ITALIAN NOTES.

V.

FLORENCE — CLIMATE — AMERICAN RESIDENTS — JOURNEY TO ROME—A NIGHT ON THE ROAD —AN ITALIAN INN—A GOOD OMEN—PASSPORTS—PAPAL FINANCE—FIRST VIEW OF ROME.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

On my arrival in Florence about the middle of November, all illusions with regard to the enchantments of an Italian Winter were speedily dispelled. The broad sunshine on the favored side of the street offered a strong temptation to outdoor exercise on pleasant days; but the spell soon passed away; and on crossing over into the shade, a sudden chill succeeded the friendly warmth, and made one long for the sight of a good American coal-fire. As you turned the corner in another direction, you were met by a piercing blast from the Apennines which reminded you more of an Autumnal breeze of the White Mountains, than of the soft Italian skies. The truth is that in this climate you must be prepared for regular Winter weather, or you will suffer alike in your feelings and your health. The temporary warmth only predisposes you to take cold easily, and without constant precautions you can hardly escape that inconvenience. Thick clothing is as necessary as in New-York, and the transition from sun to shade in the street occasions a far greater exposure. In fact, nobody acquainted with the Italian climate ever walks in the sun, the native sticks to the shady side at all hazards, and if you see one tempted by the treacherous warmth of the opposite side, you may set him down as an Englishman, or an American who keeps to his old habits under every change of circumstances. The Summer, however, is hot enough in Florence to make a strong contrast, and one by no means agreeable, to the inclemency of the Winter. During a former visit to the city, in the month of August, I found the heat almost intolerable. The Arno was wholly unworthy of its reputation, and had the appearance of a long, arid sand-bank, rather than of a beautiful stream of water. The magnificent bridges seemed to be without purpose, as you could almost cross the bed of the river dry-shod.

Since the political changes which have made Florence the capital of Italy, its social character, as I am informed, has experienced considerable modifications, and perhaps, not in all respects for the better. The treasures of art which have made it one of the principal centers of æsthetic cultivation, of course, remain the same. In spite of every offset, they will always attract the traveler from distant lands, and richly reward him for his pilgrimage. Perhaps no European objects of interest have been more faithfully described than the galleries and palaces of Florence. The untraveled American becomes familiar with their details through the excellent works that have been written on the subject. But no description can do justice to the reality, and an intelligent curiosity can only be gratified by a personal visit. Hence Florence will continue to be one of the principal sources of interest to the foreign tourist. But he will hardly find the Florence of his dreams, the Florence of his books, except in its monuments of art. Even the language of the people has lost something of the purity and sweetness for which it has been famed. The genuine Tuscan has suffered more or less corruption from the influx of strangers from other parts of Italy since the Revolution. You meet in the streets with many new-comers from Lombardy, and Genoa, and Naples, and, as a natural consequence, strange dialects have greatly impaired the legitimate traditional vernacular. The police of the city is also said to be on a less efficient footing than formerly, and many travelers complain of the increasing confusion and disorder of the streets. I cannot speak from my own experience on this point, but it is certainly natural to suppose that the invasion of a host of adventurers, who are actually foreigners, though nominally Italians, should produce the same consequences as in other quarters nearer home. A matter of still more interest to American travelers who contemplate prolonging their stay in Europe is the great increase in the prices of the means of living. I am told that both provisions and house-rent are nearly, if not quite, three times dearer than they were ten or fifteen years ago. This, however, does not prevent many of our countrymen from selecting Florence as a temporary residence, for the sake of its artistic attractions, and the delightful scenery of its environs; and even with the increased expense of housekeeping, I believe, they find it cheaper to live here than in New-York or Boston, and receive more money's worth for the same money. Beside the American artists in this city, there are several families who make it their home for the present, and who live in a style of comfort, or luxury, according to their tastes, which they could not so easily command with our extravagant prices, that we have inherited among other disastrous fruits of the Rebellion. I hope I violate no courtesy in speaking of one family, in particular, who hold a distinguished position in the literary society of New-York, whose house presents a most kindly welcome to the American visitor that can claim their sumptuous hospitality, and whose devoted attentions to the stranger make his sojourn in Florence one of the most agreeable recollections of a European tour. Not content with the mechanical discharge of important official functions, the head of this house has no sincerer pleasure than to surround his old American friends, from the moment of their arrival, with an atmosphere of kindness, and to apply all the resources of his palatial abode to their entertainment and gratification. He still finds time, I was glad to notice, for the cultivation of his favorite tastes, and his rare collection of curious and exquisite specimens in literature and art, which has called forth such admiration from amateurs, will be enhanced in value and interest by the opportunities afforded at this shrine of the Beautiful.

Although, as we have heard, all roads lead to Rome, I am sure there are few more inviting than the railway from Florence through Perugia and Foligno, which is bordered on each side by some of the most charming scenery in Italy. The depot at the station from which we start is itself an architectural wonder. It forms a spacious and magnificent crystal palace enriched with costly adornments of art. This, indeed, is the case with many of the railway stations in Italy, especially that in Milan, which combine convenience of arrangement with splendor of execution. The walls of the interior are covered with elaborate paintings, often representing in enlarged proportions some of the most celebrated master-pieces of art, and illustrating the taste of the Italians for surrounding the common realities of life with forms of beauty. The swiftest train to Rome, which performs the journey in about twelve hours, travels only by night. I was unwilling to lose the novelties of the way, and accordingly decided to take the morning train, and stop over night on the road. I was well rewarded for the delay, in spite of the horrid country inn at Foligno, which I am persuaded cannot be matched in all Italy for its disagreeable accommodations, or rather for its fabulous neglect of the accommodations demanded even by the most unexacting traveler. Our course, for some time, was along the delightful valley of the Arno, with an enchanting view of Fiesole gradually fading in the distance. As we advanced on the journey, the mountains on each side gave grandeur to the scene, finely contrasting with the soft verdure of the plains below which had thus far escaped the touch of Winter. The frequent ruins of mediæval castles on the hights presented a suggestive memorial of the age of chivalry. We first saw the beautiful waters of Lake Thrasymene, as the sun was setting in clouds of purple splendor, and the historical recollections of the spot became forever blended with the loveliness of the landscape. It was after dark when we passed through Perugia. I would gladly have remained to visit the curious antiquities of this city, which contains many precious monuments of art, but I was bound to move on. The town is situated on a high table-land, the sides of which slope suddenly down to the adjacent valley, exposing it to the mountain winds, which seem disposed to give no quarter to the unguarded traveler. I found the late November cold even worse than that of Florence, but not so bad as I afterward experienced in the extreme southern portions of Italy. As I passed through Perugia in the evening, I have no idea of its appearance by daylight, but I am told by friends who stopped there a short time on their way to Rome, before joining my traveling party, that its aspect is gloomy, the streets narrow and dark, often covered over with massive arches, and running down into the depths of the valley, which hardly a ray of light can penetrate. It was rather late in the evening before we reached Foligno, where we were to pass the night. A wretched omnibus awaited us at the station, in which we drove to the still more wretched inn. Nothing could be colder than our reception. We passed through a dark court-yard, and, on landing at the door of the house, were left to grope our way as we could. No smiling head-waiter came to greet our arrival; there was no stalwart porter to look after our baggage; and it was some time before we caught sight of the drowsy landlord, who at last vouchsafed to make his appearance to answer our demand for lodgings. It was a bitter cold night, and we were chilled to the bones, and the stone floors and staircases seemed to freeze as we touched them; but on inquiring for a room with a fire, I was told that there was no such thing in the house, and was shown into an immense barn of a chamber, every pane of glass in which was rattling in the wind. A mild insinuation on my part that such a lodging might prove fatal brought out the pleasing fact that I had only to pass through two or three rooms to find the dining-hall, a huge apartment, in which a fire could be made. I at once accepted the alternative, the landlord—who proved to be host, waiter, and chambermaid in one—fetched in enormous fagots of wood with his own hands, applied kindling of lighted paper, and after an incredible performance on a pair of superannuated bellows, my patience was at length rewarded by a cheerful blaze on the capacious hearth. There was soon fire enough to roast an ox, or say perhaps a large sheep; the red glow produced a dreamy sense of comfort, from which I was awoke by the return of the landlord, bearing the supper in his hands. This personage turned out to be something of a character after all. He might have been more than sixty years of age. A few thin gray locks struggled out from beneath the black velvet cap which covered his head, giving him the appearance of a reformed monk. His complexion might be called almost rosy, for an Italian, showing signs of good cheer in his day, of which, however, his guests did not receive the benefit. He was disposed to be sociable, answered our blundering question with superfluous affability, and evidently tried to make up in politeness what was wanting in the bill of fare. The supper was execrable. To be perfectly candid, I must own that it was the worst I ever tasted since I left college-commons. It consisted of a thin soup, resembling warm water slightly dashed with salt, a piece of sodden leathery meat, purporting to be beef, from which long contact with the oven had dried out all savor, and an aboriginal fowl which defied every attempt at a close acquaintance, with a salad of bitter herbs, which even the fresh olive oil of the country could not make palatable. A dessert of stale confectionery, which had doubtless done service on similar occasions from time immemorial, and a few withered grapes, completed the repast. A merciful Providence tempered the wind to the shorn wayfarer "in the worst inn's worst room," and carried me safely through the night. The morning was brilliant under the Winter sun of the South, and we left Foligno for Rome in good spirits and with a good omen. This was a little incident too trivial to be noticed, but its odd character has impressed it on my memory. On arriving at my hostelry for the night in Foligno, and naturally taking out my watch, I found that a portion of the chain, with the key and "trimmings," was gone. They were of no great value, to be sure, but a certain Pickwickian interest I had in them made me lament their loss. Thinking that they might have got broken off in the confusion of landing, I at once caused a search to be made in the old omnibus which drove us to the inn, and the rooms and passages through which I had groped on the way to my apartment, but of course they could not be found. I then called to mind that on looking at my watch in the train just before reading Foligno I had some trouble in drawing it out under a closely buttoned overcoat, and concluded that the chain had parted there and dropped on the floor of the carriage. Of course, I gave it up for lost, and resigned myself to the inevitable. But in the morning while waiting on the platform for the Florence train, another train of a different line, from Terni to Ancona, came in from the opposite direction, and stopped for a few minutes. One of the carriages had a certain familiar look, and the thought at once struck me that it might possibly be the one in which I had come the night before from Florence. It was a desperate hope to find my chain after a journey of so many hours to Terni and back, but I resolved to try the experiment, and asked the conductor to open the door. I entered the carriage, and behold, the first thing which met my eye was the lost jewel, glittering in the morning sun, and reposing as quietly under the seat, as if it had not traveled so far in a land of beggars and brigands. The greatest miracle in the whole affair was that the conductor refused a piece of silver which I offered him in return for my good luck, though before the train left an under servant of the road, who had witnessed the same, held out his hand with a vehement appeal for the money. I accepted the recovery of what I had lost as a gracious omen, and under its cheerful influence pursued my way to Rome rejoicing.

The remainder of the journey presented no features of remarkable interest. Upon approaching the city, the train halted at a little station on the road, officers in the Papal uniform made their appearance, and meandering through the cars, demanded of the passengers their passports. This was the first time on the present, as on a former European tour, that I had occasion to claim the protection of the American eagle, which is displayed in hideous caricature on the costly official document in question. My passport had never been taken from my pocket-book, except in one instance to prove my identity at a Swiss post-office, and in that case, as I afterward discovered, a visiting card would have done just as well. Neither in Austria, nor the Kingdom of Italy, is the ordinance of passports still in force; much less in France or Germany; you may go and come as you please, without asking leave of impertinent officials; and need not the indorsement of the Secretary of State to show that you are neither a spy nor a smuggler, nor a fugitive from justice. It is only the fragment of the Papal States that now boasts of a geographical and political existence, which you can neither enter nor depart from without the license of the police inscribed on your passport. No previous visé of a Roman authority, however, is now necessary before your passport is valid, as has until recently been the case, and which has often proved a source of embarrassment to foreign travelers. I was unable to ascertain the point with certainty until I applied to our Consul-General in Florence, who was the first to inform me that an American passport is good without a Roman visé, although you cannot leave the city before you have paid five lire (about one dollar) for that ceremony. The police have even an office at the railway station where you can pay your money, and obtain the requisite signatures, if you have neglected to do so before, although it is usual to have the business adjusted by one of the servants of your hotel, a few days before your departure. The whole matter is one of dollars and cents. Every device has been invented to recruit the bankrupt Papal treasury. Infallibility by no means guarantees solvency. The care of souls may be attended to throughout the universe, even if the domestic exchequer is deficient in cash. The host of strangers that constantly passes through Rome is treated like a milch-cow, whose plethoric udder can never be pressed to exhaustion. A convenient pretext is found in the passport system, which as an agency of the police is a nullity, but as an instrument of finance is an effectual means of extortion. I will do our officers the justice to say that we were treated with perfect civility. They were as mild-mannered men as ever "scuttled ship, or cut a throat." We passed through a little office, in an irregular line, handing over our passports as we went out. The names were entered on a register, the documents were retained by the officers, who went on with the train, and at the last station, before reaching Rome, the said papers were restored with the proper indorsement. We were now free of the Eternal City, as long as we made it our temporary residence, but wo be to the unlucky wight who should attempt to escape from its sacred precincts before smoothing the palm of the Pope with his contribution to the treasury.

The custom-house regulations for the baggage of travelers arriving at Rome are sufficiently liberal—in fact more so than in some of the other Italian cities. There is no vexatious search, except in suspected cases, the examination is merely nominal, and after a short detention, the passenger is allowed to gather his traps together and proceed to his hotel. Indeed it is usual for those acquainted with a responsible banker in Rome, or having the name of one on their letters of credit, to procure through his agency a free pass (*lascia passare*) from the Minister of Finance in the city, and in that case their baggage goes through without inquiry. You can drive at once to your hotel, and giving your pass to the head-porter, he will have your baggage on the spot almost before you have had time to wash your hands.

The view of Rome upon approaching the city from the Campagna which has been so much celebrated by the writers of books of travels is not seen to advantage by the railway passenger. He obtains a glimpse of the dome of St. Peter, rising majestically in the distance, but from the windows of his carriage can hardly take in the sublimity of the scene. Before him is a confused mass of spires and towers, and monumental columns, crowning the hights of the city, but not until after his first visit to the beautiful promenade of Monte Pincio does he fully awake to the grandeur of the panorama, and the fair proportions which have made the Papal metropolis the pride of the world. Leaving the station in the dusky Winter twilight, I drove to one of the great hotels in the Piazza di Spagna, in which I had previously engaged lodgings. My first impressions of Roman hospitality were far from favorable. The room that was assigned to me by the pompous host was too large for warmth in the absence of the noonday sun, and the evening chill gave the impression of a dungeon. Although I changed my quarters as speedily as possible, I scarcely recovered from the effects of this cheerless reception during my stay in the Eternal City. R.

THROUGH TO THE PACIFIC.

VIII.

STOCKTON, SACRAMENTO, ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11.—I went from Watsonville to Stockton by way of the old Mission of San Juan, Gilroy, and the 30 completed miles of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The first part of the journey, among those spurs of the Sierra de Gavilan, which divide the Pajaro and Salinas Valleys, was like a reminiscence of the old days of California. Brown hill-sides, riddled by the holes of the burrowing squirrel, rocky ravines, wastes of mountain chapparal still haunted by the grizzly bear, and now and then a *cañada* (I like that Mexican word) as lovely as lonely, make up the scenery. The ranches of settlers are few and far apart; there was the old fragrance of aromatic herbs in the air, which seemed sweeter and purer from that cause. Nearing San Juan, however, the road was deep in dust, and the bare, inclosed fields were somehow much less attractive than the bare mountain sides.

The long, low mission building, with its flanking corridors, is still standing, but a variety of families now inhabit the former rooms of the monks. A village of about 800 inhabitants, with more hotels and saloons than seem necessary, has grown up around the old structure. The place was thoroughly African in its still, intense heat. The air quivered over the bed of the valley, and the red mountains around slowly baked in the direct rays of the sun. In half an hour the Los Angeles stage arrived, with two or three brown, dust-covered, panting passengers, who considered the heat of San Juan a relief after that of the Salinas Valley.

I took my seat beside them for the remaining twelve miles to Gilroy. One was a Frenchman from the Rhone, traveling in the interests of silk-culture, but also familiar with vine-growing. He scanned the country, as we advanced, with an eye to both forms of production. "*Superbe!*" he exclaimed, waving his hand over the valley, from Pacheco's Pass to the Coast Range! "incomparable! All this level land must be covered with mulberries—what do I say?—oranges, olives! Those mountains, to the very summits, will produce the finest wines in the world! Why, the whole population of France could be supported in California." He then went on to say that the French people were both egotistical and foolishly conservative: they would not emigrate: they always considered that to be best which *was*; and it was foolish to talk of War and Pauperism as inevitable while the best parts of the earth were uninhabited. The man was sprung from the peasant-race of France; but he was not a mere working-machine, and consequently no Cæsarist.

Gilroy is a dull town of a thousand inhabitants, the present terminus of the Southern Railroad. This road will soon be extended into the Salinas Valley, and may reach Los Angeles in the course of two years. When it will meet the Southern Overland line, from St. Louis or Memphis—or the latter will meet it—is a matter which depends on Congress.

I found an excellent hotel at Gilroy, and had time to dine before the train left for San José. Nearly 21 years had elapsed since I first tramped down the valley. It was less changed than I anticipated. Large ranches retard settlement here, as elsewhere in California. Most of the fine old timber is still standing, and for miles we sped through the finest natural parks. I was delighted to catch a glimpse, in passing, of Murphy's Ranche, at the foot of the mountains—as lonely, yet as cheerful, as when it hospitably received me in 1849. All this broad, splendid region is devoted chiefly to wheat and corn, when it ought to be already planted with the vine, the olive and the mulberry. The Californian farmers, however, seem to have little faith in anything which does not pay *immediately*. They have not yet learned that grain will grow in olive orchards, and that the vine and mulberry amicably thrive together. There are fortunes to be made here by men with only a *little* knowledge, and with no more patience than the average amount—though this average, be it said, is lower in the United States than in any country in the world.

I reached San José in the heat of the afternoon, and learned that, however California may be behind other States in other respects, in the matter of railway *unaccommodation* it is up to the front. The train from Gilroy to San Francisco passes directly by the station of the train from San José to Stockton, but does not stop. It makes its halt at a point a mile distant, and passengers are obliged to take a carriage for this mile, or miss the connection. When I asked the reason of this arrangement, the ingenuous answer was: "Oh, it's to give custom to the San José hack-drivers!" But, would any other people in the world than we, free, independent, equal Americans, submit to such a thing? I think not.

The Yosemite House in Stockton is a new hotel—so new that the plaster cracks and bulges out on the walls, and some of the bedrooms have not yet grown old enough to have windows. A piece of the ceiling of the dining-room fell during my stay, and narrowly missed killing the clerk: in my own room the wall was so threatening that I moved my bed six feet at night in order to escape a possible mortar avalanche. Here was another evidence of our Eastern civilization. Who shall say that Stockton is behind the age? I have no doubt that unfinished houses topple down there as easily as they do in New-York or Chicago.

Although Stockton has doubled (perhaps trebled) in population since 1859, it only seemed larger to me, not improved. I fancied a sleepy South Carolina atmosphere hanging over the place, and involuntarily recalled the rather reckless canvas days of 1849, when I saw a man publicly flogged for stealing, three-masters in the sloughs, and a motley, cosmopolitan life in the incipient streets. A project is on foot for a ship-canal to deep water, avoiding the endless sinuosities of the San Joaquin, and materially abridging the distance to be navigated. It is an excellent idea, and ought to be carried out without delay. In Stockton, as in most of the interior towns, all temporary or accidental importance has fallen off, and the place now fairly represents the natural growth of the country. The inhabitants claim to be 13,000; they have several churches, a theater, but no library or other literary institution.

A courteous German friend gave me an agreeable drive through the town and suburbs. I had further evidence of the fact that comfortable homes and handsomely-kept gardens are the chief objects of life in California. To judge by external signs, Stockton would not differ much from an old seat of wealth and culture in the Atlantic States; but I should like to know how many copies of "Society and Solitude" are found in those luxurious dwellings—and how many of "Vashti?" In the streets I saw magnificent young elm trees, in the gardens orange and myrtle, and before the Court-House a gigantic aloe, or *agave*, in blossom.

The rush to the Yo-Semite Valley, this year, is unusual. Already more than 2,000 travelers have been and gone, and they start daily, in companies of six, or 10, or 20. I shall not go now, though the precipices were twice as high and the cataracts twice as damp. I would give more for clover, green grass, and dandelions. Some day, D. V., I shall see the Yo-Semite—"the grandest thing on this planet, Sir!"—but for the present I am content to be pitied and depreciated.

Of Sacramento I may say the same thing as of Stockton—it is considerably larger. The heat, even now, is almost insufferable, being daily above 90° in the shade, and nearly five months of such weather are to come. All the business streets are shaded by broad porticoes over the sidewalks; the houses are low, and generally shabby in appearance. Sacramento has the misfortune of being, and continuing to be, the State capital—since it is impossible to move the expensive and unfinished State House. After many wanderings, the Government has settled here at last, and here (to judge from what both parties say) its corruptions will take permanent root. There is a good deal of wealth in the place, however, and a full average of courageous enterprise. After being burned and drowned, the people have elevated their city in the Chicago manner, surrounded it with strong dykes, and at last secured a safe basis whereon they may grow. I confess I don't see what more they could have done than they have done—in a material way. Mr. Crocker, Vice-President of the Central Pacific, has just finished the handsomest private residence in California, and as this is beyond all others a land of social emulation, others will certainly follow. I have rarely seen anything of the kind more beautiful than the mixture of bay (California laurel, they call it) and black walnut in the carved woodwork of Mr. Crocker's house. He has a small but choice collection of paintings, including Hill's "Yo-Semite"—and this is another point wherein I hope he will be imitated. California is just now a discouraging residence for artists—almost as much so as it is for authors.

I meant to have visited some of the nurseries about the city, for the purpose of noting what progress has been made in horticulture, what exotic vegetation has been added to the rich catalogue, and what new possibilities of climate and soil have been discovered—but my stay was necessarily brief, and the excessive heat disposed me to imitate the indolent habits of the people. In the private gardens there was little that was new. The Italian cypresses are not yet old enough to make a feature, the umbrella pine (if introduced) has not taken its picturesque form, and there is no sign of the palm-tree, although the *chamerops excelsa*, discovered by Fortune in China, would grow even in Oregon. In the gardens, beautiful as many of them are, there is not much indication of independent taste. One man plants what his neighbors have planted, and in nearly the same arrangement. However, when we cannot have a thing by taste, it is well to have it by fashion.

I returned from Sacramento by the California Pacific (every road here is some kind of a "Pacific") to Vallejo. The road crosses the Sacramento Valley diagonally to Suisun, then by a low pass into Napa Valley, whence a branch runs to the warm springs at Calistoga, some forty miles distant, and reaches San Pablo Bay at Vallejo, opposite Mare Island. The latter town, which was hardly in existence in 1859, has grown up rapidly, and now claims a population of nearly 10,000. It has the only grain elevator in the State. Benicia, once the aspiring rival of San Francisco, is thus eclipsed by its newest neighbor. The railroad will soon be extended to Sonoma and Petaluma, with a branch up Russian River Valley. The country around Clear Lake, I am told, is fast settling up, and is one of the most delightful regions in the State.

The California Pacific is not only 50 miles shorter than the road to San Francisco via Stockton, but it is a much more agreeable route in hot weather. The train runs swiftly and smoothly through vast grain and grass fields, orchards, and young vineyards, with now and then a new village of little frame houses. The freshness of the Pacific strikes the traveler on entering Napa Valley, and gradually increases until he puts on his overcoat on board the steamer New World at Vallejo. I was heartily tired of my tour of a week in the interior, and San Francisco was never more welcome than when I again saw its hills glimmering through the sea-mist. Here, at least, there is some life, some movement, some little interest in the country and the human race. The inland seemed asleep when I came to it from San Francisco, and doubly asleep when I reached San Francisco, returning from it. B. T.

GENERAL NOTES.

The idiosyncratic propensities to which poor human-nature is liable seem to be countless in number and exhaustless in variety. For example, here is a soldier in Detroit, who, whenever he has taken a drop too much, is seized with an irresistible desire to cut off the tails of dogs. During a recent paroxysm, before he could be arrested, this professor of decaudalization had deprived 94 faithful dogs of their principal ornament and sole safeguard against torture in fly-time. In this age, however, all sorts of talent can be utilized; and, if this genius, with the passion for improving the personal appearance of dogs, could be persuaded to live in some wool-growing district, and to modify his practice by taking off the tail just behind the ears, what a valuable member of society he might become.

The processes by which Indian wars are brought about consist among other things in deliberate stealing. *The Southern Kansas Advance* says that more than 300 families of "pioneers" have settled in the Cherokee country west of the 96th degree, west longitude. The rights of these "pioneers" to this land at the present moment it would be difficult to discover; but perhaps they claim it by right of discovery. They claim that this settlement will serve as a barrier against wild Indians; but the "tame" Cherokees say that there never has been a raid from that direction, and they don't desire a "guard" that is apt to provoke hostilities. After a year or so these pioneers will be applying to Congress to have this land cut off of the Indian reservation, and granted to these actual settlers.

It has always been the custom in the Jewish Synagogues for the men and women to sit apart—a bit of discipline which George Fox borrowed for his Quaker congregations, and one which they still observe. The Jews of San Francisco, by a vote of 88 to 24, have abolished the rule, and henceforth the sons and daughters of Israel will sit side by side in that city, and speedily, no doubt, elsewhere. The fact is an interesting one as further proving the tendency of sects to outgrow ritualistic laws which may have a certain value in the infancy of faith. It is a little singular that while the Quakers and the Jews—two of the most rigidly conservative bodies in the world—are gradually discarding matters of indifference, the English Church is nearly rent asunder by a dispute about Ecclesiastical tailoring and altar upholstery.

They have had a nice case of January and May in St. Louis. Mr. Warne, a retired merchant, aged 65 years, saw and loved Miss Kate Brady, music teacher, aged 20 years. The veteran became suddenly very fond of music. "He would sit," it is stated, "for hours listening to the voice and touch of the fair Miss Kate." Music being the food of love, the retired merchant took a full, melodious meal, and got himself into a state which exasperated his children, who remonstrated in vain. Finally, in order to be comfortably married, the old gentleman and the young woman determined to elope; and now they have come back again, with the knot irrevocably tied. One of the St. Louis newspapers asks: "If a young lady chooses to marry a man so much her senior, whose business is it?" That is exactly the way in which we look at it.

It is not very often that we have to notice the absolute decay of a once flourishing town in New-England. Not many years ago the Whale Fishery and the Island of Nantucket seemed to be inseparably associated. But the harbor was a bad one, and the ships, unable when loaded to pass the bar, were obliged to complete their outfit and discharge their catchings at a neighboring port. Then came several disastrous fires. Then followed financial troubles. Then sperm whales became scarce, and Nantucketers disdained to pursue the meaner variety of right whales. Several merchants of great wealth left the island. And now *The Nantucket Inquirer* announces that "for the first time in eighteen months a square-rigged vessel is lying in that harbor." The decay is the more to be regretted, because the inhabitants of Nantucket, with some harmless local peculiarities, were among the most intelligent and best cultivated in Massachusetts.

A correspondent writing from St. Louis, states that the system in that city of commitment to the Workhouse for vagrancy frequently involves great hardships. Hard-working men, especially strangers from rural districts, are not unfrequently arrested upon this charge after having been stripped in a night of their savings in some of the disreputable saloons of the place. Being without money is sufficient evidence of vagrancy, and such men are consequently condemned, our correspondent says, "to hard labor in chains." In Eastern cities various means are employed to mitigate the severity of justice in such instances. The Prison Association of this city makes the investigation of this class of cases both before and after judicial decision, a part of its business. It is possible that St. Louis is as badly governed even as New-York. So far as justice is concerned, it is the saloon-keeper rather than his plundered victim who should suffer such penalties from the law.

Not only white man's boasted morality, but some of his other boasts look very absurd from the Indian point of view. *The Advocate*, a newspaper published in both their native tongue and in English by the Cherokee nation, comments on one of those wonderful Indian stories that has come via Omaha. The story is that the engineer of a railroad train discovered a band of 300 warlike Indians on the track, and as they were about to attack the train put steam on and dashed through the crowd, killing 13 Indians and as many ponies. The *Advocate*, being qualified to speak, says that 300 Indians would n't be fools enough to stay on the track to be run over, nor any portion of them, nor their ponies. Also, that if 13 men and 13 ponies were thus ridden over, there would be thickness in some one of their 26 bodies sufficient to throw the train off the track. Lastly: that there would have been a frightful condition of affairs for the passengers if the train had been wrecked by even the last of the 26, since there would have been still 287 red-skinned survivors to contend with; and that therefore the "valorous exploit" was most imprudent foolhardiness.

There is a popular notion that in passing through express offices certain kinds of packages waste away in weight and solid contents; those containing choice fruit suffering most from this kind of marasmus. A box, it is said, that arrived last Saturday at the express office in Titusville, Pa., addressed to a well-known proprietor of a menagerie, was supposed from the inscription upon it to be of this class. It was marked "Grapes. Do not annoy the contents." People who send early grapes generally have a fancy that the packages need peculiar care, and are apt to mark them with special instructions that are expected to develop anxious solicitude on the part of the express people. Toward evening, as nobody called at the express office for the box, some of the slats that covered its upper surface fell off. Immediately there was a cry of alarm from a clerk who was near it at the moment, and presently half-a-dozen long armed monkeys were traveling around loose in the express office. To relate how the doors of the office were quickly closed, how valorous young men accustomed to "sling ink" took to slinging inkstands, chunks of sealingwax, glue pots and marking pots, would be going too much into details. Eventually the animals were captured and boxed again. It is ascertained that the box was marked by a clerk in the express office whence it came. His mistake was the reverse of that of the printer of Carlyle's MS. who made Dead Sea apes out of Dead Sea apples; the clerk marked the box "grapes" by mistake for gray apes.

"Reformers," especially if they are peripatetic, are usually privileged characters, and when they invade a household, they usually make nothing of throwing its established arrangements into a topsy-turvey to suit their personal whim and private convenience. By this we mean to say that too often they are selfish and conceited. Here, for instance, is Mr. Sen, the great "Hindoo Reformer," and at present the lion of certain English circles. When Mr. Sen is invited to stay at a gentleman's house, he sends back a rather singular statement of the conditions upon which he will be graciously pleased to accept the invitation. He must be allowed to retire at 10 o'clock p. m. He desires a cup of tea but "no bread" in the morning. He must be left to enjoy his devotions until 10:30 a. m. Then he wants his breakfast. Private study till 1 o'clock p. m. From 1 to 5 he will keep such engagements as may be arranged by his friends; and he wants his dinner precisely at 5. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is "a vegetarian," and so is his cousin, M. Prosonno, who accompanies him. Moreover, he never eats eggs, and his drinks are water and lemonade, though both the gentlemen "enjoy warm milk." He desires "boiled rice and sliced potatoes" for breakfast, and also "pea soup." He orders "fruit puddings" for dinner, but there must be no "eggs in the pastry." We confess that all this seems to us unpleasantly like impudence; and we do not think the most tremendous "Reformer" would be asked twice to our house, should he send such a circular. What would be thought of a gentleman (not "a Reformer") who, upon being invited to dine out, should send a note saying: "If you will promise to have old mutton nicely roasted I will come; otherwise I shall stay away!"

WAR NEWS BY MAIL.

ENGLISH PRESS ON THE WAR.

A FORMIDABLE INDICTMENT AGAINST NAPOLEON.

The London Economist has long been the most influential and conservative of the financial journals of Europe. It is the last of all organs of public opinion to be affected by "sentiment" or passion, and must be regarded as speaking only the sober judgment of capitalists and the common verdict of the business world, apart from nationality, when it discusses the war questions now at issue. The following article, therefore, from *The Economist* of July 16, upon the declaration of war by France, has peculiar weight and significance:

"The declaration of war by France against Prussia is one of those awful events which bring comment to a stand, and which of themselves make an impression far deeper and greater than anything which can be said about them. This time last week almost all the best judges in Europe would have considered such an event impossible. It was bad enough that France should say that the accession of a very distant relative of the King of Prussia to the throne of Spain would be esteemed by her a *casus belli*; it was worse in her to volunteer this in an offensive way before any occasion required it, and so as if possible to cause a quarrel; it was yet worse in France when Prince Leopold resigned his candidature to 'ask for more, and want stipulations for the future which were inconsistent with the dignity of Prussia, and which were meant to be refused; it was yet worse to make these further offensive demands in an unprecedentedly offensive manner on the King of Prussia in a public place; but worse than all is the sudden declaration of war which implies a 'foregone conclusion,' and shows that, whatever may be said, the momentary candidature of the Hohenzollern Prince was but a pretext; that the Emperor meant from the beginning to fight Prussia, and meant nothing in the least else.

"To account for such conduct, we have to abandon all recent ideas of the French Emperor, and forget our experience of him as an important statesman, and as for years one of the conservators and guardians of the peace of Europe. We must recur to the times following the *coup d'etat*, when Louis Napoleon was regarded as a gambler and a desperado, capable of planning any misdeed and of committing any crime—as a man who might invade any country without notice, and who would not want even a decent pretext for a war he thought convenient to himself or France. For years we have held other opinions of the French Emperor, and have thought that these old unfavorable ones were fears and fictions. But nothing in them is worse than what he has now done. The most desperate act of a midnight conspirator is not morally worse than a breach of the peace of Europe in this manner, on a sudden, and with no object which any one can state.

"When, indeed, the French proclamation of war reaches us we shall have the decent drapery in which the Emperor clothes his policy. But use what words he may, the momentary pretext can only come to this—that what is called a 'relative' of the King of Prussia, that is, a German Prince, who has a common ancestor with the King before the year 1200—should for a moment have been a candidate for the Spanish crown, and that the King of Prussia will not promise that he never shall be so again. But what two nations are ever to be at peace if shadows like these are to cause war? England or Prussia might have attacked France on the first beginning of a Bonaparte empire, on the ground of the probable injury to European equilibrium and its inconsistency with the Vienna treaties, upon far more plausible reasons. A Bonaparte at the Tuileries was much more of a menace to Europe than a Hohenzollern at Madrid is of a menace to France. And the Hohenzollern is not even at Madrid—on the contrary, says he won't go there; and all the complaint is that Prussia will not say that if he changes his mind he shall not be let go there. A pretext for a great war so little specious and so evanescent was hardly ever seen.

"Nothing that can be said is adequate to the meaning of this most awful and painful event, and it is most melancholy that with all our boasts of civilization, and after so many centuries of Christianity, so great a crime (for it is no less) should be possible in the world."

THE TIMES ON THE CRISIS.

The London Times thus announced the declaration of war: "The greatest national crime that we have had the pain of recording in these columns since the days of the first French Empire has been consummated. War is declared—an unjust, but premeditated war. This dire calamity, which overwhelms Europe with dismay, is, it is now too clear, the act of France—of one man in France. It is the ultimate result of personal rule."

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

The Saturday Review declares that Napoleon I. never attacked a neighbor without more plausible pretexts than any which can be alleged by the Duke of Gramont. A war will be an act of deliberate wickedness. A great army is raised and equipped because there is a supposed risk of war; and then it is thought so admirably organized a force ought to be used before it declines in efficiency. If France succeeds, all the ordinary evils of war will be as nothing to the evils of the war spirit of France having burst forth triumphantly, and of its effervescence and success having corrupted, as they must do, the mind of the nation. In order to satisfy her own cravings for excitement, France will have to keep perpetually dictating to Italy, to Spain, or to conquered Germany. External politics will once more absorb all the thoughts of Frenchmen, and anything like domestic reform and free government in France will be made impossible for at least a generation. As to the rest of the world, the success of France would be an incontestable loss. It would deteriorate the minds of men by exhibiting the spectacle of a nation making a groundless war to its profit. It would crush the rising liberties and nascent prosperity of Italy and Spain. It would leave Europe disheartened, poor, and alarmed. On the other hand, as France fights merely to show that she is the mistress of Western Continental Europe, it is difficult to see how she can retire from the contest easily and with honor, if Germany makes a successful defense. The war must therefore either be a long one, owing to the rapid success of France, it must do infinite harm to France and to Europe. In whatever way we look at it, the prospect is most disheartening, and it cannot be wondered at that, on the eve of such a war, all Europe has been stricken with a panic.

The real origin of the war, says *The Spectator*, is the vote of 50,000 soldiers against the Empire at the last *plebiscitum*. The war has no cause, no motive, no justification, save the fear of Napoleon Bonaparte that without it his boy's succession would not be clear. It is childish to speak of such a war as a "duel" between France and Prussia. Will Denmark remain quiet while Frenchmen are on the Elbe, or Russia sit patient while Denmark becomes a German province? Will armies counted by quarter-millions respect that neutrality of Belgium which will embarrass every military design? France has no ally, for Austria dare not claim to reënter Germany by the side of the Germans' foe; for she has no advantage of situation, for Prussia can invade her more easily than she can invade Prussia; and she has no advantage of numbers, for Prussia can collect all the soldiers any generals can handle with effect. She enters on war in her own strength only, amid the disapprobation of Europe, under the leadership of a man of 62, who has never shown any capacity for generalship, and who sets before him as an end to do what has never yet been done—to turn a nation's history back.

THE FRENCH AND PRUSSIAN FLEETS COMPARED.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, July 16.

It is only a few days since the small iron-clad squadron of Prussia left Plymouth on its return to the Baltic. This squadron comprised the celebrated King William, the Prince William, the Prince Carl, and the Prince Adalbert, the first-named the most formidable ironclad afloat except the Hercules; the two next are first-class ironclads, and the last is a powerful, swift little armor-clad gunboat, carrying two very heavy guns of Krupp's steel. The King William deserves more than a passing notice. She was designed by Mr. Reed and built at the Thames Ironworks for the Turkish Government. When she was finished the Sultan could not afford to pay for her, so she was offered at the same price to the then Board of Admiralty, who declined to buy her, and Prussia at once came forward and offered £30,000 more. When Prussia had got her the English Admiralty saw their mistake, and tried to outbid Prussia, but it was then too late. This vessel has a speed of 14 knots, carries 8-inch armor, and has 28 guns—four 100-pounders and twenty-four 300-pounders. The King William is, in fact, not a vessel, but a little fleet in herself. Being very long, she is not handy or very easy to turn, and is therefore liable to the danger of being "rammed." If she can avoid this she would be an overmatch for any four continental iron-clads. The squadron, of which the King William is the flagship, had orders on leaving the Baltic to call at Plymouth, make an experimental cruise in the West Atlantic, and then rendezvous at Madeira. Before the squadron left, however, the Franco-Prussian difficulty had broken out; but Prince Adalbert, with the squadron under his command, left as appointed for the Atlantic. Where he went it is not easy to say, but wherever it was it was not far, for on the 12th inst. he was back at Plymouth again. He then telegraphed to his own Government, and having received instructions, left apparently for the Baltic. During his absence from Plymouth, however, the Flandre [the Flandre has since been at Cherbourg—TRIBUNE], with three other iron-clads of the same class, *was dispatched by the French Government to follow and watch the Prussian squadron*, and these four are now actually on their way to Madeira, while the Prussian squadron is on its way back to the north. Even in case of war, the four French vessels of the Flandre's class would have quite enough to do to take the King William alone, to say nothing of her two powerful consorts and the armored gunboat. In the Baltic the Prussian squadron will, if it is wanted, join with six other Prussian gunboats, all of which are heavily armored, carry two of Krupp's monstrous guns, and have a high rate of speed. The other vessels of the Prussian Navy are wooden frigates and corvettes, which would be of small accounts as cruisers, and could never attempt to keep the sea. The Spanish Navy is even weaker than the Prussian; there are only twenty-six ships in commission now, and of these, four are iron-clads; none of them, however, are more than second class. The rest are wooden corvettes and frigates of an old type.

The French authorities always profess to make a great mystery about their iron-clads, their number, tunnage, guns, thickness of armor-plating, &c. But it is only outsiders who are mystified. Everything which the French are doing and have done is as well known, not only at Whitehall, but also at Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, as it is at Brest or L'Orient, Cherbourg, or Toulon. The French have now on their list of iron-clads 51 vessels; 45 of these are finished and at sea, or could be at sea within a month; 6 are building, and not likely to be finished within the next two years. Of these vessels, no fewer than 36 are wooden vessels, razeed and plated with armor; only 11 are built entirely of iron; only 1, the Marengo, is composite, with a frame of iron and sides of wood coated with armor. The most costly French-built vessel is the Couronne, which cost, for hull and fittings, £191,000. The most costly in the whole fleet is the Rochambeau (late the Dunderberg), which the French bought from the United States in 1867, paying £480,000 for her, of which amount £440,000 is to this day regretted in French nautical circles. With the Dunderberg came also the Onondaga, which was cheap at £80,000. The three most formidable vessels which the French have ever planned are the Colbert, Trident, and Richelieu, which were begun last December at Toulon. The first two are sister ships of 8,314 tuns, 320 feet long, coated with 8-inch armor, and intended at present to carry 30 ponderous guns. The Richelieu is to be of the same length and armor, but of 7,180 tuns. These vessels will be larger than any ironclads ever yet projected. The Victorieuse, another great iron-clad of more than 4,000 tuns, figures in the French list, but this has only been ordered, and not yet begun. La Galissonière, too, is very backward in its progress, and will take more than another year to finish. Of the French fleet, 11 are under 1,200 tuns, 14 under 3,000 and 14 over 3,000, but under 5,000. Taking the mean average of the speed of all on trial trips, it gives scarcely 10 knots the highest, the Marengo giving only 14.5, and some as low as 7 knots. The average armor plating of the French vessels is 5½ inches, ranging from 4 inches to 8½ inches. The thickest armor, however, is a mere belt above and below the water line, and none of the French vessels have the powerful armored bulkhead across the stem and stern to save them from the raking fire, under which they would fall easy victims to an active enemy. The greatest weight of armor which the largest class of French vessels carry is 1,860 tuns, and the smallest 279 tuns, and their greatest number of guns is 14.

The English have now ready 35 iron-clad vessels either at sea or ready for it, and five more could be added to this number in less than three months—40 in all. Others, of course, are building or launched, such as the Sultan, Audacious, Invincible, Iron Duke, Vanguard, &c., and could soon be got ready. Still, in number we should have five vessels less than the French, though in actual fact our fleet as to theirs would be as 100 to 50, in consequence of greater size, speed, strength, and armament. The average speed of the whole English fleet is as nearly as possible 12 knots, the highest, the Agincourt, being 14½ knots, and the lowest, the Vixen, 8.894. Only four vessels in our list, the Enterprise, Vixen, Waterwitch, and Viper, which are mere gunboats, though armored and carrying heavy guns, are smaller than those in the French navy. Class for class, we immensely exceed the French in tunnage, thickness of armor, and number and weight of guns. The difference on the whole of the two lists may be represented between France and England as five to eight.

The following is the list of the French iron fleet; those which have asterisks prefixed to their names are either just begun or have only been ordered:

Ships' Names.	Tuns.	Ships' Names.	Tuns.
Magenta	6,737	*La Galissonière	3,400
Solferino	6,691	*Victorieuse	4,140
Friedland	7,180	Montcalm	3,400
Marengo	7,180	Jeanne d'Arc	3,400
Océan	7,180	Reine Blanche	3,400
Suffren	7,180	Thetis	3,400
*Richelieu	7,180	Taureau	2,438
*Colbert	8,314	Belier	3,400
*Trident	8,314	Boule Dogue	3,400
Couronne	5,982	Cerbère	3,400
Gloire	5,630	*Tigre	3,400
Invincible	5,524	Paixhans	1,539
Normandie	5,636	Palestro	1,539
Flandre	5,711	Peiho	1,507
Gauloise	5,711	Saigon	1,507
Guyenne	5,711	Embuscade	1,223
Héroine	5,711	Imprenable	1,223
Magnanime	5,711	Protectrice	1,223
Provence	5,711	Refuge	1,223
Revanche	5,711	Arrogante	1,331
Savoir	5,711	Implacable	1,331
Surveillante	5,711	Opiniâtre	1,331
Valeureuse	5,711	Rochambeau (late Dunderberg)	7,000
Belliqueuse	3,347	Onondaga, two-turret monitor	2,000
Alma	3,400		
Armide	3,400		
Atalante	3,400		

NOTES ON THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Gen. Prim, replying to a friend in Paris on Spanish affairs, lately said: "The progress of events proves, as you see, that I was perfectly right. I go straight to my object without troubling myself about obstacles, and without preoccupying myself with personal ambition. You know my intentions; I desire the regeneration of Spain and the creation of a serious and really liberal Government; I aspire to be the monk of liberty, without individual ambition or afterthought of any sort."

M. Edmond About, who so vigorously assailed Napoleon III. the other day, now demands unrelenting war. He says that the true enemy of the French is not the German people, but "the court of Prussia, Bismarck, and a gang of generals and clique of intermeddlers."

The Berlin *National Zeitung* gives a series of questions which, it says, several months ago were addressed by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Imperial Envoy at Stuttgart, which makes it certain that the French Government were considering the chances of war for some months past; as, for instance, the following out of the 41 given:

What is Prussia's policy toward the Southern States?
Has Prussia abandoned the thought of German unity?
How is it that Austria does not seek to regain her former influence over Southern Germany?
Does the Würtemberg Government regret the offensive and defensive alliance binding it to Prussia?
In the event of a war, would the Würtemberg Government side with Prussia?
In the event of war with Prussia, would France find any allies in Southern Germany?
How is the Wütemberg army disposed?
Why does the Würtemberg Government Prussianize (*prussianizer*) the organization of its army?
Does the Würtemberg Government intend to join the North German Confederacy?
Does Russia support Würtemberg?

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A MODEL CHINESE SERVANT.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: A lady a few days ago mentioned in your journal that she had tried servants of three nationalities, and all were found wanting. Her hopes now depended upon the Celestials. Allow me to strengthen her hopes. Years ago I took a sea voyage. The Captain was a gentleman, as well as a good seaman, and all was law and order on board of that ship. His Chinese steward attracted my particular attention. As a waiter, I never saw his equal in anticipating wants before a passenger could express them. The Captain told me that this steward had been in his employ two years; had never been seen to sit down from his time of rising to that of going to bed; that he kept a strict account every day of all he took of the ship's supplies, and at the end of the voyage he knew how much remained. E. G.

New-York, July 17, 1870.

GERRIT SMITH—HIS MILITARY SPIRIT.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The communication from Detroit in your paper of the 22d inst. says:

Several years ago the Hon. Gerrit Smith gave to colored and other settlers hundreds of farms of from 40 to 150 acres each in Essex County, New-York. George Harris declares that the purpose of this act, never before made public, was to settle a colony there to drill in military tactics, in order in due time to take part in a scheme, of which the raid at Harper's Ferry was an imperfect illustration.

Instead of "several years," it is 24 years since I gave the land refered to. Moreover, it was not to make soldiers of the grantees, but simply farmers, that I gave it. It is true that I also hoped that their ownership of this land (they were all colored persons) would serve to increase their self-respect, and would be allowed to supply their lack of the property qualification for voting. Not unfrequently, I see myself represented as being anything but a peace man. One of my neighbors, on a recent visit to a part of North Carolina, learned that I had been regarded there as "a bloody old villain." Nevertheless, I am among those who do not expect the world to be made better by the shedding of blood. How little of the military spirit there is in me may be inferred from my not knowing how to load or fire a gun.

Peterboro, July 25, 1870. GERRIT SMITH.

CORNELL AND ITS PROFESSORS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Prof. Sprague, late of Cornell University, in a letter published in THE TRIBUNE of last Monday, speaking of the resignation of some of the Professors of that University, says that an assistant professor "is understood to have left for a *more lucrative* position," and that a professor also resigned "from family considerations as well as *higher salary*." The writer heard a Cornell professor remark, a few weeks ago, that Prof. Sprague himself retired on account of the *smallness of his salary* at Cornell, and that as Principal of the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, he is to receive six times as much. Thus, we see, that an assistant professor and two professors have resigned from this University during the last year. I cannot say whether Cornell pays its professors more or less than other colleges, but however that may be, it appears it does not pay them enough. Prof. Sprague was the most popular member with the students of the whole Faculty, excepting, perhaps, President White; he held an important post—and held it with perfect competency—the chair of English Literature.

Cornell University cannot part with its old professors without suffering therefrom. Firstly, because it causes the institution to appear unstable to the public; secondly because the resignation of men acquainted with the University system, and the appointment of strangers who are ignorant of its management, cannot but be a retardation and detriment to its progress. The question then arises, Can Cornell afford to retain its old Professors? It would seem so. Mr. Cornell alone has given the University $525,000 in cash; it owns over $2,500,000 worth of choice lands in Kansas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, which is selling off, and $328,300 has been received in its treasury from other sources, so that Cornell University is, or is soon destined to be, the richest of our Colleges. Let us hope, then, that men of letters will receive generous pay at Cornell at least, and that the institution which has taken the initiative in so many beneficial educational reforms will also make a move in this direction.

Let me remark before closing, that I trust that no inferences will be drawn from this letter that the Cornell University is retrograding. Far from it. Prof. Sprague tells us these vacancies will be filled up immediately, and that the University has never been in a more prospering condition than at present; and from observations let me add that, if I am not greatly mistaken, a larger Freshman class will go up to Ithaca this Fall than ever entered any college in America. T. S.

New-York, July 26, 1870.

DISABLED SOLDIERS ON WARD'S ISLAND.

Among the residents of Ward's Island are 140 discharged Union soldiers under the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. Some of them are sick, some are maimed, and all are poor. They fought for the Republic in the late war, and but for the hand of charity would be destitute in the country they helped to save. All they possessed—life, health, and strength—they periled at their country's call. They are the wrecks of battle and the remnants of victory. We appeal to those who are reaping the fruits of their devotion to patriotic duty, out of their abundance to give a mite to these defenders to procure for them what their bill of fare does not include—i. e., tobacco, fruit, and reading matter. The soldiers of the nation should be the nation's dearest care. Those who are willing to contribute for those simple luxuries may inclose their mite to THE TRIBUNE, *Times, Post, Standard, Mail*, or to Burnton's book store, No 94 Fourth-ave., and it will be sacredly applied to the object designated.

REPAIRS ON THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A dispatch from Heart's Content, Newfoundland, announces that the fault in one of the Atlantic Cables near that harbor had been repaired. The repair ship was to leave as soon as she had taken on board the necessary cable to remedy the other defect on the same line at about 75 miles from Heart's Content.