FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

PARIS, Friday, May 27, 1870.—There have been a great many articles in the Paris papers upon the ceremony at the Salle des Etats, of which I sent you some account in my letter of Tuesday last. The generality of these publications, whether political or otherwise, are sufficiently commonplace, and not deserving of any particular notice or attention. But there is an article in the *Figaro* on the same subject, which, both from the manner and the tone in which it is written, and the popularity and wide dissemination of the journal in which it appears, merits some remark. It affords a striking proof that liberty of the press is no longer a mere name in France, and that a public organ may now read a pretty severe lecture to the sovereign either in *case or in futuro*, without any longer having the fear of the Sixth Chamber before its eyes. I give a portion of its contents, both as a specimen of its feeling and also because they are precisely of a similar character to the observations which I have myself, more than once, taken the liberty of making on the same subject.

The *Figaro* takes the Prince Imperial for its theme. He was there, it says, a genteel youth, somewhat pale, and looking "bored." He was in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant. He is to go soon, we are told, to the camp at Châlons, to "finish his military education." Every time his father holds a review he is there, dressed as an officer. The director of his studies is a General. The Prince is always "on parade," and is certainly more of a military man than a civilian. Now, says *Figaro*, we have no great taste for uniforms—there were plenty of them in Heaven knows, in the Salle des Etats. And how most of them were worn by men accustomed all their lives to a loose jacket and trousers! We say, says *Figaro*, some Senators who looked as if they had bought their uniforms second-hand; others who wore their cocked hats all crushed; others, again, with combed heads and dirty nails (*ongles en deuil*) accorded ill with their gold lace and finery. We saw a Commander-in-Chief with a shabby old coat, take off his official cravat at the door and fold it up carefully in a bit of paper! Now, asks the *Figaro*, do these ceremonies do the Prince any good? Does he believe in the "enthusiasm" and "devotion" of all these "men in uniform?" All we can tell him is that they would rally to the standard of any government which would continue them in their places and their pay.

People say you are intelligent, says *Figaro* to the Prince; and you ought to be. Considering what a *malin* your father is. Well, then, ask him not to be making you always play at soldiering, as sub-lieutenant at fourteen! And why on earth should you be made an officer before being a soldier? They would never think of making a guy of you by dressing you up in a sailor's dress! Instead, while you are only a school-boy. "Besides, Prince," says *Figaro*, "soldiering is out of fashion in Europe; and if ever you reign as a constitutional king, the first thing the representatives of the country will demand of you will be to reduce the army at least by one-half. Half your present system of education will be of no earthly use to you. If you were only a *gamin de Paris*," says *Figaro* to the Prince, "you might amuse yourself as you like. But as you will have a large business' to look after, this is the sort of thing we should recommend for you: First and foremost, we would politely give warning to General Frossard." Then, as much as possible, we would get rid of all Prince-ship. Papa should be asked to give you a little plain *compte*, without any imperial mess outside; and in it, with a tutor, sometimes with a man of letters, sometimes a man of science, you should follow the lectures at the Sorbonne—or College of France. It would do you no harm now and then to visit on foot, and quite unknown, the Faubourg du Temple, or that of St. Antoine, and see how the people live and suffer. A railway excursion into the Departments, without any beating of drums or presenting of arms, would make you acquainted with the great Provincial establishments and manufactories in which the wealth of the country is developed. You might now and then go to the Council of State and Corps Legislatif; though, says *Figaro*, "that might be attended with the inconvenience of greatly lessening authority and loosening your respiration!" Especially, says *Figaro*, read the Opposition journals, and still more especially the republican ones, and judge of all they have to say for and against. But, above all, concludes the monitor, give up ceremonies and uniforms, and take our word for it that you look far better in your everyday knickerbockers than when trussed up like a sub-lieutenant!

Now isn't the above good advice, and isn't it plain-spoken? And wouldn't the Prince Imperial, with such training, make a capital—President of the Republic?

A bill has been introduced into the Chamber diminishing the salaries of Senators one-half—from 30,000 to 15,000 francs. This is a step in the right direction. The evil has sought to have been also re-cast under the constitutional *régime*. An income of thirty-six millions, besides the *entrées* of all the palaces, is too much for any man, even though he may have "saved the country."

The press law has just passed the lower Chamber almost unanimously. It is on the whole, it is a liberal measure, and replaced the public journals once more under the jurisdiction of the jury and the ordinary legislation of the country.

M. de Lesseps has left Paris somewhat suddenly with his young bride, to return to the East. There have been unapprehended difficulties encountered in the passage of the Canal, and of the stoppage of several vessels. The shares of the Company are low, and show no signs as yet of rallying. The fact is, I believe, that the present is perhaps the most critical period of the great enterprise; more so than any even during the course of its construction. The termination of the Canal seems to have rather taken the commercial world unawares, which appears to have gone upon the calculation that there would always be plenty of time to prepare for the use of the passage when it was opened. But M. de Lesseps has been truer to his word than people gave him credit for. He is ready for them before they are ready for him; and the consequence is that for a year or perhaps more, the cost of *entrées* will far exceed the revenue derived from the traffic; and yet to raise a new loan, without a revenue, might be impossible, and must be difficult and disadvantageous under any circumstances!

There was a large meeting of the family the other evening on the subject of the prevailing epidemic. The discussion which took place turned mainly upon the respective merits of vaccination direct from the animal, and from patient to patient. But doctors, as usual, disagreed, and no very intelligible conclusion seemed to be arrived at, except the unpleasant one that the disease does not get visibly on the decrease. Another opinion generally concurred in was to the effect that about one person in twelve of those who were attacked died.

A DAY AT SORRENTO.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

The 9.30 train rolled out of the *Stazione delle stazioni Piazza Meridionali*, at Naples, on a bright, cloudless morning, bearing a motley crowd of tourists, Sound, some for Pompeii, some for Amalfi, some for Pæstum, and some, melancholy individual for Sorrento. There was nothing remarkable about the tourists, you meet the same everywhere—a few Germans lounging about the waiting-places; in France speaking a detestable language and trying to get something out of the very showy and very meagre bill of fare; in Italy looking suspiciously at the vagrant musician, always grumbling at the discomforts they have imposed upon themselves, and incessantly lamenting their own country that they won't live in. Nor was there anything noticeable about the melancholy individual above referred to, save that he was the only one going to Sorrento.

The train rushed out of the depot with a shriek past the new barracks on the outskirts of Naples, and into the country beyond. And then the long line of towns and villages that fringe the eastern shore of the noble bay, and seem, from the height of St. Elmo, to be but one long, straggling village, began to separate and form detached centres. We passed the fertile plain at the foot of Somma peak, the original of Virgil's Mount Vesuvius. Vineyards and gardens were smiling back to the dimpled sea, whose waves rippled gently on the shore. Here and there a lazy shepherd leaned upon his staff, and watched his half-dozen sheep, or contemplated his own nether extremities, clad in sheepskin, or dozed away the hours of his watch. A half-grown boy begrilled his time while guarding two or three vicious, black hogs, by playing on a long whistle, or simple flute, such as Virgil and Theocritus before him loved to celebrate.

Then the train rushed into Portici at the mountain's foot—ever fearing other eruptions such as have more than once caused her to be deserted by her inhabitants—holding her place in fear and trembling. Then another gap in the houses—the sea on the right hand and almost under the train; gardens, and vineyards, and orchards on the left, rising up the slope of Vesuvius, until they "run out" on the black and ancient mountain side, among scattered and bare rocks, and dead ashes, while above all towered the ever-smoking cone of the volcano, with its perpetual crown of cloud and ominous blackness. Way up there where the white streak of sulphur fringes the volcano's lip, one may look through cracks and see the hell of theology as truly as he may see it here, the Mahommedan's Paradise. One is inexpressibly horrible; the other inexpressibly lovely. And this town of Resina, which we are just entering, may fitly represent the condition of one who holds his blessings only at the imminent peril of a storm. Over and over has the town been destroyed by earthquake and volcano; but, Phœnix-like, it has risen from its ashes. Neapolitans seem to regard it as a sin-offering or scapegoat, contrived for their special benefit. They have a proverb that "Naples commits the sins and Torre pays the penalty." The fascination of the spot, the beauty, which still more beautiful sky, the glorious climate and magnificent scenery, combining with the fruitful soil, bring back the remnant of its ruined people after the surge of destruction has passed over or under it, and they build as near the sites of their former dwellings as they can discover.

Resuming our way, the long southern slope or root of Vesuvius comes into view, wherein was found, a hundred years ago, the buried city of Pompeii. But we don't go that way. Our branches of the road of Torre dell'Annunziata, a prosperous town of 16,000 people, much given to the manufacture of macaroni, by which its inhabitants become at once fat and rich. On the roofs of the low houses along the railroad, we see the yellow grain drying in the sun, and men with brooms and scrapers sweeping it up and turning it over. Our train stops, "Torre del Annunziata and Pompeii change cars," and there is the usual rush and hurry, and getting hold of wrong traveling-bags, and losing the right one, and in despair of being in time. A fat woman with a child gets into the division of the car, and then must stop to inquire again whether *she* must change cars—and discovers that her child has lost a shoe; and she besieges the passengers, who are all standing up to get out as soon as she clears the way, to look on the seats, under the seats, on the shelf overhead—everywhere for that shoe; and when her distress has reached its climax, she suddenly finds that she has put it into her pocket. As she gives us her way grinning, with the muttered imprecations of the tourists, who have been delayed, all save the melancholy individual, who smiles, for he is going to Sorrento and don't change cars.

A few minutes more, and weare at Castellamare, the terminus of our branch of the road, a shipping town of 7,000 or 8,000 people, tucked away into the farthest corner of the bay. There we get a carriage. Two horses are harnessed to the pole, and a third is hooked alongside, and if need be, may be changed from one side to the other. A boy mounts up behind to attend to the third horse, the driver cracks his whip, and we are off.

The road runs along the south side of the Bay of Naples, following the windings of the coast. It gradually ascends, and the eye takes in a view second to none on the famed Corniche road, which runs from Nice to Genoa and La Spezia. Immediately below are the laughing waters; on the left hand "the mountains rise almost perpendicularly for more than a thousand feet. Across the bay Naples appears with its domes and spires and countless roofs, and its stronghold of St. Elmo frowning from its commanding height. Away in front of us are the islands of Ischia and Procida, as we turn a corner of the shore, Capri, looking like floating masses on the blue sea beyond. The highest point of the road is reached just beyond the village of Albero, and as the road rounds the promontory of Sentolo, the Plains, or Plain of Sorrento, with its gardens and orchards and its lovely country are at our feet.

A few minutes more and we are cattering over the pavement between high walls, over which are peeping orange-trees and vines. Pictures of the Madonna are at every corner, and sometimes, in addition, a large wooden cross with the spear and reed, and nails and hammer to drive them, is placed, side by side. We pass a deep gorge which runs up into the town; the big lean dogs bark and detach the extra horse; we turn down lanes so narrow that it is a constant wonder how we get through. We are at the Hotel of the Sirens, and dismount, for low the water to our room, which overhangs the sea, more than three hundred feet below, and forget to order breakfast, and keep the toy waiting while the eye sweeps around. From Sorrento to Naples, thence along the coast to Posilippo, the Island of Ischia, thence to Capri—and back to the bay, who respectfully insinuates knowing what Signore will have for breakfast. We gratify him, and he vanishes while we look again and again, until the breakfast is announced, when we turn to it with a sigh.

The great charm of Sorrento is the lovely country that surrounds it; but it has also great advantages of climate, and the absence of fevers which sometimes attack foreign visitors at Naples. It is protected, too, by the hills which enclose it on three sides from the raw winds which blow directly over the bay and chill the blood in the Sodom which appears so brilliant yonder. There is no lack of ruins, ancient or mediæval, for those who delight in antiquarian research; nor of romantic roads and paths for those who love to drive or mount the sure-footed donkey.

What, however, excites our attention most are the numerous artificial caves or substructions with which the rock beneath the town seems to be honeycombed. These are perpendicular sea-front of the plateau is spotted with their openings. The mouths of some are on a level with the beach; others are way up fifty feet above water, and have now no means of access. Some have been explored, or attempted to explore. The galleries were connected together by long passages, crossing and forming a perfect labyrinth. Now and then we came to old chapels with rude pictures on the walls. For what purpose these substructions were formed may be a mooted point; but our impression is that they were by some means connected with the villas, convents and habitations on the plain above, and were used as places of refuge during the times the barbary pirates used to carry fire and sword into these coasts, and carry off, burning, murdering and leading into captivity the hapless people.

One cavern through which the path from the sea leads up to our hotel is worthy of notice. It is called the "Cave of the Sirens," and these ladies of doubtful character are said to have resorted sometimes. We asked Giacomo where was the cave in which they lived; and he pointed to the blue depths of the sea, and said: "Down there." "Are there any sirens down there now," we asked? "No, Signore; they all went to Naples long ago."

Another gap, one which opened on the seashore a mile from the cave of the Sirens, and is reached by a long succession of paths and steps, is the "Cave of Polyphemus," where he used to fold his sheep, and where he got into that unprofitable discussion with the sailor Ulysses, and lost an eye—the only one he had. But, why linger and attempt to describe how we found dead men's bones, which crumbled as we brought them to the air; or tell of the donkey-rides and the quiet which fairly rejuvenated us? It is a delicious dream—a dream which we love to remember, and Sorrento has in our mechanism a vision of an earthly paradise. We bathed in the blue waters; we walked among orange and fig trees; reposed under the vine; rode and drove; explored ruins and caverns; looked upon the lovely sea, whose waves are perpetually whispering on the sunlight; contemplated the azure heavens; watched the sun sink to repose in emerald, topaz, sapphire and burnished gold; saw the full moon, with gentle ray, kiss our land and sea, while the smoke-wreath of Vesuvius, indicative of slumbering power, curled up and floated off among the clouds which rest over a fringe of light that marks the place of Naples; and boyhood and youth and half-forgotten Latin and Greek came back like a pleasant summer dream; and Ulysses's bark was under the cliff, the Cyclop folded his sheep, the sirens' song mingled indistinctly and insidiously in the silt air, and hushed us to a repose of pleasant dreams.

Bogus News Despatches.

At a meeting of the American Press Association, held yesterday afternoon, in New York, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Integrity and accuracy of telegraphic news is essential to the success of the newspaper press; and

Whereas, There have been ingenious and persistent attempts to impose upon the press untrue and exaggerated despatches; therefore

Resolved, That the sum of $500 be appropriated to be used as a reward for detection and punishment of parties engaged in the fabrication of despatches and to pay the expenses of such investigation.

Resolved, That the President of the American Press Association be directed to communicate to the President of the Associated Press the substance of this resolution, and request that body to join in this effort to protect the integrity of the general telegraphic service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE
YARNS FOR SALE.
Cotton and Worsted Yarns, all numbers. Cotton sangers for Salamo and Pompeii change cars," and there is the usual rush and hurry, and getting hold of wrong traveling-bags, and losing the right one, and in despair of being in time. A fat woman with a child gets into the division of the car, and then must stop to inquire again whether *she* must change cars—and discovers that her child has lost a shoe; and she besieges the passengers, who are all standing up to get out as soon as she clears the way, to look on the seats, under the seats, on the shelf overhead—everywhere for that shoe; and when her distress has reached its climax, she suddenly finds that she has put it into her pocket. As she gives us her way grinning, with the muttered imprecations of the tourists, who have been delayed, all save the melancholy individual, who smiles, for he is going to Sorrento and don't change cars.

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

EUGENIE has sent ten thousand francs to the sufferers by the Constantinople fire.

DR NOXO has written a letter, in which he retracts, in positive terms, the dogma of infallibility.

Two hundred and fifty persons are known to have lost their lives in the great fire at Constantinople, and many more are missing.

At Galveston, the corner-stone of a Jewish Synagogue, Rabbi Henry Hyman delivered the address.

The Republican caucus of the New Hampshire Legislature have nominated Senator Grafton for re-election.

The Hill lands of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad passed to a third reading in the Massachusetts Senate yesterday by a vote of 23 to 13.

The cholera is making dreadful ravages in different parts of India. At Madras the disease is particularly virulent.

The Democratic Executive Committee of North Carolina yesterday nominated Hon. Wm. M. Shipp, of Mecklenburg county, for Attorney-General of the State.

A New-Haven despatch says the Connecticut House of Representatives yesterday passed Mr. Lafayette S. Foster Judge of the Supreme Court.

THE President yesterday nominated Commodore Charles H. Poor for Rear Admiral, Captain Wm. Reynolds to be Commodore, and Commander A. Mahan to be Captain.

A MEMPHIS despatch announces that Treadwell Sayres contests R. S. Morgan's election as Mayor, on the ground of frauds, and that the election should have been held last August.

From official reports received at Washington, it appears that the recent raid on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was in retaliation for a raid by Sioux, but by the "Dog Soldiers," renegade Indians of different tribes.

There is a large increase in our exports for the first three quarters of the current fiscal year over the corresponding period last year, as is shown by the monthly statistical report just issued. Instead of a balance of nearly sixty millions against us, there will be more than a million in our favor.

The National Photographic Association, in session at Cleveland yesterday, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Wm. Shepherd, Philadelphia; Vice-Pres., Pennsylvania; Secretary, E. L. Wilson, of Philadelphia. The next annual meeting will be held in this city in 1871.

The Democratic Convention of West Virginia adjourned yesterday. Hon. J. M. Pendleton was nominated for Governor. Resolutions were adopted demanding the taxation of capital, abolition of the test oath, the rights of suffrage, chisement, and declaring the white race the superior and ruling race of the country.

A SUPPOSED subterranean outlet to the Great Salt Lake has been discovered. The schooner Emma with about 1,000 tons of coal, between Fremont and Kimball Islands, last Sunday, was drawn within the influence of an immense whirlpool, and only escaped from the chasm by a high wind prevailing at the time. A party from Salt Lake City went down in a boat on a steamer to investigate the phenomenon.

A number of influential gentlemen met yesterday at Cooper's Institute in pursuance of a call issued by a meeting of the Cooper Institute, and resolved to form a Tilden and Hendricks club, to be composed of Democrats who have been accustomed to act with the Republican party, and who have become convinced that the time for action has arrived