

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS—Compiled Every Day for the Evening Telegraph.

TOWN OR COUNTRY?

From the N. Y. Times. Sixty miles beyond St. Paul is a farm worked by seven sisters. The parents of these girls were both invalids, and very poor. They went from Ohio to Minnesota barely three years ago for their health. Under the Homestead law the family secured a pre-emption claim of the usual hundred and sixty acres. Moved by a natural sympathy for a family so unfortunately situated, their neighbors helped them to put up a log house, and they were able to hire men to split rails for fencing and to plow the land. All the rest of the work has been done by the seven girls, and last year they sold nine hundred bushels of potatoes, five hundred bushels of corn, two hundred and fifty bushels of wheat, and some six hundred of miscellaneous vegetables. They are now comfortably off, and find time to read books and newspapers.

and the utmost pains are taken to prevent what is said in its debates from becoming public. Still, enough has leaked out to make it sure that the minority are determined not to yield without a struggle, and that what they lack in numbers is amply made up by learning and ability. The peril which the adoption of the dogma in question will bring upon the Church in France will be set forth with vigor and clearness, and the majority will not hereafter have the excuse that they were not warned. The same arguments which will be used in reference to France will also be applied to the case of Austria; so that the Pope will find himself in danger of a rupture with the two great Catholic powers of Europe at once.

RED CLOUD'S PLAIN TALK IN WASHINGTON.

From the N. Y. Herald. The oratory of Logan has evidently left a germ in the bosom of the red man which, at this day, fructifies. The spirit of Red Jacket and the obstinacy of Billy Bowlegs are not extinct. The last of the Ogallalas as he described himself—chief of the Sioux tribe, Red Cloud, united in his speech in Washington on Tuesday, before the assembled dignitaries of the Indian Department, a good deal of the logic and pathos of Logan with the indomitable pluck of Red Jacket and Bowlegs. When pleading for the rights of his people, Red Cloud asked, "Whose voice was first heard in this land?" and he answers the question—"It was that of the red people, who used the bow." With this intimation of inherited right to the soil he proceeded to put into a nutshell the grievances of his people. He says, in substance, the Great Father may be very kind, but his officials rob and maltreat the Indian; they have left him nothing but an island upon the vast extent of country which his father and his mother told him belonged to him. They—these white marauders—beat the dogs sent by the Government along the road, so that but a handful of Indians starve for want of food. We fancy that the red chief is not mistaken in this statement; for "Indian annuity goods," whether composed of blankets, bacon, flour, sugar, or ammunition, are considered common property for the pilferers who infest the frontier, and are not very scrupulously handled after the goods pass beyond the lines of railroad. It might be interesting to know how many larders of Indian agents, sutlers, and contractors are enriched by the material which should reach the lodges of our wards, the red men.

thing possible—the ghastly services of Azrael himself, in person and in function even as Mr. Morgan's pregnant fancy bodied him forth, would not thereby make a "hit" of the most stupendous character, and secure crowded houses for a season of indefinite length.

TRAVELLERS AND TRAVELLING.

From the N. Y. Tribune. Of all the fine things which the always charming Horatius Flaccus sent down to posterity, there is none finer than the satire which describes his journey from Rome to Brundisium. Very little the poet probably cared for the quarrels of Octavian and Antony, as he travelled in the train of Mæcenæ, who was to Brundisium to promote a reconciliation. The satire itself is one of the pleasantest of itineraries, full of the sharpest of observations, and the most good-humored narrative of little troubles and difficulties; droll growls at the badness of inns and the annoyances of fellow-travellers; the biting of the gnats and the croakings of the frogs; the rustic humors of the villages; boat travel and travels by post-chaise, through the unfortunate town "not to be named in verse" (Egnotiumque), through Rubi, Barium, and Egnatia, until Brundisium at last is reached. The journey was not a very long one, and did not occupy many days, yet there are few books of modern travel which are equal in value and interest to this gem of a poem. The great and long excursions which in these days railways enable us to make, and which at least suggest the annihilation of time and space, render the journey of Horace small by comparison; and yet we should be glad enough if we could get from them something like the result of his insignificant trip. Our travellers, it would seem, carry their eyes in their pockets, and only resume them when the final goal is attained. The main purpose seems to be to get from point A to point B as quickly as possible; and the charm of the feat is not in what it will produce, but in the thrilling fact that it can be done at all. Last week a whole car-load of clergyman started from Chicago for San Francisco. The week before a similar freight of men and women left Boston for the same destination. With a continuous rush, with the scream of the whistle, eating, drinking, sleeping, each party was hurried along. All that charm of travel which proceeds from a sense of personal danger, however slight, will be lost—all the power of enchantment which is strengthened by suffering, all that discipline the result of which is a confirmed presence of mind, all those lessons in quick decision which imminent danger gives, will be eluded. This is travel with the moral element left out. It is no more than a day's pleasuring. There is no stuff in it to vitalize a boy's book to be read with awe and wonder by the winter's fireside. How would the best record which could be made of it compare with the tales of travellers from Marco Polo to Dr. Kane? The pilgrims to San Francisco will see "antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven;" but the rate of progress will be too swift for much observation, æsthetic or scientific, and the locomotive has no poetical bowels of mercy. Nor will the wanderers see any "cannibals that each other eat," nor any "anthropophagi," nor yet any "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The only possibility of an adventure will be in an accident, and an accident will spoil all. There will be no manners and customs for the travellers to observe, except the manners and customs of each other—and pretty dull work that will be found after the first day. The Western parsons will, of necessity, fall back upon theology, and the Boston ladies upon the latest fashions, and the circles of society, the kindest wish which we can send after the wayfarers is that they may have a fine, natural, rousing scare from the Indians. For he it from us to desire that any clergyman should be scalped, although a scalped clergyman would draw enormous houses, should he survive the operation and return. But a group of hostile aborigines upon their tough little ponies, seen in the distance, might occasion an agreeable titillation of moderate apprehension. We hope it will not be thought that we speak of these excursions with undue levity, or that we underestimate their honest value. The Germans have a word for the purpose of which, "a dweller in a small town," or a man (unless he be a hopeless fool) can go from Boston to San Francisco and back again without getting a great many village notions out of his head; and he will begin, however dimly, to comprehend that the world has boundaries somewhat wider than he has heretofore supposed. Mr. Emerson long ago, perhaps a little cynically, called traveling "the fool's paradise," and solemnly assured his disciples that they would find nothing abroad which they might not also find at home; and yet Mr. Emerson's practice has been somewhat different from his preaching, since he took in his day's trip at least one delightful volume. Perhaps if Mr. Emerson had said that the fool at home must also be a fool abroad, he would more nearly have hit the mark. The advantage of travel does not consist so much in what is seen as in the escape from local grooves, in the collision with different orders of men, and in absence from the blighting influence of a neighborhood too close for self-respect and too prone to waste its social activity in worse than profane gossip and the petty spite of the town. Although it may be doubted whether this remedy will be so well promoted when large numbers from the same point, and all associates at home, travel together in a sort of caravan; for there is danger in such case that intellectual habits carried away may be brought back again, possibly, like the luggage, a little the worse for the wear of the expedition. But the supreme benefit of the journeying is in its holiday. It is an emancipation of the scholar from the volumes which he may be either missing or over-using; of the man of merchandise from the slave of day-book and ledger; of the clergyman from his congregation; and of the lawyer from his client; and it is a temporary liberation of woman from that domestic management which, whether she be rich or poor, may be domineering over her daily life and obstructing all her steps toward a higher culture. Travel is the adult's vacation; and often the adult may as much need it as the school child.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

- THE LIST OF GRADUATES AT THE RECENT COMMENCEMENT. At the commencement of the United States Naval Academy, held at Annapolis on Tuesday, the following young aspirants for naval renown graduated, the five first-named being the honor men. 1.—George L. Dyer.....Maine. 2.—Robert G. Peck.....Massachusetts. 3.—H. O. Bittenhour.....New Jersey. 4.—Henry W. Schaeffer.....Illinois. 5.—John Hubbard.....Arizona Territory. Charles Briggs.....Rhode Island. Herman F. Fickelbom.....Naval apprentice. Alexander McCrackin.....Iowa. Wm. G. Mayer.....Ohio. Henry Harris.....Illinois. John W. Danenlower.....Illinois. Lewis C. Heilner.....Pennsylvania. Samuel L. Graham.....Pennsylvania. Joel A. Post.....New York. Joseph B. Marwick.....Massachusetts. John D. Keeler.....Indiana. Lazarus L. Reamy.....Pennsylvania. George A. Calhoun.....Naval apprentice. Walter S. Holladay.....Wisconsin. Charles P. Kniharat.....Pennsylvania. Harry M. Jacoby.....Pennsylvania. Corwin W. Rees.....Ohio. Jacob J. Hunter.....Ohio. Nathan Sargent.....Montana Territory. Whitnall P. Ray.....Indiana. Landon P. Jorrett.....Kentucky. Greenleaf A. Merriam.....Massachusetts. Hille C. Nye.....Ohio. William M. Wood.....Indiana. Miles F. Wright.....Pennsylvania. Edward M. Hughes.....At large. Charles E. Vreeland.....Naval apprentice. Clayton S. Richmond.....Iowa. Marcus D. Hyde.....Washington Territory. William P. Conway.....Kentucky. Boynton Leach.....New York. George W. Holman.....California. Thomas C. Spencer.....Son of officer. John S. Abbott.....Wisconsin. Charles H. Lyman.....Ohio. John B. Collins.....Louisiana. William Remsen.....New York. Henry R. Pennington.....Delaware. Charles F. Zammit.....District of Columbia. Timothy G. C. Salter.....Naval apprentice. John F. J. Angur.....New York. James H. Ball.....Pennsylvania. Wm. H. Van de Carr.....New York. Martial C. Dimock.....Naval apprentice. Hugh Osterhaus.....Missouri. Freeman H. Crosby.....New York. Willie Kilburn.....California. Ferdinand H. Gentsch.....Ohio. Anson B. Millman.....Naval apprentice. John B. Milton.....Kentucky. Hanson R. Tyler.....Vermont. James H. Sawyers.....Kentucky. Joseph H. Utley.....Illinois. Francis L. Ludlow.....New York. Albert C. O'Flahingham.....Pennsylvania. James M. Gorman.....Son of officer. Colin McDonald.....Son of officer. George W. Mentzer.....New Jersey. Theodore Porter.....Son of officer. Henry L. Green.....New York. Frank Ellery, Jr.....Son of officer. Francis Winslow.....Son of officer.

FURNITURE, ETC.

HOVER'S Celebrated Patent Sofa Bedstead. Is now being made and sold in large numbers both in France and England. One has had only at the manufactory. This piece of furniture is in the form of a handsome FOLDING SOFA, put in one minute, without unwinding or detaching in any way, it can be extended, into a beautiful FRENCH BEDSTEAD, with Spring Hair Mattress complete. It is the convenience of a Sofa for holding, is easily managed, and it is impossible for it to get out of order. This Sofa Bedstead requires no props, hinges, or rollers to support it, when extended, as all other beds, and lounges have, which are all very unsafe and liable to get out of repair, both the extended as formed by simply turning out the ends or closing them when the Sofa is wanted. The price is about the same as a lounge. An examination of the novel invention is solicited.

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WEEKLY LINE TO SAVANNAH, GA. The WAPPING will sail from Savannah on Saturday, June 11, at 4 A.M. The TOROYANDA will sail from Savannah on Saturday, June 11, at 6 P.M.

SEMI-MONTHLY LINE TO WILMINGTON, N. C. The FLEETING will sail from Wilmington on Saturday, June 11, at 10 A.M. The WILLIAM will sail from Wilmington on Saturday, June 11, at 10 A.M.

PHILADELPHIA AND CHARLESTON STEAMSHIP LINE. This line is now composed of the following first-class Steamships, sailing from PHILA. at the following dates: ATLANTIC, 200 tons, Capt. Crowell; PROMETHEUS, 200 tons, Capt. Hinkley.

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