

our private and public criticisms throughout the year! Why not? We are hardly yet beyond the anniversary season of Peace on earth, Good-will to men.

Our Foreign Bureau.

THE year 1861 promises war. Whatever may become of the American difficulties, which are just now taking serious rank among the forebodings of the time, there can be no manner of doubt that there will be bloody doings to record, before a twelve-month shall have passed, on this side of the Atlantic. And when we say "this side of the Atlantic," our ken reaches from farther Asia to the capes of Brittany.

It may well be that the China war is over: it has not been long; it has not had many horrors thus far. The stories we have read of the approaches to the river forts, and of the landings in the mud, and of the placement of the guns, and of the charges along the causeways, sound very much like the reports of sham battles which they make near to the camp of Aldershot, or of Chalons; and yet the whole story differed from the story of the fearful defeat of the year before only in the fact, that whereas the assailants were then weak and worsted, now they were strong and gained the victory. The forts were the same, the rivers were the same, the mud was the same; yet what a sorry relation we had of maimed soldiers, of shattered and grounded vessels, of landing parties wallowing in the marshes, of ill-digested plans of eriminations, and finally the ignoble return of a score or more of poor maimed ones, who hid their griefs in the hospital, or haply in graves!

And now, through the same mud, the same rivers, under the same sky and same hostile guns, with the same cause animating, there comes a story of flowery progress: the forts yield before the new batteries are fairly opened; the march is through gardens where crystal waters flow and birds sing in company. There is a show of treachery indeed; barbarian instinct is strong and active; two poor fellows die from cruel treatment; two others, over-adventurous, are yet unheard of: but, *per contra*, the great capital of the Oriental world is taken. Western banners fly from the tower which used to be pictured in the story-books as one of the Seven Wonders of the World—the great tower of Pekin.

It makes such a difference, if one be strong or weak. Twenty ships and an army give this glowing color to the Chinese story: yet four ships and a few hundred men were bedraggled in the mud, pounded with foulest weapons, and slunk away inglorious. Success carries such a fine aroma with it!

Does any body suppose there was not as much daring, and heroism, and Christian determination in the campaign that ended so ingloriously? Does any body suppose that if they had been strong enough they would have failed? And yet the man who fired his ten or twenty rounds from the mud-banks, with six gun-shot wounds sapping his strength, and is only borne away to suffer through a long sea-voyage, and die in Chelsea Hospital, is not known; whereas your fiery dragoon, whose horse has been bolstered ashore, and who gallops daringly on, and is at the gates of Pekin when the Union Jack flies over the tower, is a hero. It is, after all, only the old difference between being and seeming to be. The most gallant fight may not win a victory; and success, after all, only crowns

those who seem to be heroes. When we cheer the conquerors of Pekin, then, as all the world is disposed to do, let us think of the brave fellows who perished in the mud-flats, and who did not conquer only because they were not strong enough to conquer.

POSSIBLY all that Eastern fighting is over now; but as we slip westward over the Tartar wastes we find causes of war in Syria. That trouble is not ended. It never will be ended until the Moslem have utterly fallen. The French are in occupation still. The Turkish generalissimo, who has undertaken to punish the assassins, has even now kindled a great blaze of enmity, and has promise from Constantinople that he will be treated like a dog for his punishment of the faithful. More and more is it apparent that the sympathies of his army are with the Druses, and not with the Maronites; and more and more the French army is assuming an attitude of antagonism to the Turkish forces. The French have rifled guns, and they like their quarters.

It has been rumored that the French ambassador at Constantinople, M. Lavalette, has asked for an extension of the period of French occupation of Syria; but the rumor is denied in Paris by a semi-official journal. However this may be, it is certain that the old Turkish party, by which we mean that party which is most jealous of Western influence and of Western civilization, has latterly assumed a very bold tone. It abjures any longer subservience to the opinions of the West. It assumes, and rightly enough, that the secret of the national importance and power of Turkey lies in its geographical position; and if that position assures importance and power, why not also independence? If the European states are mutually interested in securing to the Sultan the possession of the Dardanelles, why shall not the Father of the Faithful use a tenure thus made firm for the benefit of his loving subjects? Why humor the dogs of Christians if no Christian potentate will be permitted to avenge the wrongs which the Ottoman may execute in way of discipline?

It is only a little while ago that the Russian functionary Prince Gortchakov denounced diplomatically the injuries which the Christian subjects of the Porte were suffering in Bosnia, Bulgaria, and the Herzegovina, and demanded a full inquiry regarding them from the Christian States of Europe. What happens upon this? Why, the Grand Vizier, Mehmed-Kiprisli-Pacha, undertakes a tour in those provinces in view of forestalling all inquiry: and from the time of his entry a pleasant little procession of manacled Christians attend his progress. He relieves his *ennui* by witnessing the execution of sundry Christians who have been held in duress; but not one good Mussulman suffers. Only at Bitoli, a city in his march, he took occasion to urge upon his good subjects the advantage of kind treatment of their fellow-citizens who professed faith in Christ; "For," said he, "these Christians are the garden from which we gather the fruit: if we despoil the garden, there will be no more fruit to gather."

The Christians of European Turkey are not quiet under all this; nor are the Druses quiet in Asia. 1861 may be too early a date for the full development of the next great Oriental question: but it only bides; it must come, and blood with it.

AND not Bosnia only, but the whole Danube Valley is astir. Austria, so far as its imperial rule

reaches, is losing ground day by day. Nothing can be more certain than this fact. Indeed, in view of the indifference with which Hungary has received the *quasi* conciliatory measures which Austria proclaimed in October last, the Imperial Government has ventured to hint the purpose of handing over its Hungarian rights to Russia. Nothing but this sacrifice would bring Russia again to its aid. But just now the Hungarians are wearing a freedom of speech and action which will poorly fit them for the quiet acceptance of any despotism whatever. The failing court of Austria, meantime, is beset with a throng of difficulties. In the first place, not a small party is urgent for the resignation of the Emperor, and his *remplacement* by the Archduke Maximilian; still another is urging, against hope, the peaceable cession of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The Tyrol is clamorous for rights which have been overlooked. Trieste even has its leanings toward the new Italian Kingdom; and all the while the most progressive and cumulative thought of the Peninsula is for the enfranchisement of the Venetian territory. By early April, at the latest, three hundred thousand soldiers, bearing arms, will ask the rendition of Verona, and Mantua, and Peschiera.

The poor, proud young Emperor, meantime, vainly suing for helpful alliance with Alexander, too haughty to ask aid of Prussia, too impoverished to increase his own means of defense, and too late to conciliate Venetia, must rest his political fortunes upon the cast of the sword.

Already people talk of Austria as of a Power gone by.

ITALY, too, is not altogether herself—not yet integral and sound. We do not refer so much to Gaeta, which the rifled cannon will finish soon; but in Naples and its neighborhood there is already rebellion. Besotted ignorance can not suddenly take upon itself the dignity of self-government. Priestcraft is still very strong; and all European priestcraft allies itself instinctively with all Bourbons. At Basso, Borgo, and Porta Capuana a reaction has broken out, which has assumed such proportions as to extend to Acerra, the first station on the way to Caserta. Every tricolored flag that could be found was torn in pieces, and white Bourbon flags were hung out amidst the united cries—and that such cries could be united will furnish a tolerable measure of the popular ignorance—of “Long live Francis the Second and Garibaldi!” The police and the Sardinian troops hastened to the scene of the demonstration, fired on the people there assembled, and arrested about 300 persons, including a number of women, who had been the first to raise the cry of “Long live Francis the Second!” The priests, as usual, are at the bottom of all the mischief. One priest was seen every where fomenting discontent, telling the people to keep up their spirits, because they would soon have every thing they desired on the return of the Bourbons—“When our beloved King Francis the Second shall get his own again you will have as much bread as you can eat—keep all your sacks ready to put the loaves into them.” These words produced the due impression on the ignorant people.

People are arriving at the conclusion that the political difficulties with which Garibaldi had to contend were not so exclusively the creation of his own obstinacy, or even of Mazzinian fanaticism, as it was endeavored to represent them. What I believe really was the wish of the most intelligent politicians here was something to the following effect: That Gari-

baldi should have been named Lieutenant-General of the Two Sicilies; that with him there should have been associated a good working Ministry; and that thus, with the immense moral influence of the chief, and the practical talents of the various heads of departments, the business of this country might have been carried on. What, on the contrary, has happened? The shock given to the influence of the national party by the circumstances accompanying Garibaldi's departure, and the ill-will that has arisen between the Sardinians and Garibaldians, have encouraged the reactionary intriguers to redouble their efforts, and have greatly paralyzed the authority of the Sardinian Government.

The Neapolitans have not yet begun to adapt themselves to the new state of affairs, nor are they disposed to wait with patience until the new administration, under the guidance of Farini, shall have adopted the fitting measures called for by the necessities of the country. You hear nothing but criticism and carping from morning to night. Why? Just because popular curiosity has not been gratified by the appearance of any decrees, it matters little whether good or bad, on the reorganization of the country. King Victor Emmanuel is reproached with not being sufficiently condescending and affable to the people, on the sole ground that he does not seem inclined to make a constant show of himself. So much had been said respecting his popularity that the Neapolitans feel disappointed because he does not turn that popularity to more account. They are more taken with appearances than with realities, and when nothing is done to gratify even their love of appearances, they immediately begin croaking and grumbling, and sigh for the imaginary flesh-pots of their late Bourbon master.

But if a forecast of the designs of the Sardinian authorities, as regards government, has not yet reached Naples, it has reached Paris. It is complex, but it is eminently liberal. It proposes centralization in all that regards the military and fiscal service: it leaves the communes or townships with the largest authority for regulating their own affairs under the direction of a syndic; while the cities have power to name their own gonfalonier: it proposes a division of the country into provinces, each having its prefect with his council; and a larger division into provinces or regions (as Sicily, and Emilia, and Calabria), with each their Governor, named by the central and royal authorities. We have yet to learn how these propositions may be received; or if the turbulent Neapolitans will subside from their stormy uproar without continuance of military rule.

In evidence of the liberality of the Government, we may mention the fact that an eminent Protestant teacher, of rare talent and attainment, has been named for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Bologna. We allude to the well-known Bonaventura Mazzarella.

Of men eager to demolish the old faith Italy has more than her due share; but of earnest workmen in building up a fabric to substitute for the one they overthrow she can boast but few. Of these Mazzarella is unquestionably the leader. His history is soon told. He was a judge in a provincial town in the Neapolitan States, and in 1848 was compelled to fly on account of his liberal tendencies. Tried by default, sentence of death was pronounced upon him. He first sought refuge in Corfu, where he gained a precarious living by teaching the classics and mathematics, and two or three years later found his way to Turin. Imbittered by poverty and disappoint-

ment, and, like most of his countrymen of any intellect, an avowed free-thinker, he hated all professions or forms of religion. Passing one day, in 1852, near the newly-opened Valdesse, or Italian Protestant Church, in that capital, he entered it with the view of detecting the preacher's weak points, and exposing them in an essay against the doctrines of Christianity upon which he was engaged. Again and again he returned, attracted in spite of himself. During this mental struggle he was attacked with brain fever, and on his recovery sought out the pastor whose sermons had so impressed him. A few months later saw him at Genoa, that pastor's zealous friend and coadjutor—instructing the catechumens, visiting the sick, and attracting hundreds by his wonderful eloquence in the pulpit, which, though a layman, he was permitted to ascend. He had nothing to live upon but his scanty earnings as a clerk in some small concern; but his Sundays, his evenings, and his nights were given to the work to which he had set his hand with a zeal, a self-denial, a perseverance beyond all praise, as they are beyond all description. In 1854, when the cholera ravaged Genoa, he was, in the words of one of those to whom he ministered, “like a guardian angel” in the miserable dwellings of the sick and dying, alternately praying with them, or rubbing their cramp-stricken limbs, and supporting them in his arms in their last agonies. Often did he take off his coat and lay it over some poor sufferer, or strip himself of his shirt to provide him a change of linen. By such means as these did Bonaventura Mazzarella gain such ascendancy over the converts in Genoa that, when through a succession of misunderstandings never to be enough deplored, he ceased his connection with the Valdesse church, his meetings for prayer and the exposition of the Scriptures were far more frequented than the services in the church where he had formerly so successfully labored. The tenets of the sect he has established in Piedmont, and widely extended last spring by his presence in Tuscany, have more affinity to those of the Plymouth Brethren than any other body of English dissenters. Count Guicciardini is well known as the founder of the movement in Florence, and the secession of Mazzarella from the Valdesse church was a great triumph to the party who reject all ecclesiastical ordinances and discipline as savoring too strongly of Rome. The perfect emancipation from clerical rule is of course fascinating to men who have long worn its heavy chains; and hence, when they think about it at all, which is not often, generally speaking, the Italians declare for a religion which has no priests. But it never will obtain among the masses. Meantime, let us wish Mazzarella well at Bologna.

ARROPOS of Protestantism, it may be worth while to call your readers' attention to a new book from an old friend of the American public (Miss Bremer), who has lately voyaged through Europe in search of some sound religious dogma, by which to tie her faith, and sublimate the last years of her life in works of Christian charity.

She is mystical and sentimental, and as earnest as sentiment will permit. But she does not rise any where in her tour, not even among the heights of the Alps, or in the hearing of the best preachers of Geneva, to the blaze of her simple eloquence of old time. She seems soured, uncertain, halting; the exuberance of early faith and enthusiasm dead. We follow her with interest, remembering the pleasant tales she has told, the happy hours she has beguiled; but she

does not beguile us now. In Italy, of course she must see the Pope; she, who sought the basis of a serene and changeless faith, must talk with the spiritual father of half of Christendom. She details the interview at length. The Pope comes well out of it. The speech he makes to her at parting is better than the best of his bulls. Here it is:

“I will tell you something. Pray! pray for light from the Lord, for grace to acknowledge the truth; because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and self-love. People in controversy make a parade of their knowledge, of their acuteness, and, after all, every one continues to hold his own views. Prayer alone gives light and strength for the acquirement of truth and of grace. Pray every day; every night before you go to rest; and I hope that grace and light may be given to you. For God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and He gives his grace to the humble. And now, God bless and keep you, for time and eternity!” This pure priestly and fatherly admonition was so beautifully and fervently expressed that it went to my heart—and humbly and with my heart I pressed the hand paternally extended toward me. That it was the hand of the Pope did not embarrass me in the slightest degree; for he was to me really at this moment the representative of the Teacher who in life and doctrine preached humility, not before men but before God, and taught mankind to pray to Him. The Pope's words were entirely true and evangelical. I thanked him from my entire heart, and departed more satisfied with him than myself. I had stood before him in my Protestant pride; he had listened with patience, replied with kindness, and finally exhorted me, not with Papal arrogance, but as a true Gospel teacher. I parted from him with more humility of spirit than I had come.”

WE began far eastward to count the bodings of war; we have strayed in Italy and stopped there. Yet who reckons the chances of European war without reckoning France? It is hard to say what are her present relations to Naples (as represented at Gaeta), and Sardinia, and Austria. If she flings the full weight of her authority in favor of a liberated Venice, there can be little doubt that Victor Emanuel will have a new visit to make in the spring. But a liberated Venice may involve a liberated Dalmatia, and Styria, and Hungary; and will Napoleon venture to reach his Eastern army overland? It would be a grand march for a liberating monarch through Bosnia and Transylvania, if he had no fear of meeting an army of Muscovites on the shores of the Euxine. There are those who believe that Napoleon will take the chance. It is a notable fact that Daniel Manin, before his death, expressed his hope in him: and Kossuth does the same. A despot who works brave and generous deeds may be forgiven very much of his despotism.

But at present all attention is drawn away from French relations with Italy and the East by the new aspect given to the administration at home. At length there is to be a free talking legislative assembly and (if we may believe the late declarations of Persigny) a free talking press.

In view of which, two questions arise: Will the ministers of Napoleon be equal to the public enforcement of his administrative plans; and will the plans bear the passionate attacks of the liberal orators of France? French legislators will talk if their tongues be untied—there need be no appre-

hension on this score; but there will be needed somewhat more than a De Morny to enforce the views of his Majesty with such subtle logic and rare rhetoric as may command the plaudits of the legislative crowd.

The Emperor has opened a new field for ambition: we hope the success of it may beguile him into a yet wider show of largess.

WE do not know if readers upon your side of the water have watched with any interest the present violent onslaught in both England and France upon the use of tobacco. Sir Benjamin Brodie (of London) has declared strongly against its use; and at a recent meeting at Edinburgh of the British Anti-Tobacco Society, Professor Miller, moving the first resolution, as follows: "That as the constituent principles which tobacco contains are highly poisonous, the practices of smoking and snuffing tend in a variety of ways to injure the physical and mental constitution"—continued, "No man who was a hard smoker had a steady hand. But not only had it a debilitating and paralyzing effect; but he could tell of patients who were completely paralyzed in their limbs by inveterate smoking. He might tell of a patient of his who brought on an attack of paralysis by smoking; who was cured, indeed, by simple means enough, accompanied with the complete discontinuance of the practice; but who afterward took to it again, and got a new attack of paralysis; and who could now play with himself, as it were, because when he wanted a day's paralysis or an approach to it, he had nothing to do but to indulge more or less freely with the weed. Only the other day, the French—among whom the practice was carried even to a greater extent than with us—made an estimate of its effects in their schools, and academies, and colleges. They took the young men attending these institutions, classified them into those who smoked habitually and those who did not, and estimated their physical and intellectual standing, perhaps their moral standing, too, but he could not say. The result was, that they found that those who did not smoke were the stronger lads and better scholars, were altogether more reputable people, and more useful members of society than those who habitually used the drug. What was the consequence? Louis Napoleon—one of the good things which he had done—instantly issued an edict that no smoking should be permitted in any school, college, or academy. In one day he put out about 30,000 pipes in Paris alone. Let our young smokers put that in their pipe and smoke it." The resolution was agreed to.

Is it possible to entertain the idea that Louis Napoleon has increased the tax on tobacco, latterly, very largely, in the hope of discouraging its use, and so contributing to the weal of the nation? If so, it would illustrate one of the beautiful uses of despotic privilege.

AND while scented with tobacco let us have this mention of cotton. There is an African Aid Society in England, of the Borrioboola-gah stamp; and latterly they have addressed a letter to Badahung, King of Dahomey, who is very active in supplying slaves for the *Bonitas* and *Wanderers*. We quote the letter, or at least a large portion of it, selecting certain parts which show a very pretty mingling of the moral and mundane appeal—the pious and the pennywise view:

"Majesty Badahung—The great English nation

is very sad. It does not like your ways. They are not good. They are very bad. You might be a great king; but what you do will not make you a great king. You do very much harm for a very little money. To be a great king you should do much good, and make it give you a great deal of money. You make war that you may take slaves and sell them. And a great many of your own people are killed. This is very bad. We are told you sold ten thousand last year; and what did you get? Fifty thousand dollars. How many bad things have been thus done for so little money! You are the king of a great many people. You may make much money, and your people too. Do not take them to war, where a great many die. But say to them, 'Get cotton, bring me cotton.' Say to them, 'We are brave—they all know it—they are all afraid of us—we have made great war—we have taken a great many slaves. Now we will get rich—we must make dollars—for that we must grow cotton: if we do not, Abbeakuta will have a great many more dollars than we can get—they grow cotton there and get dollars for it. It is not hard to grow cotton—it is easy to get—you can make it grow every where. One hundred and fifty thousand of you call me your king. I am your king. I must have one dollar's worth of cotton every year from every one of my people. My chiefs, you will look to it; the chief who has one thousand people will make them bring to Whydah one thousand dollars' worth of cotton. All the rest you grow you can bring and sell for yourselves. And so you may all get rich—you may all get many dollars.' Do you not know what the traders buy slaves of you for? To grow cotton and sugar. You can grow it much better than in those countries where they take the slaves to. It is much better in Dahomey land. We will buy all the cotton of you at Whydah. You shall not be cheated. It is not a wise king to have many of his people killed every year when they would make so much money for him. And only wise kings are great kings. If you were a wise king you would say, 'All this part of the coast is mine—not one more slave shall be sold here. I will not sell those I have got. I will send to where I took them from, and will say, 'I have got so many of your people; they are my slaves; but I will send them back to you, if you will send me 100 pounds of clean cotton for every one; then they shall go back to their wives and husbands, to their mothers and fathers. I and my people are brave; you know we do not fear; but we will not make war now; we want to get rich, so we will grow cotton for the great English people.' For every hundred pounds of good clean cotton we will give you, at Whydah, \$8. In this way you will be a great king. You will be more rich than any other king in Africa. You would get now near \$200,000 a year; we would show you how this may soon be \$400,000; and in a short time \$1,000,000 a year. All your people will be rich—you will be a very rich and a very great people, and all around they will say, 'There is no king so wise as Badahung!'"

Such disinterested appeal of European philanthropists must be specially interesting in your time of Secession. It shows us what pretty virtues are lurking even in the closets of the speculators, which need only an airing to become philanthropic schemes for struggling and toiling Italy; counting what hopes dawn upon the view of those nations that cluster along the Danube, how can we give up our pen, or quench thought, as we ponder the sad tidings that come to us from America?

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Looking across sea, one loses the bonds of party, one forgets the bitterness of this or that issue, one remembers only that the Federal Union is the great type of Liberty and Law working together. There may be an ulcer here or an ulcer there, but, after all, we look upon it—that Federal Union—as the Eldolon of Hope and of Progress.

Shall it be broken?

Editor's Drawer.

AMIDST the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of States, the Drawer preserves its unflinching humor, and greets its friends with a smile. Its contributions come from the most "disturbed districts" as well as the quieter settlements, showing that all the people are not frightened out of their wits, but will enjoy a good thing, come what may. The great question of the day is the source of not a little of the pleasantry that comes to the Drawer. A friend in Alabama writes:

"A noted editor of one of our political sheets was traveling lately up in Bibb. Stopping at a branch where some old women were washing, one of them asked him about the conduct of the disunionists in South Alabama. He told her that John Morgan, George Gayle, and Bill Yancey were trying their best to break up the Confederacy. 'Well!' said the old lady, 'you tell 'em to come up here, and the old women of Bibb will take their battling-sticks and whip out forty thousand no-horned steers such as they are!'"

AN old friend was appointed judge in one of the wards of the city of Lexington at the recent August election in Kentucky. Among the incidents of the day, he tells of a raw Paddy who came up to the polls and handed in a straight Democratic ticket. An act of the late Legislature made it the duty of the judge to ask each voter whether or not he was in favor of an increase of the school-tax a certain per cent. When the vote had been cried the question was put: "Are you for or against the school-tax?" "The gentleman from Cork" was evidently bothered. Rallying from his momentary perplexity he naively inquired, "An' faith, measther judge, is he a Dimmyerat?"

"I TAKE the liberty of sending you," says a California correspondent, "a very lucid explanation of the term 'popular sovereignty,' made by a rural politician in this vicinity recently. As the term is a subject of much discussion in political circles, a precise definition may be of advantage.

"RURAL POLITICIAN. 'Popular sovereignty is this way: Now if popular sovereignty is law, why then 'tis law. That is, if the Territory decides it is law, why then 'tis law. But if the people of the Territory ain't satisfied with that decision, why then they repeal it to the General Court of the United States; and if that Court decides that popular sovereignty is law, why then 'tis law. But if the people of the United States ain't satisfied with that decision, then they must repeal it to Congress; and if Congress decides that popular sovereignty is law, why then it must be law!'"

"This definition, I hope, will be satisfactory to all parties East."

A PROMINENT politician of the State of Missouri was speaking in the city of St. Louis during the late

canvass. Among his hearers was a member of that city, who, though opposed to the principles of the speaker, appeared to take interest in every thing that was said by him, and insisted on remaining and hearing it all, notwithstanding the requests of his friends, who wished him to leave, as every body had voted the whole harangue a very flowery and finely-put "bore." But the old gentleman still staid and listened. At last one of his friends, just before going and leaving him, ventured to ask why he took so much interest in the speech, when every one else had voted it as being very stupid.

"Curiosity," replied the old gentleman; "I consider it the most singular thing in the world: here has this man been speaking for two hours and a half without the least *physical or mental exertion!*"

"IN the fall of 1857, while we in Minnesota were canvassing this county (Rice) for our first State election, prior to our admission into the Union, a Republican candidate met his opponent in one of the backwoods precincts to discuss the *issues*. The Republican spoke first. The Democrat followed, and at the close suggested his willingness to be questioned. The Republican arose, and asked him and the crowd if he and they were not all anxious for admittance into the Union? The response was, of course, in the affirmative. 'Then,' he continued, 'why do you attempt to defeat that object by the election of a *Democratic* Legislature and State officers? Our admission under Democratic rule would be contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and I can point it out to you.' The Democratic candidate fumed and raved, and said that he had a copy of the Constitution, and had read it all through, and no such provision was there. Whereupon the Republican produced a copy of the Constitution, and pointed to the clause in the provisions for admitting new States, which read: 'The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a REPUBLICAN form of Government.' Democracy looked and looked. There was no answer to this plain provision. Finally, with a despairing look and tone, he turned to an elbow friend, exclaiming,

"By George, Sam! it *does* read so!"

"He did not recover sufficiently for his friends to explain to him that it 'didn't mean that,' till after the meeting had dissolved and the victor retired."

FROM Cape Cod we rarely hear; but a friend who was there last summer writes:

"A boy on Cape Cod had done something which his mother thought deserved punishment. She furnished herself with a stick, and went in pursuit of the offender. The boy, seeing his mother coming, and knowing what he had to expect, took to his heels, his mother in full chase. The boy was as thin as a rat, and might be said to be running, in seaman's language, under bare poles, right before the wind; while his mother was Dutch built, broad sterned, and under a cloud of canvas, and accordingly was overhauling the chase very fast, when a young friend of the boy stood looking on, and seeing how the chase was likely to terminate, called out to his young friend, in true nautical style, 'Try her on a wind, Bill—try her on a wind!' which good advice struck the boy at once, when he luffed up sharp, and the old woman went dead to leeward like a log!"

BREAKFASTING at an up-town hotel some time since (shortly after the Opera *Silvian Vespers* was