

your ranks and send for more policemen, for no one knows what may happen.

Turn now to this unguarded man with open doors. Like Prosper he has a spell that has hushed the storm of human passions, and left him more tranquil and secure than hedges of bayonets and sabres. For a thousand miles and more, in each direction, as far as the land extends, are peace and industry to be seen. In these parts desperadoes cease to be desperate, and conspirators no longer conspire; and why? Because every man knows in his heart that he is fairly and impartially dealt by, and the spell that has lulled his angry feelings is the simple one of "Justice to all."

There is no other part of this wide earth, where such a scene could be witnessed; no other people that bear such a warm love to their institutions, and they "know the reason why."

"The Government by all for the good of all" is their favourite after-dinner toast, the sentiment of their hearts. "Look on this picture and on that,"—both matters of fact, and the one no more of theory and Utopia than the other—and then say, which of the two comes nearest to common sense, and which to harlequinade?

President Pierce deserves the thanks of the human race for the order forbidding his diplomatists to put on livery. If they do not associate, so much the better, for in that society they might be corrupted. The example, for instance, of a successful conspirator living in luxury is not a good one to be paraded before the eyes of honest republicans.