circuitous though pleasant route. The sound steamboats to Fall River or the Shore Line will bring the traveler within easy railroad distance of either New-Bedford or Wood's Hole. The New-Bedford and New-York propellers run direct to New-Bedford. From this latter city steamboats run directly to Oak Bluffs, crossing Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound. Other steamboats run from Wood's Hole, connecting with the Old Colony Railroad line. The sail from New-Bedford is a very pleasant one of about two hours, carrying the visitor within sight of Penikese Island, where Prof. Agassiz founded his School of Natural History, and Cuttyhunk, the headquarters of the Cuttyhunk Club of New-York.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

SUCCESS OF THE GREAT MEETINGS AT FAIR POINT—SPEAKERS PRESENT—IMPROVEMENTS OF THE MEETINGS AND GROUNDS PLANNED.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

FAIR POINT, Chautauqua Lake, Aug. 21.—The outcome of the four weeks of meetings just held here is: The pushing of this enterprise beyond experiment into permanency, and enlargement of the plans and purposes of the managers. It will be developed into something more than a training school for Sunday-school work, though that will continue to be its leading feature. Few people outside of those interested in church affairs have any adequate idea of the magnitude of the work already effected here in the specialty of Sunday-school improvement—a progress that amounts to a revolution in Sunday-school methods. None but they who have been here have any idea of the material work done in this primeval forest. This is only the third year of these meetings, and the real estate and improvements here have called for an investment of $180,000. The managers entered into the expenditure of $20,000 a year with a confidence in reimbursement not thus far disappointed. About 30,000 paying admissions are returned this year, and there has been a resident attendance of about 2,500, which also pays for the benefits of the extensive and expensive undertaking. That in spite of "hard times" and the Centennial Exhibition, these meetings have been more successful financially, numerically, and in general interest manifested, is taken as an evidence of the firm hold they have taken upon the public mind, the more especially as there were fewer meretricious or sensational features in the programme this year than ever before. In truth, the time has been well put in at earnest, honest work by the attendants—hard work at study, or at sight-seeing equally persistent. The visitors have been called on to listen to over 100 addresses, most of them elaborate efforts—a continuous, first-class lecture course of 100 performances. They have also attended 158 class exercises, normal school drills, debates, devotional meetings, besides all the musical and æsthetic features of the month. Besides the sermons, the addresses embraced patriotic, scientific, literary, humorous, educational, reformatory, and art topics. All this is carried on under such a high-pressure system, the time is so filled in from 6 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. by an uninterrupted succession of exciting things, that no one can stand the physical and mental strain of the whole programme. The common complaint is of too much entertainment, and there is a loud call for more time or less work next year. The crowd has gone home perfectly saturated and possibly stupefied with ideas and emotions. Of the men from the East on the list of speakers, I might mention as perhaps best known: Dr. J. H. Vincent, the Revs. George Hall, Lyman Abbott, J. S. Ostrander, and Alfred Taylor, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus and Frank Beard of New-York, the Revs. T. Dewitt Talmage and C. F. Sims of Brooklyn, Bishop Foster and Prof. L. F. Townsend of Boston, Prof. Wells of Union College, Chancellor Haven and Prof. Winchell of Syracuse, Prof. Strong of Drew Seminary, Dr. Vail, Dr. Wilkinson, and Prof. Lattimore of Rochester, the Rev. Warren Randolph and Dr. Richard Newton of Philadelphia.

Training for Sunday-school work, if less showy, is the real labor of the day. There is a complete curriculum, beginning with kindergarten and ending in Greek and Hebrew, a test examination of 50 topics and a graduation diploma. The express attention to experimental study of Greek and Hebrew will be of general interest. The pupils study the language and not the grammar of it. After mastering the alphabet they commence translation by interlined texts, and gradually deduce the main elements of grammar. The object is, (1) to enable Sunday-school teachers, non-collegiate clergymen, and laymen generally to consult the lexicon for the shades of meaning of test words and controverted texts; (2) to beget a love for original readings of Scripture, and inspire to a more thorough study thereof. The progress made by these mixed classes in Greek and Hebrew would astonish any one who has never experimented on acquiring other languages as he acquired his own, by using it first and studying it afterward. These meetings need a new title. They have already outgrown that of "Chautauqua National Sunday-school Assembly," and entered on the mission Dr. Vincent anticipated for them: "The gradual development of a scheme of popular religious culture which shall embrace science, art, and social reform—a broad, sanctified education. More generously still it may claim the honor of attempting to put the Church abreast of the times as a mistress of arts, science, and letters, as of old. This may be a counter effort to those devoted to the thorough secularization of common schools. The "Chautauqua Scientific Conference" this year was an experimental advance on the widening path here staked out by Dr. Vincent. The conference lasted a week, and was a double success, (1) as indicating the theory of the managers, that no conflict is necessary between science and religion if the priests of each will come together and compare views, and demonstrating the desire of Christians to advance all research and light; (2) as revealing the possibilities of this whole Fair Point enterprise. The managers are so far encouraged by this success that they will go marching on in the new line next year. They are already making preparations for a much more elaborate and radically scientific course; securing lecturers and experimenters and gathering apparatus and material. If carried out in its fullest sense the scientific course will attract to this consecrated grove large numbers not now actually interested in religious matters, and give new value and dignity to the efforts and influence of religious leaders; infuse into all classes love of science—the most theistic of all pursuits; bring into close contact classes now standing aloof from each other, and mayhap make Chautauqua, as an cut-door scientific school, the legitimate successor of Penikese. It is also proposed to broaden the scope of the meetings this year assembled as a temperance convention and make it a department of reform, in which all efforts for social betterment shall be ably presented and freely discussed. A similar expansion of the idea of the "Church Congress" may be predicted, taking it out of the line of special efforts into the broad field of the discussion and formulating of general principles. In a word, it is proposed to make Fair Point a focus of intellectual, moral, and religious light, under the auspices of and subsidiary to the Christian Church of the country. Grand as is the conception, the realization of it will not seem hopeless to those who know what the liberal ideas and executive genius of the managers of Fair Point have already accomplished. Since the success of this year's meetings in the face of the hard times, the sale of lots has been brisk, and an addition to the grounds of some 300 lots is being rapidly taken up at prices ranging from $100 to $350. The 200 houses on the grounds will be largely increased another season. The managers on their part contemplate improvements corresponding to their enlarged plans of meetings. A grand hotel, a new, extensive auditorium in a natural amphitheater, and a great deal of work in the way of grading, landscape gardening, water supply, improvement and beautifying the water front, &c., &c., are among the plans.

In addition to these expansions of existing institutions, there are entirely new and equally novel features developing. One of these is a Clergymen's Retreat. A boarding-house is to be built for the free entertainment of ministers during stated weeks of the Summer. The building is to be constructed and endowed by one or two wealthy gentlemen, whose guests the clergymen invited to a Summer "outing" will be. The name of a wealthy gentleman in Buffalo is mentioned as the founder and perpetual host. The Retreat will accommodate 100 persons on the start and be enlarged as seems desirable and feasible. Of course, it will be perfectly unsectarian in its favors.

There is to be a "historical course," similar to the Scientific Conference. There will be ten or twelve able lecturers on history. "Lesson leaves" in history, similar to those now used in Sunday-schools for Bible study, are to be printed and issued to all schools and persons desiring them. It is hoped to thus aid in restoring the neglected study of history to its proper place in the studies of the country. A universal unsectarian religious seminary is another of the projects, perhaps not so soon to be reached in execution. It will be devoted to instruction in all branches and for all classes of advanced students, and will be especially designed for the aid of young clergymen who have not had the benefit of college or theological seminary training. Its instruction will of course be a skeleton of study to be filled in by the student at home.

THE COUNTRY HOME OF MR. EVARTS.

A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE VIEW—THE FOUR HOUSES—A LARGE FARM—AMUSEMENTS—THE TROUT POND.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WINDSOR, Vt., Aug. 25.—A thousand writers have said a thousand foolish things in praise of the several places to which the Summer exodus has led them, but with not a tithe of the landscape facts that I could present in urging my claim for old, picturesque Windsor. As yet, the town has escaped the wandering finger of the Summer tourist as he searches the map. "Windsor! never heard of it," and so the finger goes on, and seldom stops short of the White Mountains. It is a case where ignorance brings bliss, not to the ignoramus himself, but to those few whom, having discovered a paradise, he leaves in peace. Here is situated the home of the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts. Leaving the station with instructions for finding "a large, open gateway with a road leading straight to the house," I found the gateway without difficulty, but was not philosopher enough to tell at a glance which of the four houses to which this same road gave equal access was the one I sought. There was enough Yankee in me to try the first one which crossed my path—one with many rooms and abounding in generous piazzas, and with doors and windows thrown wide open on every side.

I found the house to be the right one, but I also discovered that it would have been difficult to go astray, as the four houses all belonged to Mr. Evarts's estate. Mr. Evarts's Summer household is a large one. Besides his immediate family, which consists of his wife and eleven children, the place is a Holland House for guests, transient and otherwise. Instead of bringing them all under one roof, rooms are assigned in the different houses, while all gather for meals—save when the number gets beyond control—in the dining-room of the house which Mr. Evarts calls his own. Here, too, is the gathering place for music or reading, the whole house appearing to act as a sort of public parlor to the rest—the homestead in fact. One of the dwellings is given up exclusively to Mr. Evarts's bachelor friends. A billiard table occupies the room which would otherwise be used as a dining hall, while throughout the house are evidences that the abode of woman is not there. In the vicinity is a greenhouse, supplemented with a flower garden whose walks are hedged with high-pointed hemlock, as symmetrically trimmed as the less brilliant arbor vitæ. Back of this is the kitchen garden, and as I stood on the bluff which marks its boundary, and looked off over the waving fields of grass and corn, here where a boat-house capped the edge of a distant field, and there where barns and buildings gave evidence of farming upon a large scale, Mr. Evarts quietly said:

"This is my farm."

"How many acres?" I asked.

"O, about six hundred. Part of it, however, is back there on the hills."

Turning, he pointed across the Connecticut: "Do you see that thickly wooded point?"

"Yes." I saw it far up the hill on the very crown.

"I own a tract there, down to the base."

My guide then proposed a visit to the stables and barns. In the private stable were eight horses. "Each must have a horse to suit his or her own taste for riding and driving," explained Mr. Evarts. There were vehicles from the four-in-hand drag to the basket-phaeton. Crossing a stretch of meadow, we came to the barns. The principal building is 100x50, with lofts capable of holding 100 tons of hay. Another barn of the same dimensions will be built next year. When questioned as to whether he should send stock to the Claremont Fair, to be held in September, Mr. Evarts replied that last year, having secured all the first prizes, he didn't know but that it was best to rest upon his laurels. So it seems considerable attention must be paid to the raising of fine stock, although Mr. Evarts disclaims any intention of becoming a "model" farmer, having no desire to turn his furrows with silver-plated plowshares, or feed his swine from golden tanks, while lads in livery keep off the flies.

The barns were deserted at this time save by one or two valuable bulls. It is strange how much enthusiasm one can get up on the good qualities of one of these animals when he happens to be on the other side of the fence. The tough little Alderney seemed somewhat disappointed about that fence I thought. Across a long stretch of pasture, and we came to the trout pond, a sheet of water covering about 20 acres. Here are three pleasure boats, and all the delicate appliances for trout fishing. I had an idea that the fish in ponds of this description were domesticated to such an extent that all that was necessary to do to capture them was to let down a frying pan into the water, and they would arrange themselves upon it ready for a comfortable fry. This I found to be an erroneous idea, for in a pond of these dimensions the fish had plenty of food, and it becomes a difficult matter to take them—more so, perhaps, than from the narrow streams, where the sport becomes a science. There is one remarkable fact about this pond. It has no surface water whatever for a source, but is fed by a myriad of springs which gush from the hillside just beyond. These waters do not bubble and saunter leisurely away, but rush out with sufficient force to turn a wheel of respectable dimensions. Some idea of the volume of water supplied may be had from the statement that over the dam, as an outlet to the pond, the water flows at the rate of 2,400 barrels per hour. Mr. Evarts is of the opinion that the unseen source must have its fountain-head in some subterranean lake. Back we come to dinner at 4 p. m. This was a day when the company, proving to be numerous for one table, was divided, a portion eating in one of the outer houses, while Mr. and Mrs. Evarts were at their own table in the principal dining-room. He must be incorrigibly timorous who is not at ease about this hospitable board. Mr. Evarts is a host at once open-handed, genial, and free from ostentation, as full of small talk as of great. He has for a near neighbor Edwin M. Stoughton. People come and go informally, assured of a cordial welcome and unrestraint. Windsor holds, to Mr. Evarts, a suspicion of business in the shape of the State Prison.

"But it is a beautifully conducted institution," Mr. Evarts hastens to remark. "None but the most worthy are admitted, and disorderly or intoxicated persons, it seems, are not allowed." "You see," continued our host, "that, of course, owing to the great demand, we are unable to supply quarters for all, and so we take the worst; but as the worst of a Vermont population corresponds to the cream of a New-York Legislature, some idea can be formed of our high standard as jailers." After dinner, accompanied by one of Mr. Evarts's sons, under whose charge the farming operations are carried on, I was driven over the estate bordering on the Connecticut. Of the 600 acres, nearly 200 are under cultivation, the remainder being pasturage and woodland. At one time Mr. Evarts had 500 sheep, but this number has been reduced about one-half. Along the New-Hampshire side stretches a line of hills on whose slopes there must come day spring up the villas of wealthy men from New-York and Boston. Every possible combination of landscape beauty seems to be afforded here. In the short distance across the river, Ascutney rises 3,000 feet, its sides dissolving into hills on the right and left hand, while in front the ground falls away into intervale and plain, where the village of Windsor lies.

Returning, after a long ride, we found many of the guests still absent. When questioned as to why he did not make one of the party in the four-in-hand, Mr. Evarts laughingly replied that he didn't like to be placed in such a prominent position. There was a good deal more of earnest than jest in the idea, for in looking over in detail this large estate, there is a marked absence of everything in the shape of display. In the face of a very wet moon, Mrs. Evarts was busy with her watering-pot. With the love for flowers comes the desire to care for them.

"How much more satisfactory it is," said Mrs. Evarts, "to feel that they really belong to you—to know that you can gather them as you wish, without feeling the eye of the gardener upon you, or his presence at your heels."

"A head gardener is a tyrant," said Mr. Evarts; "he generates useless improvements and overburns all remonstrance. He is a luxury I wouldn't afford if I could."

And now the merry voices of returning guests came up the roadway, and soon the porch is filled by the laughing crowd.

By twos and threes they scatter about the grounds, drifting finally to the parlors for music, games, or chat. It is the very romance of country life, liberal in everything for comfort and freedom. Mr. Evarts was looking over the returns from Saratoga to-day. I said: "There must be in New-York to-day much more disappointment over the result than at Windsor."

"Disappointment!" he replied. "I'm perfectly delighted."

HAY FEVER.

A MEETING OF THE SUFFERERS AT THEIR SUMMER HEADQUARTERS—MR. BEECHER ON HIS CASE.

BETHLEHEM, N. H., Aug. 28.—The United States Hay-Fever Association held its third annual meeting to-day in the little village church here, which was well filled with both members of the association and those attracted out of mere curiosity. Mr. Fay, the secretary, called the meeting to order, and said the association was formed on the suggestion of a friend who thought it would be comforting to bring those together suffering from hay fever, and useful to obtain as much light as possible upon the causes and remedies for this most vexing yet apparently incurable disease. The first meeting was so successful in its results, bringing information upon the malady from all sides, that a regular association was formed which now numbers about 150 members. As yet no specific cure had been found except a journey and residence in some locality where "the hay-fevered are at rest." No one that has not been attacked by Autumnal catarrh or hay-fever can form any idea of its extreme unpleasantness. It produces violent coughings, heavy catarrh, frightful sneezings, swollen eyes, and induces an intense prostation of the nervous system. The most peculiar thing about it is, that, as a rule, it seizes the patient at a certain period of the year, commonly during the Summer, in most cases on a certain day, and lasts until the frosts come, seldom longer. After it has departed, the system often feels its effects for months. It has been the puzzle of the medical science which has yet not solved the riddle of its cure. The society offer a reward of $1,000 for such a cure.

Mr. Fay was, on the motion of Mr. Ellis of Springfield, chosen chairman.

Mr. Fay then read letters from several sufferers, some humorous and some pathetic, each relating the writer's experience and a remedy, but all agreeing that the only permanent means of relief at present discovered is to fly to some non-affected spot. Two of the writers, one a sufferer from the malady 51 and the other 60 years, both claimed to have discovered the disease in this country. The older sufferer claimed that the attacks became the less violent the older he grew, which soon (by an after speaker) was ruled out as an exceptional case. The correspondent who had the brief acquaintance of 51 years with the fever, claimed to have first discovered that Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were victims to it, also that Baltimore was the central locality of this imperious fever. The same writer also stated that Colorado was exempt from the dread catarrh; upon which a gentleman arose and stated that he had met individuals living in that State who had become possessed of it there and had had it periodically ever since.

On the motion of Mr. Ellis, the Chair appointed a committee of three to nominate officers. The chairman then said that when the association was formed it took the name of the United States Hay Fever Association, supposing it to be the only society of the kind in the country, but in point of fact a kindred association had been formed in the West some two years previous to its organization, and it was therefore proposed by the president of the older society, Judge Goodrich of Chicago, to unite them. Judge Goodrich, who was present, then addressed the meeting. Hay fever, he said, is liable to attack only certain organizations; it is usually brought about by a direct effect, such as catching cold; could date his first attack from a chill taken during a long ride in a stage-coach on a raw day. He believed the disease affected principally the mucous membrane; that it did not necessarily disturb the nerves, as children were subject to it whose nerves were as healthy as could be. Moreover, the fever disappeared when the frosts came, which would not be the case if the nerves suffered. He acknowledged, however, that it often induced nervousness. The disease was spreading with such rapidity that he saw no reason why Bethlehem should not eventually become a great city peopled with unfortunates. From his observation, no two cases were alike, and each needed different treatment. The Chair next introduced Dr. Beers of New-York. Dr. Beers said he had labored hard to catch hay fever, that he might have a case at hand to experiment upon, but in vain. The hay fever is found, contrary to the supposition, in every district in the United States. Even Colorado was not exempt. It is more common, if anything, in the South than in the North. The seaside is not beneficial to the fever as a rule. Where one out of five is eased of the malady at the seashore, four out of five are relieved at the mountains. He believed the usual idea among people was that rose-cold was increased by the mountain air. On the contrary, he knew it became less obtrusive. He could almost venture to predict that no specific cure for hay fever would ever be found, although means of relief would. If, however, the 50,000 people in the United States afflicted with it would go north to colder latitudes, even to Greenland should it be necessary, they would be cured. Good food and plenty of it was advisable for the sufferers, as the disease caused debility. He then proceeded to name the following remedies for those who could not get to a non-catarrhal district as means of a temporary relief: Turkish baths a general specific, also a galvanic current of electricity; at certain intervals, nitrate of amyl excellent, especially for asthma; atomizers and douches of quinine also served the purpose well; and, lastly, a little alcohol in the shape of whisky when retiring would be found very quieting. Bethlehem was good for victims of the fever, for three reasons: (1) Its cold air; (2) dryness of the atmosphere; (3) because the forests on every side prevented the vegetable matter which induces autumnal catarrh from rising far above the ground. Mr. Ellis then made a motion for a recess of five minutes, during which a committee enrolled the names of those present desirous of becoming members of the association. About 35 new names were procured.

The Rev. H. W. Beecher was then called for, and when the approving storm of applause had ceased, introduced himself as a victim to hay fever who had come to the mountains in an emaciated condition consequent on the attacks of the malady, at which time he was actually reduced to the weight of 160 pounds, but now, thanks to a better understanding with it, he stood at 200, and the audience could judge whether or not he was well and happy. He had observed in the course of the meeting that no fact had been stated that was not soon contradicted. Hay fever is an intellectual disease caused by a superfluity of brains, a safety-valve for great minds. It was a good thing that the sufferers flocked in such numbers to Bethlehem, for there being 255 Democrats in the town against 25 Republicans, they needed those possessed with *Hay*-fever this Autumn. He believed that all the mountain towns adjacent were favorable to victims, but thought such hotels as the "Twin Mountain," which stood out in the open ground, more desirable to stay at than such as the "Crawford" and the "Profile," which standing in narrow defiles, were more swept by the cold winds.

Mr. Beecher then spoke quite feelingly of the poor people troubled with hay-fever, who could not well afford to go to such places as Bethlehem, where board was supposed to be so high, and hoped that all present would take his word for it that there were many boarding and farm houses where for a small recompense such persons could live comfortably in the mountains and out of reach of the pest. He hoped that the audience would distribute the information in such a manner that it might reach them. "Who can say," he continued, "that this is not a progressive age? Formerly people had the fever only in June. Now at two seasons of the year it appears. No doubt in time we shall vote to have it the year round. Hay-fever, too, is getting educated, and every year develops some new traits of character. Judge Goodrich had caught his fever on a stage-coach, so had he. He would like to have Dr. Beers make an investigation of stage coaches, and see if they did not bring on the nuisance." In conclusion, Mr. Beecher described the pranks the malady had played with him, a little hay-fever hobby of his, and that the present Summer was the first since its first onslaught that he had not felt its presence. He was very glad to observe that the people who suffered from hay fever read all the suggestions for its relief through the means of the press. The Chair then said that Bethlehem was not by any means the only place where one might find relief from hay fever, and he hoped it might be so understood. The meeting was then adjourned.

MOSQUITOES OF DODGEVILLE.

HOW ITS INHABITANTS LESSENED THE HAPPINESS OF SOME CITY FOLK.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Many thanks for your editorial concerning mosquitoes. We appreciated it most heartily, since we are spending the Summer in a small country neighborhood, and have had enough experience of winged pest and human imitator. Leaving town after a hard Winter's work, the old farm-house seemed a most delightful refuge for the long hot Summer. We did not mind hard bed or rag carpet, or the blue paper curtains on shutterless windows. Everything was rose-colored, though we got up with the sun, lived on rye bread, "boiled dish," and the most extraordinary pies that Yankee genius could concoct, and heard from the great Babel we had left but once a week, when the driver's horn blew behind the hills, and his rickety old stage creaked up the one street of Dodgeville. We explored the country side for miles around, bringing home large bunches of the lovely Spring flowers, that their fresh, sweet odors might banish the dismal must from the long-closed "settin' room," much to the amazement of our spectacled landlady, who watered her horrible hydrangeas with great complacency, but regarded all the fair wild growth as "blows," and would none of it. We climbed countless high rocky pastures for azaleas, and confronted all manner of snakes in the deep woods where we sought the dainty, fine lady laurel. The June days were long and bright, and from the village graveyard we watched, night after night, rarely beautiful sunsets. Before the first water lilies opened their cream white buds far up the lake came a stinging, whizzing tormentor, and all the romance faded from hill and valley. That soft Italian haze might hang unheeded over the far hills, behind which the moon dropped down; the sky should blaze with gold and scarlet, soften to rose and pale sea green, and then grow cold and lifeless, but we touched not palette nor pen, sitting sulky behind our stilling netting.

It was a small annoyance, perhaps, the faint continuous hum and slight sting; so was it a trifle that Mrs. A. objected to our habit of lying under the trees as "shiftless;" that Miss B. cross-questioned Madame our hostess, only too ready to answer, as to our correspondence, means of living, and general antecedents, and Mr. C. pronounced us infidels, because we failed to attend on his ministrations each time the cracked bell rang out its importunate summons. We did not care; we assured ourselves that neither sting nor scandal was of any consequence in our eyes; trained in better ways of thinking, we could afford to calmly pity the irritable souls that fretted over such slight annoyance, and go on the even tenor of our way, undisturbed. If it is true that "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," the saying is equally true of happiness, and we found our philosophical coolness often shaken by the "trifles" we had resolved not to notice even in thought. The loveliest rose-flushed sunset was of no earthly account while tiny tormentors buzzed and sang round our exasperated ears, and if while we took our afternoon siesta under the big maple a couple of sunbonnets bobbed up and down the lane, it not seldom happened that we realized at length our impertinent meddlers, losing all the sweet influences of the Summer hour in our vexation. Undignified, but after all, natural, if a copper cent held before your eyes excludes sea and land, to lose sight of all the beauty of harvest time, because the merry harvesters are full of comments, acrid and fitting, on the queer ways and "lumy" doings of townsfolk. It is well to possess one's soul in patience; it is well to be above petty gossip, to decline hearing or retailing the small talk of hamlet and farm; but you have long preached this good doctrine, and fain would our initiated eyes see the other side of the shield. Can we not have an editorial, sharp and decisive, on the right of unfortunate city folk to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness when they leave brick walls for a season to walk in green fields? When Rusticus walks down Broadway, taking always the wrong side, staring wildly in at windows and in general announcing his rurality, that he who runs may read, we pass him by with no look or nod that shall proclaim him clodhopper. Why, then, may not the tables be turned, so that we in our turn may "roam the high hill pastures" and do whatever commonplace or uninteresting thing we may choose, without the certainty that we shall presently hear of it again and again, and many times again, until "we are weary of our lives for the daughters of" Dodgeville. Give us, then, the requisite two columns, that sun-bonnets and overalls may read and take warning, what time the stage comes in, and all Dodgeville is gathered together at The Store, a nineteenth century Vehme Gericht, to judge and condemn the unwary stranger. FOUR CITY PILGRIMS.

Dodgeville, Aug. 28, 1876.

RESISTANCE OF ANNOYANCES.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I wish that every reader of THE TRIBUNE, who laid it aside yesterday without reading thoughtfully the article on "Mosquitoes," would take it up and again peruse the piece well. One who has fought with both kinds of mosquitoes there described, not only this Summer, but many Summers and Winters, thinks that every word is so true as to be well worth pondering. The mosquito is a thorough type of our daily, petty annoyances, but, be a person's temperament what it may, he can do much even with mere resolution toward his own comfort and that of his fellow-beings if he is on guard, and uses that resolution. But we are not left to this by Him who made us. Let us use the powers He has given us, and continually draw upon His, which are ever ready for the asking. Let us not forget the comforts and the joys that are still left us, but rather, in thinking of these and God's great gift, forget the small and the great troubles of life, or make them "stepping stones to higher things." E.

Princeton, N. J., Aug. 22, 1876.

EXTORTIONATE HOTEL RATES.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The thanks of the community are due you for your fearless and successful efforts in breaking up rings and monopolies—the last being that of coal, in which the poor have so vital an interest. It is thoroughly smashed. Won't you now please turn your attention to hotel charges. Can any one tell me why a first-class hotel, that formerly charged $2 50 per day, continues to demand $4 50 and $5, the conditions of keeping a hotel being almost the same as in 1860. The traveling public as well as the railroads have a deep interest in this matter. SUBSCRIBER.

New-York, Aug. 28, 1876.

NOVEL FEATURES.—Lady—"Too bad, too bad, Bailey! Only your second morning here, and you are quite intoxicated!" Gardener—"Nosh a bit! Look azin, my ladish; itsh because I'm new! Minesh a face as you mushet git ushed to, and then you'll find I ain't half sho drunkeh ash I might sheem to a stranger!"—[Fun.

THE PEOPLE'S CANVASS.

GOV. TILDEN AND REDUCED TAXES.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: One of the strongest arguments of Democratic orators in this State is the assertion that Gov Tilden, during his administration, in the State of New-York, has reduced the State tax from $15,000,000 to $8,000,000 per annum. How far is this argument based on fact? and in what way has it been accomplished? This is about the only argument yet made for the St. Louis ticket which sounds *progressive* to a LIBERAL of '72.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 26, 1876.

[There is no doubt that the amount of taxation has been reduced nearly or quite one-half, but there is a good deal of doubt whether Gov. Tilden is entitled to all the credit for the reduction. He claimed the credit for himself in a veto message to the Legislature, declaring that the saving in the expenditures of the State amounted in round numbers to $8,000,000, of which nearly $7,000,000 was in real economies. As a basis for comparison he took the last year of Gov. Dix's administration, when the taxes were abnormally increased about $900,000 to meet a deficiency in the general fund. Gov. Tilden did not mention that fact, nor another a good deal more important, namely, that the tax levy of 1874 was made on an estimated valuation which proved to be $200,000,000 less than the actual figures. The result was a surplus to the general fund of $1,200,000, which was applied to the payment of canal deficiencies and other purposes, for which taxation would otherwise have been necessary under Gov. Tilden's administration. There clearly was a "saving," with the accomplishment of which Gov. Tilden had nothing to do. Then it has been claimed without contradiction that the diminished taxation for the payment of the State debt is $4,200,000, instead of $1,712,830, as Gov. Tilden said, another "saving" of nearly $3,000,000, which is not due to his efforts. He also made one more statement which has been pronounced inaccurate. To make his saving appear as large as possible, he strikes out of this year's taxation $276,869 levied for common schools and $200,000 for the Commissioners of Emigration, because he thinks the State might have got along without them, although they exist nevertheless. The total of the sums which are thus shown to have been taken from taxation by other influences than Gov. Tilden's economies is over $6,000,000, leaving a reduction of less than $2,000,000 for him to be credited with. It is claimed, furthermore, that more than this sum will be needed to cover the deficiencies in the canal revenues, which will accrue at the close of this year's business.—*Ed.*]

THE CHARGES AGAINST MR. VANCE.

A DENIAL THAT HE AUTHORIZED TORTURE OF A WOMAN—LETTER FROM MR. VANCE—JUDGE SETTLE EXONERATES HIM.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Since the memorable campaign of 1872 the people of the South have had very little cause to complain of harsh treatment or criticism at the hands of THE TRIBUNE; and hence I was the more surprised that it should have given currency in its issue of July 17 to a calumny affecting the fair standing before the world of ex-Gov. Zebulon B. Vance of this State. This charge of cruelty to women is as base as it is unfounded, and in the name of simple justice it ought to be refuted by every honorable journalist who may have unwittingly added to its currency. In his own State Gov. Vance needs no defense; but as he has accepted the trust reposed in him by the Democratic party, this charge ought to be met, lest another stigma should be attached to a section which has already suffered too much by misrepresentation and abuse. With this view I addressed him the following letter:

HOLLYWOOD, Carteret Co., N. C., Aug. 7, 1876.

Hon. ZEBULON B. VANCE, Charlotte, N. C.—My Dear Sir: I find in THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE of July 17 an allusion to the old "fence-rail story" in connection with your name, in which the following language is used: "Shocking stories of cruelty—practiced by his order—upon these classes are told; one of them to the effect that his subordinates, with his approbation, put women to the torture in order to make them divulge the hiding-places of their husbands." From my knowledge of your character I am prepared to give the lie to this infamous slander without further information, but it is being used to the prejudice of our national ticket in consequence of your having been chosen as the Democratic standard-bearer of North Carolina. I consider that a more comprehensive and emphatic refutation should now be made. I therefore write you frankly, requesting that you will furnish me with all the information you have upon the subject, in order that I may take steps to have the falsehood nailed at the North. Yours respectfully and truly,

APPLETON OAKSMITH,

President of Morehead Township Tilden and Vance Club.

I received the following reply:

MACKSVILLE, Aug. 12, 1876.

DEAR SIR: The story is an unmitigated lie. Settle tells on the stump that I was in no way responsible for the act.

The story is this: One Owens, not a deserter, but a murderer and a robber, the terror of the country, was hunted by the community after a double murder in Randolph, and his wife was tortured, as is said, to make her tell where he was. I afterward learned that some militia officers were concerned in it, and wrote to Settle (then solicitor) to investigate the matter and prosecute all concerned. He did not do so. * * * Things look as well here as I would hope. Yours, Z. B. VANCE.

The Hon. A. OAKSMITH, Hollywood, N. C.

Gov. Vance was canvassing in Western North Carolina at the time of this reply, my letter overtaking him on the way. It should be remarked that his present opponent, Judge Settle, was the former County Solicitor of Randolph, to whom Mr. Vance refers, and that he exonerates the latter "upon the stump."

It gives me great pleasure to state that the canvass between these two great men is being conducted with a chivalrous courtesy worthy of example. I know them both, and nothing that I could say would add to the well-deserved fame of either. Settle has not been publicly assailed, but Vance has; and, speaking as a man of Northern birth, I desire that my fellow-citizens of the North should not be misled or deceived in regard to the South or her public men. Zebulon B. Vance, the Democratic candidate for Governor of North Carolina, is a noble and true man, and utterly incapable of cruelty or any act unbecoming a chivalrous gentleman. He has accepted the Reconstruction acts in good faith, and the North can safely trust not only to him, but to old North Carolina in the future. All that she asks is for a fair chance within the Union. Very respectfully, APPLETON OAKSMITH.

Hollywood, N. C., Aug. 19, 1876.

LIBERALS YET INDEPENDENT.

NO TRANSFER OF THEIR VOTES TO EITHER PARTY POSSIBLE—GOV. HAYES AND THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: As an original Liberal Republican, hearty admirer and believer in the lamented Horace Greeley, and present member of the General Committee of said organization in this city, permit me to join my "protest" to that of H. C. Brown, published in your edition of Saturday, Aug. 19, under head of "An Appeal to Liberal Republicans." I likewise can neither approve nor follow the course now pursued by Mr. John Cochrane, nor deem it in any wise consistent with his past position and utterances. If his present course be justifiable, then those who have been wont to listen to and take counsel of him in times past have fed not on sober truth, but on brilliant sophistries or glittering generalities. It has always been the proud and distinctive boast of Liberals that thought, and convictions founded thereupon, was an individual prerogative; that blind fealty is due to no man or party. How, then, can Mr. Cochrane expect to hand over to Mr. Hayes or any other candidate, through the medium of a personal convention, like "dumb, driven cattle," the whole body of Liberals in this State without overriding their cardinal principles and stultifying himself? If Mr. Hayes means what his manly letter says and has the real welfare of the South at heart, now is the time and opportunity to prove it by a public, emphatic disapproval of the late official threat of the so-called Republican Administration toward that section of our common country. No matter what other or weighty considerations might bear upon me, I could not and would not vote to perpetuate or continue in any degree or under any name further military despotism toward the South or other section of the country. Is this a Republic? Then by what right, after all these years of reconstruction and in this Centennial year, is any section of the United States ruled or threatened to be ruled by military force? I as yet am an active member of that large and increasing "army of observation" that has done and is continuing effective service in purifying and elevating general politics; so none can dub me biased. There must be genuine conversion in Israel, else (although my tendencies are strongly toward a return to the parent fold) I shall choose the lesser evil, and be found in the camp of the Philistines on election day, working and voting for him who has illustrated among us the saying of Holy Writ, "By their acts ye shall know them."

Thanking you for your independent method of business, by which the people get the only real newspaper of the land, and hoping for pardon for trenching upon your valuable time and space, I remain

New-York, Aug. 21, 1876. AN HABITUAL READER.

GOV. BEDLE WANTS A CHANGE.

WHAT HE SAID IN A RECENT INTERVIEW—SOME PAST CHANGES POINTED OUT IN GOV. BEDLE'S RECORD.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Under the soft and sunny persuasions of a Long Branch correspondent, Gov. Bedle of New-Jersey has effloresced into an expression of his views on the political situation. The Governor professes to be cheered and sustained by a "strong feeling of victory," and his trust is grounded in that desire for "a change" which pervades, he is positive, the large mass of his fellow-citizens. This is a very natural and consistent view for Gov. Bedle, who has been a very heavy producer of staple "changes" in the political methods and practices of his State, and who has usually furnished an article of first-rate revolutionary quality. While he was yet Judge Bedle his attainments in the law were not considered superior to those of his associates, nor was he thought to possess in fuller measure than they that unbiased frame of mind known as "judicial," but he soon achieved a wider reputation in the newspapers, and his name became associated with political movements in the State, which was a "change" from the traditional attitude of the New-Jersey Judge. The selection of a candidate for Governor from among the Justices of the Supreme Court was another "change" of some magnitude in a State where the judiciary was hedged about with a peculiar reverence, and Judge Bedle, on the bench throughout a hot canvass, made the innovation more striking, for it was a novel spectacle to see him trying cases while the Bedle Horse Marines were drilling in front of the court-house and a Bedle Battery was burning powder in the back yard.

But the bench proved an advantageous stepping-stone to something higher, and the judge was elected. He retained his seat until the last, so that he could inaugurate the possibly indelicate "change" of appointing his own successor, and he emphasized this novelty when he appointed the man who by a famous correspondence had been conspicuously identified with his own election. The Governor's endeavors just before his inauguration to persuade the Legislature into increasing his own salary was also a method of reform which had not been practiced largely hitherto, and his industrious advertising of himself by circulars and in other ways as an attorney at law as well as chief magistrate of a sovereign State, may safely be characterized as a "change." The people of his State, I believe, have not been accustomed to see their chief magistrates practicing law before judges of their own creation, and some of the lawyers hold that there is a "change" in the aspect of a case when they are confronted not only by Gov. Bedle's legal and personal ability, but also by that ability reënforced and dignified by the official and magisterial presence of the august counsel. Of course Gov. Bedle wants to keep on "changing." Well, perhaps he is right. Let the great world (including New-Jersey) spin forever down the ringing grooves of "change." And yet some stubborn people will deny that all "change" is improvement.

Yours, S. L. S.

New-York, Aug. 31, 1876.

THE BEST FRIENDS OF COLORED VOTERS.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: Your correspondent's account and your own remarks on the Hamburg riots are characterized by a temperate fairness unfortunately rare in Republican journals, and are entitled to the grateful appreciation of all Southerners as well as their serious consideration. THE TRIBUNE should impress upon its readers that of the two political parties of the South the