

every day for a week, and then the capture of Richmond. He will be a greater demagog with the Yankees than he ever was. Great advantage will be found in the fact that he will be without a competitor. General Lee can beat Grant in the field but he is no match for him in telegraphing. Grant may lie as much as he pleases. General Lee will not contradict him. He will only flog him the next time he catches him, and set him to inventing more lies.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

Then there is a certain Captain of Engineers at army headquarters, who is, with scarcely an exception, the hardest worked and most useful officer in this whole army. It is his business to ascertain—and he must do it mainly by personal observation—the topography of every new region the army occupies. He must make surveys, question contrabands, deserters and prisoners in regard to roads, bridges and fords, draw maps, and consult, oftener, even, than corps commanders with the "Major General Commanding." In a word, the army is often dependent upon the judgment of this one Captain. A fortnight ago, at Spotsylvania, he partly discovered and partly made a road whereby four miles were saved in moving troops from right to left in the line. That night, amid the darkness and rain, he piloted over this road the 2d and 5th Corps, and the next morning by attack and surprise we captured 20 guns and 7,000 prisoners. But for the discovery of a blind bridge path, which fifty pioneers in two hours' time widened and improved to the capacity of a road fit for artillery, the attack which resulted so successfully would not have been thought practicable. Victor Hugo attributes the timely arrival of Blucher at Waterloo to the happy choice by a subordinate of the right road, which was but a half defined path—so much do battles hinge on apparent trivialities. The officer I have been talking of—a modest man, who will be startled beyond composure should he ever see this—is Capt. W. H. Paine, of the Topographical Engineers.

Which one of the brilliant lecturers who delight the Winter night audiences of Northern cities recited, a few years ago, the apothecy of "Pluck?" He should have waited for this war, and for this campaign of this war, for a better illustration of this theme. This is the 29th day of the campaign—every day has seen more or less marching, more or less fighting. Thirty thousand wounded have been sent back on honorable furlough, five thousand dead have been buried in honorable though obscure graves. Sedgwick and Wadsworth, and many another, whose memory we cannot afford to let die, have fallen. Still the army is "fighting it out on this line."

The roads are strewn with the carcasses of 6,000 horses. Actual marching has worn out 50,000 pairs of shoes. Two-thirds of the men—more than 105,000—have not changed a garment since they started—have marched and fought, and slept thirty days and thirty nights, in heat and dust and rain, and have not changed a garment. They are fighting it out on this line.

On the march there are fewer stragglers now, and fewer grumblers, than thirty days ago. Rising from the bivouac at all hours, resting when they may, perhaps counter-marched over the same ground without halt or approved purpose, they endure all things, with a patience and a pluck, and a certain easy nonchalance, as astounding as it is commendable—

"Their not to reason why,
Their but to do and die."

They propose, with Grant, "to fight it out on this line."

The rank and file have a pretty good appreciation of the strategy of the campaign. They understand that it has been a series of splendid flank movements, and "flanking" has become the current joke with which to account for everything, from a night march to the capture of a sheep or a pig. A poor fellow, terribly wounded, yesterday, said he saw the shell coming, "but hadn't time to flank it." And he enjoyed his joke with a smile and a chuckle, when his quick eye had sought and found appreciation among the bystanders. The shell had "flanked" him by taking off an arm.—[Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.]

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

The distinguished representatives of the Russian Empire have received a hearty welcome in Boston, as in other cities of this country. For a generation, at least, there has been a kindly feeling between these two first-class powers, and although they are unlike in most of their characteristics, they extend to each other such courtesies as are not common among the jealous nations of the earth. Perhaps the chief secret of these friendly relations and this kindly feeling may be the mutual interest of the parties concerned. Russia, with its vast resources and ambition, is viewed with jealousy by the Western powers of Europe. England has long sustained the effete and rotten Turkish Empire because she feared that Russia would extend her boundaries to the Mediterranean and overshadow all Europe. Because of Russia, in a great measure, the cry of "balance of power" has been raised and maintained. For forty years, from the settlement of 1812 to the Crimean War, Russia was the hegemonical power of Europe. It was about the time she assumed this position that a Russian army larger than that with which General Grant crossed the Rapidan was reviewed almost within cannon shot of Paris. The Western powers of Europe began

to fear the ally they had called to their assistance, and ever since they have been contriving to keep Russia from an exhibition of her strength. In the Eastern war, it was the fear of Russia by England and France that pulled them to the field. Russia is progressive, and can afford to wait. The United States occupy the same position on the west as Russia holds on the east—for the statesmen of England and France think that London and Paris are the geographical, social and political centres of the earth. The Western powers of Europe fear and hate the Great Empire of the East. It is not to be wondered at then that these two powers should join hands across their jealous rivals, who are always ready to band together against them.

But here is the other consideration: Russia and the United States are the modern nations among the first class powers. In their present form neither is much over a century old—and to get such an age as that for our country we are obliged to reckon some years of preparation for the grand struggle of Independence, which, however, properly belong to us. Both powers in their greatness belong to this age, are still developing their resources and increasing their power, while England and France, to say nothing of other nations, have already passed their zenith.

There was this strange coincidence in the institutions of the great autocracy and the great republic—slavery—serfdom in Russia and negro slavery in the United States. Ours was by far the worse system, having no redeeming features, but both were opposed to the spirit of true progress. And it curiously happened that the Emperor Alexander issued a decree of general emancipation almost simultaneously with the outbreak of a rebellion here to establish and perpetuate slavery. The power of the ruler there was exercised against a great wrong, and a rebellion was threatened in consequence. Here slavery shrank from the contest with freedom in material progress, and choose the terrible contest of war. In both countries there will be one good result—freedom; and the two powers, purged of an evil which clogged their progress, will yet decide the destinies of nation.—[Boston Herald.]

THE EUROPEAN EXODUS AND THE AMERICAN LABOR MARKET.

The published and private advices from England and Ireland, and from Germany, represents the exodus of emigrants to the United States to be on the increase, and the accessions to our population from the Old World promise to be larger in 1864 than for any previous year in the history of the country. The total arrivals at this port, from all parts of Europe, since the 1st of January, is nearly twenty thousand greater than during the corresponding period of last year, with every probability of a corresponding increase to the end of the year. We have the testimony of the British press, too, that the emigrants now seeking homes in the Western World are of a superior order to those of former years; not only is there a much larger number of artisans leaving those shores, but a good deal of regret is expressed among the landowners of Britain, because of the withdrawal of small farmers—generally the most thrifty class there. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the advantage to the country at this juncture, of these large accessions to the manufacturing and workshops of the Eastern and Northern States, and to the farming districts of the great West.

Before the war broke out there was beginning to be a surplus population, consequent upon the rapid increase, unaccompanied by such a development of our industry as would give it employment. But the war has carried off the surplus, at the same time that it has stimulated the development of our resources to such an extent as would have given employment to all, and more than all, the surplus. The result is a great scarcity of operatives. The wheels of nearly all departments of manufacturing industry are more or less clogged for want of an adequate supply of motive power, in the shape of operatives, to drive them. The same trouble exists in the agricultural districts, where the highest wages ever before known are being paid. The increasing exodus from the Old World to the New is thus happening most opportunely for the material interests of the country, and there is now a fair prospect of a decided increase in the supply of both skilled and unskilled labor during the season. It has been wisely suggested that proprietors of large manufacturing and mining establishments, etc., in different sections of the country, send agents to this city, Boston, and Philadelphia, with the view of making known their wants, and the amount of wages to be paid, so that all who reach our shores may be readily furnished with employment.

It is urged by some that it is impolitic to stimulate immigration too largely, on the ground that at the close of the war the immense number of operatives released from the service of the Government, and from work on contracts in connection with the army, will produce a large surplus of laborers; but it should be borne in mind that the new Territories of the West and new sources of industry opened in the old States will, in all probability, furnish ample fields of employment for all. The power of absorption of the country arising from its immense area, its boundless resources, and the thrift and general intelligence of its people, is beyond calculation, and there is not the slightest doubt that we can readily find room and employment for all the immigrants that are likely to be landed upon our

shores from Europe. The effect of these accessions of men and means—for a large proportion of the immigrants arriving have more or less money—to the population of the country must soon be apparent in the more rapid settlement of the Western Territories, and the development of our internal resources.—[N. Y. Shipping List.]

BOYHOOD AND BOYS.

We have always cherished an unbounded esteem for boys. The genuine human boy, may, we think, be safely set down as the noblest work of God. Pope claims that distinction for the honest man, but at the present time the nearest we can come to such a mythological personage is a real human boy, without a thought beyond his next holiday, with his heart overflowing with happiness, and his pockets chuck full of marbles. Young girls cannot help betraying something of the in-dwelling vanity so natural to the sex; but the veritable, unsophisticated boy, you may dress him up with superhuman care, try to impress on his mind that he is not only the pride of his parents, but one of the most remarkable beings that ever visited this mundane sphere, and he will listen to you with becoming docility; but his honest nature will give the lie to all your flattery as soon as your back is turned, and in ten minutes you will find him kicking out the toes of his new boots, or rumpling his clean collar by "playing horse," or using the top of his new cap for a drinking vessel, and mixing in with the Smiths and Browns on terms of the most unquestioned equality. The boy's thinking powers are, to be sure, fallible and he may be misled by deceptive influences, but his instinct is, in the main, sure, generous and trustworthy. There is no aristocracy of feeling among boys. Linsey-woolsey or broad-cloth find equal favor in their eyes. What they appreciate and applaud is just as likely to be found under coarse raiment as under purple and fine linen. If their companion is a real good "feller," even though he be the son of a rich merchant or banker he is esteemed as highly as if his father were a carpenter or the editor of a newspaper.

The sincerity and generosity of boyhood rarely outlives its years of unselfish happiness. They are severely shaken, if not wholly destroyed, when the jacket is lengthened into a sack, and the lad begins to take his share in the conceit, ambition, and selfishness of the full grown humanity. It is sad to think that a promising, true-hearted boy, full of life and joy, may be stricken down by death, and all his hilarity stifled in the grave; but to our mind it is even more melancholy to think that he may live to grow up and be hard, worldly and ungenerous as any of the rest of us. For this latter fate is accompanied by no such consolations as naturally assuage our sorrows when "death has set the seal of eternity upon his brow, and the beautiful has been made permanent."

The period of boyhood has been shortened very considerably within a few years, and real boys are becoming scarce. They are no sooner emancipated from the bright buttons which unite the two principle articles of puerile apparel, than they begin to pant for virile habiliments. Their choler is roused if they are denied a choker or a stand-up-dickey. They sport canes. Their young lips are not innocent of dams and short-sixes, and they imitate the vulgarity and conceit of the young men of the present day so successfully that you find it hard to believe that they are mere children. Since this period of death in the boy market set in, of course the genuine article has become more precious. We recall with earnest regret the days of olden time, when boyhood had its marked, genuine and definite characteristics, and when the simplicity, sincerity and sparkling vigor of early life was the precursor of magnanimous, energetic and useful manhood.

CHILDREN IN JAPAN.—A Japanese Missionary, in the Sabbath School Star, speaking of the Japanese children, says: "During more than half a year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hills, and no amount of intertangled strings, or kites lodged in the trees, provoked angry words or impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jackstones and marbles under the shaded gateways of the temples, but have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom heard or seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, far more than any other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe-black eyes, and ruddy brown faces with pleasure. I have played battledore with the little maidens in the streets, and flown kites with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they have brought me shells from the ocean and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American boy would do. We have hunted the fox holes together, and looked for the green and

golden ducks among the hedges. They have laughed at my broken Japanese, and taught me better; and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Nippon!"

A NORWEGIAN DANCE.—Round the musician the young men and maidens formed a ring and began to dance. There was little talking, and that little was an undertone. They went to work with the utmost gravity and decorum. Scarcely a laugh was heard—nothing approaching to a shout during the whole night—nevertheless, they enjoyed themselves thoroughly; I have no doubt whatever of that. The nature of their dances was somewhat incomprehensible. It seemed as if the chief object of the young men was to exhibit their agility by every species of impromptu bound and fling of which the human frame is capable, including the rather desperate feat of dashing themselves flat upon the ground. The principle care of the girls seemed to be to keep out of the way of the men, and avoid being killed by a frantic kick or felled by a random blow. But the desperate features in each dance did not appear at first. The men began by seizing his partner's hand and dragging her round the circle, ever and anon twirling her around violently with one arm, in order, as it appeared to me, to save her from an untimely end. To this treatment the fair damsels submitted with pleased though bashful looks. But soon the men flung them off, and went at it entirely on their own account; yet they kept up a sort of revolving course round their partners, like satellites round their separate suns. Presently the satellites assumed some of the characteristics of the comet. They rushed about the circle in wild, erratic course; they leaped into the air; and while in that position slapped the soles of their feet with both hands. Should any one deem this an easy feat, let him try it. Then they became a little more sane, and a waltz, or something like it, was got up. It was really pretty, and some of the movements were graceful; but the wild spirit of the glens re-entered the men rather suddenly. The females were expelled from the ring altogether, and the youths braced themselves for a little really heavy work; they flung and hurled themselves about like maniacs, stood on their heads and walked on their hands—in short, became a company of acrobats, yet always kept up a sympathetic feeling for time with the music.

GLACIAL MUMMIES.—In the year 1844, a man of the commune of Passy, situated between Chamounix and salanches, went on a pilgrimage of devotion to the celebrated hospice of St. Bernard. He accomplished his journey, paid his devotion to the perilous shrine, and returned by the mountain road to Martigny, where he purchased, at the fair then holding there, a large roll of cloth, which he intended to smuggle into Savoy, then belonging to Sardinia, while Martigny was, as now, in the canton of Valais, in Switzerland. But the pilgrim of St. Bernard never reached his home in Passy. His wife mourned his absence, the villagers wondered for a few days, and gradually, as years glided along, he was comparatively forgotten, and his memory began to be lost in obscurity. During the last week of August, 1863, however, a hunter crossing the Glacier de Buet, while leaping a crevasse, had his attention attracted by a dark object below, and peering down into the chasm, he saw beneath a transparent sheet of pale blue ice, a human form laid as in an icy sarcophagus! The features were ruddy and natural, though, in horrid contrast to this, were the eyeless sockets, whence the eyes had fallen away. The astonished hunter hastened to inform the village authorities of Chamounix of his discovery; and on extricating the body, it was readily recognized as that of the long lost merchant of Passy, and more certainly identified by the roll of cloth bought 19 years before at the Martigny fair, and which was lying near the glacier-preserved corpse. It was evident that the smuggling mountaineer, in trying to avoid the frontier authorities and regain his home by circuitous Alpine passes, had fallen into some crevasse, and the slow motion of the great glacier had gradually brought the lifeless, frozen body down the slope of Mont Blanc, to the point where it was discovered.

DICKENS AND "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."—London Correspondence of date 14th May, to the New York Tribune, says:

I told you in my last what Dickens gets for *Our Mutual Friend* from his publishers. These gentlemen obtain £5 each for the 30 pages of advertisements stitched in the first number, with extra prices for those on the cover. I hear from good authority that the story is to embody much of those extraordinary developments of fraud and villainy known to the public as the Roupell case. Dickens was acquainted with the son during his dazzling, flashy career, and is said to have been "prospecting," earnestly, in the neighborhood where the paternal scoundrel lived and laid the foundation of his wickedly-acquired wealth. What a subject for him! The reception of stolen goods on a scale to which Fagan's was as nothing; a "melting pot" always ready, incitement to crime, forgery on forgery, profligacy, extravagance, a mesh of intertangled villainy which the law has only partially unraveled—here be materials for a "sensational novel" indeed! Dickens can no more help drawing from life than an artist—or caricaturist. Has it occurred to anybody that to his early legal training may be owing his way of going into a subject?