

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 15th street.—JOHN BULL.
LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE, 720 Broadway.—ALADDIN—BLACK EYED BUN.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Tuesday, November 1, 1870.

CONTENTS OF TO-DAY'S HERALD.

- 1-Advertisements.
2-Advertisements.
3-Advertisements.
4-Advertisements.
5-Advertisements.
6-Advertisements.
7-Advertisements.
8-Advertisements.
9-Advertisements.
10-Advertisements.
11-Advertisements.
12-Advertisements.

LET VOTERS REMEMBER that to-day is the last day of registration.

"LOOKING THE STABLE DOOR AFTER THE HORSE IS STOLEN"—Taking a fresh census of the city of New York after election day.

THE HURRICANE which recently visited Cuba has destroyed fully one-quarter of the whole sugar crop. The fruit of the island is also seriously damaged.

THE MARTINIQUE INSURRECTION has been suppressed. Twenty of the misguided negroes have lost their lives, and about one hundred others have forfeited theirs. So much for the negro rising in Martinique.

A POINT LOWER.—Gold dropped another point yesterday and sold at 111 1/2. Last March it fell to 110 1/2. The war in Europe took it back to 123 1/2. Its retrocession to par before the end of 1871 is not an impossibility.

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT opened a new term at Washington yesterday. Chief Justice Chase and Senior Associate Justice Nelson were both absent through illness. The proceedings were opened by a melancholy memorial to the late Associate Justice Grier.

THE YOUNG DEMOCRACY of Jersey deserve high commendation. By an obvious blunder they have assumed the name assumed by the rough elements in this city, but they are so truly innocent and chaste that they have nominally been unknown to politics altogether and are probably likely to carry the State.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO, according to the latest advices from the Mexican capital, are much more quiet than they have been for some time past. Comparative tranquillity reigns. How long it will continue is another question. Peace in Mexico is like the little joker of the gambler—"New you see it and now you don't see it." Let us hope, however, for the best and be thankful for even the shortest reign of quietude poor Mexico obtains.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF KING WILLIAM.—A HERALD special from Versailles states that an attempt was recently made to assassinate King William at Versailles, but that he escaped unhurt, and General Roon, his minister of war, was injured. Assassination is a dastardly element in war. It is never effective, although in the present instance there is no certainty what might be the effect in Germany on the sudden death of the King, and the assassin doubtless had the probability of a disastrous social disarrangement in his

Late Astonishing Events in France and Her Present Condition.

Poor France! How has the mighty fallen! There is no parallel in the history of great nations to the rapid fall and prostrate condition of France. But yesterday, comparatively speaking, she was first among the first Powers. All the nations feared her military prowess. An alliance with her was eagerly sought. Proud England deemed herself happy and safe while France was her friend and ally. In turns both Russia and Austria, two of the most powerful empires in the world, were humiliated by her arms. Yes, it is only a few years since the war of the Crimea and that famous Italian campaign which drove the Austrians from Italy. The military glory of the first republic and first empire seemed to have been revived. The verdict of the world was that France was still a mighty and brave nation. No nation was willing to measure swords with her single-handed. Even Prussia consented to the dismantling of Luxembourg but three or four years ago, at the demand of France, rather than risk a war. She yielded even to the imperious demands of Napoleon in the matter of the candidature of Prince Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne to avoid, if possible, a war with France. Such was the prestige of French power up to the present war, four months ago.

Look at France now. What a change! It seems almost incredible that such a Power in the heart of Europe, with forty millions of brave people, should be so transformed. It is like a miracle. We need not recapitulate the events of the war—the astounding success of the German hosts in one great battle after another. They are familiar to all our readers. Little less than half a million of armed men on the side of the French have been put hors de combat—nearly the whole of the regular army, the flower of France—in the short space of four months. Besides some of the strongest fortresses in the world have fallen before the enemy, and an amount of war materials, arms and guns almost incredible has been surrendered. Many of the fairest provinces have been overrun and desolated. The conquering Germans spread over the country wherever they will and in every direction, like locusts, and meet with but feeble resistance. The vast French navy, that was built up at an enormous expense, and considered second to none in Europe, has done nothing. The proud capital of France and of the civilized world, which was fortified at every point in the strongest manner, is shut off from the rest of the world under the grip of the Prussians. The late imperial government has abandoned France to her fate, and the existing provisional government is a fugitive from the capital and knows not where to find a resting place. The cry of agony arises from every part of the country. French patriotism, so ardent and profound, cannot find a rallying point in sufficient force to stop the tide of conquest. To put the climax to all these terrible misfortunes Bazaine has surrendered an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, with the strongest fortress in France, to the enemy.

The first question that naturally arises in the mind is, how has the great French nation been brought to such a condition? Admitting the superior preparations of Prussia for the war, the superior skill of her generals, the enormous forces she assembled and the advantage she has taken, more than the French, of those modern agents of progress, the railroads and telegraph, still these will not account entirely for the overwhelming and constant defeats of the French and the prostrate condition of the country. The cause, in a great measure, must be found in the imperial government and the demoralized state to which it had brought the nation. The proclamation of the provisional government, signed by MM. Crémieux, Glais-Bizoin and Gambetta, on the surrender of Bazaine, which we published yesterday, expresses in the most graphic manner the cause principally of these disasters. "Frenchmen," they say, "measure the depths of the abyss into which the empire has precipitated you. For twenty years France submitted to this corrupting power, which extinguished in her the springs of greatness and life. The army of France, stripped of its national character, became, without knowing it, an instrument of tyranny and of servitude, and it is swallowed up, in spite of the heroism of the soldiers, by the treason of her chiefs." The army had been detached from the people and used as an instrument to oppress them. From the hour that Louis Napoleon usurped power over France through the army to the day of his fall he maintained his authority by the bayonet. His government was the most skillfully centralized one in Europe. It was a perfect machine, covering and controlling every department and municipality. Any plebiscite—any vote he wanted—could be worked out by this machine, under his direction. While he flattered the vanity and diverted the French people by several foreign wars; while he created an ephemeral prosperity in France, through enormous expenditures of money, and while he pretended to concede some liberty, he held the French under the most despotic rule and made the army the instrument of oppression.

It was impossible that a government would stand in this enlightened and progressive age on such a foundation. His government was a glittering and gorgeous fabric that dazzled the imagination for a time, but it rested on a foundation of sand. There was nothing honest, earnest or true about it. It was, to use another simile, a bubble that burst immediately it was pricked. Napoleon was a mere theorist and an actor at all times. He acted on a grand scale, and acted well for a time, but still he was always an actor and nothing more. When he was brought face to face with hard facts and with the intense earnestness of this practical age he was found deficient and fell. While he was revelling in the dreams of his theories the hard-headed, earnest and practical Germans came upon him and took away all his fancied strength. Had he fallen alone there would have been no cause for regret, but he has dragged down the temple of French greatness, honor and glory with him. The corruption and demoralizing influence of his government left France an easy prey to the invading Germans. It is suspected, and with reason, that even now his creatures—the imperialist faction—are plotting against their own coun-

try and aiding the enemy. How also can we account for the surrender of an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men by Bazaine? Such an immense force ought to have cut its way through almost any besieging army had it been well managed and led out before entangled by starvation. Is not that very imperialism which has overwhelmed France in ruin now plotting with the foreign enemy to deliver her up bound hand and foot?

The unrelenting war carried on against France by the King of Prussia on pretence of wanting guarantees of peace, long after his first avowed object had been obtained, shows that there is another purpose. No doubt this is to crush the rising republic through reducing the French people to the most humiliating and hopeless condition. The same atrocious object the so-called neutral Powers desire to see accomplished. They fold their arms complacently while this terrible blood war—this war of devastation, which is a disgrace to civilization and the age—is going on, with the hope that the French republic may be buried in the ruins. This is the secret why the selfish British government—why the British monarchy and aristocracy will not raise a finger in behalf of France, and why all the other monarchies and oligarchies of Europe do not say a word in the cause of humanity. King William and his hosts are the Vandals of modern times, and their secret allies are the crowned heads and aristocracies of Europe. Can the republic of France stand under such a fearful combination? That is the question of the day. The prospect is gloomy at present, but France in former times did wonders when she was fully aroused and Europe was in arms against her. At all events, should the King of Prussia, with the connivance of the other crowned heads, squelch the republic now, the principle will live, and a day of retribution will come, when the people of Europe shall rise in their might and demand everywhere liberty and self-government.

The War Situation—France Still S. aborn.

France is still determined to resist. The fall of Metz seems only to have added fuel to the enthusiasm. Bonbraki at Amiens is organizing the Army of the North with an apparently definite object. He intends, according to his proclamation, to raise the siege of Paris with flying armies of light infantry, which can operate as soon as their numbers are large enough without waiting for the vast munitions deemed necessary for heavier bodies. The National Guards and Mobiles appear to be concentrating at Tours and Rennes, and immense demonstrations in favor of the republic are being held throughout the republic. It may be that the terrible troubles of the war have been necessary to weld the people together and to make the republic, founded in blood and disaster, the permanent government of the nation. The disasters still continue, however. Dijon has been occupied by a force of Prussians, and the inference seems to be that the move on Lyons is about being prosecuted with vigor.

The bombardment of Paris, it is said, will certainly commence to-day. The stern German troops, like the old Roundheads, have been engaged in solemn religious services preparatory to the great work. They have been asking God to bless their arms and to shed the light of His countenance upon the monstrous blow that will devastate the fair capital of sciences, arts and culture. "He moves in a mysterious way," and it is not for us to say how He may choose to work the great wonders occurring round us every day. In harsh contrast, however, with the Cromwellian exhibition of fervor on the part of the Germans is the frivolous and heartless invitation sent to the princes of the small South German States to come and see the bombardment—Paris butchered to make a German holiday. The reports from Prussian headquarters indicate that rations are already scarce inside, and it is stated that women and children frequently force themselves to the Prussian lines, preferring instant death from the Prussian fire to slow death by starvation inside. From this we must infer that the bombardment is to take place without removing the women and children, and if such is the case another horror is to be added to what threatens to be the most direful event of modern history.

LET EVERY DEMOCRAT entitled to vote register his name to-day.

The Fourth Congressional District.

Between the two democratic candidates for Congress in this district, Robert B. Roosevelt and General M. T. McMahon, there can be very little doubt as to the question of success. Mr. Roosevelt happens to be on the strong ticket of Tammany, which in itself is a passport to a popular majority; but besides this endorsement there are many fine old traditional ideas connected with Mr. Roosevelt's name and family which naturally render him the favorite of the people in the Fourth Congressional district. The ancient Knickerbockers left their mark more prominently than any other race upon the history of this city. The spirit of democracy, we might almost say, sprung out of them, and in the lower portions of the city they had their homesteads nearly a century ago. Mr. Roosevelt is not only lineally a representative of the old Knickerbocker stock, but in many of his characteristics retains the simplicity of taste and the blunt honesty of his progenitors. Personally he is a man of force and a man of progress.

His competitor, General McMahon, is a gentleman whose private character is above reproach, and whose public record, both as a soldier in the war and as our representative at the republic of Paraguay in the most troublous times in the recent history of that country, entitles him to all respect. But, unfortunately for General McMahon, his name appears on the wrong ticket, and therefore his chances for a seat in Congress are exceedingly slim. Without doubting General McMahon's qualifications at all, it is impossible not to see that he is in the wrong place just now. With such capacity as he possesses there is a future, and the time must come when by his own ambition and the wishes of his friends may be gratified.

MARSHAL SHARPE, it is rumored among the roughs, is getting a large supply of handkerchiefs for election day. Let all hands resolve that he shall have no excuse for using them, and that will take the conceit out of him.

The Spectre of Famine in France.

Count Bismarck's circular to the Ministers and diplomatic agents of North Germany residing in foreign countries sounds a note of deep and solemn warning through the general din of war that comes to us from Europe. It is, indeed, like "a fire bell in the night," to recall men, not only in France but throughout both hemispheres, from their dreams of martial pomp and show to the stern and dreadful realities of the situation. The document referred to, which was published in a HERALD despatch from Washington city yesterday morning, points out the practical fact, appalling in its importance, that, owing to the wanton destruction of roads and bridges leading from Paris to the provinces—a destruction wrought by the French themselves—the invading Germans will find it utterly impossible to supply the two million people which the capital contains with the necessities of life even after the city capitulates. As it is, the prisoners taken by the Germans in the various fights and sorties attempted by the garrison state that the latest rations have been but one pound of meat per week for each soldier inside the defences of the city, with the stock of animal food rapidly disappearing. Meanwhile the investing force have, by intense exertion and unceasing vigilance, been able to keep open communication with the Rhine frontier, and have drawn very heavy aid, in all requisites, from home. But they have also completely cut a cut and exhausted the country enveloping Paris, over a radius of some days' journey not made by railroad, and the daily wider and wider consumption is rapidly extending the unproductive area. The food question has already become a very irksome and oppressive one to the strangers. The latter number nearly, if not quite, seven hundred thousand men in arms, and chiefly concentrated around the French capital, the actual number furnished by the North and South German States together, for the war, being more than eight hundred thousand, and allowance being made for those put hors de combat by sickness, wounds and death. All, then, that the reopened railroads running eastward to Germany and the scouting expeditions sent out on every side can do is to meet the incessant demands of this enormous force. They can achieve no more. What, then, are to become the inevitable consequences of throwing the vast population of Paris on their own resources in the winter season in an isolated region eaten out and shaven close by the locusts of war? Will there not be positive danger of the starvation of hundreds of thousands of people, as Bismarck predicts? The conclusion is heart-rending to contemplate, yet it is not only possible but imminent.

But it is not Paris alone which finds itself in this miserable plight. All France is, to some degree, menaced with a similar calamity. In the twenty departments now mainly under the heavy hand of the invader the arrest of production and of harvesting, the excessive consumption by both armies, the reckless or unavoidable waste, the burning and other destruction of material, and the removal beyond the frontiers of large quantities of agricultural produce which cannot be reimported have swept the country bare. Moreover, we must recollect that last spring, before the war began, we had repeated advices from France of anticipated short crops in France, and that these advices have not been contradicted. Recently there have been more satisfactory accounts from the southern departments, but, as a general summing up, even were there no war, this great French nation of forty millions would have had to depend very largely upon imported cereals for its winter subsistence. The two years' advance supply on hand of breadstuffs, which was one of the boasted arrangements of the imperial system, seems to have been, for this year at least, as much a myth as the strength and reliability of its military organization. In one word—a word of solemn, overshadowing portent—the gant spectre of famine looms up in more gigantic and ghastly proportions every hour over the once fair land of France. The nation but yesterday so mighty is "hard bested and hungry," and neither rulers nor people know whither to look in this hour of their tribulation. The trials that have fallen upon them are almost apocalyptic in their suddenness, their completeness and their terror. With the threatened dearth comes the nameless horror of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," which falls upon all famished regions, and of the still more frightful outbreak of frantic passions among hot-blooded races driven to despair. The hour seems close at hand, indeed, for the beautiful, the imperial city of the late Napoleonic empire, when "the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened," and all the proud nation shall share in her sorrow. This is a terrible contingency for Christendom to contemplate—a momentous lesson for ambitious princes and statesmen to ponder. It cannot be underrated or fail to be comprehended. Let us hope that its instruction will not be thrown away.

Yet again, mingling with the abstract idea thus presented to our minds is the agony of individual suffering, not among stalwart men alone, but among the innocent and defenceless victims of the war—the aged and infirm, the wounded and the sick, feeble women and helpless babes. At the thought of their dark, dire, irredeemable destitution the very heart of humanity thrills with pity. But on this side of the Atlantic we have never yet confined our sympathies to mere commiseration. As for the Greeks in their hour of misfortune; as for Poland and Hungary, and they both starved and bled; as for Ireland, when her homeless children were dying by thousands on the highways or in the pest-houses of their native land, which should have been the island Canaan of the north, the hand of American bounty was instantly and repeatedly extended, so let it be held out now over the stormy sea and through the wintry gloom to stricken France. And there is no time to lose. Every day of delay may be fatal to many a poor brother, whom timely aid would have saved. Noble societies of foreign nationality have already been organized among us to aid the sick and wounded in both Germany and France, and native subscriptions have not been wanting; but the imminent, pressing need at this moment is for help in kind

to whose misdeeds of the French population. Let, then, the concerts, the discourses, the lectures, the exhibitions that are wont to be offered for minor charities be turned toward the response to this one terrible cry for help from those who are ready to perish in an allied land, the early friend of our own republic and so long the intellectual guide of Christendom. Our Legislatures, national and State; our municipal bodies, our boards of trade, our moneyed corporations, our orders, clubs and societies of all kinds; our agricultural, railroad, mining and moneyed princes; our religious congregations and the whole people, collectively and individually, could perform no holier or higher act worthy of our civilization and our progressive age—more full of solacing remembrance to each heart, more in beautiful accordance with our Christian profession, more fraught with glorious auspices to us and our children, now and hereafter, than to succor our fainting brethren of France and exorcise, with the white hand and the gentle word of Charity, this grim spectre of Famine from their doors.

LET EVERY NATIVE, as well as every adopted citizen, entitled to vote, register his name to-day.

All Hallow E'en and All Saints' Day.

Not a few of the old traditional observances of the Church of Rome appeal so strongly to deep and universal sentiments in human nature as to retain their hold even in this sceptical age. In fact, their influence is now by no means restricted to the Church and the communities in which they originated. Thus last night, at many a fireside throughout this country as well as in both Catholic and Protestant countries of Europe, folks as merry and friendly as those described by Burns

Together did convene To burn their nits and pou their stocks And haud their Hallow E'en.

Burns said of All Hallow E'en—"It is thought to be a night when all the superhuman beings who people space and earth and air in search of mischief revel at midnight, and it is also a grand anniversary of the more beneficent tribe of fairies, whose occupation is to baffle each evil genius in his wicked pursuit."

To-day is All Saints' Day. Anglicans and American Episcopalians, as well as Catholics, will religiously observe the solemnity which was originally instituted on the dedication by Boniface, Bishop of Rome, of the Pantheon, as the Church of All Martyrs, May 1, A. D. 610, when it was called the Festival of Santa Maria ad Martyres. "It was afterwards removed to the other half year, November 1, when the harvest had been got in. In process of time this festival became general to All Saints, as it is now." It will be followed to-morrow by what the Italians call La Commemorazione di tutti i fedeli defunti, the Commemoration of All the Faithful Dead. In Italy, Spain, France and Germany, and to some extent in England and the United States, it is then the custom for the families and friends of the departed to visit the cemetery and strew flowers on their graves. Alas! how many French and German soldiers have lately died, whose graves must remain unvisited, whose only burial place is the battle field!

REGISTER early. Maintain order. Keep to the right. Give every one a chance. There will be no disorder either to-day or on election day if this advice be followed.

The Latest Peace Mission of M. Thiers.

The visit of M. Thiers under a Prussian safeguard to Paris, in order to learn the views of his collaborators in the government regarding peace, is pregnant with the greatest good to France. It is most probably the last chance France will have of making a conditional peace, of securing any terms whatever from the powerful enemy that already overwhelms her, or of escaping from the woful fate of a proud nation wholly subjugated. M. Thiers comes fresh from the courts of London, Vienna, Florence and St. Petersburg, and is therefore fully acquainted with the views, diplomatically expressed, of the leading neutral governments of Europe. He knows what hope there is of armed intervention, of peaceful mediation, or of a purely neutral indifference, on the part of the great nations who alone can help France in her present need. He is going to Paris to consult with General Trochu and the Committee of Defence as to peace negotiations, and "crammed" as he is by his visits in the interest of peace to foreign courts, it is very probable that on his representation of what he has seen and heard the question of an immediate peace will be decided.

The action of the Prussian commander in granting M. Thiers safe conduct into Paris speaks volumes for the truthfulness of the Prussian reports of the war. The King and his counsellors evidently do not fear having the truth told the people in Paris regarding the prospect in the provinces. They seem inclined to make some use of M. Thiers for disseminating among the dispirited prisoners in Paris the news of the desolation among their people in the provinces and of the crowning disaster in their coadjutant fortress of Metz. These facts falling on French ears from M. Thiers' lips will serve Prussian purposes almost as effectually as a bombardment of the city.

M. Thiers has a grave responsibility on his hands. With him probably rests the success of an early peace negotiation, and, with the facts of Count Bismarck's circular about the threatened starvation so vividly illustrated and exemplified by the horrors of Metz before the eyes of the world, he will be held to a strict and stern responsibility. He must discard the sentimentalism of his nation, he must weigh well the sanguine hopes that may be indulged in by his seldierly advisers on the Defence Committee, he must look only to hard facts—facts that would have ground the face of Gradgrind himself and soon threaten to grind the faces of the French people.

THE DEMOCRATS OF ST. LOUIS, at one plunge, have gone head and ears over the most demoralizing mire that they ever slung at the radicals. They have accepted into the party a negro who deserted the radical party, and have even conspired to run him for Congress. It only remains to show that the "nigger" is a carpet-bagger now to save the foundation of all the self-respect that the Missouri democrats have ever professed to have.

The Lights of the Stage—A Veteran's Summer Recollections.

The living lights of the stage in this country, like those of every other profession, have "their lines cast in pleasant places." An inquiring visitor at Long Branch last summer would have been amply satisfied upon this point, in the cosy cottages by the sea and in the handsome nags and drags of the distinguished actors there, enjoying their otium cum dignitate with General Grant and Collector Murphy. We have sometimes thought that in their full and large enjoyments of the pleasures of the summer by the sounding sea the Jersey fishermen were entitled to the first grand gold medal. Then, again, we have been inclined to envy as the happiest of our summer pleasure seekers out of town our landscape painters, who combine business and pleasure, poetry and romance in their wanderings and sketchings among the Hudson Highlands, or at Lake George, or in the Adirondacks, or among the White Hills of New Hampshire, or amid the California wonders of Yosemite.

A friend, however, of that veteran and popular actor, Mr. James H. Hackett, has given us some hints of his summer recreations, which convince us that with all the humor of Falstaff he has, in the choice of his summer retreats and pastimes, the philosophical discrimination of Daniel Webster. For instance, our informant tells us that this veteran Shakespearian, who does not "lag superfluous on the stage," has just returned to the city from his summer retreat of "the Thousand Islands;" that his habitation there was Wolf Island; that in the refreshing breezes which sweep its southern shores from Lake Ontario, and in the abundant fishing of the grand and glorious St. Lawrence, and in the delightful drives and beautiful views from the island, and in rowing and sailing on the broad bright waters of the great river, the longest days of summer were only too short, while the ample record of the HERALD of all the great and interesting events in the four quarters of the globe, from day to day, filled up the measure of the evening. So it is that only upon the verge of "All Hallow E'en" comes back this venerable representative of Sir John to town. His professional career has been long and prosperous, and his example in life may be profitably followed by the new generation on the stage. But have we, then, seen the last of Hackett's jolly Jack? We cannot tell, but we hope that, as the first Napoleon once said of Blucher, "he is good yet for a dozen winter campaigns."

IT IS THE DUTY of every good citizen to express his sentiments on public men and measures. In order to do so he must vote; and in order to vote he must remember that to-day, November 1, is the last day of registration prior to the election on the 8th.

The Capture of Dijon.

Another celebrated city of France has fallen into the hands of the victorious Prussians. A despatch from the neighboring town of Beaune announces that a force of twelve thousand Germans has taken possession of the City of Dijon. Thus one by one the fortified places in France are yielding to the invading armies. Dijon is the principal city in the department of Côte d'Or, and is situated at the confluence of the Ouche and Suzon rivers, one hundred and sixty miles southeast from Paris. This ancient city, rich in historic memories which run back anterior to the dominion of the Romans, has passed through a series of vicissitudes the climax of which its present inhabitants will deem its occupation by the Prussians. After being enlarged and embellished by Aurlon it was successively burned by the Saracens, sacked by the Normans, partially destroyed again by fire, besieged and humiliated by the Swiss, and now similarly humbled by the Germans. It was long the official residence of the Dukes of Burgundy, and its famous palaces contain many interesting and valuable relics of the Middle Ages. Among its numerous architectural attractions are the Gothic cathedral and other venerable churches. Additional interest attaches to Dijon by reason of its being the birthplace of some of the most truly great and beloved men of France. Its present population is estimated at forty thousand, and its citizens have enjoyed the reputation of materially furthering the fine arts, literature and various branches of active industry. Being an important point on the railroad line between Paris and Lyons, the possession of Dijon is a valuable acquisition to the Prussians.

LET EVERY REPUBLICAN entitled to vote register to-day.

SPECIAL TELEGRAMS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—In a series of special cable telegrams, published elsewhere in our columns, we report some very interesting facts and incidents which have just been developed in the progress of the Franco-Prussian war. Our correspondents describe the situation as it exists before Paris, give additional particulars regarding the capitulation of Metz, and supply also the details of two very sharp and decisive skirmishes which occurred between a body of Franco-tieurs and parties of Prussian infantry and the German Guards. The tieurs endeavored to throw a Prussian army railroad train from the track near the village of Launols, but were surprised by the activity and caution of the Germans, and subsequently whipped badly, having had quite a number of men killed and wounded in proportion to the forces engaged. The weather, as will be seen from our special despatches, is becoming exceedingly unfavorable for operations in the field, owing to an almost incessant fall of rain. The work must evidently be "hurried up" in face of the approach of a severe winter.

SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE.—Yesterday in the columns of the HERALD we printed an article under the above title, which, not to speak of its other merits, deserves to be spoken of as one of the most able social and religious pictures of the age. Fifth avenue, according to our reporter, is a picture of the nineteenth century. Search the wide world over, there is no street which so fully represents the civilization of the "nineteenth century." We no longer pluck the teeth of Jews to get at their money boxes. We are not sorry for the improvement. It is a source of comfort to us to know that in the city of New York, and in one street of it, we embody the civilization of the present and indicate the civilization of the future. The Fifth avenue