WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

A Graphic Pen Picture of the Social Session at the Capital.

The Hale-Chandler and Miller-Stocking Weddings.

Jolly Robeson About to Enter the Sea of Matrimony.

Cundurango, Pro and Con—A Great Row Over a Great Nostrum.

The Circles of the Supreme Court—Chit-Chat, Gossip and Anecdotes—Schenck and Little Emma—A True History of the Speculation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 16, 1871.

Washington society during the session of Congress is at once the most democratic, the most intellectual and the most fascinating in the country. The manners and courtesies of the Executive Mansion set the example, and these were derived from the State of Virginia and the city of New York, at the time Washington brought the Virginian Court with him to Bowling Green and received the calls of our New York element, in the days when George Clinton was Governor—and that big wedding came off when his daughter espoused the citizen Genet—and when Jay and the Huguenots, Burr and the Connecticut Puritans and Adams and the Boston saints in light poured in to express their congratulations. Every year the New Year's festivities at Washington are exactly like those of New York, and the same is true of no other two large cities in the country.

CAPITOLINE ETIQUETTE.

In Washington there are few set ceremonial days, because nearly every day, Saturday and Sunday excepted, in Washington official life, is ceremonial day. Punctually on the first day Congress meets the Judges of the Supreme Court walk all together to the White House to pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate, and it has been many years since this ceremonial has gone by default. Even when Johnson was being impeached by Congress the Judges made it a unanimous point of honor to go the whole length of the capital city, clad in their silken robes, to shake him by the hand.

THE BORE OF CALL DAYS.

At this time we will not particularize about receptions and call days, save simply to relate that one of the growing nuisances of Washington society lies in every lady, however humble or obscure, or who has any pretentions to be considered a part of society, fixing a certain day in the week to be called upon. Hence, if one starts out in a carriage to pay day calls, the chances are ten to one that only a few houses will receive him, the servant responding at the portal that "Mrs. —— receives on Tuesdays." Of course where so many idle people reside, and where so many go visiting merely for the sake of airing the horses or showing off the carriage, it is impossible for a lady to sit in full dress expecting to receive people day after day. If there were less dressing about it Washington life would be more open; it would cost less to live there and sustain a family, and the people would know each other better by character than they can do at present under all the disguises of dressing.

THE CHANDLER-HALE WEDDING.

The great social subject of the hour is the wedding of Senator Chandler's daughter, Minnie, with Representative Eugene Hale, of Maine. Hale is a child of good luck. He is only thirty-five years old, and was admitted to the bar fourteen years ago. He went to the Legislature of Maine only four years ago, and now he has the inexpressible good luck to marry the only daughter of one of the richest, if not the very richest, Senators in Congress. Miss Minnie Chandler is a blonde—large, good-natured and good-humored—but not generally ranked among the leading beauties of the capital. She dresses in exquisite taste, and is the pride of Zachariah, her father, and of her good mother, who have made it a part of the marriage agreement that the groom shall come with his wife to live under their own roof, and not be setting up a lodge of his own. Hale has always been the *protégé* of Speaker Blaine, and it has been said that Blaine loves him like a son. He is a thoughtful, modest, student-like young man, with light hair and dark eyes, square head, refined features and in stature he is not above five feet four or five inches. He belongs in Congress to the class of republican conservatives, and is as much unlike his future father-in-law in temper and opinion as it is possible for a well-educated, discreet, logical young man of modern training to be unlike a tall, queer, positive, hale-fellow-well-met Western politician, who got his education in a Detroit dry goods store, and learned all he knows about politics sitting on the back counter, denouncing the English on the other side of the Detroit river.

ZACK, THE CHANDLER.

Zack Chandler has many strong elements of character and many good ones. He is the most liberal man in the Senate in the sense of spending his money upon his friends. Now and then somebody comes to Washington for whom Zack has a good opinion, and he instantly flies off to Welcker's, or Wormly's, or Gray's or some of the big caterers and has a party prepared which costs him $2,000 in a night. Chandler is one of the most convivial men in Congress and if it were not for his powerful physique he would have shown the ravages of good living before this. He lives in a handsome brown stone residence, which cost him $40,000—a considerable sum of money for a house in Washington. His immediate neighbors are Dr. Johnson, under whose oversight the children of several thousand Congressmen have been brought into the world; Freeman Clarke, the Rochester telegraph capitalist; Charles Astor Bristed Thompson, one of the few wealthy natives of Washington; Caleb Cushing and several others. Senator Chandler is certainly worth not less than one million, and he is presumedly worth not less than two millions of dollars.

ROBESON AND THE WIDOW AULICK.

Society has also been busied with the story that Secretary Robeson is to marry the widow of Commodore Aulick, of the Navy. Robeson is a large, thick-blooded, heavy walking, red-faced, gray-haired village lawyer, who originated in Upper New Jersey. Robeson has sumptuous apartments near the Arlington Hotel, and is very particular to have his own cooking done for him. He buys at the Cottage Market the most ponderous capons, and it is a superstition among the butchers that if nobody comes to dine with him he can eat a whole capon alone. A Chester county capon is as big as a turkey, and requires at least two bottles of claret and a pint of champagne to assist it to deglutition. The widow Aulick dresses in black, and she is a tidy and rather dashing widow, stout, red-faced, with iron-gray hair, and with a young boy who can always be seen with his mother whether Robeson be along or not. Many people allege that jovial good humor and a desire to befriend a spirited widow and her son are all that animate the Secretary of the Navy. Nobody ever says anything ill about him; for he is frank, cordial and boisterous with everybody. When Robeson got to Washington he started in all simplicity to decorate his table with the contents of a large sideboard and showered general hospitality; but the prudery of Washington society was at once manifested, and the amiable Secretary had to put his bottles back into the cupboard and content himself with giving a drink only to such persons as he knew might be benefited.

CUNDURANGO IN SOCIETY.

To turn from these topics of life to the matter of death, I may tell you the great question of the hour is cundurango. At the commencement of the war a tall, dark complexioned and dashing physician appeared in Washington with the volunteer army, and he was put in charge of the largest hospital in the city. During the whole time of the war he thus served as surgeon, making plenty of friends as well as some enemies by his miscellaneous style of dashing now into surgery and now into politics.

BLISS THE SPLENDID.

This was Dr. Bliss, the introducer, through the assistance of the State Department, of cundurango, which is claimed to be the only cure extant for cancer, but which one of your South American correspondents pronounces a grand humbug. A society sketch at the present time would not be complete without some record of Bliss and his nostrum. He is fully six feet high, with black eyes, jet black hair and a goatee worn in the fashion of Edwin Forrest. He drives a pair of stylish, lightning horses down the wood pavement of the avenue every afternoon, and he is treating for cancer—that baffling and terrible disease, the scourge of female human nature—the wives or relatives of many persons in the government. Among these are old Mrs. Mathews, the aged mother of the Vice President. She is a large-statured, white-haired old lady. Her first husband, father to young Schuyler, was the son of the commander of Washington's body guard while in New Jersey. After Colfax's birth in the city of New York she married a mechanic named Mathews, who is at present a clerk of the printing department of the House of Representatives. Old Mathews is a dull, non-communicative uninteriering old man, and he has had several children, stepsisters to the Vice President. Several years ago his wife developed a cancer, and she has suffered much agony ever since, although she managed, for her son's sake, to stand up hours at a time during his receptions. It was to relieve the old lady from this burden that Colfax married. Mrs. Mathews' cancer is aggravated by erysipelas. Bliss' enemies rely upon her extreme age to insure her decease, in which case they will all rise up and exclaim that cundurango kills instead of curing. Colfax himself, however, thinks it the greatest blood purifier of the time, and the Secretary of the Senate, George Gorham, alleges that his wife, who has had a cancer for more than two years, is in a fair way of recovery through this means. *Per contra*, the widow of Commodore Almy has just died of cancer after using cundurango for some time. Washington society may, therefore, be said to be in a state of civil war over the question of cundurango. When any patient of Bliss' dies Dr. Garnett and the rebel (so-called) doctors—who some time ago turned him out of their society—hit up their hands and give joy. Bliss, who has a good deal of nerve, although somewhat of an adventurer, relies upon the State Department to furnish him the root, and he claims that before long he will get the thanks and the sympathy of civilization, while the chaps who are now trying to ruin him will be on their marrow-bones.

JUSTICE MILLER'S DAUGHTER WEDDED.

We have already had a wedding in the Supreme Court circle. The Supreme Court circle is distributed between Capitol Hill and the National Hotel. At the National Hotel—that celebrated old inn where Buchanan got the hotel disease—the biggest, most robust and colossal judges of the Supreme Court keep their abode. There is old Justice Clifford, of Maine, who weighs above three hundred pounds; there is Justice Davis, of Illinois, a man worth his million, who weighs hard upon three hundred pounds; there also abides Justice Nelson, of New York, the Nestor of the bench, who cannot weigh much less than two hundred pounds, and is a remarkably handsome specimen of a fine old Irish-American jurist, covered over with white hair like a wise goat. Chief Justice Chase bought a country box outside of Washington last year, but his paralysis has again compelled him to return to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sprague, where he is kindly cared for, and already looks like his former self, with the exception of his hair, which is entirely gone. Two of the Justices—Miller and Field—occupy roomy and agreeable houses in the lost waste of Capitol Hill. There also lives the voluptuary, Middleton, Clerk of the Court, who is said to be quite rich, and who can tell you plenty of stories about Wirt, Pinkney, Rufus Choate and Chancellor Kent. Justice Field's house is said to have been presented to him by his brother, Cyrus W. Field. Next door to him William M. Evarts, of New York, owns a house, which is now occupied by a Nevada lawyer. These two houses form a part of what used to be the Old Capitol Prison, where Mrs. Surratt and Belle Boyd were confined and Captain Wirz was hanged. Justice Swayne occupies a quiet house near the West End, and Justice Strong boards at the Ebbitt House, while Justice Bradley is the immediate neighbor of General Sherman, in the old Grant-Douglas mansion. Richard Parsons, the Marshal of the Court, who is one of the wealthiest men in Cleveland, Ohio, boards at the Arlington Hotel. The richest man on the Supreme Bench is Davis, sometimes spoken of as an anti-Grant candidate for the Presidency; he owns most of the valuable property in Bloomington, Ill.; well off are Bradley, Strong and Miller.

WHO WERE OUR GREAT JUSTICES?

The following Justices of the Supreme Court have never been elected to Congress:—Bradley, Davis, Nelson, Field, Miller and Swayne. Chase, Clifford and Strong have been in Congress. Of these men the poorest is Clifford—not worth above fifteen thousand dollars, yet happy as a wood sawyer. He is sixty-eight years old, was Polk's Attorney General and Minister to Mexico, and was put on the Supreme Bench by Buchanan. Field is also indifferently well off—worth, perhaps, $50,000. Strong, although nominally from Pennsylvania, is a native of Connecticut, and a representative Yankee in sagacity and force. He left Yale College and took to school teaching, like Chief Justice Chase, and this brought him to Philadelphia, where he entered the bar in 1832, and took up his abode in the old Dutch county of Berks. He served many years as a Judge of the State Supreme Court. He is married to a second wife and has a crop of young children.

Justice Samuel T. Miller is a native of Kentucky, and many think the ablest man on the bench. He has been twice married, and the daughter just wedded to Colonel Stocking is the offspring of his first wife. He began life a physician, expressed himself too freely on slavery, and in 1850 he settled in Iowa. He was counsel to a rich widow there, his present wife, and they have several children. She is a spirited, able woman, and Miller ranks with Chase as a man of original thought, bold mind, large learning and candid, charitable spirit. If Chase should die now Miller would get his place and deserve it. The daughter just wedded is a fine, robust woman, dark in complexion and slightly burned or scarred upon the face. Mrs. Miller's father is said to have been an innkeeper in Ohio.

Judge Swayne is rich, made so by judicious investments in Western real estate. He put $10,000 in Toledo property, which yielded him, after several years, $300,000. He has several capable sons.

Justice Nelson has gone home to New York State, and some think he will never return here, being now very old—on the verge of eighty. He is very well off and is married to a second wife, bleached and beautiful in well preserved years as himself.

These Justices are now a harmonious, concordant body, having got over their fierce quarrels about the greenback-gold contracts. They have just rendered a new decision on this subject, and nobody knows what it means, so that they are all writing individual opinions upon it.

The Judges feel that they occupy a relation of unpopularity with the politicians, and yet one of inexpungeable co-ordinate power, so they are equitably indifferent and absolutely happy. Four men on the bench would make good Presidents—Chase, Miller, Davis and Strong. All the Justices speak highly of Lyman Trumbull. Judge Chase said, some time ago, that Trumbull's opinion in the case of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was worthy of the best exemplifications of the Roman Senate. There was a lofty scorn in his opening paragraph:—

> To do imparial justice in all things appertaining to the present trial, according to the constitution and laws, is the duty imposed on each Senator by the position he holds and the oath he has taken, and he who falters in the discharge of that duty, either from personal or party considerations, is unworthy of his position and merits the scorn and contempt of all just men. * * Till calmer times shall do justice to my motives, no alternative is left me but the inflexible discharge of duty.

THE NUPTIALS OF JUSTICE.

Justice Miller's daughter married one of the best looking and most prosperous young men in political office, a proprietor of the general order bonded warehouse in New York. Stocking served in the war handsomely and became a *protégé* of Senator Morton, of Indiana, through whose good offices he was transplanted to New York, and with Colonel Leet, of Chicago, formerly on Grant's staff, received the big thing of the general order bonded warehouse on the North River side. It is supposed that the profits of this warehouse have to be divided up among a great many persons who do not appear on the surface. The store ought not to produce less than $60,000, and it may yield $100,000 a year. Justice Miller would probably be made Supreme Justice of the United States in case Chief Justice Chase should die from his paralysis or other cause. Miller is an agreeable man, considerable of a politician, and the enemies of the Supreme Court—those who think the Court ought to be an entirely subservient concern and take its cue from the party in power—these like Miller. He lives in a $20,000 house, built from an old one for the use of Delegate Chipman, of the District of Columbia. Some of the finest presents seen at any wedding in Washington were showered on this young couple, and the groom himself decorated the bride with gorgeous diamonds. The presents of the old couple to their daughter were very quiet, a pocket handkerchief and some gloves, and they contrasted simply and effectively with the rich outfit given by strangers.

LADIES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

There is little to say about the ladies of the Supreme Court. Justice Field is immensely in love with his wife, whom he married in California while a judge there. The Marshal of the Court married the most beautiful girl in Cleveland, and he has just returned from Europe with a handsome grown-up daughter. Justice Field is, in some respects, the most remarkable physical character on the Bench. Within a few months he has had a tumor cut out of his back. Within three years he has been the recipient of an infernal machine which, had it been opened in his presence, would have blown him to atoms. Judge Lake, of San Francisco, suspecting the contents of the box to contain, explosives had a laborer carry it in the basement of the Capitol and throw it repeatedly against a marble column. The bottom of the box dropped off before the top, and then there were revealed two or three dozen musket cartridges pointing in every direction and prepared for ignition by fulminating powder and a box of matches, with a fold of sandpaper ingeniously prepared to be pulled across the top of the matches when the lid should be opened. Field, when in the Legislature of California, was once menaced by instant death if he arose to make a certain speech. He persisted, nevertheless, although the man who threatened him was a cool desperado; but David Broderick, who was then in the Legislature, and who was secretly aware of Field's peril, kept Field's enemy covered with a pistol all the time he was speaking.

STEWART ON SHENCK.

The beautiful women in Washington this year are not numerous. Senator Stewart's wife, the daughter of ex-Senator Foote, of Mississippi, remains in Europe, where she has been for two years, superintending the education of her children, among them a very handsome daughter, who will be out next year and in society here. Stewart owns a house next door to Minister Schenck's. He relates, directly from London, the circumstances under which Shenck permitted his name to be used wita the Emma mine.

Stewart says that the English directors and chief capitalists of the mine on that side of the water were aware that Schenck had some interest in it, and they asked him to let his name be put at the head. Schenck read his instructions carefully over and came to the conclusion that there was no law or usage against his consenting. After the first discharge of light weapons from the London *Economist* and other publications there, he stiffened up and said if he had made a mistake he should not back out at a time when everybody was firing at him. Stewart reports that more than three times the stock offered in London was applied for by capitalists there. He says that the English are perfectly informed about the Emma mine and all other good mines in this country, and that the stock which has been sold was sold in part altogether for cash, and the rest subject to assessment from time to time. Schenck's daughters, who are not very handsome, but very sprightly and intelligent, and not likely to be embarrassed by foreign society much, are having a first rate time in London; but the General himself complains that his salary does not begin to pay his expenses. The valuable archives of our legation in London are stored over a stable, and are in danger of destruction any day or night. Stewart, the reciter of all these facts, is a man of considerable adventurous and versatile success in public life. It is related of him that in a single mining operation, the Gould and Curry mine, he made $280,000, of which $75,000 was cash and the remainder accrued upon a specified number of feet which were given to the attorney of that rich lode.

THE MEXICAN PIRACIES.

The Lower California Land Company and the Late Mexican Filibustering Outrage—Interesting Letter from Mr. George Wilkes.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

DEAR SIR—Your article of Monday on the recent piratical events in Lower California reached me while on the road from Washington, on the same day, but at too late an hour to respond in Tuesday's HERALD to the invitation given me, as one of the Directors of the Lower California Company, to state their views upon the subject of the late Mexican outrage upon the company's works and upon the American colonies at and near Magdalena Bay. I gladly avail myself of your permission, however, as the political condition of those colonies and of the Lower California Company is but little understood, and as your opinion, that in this raid upon the colonies fostered by the company "we are going to have a case of great importance on the part of the United States against Mexico," is entirely correct.

And now, without desiring to encumber this statement with unnecessary details of title and acquisition, it is enough to say, at the outset, that the Lower California Company is the legal assignee and owner, in possession, of a grant made by the republic of Mexico, under President Juarez, in 1861, for colonizing purposes, the rights, privileges and franchises of which extend over the greater portion of the peninsula of Lower California, covering about forty-seven thousand square miles, or say, about thirty millions of acres; and to add at this point that the company bought this grant under an examination of its title first by Mr. Robert J. Walker, and subsequently by Hon. Caleb Cushing, Hon. B. F. Butler and Samuel L. M. Barlow, Esq., the two latter of whom are now counsel for the company.

The whole of the land comprised within this grant lies within the latitudes and under the temperature of southern Italy, and is bounded on the east and west by two ranges of sea coast, each over four hundred miles in length, indented by deep bays and capacious harbors, all filled with an abundant variety of fish.

The Mexican government were moved to make this grant, under a variety of motives, all of which were sensible, statesmanlike and proper. In the first place the Peninsula of Lower California, though rating itself as a Mexican province, laid so far remote from the central government—nay, so far away at sea—that it always maintained a position of arrogant independence, contributing to the nation no soldiers or supplies, and only acknowledging its supremacy and eminent domain in order to prevent stronger Powers from picking it up as a possession. It has, therefore, always been practically under the sympathetic republican protection of the government of the United States. Geographically nearly the whole of it was a vast desert, nine-tenths of which had never been explored, the only population of the territory being grouped at the extreme point of the southern or lower end, and which population were as likely to reject as to accept the Governors sent them from the capital—in keeping with the habit of conducting all their revolutions without central interference.

This being the condition of things in Lower California, and these being the loose relations between the national and Territorial governments, it was a proper and a prudent thing for the former to turn this desert to account by filling the waste portion of it with industrious colonists, and in recruiting its exhausted finances by charging a round sum of money for the privilege. These were the motives which induced the government of Benito Juarez, the present President of Mexico, to relinquish the domain which I have above described, and which took its distinct provincial form in the grant now held by the Lower California Company. Under the terms of this grant, the main obligations of which against the purchasers were that they should pay $100,000 and place 250 families (the legal measure of which is 500 persons) within the area within a given period. We paid to Mr. Romero, the Minister of the Mexican government, then resident at Washington, the whole of the above sum, in three several parts, and took his receipts therefor, and subsequently negotiated with Mr. Romero a special condition by which it was agreed on the part of Mexico that men of every race and color, Chinese not excepted, should be regarded as eligible colonists. These receipts and agreements were then filed in the archives of the government at Washington, under the endorsement of Mr. Romero, in order that our own government might have official cognizance of the proper and lawful manner in which we, as a portion of its citizens, were endeavoring to lift a contiguous portion of the western coast into a valuable neighbor.

These agreements, receipts and ratifications having been exchanged and filed, the Lower California Company then obtained a charter from the State of New York, with a nominal capital of $35,000,000, and subsequently organized itself, with Mr. Richard Schenck as President, Wm. R. Travers, Treasurer, and Colonel Drake DeKay as Secretary. Prominent among the members of the company are the following well-known American citizens and capitalists:—C. K. Garrison, August Belmont, S. L. M. Barlow, General B. F. Butler, William G. Fargo, Edwards S. Samord, Leonard Jerome, David Crawford, John A. Griswold, Marshall O. Roberts, John Anderson, Francis Morris, General John A. Logan, John Hunter, George Osgood, Robert McLane, George Wilkes, Benjamin Halladay, Jacob P. Leese, Captain J. B. Isham, A. Welch, John R. Garland, Levi A. Dowley, William C. Traphagen and others, who, taken together, represent a personal responsibility to the extent of $100,000,000.

Immediately after their organization the company took the next proper step, of having the territory, the control of which they had thus lawfully acquired, surveyed. This is an act always recognized by nations as one of the most meritorious character, for the survey and recovery of waste lands is always done in the common interest of the world. The survey for this purpose was organized, under the command of J. Ross Browne, subsequently Minister to China, and Professor Gabb, well known to the scientific world. It is sufficient for the purpose of this letter to say that it was very expensive to the company, having occupied several months and having covered several degrees of latitude and longitude.

The company, having thus regularly informed itself of the eligibility of their acquisition, and its adaptability, not only to mining and fishing, but agricultural development, next took measures to provide for the establishment of colonies. They bought vessels; they sent down from San Francisco pioneer expeditions of engineers, agriculturists and well borers, with Colonel Drake De Kay, the company's secretary, as their superintendent. Several locations for settlements were formed, but the main one was located at Magdalena Bay, where wharves and warehouses were built and extensive agricultural establishments formed. Arrangements were made by the company by which the Pacific Mail steamers were induced to stop at Magdalena Bay on their up and down trips between Panama and San Francisco; and, following this prosperity, a newspaper appeared, and gave its evidence of a substantial civilization. All this nearly two years ago.

The prosperity of the company was greatly enhanced about a year and a half ago, however, by the discovery that a valuable moss called "orcinlia," that yielded a purple dye which is probably the ancient Tyrian purple that disappeared from use in the earlier ages on the appearance of cochineal, grew in the greatest profusion in Lower California, and covered every shrub, stick and stone with two crops a year. There was one continuous natural plantation of it stretching north and south from Magdalena Bay of ninety miles long by twelve miles broad, the orchilla capable of being gathered, packed and shipped at Magdalena at $40 the bale and sold in Liverpool for $250 the bale. Here was a source of wealth to the company almost without limit—a source more valuable than a discovery of gold; and they consequently went into extensive expenditures to import laborers to gather it and export it abroad. In carrying out this latter purpose they entered into arrangements with a firm of South Americans, from Ecuador, named Cobos & Co., who took charge, in large part, for the company, of the introduction and direction of the laborers so employed.

Under these operations and under the influence of an extending agriculture the American settlement at Magdalena was made a port of entry by the Mexican government and a Custom House established there; while, on the other hand, the interests of the American colonies, which had grown up under the protecting shadow of the company, had become so important that Congress established a Consulate at Magdalena, and the President appointed Colonel Drake De Kay to fill the post. Here was a state of prosperity which exempted the company from the necessity of going upon the market with their stock and which enabled them to keep within themselves the entire property which they had thus acquired and laboriously utilized. The company did not intend, however, to manage their possessions in any narrow spirit, and I only mention this circumstance to show that they were not in any sense a mere speculating or stock-jobbing association. They felt they had the custody of an empire, with *quasi* political powers equal to those of the Hudson Bay or East India companies, and that upon its proper development depended much of the future of the Pacific coast, among one of the leading incidents of which was the establishment of valuable markets to our own thriving communities in Upper California. The land owners and citizens of Upper California not understanding there our views and motives have constantly endeavored to undervalue our possessions and discourage emigration to Magdalena Bay; but, knowing that after a while they would see the matter in a different light, we did not direct much of our attention to correcting these impressions. The company, on the contrary, bent upon large projects, sent me direction to Europe, early last spring, to open negotiations with prominent bankers and emigration agents in Holland, for the acquisition of two or three hundred thousand Dutch colonists, in a plan of distribution of stock, which was thought to be available, and at a later date in the summer directed me to also lay a proposal before the French government to accept the Communist prisoners as colonists, who then numbered thirty-five thousand men and women, many of the former being skilled workmen, who would have assimilated well with our Dutch agriculturists.

The gradual development of these broad plans of ours through the newspapers, and the too obvious prosperity which we were enjoying with our Orcinlia, excited the jealousy of the Mexican authorities, and in the midst of our progress and our plans we were astonished to learn early last fall that the Juarez government on some pretence or other had revoked our charter and closed Magdalena as a port of entry. We had no official notice of these acts, but, with the view of making proper inquiry and protest, we despatched an envoy in October to the city of Mexico, and directed two of our local superintendents at Magdalena to go there also, to co-operate with him in his efforts and representations. All the conditions of our grant had been rigorously fulfilled, and we had complete confidence that the Mexican government would ultimately do us justice.

While thus depending upon its sense of equity, Cobos & Co., who had charge of our laborers, and who had the advantage of being of the Spanish race, entered upon a conspiracy with certain of the natives to dispossess us and the American colonies which had grown up under us, and, taking advantage of the absence of certain of our leaders, went south to La Paz, formed a cabal, came to Magdalena at the head of a large body of armed men, who fell upon the settlements unawares and succeeded in taking them into their possession. We have details of this outrage from our Secretary, but the following is a summary of the affair as taken from an extra of the daily *Union* of Sacramento, bearing date November 25:—

> On the 28th of October a detachment of territorial troops came to Magdalena from La Paz to dispossess the Mexican authorities and seize the funds and archives in the Custom House. The federal officers placed themselves under the protection of the American Consul, but his flag was not respected, and he was obliged to flee with the officers for his life. They took refuge on board the British ship Comadre, and were thus enabled to escape from the port in a small schooner under the care of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Constitution. The consular flags of Consul De Kay and Vice Consul Van Winkle were brought off in safety, as also the archives and papers of the federal Custom House. All the port officers and their families were brought away and are now here.
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> The American schooner Greenwood, of New York, which was lying in port, was fired into by the revolutionists and captured, and is now held by the Mexicans.
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> The sloop Allen, of New York, was also captured, having been sent with a Consular despatch to the United States Consul at La Paz. A courier to Cape San Lucas, with a petition of the American citizens to the upward bound steamer, was likewise taken prisoner.
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> The soldiers pursued the Consuls and American citizens on board the British ship Comadre, but were driven off by the determined action of Captain Pearice. Constant threats of capturing the ship were made, and the capture and shooting of the refugees, but no further attempt was made.

You are now possessed of the leading features of the case of the late "Revolution in Lower California" and the piracy upon the Lower California Company, and I think you will feel confirmed in the justice of your impression that these outrages and incidents go to form a case of great importance on the part of the United States against Mexico. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE WILKES.

RUNNING NOTES—POLITICAL AND GENERAL.

The Cheyenne *Leader* gives a rumor that John M. Thayer, late United States Senator from Nebraska, will probably accept the Governorship of Wyoming Territory.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* thinks the best way to "beat Grant" would be for the democrats to keep quiet until election day and then vote to make his election unanimous.

Good Hop Merchants—Fashionable dancing masters.

A Western paper says the Grant wings of the republican party very justly have faith in the integrity of President Grant. But strong as he is, it thinks, in the regard of the country, he cannot afford to be defended by such questionable fellows as Senators Conkling, Chandler, Harlan and Cole. In other words, General Grant should cry out, "Save me from my friends."

FILTH OF THE STREETS.

The subject of street cleaning has been causing considerable annoyance to the Board of Health for the last two or three weeks, and numerous complaints have been received by the Board of the filthy condition of the public highways. The police have reported at the bureau that some of the streets on the east side were in

A DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

An investigation has commenced before Judge Bosworth, who yesterday examined the foreman of Mr. Brown, the street cleaning contractor, on the existing state of affairs. The foreman stated under oath that the cleaning had been done according to the letter of the contract; but a number of policemen contradicted this by swearing that they had not been cleaned. The officers called the attention of Judge Bosworth to Catharine street, which is in a most offensive state. They also said that a number of streets in the Eleventh ward, and many of the piers, had not been touched by any cleansing apparatus from the day of last election up to November 18. The investigation is still in progress, and no decision will be given by the Judge until after the examination of a number of other witnesses.

"HIGHWAYMEN AT WORK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

SIR—The above is the heading of an article in your issue of last Monday, and we, the parties mentioned in said article, would respectfully claim, as an act of justice on your part, that you publish the fact that the country has decided that we were not "highwaymen at work." THOMAS HIGGINS,
237 West Twenty-seventh street.
GREGORY CRANE,
237 West Twenty-seventh street.
MICHAEL CURLEY,
241 West Twenty-seventh street.

FOREIGN SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The sculptor Eisel, of Milan, has completed the model of a monument in bronze, gilt and silvered, which is to be erected in Rome in comemoration of the Pontifical Jubilee.

Dr. Demarquay has discovered a cure for lockjaw; he puts patients in a room heated to from sixty-four to seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit, and relieves the spasms and muscular contractions by intra-muscular injections of morphine.

The latest report from Tasmania in regard to the experiments for introducing salmon and trout into that country shows that while the success of the cultivation of both is extremely probable, the existence of trout of large size is unmistakable.

Captain Burton, the great and accomplished African traveller, is bringing home from Palmyra a most interesting collection of skulls, and, more interesting still, the skeleton of a man eleven feet high, which is supposed to be one of the giants of Bashan.

Sergeant Cox writes that a careful and patient investigation of the phenomena of psychic force has satisfied him that they are purely physical, wholly a property within the domain of science, and that all the conditions of their production negative the theory of spiritualism.

Sir Roderick Murchison has appointed Professor Archibald Geikie, of Edinburg, his literary executor, and has left him a legacy of £1,000. The Professor will, it is understood, write Sir Roderick's life. He will have a superabundance of materials, for he has left a large number of boxes filled with papers.

The new mechanical agent, the "jet of sand," has as yet only exhibited a fraction of its possible applications. The latest adaptation its inventor has succeeded in developing into practical efficiency is to a peculiar process of replacing the art of wood-cutting. The few experiments conducted in this direction in America have promise of success. The process consists of bringing upon a suitable matrix a photographic copy of the drawing or engraving which it is desired to reproduce. This is then passed beneath the sand-blast, and the cutting thus obtained. This is finally subjected to the electrotyping process, and any desirable number of copies thus produced. The same invention has been successfully applied to the decoration of marbles and other stones for ornamental purposes. For this purpose the blocks are protected with an open design of sheet iron, or of sheet rubber, and the steam sand-jet directed upon them from a convenient distance.

The cultivation of the Eucalyptus globulus is making great progress in the south of France, Spain, Algiers and Corsica; nor is this to be wondered at, if an account lately given of its virtues by Professor Guiber, in the *Bulletin de Thérapeutique*, is even partially true. It is a native of Tasmania, where it was of old known to the natives and settlers as a remedy for fever. It prefers a marshy soil, in which it grows to a gigantic height with great rapidity. It dries the soil by the evaporation from its leaves, and shelters it from the sun, thus preventing the generation of marsh miasm. Its wood is as hard as teak. Every part of it is impregnated with a balsamic, oil-of-camphor-like odor; and, besides a notable quantity of astringent matter, it contains a peculiar extractive, which is supposed to contain an alkaloid allied to quinine. At any rate, its efficacy in intermittent and marsh fevers has gained for it in Spain the name of the "fever tree." It is a powerful tonic and diffusable stimulant, does wonders in chronic catarrh and dyspepsia, is an excellent anti-septic application to wounds, and tans the skins of dead animals, giving the fragrance of Russian leather. We can vouch from personal observation for the flourishing condition of the plantations at Hieres and Nice, where trees from seeds sown in 1859 are said to be now sixty metres high.

LECTURES LAST NIGHT.

ROBERT BURNS.

Lecture by Rev. Robert Collyer.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a large audience assembled in the Brooklyn Academy of Music last evening to hear a lecture delivered by Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, on "Robert Burns." Since the great fire Mr. Collyer has come on a lecturing tour East, and so successful has he been in his efforts to raise a fund for the rebuilding of his church that a sum of from thirty to forty thousand dollars is now at his disposal for the above object. The heroic part he played during and subsequent to the great disaster, and the manly patience and perseverance he displayed in the alleviation of the awful distress that has prevailed in the burned city, have made his name almost a household word all over the land. The lecture delivered last evening was in behalf of the Christian Union. Before commencing the subject proper he said he was delighted to have the opportunity to make a small return for the kindness and liberality displayed by the people of Brooklyn in so nobly succoring the poor burned-out city of the West. This was not his own individual expression of gratitude. The same feelings were participated in by a vast multitude, who had been relieved by their liberality, who were grateful not only for pecuniary succor, but also for the confidence reposed in them by the United States and the old mother country of their arising from this momentary depression. The following is an abstract of the main points in his lecture:—A great many years ago, in Dumfries, Scotland, in the old churchyard of St. Michaelis a spot could be observed overgrown with weeds and thistles—it was the grave of Robert Burns. In the prime of his manhood he had passed away from earth, dying in the

MOST ABJECT POVERTY,

leaving a wife, "Bonnie Jean," and five small children to mourn his loss. At the time of his death the British Parliament was voting large sums of money to maintain the descendants of the bastards of Charles the Second in ease and opulence. The royal blackguard who afterwards was George the Fourth—a profligate of the worst kind, meaner and stupider than his father, and that is saying a good deal—was drawing an immense revenue from a half starving population; but yet with all this waste, had it not been for the charity of a friend, the greatest genius of his age, would not have had nourishment enough in his last hours to enable him to die in peace. He died and was buried, and it seemed as if the world had forgotten him, but there was something in Burns that could not be buried away from the memory of mankind. The great ones who had petted him in the day of his popularity dismissed his memory with a sneer; but among the people of Scotland were those who learned to love what he had written, and treasure it in their hearts, and up and up the works of Burns went wherever the Bible or the Pilgrim's Progress went, winning all hearts by the

SWEET CHARM OF THEIR GENIUS.

When the Byron controversy was raging three years since a leading bookseller in New York was asked of what poet he sold the most, and the reply was, "Beyond all comparison Burns—more than double as many of him as of any other poet." The explanation of this popularity is easy. Burns was the chronicler of the humbler feelings, the homely affections of mankind,

THE POET OF THE RANK AND FILE.

He was emphatically a man of the people, sharer of their joys and partaker of their sorrows. He wept with them that wept and rejoced with them that rejoiced. Wonder has been expressed that he could be so great, born as he was in such humble circumstances; but his lowly birth was the secret of his success. The greatest productions that the world has ever seen have been given to the world in the exertions called forth in a hard struggle with poverty. A list of royal and noble authors has been published recently, and among them names that would be noble in any station; but where is the name in the list that can compare with the immortal bard of Avon, the son of a poor man, himself the most part of his life in destitute circumstances. The king of sacred singers was the son of a farmer. When our own country was in the throes of the most awful crisis she had ever experienced where was the man found to accomplish her deliverance? Not among the high ones of the earth, but out on the Western prairies, in a village almost as despised as Nazareth, in the person of an individual who played checkers on the top of a barrel and told droll stories to while away his idle time, a long, lanky man—Abraham Lincoln. So it always is; from the rank and file spring those who make the world famous. It is better to be a

BLACKSMITH, MAKING A GOOD HORSESHOE,

than a minister, dawdling away his time through the week and preaching a bad sermon on Sunday—and, said the lecturer, I speak from experience, for I know them both. When we look at the life of Burns it is sad to contemplate a career at once so noble and so base. The earlier part of his life had been pure and blameless, and yet we find him dying of drink at the age of thirty-seven. And yet with all his faults, and they were many, there is no poet who has ever done so much to elevate the poorer classes to influence and power. The grand songs, poured forth from his great heart often under the influence of sorrows and trial, remain as monuments of his genius, and will endure so long as the Anglo-Saxon race is found on the earth. Following the plough upon the mountain side the poetic spirit first seized him, and soon the fame of the farmer poet penetrated to the

CITY OF EDINBURG,

whither in an evil hour for him he was invited. Before he went to the city there was

MORE OF FOLLY THAN OF SIN

in what he had done, but after this fatal period the sin was greater than the folly. The age was unpropitious for a nature like his and his fall was sad and sudden. The society of the period was depraved and vicious, and, plunged into its intoxication, the enthusiastic youth soon forget the teachings of his childhood and the lessons of his youth. From this period until his death it is fearful to contemplate his career. Desperate drinking bouts and wild burts of ungovernable passion constitute the main features of it, varied by an occasional return of the old feeling of the happier days. And yet with all his failings he was a grand, true man, raised up by God to

SING THE SONG OF SUFFERING HUMANITY,

and raise his fellow creatures to a nobler sense of the duties of life. His great brother poet has said that the evil that men do frequently lives after them, and the good is oft interred with their bones. But it was not so with Burns. The dark stains that threw a foul glamour over his life are almost forgotten, but the sweet songs he has left are daily becoming more deeply woven into the hearts of the people. He has left a fame which will widen as the days roll on, and a memory dear to all who appreciate true genius. Toward the close of his life he wrote that greatest of his lyrics, "A man's a man for a' that," and the ideas contained in that noble song are now becoming discussed by earnest thinkers the wide world over; and when the period of

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

of which he wrote shall have come, and the dignity of labor, the worth of the working classes, be properly recognized, there is no name will be held in greater reverence than that