THE CREAM OF THE NEW BOOKS.

Dickens's Correspondence.

The following, recently issued from the press of Harper & Bros., is for sale by Turner & Co.:

"Speeches, Letters and Sayings of Charles Dickens." This is an interesting compilation of extracts referring to the delightful friend whose presence is with us now only in memory. Dickens's public speeches were quite the best of the kind, abounding in point and apposite quality. No less than fifty-six of them are given, one being that delivered at New York, in 1842, and three others, in New York and Boston, in 1868. The extracts from Dickens's letters are meagre, but notes to Judy Blessington, Washington Irving and Douglas Jerrold are included. Dickens as a Poet, the memoir by Sala, and Dean Stanley's funeral sermon conclude a collection that is very timely, genuine and touching.

We extract for our part the correspondence with that American writer whose genius was most similar to that of Dickens, and whom he ranked highest:

Dickens and Washington Irving.

In the spring of 1841, some months before Mr. Dickens had decided upon visiting his kin in the United States, Washington Irving, who was then personally unknown to him, addressed him a letter, full of warm sympathy and generous acknowledgment of his genius, and of the pleasure Dickens's writings had afforded him. Mr. Dickens's answer to that letter is the first of these letters which follow:

In February, 1842, Mr. Dickens had the gratification of making the personal acquaintance of his distinguished correspondent, which was followed by a special reception in his honor, given in Dickens's honor by some of the citizens of New York. Irving, however, entirely broke down in his speech, and could do little more than propose the toast of the evening.

There were two points in his speech more congenial mind and common sympathies than the author of the "Sketch Book" and the author of "Pickwick" and it is pleasant to think that the chances of things should have brought them together for a time in so unexpected a way.

CHARLES DICKENS TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

1841.

My dear Sir: There is no man in the world who could more please me the heartiest pleasure you have, by your kind note of the 14th of last month. There is no living writer—and there are very few indeed—who can more appreciate I should feel so proud to earn. And with everyone of your delicate touches upon my shelves, and in my thoughts, and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could have known how earnestly I write this, you would be glad to read it—as I hope you will be, faintly pressing at the warmth of the hand I autographically hold out to you over the broad Atlantic.

I wish I could be and in your welcome letter some hint of an intention to visit England—can I, I have held it at arm's length, and taken a bird's-eye view of it, after reading it a great many times, but there is no greater encouragement in it than may be gathered from a microscopic inspection. I should love to go with you—and we shall go, God knew how often—into Little Britain, and Eastcheap, and Green Arbor Court, and Westminster Abbey. I should like to sit with you, outside the boxes of the coaches, down to Hackeridge Hall. It would make my heart glad to compare notes with you about that shabby gentleman in the oil-cloth hat and red nose, who sat in the inner-cornered back parlor of the *Masonic Arms*, and about Robert Preston, and the tallow-chandler's widow, whose sitting-room is second nature to me; and about all those delightful places and people that I used to walk about and dream of in the daytime, when a very small and not over-particularly-taken-care-of boy. I have a good deal to say to you, about that dashing Alonzo de Ojeda, that you can't help being fonder of than you ought to be; and much to bear concerning Poor Smike, that poor, unhappy Bobbill. Diedrich Knickerbocker I have work to death in my pocket, and yet I should show you his mutilated carcass with a joy past all expression.

I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and talk to you, as I were naturally, and by the very laws of gravity, into your open arms. Questions come crowding to my pen as to the lips of people who meet after long longing to do so. I don't know what to say first, or what to leave unasked, and am constantly disposed to break off and tell you again how glad I am this moment of your arrival.

My dear Washington Irving, I can not thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has given me. I hope to have many letters from you, and to exchange a frequent correspondence. I send this to say so. After the first two or three, I shall settle down into a connected style, and become quite gradually rational.

You know what the feeling is, after having written a letter, sealed it, and sent it off. I shall picture you reading this, and answering it, before it has also quitted my hand to be post-off—Ten to one that before the fastest packet could reach New York I shall be writing again.

Do you suppose the post-office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A friend of mine, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to him, and his being actually startled by a preliminary double knock! Always your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

WASHINGTON, Monday Afternoon, March 21, 1842.—*My Dear Irving:* We passed through—literally passed through—this place again to-day. I did not come to see you, for I really have not the heart to say "good-by" again, and felt more than I can tell you when we shook hands last Wednesday.

You will not be at Baltimore, I fear? I thought, at the time, that you only said you might be there, to make our parting the gayer. Wherever you go, God bless you! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you I will not attempt to express. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give if we could have but a quiet week together! Spain is a lazy place, and there is time in solitude one. But if you have ever leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive—leisure from idleness, I mean—and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure.

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, LONDON, July 5, 1856.

My Dear Irving: If you knew how often I write to you individually and mentally, in my books, you would be no more surprised in seeing this note, than you were in being one do my duty by that flowery julep (in what I certainly apprehended to have been a former state of existence) at Baltimore.

Will you let me present to you a cousin of mine, Mr. S——, who is associated with a merchant's house in New York? Of course he wants to see you and know you. How can *I* wonder at that? How can any body?

I had a long talk with Leslie at the last Academy dinner (having previously been virtually shut up in Paris), and he told me that you were flourishing. I suppose you have been in Spain as a matter—so do I, for the matter of that, and a beard too—and that he looks like a portrait of Don Quixote.

Holland House has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now—twelve for my lord and twelve for my lady—and no clergyman call the big one under his chair all dinner-time, and begging to uncurse it, when the hostess goes. No whisked chair runs anybody in, which, I am bearing face in it; and ——'s little cotton pocket-handkerchief helped to make (I believe) his very sheet of paper. A half-dead, half-ridiculous story of Rogers, is all I will silly. It. You know, I dare say, that, for a year or so before his death, he wandered and lost himself, like one of the Children in the Wood, from up-there and grove down again, with Jeffrey, Procter and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast, with him one morning—only theses to, Both incessantly talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three-quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on Mrs. Procter, and, pointing to the brilliant discourser with his poor old fingers, said (indignantly): "Who is she?" Upon this Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered (it is her own story) a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, and subsequently turned him on her happiest and strongest subject, of which he heard, staring in the drawing-room and then said (indignantly as before): "And Who are you?"

Ever, my dear Irving, most affectionately and truly yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS IN BARBADOES.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

The 10th of October, 1780, was a day famous in the history of Barbadoes, or rather it was the commencement of a period of the island for three days, involving the loss of property and prospects so grateful, and which was yearly commemorated by special religious services almost up to the 11th of August, 1831, when another similar scourge, far more disastrous in its consequences, though providentially shorter in its duration, swept over the Atlantic ocean, carrying death and destruction in its course.

The season had been unusually favorable to vegetation; and on the evening of Wednesday, the 10th of August, the sun set on a fair and verdant a landscape as it is possible to conceive of; but on the morning of the 11th it rose on a scorched and blasted wilderness, such as pen can adequately portray. Far as the eye could range, neither a house nor a tree could be seen save as their ruins marked the course of the storm. Cows-fields and cane-pieces which the evening before were rich in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, were brown and withered as though burned by fire.

I was a young man then, not twenty years of age, and was on a visit to a planter, who, with two elderly maiden sisters, resided on his estate about ten miles from Bridgetown, the capital of the island. The house, two stories high, with a frontage of about eighty feet, was built of the limestone peculiar to the country, the walls are three to four feet in thickness. The basement consisted of a dining-room, about forty feet long, with verandah in front facing the north; at the eastern extremity was a billiard-room; and at the western side were four sleeping-rooms and entrance-hall, from which rose the staircase, leading to a corridor the whole length of the house, with the bed-rooms on either side; and at the back were a lumber-room and couch-house, over the former of which was a spare bedroom, with paper of a bluish pattern, from which circumstance it was called the Blue Room; above this again, was a store-room, in which all the choice liquors—old rum, brandy, wines, bottled ale, &c.—were posited. I give this description of the premises, because it is necessary for understanding subsequent portions of this narrative; and I should add that, while this Blue Room communicated with the other portion of the house inside, there was also a stone flight of steps outside, leading to the passage through which you had to pass in order to get to the store-room.

We retired to our rooms about ten o'clock, because an English dog belonging to my friend, something between a foxhound and a terrier, followed me into my room—a thing she had gone over some before. I thought it would quite-contain security round my bed, I lay down—but not to sleep. It soon began to rain quite-centrally round me, and continued all night. I was startled by Snow springing long through the mosquito-net on to the bed. I kicked out at the dog, and was astonished at the male another bound through a different part of the room, and at the same time I became conscious of a most strange noise mingling with the increasing roar of the rain—the wooden shingles of the roof, the howling of the wind, and the boom-boom of the surf, which I was now so state here that this gong-like sound was occasioned by some sheet copper, loosened from a portion of the roof, flapping against the side of the house.) Hurling the dog to the other end of the room, I sprang out of bed with a bound, and thought of arousing my host, to ascertain what this horrible noise could mean, but began to suspect that a hurricane was bearing, accordingly I dressed myself; but, conditioning that the other inmates of the house were not aware of all that was occurring, and fearing lest I should be laughed at next day for having been unnecessarily frightened, I again lay down, though with my clothes on, ready against any emergency. At about four o'clock I thus remained in terror, reproaching myself for having so ruthlessly repelled the poor animal, whose instinct had prompted her to give me warning of approaching danger, when my best cane to the door and bade her me to get up, as the window shutters of the bedroom were nearly all blown in, and the principal door was also burst open.

I lost no time in going down, and found the whole household at work with hammers and nails, trying to secure the shutters and door; but all in vain. The dining-table and chairs, and the heavy billiard-table, were all huddled up together in one corner. My friend, on being asked if there were no more nails, told me he had some in his bedroom, and asked my wife to accompany him up stairs, which I did; and just as we were about to leave his room, he said: "I may as well lock the door, in case the wind should force the window in my room" both chambers being at the eastern end of the corridor, and opposite one another. "Strange!" said he, "I cannot lock it. What can be the reason?" It always locked so easily. "Try, then," said I, "lest we be long making several attempts; "and I think we had better not stop here any longer, for I think we have one more try," said he. "No," I exclaimed; "I shall not remain any longer." He begged me not to go. I do not know why, but I stubbornly refused, and moved along the corridor towards the staircase. Hesitantly he followed; and he afterwards told me that he saw the whole of that portion of the house fall in as he reached the top of the passage. The wind now, however, drowned all other sounds, and I shall never forget the terror we felt as we met his sisters, and all the servants with their children, in all about twenty; and the two ladies at once suggested that we should take refuge in the blue-room, as being, in their opinion, the strongest, though the oldest, part of the building. We went to the blue-room, and I was then asked to read from the prayer-book; and, bawling out at the top of my voice portions of service appointed to be read during a storm at sea, was suddenly brought to a stop by a crash overhead; and in a moment—the room, not being ceiled—down came a torrent of choice wines, beer and spirits on our heads. The roof over the store-room had gone, and part of the wall fell upon us, and the treasures beneath. But what now? All is suddenly hushed! Yes, the wind is over; we are delivered! Praises and thanksgivings were uttered by all. The wind had hitherto come from the northeast, and the window of our little room faced southwest. "Sometimes," my host remarked, "the hurricane after pause, returns with redoubled fury from the opposite point. Let us take precautions."

We fastened the shutters; and with the help of some of the blocks, I placed two large chests, filled with bed and table linen, one on top of the other, against the door that opened on the steps from the outside. Twenty minutes having elapsed, when—hark! what is that?—A sound, that could only be compared to the howling of all the Lost Souls burst upon our affrighted ears, and in an instant the window-of-our ark burst into the room; the door, which was opposite, was blown outwards; most providentially the door of the room I was allotted to the blasts. The floor of the store-room above was tilted up at the farthest extremity, as we discovered by the lightning. Mortar and rubbish were driven into our faces, and our eyes were blinded. A wild shriek of despair from the women, and a frantic rush pell-mell for the door ensued. I shouted as loud as I could, "Come back!" and having lost their shawls and handkerchiefs off their heads, and being able to see an inch before them, they unwillingly returned; and well for them they did, for, as we discovered when day dawned, the inside staircase was gone.

All that I have narrated, thus far, occupied about half an hour; but for two hours and a half we stood in darkness, drenched with rain, and chilled to consciousness by the wind, praying for help, but expecting death as inevitable from one moment to another. I placed myself under the window-sill as possible, resolved that when I found the room going, I would make one effort for dear life by jumping from the window. After a while I became so far calm that I could look Death in the face without fear, and had my attention sufficiently drawn off from myself as to be conscious of what some of the ladies in the room near me were saying. One poor creature repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again; another recited the Creed; while a third most confidently and earnestly reiterated passages from the Litany. At six o'clock the hurricane ceased, and the sun rose, and we hastened to escape from our perilous position, though, as we descended the steps on the outside, we had to slide down our bannisters, it being then impossible for us to stand against the force of the blast.

As we reached the little harness-room, which was underneath the Blue-room, a perfect cataract of rain fell for about half an hour, and then all was hushed, and we began to perambulate our ruined premises. Many things could not believe that the noble mansion of the day before was a heap of ruins—could not understand how it was that there were no trees to be seen; and when I ventured into the corridor towards the eastern extremity, I found the ground strewed with fragments of spars, rafters and beams, and studded with nails, which had been driven through them by the blast. The house, two stories high, was a frontage of about eighty feet, was built of the limestone peculiar to the country, the walls are three to four feet in thickness. The basement consisted of a dining-room, about forty feet long, with verandah in front facing the north; at the eastern extremity was a billiard-room; and at the western side were four sleeping-rooms and entrance-hall, from which rose the staircase, leading to a corridor the whole length of the house, with the bed-rooms on either side; and at the back were a lumber-room and couch-house, over the former of which was a spare bedroom, with paper of a bluish pattern, from which circumstance it was called the Blue Room; above this again, was a store-room, in which all the choice liquors—old rum, brandy, wines, bottled ale, &c.—were posited. I give this description of the premises, because it is necessary for understanding subsequent portions of this narrative; and I should add that, while this Blue Room communicated with the other portion of the house inside, there was also a stone flight of steps outside, leading to the passage through which you had to pass in order to get to the store-room.

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

GENERALS SHERIDAN and Forsythe sailed for Europe yesterday.

NICKERSON'S cordage factory, at Boston, was burned yesterday morning. Loss, $65,000.

FORTY-THREE sailors of the Franklin, now at Flushing, Holland, are sick with varioloid.

BAYNE ISLAND four mill, near Fulton, New York, was burned on Tuesday night. Loss, $65,000.

BISMARCK sent an Ambassador to Paris to offer satisfaction for the recent outrages on French citizens.

NINETEEN persons were killed and many injured, by an explosion in a Welsh colliery, on Tuesday.

The annual meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic of the State of New York began at Buffalo yesterday.

The Anti-Chinese Convention is now in session at San Francisco, delegates being present from all parts of the Pacific.

The Georgia House of Representatives has refused to give seats to the representatives elected under the Governor's proclamation of 1868.

The Ocean Yacht Race has terminated in a victory for the Dauntless. That vessel passed Sandy Hook at 3.45 yesterday afternoon, the Dauntless passing Sandy Hook at 4 P. M.

A MAN named Malone, supposed to be the murderer of Colonel Insell, was arrested near Leavenworth, Kansas, on Tuesday night. He was shot by two men, and so badly wounded that he is not expected to recover.

TERRIFIC thunderstorms occur in some portion of Canada almost every night, and do great damage to crops. On Tuesday night, several buildings were unroofed and barns demolished, and the crops were beaten down in many localities.

A DISPATCH from Heart's Content, dated 3.30 P. M., yesterday, announces that a break in one of the Atlantic Cables, near that place was repaired at noon. The repair ship was to leave to recover the broken end, twenty-five miles from the port.

In New York, 999 Prussian recruits have been enrolled at the North German Consulate within the last five days, and 500 have gone to Canada, preferring service under the British banner. The Prussian subscriptions in New York for the sick and wounded Prussian soldiers have reached over $50,000.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

LONDON, July 26—[Special to the New York *Tribune.*]—The correspondent of the *Tribune* at Metz expresses the belief that the German monarchies will formally accept the ultimatum on Wednesday or Thursday. The centre and nearly the whole of the French army has been at Metz, and Africa, which is rapidly coming up, and of which the *corps d'état* is already at hand, are now ordered to the front of the Saarguemines.

The left wing, which is immensely strong at Metz and Thionville, will make for Saarlouis and Birckenfeld, the right and centre heading for Kaiserslautern and Thier. This movement will be along the western slopes of the Vosges, though a part of it will probably be ordered to move in a parallel direction along a line east of that range to watch the defiles, and to give warning of an attempt to turn the Vosges. It is not unlikely that the French army will press decisively for the valley of the Rhine and the King of Prussia, if he is willing to fight at all on the left bank of the Rhine, will accept battle accordingly. The Prussian left wing position is strong in itself, and affords a secure retreat upon Mayence.

With regard to the chances of success of the two combatants in the first battle, I believe the odds are heavily against the French, and that the last twelve days she has been missing the whole of her chance of a decisive blow with one or two marches of Bitche and Sarreguemines. I have heard of certain battalions being sent forward and of others remaining behind, but as far as I can judge the French are evacuating every garrison en masse. I put 800,000 down as the lowest number the Emperor means to have under his hand at the complete concentration at the entrance of the campaign, and I believe the concentration now (July 24) to be within forty-eight hours of completion.

The Prussians have hardly yet been able to effect any concentration of forces on the French frontier, and I believe, on the opening of the campaign, either with or without a battle, the Prussian left will retreat behind the Rhine.

The weather is most inviting for military operations. The country seems made for war, from the absence of fences to embarrass movement, and the ease with which any shocked corn for forage are to be met with everywhere. There are many rivers and streams, but none, if necessary, steep at night.

PARIS, July 27.—The *Journal Officiel* of to-day says: "We have intelligence that a rumor has been circulated on the other side of the Rhine that the Prussians have taken 20,000 prisoners of war be treated with the utmost rigor, and placed outside of the protection of the law of nations. This report is absurd, and so far is it from being true, that the Emperor desires to be treated personally with the humanity."

A circular from M. Ollivier, citing the discussion of the question in the Corps Legislatif, says that journals are only forbidden to mention the movements of troops and operations for active operations. They have the right to speak of the results of the war in the light of accomplished facts. The *Journal* adds, as a matter of duty, a reminder to all persons that by the terms of the law of the general staff, any person giving intelligence to the enemy of the movements of troops, or giving aid in money to the hostile forces, will be punished with death. The *Journal* reminds non-political newspapers that they are not entitled to print anything relative to the war.

Another circular from the Prime Minister calls upon the Bishops to offer further prayers to place France, her Chief, and the noble infant who goes to fight for her under the protection of Him who holds in his hands the destiny of nations and the hearts of the people. At a time when our heroic army is on the march, let us ask God to bless our arms and to bless our Emperor, who knows how to make peace may quickly follow the griefs and sacrifices of war.

PARIS, July 27—The *Journal Officiel* of this morning publishes a decree conferring the title of Duke on Marshal Leboeuf, with authority to exercise the functions of that office. During the absence of the Emperor, the Minister of the Administration will be guided in his policy by instructions and orders prepared by the Emperor, to be inscribed in the Book of State, and made known in general orders of the service. The Ministers will be guided by the Emperor's wishes and instructions, beyond which they will not be held to be authorized to proceed in any case in her capacity of Regent. The Empress will preside as the ministerial council, but will not be authorized to preside over other laws than those now pending before the Legislative Chambers.

Another decree raises the commission under the presidency of the Empress to distribute to the army the gifts of charity, of the War ministered by patriotic persons.

LONDON, July 27.—France required through Russia on what conditions peace might be made. Prussia's reply to Russia was embodied in four words—"It is too late."

The English Blue Book, containing the correspondence relative to the candidature of Hohenzollern, was published this morning, but it adds no new facts to the history of the war. The upshot of the correspondence is that Earl Granville, failing to prevent war, insisted, with as little success, guarantees for the safety of secondary neutral powers.

A Prussian army in Italy is rife in Rome and Italy in view of the probable withdrawal of the French troops. The deposit of arms has been discovered in Genoa, and a large quantity of guns and ammunition were seized. In the government. The Pope is greatly charmed at the projects of France and the plots of the party of action. The Prussian Minister has left Rome for the Council at the time of the final vote on the infallibility dogma are now sending in their adhesions to the new creed of faith. Among those who have thus signified their acquiescence are the Archbishops of Athens, Tours, Chambery, Auch, and six bishops—of Orleans, Strasbourg, Nantes, Vannes, Montauban, Sarlat, and Clermont.

A special correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from Berlin on Sunday that the Prussian headquarters is still at Berlin. Prince Frederick Charles is at present commanding the Army of the Rhine.

It is considered certain in Berlin that Napoleon, counting on the disloyalty of South Germany, could concentrate a considerable force, and is bitterly disappointed by the treachery of Bavaria, and not daring to risk a movement northward with South Germany on his flank. Napoleon's plan of campaign has probably altered his original plan of campaign.

It is believed no advance can now be made at any point without risking a general engagement. Leavenworth's position is strengthening, he was shot by two men, and so badly wounded that he is not expected to recover.

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With regard to the chances of success of the two combatants in the first battle, I believe the odds are heavily against the French, and that the last twelve days she has been missing the whole of her chance of a decisive blow with one or two marches of Bitche and Sarreguemines. I have heard of certain battalions being sent forward and of others remaining behind, but as far as I can judge the French are evacuating every garrison en masse. I put 800,000 down as the lowest number the Emperor means to have under his hand at the complete concentration at the entrance of the campaign, and I believe the concentration now (July 24) to be within forty-eight hours of completion.

The Prussians have hardly yet been able to effect any concentration of forces on the French frontier, and I believe, on the opening of the campaign, either with or without a battle, the Prussian left will retreat behind the Rhine.

The weather is most inviting for military operations. The country seems made for war, from the absence of fences to embarrass movement, and the ease with which any shocked corn for forage are to be met with everywhere. There are many rivers and streams, but none, if necessary, steep at night.

PARIS, July 27.—The *Journal Officiel* of to-day says: "We have intelligence that a rumor has been circulated on the other side of the Rhine that the Prussians have taken 20,000 prisoners of war be treated with the utmost rigor, and placed outside of the protection of the law of nations. This report is absurd, and so far is it from being true, that the Emperor desires to be treated personally with the humanity."

A circular from M. Ollivier, citing the discussion of the question in the Corps Legislatif, says that journals are only forbidden to mention the movements of troops and operations for active operations. They have the right to speak of the results of the war in the light of accomplished facts. The *Journal* adds, as a matter of duty, a reminder to all persons that by the terms of the law of the general staff, any person giving intelligence to the enemy of the movements of troops, or giving aid in money to the hostile forces, will be punished with death. The *Journal* reminds non-political newspapers that they are not entitled to print anything relative to the war.

Another circular from the Prime Minister calls upon the Bishops to offer further prayers to place France, her Chief, and the noble infant who goes to fight for her under the protection of Him who holds in his hands the destiny of nations and the hearts of the people. At a time when our heroic army is on the march, let us ask God to bless our arms and to bless our Emperor, who knows how to make peace may quickly follow the griefs and sacrifices of war.

PARIS, July 27—The *Journal Officiel* of this morning publishes a decree conferring the title of Duke on Marshal Leboeuf, with authority to exercise the functions of that office. During the absence of the Emperor, the Minister of the Administration will be guided in his policy by instructions and orders prepared by the Emperor, to be inscribed in the Book of State, and made known in general orders of the service. The Ministers will be guided by the Emperor's wishes and instructions, beyond which they will not be held to be authorized to proceed in any case in her capacity of Regent. The Empress will preside as the ministerial council, but will not be authorized to preside over other laws than those now pending before the Legislative Chambers.

Another decree raises the commission under the presidency of the Empress to distribute to the army the gifts of charity, of the War ministered by patriotic persons.

LONDON, July 27.—France inquired through Russia on what conditions peace might be made. Prussia's reply to Russia was embodied in four words—"It is too late."

The English Blue Book, containing the correspondence relative to the candidature of Hohenzollern, was published this morning, but it adds no new facts to the history of the war. The upshot of the correspondence is that Earl Granville, failing to prevent war, insisted, with as little success, guarantees for the safety of secondary neutral powers.

A Prussian army in Italy is rife in Rome and Italy in view of the probable withdrawal of the French troops. The deposit of arms has been discovered in Genoa, and a large quantity of guns and ammunition were seized. In the government. The Pope is greatly charmed at the projects of France and the plots of the party of action. The Prussian Minister has left Rome for the Council at the time of the final vote on the infallibility dogma are now sending in their adhesions to the new creed of faith. Among those who have thus signified their acquiescence are the Archbishops of Athens, Tours, Chambery, Auch, and six bishops—of Orleans, Strasbourg, Nantes, Vannes, Montauban, Sarlat, and Clermont.

A special correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from Berlin on Sunday that the Prussian headquarters is still at Berlin. Prince Frederick Charles is at present commanding the Army of the Rhine.

It is considered certain in Berlin that Napoleon, counting on the disloyalty of South Germany, could concentrate a considerable force, and is bitterly disappointed by the treachery of Bavaria, and not daring to risk a movement northward with South Germany on his flank. Napoleon's plan of campaign has probably altered his original plan of campaign.

It is believed no advance can now be made at any point without risking a general engagement. Leavenworth's position is strengthening, he was shot by two men, and so badly wounded that he is not expected to recover.

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IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.

THE "CAPE MAY DAILY WAVE," For the Summer of 1870.

Will be issued every morning (except Sundays) during the season, at Cape May, containing from 8 to 12 columns, with all the news from the different districts. Many reader from their beds as the houses were falling. two sisters hand in hand were struck down in the dark; the latter was found dead, the other was dead. Delicate women were piled up with heavy beams literally torn limb from by the violence of the wind. In Bridgetown, the scenes presented by the colored population were as extremely commiserative under circumstances, were heart-rending, as they sought their dwellings to see what remained of their ruins, for in those three hours one thousand seven hundred human beings perished. Hundreds of dwelling-houses were blown down. Not one escaped without damage. Out of thirteen-hundred-and-odd-cottages, eleven were totally levelled to the ground. I saw some with walls four feet thick lying in unbroken masses, cut down as clean as if they had been sawed through. Vessels in the harbor were driven high and dry on shore. A piece of solid mahogany of about three-quarters of an inch thick was torn from the roofs of houses, and lodged in the middle of the main street. The stones of lines, placed against the door were carried the entire length of the passage, about twelve feet, and one was jammed half way up the staircase leading to the store-room; the other was deposited in the middle of the store-room.

In one spot you would perceive what had been an extensive tenement all in ruins, and beside it, within a few yards, still standing without injury, some insignificant outbuilding; proving that in these tempests the wind does not blow straight from one point, but comes in a rapid succession of whirlwinds, or tornados, as they are termed. I had further confirmation of this, in observing that trees which were not utterly destroyed, had their limbs twisted corkscrew fashion, such as the tamarind and mahogany trees. The cocoa-nut trees that flourish in these regions, and grow to the height of forty and fifty feet, were demolished by thousands; and the mountain cabbage, a still more majestic palm, reaching an altitude of ninety and a hundred feet, with a girth tapering from the root of three or four yards, was snapped, in many instances, a dozen feet from the ground, as though it had been a mere straw; many a stately mango was prostrated, to say nothing of the other smaller arborets, such as the guava, the Shaddock, the plantain, and bananas.

One gentleman whom I knew quitted his dwelling with his wife and four children hand clasped in hand; but no sooner had they got outside the door, than they were all separated, and blown in different directions. At daybreak he began his search, and having first found his wife, they eventually came upon all the children, one after the other, all very cold and wet, but not other wise injured. It is right to record that Parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers. Had the storm continued with the same violence for three days, instead of three hours, there would not have been a soul left alive to tell "how the wind blows in Barbadoes."

ROYAL BABIES.

A writer in the Charleston *News*, excited over the birth of the twin princesses of Wales, indulges in this essay:

"From the moment when pealing bells throughout the kingdom give joyful tidings of the happy nuptials of kingly Darby and queenly Joan, the thoughts of every loyal subjects fondly turn to the expected royal baby. The weal or woe of the nation depends in a matter of great consequence. The object of the glittering pageant is a royal baby, and when that imp seven of royal dominants does come to town, guns are fired, hourly bulletins reveal the state of the infinitesimal pell, and loyal liege subjects royally oblivious of all the cares of life. King Darby and Queen Joan may now go marching along with a step as light as a feather. The kingdom is safe, though the heir be more interested at the moment in golden toys and emerald rattles than treaties of peace, declarations of war, or the state of the national exchequer.

"Every loyal heart of every baby echoes in the maternal heart of every patriotic subject. Teething is not by public prayer. A recovery from whooping cough is heralded by rolling salutes from pestiferous cannon. The measles become the deadly fire of millions until the perilous crisis is past, and as for smallpox a shot upon the gallant. And the royal baby grows in wisdom and loveliness—in the public mind. The baby grows in strength, in precocious intelligence and robust health. There are two royal babies—the one, the baby of the royal palace, bright, capable and strong; the other