CORRESPONDENCE.

SKETCHES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

NO. XVII.

[Communicated for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

The Green Vaults—The Dresden Gallery—Konigstein—Berlin—A European New Jersey—The Royal Gallery—The Thier-Garten—Sunday in Berlin—Amsterdam—The Old Bible Hotel.

DRESDEN, HOTEL BELLEVUE, *Tuesday Evening*, June 14, 1870.—We visited this morning the celebrated "Green Vaults" connected with the royal palace of Dresden. They are so-called in consequence of the hangings with which they were originally furnished. They are a series of eight large rooms, in which, for more than a century past, the kings of Saxony have expended their surplus wealth in the accumulation of all kinds of rare objects, such as jewels and exquisite carvings in brass, in ivory, in the precious metals and other costly materials. The display of gold and silver articles, of diamonds and sapphires, of agates, amethysts, emeralds and all kinds of jewels, is the most brilliant and valuable belonging to any court in Europe. Only think of filling the cabinets that line the walls of eight large rooms with treasures of this kind! Aladdin's wonderful lamp never conjured up a more gorgeous display of beautiful and splendid things than are here exhibited. And oriental imagination, even in its wildest flights, could hardly go beyond what is an actual reality here. In going through these marvellous treasure-halls I was conscious, first of a feeling of intensely excited curiosity; then of a wearying sense of satiety; and finally of an absorbing feeling of thankfulness at the thought of not having to bear the burden of care involved in the guardianship of such immense sums, that are never to be turned to any practical or useful purpose. There is one room in the palace filled with cabinets, in which, in the event of war, all these treasures are locked up, and sent, for safe-keeping, to an impregnable fortress; up among the mountains of Saxon Switzerland.

After this we visited the famous Dresden Gallery, and spent a long time in examining the splendid collection of paintings which it contains. It is not so large as the Pitti or Uffizi galleries, of Florence, but it is much richer, in proportion, in works of real merit. The three paintings that have left the deepest impression on my mind are the Sistine Madonna of Raphael; Holbein's Madonna, and Correggio's Madonna of the Night. The celestial sweetness and purity which Raphael has thrown into the faces in his painting are really wonderful. You feel as if you could sit and gaze on them by the hour. There is less of that peculiar sweetness in Holbein's Madonna, but more of intellectuality, which makes it hardly less attractive, while the touch of real nature wrought into it by the artist in representing Virgin Mother as having set down her Divine Child, in the blooming radiance of His health, while she takes up into her arms a poor sick child brought to her for its healing,adds a wonderful charm to the picture.

Correggio's is a night scene, and all the light introduced into the picture is represented as beaming forth from the person of the Divine Babe in the centre of the group. The effect produced by this is a perfect marvel of artistic skill. There are excellent photographs of these great works, which aid very much in keeping fresh the recollections of the originals.

DRESDEN, *Wednesday Evening*, June 15.—We have spent to-day in an excursion to Saxon Switzerland, and it has been a day that we shall never forget. We breakfasted at six o'clock and started in the cars at seven, a delightful ride of an hour and a half along the banks of the Elbe brought us into the heart of an interesting region to which this name is applied. We stopped at the picturesque town of Konigstein to visit the remarkable castle, or fortress, to which the name is applied. This name Konigstein signifies the Kingrock. The hill is 800 feet high. It is a mass of solid rock, rising up for the greater part of that distance in perpendicular height. The castle is on the top of this hill. The ascent is made by a zig-zag path two miles in length. The fortifications spring directly out from the living rock. This castle is the Gibraltar of Saxony. It is, like unlike Gibraltar, it is a virgin fortification that has never been taken. Its position and admirable strength make it absolutely impregnable. This is the stronghold to which, in times of war and danger, the royal treasures of the Dresden Green Vaults, of which I spoke yesterday, are removed for safe-keeping. A bomb-proof magazine is prepared for their reception. The views from the walls of the fortress are most extensive and beautiful. The space on the top of the hill inclosed within the fortifications is a mile and a half in circumference. To complete its internal supplies there is an unfailing well in the fortress. It was forty years in digging, and is cut down 600 feet through the solid rock. It is 11 feet in diameter. As we stood by its mouth a pitcher of water was emptied into it, and by the watch it took just seven seconds before the emptied contents of the pitcher reached the water below, as indicated by the splash of which we were listening. Four lighted lamps, on a horizontal cross-bar, were lowered into the depth profound, and were almost lost to sight before reaching the bottom. And with the rapid revolution of a windlass it took two and a half minutes to raise them again to the surface. Napoleon I. tried hard to take the fortress in his day, but in vain. 400 men could hold the place against any power that should attempt to take it. There is an amusing guide if it was really true that the place had never been taken? He smiled and said: "Yes; it was taken once by a *chiffon-pence*." It was a youth who had lost sight of a brother, to whom he was much attached. Supposing that he was a soldier in the garrison, he resolved to get in and see. He was refused admission at the gate; so, finding a sort of groove, or crack, something like a chimney, running perpendicularly up the rock, he managed to climb up and make his way in through one of the portholes. After leaving this interesting place we crossed the river Elbe, and landed in the midst of that peculiar tract of country to which the term Saxon Switzerland is applied. We spent the rest of the day till it was time to return in tramping through the wildest valleys and gorges that can be imagined, and coming out at last on a most singular ledge of rocks, a series of ledges, called the Bastei, from their resemblance to the bastion of a fort. The particular point to which this ledge is applied stands 600 feet directly above the river, and commands one of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, remarkable views to be seen anywhere. The peculiarity of this region lies chiefly in the unusually strange and singular formation of the rocks which abound in it. Isolated masses in every conceivable form rise up to the height of five or six hundred feet. Some are like pyramids, some like steeples, others like obelisks, and others again like gigantic perpendicular walls. There are rents, and grooves, and gorges, and chasms in them, some of which are rough and jagged, and others are cleft from top to bottom, as smoothly as though they had been hewn out with the chisel in the hands of an army of cyclopean workmen. Solid stone bridges are thrown across, between a number of the more striking of the summits, connecting them together so that you can pass from peak to peak with perfect safety, although at such an aerial height. And as you walk along on these "high places" and look out upon the strange forms in which those gigantic masses of rock are scattered around, and then look down upon the intervening spaces between them, not barren and desolate, but covered with a mantle of luxuriant verdure, you see a combination of the grand, and of the sublime and beautiful, such as can scarcely be equaled by anything the earth can offer. The day has been out of intense enjoyment. In all our journey hitherto, there is none to which we shall look back with greater interest. It is worth a life-time of ordinary existence to spend one day in the midst of such enchanting scenes. The weather, too, was most delightful. When our excursion was finished we returned to Dresden by one of the steamers that ply on the river, and enjoyed the sail through the beautiful scenery that lines the banks of the Elbe.

DRESDEN, *Thursday Evening*, June 16.—This is our last day in the capital of Saxony. We expect to leave in the morning for Berlin. I like Dresden very much. It is charmingly situated on the Elbe, which runs through the midst of the city. Substantial old stone bridges connect the two sides together. The streets are well paved, and kept very clean. The public buildings are large and imposing. Gardens and parks abound, ample in dimensions and admirable keep. The hotel at which we are staying is well-named Bellevue. It is delightfully situated in the centre of the town, on the banks of the river. There is a pleasant garden adjoining the dining-room, with nice shady arbors in it, where it is very comfortable for the guests to sit and take their breakfast and tea, in view of all the lively scenes which the river affords, and fanned by the breezes from its surface. We spent this morning again in the gallery, taking another look at our favorite pictures and examining some which we had not seen before. I was greatly delighted with a fine large historical painting by Hubner, a German artist. It represents the disputation which took place 350 years ago, before the Elector of Saxony, between the sturdy reformer, Martin Luther, and Eck, the celebrated champion of Rome in that day. It is a very spirited painting, full of life and action, and gives an admirable idea of the way in which the theological disputes of that stormy period were conducted.

The Rev. Dr. Mombert, formerly of Lancaster, in our State, is now settled here in charge of a seminary, and at the same time acting as American Chaplain. He called to see us yesterday, when we were out, and left his card. We returned his call this evening, but did not find him at home.

I thought, when we returned to the Continent from Syria, that we fulfilled be constantly meeting some one or other from our own country with whom we were acquainted. But we have not yet met with one such person, except when we look at each other, *or in the glass*, we never see a familiar face. We have not begun to encounter the stream of summer visitors to Switzerland. We shall probably do so, however, as we get nearer to Switzerland.

BERLIN, HOTEL ROYAL, *Friday Evening, June 17.*—We left Dresden at seven this morning, and arrived at the capital of Prussia between three and four this afternoon. The road for the entire distance runs through a flat, uninteresting tract of country, without having a growth of short pine trees, reminding one very much of certain parts of New Jersey. There is nothing of interest to be seen on the road. This is very much the character of all central Europe. Berlin stands on a sandy, dead-level plain, with nothing at all attractive in the country around it. The wonders naturally enough suggest themselves to a stranger on approaching it. In the first place, you wonder why such a place, with no natural advantages, no great navigable river, and no particular resources of any kind, should ever have been selected as the site of a large city; and, then, in the next place, you wonder still more to think how it is, that, after being so located, it should grow and prosper as Berlin has done. But such is the fact, yet it be accounted for as it may.

BERLIN, *Saturday Evening*, June 18th.—This was our only day for Berlin, and we have tried to make the most of it. We engaged a guide to enable us to economize time, and get through as much as possible. Our first visit was to the Royal Gallery. It contains some very fine statuary. Among them are two pieces especially interested us; one was Canova's statue of Hebe; in marble, and the other an unique bronze statue, called the Flaying Dogs. They are perfect models of grace and beauty. There are many good paintings in the picture gallery, but none that strike us as worthy of special note. There is an amusing story by Teniers, the Dutch artist. It is called "The Temptation of St. Anthony." The artist has painted his own portrait to represent the saint, and takes advantage of the occasion to weave into the picture some of his domestic experiences. The room in which he sits reading is filled with grotesque and horrible forms, representing devils, who are trying in various ways to disturb the meditations of the good saint. Among these are introduced his wife and his wife's mother. The wife has a little touch of the devil in her composition, as indicated by a tiny tail, modestly peeping out from under her petticoat. But the wife's mother is an out-and-out devil, with claws and horns, and the simplest possible development of tail. After leaving the gallery we took a carriage and drove round to see the principal public buildings. Two of these, the Bourse, or Exchange, and the City Hall, are probably the finest buildings of their kind in the world. The City Hall is a new building, just finished, and, though only built of brick,—for there is no stone in or near Berlin—is a very imposing structure, and magnificent in the style of its interior adornment.

We were much amused at our old-fashioned Dutch guide, though rather at the expense of the gentler sex. He was explaining to us the fine portraits that hang round the walls of the principal council chamber. He delivered himself in this style: "Dat, shentlemen, his Frederick the Great, and dat next one his brother. He was *great* too, but it was only in spending money. He shpend more money in von year as all de rest of de family in seven. De reason vos he was so much mit de ladies. Und shentlemen," continued the honest Dutchman, with as much confidence as to his statement as though he were but uttering a truth as certain as the axiom in mathematics that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, "*der ish nothing cost money so much like de ladies!*" We finished our day in Berlin by a visit to a celebrated public garden in the evening, to get an idea of the popular German mode of pleasure-taking and enjoyment. It is public in the sense of being open to everybody on the paying of an entrance fee, but private in the sense of being gotten up as an individual enterprise. It is fitted up in the most brilliant style. Rows of gaslights, with crystal pendants, are ranged along the walks, while arches of the same are thrown across them. Mechanical trees and flowers are formed with jets of flame along the branches of the trees, and bursting from the centre of the flowers. Borders of gas jets surround the beds of flowers, while fountains are playing in the midst of them. Thousands of persons, quiet, well-behaved, and respectable-looking, were promenading the walks or sitting round the tables under the trees, some taking tea, some ice cream, but the greater part, of course, drinking beer, which is kept on ice in the centre was the coursing sweet music all the while. There was no noise or disturbance of any kind. It was the finest way to his subject I have ever witnessed, and yet it was but a fair specimen of the really sensible way in which the masses of people in this country seek recreation and pleasure. I am much better pleased with Berlin than I expected to be. The streets are broad and clean. The principal thoroughfare, on which our hotel stands, is almost as wide again as our Broad street. In the centre is a wide promenade, with a double row of trees, forming an agreeable shade; on either side of this a broad, well-paved carriage-way, and beyond this a good wide sidewalk. Berlin is so level that it offers a fine chance for passenger railways, but only one has yet been started.

BERLIN, *Sunday Afternoon*, June 19.—It is just five months, to-day, since we sailed from New York. When three months more shall have passed away I hope we shall be crossing the water on our way home again. Berlin is very quiet, of course. The shops are closed very generally, and there is at least that outward token of respect for the day which we are accustomed to at home. But it seems very little to be seen in most of these European cities.

We attended service at the American Chapel here this morning, and heard an excellent sermon, and very well delivered, on the character of Christ. I don't know the name of the chaplain, but he is a young man of the Presbyterian or Congregational branch of the Church, and apparently very well adapted for the position he occupies. We started with the intention of attending the service of the Church of England, but the driver took us to this place, and we did not regret it, for I have no doubt he heard a much better sermon than we should have had at the English Chapel. Most of the English chaplains on the continent are exceedingly dull, prosy preachers. We have not met again to-day, as there is no second service here, and it was pleasant to spend the rest of the day quietly in our rooms.

AMSTERDAM, HOTEL DE OUDE BIBLE, *Monday, Evening*, June 20.—Here we are in this old Dutch centre of commerce and enterprise. And if you ever have an old-fashioned Dutch inn, it is the house in which the first German Bible was printed. The sign over the door is an open wooden Dutch Bible. But it seems very little like a hotel, comfortable hotel, I had a long ride from Berlin here—about six-teen hours—and as the country all through is flat and uninteresting, we thought it best to sleep through as much of it as possible. So we took the night train from Berlin and arrived here by the middle of the afternoon. We had time enough after dinner to take a walk through the town, and get a general idea of it. How quaint and singular everything looks! It reminds one of its aspects of Venice, only, indeed, it is sometimes called "the Venice of Holland." It is the canals in the streets to which this point of resemblance is due. There are 300 canals and 400 bridges in Amsterdam. But I must postpone further particulars till my next letter. We have a week for Paris, and then shall make our way across to Switzerland. We shall expect to reach Antwerp by the end of the week. R. N.

LETTER FROM MOUNT HOLLY.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., July 29, 1870.—Half a dozen daily trains leave Market and Walnut street wharves, Philadelphia, for Mount Holly, distance 18 or 20 miles. The trip is accomplished first by ferry-boat, for a short breezy sail, and then a long, hot ride in cars like cattle-pens, and covered with cinders and sparks but affording to all whose ideas of comfort are not founded on a dyspeptic basis. The whole journey is suggestive of a ride on a log wagon over a corduroy road. I came on the Long Branch train, which is popularly supposed to be composed in whole or in part of "replaces-cars;" but if the one I rode in was a fair sample, people have queer ideas on the subject of palaces down this way. The road is managed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company who are expected to be properly grateful for this "first-class notice." It is sandy, too, like all Jersey roads, and the sand has a provoking way of flying into your mouth and ears and eyes and hair and whiskers and down your back and into your shirt-front and through all the minute pores of your pocket-handkerchief, and, really, it would not be far from truth to add skin, too, for it goes everywhere. The company, however, is not to blame for this.

But it is worth some discomfort—the satisfaction of seeing this town of Mount Holly. It is one of the fairest villages "these roving eyes have ever looked upon." Founded before the revolution, in that far remote American antiquity, its inhabitants have had time to lay out the streets in good taste and of generous width and adorn them with elegant mansions surrounded by beautiful grounds; the trees which their never-to-be-sufficiently reverend and admired forefathers planted, have had time to grow to stately heights and throw far-reaching branches to meet and mingle across the street, forming shady vistas which the delighted eye follows till they are lost in the leafy confusion; and for sweeter view there is Rancocas Creek—winding through the town and leaving the steps of every man's back door, in a meandering course, to which the, far-famed sinuosities of the Catawissa Railroad are straightforwardness itself. If the commonly received opinion that a snake would break his back in the attempt to follow the line of that road has any foundation in fact, this stream, we do not doubt, succeed in navigating Rancocas Creek.

An air of repose pervades the entire town. The thread factory, the foundry and the two or three grist and saw-mills which compose the manufacturing interests of the place, seem their work with such quiet unobtrusiveness that one does not notice their presence, and it is only when the frequent trains go shrieking by that the town wakes to moments of consciousness of the world outside. It is a capital place for the overworked to rest and recuperate in.

"With dreamful eyes
"The spirit lies
"Under the shade of Paradise,"

and there is little to bring it back to sublunary things until it choose. Even the busy world of Philadelphia and Baltimore fail to hatch out mosquitoes in any quantity. In a three days' visit I have not seen one fly, and I have heard the drowsy song of two or three.

To test the beauties of the neighboring country I procured a horse and buggy and drove out five miles, to a place, on the experiment was a heartfelt resolve never to do so again. The country, for five miles, in itself was very pretty—a well-cultivated farming land, with many a field of waving corn and many a patch of stately trees to give shade and beauty. But O, such roads! Originally a sandy plain, now cut into deep ruts, in which the wheels buried themselves half to the axle, and, as they revolved, tossed it up in showers, to sting, blinding and choking man and man. It was with feelings of immense relief that the driver turned to his stable and the latter went to his supper. It was after the regular supper hour, but mine host of the Arcade found no difficulty in providing a veggie, ginger-bread, toothsome. To mine host's credit, be it said, he knows how to keep a good table, and well filled tables attest that his proficiency is known and appreciated.

The result of a brief experience is that Mt. Holly is a capital place to spend a summer vacation in, and that the strangers will do well to take up his resting-place in the Arcade, as being the best hotel in town. MAX.

OUR WILMINGTON LETTER.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WILMINGTON, July 29.—In the *Commercial* of to-day, following the announcement of the death of a ten-year old boy in Baltimore Hundred, Sussex county, is the following obituary notice:

"In his dying moments he charged his brother William not to dance or sing any more songs. Funeral services preached by Rev. Wm. R. Tubb."

Now whether that sentence was penned by the afflicted parents, the Reverend Tubb, or the once merry William, it is refreshingly original, and puts the *Ledger* obituaries to shame, and leads us to wonder if the author of "Lorenzo to Jessica" and "Jessica to Lorenzo," and John Quill's "good little boys" may hang their diminished heads.

Sussex county, by the way, is about the greatest place for obituaries it was ever my lot to come across. I once published a paper there myself, and I was sometimes called upon to depict the worth and "funerals,"—as the sad the funeral sermon, which is sometimes preached a month after the burial,—that I attempted to establish a paper called *The Tombstone*, especially devoted to such matters. I was saved the necessity, however, by a simple expedient. I commenced charging five cents a line for their insertion. I remember yet one pedical "tribute" I received from a young lady, headed "My Dear Half-brother who Died in the Army," in which it was stated "they buried him in a black walnut coffin." He was also a pious young man. In fact, all who died in that part of the country, whatever very pious or very hopeful, for they usually die "in the full hope of a blessed immortality."

But as this is a news letter, I must change my theme and come to business.

We had a thunder-storm last night, which could hardly be considered a success, except as a noise-producer. It brought no rain, of any consequence, and though it did strike the Indian Queen Hotel, it did not hurt it, though it had a long ride from Berlin here—about sixteen hours—and as the country all through is flat and uninteresting, we thought it best to sleep through as much of it as possible. So we took the night train from Berlin and arrived here by the middle of the afternoon. We had time enough after dinner to take a walk through the town, and get a general idea of it. How quaint and singular everything looks! It reminds one of its aspects of Venice, only, indeed, it is sometimes called "the Venice of Holland." It is the canals in the streets to which this point of resemblance is due. There are 300 canals and 400 bridges in Amsterdam. But I must postpone further particulars till my next letter. We have a week for Paris, and then shall make our way across to Switzerland. We shall expect to reach Antwerp by the end of the week. R. N.

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

THE yacht race for the Queen's cup is to come off on August 8.

JOHN C. BABCOCK, from Philadelphia, was accidentally drowned yesterday at Oswego.

JAMES BUCHTER, a prominent Freemason, and Grand Commander of the Consistory of Maryland, died in Baltimore, yesterday.

A MEMBER of the Government Conference has invited General Grant to make a visit to California.

THE San Francisco Chamber of Commerce recommends a survey of the coast between that city and Panama.

IN the United States Court at Windsor, Vt., yesterday, General O'Neill and Colonel John T. Brown pleaded guilty of violating the neutrality laws. They will be sentenced to-day.

THE Atlantics of Brooklyn, beat the Pastimes of Baltimore, yesterday, by a score of 27 to 7. At Washington, the Olympics beat the Marylands of Baltimore, by a score of 18 to 15.

THE New York Woman Suffrage Convention continued in session at Saratoga yesterday. Among the speakers were Rev. Olympia Brown and Susan B. Anthony. Amendments to the constitution of the association were adopted.

AT Richmond, Va., Judge Guigon yesterday decided the municipal election void, ordering a new election in November, the offices, meantime, to be filled by appointments by the Court.

THE National Executive Committee of the Union League held a meeting at Long Branch yesterday. Reports were made of the political condition of the South, and action taken in reference to the Union League of Washington.

AT Cleveland, Ohio, yesterday, the Forest City Base Ball Club beat the Mutuals of New York, by a score of 7 to 5. The game is said to have been the best ever played. At Troy, yesterday, the Haymakers defeated the Utica Club by a score of 48 to 8.

THE EUROPEAN WAR NEWS.

PARIS, July 29.—The French papers are furious at the Prussian manifesto just issued by the government.

The following fortresses have been placed in a thorough state of defence: Metz, Thionville, Longwy, Marsal, Frizabourg, Schlettstadt, Neu Breisach, Belfort, and Hunningen. The entire line of the Moselle, Verdun, and the entire fortifications of Strasbourg, are armed.

The *Journal Official*, this morning, contains the following report from the Ministers of War and Interior, dated July 28: "The Government has authorized the organization of local national guards in frontier towns of the north and east, but the government thinks it necessary to renounce the idea of the organization of a well-armed corps of franc-tireurs. The government believes that companies of French sharpshooters, armed with rifles, would be more than at present, will constitute a valuable reserve for the protection of national territory."

The two Ministers propose that the engagement of these companies of French sharpshooters shall be limited to the actual term of the war, and that the volunteers enrolled into these bodies shall be specially charged with the local defence. The Emperor approves of these corps, therefore the Minister of War and Marine concur.

At Metz to-day several newspaper correspondents, most of them American and English, were arrested. The cause of their arrest, however, but warned to keep away from the army in future.

PARIS, July 29.—It is said that the return of General Lebeuf from the frontier hastened the departure of the Emperor. Prince Napoleon is on the Emperor's staff.

Large bodies of French troops are moving in the north from Metz. It is said that General Trochu is to lead a corps into South Germany. It is thought that the French will decline battle till the French cross the Rhine. They are now concentrating masses of troops at Neuwied, near Coblentz.

The *Journal Official* denies the rumor that the Bank of France has given instructions to suspend specie payments temporarily.

The calling out of the reserves of France and Algeria has been successfully laid.

Great excitement prevails at Metz. The news that the Prussians are moving means a general hurry in the French operations. There is little doubt that the first blow will be struck through Rhenish Bavaria, and an advance of the Prussians on the left is expected.

PARIS, July 29.—Rumors are gaining a thunderstorm the headquarters of Division-General Lorencez and Prince Napoleon. The three officers were injured. All prisoners so far taken have been sent to Orleans, where accommodation is being prepared.

A despatch from Metz states that there are no signs of the enemy in front of that place.

A council of Ministers was held at St. Cloud to-day.

General Durrieu, Lieutenant-Governor of Algeria, has issued a proclamation to the people, congratulating them upon the order and public security, advising the militia to organize and drill, urging perfect accord among all classes, and concluding with a toast to the patriotism of Algerians.

BERLIN, July 29.—A general movement of the Prussian forces in front of the French line has commenced, and it is expected that decisive operations are near at hand. Troops are pushing on to Mayence from all directions.

The Bund's volunteers are now at his guard yesterday.

LONDON, July 29.—Count Albert de Bernstorf, Prussian ambassador to England, to-day makes public a statement that France in 1869 offered to lend Prussia 300,000 men to use against Austria if Prussia would surrender to France the territory lying between the Rhine and Moselle. The rejection of this proposition on the part of Prussia is said to have embittered relatly with Austria. These offers, which Napoleon now finds it convenient to repudiate, have been repeated, since 1866.

SAARBRUCKEN, July 29.—The success of the Prussian arms in the battle fought here yesterday is admitted by the enemy. The French retired after a few rounds of cannon and musketry.

The Prussian government offers 5,000 thalers to the person who shot the King of Prussia.

LONDON, July 29.—The report of the violation of Belgian territory by France was an aberration. A French corporal crossed the river Sierck with some fellow-soldiers in search of fresh meat, and unceremoniously alarmed the inhabitants, and gave rise to the report of invasion, which was immediately, and by telegraphed thence to London and elsewhere.

Earl Granville, in the House of Lords to-night, admitted that he had received a despatch containing a copy of the secret treaty published in the Berlin Post, but he had no assurance of the French Ambassador that the proposals originated in Berlin, and were declined by France.

The two Ministers propose that the engagement of these companies of French sharpshooters shall be limited to the actual term of the war, and that the volunteers enrolled into these bodies shall be specially charged with the local defence. The Emperor approves of these corps, therefore the Minister of War and Marine concur.

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