

A EUROPEAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC.

The "Debats" publishes a letter which M. Victor Hugo has addressed to the members of the "League of Peace and Liberty," about to assemble at Lausanne, and who have elected him honorary chairman:

"Brussels.

"Fellow-citizens of the United States of Europe,—Permit me to call you so, for the European Federal Republic is founded *de jure* and will soon exist *de facto*. You place its existence on record, by your union—a sketch of unity—you are the beginning of a great future. You confer upon me the honorary chairmanship of your congress. This touches me greatly. Your congress is something more than a meeting of intellects—it is a land of editorial committee for the drawing up of the future tables of the law. An elite can only exist on the condition of its representing the mob; you are that elite. You intimate to those whom it concerns that war is a bad thing; that murder, even when it is glorious, foolish, and royal is infamous; that human blood is precious; that life is sacred. A solemn. That a last war is necessary alas! I am not among those that deny it. What will that war be? A war of conquest. What have we to conquer? Liberty. The first duty of man, his first want, his first right, is liberty. Civilization inevitably tends to bring about unity of language, unity of weights and measures, unity of coin, and the fusion of nations into humanity, which is supreme unity. The synonymous term for concord is simplification; in the same way the synonymous term for wealth and life is circulation. The first of servitudes is a frontier. When a man talks of a frontier he means a fetter (ligature). Cut the fetter, blot out the frontier, remove the custom-house man, take away the soldier; in other words, be free, peace follows; and a real, thorough peace henceforth, a peace once for all an inviolable peace, the normal condition of labour, of exchange, of supply and demand, of production and consumption, of the vast effort in common, of attraction, of manufactures, of the going and coming of ideas, of the human flood and ebb. Who has any interest in keeping up frontiers. The kings, who divide in order to reign. A frontier implies a sentry-box, a sentry box implies a soldier. "No thoroughfare"—*on ne passe pas*, that is the watchword of all privileges, prohibitions, censorships, tyrannies. That frontier, that sentry-box, that soldier are the source of every calamity that affects mankind. The king, being an exception, requires to protect himself; the soldier, in his turn, requires murder in order to live. Kings want armies, and armies want war. Otherwise there is no reason why they should exist. A strange thing—man consents to destroy man without knowing why or wherefore. The art of despots consists in dividing the people in halves, and making one of those halves into an army. One half oppresses the other. There are numberless pretexts for war, but only one cause—the army. Suppress the army, you do away with war. But how can you suppress the army? By suppressing despotism. See how all things are connected with each other. Abolish "parasitism" in all its shapes—civil lists, well paid do-nothingism, salaried clergies, remunerated judgeships, aristocratic sine cures, gratuitous concessions of public buildings, permanent armies: blot out all that, and you make Europe a present of ten thousand millions a year. This one stroke of the pen solves the problem of pauperism. Phrones object to this simplification, hence a forest of bayonets. Kings are all agreed on one point—to eternise war. People fancy

that they quarrel—no such thing; they are merely helping each other; they supply the soldier with his *raison d'être*. To eternise armies is to eternise despotism; it is capital logic, but ferocious logic. The Kings exhaust their patient—the people—by bleeding him. There is a fierce fraternity of sword, whence the enslaving of men. Therefore, let us go straight to the goal which I have called somewhere or other the re-absorption of the citizen. The day when the recovery of possession shall have taken place, when the people will not have beside itself that hostile brother, the soldier, the people will be one. It will feel itself whole, loving, twice stronger in body and soul: and civilization will meet in harmony and labour, and peace will grow as light does—by the ascending of the star, the star of liberty. Let us, then rise, the cry of "Liberation," which settles everything. Citizens and brothers, I send you my *ciao ciao eni* and my cordial acquiescence.

(Signed)

VICTOR HUGO."

CAPTAIN HALL.

The Montreal "Gazette" says:—(One of the performances of Mr. or Dr., or Capt. Hall, just returned from an Arctic expedition, was, with a very melodramatic effect, doubtless bewildering to the Esquimaux who looked on, to wave the stars and stripes above the poor British tars who perished there, wherever he found them. The following comments of the New York "World" on this exploit is such as would occur to most people of good taste, one would think. It is so well said that it deserves reproduction—

"What must be the state of public opinion among the intelligent Esquimaux in relation to Capt. Hall? They doubtless appreciate his good taste in preferring their climate and society to those of his native land; but what must they think of the way in which he conducted himself whenever he came across the remains of one of the crew of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition? On such occasions, Mr. Hall informs us that he erected monuments—which was pious; fired salutes—which was respectful; waved the "star spangled banner"—which was superfluous and impertinent, not to say idiotic. The brave English sailors who died of cold and starvation in the frozen North deserve our respect and sympathy, and Captain Hall, in building monuments to them, paid that homage which one brave man is always ready to pay to another. But what had the unhappy man done that a stray American should come and wave a star spangled banner over them? As true British seamen, they doubtless heartily reprobated the star-spangled banner and all its works, and they, while living, would almost certainly have objected to the proposal of waving it over them after their death. Moreover, we submit that this waving process was not only unnecessary, so far as the matter of paying respect to the dead sailors was concerned, but it was a piece of humbug that should never have been perpetrated. In the awful solitudes of the polar regions, most men would have felt too strongly the solemnity of nature to affront her with cheap Fourth of July claptrap. Besides, though a man may be patriotic with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, it is unpardonable for him to be absurd; and if one could cut a more absurd figure than Mr. Hall must have done when waving the star spangled banner in the eightieth parallel of longitude, and in the presence of two wondering Esquimaux women, we should not like to witness the sad-looking spectacle."

GEN. SHERMAN AND MRS. DR. WALKER.

The presence of Mrs. Dr. Walker, at the Women's Convention, renews the recollection of an interview which took place between that somewhat remarkable person and General Sherman, at Atlanta, during the war, and several weeks after the city had been captured. By some means, known only to the mysteries of the female mind, the woman doctor had been able to avoid the order for bidding any of her sex to enter the city, and with a degree of perseverance peculiarly her own, she walked into the private room of General Sherman, and demanded a position in the medical department of the army. The fact is not publicly known, but General Sherman, is weak when a woman is concerned—that is to say, he would run rather than have hard words with one of them; and the tears of a female rebel had more terror to his soul than a thousand Beauregards. So when the little doctor renewed again and again her demand for an appointment, the General, like a great soldier as he is, changed his tactics in the face of the enemy.

"Why don't you wear proper clothing? That togery is neither one thing nor the other," said the General, as he pointed his finger to the nondescript garb of the doctor.

"Well, General," replied the young woman, "I suppose you would like to see me in hoops, and heavy skirts dragging down my hips to the destruction of health and comfort? What right, Sir, have women, who bear children, thus to destroy their best powers and unfit themselves to be wives and mothers?"

Thus, and much more, she said about woman's reforms.

The conqueror of Atlanta was somewhat taken aback by this charge of horse foot and dragons but he plucked up courage.

"Did you ever bear any children?" he asked with sardonic emphasis.

She had to admit that she had not done anything of the kind.

The General added severely:

"I don't know that I should especially desire to see you, hoops or no hoops, nor do I see any need that women should be injured by wearing them, or the moderate use of the costume of the day; but I do know for a certainty that you and such as you put on that dress from affectation. If you wish an example of what a woman should be and ought to do—Damnation," cried the General getting excited, "what are you here for anyhow? Breeches or no breeches, the President's wife would not dare to disobey orders. Put on decent clothes, go back to Nashville, enter the hospitals where our poor boys are dying of wounds and fever, and imitate the example of the women in hoops and petticoats, who are devoting their time to the work of nursing."

We think Mrs. Dr. Walker went North upon an early train.—*Cincinnati Com. Sept. 18.*

The *Cronstadt Messenger* says that during the late naval manœuvres in the Gulf of Finland, carried out under the orders of Admiral Botakoff, a frigate of 57 guns, the *Oleg* went to the bottom in consequence of an accidental blow from the ironclad steamram *Kreml*. The hole made by the ram in the frigate's side was so large that she sank in fifteen minutes. Fortunately the weather was so fine, so that out of a crew of upwards of 500 sixteen only were drowned.

Not long since Sir Edward Codrington breakfasted with the Emperor and the Empress at St. Cloud. In the folds of his napkin Sir Edward found the insignia of Grand Officer of Legion d'Honneur.