

# The Cairo Bulletin.

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 8, 1871.

ONLY DAILY PAPER IN EGYPT.

## The Bulletin. SUNDAY.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

We never permit ourselves to give utterance to any word that may, by any possibility, wound the sensibilities of any lady, and we therefore are forced to the necessity of expressing our disapproval of Victoria C. Woodhull by proclaiming her a fraud in petticoats. We are aware that this is drawing it rather, mild and do not wish to be understood as countenancing her impudent and inordinate desire for notoriety, because we have, in obedience to chivalric dictation, used no stronger phrase than fraud. If we could, consistently with our sense of reverence for the sex denounce her as she deserves we should, do so.

Be it understood—we call the attention of all ladies to the assertion—that we do not object to Vic. because she is a woman's rights advocate—because she believes woman the crown of human nature, the head-centre of the universe, the boss of the household, the legitimate owner of the breeches of authority. We are with her on all those points. Nor do we object to a reasonable degree of effrontery. We can even endure Anna Dickinson, and look with patience on her short hair; and Mrs. Livermore is not too much for us; nor are Judge Bradley, Theodore Tilton and a dozen other old gals we might mention; but we are free to confess that Vic. is a little too much of a good thing. She can only be appreciated by those who take her in small doses. A stock broker and a candidate for the presidency, an editor and a politician, sharp, tough, and forward, she is constantly advertising herself, and is becoming among women what George Francis Train is among men—a bore of the first water. She has lately sent a petition to Congress, praying that she be secured in her right to vote, &c., and, in general, is dashing about like a wild filly in pasture.

As we have said before, if it were not that we respect everything that wears crinoline and cannot make up our mind to say a harsh word about woman, we should surely indulge our impulse, and rap lady Vic. over her meddlesome fingers. But as it is, we must dismiss her in the mild language we have employed.

### THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.

Rector Sabine would not perform the funeral services over the dead body of Holland, the actor, who died in New York city, a few days ago. He said: "There's a little church around the corner where you can be accommodated. They are not very particular there."

Sabine is the representative of a class of Christians who are in practice the essence of illiberal hard-heartedness, although in theory strict religionists. They talk about the love of God and the charity of Christ, and would throw the dead body of a heterodox human being out on the dung pile to rot—would refuse it Christian burial—because, while living, the deceased did not see God through the spectacles they wear. They are full of prejudice, and would hang, draw and quarter all men who do not pray to God with their words and in their manner. While professing to possess an article of holiness of superior quality they exhibit fold untidiness, and show an utter lack of kindness. Every action says: "You must go to hell; but we are of the elect, holy. We may refuse to open our hand to the poor; to sympathize with and lift up the down-trodden; to live pure lives; to allow the heart to expand so that it may take in all the children of men—so that it may be large enough to hold something beside our love of ourselves, and yet we are safe, because we have faith and believe in Christ who was meek; whose heart was soft as the breath of spring; whose life was as noble as the grand lessons he taught. That is enough." Sabine is one of these—a bad man, or else his actions lie as actions never lied before.

But let us be thankful that there are little churches around the corner—little churches in which no grand organs groan or fine hired singers chant—in

which is little of the pomp of rich Christianity, little of its selfishness, little of its haughtiness, but much of those sentiments of benevolence and charity, friendship love and truth, which teach that the human race is one family—a common brotherhood. If there were more little churches around the corner, "where they are not very particular," and fewer large Sabinal churches, the world would be a better world—there would not be half the sin which now reproaches mankind and furnishes to the fastidious Sabines texts for sermons the burden of which is: "Behold how holy we are, and how absolutely wicked you are! If you wish to be saved think as we do!"

### THE SLOPING OF A COUNTRY PAPER.

How can we do otherwise? It is our duty. All editors must, when an appropriate occasion presents itself, "slop over," and, when we do, how much better do we feel! But it is not permissible in well-regulated editorial circles to "slop over" too often, a lesson the editor of the Onarga Times has not yet learned. He is constantly sloping, and seems to like the experience; but then he does it well. There is not, we make haste to say, any other editor within the circle of our acquaintance who can slop with half his ability, and we point to his New Year plaudites as slops that will hold their own with any in the world.

"Time halts not," is the first drop. "Time—need we say?—is fine, a thought (if we may call a slop-drop thought) never before given to the world. It contains a great truth, worthy the consideration of every human being. We have had an intimate acquaintance with Time for several years, and can safely assert that he is not in the habit of halting. He has cultivated the habit of going right ahead, and during the life time of Mr. Prentice so frequently indulged himself in this regard as to induce that gentleman to write a number of verses in which he declared, and elaborated the assertion, that "Time pauses not," but it remained for the Onardo editor to discover that "Time halts not." "Halts not" is far ahead of "pauses not." A man may "pause not" and yet not "halt not," while any one who "halts not" is compelled to "pause not." This shows, in a conclusive manner, that "Time pauses not," as an original proposition, is not by any means as fine as "Time halts not." If this were not true, we should so declare, whatever might be the consequences.

"How much oftener the happy new year greeting seems to come round than it did a few years ago!" This is another slop-drop. The Onarga man, like Kenos, is correct. The greeting does seem to come round much oftener than it did. It used to come round once in each year; but now it seems to be coming round every corner we pass. A friend of ours met it coming round Walder's corner yesterday morning, and in the afternoon saw it in Pat Fitzgerald's saloon.

"And—this is a pure drop"—and, "as Time flies thus hastily on, so a few more changes and our 'sands of life will be run.' The information that Time flies is a pleasing surprise. We were taught to believe that he could not fly—that he rode in a mysterious sort of a chariot, holding in one hand an hour glass and in the other a scythe. But, afterwards, Mr. Prentice informed us in his poem, "The Closing Year," that Time was a "tomb-builder," and we concluded the chariot story was not entitled to belief. No other respectable tomb-builder within our acquaintance ever indulges in the luxury of flying, and we do not believe Time could do so without injuring his business. If Mr. Zuckreigel, who is a tomb-builder of great ability, were a high-flyer, he would never have procured the large business he now possesses, and we do not believe that Time, who, if Mr. Prentice was not mistaken concerning his profession, is a tomb-builder of no little merit, could afford to sacrifice patronage, as he undoubtedly would, by flying thus hastily on. We must therefore reject the Onarga man's "flying-thus-hastily-on" theory; and he will pardon us if we say in the language of the negro minstrel song: "Shoo, fly!"

But, we cannot proceed. We must save the slops, because "Time halts

"not," and—to use another drop—"as we look back over the past year, we feel smitten with the thought of how little we have accomplished," and further, because, as the Onarga man says, "this is the beginning of a new era, when resolutions and Spanish castles are in order—"

"For hope shall brighten days to come And memory gild the past!"

THE New York Standard says the three commissioners to be appointed to visit San Domingo should be General Cushing, Mr. Frederick Douglas and Mr. Greeley. General Cushing is in favor of the acquisition. Mr. Greeley is against it. Mr. Douglas is a kinder, and would see with keener and kinder eyes the condition of the negroes of San Domingo. This is not an objectionable commission, especially the negro portion of it; but the Standard has overlooked the fact, that Southern Illinois is entitled to some consideration at the hands of this administration, and that gentlemen of merit live in this neck of woods, are members of the Radical party, and are pining for something to do. We need only to refer to the fact that the editor of the Cairo Star would not refuse to accept office from Mr. Grant to show how thoughtless the President was in making up the commission. Our friend in Mr. Horace Greeley's place on the commission, and Mrs. Victoria Woodhull in General Cushing's boots, would make a commission not to be sneezed at—a commission in every way worthy the confidence of the public and the thanks of posterity tendered in advance.

THAT sprightly journal the State Register, asserts that the Radicals "have not carried out economy." If our memory is not defective, the Register is mistaken. We believe we remember, that, about ten years ago, the Radicals carried out public economy on two sticks.

Count De Joannes writes to the Star that he has found the murderer of Mr. Nathan in a New York prison, under charge of robbery. He thinks other evidence is reinforced by the marks of the bloody hand on Mr. Nathan's wall, the hand showing but four fingers, the same number which his suspected man wears on his right hand. If having but four fingers on a hand is evidence of committing that murder, but few of us are free from suspicion.

In Minnesota a little girl and boy wandered away from the house of their father, and subsequently were found dead by the Indians. The boy lay on his back, having apparently died without much suffering. The girl had taken her rings from her ears, and wrapping them, with a lock of her hair, in a small piece of cloth, had put the little pearl in her pocket, and then lain down and died from cold and hunger.

In New York, two or three weeks ago, two sisters were discussing their probable presents, and one asked the other what she supposed Mr. "would give her?" and received the laughing reply: "Well, manlike, I've no doubt, he'll get me something a little expect and less desire." And Christmas day, true enough, he laid his offering, a beautiful wreath, upon the poor girl's coffin.

Dr. Newman reports an acid spring in California, the waters of which, mixed with sugar, make a splendid lemonade, which is served to guests at the neighboring hotel. Cooper's novel of the "Bee Hunter" tells of a whisky spring found by the Indians on the east side of Lake Michigan. The California hotel needs the Michigan spring to make its lemonade thoroughly enjoyable for the Californians.

A few days ago, Mrs. Whisler, of North Liberty, was chastising a refractory child, when her rod broke, and a piece of it struck her spectacles, fracturing the glass, a portion of which was driven into an eye, destroying the sight.

Chas. H. Sweetzer, a well-known journalist, who founded the Round Table, Evening Mail, Globe, Gazette, and City has died of consumption in Florida. He was only twenty-nine, and had been engaged in more newspaper enterprises than any man of his age in the East.

A remarkable fact, stated in a London letter, is that the children of the Prince of Wales, at the circus, laughed at the tricks as if they were the children of common people.

A few weeks ago a shipment of twenty car loads of tea and silks was received from the far east by way of the Union Pacific railroad. A dispatch from San Francisco was received, on the 28th, announcing the departure of a train of forty cars, bearing over 4,000 tons of tea and silks.

Two of the husbands of Mary Henderson, of Raleigh, N. C., have met their death by hanging, and she is about out of husbands again, as her present helpmeet is jailed under a charge of murder.

### SHORTS.

Joseph Jefferson recently went into a bank in New York to draw a check payable to his order. He was unknown to the clerks and was unable to satisfy the demand that he must be identified. In his dilemma he turned to the paying-teller and said: "If my little dog, Schneider was here, he would know me." The clerks were theatre-going, and Jefferson got his money.

A New York Herald reporter has been interviewing Chief Justice Chase, with what result may be learned by the report of the conversation, published in another column. He is of opinion that Grant's policy in reference to San Domingo does not justify the violent attack of Sumner upon the administration, and thinks great advantages would come to the country from the possession of an island in the West Indies.

A Kansas paper makes the following remark in announcing a new railroad: "Bring out, ye bells, your loud-pealing anthems, to the skies. Let the deep-toned organs pour forth their thunderous harmonies. Sound the low-gay, strike the tonic, beat the fuzzy-guzz, wake the gong kwong, let the loud hosanna ring, bum-tum fzele-bum, ding-go-bim! Break forth into singing, ye little hills. Skip for joy, like juvenile nuttuns or diminutive williamsgoats. Ye everlasting mountains, about your glad hallojahs. Ye joyous children, burn your whirlligs and blue lights, fire your rockets and crackers, test your tin trumpets, blow your shrill whistles and dump your lilliputian drums. Let valley and plain, rock, river and huckle-patch, meadow, field and leafless wood, catch up the glad sound—repeat the blissful strain: "More railroads are coming to Atchinson! More railroads are coming to Atchinson!"

A parody, to be tolerable, must be either very good or very bad. The following, from the Jackson Independent, may, we think, be classed under the first head:

### A PSALM AT THE TIMES.

Tell me not in cheerful numbers, "We are times" is an empty dream. He who says so only numbers—Times are harder than they seem.

Money's "right" (that's "other earnest") "In the face is not its goal." "In the face is not its goal." "In the face is not its goal." "In the face is not its goal."

Credit's long and coil is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still in a strange "dread" beating—And it makes us very gray.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the free air of reality, He who stands like a driven cattle—He is soon a car in the strale.

Trust no mortal—how'er pleasant, And our hopes are never sure, Watch your chance in the present, Else you'll never be sure.

Lives of rich men all remind us "We are like they, decline;" And departing have left behind us, Deserts of trust on "sands" of time.

Notes and checks, and perhaps some other Kind of wealth, that in the main, Are things that give no pleasure, May quite promptly spend away.

Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for any fate, Still while some art pursuing, Leave us "Love" and "be" it.

### SOCIETY.

Fashionable Intelligence Briefly Told.

Seven thousand ladies of Brooklyn, signed their names to a paper, pledging themselves to neither "touch, taste nor handle" intoxicating liquors at their receptions on New Year's day.

OUR REPUBLICAN EMPRESSES.

On Tuesday, the 10th, Mrs. President Grant will inaugurate "the season" by an afternoon reception, and will continue to hold them every Tuesday thereafter until February 21, after which, the observance of Lent will put a stop to fashionable gaiety.

THE INHALETTES.

of Washington met in a public reunion on Christmas day. The luxurious beauties of the sect attracted much admiration by their personal charms, the elegance of their dress and the rare and costly gems they wore.

MR. LEMPIERRE.

son of the celebrated author of the Classical Dictionary, himself a fine scholar, is about to engage in the dry goods business in Omaha. He has spent his life thus far in the diplomatic and colonial service of Great Britain and his last sphere of duty was as Secretary of the Bahamas.

FASHIONABLE LADIES.

It is said, wear their boas dangling over one shoulder and carry their muffs by the tassels.

VELVET DRESSES.

fur-trimmed, are the fashion among people whose purses are heavy.

FOR HALEY.

Astrachan jacques and muffs can be had this season for half what they cost last. Fur seal, an expensive and elegant article, is just now the rage.

LONG OVERTICKETS.

reaching nearly to the bottom of the under one, has taken the place of the short, puffed panner. Two shades of the same color are frequently used in making a suit.

HONNETS.

are again finding favor in the female mind. The gipsy-shape, with ribbons tied under the chin is the favorite.

GLOVES.

are now made in England with a pocket on

the inside of the palm, to suit the habit indulged in by the fair sex of carrying money in that position.

REMEMOR.

hat that Nilsson is engaged to be married to a young and handsome Parisian gentleman, by name Auguste Banzand,

### My First Love-Letter.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Have I ever loved you, Nell, of my first love-letter? I presume not. It is a story I have not been very fond of telling. But years bring to me, if not philosophy, a comfortable sense of the comical in regard to all early illusions and disillusion. The moment of opening and reading the first love-letter is a thrilling, an august point of time, in which all the spring-tides of passionate youth seem to meet in a swift, dizzying whirl of emotion. If from the right man, what triumphant joy! if from a squire one cannot smile on, what sweet pain! but you know all about it, dear.

I was very young when I received my first love-letter—indeed, not permanently out of short frocks and the broad-and-button age. Having lived the greater portion of my life in the country, the companion of my brothers, I was a desperate romp and gipsy, delighting to roam the fields and the woods, preferring the fishing rod to the needle, and even the stable to the parlor. As yet, a fine horse was the rival of all mankind in my young affections. Still I had read Scott, Edgeworth, Hemans, and L. E. L., with an occasional stealthy dip into Byron, and had my own foolish little romantic dreams of my hero, my fairy prince, who was to come in Love's good time.

I used to dream of him, as I sat like little Elsie, among the hedges, with my feet in the brook, or as I rode along in the woods. I thought little of his pedigree, but resolved that he must have a patrician Greek profile, dark blue eyes, and black, curling hair, coming down on his lofty brow in a Byron peak. I made no account of houses or lands in Love's Arcadia; but my hero must possess a fine horse. The "steed of steeds" was a sine qua non.

Our removal from country to town was on absolute sorrow to me, with my nature loving heart, and wild, free habits, I hated the busy monotony, the thronged loneliness, the dull whirl of city life. I could only console myself by occasional flights into my old rural haunts. From the longest, roughest tramps I returned refreshed, prepared to endure what I could not cure.

"I came out" prematurely and temporarily when I was scarcely fifteen, on the occasion of a large wedding-party. I wore a long dress and white kid gloves for the first time. My hair was curled, and the torture of a night and the hideousness of a day in curl-papers! I wore natural flowers, and carried a huge bouquet.

Disrespectfully different, not to say awkward, I early in the evening retired to a deep window-seat, where I remained watching the merry groups of wedding guests, and listening to their easy chatter, with childish wonder and delight.

Among the gayest of the gay was a certain fair young lady, whom I had known for some time as my double. Not that she was in the least like me. She was a blonde—very much blonde—while I was a very brown brunette. She was distinguished for sumptuousness of attire; and dress was not then nor is now my besetting sin, or peculiar virtue, whichever you incline to believe it. But, oddly enough, this fair lady bore my name precisely, surname and baptismal. I used to think the circumstance annoyed her, almost as though I had stolen the fashion of her Parisian bonnet, or the pattern of her costly embroidered shawl. Aside from the name, there was little in common between us, certainly no love. At this point she quite outshone the bride. I found it curious to watch her.

"Her lightness and brightness did shine with such splendor,"

which was all very proper, she being a rich tallow-chandler's daughter.

But not long did I watch my double, for, my dear, at this very party I first saw—my fairy prince. From all that country company I singled him out at a glance. There were the dark blue eyes, there was the Greek profile, the black curly hair, the Byron peak and all.

Imagine the emotions of your friend when to her secluded window-seat this very young gentleman was brought by her hostess and presented as "Mr. John Trevelyan." If it wasn't I might have answered: "I am enraptured with music—Beethoven, Mozart, Henry Russell and the Seguis; I dearly love art—Titian, Michael Angelo, and Benjamin West; but I adore poetry—Milton, Byron, and N. P. Willis."

As it was, with a desperately honest impulse, I replied: "I admire art and music, poetry and all such things. But I don't know much about them yet. To tell the plain truth, my particular enthusiasm is—just horses! I participate in your and improper, about horses, and I like them."

My hero smiled, in a beaming, indulgent way, and declared that he participated in my enthusiasm—that his love of horses amounted to quite a passion, and that he flattered himself he owned the fastest trotter in all that region.

At that moment, to quote from dear Miss Bremer, "our souls met." Mysterious sympathy of passionate young hearts!

His eyes, upon a nearer view, were gray, but his expression was full of poetic ecstasy.

ability. They beamed with that tender deference, half wistful, half wicked, hard-core of all looks for even "little woman" to resist. I suspect the fellow knew it. They all do.

There was, now and then, a mysterious shade of sadness over his brow—an interesting Laramie frown, that came and went in that festive hour. I divined that, young as he was, he had had great thoughts and ambitions, great sorrows and sins, or meant to have them, which was all the same.

At parting, he begged from my bouquet a sprig of geranium, which he placed in his button-hole "for remembrance." Then he asked leave to visit me, which I graciously accorded. Then we murmured our adieu.

I went home with my head among the stars. My dear, absurd as it may seem, I really believed I had that night met my destiny, and met it, on the whole, in a very satisfactory shape.

I did not know just when to look for my admirer, but I was ready for him, morning and evening, I grew strangely careful of my dress. I assiduously brushed my hair. I applied cosmetics to my sunburnt face. I slept in kid gloves.

These alarming symptoms were not understood by my tender mother; but she noticed that my manner had grown quiet and maidenly, and took great comfort thereat.

Six days I waited in vain. The seventh—magic number! brought—not him, but a letter. It was a dainty-looking missive, all rose-tinted and gilt-edged. This was before the time of envelopes—a remote and special attention given to the purchase and sale of FLOUR & GRAIN.

It was directed—this letter of letters—in one of those rearing Italian hands once so fashionable. It was sealed with lilac-colored wax, and the seal bore the motto—how well I remember it, though I didn't in the least know what it meant then—"Toujours Adieu."

With my heart beating into my fingertips, I broke the seal—I opened the letter. The very first line was somewhat startlingly unequivocal—"My dearest love!"

Without waiting to read another word, I turned the leaf to look at the signature, "Oh! my prophetic soul!"—it was "John Trevelyan!"

I made no copy of that letter, and found memory has been a little unfaithful in regard to the exact wording. I know that I read it with great satisfaction—in especial a lover-like inventory which it contained of my most amiable and admirable characteristics. There were things set down there that I had supposed known only to myself.

Toward the close the letter assumed a practical tone. "I will, with your leave," it ran, "call on your father in a day or two, for the reasons, love, perhaps you had better confide our dear secret to no one, unless it be your brother Tom."

Alas! I had no "brother Tom!" Providence had been bountiful in sons to our household. Our cap had run over with that particular sort of blessing, but the respectable name of Thomas had somehow never struck my mother's roving fancy. At the baptismal font she had never given it.

Fatal omission! My double, you might have saved me from this. Our cap had run over with that particular sort of blessing, but the respectable name of Thomas had somehow never struck my mother's roving fancy. At the baptismal font she had never given it.

John still lives. He has grown rich and stout. He has no longer the Byron expression; but the Byron peak on his brow is more pronounced than ever. It is the beautiful enthusiasm of his youth, that for fast horses alone remains. He has, I believe, never been so unhappy or wicked as he promised to be, though, for a time, he fell into evil ways, and was sent to the Legislature.

My double has made several visits to Paris, and has grown fonder and more so of dress than ever. As she has no children, she gives her whole mind to it—"but that's not much."

I never could think her the companion for John in intellect and soul. I never, in truth, could help thinking that, if I had a brother Tom—it might have been—But ah—"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

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