

DEMOCRACY AND WAR.—Mr. Vernon Harcourt has been out of luck lately. The leading journal has rebuked "Historicus." And with very good reason. He had the audacity to say to a meeting of workmen that war is the work of education. In saying so he either was ignorant—the premiss that "Historicus" can be ignorant of any thing is inadmissible—or he—well, no matter. History is against "Historicus" clean out and out. Democracies have been ever, and will be ever, the most pugnacious of all forms of rule. The passions of the multitude are not subject to the checks which are imposed on the personal impulses of a monarch, or on the interests of an oligarchy. It is not too much to say that if the United States were on the borders of Europe, wars with America would have been normal. In our own country the great wars have come from below rather than from above. It is true that sometimes the multitude are not clear sighted enough to see the advantage of some wars. The Prussian populations, for example, were quite averse to the war with Austria, over, the result of which they now rejoice greatly. Statecraft has its wars. But the democracy is the war maker *par excellence*.

The "Evening Post's" Washington special contains the following: The resignation of Disraeli and the British ministry is regarded, in diplomatic circles here, as a virtual postponement of the "Alabama" claims business for some time to come. It is believed that the fall of Disraeli and Stanley relieves Reverdy Johnson from a very embarrassing condition, and that he will claim that success had nearly crowned his efforts, when unfortunately the change in the British ministry occurred. As to the course the new ministry will pursue, those who are acquainted with the views of the Liberal leaders are of the opinion that they will not concede such terms as the American people reasonably expect. As to John Bright's position there is a curious document from him in his last volume of diplomatic correspondence, in which he says to Charles F. Adams that he would never support the demands of the United States Government in regard to the recognition of the belligerency of the Southern States. On the other hand; however, prominent American statesmen who have frequent intercourse with him and his friends, affirm that of late he has changed his position in regard to that question.

THE NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE POPEDEUM.—

A very deeply laid scheme is announced or surmised in the intended elevation of the Abbe Bonaparte, of the house of Lucien, third brother of Napoleon I., to the cardinalate. It is supposed that the Prince cardinal may, as a Roman prelate, succeed to the pontificate on the death of Pío Nono, which the prophets will hold, in spite of his good health, to be nearly approaching. In that case it is further imagined that he will play into the hands of his cousin, the Emperor, for the abolition of the temporal power, and so aid in settling the complicated question of Italian unity. Now, we should, if these events were likely to be realised, indulge in a guess of our own. We should suppose either Napoleon III. might wish to establish a French satrapy in Italy under the guise of a protected temporal power, or the Bonaparte Pope might have some views of his own for restoring in all its strength the might of the Papacy. But it is very idle to speculate. All these long drawn

schemes, these distant anticipations, are sure to be defeated by that whimsical destiny, the chapter of accidents. Where the dispositions and characters of the individuals are part of the calculation, it is certain to be particularly unsound. Why, the very age itself, the common opinion twenty years hence, will be very unlike what it is now. The Bonaparte dynasty, the fidelity of each member to the house are questionable considerations—yet next to nothing in point of uncertainty to the arising of other forces which no human prescience can provide against or destroy.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Daily News*, relates the following incident which occurred at the battle of Alcolea:—A young man was in one of the advance battalions which were earliest engaged, and for some minutes his regiment and one of the royalist army was exchanging shots at a very short distance—so short indeed, that they could easily discern the countenances of their antagonists. Soon after the firing commenced—so soon indeed, that the smoke had not yet obscured their vision—the soldier on his left hand file, a young man like himself, noticed that he was being covered by the rifle of one of the enemy, and looking at his foe, immediately perceived that it was his own brother. For a moment he seemed petrified with horror at the idea that he might be slain under such circumstances, and then, throwing up his arms, he exclaimed in Spanish. "O, Frank do not fire!" The Royalist was naturally astonished at hearing his name thus shouted out in the middle of battle, but he was not slow to recognize his brother, and the two lads, forgetting all about Queen or revolution, rushed into each other's arms and embraced between the lines of the hostile armies. But unfortunately, a bullet intended for some one else passed through the head of the royalist, and he was saved from the curse of fratricide, only to expire in his brother's arms.

SAD STORY OF A FORGOTTEN PRISONER IN

RUSSIA.—M. Andreoli, a Russian writer, who was exiled some years ago to Siberia, is now contributing to the *Revue Moderne* under the title of "Souvenirs de Siberie, his recollections not only of Siberian but also of Russian life. In the last number of the *Revue* he tells a story, the end of which belongs to the present reign, the beginning to the reign of Paul, of whose period it is strikingly characteristic. The Emperor's favorite was at that time a young French actress, of whom he was madly jealous. One evening at a ball, he noticed that a young man named Labanoff was paying her a great deal of attention. "He did not lose his temper, but at the end of the ball gave orders that Labanoff should be arrested and thrown into the citadel. He only intended to keep him there a few days, "To make him more serious," after which he proposed to reprimand him and to appoint him to an office which had been solicited for him. Labanoff, however, was forgotten. "At the death of Nicholas, Alexander II, then full of magnanimity, liberated all the prisoners in the citadel, without exception. In a vaulted tomb in which it was impossible to stand upright, and which was not more than two yards long an old man was found, almost bent double, and incapable of answering when spoken to. This was Labanoff. The Emperor Paul had been succeeded by the Emperor Alexander I., and afterwards by the Emperor Nicholas; he had been in the dungeon more than fifty years. When he was taken out, he could

not bear the light; and by a strange phenomenon, his movements had become automatic. He could hardly hold himself up, and he had become so accustomed to move about within the limits of his narrow cell that he could not take more than two steps forward without turning round as though he had struck against a wall, and taking two steps backward, and so on alternately. He lived for only a week after his liberation."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Light-fingered gentry, in all countries, understand how to turn events to their own profit. An exiled Hidalgo received at the table d'hôte of a hotel in Paris a large red-sealed official letter stamped with the Madrid post-mark. The interesting refugee opened the missive and perused it rapidly, with astonishment and delight. Then he handed the letter round the table. "Dear Alonzo," it ran, "come back immediately. Our dear country has need of all her sons. Your estates are rendered unto you. Fraternally, PRIM." The table d'hôte was universal in its felicitations. But suddenly the exile's face grew sombre. Pressed for a reason for this strange melancholy, he announced that, having no means wherewith to travel to Madrid, he should be forced to wait a fortnight at least ere he could once more behold his ancestral towers. Mine host promptly placed £20 at Don Alonzo's disposal, who joyously departed, promising to return the money in three days, and with it a basket of his own Andalusian Xeres. The good hotel-keeper is still in vain anticipation of the wine and money.

SUBMARINE WONDERS.—A New York paper tells the following:—"The glories of nature seem to be endless. Sixty centuries of human research has but brought us like Newton, to the beach before which the great ocean of truth lies unexplored. Gradually, as the circle of our observation extends, we are startled by new and unimaginable wonders, and the mighty scroll science is for ever being inscribed with fresh phenomena. The well known diver, Mr. Green, has lately been walking below the waters of Panama, and brings us curious tidings from the ocean's depths. The coral beds which met his vision are 40 miles in length, and offer the most astounding spectacle ever witnessed. The water there is so very clear that he could see 300 feet before him. Sometimes the bed is as smooth as marble, while in some places it is studded with columns of coral rising like rose colored water suddenly congealed. Sometimes they will meet and form five or six rows of arches, so as to assume the appearance of an old cathedral built by pious monks and submerged by some catastrophe. Mr. Green says that the regularity of the lines and the lightness of the columns was so wonderful that he felt his ideas and senses wandering and stood for some time in mute astonishment. These coral edifices also have fissures and crevices, which are adorned with marine plants, forming picturesque shrubs and bushes, dimly illumined by the light from above. None of the plants resemble those existing outside this fairy world, and very few resemble each other. One of the most remarkable has the form of a fan with veins presenting the colors of the rainbow. In the midst of all these coral reefs a vast number of curious fish, of a variety of colors, are constantly playing. Many of them have never been seen except by divers; some have squirrels' heads, others cats' heads, and Mr. Green remarked a very