl with a cheap French print of "Life at the Mabile;" a handsome and artistic clock, worth some four or five thousand francs, standing on a beautiful buhl cabinet, is flanked on either side by small bookcases, whose shelves are occupied by cheap and dilapidated English novels, the spoils of London bookstalls.

Calcutta has a very handsome cathedral and a bishop who gets the moderate stipend of $15,000 a year. Heber was once bishop of Calcutta, and his remains now lie in this cathedral, beneath a memorial statue of himself, which bears the simple inscription, "Heber"—a very striking contrast to the trumpet-tongued tablets that cover the walls of the church near by.

From a commercial point of view Calcutta is, beyond all doubt, for the present, the busiest city in India. Bombay is running neck and neck with her in the annual trade statistics, and last year had £1,000,000 sterling the advantage; but £16,000,000 or £15,000,000 of the imports of Bombay are not merchandise, but specie, to pay for cotton. There can be no doubt that in wealth and commerce Calcutta is the first city in India. What her population is it is impossible to estimate correctly. The last census made it only 400,000; but it is, in fact, probably nearer 1,000,000. In extent she is about two miles square; one side fronts the Hoogly, and a canal runs around the other three, flowing at each end into the main river. The assessed value of the real estate (which is about two-thirds of the real value) is 136 lacs ($3,000,000), and the municipal revenue twenty lacs ($1,000,000).

There is a bitter fear always lurking in the mind of a Calcutta magnate that at some time or other the Hoogly will silt up, so that some fine morning people will find their communication with the sea cut off. This uneasiness has lasted for many, many years, during which the channel has been constantly changing; but navigation is no more difficult than it has always been. But the Hoogly may, of course, close up, and when one sees the holy waters of the Ganges, charged as they are with sacred mud, it seems almost surprising that they should now at all. Some smart speculators a few years ago, on the strength of this alarm, founded a port some twenty miles lower down the river, at a place called Canning, and announced their intention of diverting the whole trade of Calcutta to their settlement. Shares in the company—for, of course, the thing appeared in the shape of a company, limited liability—were eagerly taken up, and at one time rose to a ridiculously high price. Experience, however, has shown that, while at Calcutta, inconvenient as she may be of access, it is possible to live, at the new port Canning it is only possible to die. The ships consigned there lost almost the whole of their crews with fever in a few days; even sailors, reckless as they usually are, deserted their vessels rather than stay there, and the company itself has lost its staff over and over again. The Sonderbunns, as the mouths of the Gangetic delta are termed, are only habitable by tigers and niggers. It is now clear that Europeans can exist at no point of the river lower down than the present site of Calcutta. Shares in the Port Canning Company have sunk to a mere nominal rate.

Life in Calcutta reaches a high standard of specific gayety. Officials and merchants, of whom the white population almost exclusively consists, seem to think that their tenure both of existence and wealth is on a donatini basis, and, therefore, resolve to make the most of the same while it lasts. Dinner parties, balls and extravagant personal luxury of every description are almost the sole aim and end of an ordinary Calcutta life. Officials, as a rule, are in consequence heavily in debt, and the merchants of Calcutta enjoy but a doubtful reputation for stability, though they have not yet sunk in this respect to the level of Bombay. During the hot season, when the government and the Governor General have together removed to Simla, away up in the Himalayas, and when the excitement heat shuts everybody up in their houses between an hour after sunrise and an hour before sunset, the tone of the place is comparatively dull; but it is, perhaps, livelier than most other English cities would be under the same conditions. And the grand "social ceremony" of Calcutta—the evening drive on the Strand and the stroll about the band stand in the Eden Gardens—takes place with the same sacred regularity as ever. There is scarcely a merchant's clerk in Calcutta who does not keep a buggy, and at five