LITERATURE.

THIRTY YEARS OF ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER. By Colonel R. B. Marcy, U. S. A. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A richly bound and finely printed work, abounding in well-executed illustrations, cannot fail to be an attractive volume to the lover of the luxurious in literature, but when its diction is pure, its description graphic, and its subject matter new, it is a welcome companion, a friend and an entertainer, as well as an ornament. The work of Colonel Marcy comes partially under such a description. In some parts the author is inclined to be too diffuse, but as a whole it is both original and well written, while all must admire its typography. Colonel Marcy, in an experience of thirty years, has been enabled to collate a vast supply of materials, for which he has copiously drawn on his "army life." It is full of anecdote, adventure, and valuable information. Many parts of it are of deep interest, and much new light is let in upon that rapidly diminishing race, the prairie Indians. The main portion of the work is generally so continuous that we cannot quote from it, but the more humorous portion will well bear republication. The following excellent description of a frontiersman we give entire:—

I had made a new road from New Mexico that was extensively travelled by California emigrants, and was a very great advantage to the settlers along its line. Some years after its completion I stopped over night with one of them, a Virginian, who was delighted to see me, regarded me as a benefactor, would have liked to give me a barbecue, extended the hospitalities of his house, and said that I could be elected to Congress from that district. I thanked him for his kind wishes in my behalf, and informed him that I should not be able to stay for the barbacue, but that, if it was perfectly convenient, we would with pleasure dine with him. After dinner I hesitated for some time about offering compensation to our host, but finally did so by asking him how much we were indebted for our dinner. He replied, "Only six bits apiece, Cap." (The usual price in that country was two bits.) As we were preparing to leave, he remarked, "You must give us a call on your return, sir, and stay over night with us, sir; I want to show you a specimen of genuine old Virginia hospitality, sir." He then directed one of the negroes to bring up our horses; and, as we were mounting, said, "Gentlemen, don't give that boy Jake two bits apiece for taking care of your horses; don't do it, gentlemen." (We had then made no demonstration towards rewarding the boy.) From the price we paid for our dinner, it occurred to me that if the barbacue had come off, the Virginian's hospitality might have proved rather an expensive affair to me.

Again, referring to the well-known hospitality of Virginia, he says:—

"Are you gwine fur to jine ole Zack down in Mexico?"

"No, sir, the Mexican war is ended, and we are now on the way for the Choctaw nation."

"Whar did ye come from, stranger?"

"We came last from Pascagoula."

"Mought you be the boss hossifer of that thar army?" pointing to the men.

"I am the commanding officer of that detachment, sir."

"Wall, Mr. Hossifer, be them sure 'nuff sogers, or is they make b'lieve chaps, like I seen down to Orleans?"

"They have passed through the Mexican war, and I trust they have proved themselves not only worthy the appellation of real, genuine soldiers, but of veterans, sir."

"Now I gest want to know one thing more, boss; be them chaps reg'lars, or be they melish?"

"I assure you that they belong to the regular army of the United States."

Then, pointing to my uniform, he added, "Apperiently, then, fightin's your trade?"

"I adopted the profession of arms at an early age," I replied.

"War you at the Orleans fight, whar our boys gin sich particular fits to ole Pack?" (Packenham I suppose he meant.)

I answered that, though a pretty old soldier, my commission did not date quite so far back as 1814.

"Wall, ole boss, you moughtn't a been thar, but you ain't no chicken now, sure." He continued:—"One time me an' him, Ike Thompson, we went on a sogerin' spree."

"Ah! indeed; in what place did you serve, pray?"

"In several places; but the last pop we fout at the battle of the Hoss-shoe, whar we and ole Hickry cleaned out the Ingines."

"That was a most decisive and sanguinary battle," I observed.

"I calkerlate, Mr. Hossifer, that war the most *de*-cisivest and the most san-*guin*-ariest fight you ever seen in all yer born days. We boys we up and pitched in thar, and we gin the yaller-bellies the most *parr*-ticlar hall Columby. We chawed um all up; we laid um out cold'r nur a wedge; we *saved* every mother's son of um—we did that thar little thing, boss.'

I replied that I had no doubt very many of the Indians were killed, but that I had always been under the impression that some of them made their escape; and, in fact, I was very confident that several Creek Indians were then living upon the Canadian river who participated in the battle of Horse-shoe. He said he "rayther reckon'd not;" but, at all events, he was quite certain "ef any of the dogond varmints did git away, they war d——d badly wounded, sartin sure."

He then produced a bottle of whisky, and gave me a pressing invitation "to liquor," remarking that "he war not too proud to take a horn with a feller soger, even if he war a reg'lar."

After having taken the drink, he approached me, and in a serious tone said, "Thar's nary paper tuck in this yere settle-*ment*, but I hearn tell that Gin'ral Jackson ar dead; maybe you mought heer'd some talk 'bout it as you com'd 'long the road, stranger?"

The author tells of a Virginian travelling in the same locality, who, on testing the whisky of his Arkansas host, found it rather raw and unpalatable, and mixed it in the shape of a "mint julep," which was a novel idea to the Arkansian. The latter, however, was delighted with the new style of drink, indulged in it quite liberally, and learned the method of concocting it. The mournful result is told thus:—

"THE OLE MAN'S DEAD, STRANGER."

The Virginian continued on his journey towards Texas, and in due course of time set out to return. On arriving at the house before mentioned, he concluded he would call and renew his acquaintance with his friendly old host. Accordingly, he rode up to the gate, and seeing one of the boys of the family standing near, asked him, "How is the old gentleman, your father, my son?"

The boy, with an air of the most perfect indifference, replied:—"Why, the ole man's dead, stranger."

"Is it possible! How long since?"

"About two weeks, stranger."

"Ah, indeed! Pray, what was the matter with the poor old gentleman, my son?"

"Waal, now, stranger, I'll tell ye what it war. Thar war an old fellar from Virginie; he com'd along this way last summer, and he list ups and larns the ole man to drink greens in his licker, and you can bet your life on't it knocked him higher nor a kite!"

Upon the Virginian's suggestion to the boy that it might have been possible the bad quality of the whisky exercised a more deleterious influence upon his father's health than the mint, he replied:—

"No, stranger, it war not the whisky, for we've allers used licker in our family, and though it made old mom powerful weak, yet it never phazed old pop ary time—no, it war the greens, as sure as yer born."

The work is one of deep interest, and will be read with profit, as well as pleasure, by all who desire information and seek entertainment.

Among the amusing army stories is one of a green young cadet from Arkansas, who passed through a variety of adventures in getting to West Point, and finally arrived there. What followed our readers shall see:—

THE ARKANSAS CADET.

Now his letter of appointment required him to report in person to the superintendent, Colonel Thayer, who was a very refined, courteous, and dignified gentleman, but, at the same time, he was exceedingly rigid in enforcing the strictest discipline, and the highest respect for rank and military authority. My young friend, after ascertaining where the Colonel's quarters were situated, shouldered his trunk (he was then about six feet high, and powerfully developed), and staggered under its weight up the steep hill to the Superintendent's house, put down his trunk upon the steps, and was at once admitted into the Colonel's presence.

Unlike most of the cadets on their first introduction to this dignitary, he was not in the slightest degree abashed, but felt entirely self-possessed, and, taking a chair close to the Colonel, and looking him attentively in the face, said, "Ole man, ar you Colonel, or Captain, or whatever-you-call-um Thayer?" To which the old gentleman very gravely replied, "I am Colonel Thayer, sir." "Wall, now, look-a yere, Kurn," said the youth, "this yere hill of yourn am a breather; ef it ain't, d—n me."

The Colonel soon comprehended what kind of a specimen of humanity he had before him, and directed his orderly to show him to the barracks, where he was soon inducted into the mysteries of wholesome discipline.

As it may be a matter of curiosity with some to know what success this untutored youth of the forest met with in his academical career, I add, for their information, that he applied himself industriously to his studies, attained a good standing in his class, and, on graduating, was an accomplished gentleman and scholar.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By Alice Carey. Hurd & Houghton. Philadelphia Agent, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have seldom been more pleased with any light work than with "Pictures of Country Life." It is written in a genial, pleasant style, and abounds in little sketches drawn from rural life, and depicts society as it exists far from our great commercial centres. Every story is interesting, and just of the proper length. If Mrs. Carey will give us a few more works of similar excellence, she will make a permanent reputation. There is a resemblance about a few of these sketches which make them appear almost the same, but the flow of plot and pleasantry soon drowns all critical censure. The work is beautifully printed in the best style of the enterprising firm of Hurd & Houghton. It comes from their "Riverside Presses."

SELF-LOVE. A novel. T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The third and last of this entertaining series of novels, published by our enterprising neighbors, lies before us. It is a fiction of singular power, written with force, and gives a fine opportunity for the display of an iron style of literature. It depicts an old maid on the downward path of life. We do not know the authoress, but judge that she must be either an old maid herself, or else she possesses a singular power of depicting the sentiments and actions of others. It will have an extensive sale, because of the interest with which it abounds.

—We find from official statistics that at the beginning of this year 372 newspapers were published in the kingdom of Italy. Of these 41 were published in Genoa, 42 in Florence, 44 in Milan, 44 in Naples, and 51 in Turin; the rest in smaller towns. When compared with the population returns these figures give one paper to 93 inhabitants in Milan, one to 111 in Florence, one to 120 in Naples, one to 136 in Genoa, and one to 171 in Turin. The enthusiasm which pushed Italy to its national unity, and now makes it eager for war, and which made the *consorzio* for paying off the national debt popular with all classes, is also displaying itself in literature. The well-written articles in *La Nazione* and *La Perseveranza* show that good minds are devoting themselves with zest to political discussion, and the excellent articles which have appeared in the *Nuova Antologia* since it was revived at Florence display an equal effort in higher literature. The desire of all writers and thinkers in Italy, as is apparent in all their articles, is to make Italy again what it once was, and to arouse and call out the dormant energies of a great and quick-witted people.

—In the Emperor Napoleon's "History of Julius Cæsar" there is a note which contains a list of the sovereigns and princes who have busied themselves about Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul, showing that somehow they have peculiar attractions to persons in exalted positions. Charles the Eighth of France, particularly admired "Cæsar's Commentaries," and the celebrated monk, Robert Gaguin, presented to him in 1480 the French translation he had made of the Gallic war. The Emperor Charles the Fifth left a copy of the "Commentaries" filled with copious marginal notes written by his own hand. The Viceroy of Sicily, Ferdinand Gonzaga, sent a scientific mission into France to study Cæsar's campaigns in the localities. Henry the Fourth translated the first two books of the "Commentaries," and Louis the Thirteenth the last two; an edition of both was printed at the Louvre in 1630. Louis the Fourteenth also translated the first book; Christina, Queen of Sweden, composed "Reflections on the Life and Actions of Cæsar;" Philippe Egalite, the Duke of Orleans, was a great reader of the "Commentaries," and had a map of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul made. The first Napoleon employed himself at St. Helena in dictating a summary and criticism of Cæsar's wars, which was published in Paris thirty years ago.

—The seventh volume of the most excellent Cambridge edition of Shakespeare is just out, and the eighth, which completes the work, will follow soon. Mr. J. O. Halliwell is preparing for publication, for subscribers only, "Illustrations of the Life and Writings of William Shakespeare." His purpose is to issue in a series of folio volumes a collection of elaborate treatises on Shakespeare's life and works, and on subjects which elucidate them, profusely illustrated with wood-cuts of ancient objects and fac-similes, and printed in the best possible style. After the subscription list closes, no more subscribers will be admitted and no more copies will be printed. The wood blocks will be destroyed, a seemingly barbarous act, but necessary to prevent their subsequent use. All communications respecting the work may be addressed to the author, at No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London. The "German Shakespeare Society," which was founded a year ago at Weimar amid the applause of the German and English public, held recently its anniversary meeting. The society complains that though their efforts are to cultivate the study of German literature as well as of Shakespeare, and to elevate the German stage, yet they have met with small success, and the publication of the "Shakespeare Annual" did not increase their numbers. They do not, however, despair, and as they have still five hundred and seventy-three thalers in the treasury, they are going to continue the work for at least another year.

—Hardly any offense in literature is deserving of as much contempt and reprobation as the too frequent practice of using false quotations from reviews of books to help along the sale of the works. The beginning of one sentence is sometimes joined to the end of another so as to alter entirely the sense of the opinion expressed. This is so common that, except in advertisements by the most honorable publishers, such quotations should be entirely disregarded by persons thinking of buying the book. Two very reputable firms in London have recently got by the ears over a question of this kind. The *Quarterly Review*, in the April number, had a very severe article on "Ecce Homo," condemning it as unsound in faith, untrue in fact, and uncritical in style. Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers of "Ecce Homo," thought that no advertisement would be so good as this sweeping condemnation, and accordingly reprinted this sentence from the *Quarterly*:—"The shallowest theories and the flimsiest arguments find a ready reception in an empty mind, and their sole strength is in the weakness and credulity of their dupes. Happily there is a vast body of educated men who are better informed." Mr. Murray, the publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, complained of this citation on the ground that many persons were led to infer that the *Quarterly Review* had commended "Ecce Homo" as an antidote against "shallow theories" and "flimsy arguments," and he published an advertisement containing the whole passage. Messrs. Macmillan printed a counter advertisement repudiating the charge of "garbling," to the effect that "the first sentence of the extract fully expressed the unfavorable opinion formed by the reviewer; and that, in fact, had it not done so, the object of the publishers in reprinting it would not have been answered." To this statement Mr. Murray replied:—"'The first sentence of the extract,' which the publishers of 'Ecce Homo' say 'fully expressed the unfavorable opinion formed by the reviewer,' was as follows:—'To refute all the errors which abound in "Ecce Homo" would be tedious and useless.' This sentence was not in the original advertisement, and was only added by the publishers of 'Ecce Homo' after their first extract had been a subject of comment."

—Among the recent attempts at glossaries of special periods and authors none is more deserving of praise than "The Bible Word-Book," by the late Rev. J. Eastwood and Mr. W. Aldis Wright, the Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. This is a small volume, containing a glossary of all the words in the authorized version of the Bible and in the Book of Common Prayer which are there used in a sense different from that which they bear at present. The authorized version does not represent the actual language of 1611; but it is a mosaic of all the different translations that were made, beginning with Tyndale's New Testament, in 1525. The illustrations of the senses of the obsolete words used in the Bible are, therefore, scattered through all the literature of this period. Many of these illustrations, from over a hundred authors, Mr. Wright has here brought together, for Mr. Eastwood died after forming the plan of the book, having done but little to its execution; and the result is a valuable handbook not only for all readers of the Bible, but for all readers of the English literature of the sixteenth century.

—M. Octave Delapierre, one of the secretaries of the French Legation at London, and an active and learned member of the Philobiblion Society, has just printed twenty-five copies of a curious and interesting essay, written for that society, in which he gives an account of all those visions of hell and heaven which have been seen at various times by religious enthusiasts. "Le Livre des Visions en l'Enfer et le Ciel decrits par ceux qui les ont vus," is the title of the narrative. These are not mere descriptions of heaven and hell, of which thousands were written during the Middle Ages, some of them with a pretense of scientific knowledge, but visions which the visionary believed himself, in good faith, to have seen not in dreams or in imagination, but by direct sight. They occurred generally while the patient was in a state of catalepsy and seeming death, and when the soul was supposed to be absent from the body.

—M. Guizot has published a new instalment of his contribution to the most popular literature of the day—that which concerns the origin and history of Christianity. The volume is called "Meditations on the Actual State of the Christian Religion." The volume which he had promised on the origin of Christianity he has postponed for the present, probably to make it more responsive to Renan's "Apostles." The first part of the book presents the picture of the Christian revival in France since the beginning of this century. The second offers a brief explanation and a judicious and rapid appreciation of the systems of philosophy, rationalism, materialism, pantheism, etc., that dispute the ground with religion. The book is well written, and quite equal to the former volume of "Meditations" published last year.

—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has published nothing of late except the admirable article on "character" in the last number of the *North American Review*, has been delivering a course of lectures in Boston and elsewhere. These lectures are announced for speedy publication in England, under the name of "Philosophy for the People." The titles of the lectures or chapters are:—The Seven Meters of Intellect, Instinct, Perception, Talent, Genius, Imagination, Taste, Laws of the Mind, Conduct of the Intellect, and Relation of Intellect to Morals. We suppose Messrs. Ticknor and Fields will soon announce the American edition, which is probably printed in England for the sake of cheapness.

A PIANIST IN A DUEL.—A letter from St. Petersburg gives an account of a duel fought between Joseph Braga, a pianist, and a Russian cavalry officer. The latter declared at a court concert that the pianist's attack upon his sonata was so fierce that, had it been made with a sabre instead of the fingers, the instrument would have been hacked to pieces. The pianist challenged the officer, accepting the weapon chosen by the latter—the curved cavalry sabre—although entirely ignorant of its use. He made, however, such a terrific onslaught upon his adversary that he actually split his skull in two.

THE NEW YORK PRESS.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS.

COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR EVENING TELEGRAPH.

The Consecration of Crime.

From the World.

We learn with some astonishment from the Philadelphia journals that the bones of Probst, the young German who was hung in that city the other day for the cold-blooded murder of a whole family, are to be neatly set up on wires, and preserved, *in æternam rei memoriam*, in the collection of the Jefferson Medical College. There must surely be some mistake here. It is hardly possible that, for the mortal remains of a being of whom just before his execution his attendant clergyman solemnly declared that he was "perfectly fit to approach the throne of his Maker," no better sanctuary can be found than the glass cases of a student's lecture-room.

When we remember that great wars have been, in times past, waged between Christian communities for the possession of the relics of persons reputed superior to their fellows in the power and purity of their faith; when we consider that no more than a year ago the head of the Church at Rome could hit upon no better way of testifying his regard and affection for the exiled King and Queen of Naples than to present them with the newly discovered body of an early Christian martyr; and when we reflect upon the extreme improbability of finding, more than once or twice, even in Philadelphia, a child of grace "perfectly fit to approach the throne of his Maker," we cannot refrain from protesting, in behalf of the spiritual interests of mankind, against the sacrifice to science and to curiosity of these mortal remains of the glorified Probst.

Such a mausoleum as the piety of Philip of Spain erected in the vaults of the Duomo of Milan, to enclose in its shrine of virgin gold and glittering jewels the body of St. Charles Borromeo, would hardly have been too splendid to preserve this pure and wholesome memory. Edward I, "the Hammer of Scotland," enjoined it upon his son and successor to carry his bones, boiled down and sewn up in a sack of leather, at the head of the armies of England, that the awful clatter of their coming might strike the rebellious Scotch into submission; and a similar disposition made of the bones of Probst at Sunday School picnics might have turned them to good uses in the instruction of the young. For merely anatomical purposes, the skeleton of Probst can be of no greater value than that of any commonplace Christian who, after years of a simple and honest life, unilluminated by the revelations of infanticide, passes away in a modest and trembling reliance upon the mercy of the Allwise.

Arbogastus, an Irish saint, once Bishop of Spires, in Germany, desired, we are told, at his death, that he might be buried near the gallows. If such a sepulture became the humility of a bishop, why should it not have befitted the merits of a murderer, upon whom the prospect of the gallows, earned by one of the most cruel and revolting crimes which stain the dark annals of mankind, had wrought such a surpassing marvel of spiritual development as was borne witness to by the clerical attendants of Anton Probst?

Justice done to Probst in this matter, too, would be justice done to a whole class of "latter-day saints" whereof Probst is only the most recent and the most shining exemplar. Mr. Green, the loyal postmaster of Malden, in Massachusetts, who stealthily slew a youth confiding in his friendship in order that he might steal other people's money to pay his debts withal, and over whose untimely grave Mr. Wendell Phillips has strewn such flowers of philanthropic sympathy; Mrs. Grinder, of Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, who rivalled the Voisin and the Brinvilliers in a humble way, and passed many years in the unobtrusive extermination by poison of a considerable circle of her friends and relatives; Miss Harris, of Washington, who shot a Treasury clerk in his office to soothe her disappointed affections, and who, upon her acquittal by a weeping jury, was embraced with tears and kisses by her counsel and by the Court—these are but a few of the most prominent instances which at once occur to us in illustration of that recently discovered law of human emotions by which we find that the indulgence of the most intensely selfish passions of our nature conduces directly to the unfolding and blossoming of the soul's sweetest essence, fits us to command the finest sympathies of our fellow-beings, and opens to us the pearl-gates of the better land, "on golden hinges turning." Of this law Victor Hugo is, undoubtedly, the most eloquent living teacher and prophet. The reverence in which it is held throughout France is shown in the perpetual recurrence of jury verdicts, in which individuals who beat their mothers to death with red cotton umbrellas, and roast their fathers alive in hay-ricks, are found "guilty with extenuating circumstances."

In our own country, the progress of similar notions of crime in its spiritual aspects must, so far, be carried mainly to the credit of the clerical profession. To effect the conversion of a brutal and besotted assassin into an incipient angel, is such a piece of spiritual practice as may well tempt both the professional and the personal vanity of an average clergyman. The case of a Probst made "perfectly fit to enter the presence of his Maker," for example, offers a fascinating parallel to the "perfect cures" which make the fortune of an ambitious physician. Whether the carnal or the spiritual hygiene of the people at large is advanced by the advertisement of such marvels is, however, quite another matter.

The greedy joy with which the multitude hang upon the tale, in either instance, would seem to show a popular belief that this is really the case. But if such be the popular belief, it is sad that men should be so inconsequential and illogical as to wreak an antiquated disrespect upon the early tabernacles of beings whose moral qualities extort from them homages which they of old time hesitated to bestow upon the purest and the loftiest of men.

Expulsion of Turkey from Europe.

From the Times.

It has long been asserted in histories of Turkey that a prophecy was preserved by the reigning family to the effect that after a certain number of centuries the Turks would be driven from Europe; that in view of this event, for some considerable time, an especial sum of money was laid aside in the royal treasury. Whether the money still exists among the Sultan's hoards may be doubted, but the prophecy seems at length about being accomplished in this year, destined to be so full of events.

It will be remembered that the two Principalities at the mouth of the Danube have been long under the protectorate of Turkey, each having a separate Prince or Hospodar; though contrary to the stipulations of 1815, the people at length united the two provinces under one Hospodar, Prince Couza. Finally becoming dissatisfied with him, they deposed him, and during this spring have offered a new crown and kingdom, with four millions of inhabitants—say as large as New York State—to a son of Leopold of Belgium. He declined it, and then it was for some mysterious reasons offered to a Prince allied with the reigning house of Prussia—Charles, of the famous royal family of Hohenzollern, a young man of twenty and over, but a person of much spirit and enterprise.

He accepted it at once, crossed Germany in disguise, with only a carpet-bag in hand, went down the Danube, and suddenly appeared at Bucharest, and was crowned Prince of the Principalities with great rejoicings. This action of the "Christain" population of these Provinces is in effect a revolution against the Turks, and will destroy their influence, and finally drive them both from this district and the neighboring country. It is to be borne in mind that the Turks, with their wonderf power of governing (which they have shown in all past history, and which belonged to them as a great conquering race), held millions of Europeans in subjection with only a few hundred thousand Turks.

Though they have been in Europe for centuries, they have always been merely encamped there. No good-will or interest, or useful works that they have done, or civilization that they have upheld, bind them there. They will withdraw their few troops at length (if withdraw they must) with the curses and hate of the various races they have ground down and trampled upon.

The country on the Danube has now in effect revolted against the Turkish Empire. Will Turkey suppress the revolt, or will she submit to the new Government and the young Prince suddenly crowned in this dramatic manner? Will Austria endure an independent and new power at the mouth of her great river? Will Russia allow a new obstacle to be placed between her ambition and Constantinople? Finally, what will assembled Europe say to this new violation of the compacts of 1815? The fact, too, of a Prussian prince thus suddenly put in power, in the rear of Austria, adds another element of anxiety to the problem.

The sympathy of Europe is undoubtedly with the gallant young adventurer who has so suddenly leaped into the arena, and borne off the prize in the midst of most formidable rivals. And the very power of his antagonists is the safeguard of the bold knight-errant. The first rumor was that Turkey was about to march an overwhelming army into the Principalities, and take possession.

But this, again, is met by the counter rumor that Russia and France protest against such occupation. Again, if Russia invade, not only Turkey but Austria must oppose, as well as England and France, for fear of that power's gaining a foothold so nearly to Constantinople. Or if Austria should occupy the coveted provinces, she would not only have to fight the people (who are bitterly opposed to her), but, in all probability, would find herself in antagonism with Russia.

And therein lies the improbability of her accepting the principalities as an offset to the loss of Venetia, supposing such a proposition should be made by the Conference of Paris, which we do not believe. The strength of Prince Charles lies in the contests of his rivals.

The one result clear is that Turkey must in effect abandon Europe. No intelligent person in any country desires to see her corrupt rule and effete civilization longer in Eastern Europe. The easiest settlement for all the great powers is to leave the young Prince on his well-won throne. Then no one encroaching power will hold the mouth of the Danube or the road to Constantinople. The principalities may unite other neighboring provinces with them, and a Greek Christian kingdom at length be formed on the Danube.

Still, this tempting prize lies close to these great military powers, and in a general European war might easily be swallowed up by any one of them. Or its attractions alone may enkindle the passions of some of the combatants, and the great war begin there. We shall watch the same with interest.

Virginia.

From the Tribune.

The Richmond *Whig* thus explains the action of the Virginia Convention in April, 1861:—

"Knowing the call of Mr. Lincoln for troops to be utterly without authority of law, the State of Virginia did not hesitate to refuse it; and knowing it to be violative of the Constitution and subversive of the system of government, she did not hesitate to resist. She was a party to the Union only under and through the Constitution. Not so, says the *Tribune;* and when the instrument was thrown aside by the Government she regarded herself, *ipso facto*, discharged from all further obligation. The adoption of an ordinance of secession was an unnecessary formality. The unwarranted act of the Federal Government broke the bond of Union, and she stood released. What was her fault in that? The equally unwarranted act of the Federal Government in sending a hostile army to invade her soil compelled her to take up arms in self-defense. What was her fault in that? All that followed came unavoidably from these beginnings. She was overcome and has submitted. But will the *Tribune*, or will anybody, viewing the matter without prejudice or passion, tell us in what Virginia was wrong?"

Answer.—The Virginia Convention was abominably wrong in not recognizing the right of the nation to exist. That right inheres in the very nature of a Government, and no special charter or permit is essential to its exercise. South Carolina had said, months before, "I will destroy the Union, no matter though every other State should protest; for I will secede, and there is no power to coerce me; and then—the Union being dissolved by one State—the others can have no choice but as to which fraction they will belong to." Virginia, in full view of this action of South Carolina, elected, by a great popular majority, a Convention to maintain the Union. That Convention was bullied into betraying its trust; and then her people were told—"You may vote on the question of Union or Secession; but, if you veto for Union, you vote to betray your Southern brethren, who have come here, at the invitation of your authorities, to protect and defend you." "If you vote for the Union and are overruled, you must leave the State," said Senator James M. Mason. "Let us all stand together," said Alexander H. H. Stuart, "and then we can make terms between the belligerents." (We give the idea, not the words.) Thus the people of Virginia were swindled into voting secession by deceiving assurances and misleading issues. On a fair, square issue and a hearing of both sides, she would never have voted herself out of the Union. We have heard that the *Whig* was bought over to the side of Disunion, but are not sure as to that. We know, however, that the secession of Virginia was the product of violence and fraud—of deception and terrorism. It has been a terrible lesson. If her fault was grievous, grievously hath she answered it. Henceforth, be peace within her borders and prosperity her lot!

Nebraska.

From the Tribune.

The latest despatches from Nebraska Territory state that the State Constitution has been adopted, and that the Union party has a majority in each branch of the Legislature. The vote on the adoption of the State Constitution was not a strictly political party vote. We have received the following returns:—

VOTE ON STATE CONSTITUTION.

Counties.	Maj. for.	Counties.	Maj. against.
Burt	125	Cass	150
Dodge	55	Douglas	76
Gage	60	Hall	25
Jones	30	Kearney	15
Lincoln	60	Nemaha	183
Pawnee	202	Otoe	438
Richardson	130	Saline	30
Platte	50		
Washington	525	Total	867
Total	1087		

Total majority for Constitution, 170. Eleven counties yet to be heard from.

The vote on Governor, in the counties heard from, compares as follows with the vote in 1865:—

Counties.	Treas. 1865. U. D.	Gov. '66. U. maj.	Counties.	Treas. 1865. U. D.	Gov. '66. D. maj.
Richardson	489	237	Otoe	622	714	410
Pawnee	146	—	Douglas	413	550	150
Nemaha	500	82	Sarpy	149	300	184
Gage	96	12	Cass	433	402	16
Jones (with Gage)		20	Saline	—	—	30

These returns indicate a loss on the Union vote of 1865 of 394, and a further Democratic gain of 152; but the success of the Union ticket is said to be beyond peradventure.

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EASTON, Pennsylvania, April 4, 1866. 5 10

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