BRITISH GOSSIP.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. TENNYSON AND HIS NEW DRAMA—HIS CONSULTATIONS WITH MRS. BATEMAN—THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR IN LONDON SOCIETY—MEMORIAL TO CARDINAL MANNING.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, June 24.—The production of Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" on the stage of the Lyceum Theater—as to which I lately gave some particulars—will take place before Easter. The precise date depends partly on the length of the run of "Macbeth," which precedes it. I believe the idea of bringing out his drama occurred first to Mr. Tennyson during a visit to the Lyceum. He was charmed, as well he might be, with the acting of Miss Isabel Bateman, and asked to see her. In conversation with Miss Isabel and her mother he mentioned his forthcoming "Queen Mary." Presently Mr. Irving was sent for, in whom also Mr. Tennyson became much interested, finding him converse in private with an intelligence not less remarkable than his acting showed in public. In the end, Mr. Tennyson proposed to send the MS. of his drama when completed to Mr. Irving for his opinion on its suitableness for representation on the stage; asking Mr. Irving to suggest such omissions as he thought necessary, or other alterations. This was done, and it was done in a way creditable both to Mr. Irving and Mr. Tennyson. Mr. Irving is a conscientious as well as cultured artist; with a knowledge of dramatic literature not common on the stage or off it; and understands perfectly the practical requirements of the stage. Anybody could see that the length of the poem was far too great for actual performance. Mr. Tennyson was aware of it; possibly he was not aware how much would need to be cut out. Mr. Irving did his work thoroughly—so thoroughly that I hear the MS. was rather a spectacle when it came back into Mr. Tennyson's hands; who, nevertheless, took it all in good part, and accepted his revision as the basis of its dramatic representation. Then came consultations between Mrs. Bateman, now sole lessee and manager of the Lyceum, and Mr. Tennyson. Visits were paid to the poet at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. The business arrangements were settled amicably, and on terms which secure a very liberal remuneration to the author if the play succeeds, while protecting the manager against loss should "Queen Mary," by possibility, fail to draw. Mrs. Bateman has become the owner of the exclusive right to perform Mr. Tennyson's drama during five years, both in England and America. She pays the author a fixed sum per night for each representation—nothing when not performed, nor any lump sum for the whole right secured. The company to whom the characters are to be intrusted has already been engaged. As I before mentioned, Mrs. Crowe (Miss Bateman) and Mr. Irving are at the head of it, and I may add that Mr. Irving's consent to appear in the only part open to him is an evidence of disinterestedness, of devotion to his art, and of good-will to Mrs. Bateman which ought not to pass unnoticed. The chief part is, of course, Mrs. Crowe's, to which all the other characters in the drama are made subordinate by the poet. There have been few English actors who had reached the place Mr. Irving now holds in his profession who would have been willing under such circumstances to accept any share in the performance. Miss Virginia and Miss Isabel Bateman are also included in the cast, though in their case, again, it may be doubted whether they will find themselves called on to exert their best abilities. Mr. Tennyson and the public are the gainers by this. The play will have justice done it—more than it could expect at almost any other theater in London. It is to be carefully mounted—not turned into a spectacle, but with full attention to historical accuracy in costumes and scenery.

Since I last mentioned the Sultan of Zanzibar, his social position has distinctly improved, and the public interest in him much increased. Possibly his good looks have something to do with it. Good looks with a qualification, however. I heard one lady say of him that he would be handsome if he would only cut off the lower part of his face. I don't suppose she quite meant that. She was only expressing—with the usual feminine vivacity so much more delightful than our prosaic literalism—her disapproval of his mouth. The highest honor and the sweetest solace which mortal can hope for in this country has been yielded to the Seyyid. He has visited the Queen. To borrow the far more sonorous language of *The Court Circular*, her Majesty the Queen received his Highness Seyyid Barghash of Zanzibar this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The afternoon was of Monday. Besides his own suite, consisting mostly of people whose two names begin with H and have his between—there accompanied him Lord Derby, Sir Bartle Frere, Dr. Kirk and his two dry nurses, Dr. Badger, and Mr. Clement Hill. Of these two Dr. Badger is interpreter and Mr. Hill dragoman. The party went by rail to Windsor, which is as near as the Queen ever gets to London, save for a day and a night. An equipage in waiting received the Seyyid at the station, conducted him to his carriage, and attended him to the Castle. I need scarcely explain that these fine gradations of the language of ceremony are borrowed from the official organ mentioned above. Such exactness is more than could be expected from a republican pen—more than from any pen not trained for successive generations in the arts of royal state. A guard of honor of the 2d battalion of Grenadiers, with—observe this—the drums and fifes, was mounted at the railway station, and also—for fear also we should probably read another—in the quadrangle of the castle, this latter with the band of the regiment. Thus between the two all the available music was turned out, the equipage perhaps feeling that its charms might be needed to soothe the Seyyid's breast. The Queen seems to have been particularly civil to her guest; possibly to recompense him for her absence in Balmoral on his arrival. Accompanied by the Princess Louise (without her husband, of course, who, not being of a royal family, has no place on such occasions), and Princess Beatrice, the Queen received the Sultan in the corridor, and proceeded thence to the white drawing-room. Over what happened in the white drawing-room a veil is drawn. It is open to conjecture that the Queen told the Seyyid she was glad to see him, and hoped he liked London; that these gracious words were duly translated by Dr. Badger, and that the Seyyid in reply said a good deal about the sun and stars, about Allah and his mercy; the translation of which into English would occupy less time than its utterance in Arabic. The interview certainly was not long. There was a lunch, but that was served separately in another room. After lunch, the Seyyid was shown round the Castle; being presumably permitted to see the State apartments now closed to the public. It was all over in an hour and a quarter. A correspondent sends to one of the papers an account, not of what happened, but of the Sultan's impressions, pitched in a very high key indeed. He is represented as saying that it was the amount of his ambition to see the Queen; that she is the magnet which draws the hearts of all Englishmen—like the mountain of loadstone in the Arabian Nights which drew the nails out of the sides of the ships; that, now he has seen her, he finds her to be the center of all the glory, all the greatness, all the prosperity of this grand Empire (and she a woman, too! adds the breathless Oriental). He expected to be overwhelmed when he saw her face, and he was indeed wonderstruck with all the sumptuousness which surrounds her, but hers is the simple majesty which captivates, not that which bewilders. She was nevertheless majestic in her simplicity, and the Seyyid's heart wept for her when he saw the two princesses by her side and remembered that her husband was dead.

As the Seyyid had previously been received by the Prince of Wales (though after some delay) society took the hint and began to run after him. It has been "quite the thing" for a week past to be asked to meet the Sultan of Zanzibar—certainly since Lady Derby gave him a party. He has been made to go the usual rounds—visits the opera and theaters, his his photograph taken, went to the State Concert yesterday at Buckingham Palace, has looked in upon the House of Commons, which he thought dull (as it was), and St. Thomas's Hospital, which he rightly admired. "This is a meritorious thing in the sight of God," he remarked. We are told, on what appears to be good authority, that he is an early riser—has, in fact, long before Londoners are stirring been up and praying with his nobles and priests for an hour and a half. These prayer services are repeated thrice a day, which seems pretty well, but the Seyyid is careful to have it explained that at home there would be five services instead of three; from which I hope we are entitled to conclude that His Highness Seyyid Barghash of Zanzibar is a pious man.

It was long since discovered that this is the age of testimonials. A number of *The Times* that did not contain an advertisement—generally more than one—appealing for subscriptions in recognition of the merit of somebody, dead or alive, would be a curiosity. The personage who has most recently profited by this generous mania is His Eminence Cardinal Manning. In his case it was managed without advertising. Lay Catholics, chiefly peers, found the money, and with practical good sense gave it to him as money; instead of throwing the cash into plate for the profit of the goldsmiths. The subscriptions reached the comfortable sum of £6,500, "voluntarily contributed," as it is oddly stated, and this is given in token of their satisfaction at his having been made a Cardinal. The Duke of Norfolk alone gave £1,000. If I were a Catholic, I would propose a subscription to Father Newman in token of satisfaction at his not having been made a Cardinal—in other words, of admiration for the degree of intellectual independence which he proves to be compatible with sincere Catholicism; incompatible though it be with getting the favor of the Jesuits behind the throne.

G. W. S.

SENATOR THURMAN'S POSITION.

INFLATION NOT ADVOCATED BY HIM.

HOW THE OHIO CONVENTION WAS CAPTURED—THE SENATOR'S SUPPORT OF THE STATE CANDIDATES—HARD MONEY TO BE FOUGHT FOR NEXT YEAR.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: There exists a misconception in regard to the position of Senator Thurman on the financial question, that it would perhaps be well for THE TRIBUNE to remove. The entire press of the East has commented of late on the supposed apostasy of the Ohio Senator, and has expressed sincere and profound regret that he should appear to have taken his stand on a platform of financial heresies and inflation. It will be a satisfaction to these Eastern friends of sound currency to learn that Senator Thurman stands to-day precisely where he has stood for the past five years, and does not propose to depart from his financial record, even to the thousandth part of an inch. He is as true to the cause of hard money as Bismarck is to the cause of German unity or Castelar to the cause of human liberty.

The late Convention at Columbus was a howling inflation mob. It was no more a deliberative body than the masked mob that hung the negro Sims in Maryland. It was not a Democratic State Convention, but a Convention of Washington McLean and William Allen. This political firm, their clerks and runners, selected the larger part of the delegates. The senior member, Gov. Allen, was locked up with McLean during the preceding Sunday in *The Enquirer* office in Cincinnati. Here were arranged the programme, platform, and order of business. At Columbus it was given out by the personal body-guard and clerical force surrounding Gov. Allen that that illustrious survivor of the seventeenth century would not accept a nomination except on an inflation platform. The rural delegates were seized with fear and trembling. Allen had been holding the State of Ohio up by the tail, just as Grant had been holding up the Republic, and the consequences were not to be contemplated if either "let go his hold." Tens groundless fears of the loss of the party's only-begotten candidate for Governor worked together for inflation.

Days before the Convention assembled a Committee on Resolutions had been chosen in the interest of inflation. Gen. Thomas Ewing, who was known to be as crazy about paper money as Gen. Butler is about leather money, was chosen by the McLean-Allen combination Chairman of the Committee of Resolutions long before the Committee over which he was to preside was created. When this Committee was finally organized it was found that 13 men were for inflation and seven men for good money. The inflationists finding themselves in a majority selected a sub-committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Ewing, Campbell, and McMahon, who, pocketing all the resolutions referred to them, reported the series drawn by Ewing and some time before adopted by McLean and Allen. They were read in committee, and although disapproved of by seven minority members, were passed without dissension, on the plea that the majority were satisfied, and there was no time to discuss the question. The Committee applied the gag as effectually as did the Convention. No debate would be listened to by the dishonest money men. It is the opinion of a gentleman present that neither Senator Thurman nor any other hard-money man could have obtained a hearing before the Committee, the Convention, or the crowd that assembled at the ratification meeting. They would have been howled down by the McLean mob and the inflation lunatics.

Judge Thurman, upon consultation with his friends, determined to await a better opportunity than that afforded by an excited multitude to make known his views, upon a platform, the financial heresies of which he utterly rejects, trusting that his well-known opinions, as expressed in the United States Senate, would prevent his silence from being misunderstood. He hopes to bring about reforms and a change in opinion among Democrats in Ohio on the financial question inside his party instead of outside, believing that Ohio will ultimately march side by side with New-York in the cause of currency reform. Thurman thinks that he owes it to his hard money friends in Cuyahoga, Richland, and other counties to aid them in the election of their local tickets, and will speak and work in these counties during the campaign.

At the first public meeting he is invited to address, he will make known his disapproval of the financial resolutions of the State platform. At the same time, as there are no Congressmen to be elected this year, and the State officers can have no control over the National finances or the operations of the National Treasury, he thinks that the theoretical opinions candidates may entertain are not so vital questions as to swallow up all others. As a life-long Democrat, he prefers the State and county offices to be administered by Democrats. As there are many other issues and principles involved in the present campaign more practical if not more important than the financial one, he proposes to labor this year for the success of these, and next year to make a square and determined fight for a stable currency, and for the success of his constituents on whatever questions may then be uppermost. From what I have written it will appear that Senator Thurman, instead of having deserted his Eastern friends on the financial question, is heart and soul in sympathy with them; that instead of having apostatized he was never firmer in the faith. X.

Columbus, Ohio, June 29, 1875.

SIR JOHN SWINBURNE ON THE ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.

Sir John Swinburne, one of the English trustees of the "Leased Line Rental Trust Bonds" of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company, who came to this country to investigate the affairs of the road, has just made his report to his constituents in England. He says that the position of the trusts is in most respects as unsatisfactory as could well be. Interests cross and conflict with each other, and powers are divided, mixed up, or overridden in a way that renders the whole subject hopelessly bewildering to an outsider; but one purpose is always clear, that money should be made by promoters, and one effect is always visible—wreck and ruin. There have been diversions of money to purposes for which it was never raised; fraudulent leases have been made, such as that of renting the Pithole line, 11 miles long, to the Atlantic and Great Western for $50,000 per annum, and the Pennsylvania Petroleum line for $300,000, the one being valueless and the other unmade, and assignments of surplus earnings have been freely decreed where no surplus earnings could possibly be made. This Pithole line was sold lately to the President for $500 at the instance of a creditor for $900. It cost the Atlantic and Great Western £15,000, and has about £8,000 worth of rails on it. Jobbery has rampered everywhere, one instance being given where a line of less than 32 miles in length had 138 persons engaged in working it, including a chief engineer with a salary of $5,000 per annum. Some of the trusts, however, represent really good property, such as that covering the Mahoning Valley, the Sacnango and Allegheny, or the Cleveland and Columbus lines, and it has been the strenuous endeavor of Sir John Swinburne to protect the interests of the trust bondholders in these properties, and to prevent their being swallowed up in the general wreck of Atlantic and Great Western affairs.

JUDICIOUS.

From The New-Albany Ledger-Standard.

With more than usual interest we have read the report of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE in the Tilton-Beecher trial. The editor of that paper may have had and has doubtless expressed opinions in regard to the trial as it proceeded, but certainly its report of the trial has been the fullest, the most easily comprehended of all the metropolitan journals. It seems to have been fair, impartial, and comprehensive, and we have relied upon it more than all sources combined in making up our own mind in the case. Certainly it is deserving the credit for the enterprise displayed in presenting from day to day the entire evidence in the case, as well as the arguments upon both sides.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

IX.

THE CORNELL CREW.

THE EYRIE ON SNAKE HILL—AN ARTISTIC BOAT-HOUSE—ALL THE COURSES AND CREWS IN SIGHT—THE FLAGS—FORM OF THE CREW—CAUTION IN PREDICTIONS.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

SARATOGA LAKE, July 3.—On the right about three miles down the lake from Moon's rises Snake Hill. It is a promontory 300 feet high, which shoulders its sides out boldly into the water and forms the most conspicuous point on it, being covered with trees, mostly pines, and dense foliage of dark green. The regatta enthusiast will remember it well as towering over the bay where last year's race began, and the lover of scenery will recall the remarkable shadows, clear and cool, which it threw far out into the burning lake on that sultry morning. At that time Snake Hill was virgin forest, and not a break could be seen in its mass of trees from water's edge to summit. Now on the north-west face of the hill, almost hanging over the precipice about 60 feet up, stands a little rustic structure of exquisite taste, built mainly of the trees which have been cut around it, the four-sided shingle roof being painted in quarters with colors which might not unreasonably be called carnelian alternating with white. This, without the colors which float conspicuously at the summit of the little mountain, would denote the quarters of "Cornell," known as Southgate's Cottage, or more familiarly as "The Shanty."

Mr. Southgate, one of the proprietors of Congress Hall, built this chalet last season, and this little box is certainly a model in its way. It looks large from below, but what appears to be a lower story is only a wall to raise the outer side of the main floor to a level with the inner, which rests on the steep mountain side, and the attic is a mere cupboard in the peak of the roof. The single floor of four rooms has parlor, dining-room, and two bed-rooms, with a rookery for a kitchen. Here the Cornell University crew with their adjuncts live. Their cooking is done by an old lady whom they brought from home. She is ever inquiring for the "Ithiky paper," and scolding because the carsman who for the day is hewer of wood and drawer of water has not brought her enough of one or the other. When the nine or ten men have all sneezed themselves in between the edge of their table and the walls of the dining saloon, the old lady flies around the rookery a few minutes, and brings forward a meal that cannot be surpassed anywhere on the lake. Perhaps my kind neighbor did have to apologize for crowding me a little at table to-day, but the joint was tender, and the tapioca pudding in particular such a toothsome and simple one as I never find on Broadway. Then I had only to look over my shoulder through the open window to see a bit of inland scenery—wood, lake, and distant mountain—that is seldom surpassed. At night, the men admit that they are somewhat crowded—three cots in one little six-by-eight bedroom, a cot and a double bed in the other, and three cots in the parlor. But in this glorious air, blowing free and fresh from the Adirondacks, through open doors and windows, a healthy man can sleep under any conditions whatsoever. There are some parts of the lake where the wind blows in rather too many mosquitoes for absolute luxury, but Snake Hill apparently is not one of them. One visitor had his hand swelled to a pudding by a chance spider-bite here, but that is nothing to the continuous lacerations of mosquitoes. During the day the Ithaca men live royally. The little parlor has a big open chimney-place, with andirons and a fine screen in baronial style. The pier glass is framed in walnut and gold, the sofa and chairs are comfort itself, the stags' heads and hunting pictures all in keeping, but the best thing of all is the piazza. This is broad, with a rustic balustrade, and runs around three sides of the house, fairly hanging over the lake. Here in his comfortable chair the weary wayfarer can sit in the shade and sweep every meadow and moor, till the view ends with the faint, distant crests of the Adirondacks, or of Greenfield Peaks, nearer at hand.

OVER THE COURSE.

But what is more to the purpose just now, he can from this point with a good glass sweep the entire lake; see Yale practicing laboriously in pair-oars up at Moon's, at the end of the lake, and the Princeton and Brown men lying about their quarters at the other.

The crews, when the weather is good, take their practice pulls over the course, and this is the place of places to see them. All the 300 flags are in position except where here and there a float has gone. The quarter-mile line is just under us, the dozen little flags fluttering out bravely in the wind. This flag plan has been carried out very effectively. The original scheme has been modified for the better, and, though opinions are still divided, the plan, upon the whole, has gained in popularity since the flags were actually placed. First, a heavy float of joists is anchored by copper wire to a stone, which holds it four or five feet below the surface. To this a stout pole is tied, which floats upright, and into a hole in the end of the pole or float the staff of the flag is driven. The flag itself is of bunting, 12 by 18 inches or more, screwed to a stick an inch square. Each line of flags is of the color of the college which will steer by it. Farthest west and most conspicuous are the 25 purple flags of Williams, extending from end to end of the three miles in unbroken line; next is Cornell, with their miscible carnelian and white, represented by a very pretty scarlet and white flag; next comes Amherst, purple and white, the purple half next the stick to distinguish it from the blue and white of Columbia; next Bowdoin, with white—the most distinct line to steer by of the whole; then Brown, which, for want of brown bunting, has been fitted out with black in a most funereal array, but it is easily seen; then Columbia; then Wesleyan, which either once or for all has taken red, white, and blue for a symbol and forsaken lavender; Princeton, orange and black; Dartmouth, green; Yale, blue; Hamilton in Trinity's vacant place, with the Trinity flag of green and white; Harvard, crimson, and, last, Union, which has adopted some modification of crimson, and will be mixed up with Harvard on that account whenever opportunity occurs.

The quarter-mile line is just abreast of us here at the "Shanty," and a quarter mile from this light looks very little on the water; so the starting line is perfectly in reach of the naked eye; wherefore it is that this is the point of points to watch the practice pulls over the course. They can be seen starting, surveyed as they pass beneath, and followed up the remaining miles with ease.

SIXTEEN CREWS ON THE LAKE.

There are twelve University and four Freshmen crews now at the lake, Williams being the only laggard. Bowdoin arrived to-day. At the upper end of the lake are Yale at the new Briggs House, Dartmouth at Curtis's, Amherst at Ransdill's; but the bulk are below as "far from the madding crowd" as they can get. Columbia is at Ingram's as before; Cornell is near by on Snake Hill; the Cornell Freshmen and Harvard are at the Sulphur Spring Hotel and the cottages below; Hamilton is at Hart's, Union at Arnold's, Brown at Holmes's, Wesleyan at Grove Hotel, Bowdoin at James Riley's, and Princeton at Arnold's. From here we can see them all.

THE CORNELL CREW.

Most conspicuous to-day was the crew of Cornell herself. The character of Cornell University, her situation and numbers, are known of all men. It is also pretty well known that she has a strong and plucky class of men who have been or will be largely engaged in mechanical pursuits. It is also pretty well known that the crews of Cornell have been badly beaten in the regattas of the past two years. As to the reasons for her defeat there have been various opinions. Many, perhaps most of the students, have thought that the Cornell men went too exclusively for beef and that men of more nerve and fire were needed, and that there was a surplus, if any thing, of mere muscle and freight. I thought that the crew of last year was overtrained and predicted their ill-success on that account some time before the race. Somehow or other they managed to train off between 15 and 20 pounds of flesh each previous to the race, and it was natural enough that men who had treated themselves in that way should be sick when it was time for the race to be pulled; and they were so in fact. This year they do not appear with a very heavy and muscular crew, as they have previously done, but have men of more moderate measurements, who are tough and healthy, and who above all are skillful in handling their oars. Cornell shows no diminution of enthusiasm, and comes to the struggle undaunted in front, with two crews, more confident than ever. The stroke and bow, who were considered the best men last year, veterans of two well contested races, are still in the University crew, and they believe that they have at last got a six together which can carry them well up to the front.

After a good generous dinner and a lounge of an hour or more on the piazza, they started out in the boat. They will have the first paper boat ever rowed, I believe, in a college regatta. They have used paper boats at the College in several class races, but never before have ventured into a regatta with one. She is wider than any heretofore made, and is built on the model of the Columbia shell of last year. They now sit as follows:

	Age.	Weight.
Bow—John S. Waterman	21	150
No. 2—Daniel O. Barto	24	155
No. 3—Albert E. Gillis	23	160
No. 4—James L. Jarvis	24	160
No. 5—Charles C. King	27	165
Stroke—John N. Ostrom	24	166

Mr. Waterman is like his native State of Rhode Island. He is not large, but what there is of him is exceedingly good. He is well made, strong in the trunk and back, and very muscular about the body. He is a man of brain and nerve and steers capitally. There are some defects in Mr. Waterman's pulling, as might be expected, since he has never been in a racing boat before this year. He does not always pull his stroke through, and he rolls to port a trifle occasionally, but he has time to correct these defects and is evidently a man who will do so.

Mr. Barto, No. 2, is from Jacksonville, N. Y. He is a blonde of the most pronounced character, measures 5 feet 8 inches, and has a good rowing build. Mr. Barto handles his oar well and is in fine condition. Mr. Gillis, No. 3, is an Ohio man, and Mr. Jarvis, No. 4, is from Canastota, N. Y. They measure about 5 feet ten inches each, weigh 160 pounds each, and look so much alike that it is hard at first to tell them apart. Mr. Jarvis has the more nervous temperament—the "free horse" of the two, I should say—but Mr. Gillis looks as if he made it up in toughness. They are well-built men, with no especial sign of gymnasium about them; not particularly large in the arms, but heavy in the back and loin.

Mr. King, No. 5, pulled stroke last year. He is a very broad and square-bodied man, tough and knotty. He now appears in a Cornell racing crew for the third time, and is well known. His perseverance certainly deserves success.

John H. Ostrom, the stroke and captain of the crew, generally known among the boys as the "old man," has also pulled in two regattas before this. He has great determination, and a muscular development which is rarely equaled. Mr. Ostrom has given much study to rowing, and appears this year as stroke instead of in the bow, where he pulled last year. His stroke does not present the peculiar English characteristics now in fashion. It is a little quicker than many crews are pulling, averaging about 34 to the minute, but less effort is made to slant the hands forward rapidly than is seen in Columbia's and Williams's crews.

The form of the crew entitles them to place among the good ones. Mr. Waterman rolls a little to port, as before mentioned, and Mr. King sometimes goes too far back of the perpendicular with his body, throwing himself a trifle out of time; but there are few crews at this period which have not defects worse than these and harder to cure.

The Cornell Freshmen crew is as follows:

	Age.	Weight.
Bow—Lynde Palmer	19	150
No. 2—Jame K. Chapp	19	155
No. 3—W. H. Grant	19	165
No. 4—Albert W. Smith	18	160
No. 5—H. A. Carpenter	18	150
Stroke—John Lewis	19	150

This appears to be a fairly good crew, too. I think the Harvard Freshmen are generally thought most of at present. They are strong men, they pull in moderately good shape, and they are always trying to race with somebody, which is a good sign.

Of the Cornell University crew I have spoken circumspectly. Everybody here is praising them for their recent improvement in form; but so it has been every year. Cornell has been praised as one of the best crews, and has stood among the middle ones, if not worse. This year many will wait till after the race before they give Cornell a very high place. Many other crews were noted from the Cornell eyrie on the little mountain, but they must be spoken of in another letter.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN AID OF THE PEABODY HOME FOR AGED WOMEN.

The trustees of the Peabody Home for Aged Women, a free and nonsectarian institution, of recent birth, but already numerous troops of friends, have opened an exhibition of pictures at the Leavitt Art Rooms, No. 817 Broadway, for the purpose of calling public attention to their charitable undertaking. These pictures have all been lent for the occasion by generous people, who have wished to do what they could to aid a cause they have much at heart, and which deserves to be helped. We believe the institution is named in honor of the philanthropic merchant who showed us all how easy which there is a will, is the way for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. Among the honorary members we find the names of Peter Cooper, ex-Governor John A. Dix, Horace Greeley, D. D., Charlow Wood, Prof. Eric De Pender, LL. D., the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, and the Hon. William H. Wickham. Mr. George H. Peabody is the Treasurer, and the list of ladies who give the Home the aid and comfort of their influence, proves again—what is, indeed, an old story in New-York—that wealth and culture find one of their chief pleasures in the luxury of doing good. Among the names of artists who have sent pictures to the present exhibition many will read with pleasure that of Mr. Walker, the painter of "The Battle of Lookout Mountain." Mr. Walker has here six or eight pictures, which will be sure to interest those who felt their patriotism stirred and old memories renewed in contemplating his large battle-piece. Other pictures are by Mr. Eastman Johnson, Mr. William Hart, Mr. Bricher, Mr. Church, and Mr. Inness. The exhibition is open day and evening.

INSURANCE TOPICS.

LOSSES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA—PROPOSED NEW COMPANIES—DEFICIENCY IN AN AGENCY'S ACCOUNTS.

The general agent of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, Mr. Montgomery, has recently undertaken the compilation of statistics indicating the losses by fire throughout the United States and Canada. Mr. Montgomery states that while the figures for the past two months are still incomplete, they give an idea of the approximate amount of losses for that time. The losses in California are not included, and the facilities for obtaining information south of North Carolina and Missouri have been very imperfect. The amount for May, according to the latest corrections, is $10,368,187, and that for June, $6,059,566. The reported insurance on the June losses is $1,749,326, but as it often occurs that the amount of insurance is not given, these figures are necessarily incomplete.

The gentleman recently engaged in organizing the Dry Goods Insurance Company, which was advertised as having most of its capital stock of $100,000 subscribed, have abandoned the company. A new Company with $300,000 capital stock is talked about, but nothing definite has been learned about its chances of success. Persons who are interested in the organization of the Alliance Insurance Company of this city, with a capital of $200,000, talk with more assurance of success. Still another fire insurance company, to be called the "Continental," with a capital stock of not less than $1,000,000, to be divided between this city and Philadelphia, is spoken of. Meanwhile the companies and agencies that have been in the field for years with working machinery well established complain that the insurance business is extremely dull, and that there is no hope of any immediate improvement.

The agency of the Fire Association of Philadelphia has been placed with H. & J. V. N. Dorr. This Company recently withdrew its agency from Chappu, Peck & Howell on account of a deficiency in the monthly accounts of the latter. Mr. Chappu has since returned from Europe, where, it is stated, he went with strong recommendations from the officers of the Fire Association for the purpose of securing the agency of a foreign company, but no statement of account showing the actual standing between the Company and their former agents has yet been made public. Mr. Norton, who has had charge of the agency here for a few weeks past, stated yesterday that the amount was not yet known to any one, but the deficiency would probably amount to $25,000.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

WEBSTER'S USE OF "SUNDAY" AND "SABBATH."

AN ALLEGED LETTER OF HIS EXAMINED—DOUBTS OF HIS HAVING WRITTEN IT.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: In one of my papers, just received, is an article headed "Memorable Letter from Daniel Webster." It seems to have been communicated to *The Christian Union* by Mr. John S. C. Abbott, who vouches for its authenticity, though he says, "Where it has been buried for so long a time I cannot imagine, neither do I know where Mr. Benson obtained it." Now, upon reading the letter, it did not seem to me to have at all the "Websterian ring," and I felt quite sure that there was some mistake about it. The letter is dated Marshfield, June 15, 1852, and is addressed to Prof. Pease, in response to his "very able and interesting annual report of the condition of the 'New-York Sabbath-school Association.'" The letter has the expression "Sabbath-school" a good many times, and contains no account of Mr. Webster's interview with Thomas Jefferson, in the following words:

Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible the sound of a bell broke upon our ears. Turning to the sage of Monticello, I remarked: "How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!" The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied, "Yes, my dear Webster, yes; it melts the heart; it enhances pardon, and makes us boys again." Here I observed that man was an animal formed for religious worship; and that notwithstanding all the sophistry of Lipsichus, Bolingbroke, and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm as the immovable as truth itself; that man, in his poor, feeble strivings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality; and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying,

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction; and that the Sunday-school (he did not use our more correct word sabbath) presented the only legitimate means under the Constitution of avoiding the rock on which the French Republic was wrecked.

Feeling quite sure that expressions in this letter, and especially the words "sabbath" and "Sabbath-school," were not Websterian, I refreshed my memory by an examination of Mr. Webster's Life, by George Ticknor Curtis. From this work I find the following facts:

First, Mr. Webster's visit to Mr. Jefferson was not in June, as stated in the letter, but in December, 1824. Secondly, in May, 1852, Mr. Webster met with an accident near Marshfield, which prevented his writing any letters for several weeks, except by an amanuensis, and when it was with difficulty that he could even sign his name. Thirdly, "on the 1st day of June, 1852, Mr. Webster was again in Washington," and on the 10th day of that month of the same year he wrote or dictated a letter, dated at Washington, to the Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, Mass., and I conclude therefore that he could not have been at Marshfield on June 15, 1852, which is the date and place of the newly-discovered letter to Mr. Pease. Fourthly, I find in his Life a good many letters dated *Sunday*, and a good many references to *Sunday*, but never the use of the word *sabbath*, nor do I believe that this word can be found in all of his writings, either as expressing or intimating any preference for it, as implied in the reported conversation with Mr. Jefferson.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 3, 1875. J. A. R.

RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE TUNKERS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: In the notice of the "Tunkers" in your issue of June 23 I think they are made to appear more grotesquely than the facts will warrant. I know these people well, as I was born and grew up among them. They are a people who are "perfect and upright"—a people that "fear God and shun evil." They do not call themselves "Tunkers," but "German Baptists." Some of these people, the uncultivated, it is true, clothe themselves uncouthly enough to excite the stare of the mob; but the majority of them, in intelligence or propriety of dress, compare favorably with any other people. Religiously they discard all creeds, and are governed in faith and works by the New Testament alone. They have a kind of Pentecostal meeting once a year—their yearly meeting—at which their churches throughout the United States, and I think Canada, too, are represented. This meeting is their "General Conference," their highest court, and as "offenses will come," this court judges them, and from it there is no appeal. At their yearly meeting they have a supper, not of fashion fresh, but a substantial supper of coffee, meat of almost any kind, generally beef, accompanied with bread and butter, &c. This supper, I suppose, takes its origin from the Passover, but this is not exactly like it. From this supper they arise and gird themselves with towels, and wash one another's feet. They then partake of bread and wine, in commemoration of the death of their Redeemer. But these "Tunkers" are the last people to be found among hills, from whence they at long intervals come out dressed in fantastic style to sell their wares. Not so at all; they own some of the finest farms in the richest valleys. They build commodious dwelling-houses and large bank barns, which are filled with choicest cereals, well cultivated, and therefore, and the prosperous of their industrious and intelligent users. They generally have good stock of all kinds, well fed and sleek, and Mr. Beach will never find it necessary to prosecute any of these people for stealing cattle. At their tables you can be served with fresh eggs and the "wing of a mud-lark," with the necessary accompaniments. Need I say these people pay their debts? This is one of the principles of their religion. Take the "Tunkers" all in all, and it is only a pity the world has so few of them. L. G. R.

Dresser, Ohio, June 28, 1875.

A TRAMP'S DEATH.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The following Associated Press dispatch was published in the New-York papers of June 26: "A train on the Hudson River Railroad ran over a woman and her child at Glenwood yesterday morning, killing the mother instantly, and injuring the child so seriously that he will die. They were 'tramps.'" What a train of thought this treatment of news bears inspired! "They were tramps." Who was this poor woman? How far had she come with her child in her arms, and where was she tramping to?

Whose daughter was she, and who was her husband? She must have had friends once—a father and mother, sisters, brothers, and nearer yet—a lover. She may have been reared in luxury, and have been drawn at lightning speed over the same road which she was so wearily traversing when she was swept into eternity. What was the difference between this woman and child and those who rode in the palace cars of that express train? All belong to the same family; all are human beings actuated by the same motives, the same hopes and sorrows, the same loves, hopes and fears, the only difference consisting in the possession of a little dross called money. Ah, who can believe that if this life were all, that the great Creator would have so distributed its joys and sorrows? We can resist the feeling that, somewhere beyond, there is a recompense for the pain and trouble of this life? Somewhere a place where the little tramps which have scarcely opened their eyes on this life, will have no sorrow, no tears, whose heads have rested on downy pillows from their birth? Somewhere a great and glorious eternity, in which this life is only a threshold, and through which we are all tramping—tramping onward to our rest.

New-York, July 3, 1875.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITABLE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: In the space of a few seconds the flourishing City of San Jose de Cucuta, with a population of 12,000 souls, was entirely destroyed by earthquake, with all its inhabitants, excepting about 4,000. Five other hitherto busy and prosperous places, with a combined population of over 15,000, have also been totally or partially destroyed, and their remnants of inhabitants—heart-broken, homeless wanderers—are appealing for our aid and efforts in their behalf. The whole extent of this calamity is not yet known, but what has already reached us respecting the wide-spread misery, destitution, and sufferings of the mutilated, helpless survivors is more than sufficient to awaken the generous sympathies of this whole community. Having been authorized by the Committee of Relief organized in this city to collect subscriptions in aid of the sufferers, we respectfully appeal to the generosity and benevolence of your readers for such donations as they may desire to contribute toward this object. Respectfully, your obedient servants,

MENOS & ESPINELLA.

52 Pinest., New-York, June 26, 1875.

THE ILLEGAL TENDER DOLLAR.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I observed to a gentleman to-day that he could see the value of the illegal tender dollar every day in THE TRIBUNE. He said he had not noticed it. Would it not be better to make it more conspicuous by forming a little table? For instance to-day:

	Cents.
Value of legal tender dollar	85 9/10
Value of legal tender 50-cent note	42 9/10
Value of legal tender 25-cent note	21 9/10
Value of legal tender 10-cent note	8 9/10

Or it might be more elegantly expressed thus:

	Cents.
A very small swindle, the 10-cent note, is worth	8 9/10
A little bigger attempt at fraud, the 25-cent note	21 9/10
A tolerable piece of rascality, the 50-cent note	42 9/10
That crowning disgrace, the paper dollar	85 9/10

This would be pretty; and more, it would be true.

Respectfully Yours, FRED. W. ALEXANDER.

Baltimore, July 2, 1875.

A SUGGESTION ABOUT THE HARLEM FLATS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Advise the Board of Health or any other of the authorities to relieve the people of Harlem of the stench arising from the Flats, by sowing with timothy and clover the plague spot. Put the living in place of the decaying vegetation, when the infectious and offensive stench will be removed, and freshness and beauty gladden the senses. The peril at once stayed, our neighbors of Harlem may again enjoy pastures new