

Regards to all our boys. Tell the Soggarth Aroon that I will be in Lawrence the 15th, to talk for the orphans. Let the good father, my old friend of Bangor, have a rousing house.
 GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.
 —Lawrence American

BLOOD AND BREAD.

To-night is my forty-fifth lecture, yet no hoarseness, no bronchial trouble, no break down. But enormous muscular Christianity. A talker can beat a walker. Can I not lecture way up to the door of the White House in 1872?

STRANGER THINGS THAN THAT HAVE HAPPENED.—One thousand Fenian circles represented at the great mass meeting to give Geo. Francis Train a public reception, representing one million of Irish voters, nominated Mr. Train for the next Presidency. Why shouldn't Waltham be a banner town for the White House? Young America should be up and doing.—Waltham Sentinel.

A NEW SENSATION.

The air is full of electricity. There is magnetism in an entire manhood and womanhood. How truth startles! How honesty confuses. How individuality astonishes! Fall in, boys, I shall lead you on to victory.

PARKER HOUSE, Boston, Feb. 16.
 MR. SECRETARY: Thanks for letter and kind words. All right for March 16. I like your town. I like your people. Mr. Elmes' hospitality was most acceptable. Push on the *Agitator*. Subscribe to THE REVOLUTION. Organize Temperance Societies. Associate to elevate citizenship. Read both sides of politics, and discuss religion without losing your temper.

My first lecture in a town is an electric shock; my second thunder and lightning.

How funny that Americans should establish a town made up of English names. Dorby is a lord; Birmingham a slave plantation; Huntington a pauper workhouse in England. Why couldn't Ansonia give us American names? Must we always wear swaddling clothes? Shall we never discharge our wet nurse? Tell Mr. Elmes, Arnold, and the kind friends you introduced me to, that if I did not tread on everybody's corns before, I will next time. Tell my Celtic boys to shake hands for Ireland. Tell Collins and Ash, the O'Neil and the O'Savage, to close up, or I will free Ireland without them. Tell the ladies to come out; they should be united "to a man."

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

—Daily Evening Transcript.

"IS GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN A MILLIONAIRE?—Says the New York Tribune: George Francis Train has sold sixteen lots in Omaha to the railroad bridge company, for the purpose of a bridge across the Missouri, for \$12,000 and has given half the money to the corporation. This land was bought by Mr. Train, three years ago, at \$250 per acre, and is now sold on an appreciation at the rate of \$3,750 an acre—just fifteen times its original cost. He still owns five thousand lots as good as those he has now disposed of, which, at \$300 apiece, are worth the clever sum of four millions of dollars."

The people say so—he press insist upon it—and the world will by and by admit it. Why not go further, and ask if all of us have not been mistaken in this man—if it is not time to take the back track—if we have not belied him? Let us ask if he is really the same Train who was at the head of the Boston and Liverpool line of packets, in 1850, when Enoch Train was in Europe. Did he establish the house of Train & Co. in Liverpool in 1851? Was he the founder of the firm of George F. Train & Co., in Melbourne, Australia, in 1853? Did he really receive one hundred thousand dollars for making the Atlantic and Great Western railroad loan? Was he really the Train we cheered in 1860-1-2 for fighting Europe alone, and keeping the American flag flying over the London American, in Fleet street? Is it true that he was the prime mover of the Pacific railroad—that he established the *Credit Mobilier*—that to-day he is president of the *Credit Foncier*? Does he really own five thousand lots in Omaha? Will some of our exchanges please answer, for this man has a Celtic army at his back, and is achieving a great power in the nation.—Meriden (Ct.) Record.

COMMENTS OF G. F. T.

Somebody is well posted. Are you Rad. or Cop.? Where did you find your figures? Please don't praise me. I am nobody. Why should the suspicion of wealth make me any

more sane? I have land enough to make me poor. Please don't ask me for any money. I am always hard up. Please tell everybody I am poor.

IS NOT GAS PREFERABLE TO A TALLOW CANDLE.

There is no truth in the report that George Francis Train has been summoned before the Committee on Gas.—N. Y. Leader.

But there is truth in the rumor that the *Leader* has been before the Council on Tallow Candles.

Perhaps you owe me one, now. Pay up or I will cut off your—Tammany advertising.

NOT BAD FOR A WALTHAM BOY.—Our exchanges announce that George Francis Train is building a hundred thousand dollar villa in Newport at the end of Bellevue avenue.—or rather Mrs. Train had got it almost built before Mr. Train was released from his British bastille, and the first he knew of it was from reading the fact in the papers. On woman's rights Mr. Train evidently practices what he preaches.—Sentinel.

DROP IN AND SEE US, MR. EDITOR.

That's so. She did it. I am the best governed man in the country. At Home I dare not say my soul is my own. It was by mere accident that I learned that my fair wife was building a palace down there by the sea. When you get money, settle it on your wife and let her buy real estate if she wants to.

DOWN ON YOUR KNEES.

Opening the Bastille won't do. Spitting in a man's face and then apologizing is so English! These resolutions cover more ground.

ENGLAND EATING THE LEAK.

Whereas, That in order to prevent the Fenians tearing down the British Consulate and British Legation in America, and having the British Consul and British Minister thrown into a felon's cell in Fort Lafayette, Lord Clarendon has cabled Mr. Seward that Costello and Warren were released from custody.

Resolved, That the eating of the leak is satisfactory as far as it goes, but that the Fenians demand that these citizens be sent home in a British man-of-war, and damages paid for their illegal arrest; and also that Halpine, Burke, Bantsee, McCafferty, O'Donovan Rossa and MacKay be tried in accordance with the law of nations, by *jure de medie lete*, as American citizens are entitled to be tried.

WHY DID NOT GRANT SELECT THIS LEADER IN THE LAND?

No Careyism in Grant's Cabinet. All Free Trade. Solid for England, and currency for our own supplies.

HOW THE IRISH ASSIST ENGLAND TO ENSLAVE IRELAND.—The most distinguished American statesman of our time hits the nail square on the head. The F. B. must stand by the American ideas of the Irish People and Irish Republic. See what Mr. Carey says:

"DEAR SIR: *** It is by mercenary Irish votes that England has hitherto governed America. Irishmen have been her most useful friends. It is time that they should cease to be so—that they should come to see that the protective tariff, which now makes demand for their labor, and now gives them good wages, is an instrument of warfare a thousand times more effective than the Fenian muskets. Yours very truly,
 "George Francis Train. HENRY C. CAREY.
 "Philadelphia, February 24, 1869."

This is the man for the Secretary of the Treasury. McCulloch has cost the nation more than the national debt. Carey would make the mountain bring forth factories, foundries, mines, cotton, and make the Free Trade wilderness blossom with American industry.

GRANT'S SOMERSAULT.

When the Gymnast tries to turn a double somersault over seven horses in the circus and comes down flat on his back, the moment we find he is not hurt by the fracas, how we all roar with delight! From this starting point the grade is down hill all the way. Natural laws govern mankind. Water will not run up hill. Put your hand in the fire you get burnt. Step

off the house, gravitation lands you sudden and solid. Jump overboard and down you go. Nature balances everything. Put a lot of potatoes into a spring cart over a rough presidential road and the small potatoes will go to the bottom. "Who is James K. Polk?"

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

RESTALLISM REBUKED.

EVERY lover of humankind must rejoice to see such rebuke as the following from such a source, of an evil most frightful, and that now threatens to extinguish the native American race. It is extracted from an article in the N. Y. Medical Gazette:

It is our duty to call attention to the fact that ladies, with whose ease and amusements the uneloquent function of child-bearing interferes, have adopted a convenient code of ethics, which attaches no blame to the extinction of fetal life in its earlier stages. Devout churl-going dames who shudder at the crushing of a beetle, feel no compunction in killing their own young, provided that the deed be done within the first two or three months of gestation, and information of new and effective means of slaughter soon spreads from one to another, until their ardentism exceeds that of most respectable physicians. A quarter of a century ago, no woman would have dared to confess the things which wives now speak of lightly, and commend as "prudent" measures.

The fact is, that as advancing civilization brings luxury in its train, too many women are forgetting that motherhood is their highest and noblest mission, and subordinating the duties of life to its pleasures, they seek the married state for its social advantages, but they are unwilling to assume the responsibilities which marriage should entail. Hence they leave no means untried to avert the very aim and object of their being, and, despite their efforts, nature refuses to be controlled, the children that are born are liable to be left to the vicarious maternal offices of hirelings.

For this crying sin of our age it is difficult to devise a practical remedy. None will suffice, we fear, until public opinion shall brand as infamous the taking of human life even at its earliest stages—doubly infamous, when the murder is done by her who, of all the world, is most solemnly bound to guard the trust imposed on her by nature—until women shall learn that "mother" is the most honorable title which their sex can bear, and that the wife who indulges passion and destroys its fruits, is not very far above the level of the wanton whom she despises.

To suppress the grosser horrors of the abortionist's trade, a revision of the law is needed. As it now stands the actual perpetrator of the crime is alone amenable to punishment (and experience has shown how seldom his conviction can be secured), while she who instigates the act, goes free. He who hires an assassin to kill his enemy, is justly held responsible for the deed of his agent, and the same rule should apply to the case under consideration. Let it be made a felony to induce abortion (save in certain specified instances, wherein at least three qualified physicians shall certify its necessity, owing to deformity or disease) at any state of pregnancy—let the mother who submits to abortion be held not only as *particeps criminis*, but as the principal offender—far guiltier than the mercenary tool whom she employs—let such a law be executed to the letter, regardless of person or of social station, even if its penalty involve the translation of a few fair aristocrats from their boudoirs to a common prison, and, our word for it, a marked improvement in morality and increase of population would soon be the results.

CHRISTINA DI FIRANI was an accomplished female of the fourteenth century, she was born at Venice, in 1363, and was taken to France at the age of five years by her father, whom Charles V. had appointed his astronomer, or rather perhaps his astrologer. She became celebrated for her beauty and talents, and was patronized by Charles VI. The period of her death is unknown. Her poems and prose works are numerous; though many of them are still in manuscript, but will well repay any admirer of woman's fine qualities the expense and trouble of publishing, printing and translating.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN delivered the fifty-second lecture of his New England tour, in Lawrence, Mass., last Monday night.