

Editor's Table.

THE WAR IN EUROPE promises to assume a new aspect before long. Hitherto, regarding it as a struggle between Russia on the one side and the Western Powers on the other for the legacy of the Sultans, the world has looked on with tolerable indifference, and the United States have held themselves, even in speech, discreetly aloof. Americans do not believe in what Europeans call the balance of power. We have heard that term invoked to excuse the persecution of patriots, and the banding together of despots against Truth and Right. The suspicion thus cast on the theory of a balance of power has been converted into positive disbelief by inquiry into the circumstances of the European States. A balance implies equilibrium, equal weight, equal strength, equal power. Now, as in fact there is nothing in the world so unequal as the weight, strength, and power of the several States of Europe—as there is nothing to prevent any two or three uniting together against a fourth, as, for instance, Great Britain, France, and Austria against Russia, or Austria and Russia against Hungary—it appears wholly gratuitous to say that there exists any equilibrium or balance of power which any combination of events can render it desirable or even possible to preserve. When, therefore—to pass over the futilities of diplomacy—the decrepitude of Turkey became notorious, and a war broke out between several nations covetous of her inheritance, the people of the United States were not in the least deceived by the ingenious pretenses of the Western Powers—did not attach any faith to their assertions that they drew the sword in the interest of Europe and for the preservation of “the balance of power,” and assumed a posture which, though simply neutral, apparently led to the belief that our sympathies were with Russia. Hence, many querulous appeals to Brother Jonathan from the other side of the water; none of which, however, appeared to prove that it was our duty, as lovers of liberty, or members of the human family, or men of sense, to mix in the struggle either by act, word, or thought. In truth, neither in the diplomatic campaign nor in the campaigns in the field had a single principle of any cosmopolitan value been placed in issue. It was a mere question of interest on both sides. Not even—going beyond the present aspect of affairs, and looking to future contingencies—did it appear of any appreciable consequence to the world at large whether the Muscovites grasped Constantinople and found a Capua as well as a Byzantium there, or the Western Powers, holding it with a foreign garrison, reduced the Sultan to the condition of the Rajahs and Nabobs of Hindostan, and ended by quarreling over his estate. In respect of civilization, religion, and freedom, each horn of the dilemma held out a nearly equal promise.

To what extent the purpose and conditions of the war are likely to be modified by the events of the past few months, can be best discovered by a brief retrospect. When the Western Powers declared war against Russia, Prince Gortschakoff held the Danubian Principalities and menaced the southern bank of the stream. Though the Turks

had defended their lines with incredible valor, and the siege of Silistria had been a failure, it was obvious that, in a military point of view, Omar Pasha and his 50,000 men opposed no serious obstacle to whatever designs Russia might have entertained against Turkey. The climate and want of pay would have dissolved the brave little army fast enough without any help from the Russians. The first aim of the Allies, therefore, was to menace Gortschakoff. This was effected by the encampment at Varna; which, aided by the ravages of the noxious climate of the Principalities, rendered the defense of the line of the Balkans complete. The next step was the convention of 14th June between Austria and Turkey, in virtue of which the Austrian army invaded the Principalities and occupied them. The practical consequence of this treaty and the movement of the Austrians was to compel the retreat of the Russians from the lines along the Danube. Whether there was any latent pro-Russian design in the Austrian advance or not, it certainly had the double effect of guarding the Turkish frontier against the Russians on the one hand, and, on the other, setting free the army under Paskievitch and Gortschakoff to act against the Allies where they might be most needed.

The invasion of the Crimea followed—a movement prompted, first, by a desire to gratify the popular clamor in England for decisive action, and, secondly, by a rash expectation of immediate and dazzling triumphs. That it was wholly unjustifiable, as a piece of strategy, is not contested. Then followed the storming of the heights of Alma; the death of St. Arnaud, and consequent paralysis of the allied army; the timid flank march to Balaclava; and, finally, the resolve of Raglan and Canrobert to make the best of their bad position, by fortifying themselves on the heights between the harbor of Balaclava and the peninsula of Cherson. Whether, at first, and as soon as it appeared that Sebastopol was not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*, they contemplated offensive operations against the immensely powerful forts before them, can not yet be stated with certainty; it is more than likely that they sought nothing beyond a defensive position, and that the siege operations were dictated by the Cabinets at London and Paris, in ignorance of the real state of matters, and acting under severe popular pressure. There can be no doubt but the allied troops were in a false position from the first, and that Lord Raglan—the soundest head among them after all—was for taking to the fleet without further delay the moment the original object of the enterprise was beyond his reach. In periods of great excitement, the most important events often flow from trivial causes. It is not unlikely that the Tartar hoax had much to do with the serious commencement of the siege. Reports of the defenseless condition of the place—no doubt highly exaggerated—must have been brought in by deserters, and confirmed the design. At all events, offensive operations were undertaken. A first bombardment proved wholly fruitless. A bloody reconnaissance of the Russians toward Balaclava, showed the necessity of holding that portion of the line with a strong force. The sanguinary battle

of Inkermann, though fraught with transcendent glory for the British soldiers, only confirmed Lord Raglan's former desire to embark. The fact was, from that day the siege was hopeless. The place was not invested and could not be. Clouds of Russians reinforced the garrison. Miles of provision carts rattled over the Inkermann road, and entered the city without molestation. In men, metal, and ammunition the garrison were far superior to the besiegers. In position they had the advantage of stone defenses, besides as good and as extensive earthworks as the Allies could erect. In spirit they excelled the assailants, for they fought under the spur of religious fanaticism and patriotic fervor; far more potent incentives to deeds of daring than a mere sense of duty or thirst for glory, on which alone the Allies relied. If to these inequalities be added the crowning difference between the hostile armies in point of quarters and supplies, the Russians being well fed, well clad, well housed, the Allies starved, half-naked, and exposed to the rigors of a winter climate as severe as that of New York, the desperate character of the operation may be partly realized. Notwithstanding all which, it was determined to persevere. Eminent engineers believed that the fate of the operation was a question of metal and men. The whole winter was accordingly spent in procuring reinforcements and a train of artillery which appeared to be sufficient to batter down any works in the world. Early in April a second bombardment was commenced. It lasted thirteen days, and the amount of shot fired into the place has been computed at several thousand tons weight. A bombardment on such a scale had never been attempted before. Yet it was as decided a failure as the last. With wonderful bravery and skill, the Russians repaired the ravages of each day's fire before the morning dawn; the heaviest shot and shell inflicted but little damage on soft earthworks; and the net result of this unexampled military effort was merely to inflict some unimportant loss on the enemy, to exhaust the finest park of siege-artillery ever collected, and to impair the morale of the allied army.

Such has been the product of twelve months of fighting. Practically, there can be no question but the bulk of the injury has fallen on Russia. Her army has been driven out of the Principalities, and she has lost that material pledge for the fulfillment of the obligations of the Porte. Her fleet has been swept from the Black Sea, which to all intents and purposes is as thoroughly in the hands of the Western Powers as the Seine or the Thames. A foreign army has invaded Russian territory, won one great battle and at least two sharp skirmishes, and is impregnably intrenched on Russian soil. From being the assailant, the Czar has been placed on the defense. From menacing Turkey, he is now menaced himself. From threatening Constantinople, his own strongest fort is now only defended by the incredible valor of his troops, and has lain for thirteen days under an "infernal fire." The Allies can land men and supplies at three points in his dominions as easily as at any of their own ports. The Baltic is closed. Russian foreign trade is narrowed down to a feeble stream which trickles extensively through Prussia. Odessa is a desert. The timber merchants of Riga, Archangel, and the north are ruined. For all commercial purposes, Russia is carried back to the position out of which it was extricated by Peter the Great one hundred and fifty years ago.

On the other hand, the inconvenience and loss inflicted on the Allies have been insignificant. Their trade has not been disturbed. Their dominions have not been molested. At no former time were the exports from Great Britain larger, or the clearances more numerous. France holds her Universal Exhibition as brilliantly and as imperceptibly as if there were no wars any where. The prospects of popular comfort in both countries depend, as usual, mainly upon the crops. Loans have been effected by both governments at highly favorable rates. The siege of Sebastopol pending, the Bank of England has found it necessary twice to reduce the rate of interest for money, such is the abundance of capital seeking investment. Great Britain discovers that it is not as easy as it used to be to recruit men for the war; but notwithstanding the diminution in the supply caused by emigration, it is obvious that it rests with her to overcome this difficulty by adopting a more liberal plan of treating her common soldiers. In France, of course, the conscription law obviates any similar inconvenience. In fine, the sum total of the loss inflicted by the twelve months' war on the Western Powers is nothing more than an expenditure of men and of money. Both can be spared. Individually we may lament the contingency which causes the sudden and horrid death of a fellow-creature; but such considerations are foreign to political inquiry; in calculations affecting the destiny of nations, the destruction of soldiers becomes a matter of moment only when the source from which they are to be replaced is dried up. Europe would hardly feel a drain of a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand men, and a score or two of millions per annum for the next half-dozen years.

It was with these facts before them that the plenipotentiaries of the five Powers met, after adjournment, at Vienna, in April last. The very fact of their meeting was a concession by Russia, for the basis on which an understanding was hoped to be reached was that of the Four Points which had been peremptorily rejected by Nicholas the First. The protocols of the conferences have been made public. From these it appears that Russia was willing to place the Principalities under the protection of the five Powers; to throw open the Danube; to authorize the Sultan, whenever he fancied his defense required it, to open the Dardanelles to foreign fleets; to provide for the toleration of the Greeks in Turkey. The Western Powers desired, beyond this, that Russia should, for the security of Constantinople, agree to limit her fleet in the Black Sea to a given number of ships; and the Austrian Plenipotentiaries, quite as deeply interested in checking Russian progress as their Allies, "hoped to see the proposal agreed to." But when the Russian Envoys inquired point-blank whether Austria would regard the rejection of this demand by Russia as a *casus belli*, the Austrians gave an emphatic reply in the negative by their silence. On this, the Russians refused to limit their fleet in the Black Sea until a series of disasters had left them no choice but to yield. And the conference broke up.

So the quarrel stands. The war continues on the issue whether or no Russia ought to have as many ships as she pleases in the Black Sea. It is impossible for an American to contemplate the natural consequences of the establishment of the principle that any two or more Powers may dictate to a third what naval force she shall be at liberty

to launch in her own ports, without feelings of un-mixed apprehension. In the case of Russia, there may be plausible reasons for suspecting her of desiring to deal with Turkey as the Western Powers have actually dealt; but history is too full of groundless apprehensions on the part of nations, obstinate delusions on that of rulers, and gross blunders on that of both, for any careful mind to feel assured that, at some future day, this or that great Power may not entertain similar suspicions with regard to the United States. No such event may be likely or probable at present; but who, five years ago, could have foreseen that England and France would have gone to war with Russia? Lord John Russell very frankly remarked at the Vienna Conference that it was not the design of the Western Powers to lay down as a principle the right of intervention in vicinal or neighboring States for the purpose of limiting their military or naval force; as, for instance, in the case of France by England, or Austria by Prussia; because, in such cases, the danger was best met by a corresponding augmentation of force by the State menaced; and that he conceived it only applied to those States whose distance rendered it impossible to keep a check on their movements by building ship for ship, and raising regiment for regiment. It would not be easy to mention a country which fulfilled these conditions more completely than the United States. There is, no doubt, a vast deal of truth and good sense in the counsels of those who are constantly reminding us of the affection and respect we owe to our Anglo-Saxon brethren across the water; but how is it possible to hear without alarm the deliberate enunciation, by a British government official, of a principle which may be used to-morrow as the basis of a demand that we dismantle this or that fortress, or break up into old timber this or that ship of war, because such and such foreign Powers choose to think it menaces the safety of Canada or the independence of Mexico?

To return to Europe, however, the operations in the Crimea can hardly attain any leading importance. It is said that it is in contemplation to divide the allied forces of French, British, Sardinians, and Turks, into two *corps d'armée*, one of which will retain the present works from Cherson to Balaclava, while the other operates inland, fights a battle or two with the Russians in the field, and locks the door of the Peninsula at Perekop. All this is more easily said than done. The Crimea, with the exception of a few miles along the coast, is a succession of rocks, hills, and ravines; abounding with passes which a small force, armed with good artillery, could defend for a very long period against any army; containing very few plains where a trained body of Western troops could manoeuvre satisfactorily: just the sort of country, in fact, for Tartar or Cossack guerrillas, but the very worst possible for large bodies of disciplined soldiers. We have, moreover, every reason to believe that the Russians have been actively employed all winter in fortifying defiles, setting up batteries, and preparing to destroy bridges and roads. It has always been the maxim of Russian generals to avoid a battle in the field when an equal advantage can be gained by any other plan. It was in forcing the strong positions of the Russians in the march to Moscow, and in their sudden attacks upon his exposed flanks, that Napoleon lost so many men. The opportunities for loss by similar causes will be very great if the Allies march

with 100,000 men from Balaclava to Simpheropol or Perekop. Again, suppose Perekop secured: it has been held and fortified before. Unfortunately, the meagre histories of former campaigns in the Crimea contain no estimate of the dispersion of life on the Isthmus. We only know that it is a "vale of death," as the Turks say, teeming with fevers of the most fatal description; dreaded by travelers as much as the Isthmus of Panama used to be three or four years ago. How many men do the Allies intend to leave to guard this passage? If few, how long will it be closed? If many, what awful bills of mortality may be expected! How many to guard the other road to the Crimea—the artificial passage through the Putrid Sea, by which De Lacy formerly marched his army? It is just possible that the Allies, having mastered the feeble garrisons in the other cities of the Crimea, overrun the country, and closed the two roads to the mainland, may return to Sebastopol and invest it thoroughly. But such an enterprise would require, for its successful accomplishment, such a combination of good fortune, skill, and numbers, that it can hardly be regarded as a probable event. Nor is there any good reason to suppose that, if it were accomplished, the Czar would be any the readier to conclude a peace, so long as any of his million of soldiers survived to harass the garrisons at Perekop and on the shores of the Putrid Sea.

More depends on the course of Germany. By the treaty of the 2d December last, Austria agreed to join the Allies in offensive operations against Russia, if the Czar refused to treat on the basis of the Four Points. As has been shown, the Czar did not refuse, but, on the contrary, offered to treat on that basis. The negotiation ended in a rupture on the interpretation to be given to the third point; the Allies insisting that full force could only be given to it by the curtailment of the Russian naval force in the Black Sea—Titoff and Gortschakoff regarding the formal acknowledgment of the existence of Turkey (without territorial guarantee) as a sufficient barrier against Russian aggression. The Austrian plenipotentiaries mildly expressed their regret that Russia would not agree to the proposal of the Western Powers; but they said nothing which would need to be recalled or explained, if Francis Joseph chose to-morrow to say that the Russian Emperor having offered to treat on the basis proposed, and the rupture having been caused by exorbitant demands on the part of France and England, he considered his treaty obligations fulfilled, and would not take the field. All experience shows that no treaty or pledge given or made by a government can be relied on for one moment after it has ceased to be advantageous. Like corporations, ministers and monarchs have no souls, and perjury sits lightly on their consciences. The question, therefore, as to Austria's future course, simply resolves itself into this form: What is her interest to do? What is her interest as a first-class power in Europe? What as a member of the German Bund?

Austria is to-day in a position somewhat similar to that of France under the Medicis and Richelieu. The Emperor is fighting the battle of the people—of the peasants against the feudal lords. It is no easy war to wage, and it is fortunate that accident has enabled him to increase his standing army to nearly 700,000 men; for not a few of the barons and chiefs in his motley dominions would take up arms against him if they had a chance of vic-

tory. Francis Joseph has so firmly planted his policy on this basis, that the masses of the German people, recovering slowly from the disappointment of 1848, and quite ready to shake off as many of their thirty-six sovereigns as they can, are rather inclined to rally round him under some popular banner. In some parts of the Empire, as, for instance, the late Kingdom of Hungary, this tendency is quite marked among the peasantry. It gives the Emperor a decided advantage over the King of Prussia in view of any movement for the accomplishment of German unity and nationality. If Francis Joseph, for instance, were to call Germany to arms to fight in the cause of popular rights, or on any such pretext as Napoleon would be likely to put forward in the event of the war lasting, he would be pretty sure to carry the country with him. Even Rhenish Prussia would respond to the appeal, and the Court at Berlin would be left with half its present dominions. Whereas, in the mind of the German people, the name of the Czar is so indissolubly connected with absolutism and tyranny, that though they might follow their sovereigns to war by his side, they would do so reluctantly, and the lead, in the German Bund, would be thrown into Prussia's hand. On the other hand, the interest of Austria as an independent Power is, in the first place, for peace. Metternich's saying, that "the line of policy to be pursued by Austria was to keep at a distance from the destructive movements of the times," was never truer than at present. A standing army like hers—admirably disciplined, skillfully quartered, well officered—is a perfect guarantee against revolution in time of peace; but, in war, the volcano which always lurks under the forced union of heterogeneous states would be likely to burst into eruption. It may be taken for granted, then, that so long as diplomacy can contrive to ward off the fatal day, Austria will remain at peace. This indeed is sufficiently proved by the persevering efforts she is still making to renew the negotiations. When further procrastination becomes impossible, it will be her interest, as an independent Power, and independently of her connection with the Bund, to side with Russia. It is plausibly conjectured that the temptation held out by Napoleon to Francis Joseph at the time of the first treaty between the Five Powers was an offer of the Danubian Principalities: in exchange for which a portion of Austrian Italy was to be ceded to the King of Sardinia in recompense for his accession to the league. How stand matters now? Austria has got the Principalities; holds them as securely as the Archduchy of Austria or Lombardo-Venetia; proclaims martial law therein; can not be driven out, unless by Russia. What more could she obtain by declaring war against the Czar? She could gain nothing but the loss of Lombardo-Venetia, which is "due" to Victor Emmanuel. She might lose the affection of the people of Germany, but she would gain the same proportionate strength as she possessed from 1815 to 1830, when the royal congresses of the Three Powers brought the combined armies of Russia, Austria, and Prussia to bear on any revolutionary point.

It will thus become a question for Francis Joseph whether to risk his position in the Bund, or to risk his position in Europe: to repel the clinging elements of German democracy, or the friendly advances of the Czar. And the prospect is that he will prefer the former as the least perilous alter-

ative. There are many other reasons—which want of space forbids us to attempt to enumerate here—why Austria is more likely in the end to join Russia than the Western Powers. Men of the stamp of the Czar Nicholas do not count confidently on the support of a Power equal to their own without good reason. It is next to a certainty that Nicholas had talked over the legacy of "the sick man" with the Austrian agents, and arranged their respective parts, before a word was said to Sir Hamilton Seymour. All the diplomatic reserve and cunning of Count Buol and his associates could not wholly hide their Russian leaning at the Vienna conferences; when their words were most in unison with those of the Western envoys, it is plain to see their feelings inclined the other way. Nor are the past services of Russia to be quickly forgotten. At the hour of her utmost need, Nicholas saved Hungary to the Emperor; only a short while before, when a still greater peril—want of money—threatened to destroy the great resource of the House of Hapsburg, the army, Nicholas lent fifty millions of florins, which have never been repaid.

The leaning of the other European Powers can be readily discerned. Prussia goes with Russia, of course—at the cost, perhaps, of a few urban outbreaks; Spain, Holland, and Italy with the Western Powers. The Northern Powers, Sweden and Denmark, would prefer peace, but if forced to show their hands, the chances are that nothing but force will prevent their siding with Russia. In this case, a third bombardment of Copenhagen would be by no means an unlikely event.

We have heard much of "the nationalities." First, Russia was said to have threatened Prussia with a resuscitation of Poland, and thus driven her to separate from the Western league. Then it was foolishly whispered that Austria was to rouse other nationalities to make war upon Russia. Then the Czar was to call the Slavonic races to arms against Austria. And, finally, the newspapers give Napoleon credit for a scheme to rouse "the nationalities" against "the barbarian of the North," Kossuth advocating the notion with all the vigor of his eloquent but visionary pen. There seems little doubt but that certain Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and Transylvanian chiefs would, with stray branches of the Slavonic tribes scattered on the frontiers of the Austrian and Russian empires, take up arms very readily, if they were offered them by France, and fight as best they could for their independence. But, unfortunately, in this, as in so many other pleasing speculations on the progress of liberty, facts hold out but a slender promise of the realization of theories. There is no reason whatever to suppose that these tribes would join France against Russia, but many sensible reasons for expecting the contrary. There is no ground for believing that they would co-operate, but, on the contrary, many for supposing they would instantly fall to fighting among themselves. There is no ground for hoping that the peasants would of their free will join the standard of independence. All travelers concur in stating that the rural classes in these countries are indifferent to freedom and independence; and if any hopes were based on their support, the world might again witness what it has witnessed so often before—brave, high-minded chiefs abandoned, betrayed, and led to the scaffold by the very men they had taken up arms to liberate.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is one duty we had forgotten, and of which, as a gallant old Easy Chair, we are heartily ashamed. In the midst of a loud outcry for woman's rights, and in a day of eloquent conventions and prolonged discussions to achieve the triumph of that cause, we have omitted to pay homage to the one noble woman who, not at all distressed about the feminine right of suffrage, nor in the least anxious to command a ship, or direct an army, or occupy a pulpit, or open an office, has gone quietly into the very heart of the Crimean horrors, and is there having her rights without talking about them, and wreathing her name with the immortal laurels not only of fame, but of affectionate remembrance. It does seem a great deal better to go to the seat of war, to go any where, where you can be of actual use to mankind, and to show that heroism, knowledge, and endurance are not the monopoly of men—a great deal better to do this than to go to Syracuse and Worcester and earn a cheap notoriety by disagreeable declamation. Many of the delegates of the Woman's Rights Conventions are doubtlessly noble women, women who have gained knowledge through suffering, and who, having been abused by brutal husbands, are naturally indignant at their condition. But a congress of hen-pecked husbands, on the other side of the street, would be rather absurd. There is a great waste of fury and fine eloquence in the whole matter. If any woman is pining for a sphere, let her take passage and follow Florence Nightingale, and do good as extensively and as silently as she.

In the May number of *The Newcomes*, Thackeray gives the name of this lady to the immortality of fiction, as it had already secured that of history. "I believe," he says, "that the world is full of Miss Nightingales." It is a noble tribute to women; and it is a fine expression of his own faith in gentleness and human goodness. There are, as every man knows, Sisters of Charity all around him. Tender hands are wiping aching brows in every house. Loving lips are breathing soft prayers for passing souls in every village, and grave and thoughtful minds are calmly directing necessary details in the midst of the wildest confusion. Over all the great battle-field of life ministering angels are hovering, sighing, and smiling, and pouring balm. But there is a peculiar and beautiful heroism in the spectacle of a woman of the loftiest nature and of the tenderest nurture—whose mind has been fed by all that is rarest and loveliest in the results of human genius, and by all the various splendors of nature, which it was especially fitted to perceive and enjoy, before whom lay all that is most alluring in the social life of the first nation of the world—putting it all aside, showing that her soul was so noble that it loved a truer nobility; so cultivated, that it required a higher culture than that of the most tasteful social elegance, and, leaving home and its happiness behind, going out into remote regions to fulfill her career.

Certainly we should have observed and read to very little purpose, if we had not long ago felt that there is something in the conditions of modern society which bears very severely upon women. The civilized world is purely Hindoo in its social organization. And the women's rights movement is a blind effort to grasp what women feel is denied to them—although it would be hard to say how, why, or by whom. Every woman, in modern society,

who has strong character, great intelligence, a fine and fastidious taste, a nature which demands unusual scope, and a heart capable of all that makes the love of woman the theme of poetry and the substance of history, feels the want of a career. They try to find it in a hundred ways. Most women marry and do the best they can in that way. Many take to literature, and call upon the world to stand and deliver its sympathy—very much as reduced gentlemen took to the road and demanded your money. Many pine in an inexplicable apathy—caring for nothing, asking for nothing, hoping for nothing, and quietly despairing. We suppose no man but easily finds several illustrations of all these classes within his own experience. Perhaps it is not fair to attribute this state of things to any especial social organization. Men make the world as they are. Laws, both political and social, represent the average moral conviction of the legislators. And this apathetic sadness is to be sought in a metaphysical, rather than a physical, condition.

Florence Nightingale has chosen her career, and among those of all famous women none is lovelier. It is more suggestive of Madame Roland than of Madame de Staël; and certainly it is more beautiful than that of the latter. Margaret Fuller was never happier than in the hospitals of Rome; and no one who loves her memory but rejoices that she demonstrated there how capable and executive a practical actor in life she could be. For, in this world, we instinctively wish to see that people are fitted for this world in which God has seen fit to place them. That a man converses with the stars and can not pay the butcher; that a woman draws tears from the prosperous by her pathetic lyre, and from the poor by her inability to help them or to give them their dues—is a fact as contemptible on the one side as it may be beautiful upon the other. Florence Nightingale, superior to the society in which she moved in England, is a spectacle which could not fail to sadden, from the feeling of unsatisfied and unoccupied powers which it suggested. But Florence Nightingale writing to the Minister that she would direct the hospitals at Scutari, and receiving his letter, which crossed hers upon the way, and which asked her to direct them; Florence Nightingale asking an official for beds for the suffering, and, when delayed by him and by stupid official formality, ordering the soldiers to break down the doors of the storehouse and bring the beds, which they did with enthusiasm; Florence Nightingale intelligently managing, organizing, and supervising; Florence Nightingale blessing and blessed by lonely and forsaken soldiers, is not a spectacle which saddens but inspires; and every noble man thanks God for the sight.

"Would you like to have your sister do so?" inquires young Kid, who wears primrose gloves and respects his shirt-collar.

"No, Kid. We should like to have our sister graduate at a French boarding-school, and speak irreproachable Parisian. We should like to have her wear the loveliest dresses, and bonnets low in the neck. We should like to have her go to the Opera in the selectest society, and never appear to enjoy too much. We should like to have her drive in a carriage down Broadway, and only nod to the proper people. We should like to have her 'so lady-like,' 'such a sweet girl,' 'with so much style.' We should like to have her say, 'Who are those people?' when she saw any one she did not know, and believe that her little clique of little