UP THE NILE.

Tentyra's Temple Dedicated to the Egyptian Venus.

Thebes—Its Glories and Ruins, Tombs and Palaces, History and Legends.

Works of the Mighty Builders of the East.

What Remains After Three Thousand Five Hundred Years.

By the European mail at this port we have the following correspondence from Egypt, in continuous detail of the travel of the HERALD's special writer up the Nile.

CAIRO, Dec. 27, 1869.

DENDERAH, OR TENTYRA.

From Girgeh to Keneh is a good day's journey by steamer. Keneh is the Nile port of Cosseir, on the Red Sea, from which place it is distant forty-seven miles. It is a well built and large town and contains some very fine buildings, among which may be named the Prussian Consul's house. The Consul is said to have an income of $150,000 per annum. He is a very young man and probably has taken the consulate to protect his property from governmental rapacity. The night of our arrival he invited us to his house, whereat he did the courtesies of a host according to Arab custom.

Keneh being on the eastern bank of the river, we crossed over to the western side at sunrise the next morning to visit the temples at Denderah or Tentyra. The ruins of Tentyra are very interesting. One glance at the entire temple at this place and the plan of an Egyptian temple is forever in the traveller's mind. And its sculptures are also in the most perfect state of preservation, so that after an examination of them one may have a pretty fair knowledge of the peculiar worship of the ancient Egyptians. Savants say that Tentyra's temple, which is dedicated to Athor, the Egyptian Venus, is not an old temple; that its oldest portion was the work of Cleopatra. The figure of this famous Egyptian queen is found sculptured on the back of one temple of colossal proportions. She is here represented with a full, fat face, but the form is graceful, and in spite of the somewhat hypertrophied appearance of her features, one is inclined to give her the full meed of praise the tradition of her beauty demands. And fitting is it to repeat the Shakspearian words:—

The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthroned in the market place, did sit alone
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Rare Egyptian.

Her son, Neocæsar (by Julius Cæsar), is also close by her.

The effect is indeed imposing, as, standing before the portico, the grandeur of its columned space and the view of its interior, of hall and corridor and sanctuary, bursts upon you. You will long to hurry through to examine what is behind the portico—to see the adyta and sanctuary of so complete a temple—but the exquisite architecture of the portico will withhold you. Twenty-four columns, here and there veined with blue and purple, support the portico. Beyond this there is a small hall, where the sun streams through two apertures slanting through the roof, giving quite a strange effect to the silent sombreness around. Beyond this again is the sanctuary of sanctuaries, sculptured to the full, with corridors outside of it opening into chambers around the entire exterior of the sanctuary. From a chamber to the left a flight of two stairs on an inclined plane leads to the roof. Once on the roof, which is of the same strength and thickness as the walls, the architecture and uses of an Egyptian temple are appreciated. The walls are ten feet thick, the roof is about ten feet deep, and the former rises above the latter several feet, like the rampart of a castle. From the roof to the walls an ascent is made by stairs as well as to the propylæ and pylons, secret passages from which again communicate with the roof and chambers below. This Temple of Athor is one of the most complete in Egypt. Every part of it will repay the most careful attention. It will make you long to linger there, that fancy may gloat upon it, that you may carry away a sure and lasting remembrance of it. Perhaps, if you are not an antiquarian, you may not care to examine each sculptured figure and cartouche, for to the uninitiated one and all appear the same. The same offerings appear to be made by kings wearing the same kind of crowns to deities horn-headed, globe-headed, hawk-headed or lion-headed; still, you will love to stray about its cool halls, and you will reverence it. However, if you examine closely, note and compare one cartouche with another, you will find a difference in each one.

Those ancient Egyptians were mighty men. They never laid hands to anything of public interest unless they had thought well of it, and then they made it enduring. Though the Ptolemies built the portico, yet over 2,000 years is a long time, and to think that it is almost as perfect as when Ptolemy constructed it. Provided that no rough, destroying hand of man is laid upon it it will last 2,000 years more; for time possesses no power over the Egyptian temples; the pure air and the warm sun are considerate with them. No stern frosts crack them; no baneful winds blow over them; no pelting hailstones scourge them. Once erected they remain enduring and endurable. That the lofty pyramids of Ghizeh appear slightly scarred must not be laid to time or the elements; but to human agency, to Cambyses and Moslems; that Abydos is in ruins is attributable to the Persians.

There are several other interesting ruins at Denderah. A chapel of Isis lies behind the temple of Athor; another ruin lies a short distance northeast of it; while all around is buried in a mountainous accumulation of bricks, broken pottery and dust. Considerable excavations have been made by Mr. Marriette, but nothing much has been discovered. They are still progressing, and often the head of a statue or the capital of a pillar is discovered, together with scores of images of earthenware and bronze.

From Denderah to Thebes it takes four hours by steamer.

Thebes is the great event of the Nile voyage. Thither all eyes turn coming up the Nile. The ruins are so vast and the glories of Thebes have so often been sung by poets and writers that all hearts yearn for them. Thebes is described by Homer as

Pouring her heroes through a hundred gates—
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars.

We were permitted to stay at Thebes two days, and I shall therefore give a description of the ruins as we saw them. Contrary to the advice of good Sir Gardiner, we saw Luxor and Karnak the first day, and the second we employed in visiting the tombs of the kings, Assasseef, Abdel Koorneh, the Palace of Koorneh Ramesium, the Colossi of Memnon and Medeenet Aboo.

THE EAST BANK.

Luxor stands on the east side, within a few yards of the landing place. Though half filled up by Arab huts, a mosque and the American Consul's house, the half unoccupied will command wonder and admiration. This temple was one of the greatest and most important in Thebes, yet in "Guides" it is spoken of disparagingly. Sir Gardiner goes into a few details about it, but not as much as it merits, because of the bad effect the miserable mud huts within has upon it, and because they occur the finest and best portion of it. I think if it were cleared to the floor that such a view as its seventy-two columned portico and its grand hall would present could not be rivalled by anything Egyptian. From the front pylon, which is that fronting Karnak northward, to the rear portico, the entire length of this grand temple is 635 feet. Its entire breadth is not known for the close mass of Arab huts within the courts effectually prevent measurement; but by going in on all fours into these Arab huts you will be startled at the profusion of capitals which peep out from underneath, denoting the columns that support them. That any villain of an Arab beggar should have dared to build his hut near the magnificence of Luxor will be a matter of wonderment. The thought is apt to strike one that should Ismail Khedive scourge every one of those people away, after the manner of Him who drove out those who polluted the temple at Jerusalem, he would be doing a very great service to art, for without the least doubt much would be found below to enrich a museum.

This temple, placed on higher ground than any others, must have appeared a fit rival to Karnak; for from its stupendous pillars, its obelisk and its pylon may be seen rising magnificently and proudly above the mass of rubbish which cumbers it. Before the front pylon stands a solitary obelisk of red granite, the mate of that which stands in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. To the right and left are four colossi, defaced, scarred, mutilated and buried to the rim of their crowns. Entering the pylon you should come to a larger area, with covered cloisters on each side; but this is all filled up with adobe huts and rubbish to the depth of forty feet. Proceeding forward through a small lane past the mosque you enter the Grand Assembly Hall, fourteen columns of which alone stand, but these are of the largest class, being eleven feet in diameter. Further it is impossible to go from the front, so that steps must be retraced and an entrance effected to the sanctuary and adyta from the rear. In a lateral hall near the sanctuary two Corinthian pillars of an old Greek church stand. Side by side with the gigantic columns of the Luxor temple these columns of the Greeks appear puny and insignificant, and is to the credit of Egyptian art to be placed in such juxtaposition to its Greek rival.

From Luxor we hastened to Karnak, situate a mile and a half north of the former, along what was once an avenue of ram-headed sphynxes. While on this road give rein to fancy. Imagine yourself one among thousands proceeding in stately procession to the Temple of Karnak, countless flags and standards streaming in the breeze, the types of Egyptian divinities held aloft by strong, armed men; gaily painted inscriptions, fantastically designed, wreathed around or flowing from them; Pharaoh's ensigns before each division of the procession; wild music of harp, timbrel, sackbut and psaltery, double and single flutes, rising in melodious symphony, clear and loud in the lucent air of Thebes, while the King—even Pharaoh—is in his own chariot; mayhap, Rameses the Great, returning from his conquest of the world, grander and loftier than any of his subjects; the gay chargers such as were only reared for a Pharaoh's foemen, as proudly as if they knew they were to grace a Pharaoh's triumph, and the chariot is of gold and silver, sparkling with precious stones, with its war furniture, its bow and quiver, ornamented to the height of Egyptian skill, and Pharaoh's nobles, in their robes of state, wend after him; and the priests, in snowy linen, bordered with crimson, are before him, lifting on high their voices in the song of victory, and behind all come the cavalry, on their chargers from Ethiopia and Libya, with their burnished arms of bronze and brass; and the infantry, with battle axe and bow, spear and sword, with standards waving, trumpets sounding, and the people of Thebes, the mercenaries and slaves by thousands follow on foot to see the scenes of that day, while over all shines the warm sun of Thebes. This takes place in the year 2670 of the creation and the year 1330 before Christ. Pass over 700 years. The same sun shines over Thebes, its temples and its palaces cover the plain, the same river flows hard by the temples of Karnak and Luxor, the same azure heaven vaults the Theban plain, which is as green and fertile as ever; but a day of the year 519 B. C. has come, and the doom of Thebes immortalized is sealed, for the madman Cambyses, with his army, is marching from Luxor to Karnak.

For dieties represented by animals; for Osiris, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, represented by the bull Apis; the goddesses Isis, Athor and Phthah, represented by hawks and cats, Cambyses, the Persian, has no respect. Neither knows he Atmin-Re, who has made Karnak temple his abode; he knows not ambitious Mandu, with the inevitable hawk's head; therefore he issues the order for the demolition of the statues, for the defacement of the sculpture, for the destruction of the matchless temple. And thus the city of Thebes the hecatompylean city becomes a waste. After the invasion of Cambyses the Egyptians made an effort, and succeeded for a while, in re-establishing their independence and Thebes once more to her former greatness. Once more travellers came from afar to feast their eyes upon the Theban wonders, the fathers of history, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo and others; but the fiat has gone forth and there is none to stay it—a worse than Cambyses came whose name was Lathyrus. What remained after Lathyrus travellers see nowadays at Thebes.

The matchless avenue of sphinxes, which lined the whole distance from Luxor to Karnak 3,500 years ago, may be traced for about half the distance. You may say about the great blocks which lie crumbling on each side of you, these were sphinxes once, but few of them retain that figure and form now. About half way to Karnak you will come to a square hollow in which there are about sixty statues of Phthah of black granite, many of which are still upright. This hollow was the terminus of a temple. Proceeding a short distance further on you see a solitary pylon and the foundations of a temple may be traced. Pass over the other pylons and march obliquely to the left, so that you may arrive at the front of the great Temple of Karnak. Ah! that temple. So many eminent writers have described it, so many travellers have wailed in sympathy over its fallen state, so many poets have sung over it what shall a young American say of Karnak? Take your Sir Gardiner in hand, or your Mr. Lane, or your Champollion, and each of them will guide you over the ruins. But, in spite of this learned coterie, you will fain linger before the temple pylon, look up the stately height of the propylæ, at the wide embrasures in its front, at the colossi sculptured thereon, at the ruinous masses of stone looking but freshly fallen, to the vista of columns, and halls, and obelisks, sanctuaries and walls as you stand minion like in the portal. Great is the Parthenon enthroned upon the Athenian Acropolis; great is the Coliseum at Rome with its sad history; great are the Sagantine ruins and Gothic Avilla, but greater, grander, statlier by far stands Karnak temple. You pass under the pylon and you come to a spacious area which measures 275 feet by 329 feet, another pylon and a vestibulum terminates this, which is about fifty feet in depth, and you are in the famous hall of Karnak with its 140 pillars, awe struck by their gigantic size and its aspect. This hall measures 170 by 329 feet. You could put the whole of Trinity church within it, and have a clean passage round about it afterwards, between the walls of the hall. Another hall succeeds this with an obelisk stair standing, one of a pair which stood before the pylon of another hall beyond this, where there is a taller obelisk and measuring eight feet square. This latter hall is surrounded by osiride pillars, all of which, however, are mutilated. Beyond this is the sanctuary of sanctuaries, constructed of exquisitely polished red granite, with a host of adyta and lateral aisles and passages surrounding it. Beyond this is another hall, and still another until you have arrived at the circuit wall, and have traversed the length of 1,180 feet. A temple 1,180 feet long by 329 feet wide! What is St. Peter's at Rome to this?

But you will not be induced to rush so hurriedly through the temple as all this. The great hall of Karnak will hold you spell-bound. You will wonder at its length, at its breadth, at its height, at the finite and colossal tracery of chisel over it, at its stupendous columns, rising sixty-two feet from the floor and eleven feet in diameter; at the patches of brilliant and exquisite coloring you will see here and there, and you will want to imagine all this when it was new. Then the obelisks, with their tops spiring into the clear air and pointing to the all-serene heaven of Thebes, will demand your attention, and the massive osirides, thirty feet in height, each composed of a single block; the beautiful ornature of the sanctuary and its surroundings; the lintel stones, forty feet in length; each and all these are subjects of wonder. Yet these are but a tithe of what is to be found at Karnak. Mount the circuit walls, the lofty pylon facing the Nile, or the still loftier propylae, or the summit of a gigantic column in the hall. Look around, below, above and admiration succeeds to admiration, wonder to wonder. As for the sculptures on the walls they are too varied for detail. Could one but read them much of the history of Egypt might be read, both sacred and profane. Going into this temple to look at the sculptures is just like going to the Louvre at Paris. Napoleonic and war history of France may be read in the latter; why not Egyptian history in the former? The Louises and the Napoleons are seen at the front of Balbec pictures on the walls of the Louvre; the great Rameses or some other Pharaoh may be seen on the temples of Piosopolis, Magna, or modern Karnak.

The second day we crossed the river to visit the colossi of Memnon and the tombs and temples of the western bank. The modern name of the King's tombs is Bab el Molook, signifying the "gates of the kings." The gate of the kings! What a fit signification! For none but kings entered therein, and it opened to death!

The Libyan range is at Thebes, just two miles from the Nile, at a point opposite Koorneh. At this point a ravine opens in the range of hills to the width of about two hundred feet. When you enter it you are in the most desolate, dreary, forbidding, barren, stony region in the world. Not a blade of grass, no, not one, nor shrub, nor any green thing is visible; it is brown limestone rising in strata from the bottom of the ravine to the summit of the hill on either side, while the base is covered with debris, great rocks crumbling or crumbled, over which the sun pours his fiercest every day throughout the year. You follow this ravine, winding and deviating from point to point, for a mile and a half, until you are halted by a cross hill, which bars all further procedure. Here are the tombs of the kings, so far opened to the number of twenty-one, each one of which is a palace cut and chiselled out of the solid rock, stuccoed and painted all over. There are forty-seven of them in this valley, but twenty-six of them remain undiscovered, where it may be supposed kings still lie, "every one in his own house." Keen-sighted, knowing travellers have been here, Belzoni among the keenest, yet there are twenty-six still undiscovered, which is, perhaps, all the best for the great dead who still lie there, but nevertheless a loss to art. If one had only the money, they could be discovered, doubtless, but moneyed travellers are not often found who could spare time and money to proceed to work. Some day, I hope, we shall have a national museum in New York, and some enterprising man with the proper spirit and ambition will fill an Egyptian room with the riches of these undiscovered tombs.

THE TOMBS.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, for the better description of them, has numbered them in red paint, respectively from one to twenty-one. No. 17 was discovered by Belzoni, and is the most superb of all for the spaciousness of the halls within and the exquisite paintings which adorn its walls. These paintings generally treat of religious subjects, of the death of kings and the transmigration of souls through various subsequent stages. One particular king, Setticl I., father of Rameses the Great, is recognized in all these sets of paintings. He is represented offering sacrifice to Osiris and Isis, as being judged by Osiris the judge of the dead, while the goddess of truth and justice stands by. In another place he is seen accepted by Osiris, who holds out his sceptre towards him as Ahasuerus is said to have done to Esther, his queen. One hall to the right at the furthest end is not quite completed. You may trace a pencilling of red, with another of black over it, as if a master artist had superintended the work. The outlines are bold and masterly, and they have not all that stiffness which the skeleton drawing of Sir Gardner would lead one to believe, and the paintings present Egyptian dress most vividly. You could almost tell of what those rich raiments in which the figures are painted were made of. The tomb penetrates 320 feet into the rock, and over wall and ceiling of passage and hall is placed the stucco, which has retained the paintings for over 3,000 years.

Tomb No. 11, called the Harper's tomb, from the figure of a harper which is seen at the extreme chamber to the right of the passage. This also is painted with interesting subjects. The monarch for whom this tomb was constructed is Rameses III. It is 405 feet in length, and arranged in halls like No. 17, but does not descend so abruptly into the ground.

Tomb No. 6 is highly interesting, though not so well preserved as the two above mentioned; still the subjects, which are of a widely different character, are even fresher, but not painted with the taste and skill of the former. On the right of the entrance passage is a section of the wall devoted to the illustration of generation and gestation, which prove the ancient Egyptians to have been far behind the moderns in human anatomy. On the wall behind the sarcophagus the youthful Adonis is depicted seated on a globe, and according to Sir Gardner, who is learned in Egyptologue, it is thought to refer to the theory that dissolution is followed by reproduction into life.

Tomb No. 2 was open during the time of the Greeks in Egypt, and numerous are the inscriptions on the walls of eminent Greek and Roman visitors. Of all which are open this tomb is the most elegant. It descends on an incline of five feet in fifty; you may ride two horses abreast to the furthest end of the tomb safely at a hand gallop. A most beautiful sarcophagus of red granite is found at the end of the tomb, a little frayed on one side by the rapacious hands of souvenir gatherers. This tomb is the great resort for those who wish to lunch after visiting the four best specimens of kings' sepulchres, as these are all that unlearned in antiquity care to visit.

"By the life of Pharoah," I repeat, those ancient Egyptians were giants. Continual visits during a Nile voyage into their tombs and temples stamps a clearer idea of them on the mind than all the books that could be read, and they inspire respect and respectful admiration for them, notwithstanding the terrible aspect of frowning colossi, or the dread look of Pharoah while smiting his captives.

CATACOMBS.

From these royal abodes of death—this Topnet of a valley—travellers generally hasten to visit the catacombs of Assaseef. Sir Gardner praises one of them most enthusiastically, because it was 862 feet long, when he wrote his book, and had many chambers and great halls; but since that time the Arab miners have destroyed the finest portions of it, so that it is actually not worth visiting, besides the mephitic odor issuing out in strong, deathly currents would kill the keenest of interests. Neither are the tombs of Abdel Koorneh interesting. One feels inclined to laugh at Sir Gardner for his zeal. The paintings alone at No. 35 will repay a visit.

The small temples of Dayr el Bahree and Dayr el Medeeneh are very interesting, and well worth the trouble of a visit to them, but I have no space to describe them, other portions of Thebes more important deserve attention.

The Ramesium or Memnonium lies directly below the grottoes of Koorneh. Though in a most ruinous state, with but the portico and propylæ standing, the Ramesium is a favorite with all visitors. All admire the bell formed or lotus flower capitals, as well as the columns of the portico, because they do not present that heaviness which the crowded state of others naturally had, and they are finer sculptured, besides being in better proportion to the size of the portico. From a distance the Raminesium looks as imposing as any in Egypt. One reason for this is that its ruins, its portico, its propylæ is much higher than the red mounds of debris which always are found in the vicinity of Egyptian temples. The real grandeur and charms of the temple ruins of Egypt are obscured by these mounds, which, in very many instances, such as before Dendera and Abydos, rise higher than the ruins themselves. For a parallel case imagine the national capital at Washington surrounded by refuse heaps rising to a level with the summit of the dome; where would the grandeur and beauty of it be? Do men light a candle and put it under a bushel? For the reason, then, that the Ramesium is more freed from obstructing dust hills and mud huts, and what is left of it is seen to good advantage from afar, is that travellers as soon as they descry its ruins yearn to view them closer.

This temple palace was 600 feet in length from portico to circuit wall, by 180 feet in breadth, but the greater part of it is in too ruinous a state to enter into details.

Before the portico lie the ruins of the largest statue in Egypt, of 387 tons in weight, so says Sir Gardner. It is a monster statue of sienite granite polished as smooth as a mirror. The iconoclastic hands of the Arabs have been laid upon this also, for they have constructed millstones from the face, so that this hero of a statue was not even respected when low. Iron-hearted Cambyses smote it at the legs and levelled it from its pedestal to the dust, but pagan Arabs with chisel and hammer defaced it.

THE COLOSSI.

From the Rameseum to the colossi of Memnon is but a step. Now you stand in the shadow of the famous colossus and repeat to yourself the sweet tradition which fable has woven about it. There are two colossi seated on thrones about fifteen paces apart, looking eastward, but there is only one vocal Memnon, which is the northernmost or the one nearest to the Rameseum. The story goes that, every morning at sunrise a sound issued from it similar to the breaking of a harp string. Strabo, whose curiosity must have prompted him to rise early to satisfy it, says that he heard a sound, but whether it proceeded from the statue or from some one in the crowd—for there were curious people in Thebes itself—he was not certain. But there were not wanting those who affirmed stoutly that the sound emanated from Memnon when the sun touched its lips. Every morning Memnon sung. "Oh, sweet story; oh, romantic fable." It prompts you to look kindly at Memnon, wishful that it were true. What a charm is there in a well devised story. Sir Walter Scott has restored knight errantry from the obloquy into which the satiric pen of Cervantes had cast it. Washington Irving has made all English readers love the simple "Rip Van Winkle," but here fable, with a simple story of two or three words, makes you reverence a stone, while its mate, much better preserved, is disregarded. The lips, eyes and the points of Memnon's feet have been destroyed. Its entire body was also broken in pieces by that mad Cambyses who has been the bane of Egypt, but Severus restored it with huge blocks of sandstone chiselled in the form of the deity we see to-day.

To climb to the lap of Memnon is a labor even to active young men; but what young student would not do it, so that he could say he had sat in great Memnon's lap! When a traveller visits Versailles or the Trianon he must sit in the chair of Napoleon or Josephine. When he visits the royal palace at Madrid he must needs throw himself into the chair of Philip IV. and test the luxury of Isabella's couch. How much greater is the honor of having sat in the lap of Memnon, the dutiful son of the morning!

LOOKING DOWN ON THEBES.

From the lap of Memnon, twenty-five feet above the green area of the Nile valley, the ruins of Thebes are seen, with other ideas than that of taking a good view. You may perhaps wish to restore Thebes in your mind. Nothing is easier. Gorgeous Karnak and Luxor are before you, Medeenet Aboo and the Stygian Lake are on your right. The Rameseum, the palace of Koorneh are on your left. Dayre el Medeeneh and Dayre el Bahree, the grottoes of the Libyan Hills, the Gate of the Kings and the Valley of the Queens are behind you. The rest is easy. You have but to lay an avenue of sphinxes, broad as Broadway, from the Nile to the feet of Memnon, and another from behind Memnon to the palace of Rameses, at the base of the Libyan Hills; reconstruct the ruined temples and palaces of the kings, between the Rameseum and the furthest edge of the Stygian Lake; reconstruct Luxor and Karnak, with long lines of sphinxes between; fill the intervening space with the city of Thebes, fifteen miles in circumference, with numerous obelisks and statues rising above the houses; people the plain and city with half a million of people, and you have Thebes—royal Thebes—the queen city of Egypt, which had her chariots by the thousands, and her warriors by the hundred thousand; whose fame was sung by Homer over Greece four thousand years ago, and lives still in undying verse and in her monuments.

The temple of Medeenet Aboo is undoubtedly one of the most graceful and artistic in Egypt. Battle scenes and victories are engraved three inches deep on the walls of this temple. Scribes reckon up the hands of the slain and deliver the number to the king, who is seated on the hinder part of a chariot; a king of colossal stature has a host of men by the hair of the head, whom he is about to smite to death; then he rides in a chariot of State, surrounded by his nobles, and offers sacrifices to the gods after his victory over foreign enemies. An Egyptian king erected it some 700 years before Christ. An Egyptian Pharaoh usurped the throne and had his own figure sculptured over the former—Nectanebo II. effaced Lirbakah's name and introduced his own instead; and succeeding Ptolemies and Cleopatras have inscribed theirs among their predecessors, and so on the work was continued, until Egypt ceased to have a king. Invading Arabs first commenced the work of ruin, Coptic Christians completed it. A pylon of granite, flanked by two pyramidal towers, two succeeding great courts and a noble hall of assembly admit you into the holy of holies, the nayos and adyta. The second court is by far the grandest within the temple. It measures 123 feet by 133, and is surrounded by a peristyle of noble pillars, of varied design. Corinthian pillars of a Christian church stand here before noble ostrides and circular bell-topped Egyptian columns. The Christians erected their church in this area and framed their pillars out of the solid architraves, which they removed from their place for that purpose. It is tempting, one is well aware, to have such abundant means at hand for the erection of a church to God; but the area had sufficed more than enough had they but left it in its place. One good thing, however, came of this spoliation of a fine temple—much of the original coloring and newness of a corridor behind the church is preserved for the unqualified admiration of all lovers of beauty.

The queens' tombs are really not worth visiting after those of the kings; for fire and smoke have so robbed them of their former beauty that disappointment is sure to follow a visit to them. However, those who have plenty of time will do well to see everything. Besides the temples above mentioned there are two others south of Medeenet Aboo which fall under the same conditions. The area of the Stygian Lake may still be easily traced from the propylae of Medeenet Aboo, but I am not certain that it would repay travelling around its vast extent.

MUMMIES.

Thus I have done Thebes somewhat hurriedly, it is true, but still I have gone over it. Travellers, no doubt, may wish to purchase mummies and other souvenirs here. Mr. Smith, an American resident here for some six years, Mustapha Agha, the American Consul, and the Prussian Consul, have an abundance of them, which they will sell to buyers for a fair price. Travellers will get their fill of souvenirs if they but express a wish to buy. Mummies by the wholesale; whole mummies, heads of mummies, hands, feet, limbs, trunks of mummies; human, animal and bird mummies, until they will imagine that the venders of them are themselves resurrected mummies. "Want a mummy, sir?" is the eager inquiry of a dozen mummy pedlers. "'Tis a good hand, sir. 'Tis a beautiful head, sir. Look at the teeth, the eyes, ears and hair. 'Tis a capital mummy, sir. There's a nice foot, sir; a child's foot, a boy's foot, a woman's foot, a girl's foot. Will you buy, sir. Buy mummies?" This is the song of a mummy pedler. Startling in New York, but not in Thebes, for you hear it from dawn to evening. The sellers of mummies are round you everywhere, wherever you go, crying aloud their ghastly wares, pestering you as long as you stay in Thebes. Read the following inventory of kings, purchased by a gentleman in the portico of the Rameseum and before the tombs of the kings:—"Three men's heads, one woman's head, one child's head, six hands, large and small; twelve feet, entire; one infant's foot, plump; one foot, minus a toe; two ears, one part of a well preserved face, two ibis mummies, one dog mummy." As for images and scarabii they are countless. Oh, certainly Thebes is the place to buy souvenirs; such that will make timid woman pale end innocent children cry; such that will make old men, old people, think of their graves and Atheists thoughtful.

FAREWELL TO THE COLOSSI.

The genial sun just touched the lips of Memnon and his mate as we left Luxor next morning. Ah, those two colossi sitting complacently on the plain of Thebes will surely haunt the memory. Forever, while you live, if you think of Egypt after seeing them, your mind will revert to those two statues, which have sat like guardian watchers of the land for over forty centuries. The Nile, to which they have always looked each year, lays its tribute at their feet. 'Tis they who have seen the sun first of all in that plain, yet never have they seen it set. They have seen countless generations come, go, born and buried, still they sit ever silent, ever motionless, never voicing their sorrow nor wailing their loneliness; never more greeting the morn, nor disturbing their own harmony and majestic stillness.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN UTAH.

The Act Passed the Legislature and Signed by the Acting Governor—Wives, Concubines and Spinsters Granted the Elective Franchise.

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., Feb. 12, 1870.

Among the recent political manœuvres of the Mormon authorities has been to confer the elective franchise upon the women here in Utah. The bill as amended passed the Legislature on Thursday and was signed to-day by Mr. Mann, who is Secretary of the Territory and acting Governor. The mass meeting of women held in this city nearly a month ago, and the similar meetings held since then in different towns and settlements in the Territory, were intended to convey the idea to the outside world that those meetings were voluntary gatherings to show that the women of the Territory were in favor of polygamy and opposed to the Cullom bill and to any bill that had for its object the abolition of polygamy. Everybody here, however, understands that those meetings were arranged by the authorities, and that the holding and the character of them only confirmed to observant and intelligent people the fact of the existence and power of that moral despotism which women here, as well as men, are subjected to. The majority of the people here, both male and female, have been so instructed and controlled that they dare not do anything of moment without being told to do it, and, having been told, dare not disobey the mandate. This is self-evident to every one who comprehends the secrets of Mormonism. So that so long as the present system continues to have sway, as it has at present, the fact of the women having the right to vote means only that so many more votes can be cast as the Mormon men want them to be cast. That is the plain English of it, divested of all simulation of fairness and freedom. Orthodox Mormons have admitted to me that they believed an honest, unconstrained and heartfelt vote of the women in Utah would be against polygamy. But should a vote of the women be taken now on that or any other question the machinery, chicanery and despotism of the Church are still so strong and salient that the result would be, of course, just whatever the authorities desired to have it. The following is the bill as it passed the Legislature:—

An act conferring upon women the elective franchise.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, That every woman of the age of twenty-one years who has resided in this Territory six months next preceding any general or special election, born or naturalized in the United States, or who is the wife, widow or the daughter of a native born or naturalized citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to vote at any election in this Territory.

SEC. 2. All laws or parts of laws conflicting with this act are hereby repealed.

Approved, February 12, 1870.

The following is the letter sent to-day to the Speaker of the House by the acting Governor on returning the act, after having affixed his signature:—

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, UTAH TERRITORY, Feb. 12, 1870.
To the Hon. ORSON PRATT, Speaker of the House:—

I have the honor to inform you that I have this day approved, signed and deposited in the Secretary's office "an act" conferring upon women the elective franchise. In view of the importance of the measure referred to, it may not be considered improper for me to remark that I have very grave and serious doubts of the wisdom and soundness of that political economy which makes the act a law of this Territory, and that there are many reasons which, in my judgment, are opposed to the legislation; but whatever these doubts and reasons may have been, in view of the unanimous passage of the act in both the House and the Council, and in deference to the judgment of many whose opinion I very much respect, I have, as before stated, approved of the bill, hoping that future experience may approve the wisdom of our action, and that the same may be found to be in harmony with the spirit and genius of the age in which we live.

S. A. MANN, Acting Governor.

As the act becomes a law on and after its publication no time has been lost in publishing it. It was signed only a few hours ago and is even now in print; so that the women can vote at the municipal election on Monday if it shall be deemed advisable or necessary for them to vote. Some of the Gentiles and liberal minded Mormons have been opposed to the passage of the act, and are surprised that it has met with such prompt approval—only two days before the municipal election—by the acting Governor, seeing that its object was and its immediate object will be to strengthen the hands of the Church authorities; but others of them believe that this female franchise is a two edged sword which will eventually cut, not the way it is now intended, but the cord that now binds so many men and women in moral and intellectual benighted bondage.

Brigham Young on the New Governor of Utah and the Cullom Bill.

[From the Salt Lake Telegraph—Brigham Young's organ.]

Personally we entertain no dread thoughts of either "serious disturbance" or "open war." Past experience has taught us the lesson that there is a "Providence in the affairs of men," and with that assurance we can listen to a good deal of bombast serenely, come from whom it may. To the war expectation now so prevalent in the East there can only be disappointment, and General Shafer is as likely to be as proper a Governor as far as that is concerned as any other man. There can be no war with Utah on any pretext whatever. Some of us may be silly enough to say ugly and provoking things, and dreamy enough to anticipate all sorts of magnificent results; but there is a heap of hard sense out here in the Rocky Mountains, among both men and women, and the talk of war anywhere is to-day regarded as sheer balderdash. We have no personal acquaintance with General Shafer, and, therefore, can disinterestedly tender him the advice to pay no attention to the folks down East on the war question, but to come out here when he is ready, mind his own business, and he will get along well enough. His "wisdom and discretion," "ignorance or obstinacy," should he have either of these commodities even in superabundance, will make not a whit of difference to affairs out here: still we should like him with the former rather than with the latter. Still, be it either way, progress and development are written on the scroll of Utah. We have neither time nor inclination for war, and we won't have it; it don't pay. * * * * Should our citizens be attacked—be they poor or rich, high up or in low estate—wherever we can we shall defend them with the truth. It is pretty generally supposed that the government designs testing this question of polygamy at no distant day. In this case the *Telegraph* will have something to say, always assuming the position that what is constitutional should be obeyed; what is not must be resisted. We will not, however, anticipate in this or anything else, but hold ourselves in readiness to defend whatever we believe to be right.

In relation to the Cullom bill, now pending in Congress, the *Telegraph* says:—

The last news from Washington is very encouraging to the friends of this anti-polygamic bill. It is said that the bill is sure to pass the House, and thought it may be retarded in the Senate, still everything is very hopeful. We have no idea that Mr. Cullom has much to do with the bill, as it has its birth and perfectionment in this city. He will, however, have a lasting notoriety in that connection. We know not a single Gentile in this city who does not say that he is not opposed to that bill as it is. But while they may be opposed to polygamy itself, they cannot go the whole length on disfranchising men for the faith they yet may have. There is enough of folly and outrage in the Cullom bill to defeat its purpose. When men fight the faith or the institutions of the people of Utah fairly we have no objection to their course; but when they resort to inquisitions we are opposed to them, and shall do our best to expose their folly and wickedness.

A PECULIAR SUIT.—A suit has been brought against Gideon Haynes, warden of the Charlestown (Mass.) State Prison, by Mr. H. L. C. Dorsey, of Pawtucket, the well known benefactor of prison inmates in various parts of this commonwealth and other States. Mr. Dorsey's benefactions have taken the shape of donations of poultry for the purpose of providing prisoners, on certain days named by him, with a roast turkey dinner. On Christmas day, 1863, the sum of $750 altogether was sent to Mr. Haynes for this purpose, and a receipt was acknowledged. The donor, it seems, took a notion to visit the prison on that day under an alias, and bearing a letter of introduction from himself. He discovered that the terms of his donation were not fulfilled as he intended, and stewed chicken instead of roast turkey was given the men. The text that he had selected was not preached from by the chaplain. This vexed him and he sent a demand to the warden for the return of the money. The warden sent him the balance remaining in his hands, and the portion spent he now sues to recover.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The Saints in Congress—Saint Pomeroy, of Kansas, as an Apostle of Temperance—Whiskey and Ale Forbidden in the Capitol Restaurants—Edict Against Downing and "Hole-in-the-Wall"—Revels Commendation of Sumner—Those Expensive Investigating Luxuries—Piety and Selling Cadetships—The Proposed Celebration of Washington's Birthday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1870.

Hide not your light under a bushel.

Let your light shine before men.

Show good example to your neighbors.

Not only be pious yourself, but make everybody else so.

If you don't believe in "nips straight" permit nobody else to "nip" likewise.

Whiskey is distilled damnation, also wine and beer.

Drink it not, therefore; nay, nor keep it at all for use; despise it and hate it; and ought not you?

The above is pure Congressional doctrine, which I am preaching, according to the gospel of Saint Pomeroy, of Kansas; Pomeroy, of unspotted virtue; Pomeroy, the temperate and philanthropic; he who champions women's righters or wrongers (as you please to term it); and who is at the head or tail of every righteous movement in the country. Saint Senator Pomeroy has one remarkable quality—he always goes the whole hog; no animal fraction will do for him. It must be the entire animal or nothing. Pomeroy don't drink himself, because he is opposed to distilled damnation. It don't agree with him any more than political or other kinds of damnation. Being radical to the backbone, of course he don't believe in allowing other people to drink any more than himself. If whiskey or ale is bad for the Senatorial saint of Kansas, it can't be good for any other saint, or sinner either for that matter. And Pomeroy, being the head saint of the saints of Washington, has naturally become the mouthpiece of the temperate saints of the District, who want tippling abolished hereabouts by act of Congress, which is believed to be the most terribly solemn method of exorcising the evil spirit of drunkenness. The temperate saints of the saintly District entrusted Pomeroy with their petition asking whiskey abolishment *in toto* throughout all the square miles surrounding the capital, and Pomeroy presented it to the great Senate of the United States, which is so famous for its temperance, both in drinking and speaking.

Simultaneous with this saintly attack on the tipplers, the temperate editor of the great temperance journal of Washington makes an onslaught upon our catereristical friend and fellow citizen, George T. Downing, who has charge of the *cuisine* of the House of Representatives. George is attacked in the most Harris-ing manner, accused of selling intoxicating drinks to members of Congress and others, in his restaurant under the Representative Chamber, and of thus violating Joint Rule No. 19 which prohibits the sale, exhibition or keeping of "spirituous or malt liquors or wines" within the Capitol building.

You must know that some two or three years ago Joint Rule No. 19 was adopted through the influence of the Congressional Temperance Society. Before that time Senators and Representatives could have their "nips" without difficulty on the House side or the Senate side. The restaurants in both wings kept wines, liquors and cigars unmolested. Nobody objected, and Senator This or Representative That experienced no difficulty in getting gloriously elevated without leaving the Capitol. It was supposed that the joint rule would work wonders in making drunken Senators and members of Congress sober. It did not work, however, as expected. The restaurateurs made a little show of observing the rule—a very little show indeed—so little, in fact, that few found difficulty in getting their "nips" whenever desirable. And those who failed to get it there easily procured it at Whitney's or Sanderson's. So it continued until recently. Oysters and ale were to be had at any time, and stronger beverages were obtainable when called for under the designation of "strong coffee." The temperance editor, however, went down one day to enjoy his crackers and cheese, when he was horrified to see people swallowing ale and whiskey. Forgetting to pay for the cheese and also the crackers, he hastened from Downing's saloon, rushed madly to his sanctum, seized his pen and wrote down in words of hottest indignation his horror and amazement at the undoubted violation of Rule No. 19.

The result was that big Sergeant-at-Arms Ordway, and little Sergeant-at-Arms French, the twin guardians of Congressional virtue, felt constrained to unite in the following order for the enforcement of the spirituous prohibition:—

FEBRUARY 17, 1870.
To Captain JOHN CORSON, Captain of the Capitol Police:—

SIR—Joint rule 19 makes it the duty of the sergeants-at-arms of the Senate and House of Representatives, under the supervision of the presiding officers of the two houses respectively, to enforce the provisions of said rule that no "spirituous or malt liquors or wines shall be offered for sale, exhibited or kept within the Capitol or in any room or building connected therewith, or on the public grounds adjacent thereto."

It having been publicly stated in the newspapers that the above rule has been secretly violated by the keepers of the restaurants in the Capitol, you are, by direction of the Vice President and Speaker of the House of Representatives, hereby required to see that the above rule is enforced, and for that purpose are authorized to require extra duty of the men under your command, and to place a sufficient force adjacent to the suspected places to carry out this order.

JOHN R. FRENCH,
Sergeant-at-Arms, United States Senate.
N. G. ORDWAY,
Sergeant-at-Arms, House of Representatives.

The further result was that, when Senators, members and others went to either restaurant to-day and called for their ale or their "strong coffee," neither article was to be had. Senators, members and others vigorously d——d French and Ordway and joint rule No. 19, but to no purpose. Neither Downing nor "Hole-in-the-Wall" would consent to violate the rule after the promulgation of the French-Ordway edict.

"Sorry, gentlemen," would Downing reply to piteous appeals for a swipe. "Sorry, very sorry, but cant help it. If you obtain me a license I will be glad to supply you with any beverage you may desire."

Downing (George T.) is a most polite and statesmanlike, as well as diplomatic, colored restaurateur. He would go any length to oblige, but "you couldn't expect him to ruin himself."

Now, isn't this a very absurd piece of moral discipline for the great Capitol of a great nation? Don't it show that Senators and members have a most exalted opinion of their own virtue? Don't it exhibit immense confidence in themselves when they proclaim, by act of Congress, that they are afraid to allow whiskey and ale within easy reach of their lips, lest they imbibe too freely and make themselves drunkards?

REVELS ON SUMNER.

Writing of tippling and Downing reminds me of Revels, the colored Senator. They say that after Revels went home, the first time he was introduced to Sumner, somebody asked him what he thought of the Massachusetts statesman.

"Well," responded Revels, according to my informant, "Sumner is a real good fellow. He is so good, indeed, that I'm sorry his skin is white. But I think we have this consolation at least:—If Sumner's skin is white his heart is as black as any of ours."

Very good, indeed, for Revels, wasn't it?

INVESTIGATIONS THAT HARDLY PAY.

Latter day Congressional investigating committees appear to be very expensive luxuries. They cost a mint of money and give very little value. During the summer there were three or four galavanting committees roaming all over the country in search of all kinds of information. The Ways and Means Committee went from Washington to Vancouver to pick up facts that might just as well have been obtained here in this city. The gold investigation by the Banking and Currency Committee got an appropriation of $3,000 to pay for witnesses, and I am informed there will have to be a deficiency bill brought in for $2,000 more, making $5,000 altogether to bring a number of witnesses here to testify on a variety of subjects not at all germane, and, what is worse than all, the whole thing is to end in smoke. *Parturiunt greenbacks, nascitur ridiculus nihil.* The great labors of the committee will amount to nothing. They haven't unearthed a single fact not previously known, except perhaps a few little insignificant things screwed out of Corbin and Catherwood, which, after all, were generally suspected before. Now, besides this $5,000 for witnesses, there has necessarily been incurred a heavy bill for printing and stenographer's fees.

Then there is the cadetship investigation. Three thousand dollars are to be expended for witnesses necessary to that investigation also. Goodness only knows how many other similar projects to waste the public money may turn up during the balance of the session.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AND BRIBING MEMBERS.

One of the parties mixed up with the cadetship bartering proves to be a pious youth of Philadelphia, a quondam *protegé* of Mr. Greeley. His brother was a member of Congress last session, and is a contestant for a seat now. Another of the carpet-bag members accused of selling out was formerly a Methodist minister. Another very good proof of the *morale* of the House.

CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—A GRAND HOP AND SUPPER.

The wealthy residents of Washington are resolved to commemorate the anniversary of the nativity of the Father of his Country in an appropriate way. One hundred of the best citizens have got together, subscribed fifty dollars apiece, engaged Masonic Hall, and arranged for a grand ball and supper. It promises to be equal to the finest affairs of that kind that ever happened here. Among the prominent people interested are General Sherman, Admiral Porter, H. D. Cooke, Wm. S. Huntington, A. S. Solomons, W. W. Corcoran, Franklin Philp, W. B. Webb, S. P. Brown, R. T. Merrick, Admiral Dahlgren, Lewis Johnson and H. Kilbourn.

PROPOSITION TO MAKE THE ERIE CANAL A PUBLIC HIGHWAY.

The following bill was introduced in the United States House of Representatives on Wednesday by Hon. David S. Bennett, of the Buffalo district of this State. It was read twice and referred to the Committee on Commerce. It is entitled "A bill to provide for the better protection of the northern and northwestern frontier, and to facilitate commerce and diminish the expense of the exchanges between States:"—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to issue to the Comptroller of the State of New York, on the credit of the United States, coupon or registered bonds, of such denominations, not less than one hundred dollars each, as he may think proper, to an amount not exceeding fifteen million dollars, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the government at any time after ten years, and payable in coin at the end of fifty years from date, and bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per centum, payable semi-annually in coin: Provided, That before the said bonds shall have been delivered to the Comptroller of the State of New York, the Legislature of the said State, by enactment or by joint resolution, shall have given a pledge for the State that all that portion of its debt for the paying of which the revenues of its canals are constitutionally appropriated shall be immediately discharged; that thereafter no tolls nor tax of any description shall be levied or collected by the State upon any property transported through or upon any of the canals, except a uniform charge not exceeding one-half mill per thousand pounds per mile, to be collected for the purpose of defraying the annual cost of the maintenance of the said canals; and that any excess of appropriation or tonnage dues shall be applied to the enlargement of the Erie and Oswego canals, and that the Erie and Oswego canals shall, at as early a day as possible, be fitted for navigation by boats of not less than 600 tons burden by an enlargement of their locks and by such deepening and widening of their prism as may be necessary to their navigation by such boats.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That so much of said bonds as shall be in excess of an amount equal to the canal debt of the State of New York, which is to be discharged in the manner provided above, shall be retained by the Secretary of the Treasury until the Legislature and authorities of the said State shall have made provision for the execution of the work herein stipulated to be done upon the Erie and Oswego canals; and that thereafter at the beginning of every three months while the said work shall be in progress the Secretary of the Treasury shall deliver to the Comptroller of the State of New York an amount of said bonds equivalent to the cost of the work which shall have been properly and satisfactorily done within the three months then last past.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That the President of the United States is hereby authorized to appoint, with the consent of the Senate, three Commissioners of the United States, whose duty it shall be to supervise and inspect the work done upon the Erie and Oswego canals in compliance with the stipulations of this act, and upon whose report, once in every three months, the Secretary of the Treasury shall deliver the bonds, as above provided, to the Comptroller of the State of New York; the said commissioners to receive for their compensation not more than at the rate of $5,000 per annum during actual service, with ten cents per mile for the expenses of actual travel in the performance of their duties.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Where Young "Homeless and Friendless" Women Have a Home and Friends.

Among the many charitable institutions with which New York abounds there is one which, although not quite so well known to the charitable public as it might be, does in its small and at present limited way an incalculable amount of good. It is the "Home for Young Women." Everybody who is at all familiar with the ins and outs of a great city like this must know how many are the trials and dangers which a young girl, without a friend in the world, has to encounter, and how many, discouraged by the buffetings they receive in their struggles for their daily bread, fall by the wayside and are heard of no more, save in places where even their own names are a reproach to themselves. Girls left destitute through the death of their parents, or who have been once in good circumstances, but through some untoward event or another are compelled to go alone and unprotected to seek for their living wherever they can get employment, are numbered among the hundreds in this city every year; and up to the time when the "Home" was established no well organized effort had been made by private individuals to come to the assistance of persons of this class.

It was started, as all such charities are started, in a very modest way. Several wealthy ladies were its founders, and, through their influence, it was placed on a good footing from the beginning. A small house in Amity street was leased by the ladies shortly after the organization of the association, but it was soon found that their work would be so extended that better and larger accommodations would have to be procured. Two large houses were accordingly leased in Fourteenth street, but even these after a time did not afford room for the many young girls who applied for and were given admission.

Through the influence of certain persons of wealth and the energy of the ladies who had the Home in charge, funds sufficient were finally obtained to purchase the present dwellings in Waverley place, where the Home is now located. The houses are large and well ventilated, are neatly furnished throughout, and every effort is made by the managers to render the institution as much a home in reality as their means will allow. It has nothing of the air of an "asylum" about it, and although the young women are subject, as matter of good order, to obey certain rules and regulations, these are all so well adapted to a "home circle" that the inmates do not feel at all uncomfortably constrained by them. During the year just past about two hundred persons have enjoyed the comforts and privileges of the place, and over a thousand young woman have been cared for since the institution was established. Excepting those who are sick or out of employment, all pay for their board, which varies from three dollars to six dollars a week, according to the size and location of the room occupied. This paying for board of itself robs the institution of all character of an asylum of "charity," which to some is so distasteful. Many of the inmates are teachers in schools or private families; several are pupils in the school of design. The majority of them are young ladies of refinement and high accomplishments, who trust to earning their livelihood, not from the drudgery of "servant's life," but from their fitness as teachers, copyists and artists, and their ability to do embroidery and other light work. The social and religious influences of the institution are its principal features. There are times for receiving company, and at such times enjoyment of the social customs of life is maintained as in any of the social gatherings of private families. There are family prayers every morning and a Bible class once a weeek. The library is well selected and well patronized. It may be said, in conclusion, that there ought to be more institutions of this kind in the city. The amount of good that is done by the Home is incalculable in many points of view, and in default of the existence of other charities having the same ends to serve as it serves those who suffer from a plethora of this world's goods should give of their abundance to the institution, that it may not be hampered by "limited means," but still go on doing good as it has been doing for years.

JOURNALISTIC NOTES.

There are twenty towns in England, two in Wales, four in Scotland and three in Ireland in which daily papers are published.

The *Crawford County Press* is the name of a paper just started at Prairie du Chien by H. J. Hoffman. It is democratic in politics.

Donald McDonald, the oldest newspaper man in Montreal, died in that city on the 11th ult. He was a native of Inverness shire, Scotland, and emigrated to Canada in 1815.

William H. Goodrich, who retired from the Hartford *Courant* a year or so ago to try book publishing, has sickened of the change and has returned to his old position on the *Courant*.

Atlanta, Ga., has a new paper. Mr. Otto Palmer is publishing a journal for our German friends under the name of the Atlanta *Deutsche Zeitung*. Dr. Ch. Raushburg is the English editor.

Michigan has twelve daily newspapers, over one hundred and fifty weeklies, fifteen monthlies, two quarterlies and three annuals. A paper has recently been started called the *Grand Ledge Independent*.

The receipts from sales of Cincinnati newspapers for the year ending December 31, 1869, were as follows:—*Enquirer*, $172,367; *Gazette*, $216,947; *Commercial*, $251,847; *Volksblatt*, $97,065; *Times*, $127,000; *Volksfreund*, $70,008.

A comical transposition of type occurred in a recent number of the Buffalo *Christian Advocate* as follows:—

Her eyes were once to me the boundaries of the world and were the first things I ever looked into. And I think the best five herrings each per day, the number of fish for the summer subsistence of this single species of bird cannot be under 214,000,000.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes as follows about the new daily to be started in Philadelphia:—

William J. Swain, son of our long-time friend Swain, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is about to tread the journalistic path and bring out a daily paper about the 1st of April. It will be a penny paper, neutral in politics and about double the size of your evening edition. The name of the paper will be entirely new—no other journal of the same name anywhere—and its make-up will be first class and reliable in every respect.