

Correspondence.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE KOLAPOOR MISSION CHAPEL.

CHAPEL NO. 1, NOW A MUSSELMAN MOSQUE.

The Kolapoor Mission was commenced by direction of Rev. R. Anderson, Foreign Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., in December, 1852. Obligated to hold all our preaching services in low, hot school-rooms, the temple courts, or open streets, greatly needing a chapel, and failing to obtain permission to build at the expense of the Board, we purchased a site and built Chapel No. 1, wholly at our personal expense, with the exception of Rs. 100 given by three friends for this special purpose. Its dimensions on the ground were 65 feet by 36 feet. It was built economically, much labor being done upon it with our own hands. Its completion was a matter of great joy and thankfulness. The deputation of the A. B. C. F. M., visiting India in 1854-5, learning how economically this chapel had been built, authorized its expense to be charged to the Board. Thereupon, the mere expense of building it, viz: Rs. 798, and also Rs. 144 expended in building a school-house, at the same time, by the side of it—in all Rs. 942, were charged in account with the Board.

In 1857, failure of health constrained us, very reluctantly, to leave the mission for a time, and visit America. While there, the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. abandoned the Kolapoor Mission, and severed our own connection with the Board.

In January, 1861, the political agent at Kolapoor was led to propose to Rev. W. Wood, of Satara, in whose care Dr. Anderson had placed the Board's property at Kolapoor, to sell the chapel and school-house as decayed buildings. After correspondence, the entire property—chapel, school-house, sites, and chapel-furniture—was sold for the paltry sum of two hundred and seventy-four and a half rupees.

When we reached Kolapoor, some six months after the sale, we found our beautiful chapel, where we used to preach Christ and him crucified, transformed into a Mohammedan Mosque for the worship of the false prophet. Our lamentations were inexpressible, but what could we do?

At Satara, on our way to Kolapoor, we had appealed to Brother Wood. "How could you let such a beautiful chapel—such valuable mission property—be sold, and for such a trifle?"

In Kolapoor, we appealed to the political agent and his assistant, the latter of whom had been most active in effecting the sale. Both professed profound regret. Would have kept the building for us had they only known we were coming back.

Mr. W.—"But did not our old teachers, native friends, and all here, assure you we were coming back? Did not even Mr. Wood tell you we were coming back?"

Political.—"O, yes, he did in his first official letter; but he afterwards wrote that you were not coming, and the property must be sold."

Mr. W.—"But did you not propose to sell them as decayed buildings?"

Political.—"Yes, we did. But when Mr. Wood wrote that you were coming back we deferred the sale."

Mr. W.—"And yet, to say nothing of the very slight injury to the chapel—only two rafters loose at the ridge—there is the school-house, as sound now as the day we built it. How could you sell that as a decayed building? And the sites—do sites ever decay?"

Political.—(Biting their lips.) "Aye, but Mr. Wood said the whole property must be sold, sites and all."

But all interviews end with little satisfaction. Major Grey, the magistrate and a disinterested person, says: "Mr. Wilder, you ought to bring a civil suit. The case is a clear one. You can recover the sites and full damages." A sense of justice says the same. Prudence whispers, the influence of the political agent is all-powerful over king and chiefs, native durbar, and all subordinate officials. If he is worsted in a civil suit, may he not bring still more serious trouble on the mission?

Forbearance says, Had you not better suffer the wrong, cruel as it is, and try to overcome evil with good?

The political agent offers to give a new site, and directs his assistant to ascertain what place we can have. The civil suit is held in abeyance.

After long delay the assistant political sends us a list of half a dozen sites from which to choose. We visit them in detail. All are outside of the city. One, a half mile out in one direction—another in the opposite direction—all in the midst of nuisances—no one of them an acceptable gift, even with a chapel ready built upon it. The words and bearing of the assistant political agent soon convince us that the mission itself is to be treated as a nuisance. I venture to suggest that if he and the political agent really wish to help the mission, there is an eligible site adjoining our former one, and owned by a native who is quite willing to sell it. The assistant political peremptorily declares it cannot be had—that the King himself has appropriated it for a special purpose. I know this is false, but fear a hint from him to the native official will make it true.

We cease all inquiries—wait and pray. In the course of a year, the assis-

tant political agent is removed from Kolapoor—promoted to a higher office, with much joy to him, and not less to us. We find an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the native who owns the desired site, said by the political assistant to have been appropriated by the King—and the statement false, as we had supposed—quietly negotiate—the contract is duly signed, sealed, and delivered, and the purchase money paid on the spot. And here beginneth

CHAPEL NO. II.

Our purchase of this new site soon becomes known, and our Moslem neighbors in possession of chapel No. 1, now a mosque, manifest their indignation with no little energy. They besiege the native Government with petitions, praying for an interdict against the missionary's building a Christian temple so near them. The King wisely declines any interference. They appeal to the British Government through the political agent who sold them chapel No. 1. His reference comes to us. We meet it by simply urging equal toleration to Hindus, Christians, and Moslem, claiming truest friendship for them and for all, and suggesting, if they do not reciprocate our friendly feelings, let them restore us the site which we still own, and seek another site more remote from us. Whether this correspondence was ever handed up to higher authorities we know not, but venture to doubt it.

THE NEW CHAPEL COMMENCED.

In Nov. 1863, two years from the re-establishment of our mission, we commenced our new chapel. Only a few donations are in hand for this special purpose, but believing God will incline Christian hearts to help us, we take down the old native shops, and begin the work. We have to dig down sixteen feet for rock foundation. Wages and materials are two and three times as costly as when we built before—our Moslem neighbors renew their opposition, get our work stopped again and again by Government order, and show a measure of anger which makes dear wife fear for my life. Subordinate native officials are in sympathy with them—forcibly take away our carts and workmen, and when remonstrated with venture to hint that the supreme Government sold our former chapel, and is unfriendly to our mission.

But the Lord is with us. A few workmen stand by us, and we put our own hands to the work some hours every day. The stone walls rise slowly and are near completion, when the destructive monsoon rains begin to threaten. All efforts to obtain the heavy timbers necessary for tie-beams, prove unavailing. We write letters and search the country for eighty miles around—in vain. No suitable timber can be found.

HELP FROM THE HEATHEN KING.

In this emergency, the King lets us have the timber from his own private stores—a kindness in a heathen prince worthy of our warmest thanks and of this permanent record. We insisted on paying for it, but he took only about one-third of its market value.

The rains were beginning to fall, but the work went on. Nearly every nail in the roof was driven with our own hand, and the walls were covered in and saved.

To this point, special donations for building this chapel came just as needed. The heavy expense for roofing materials exhausted all our funds, and for a few months the work was nearly suspended. But donations soon came, the building was finished, and in August, 1865, we dedicated it to the worship of the true God.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PUGILIST—GROWING AUDIENCE.

At our dedicatory service, we were gratified to find that the opposition and bitterness of our Moslem neighbors had so far yielded to a firm and conciliatory course, that they came in and formed part of our audience. The chief owner of the mosque is a famous pugilist—the tallest, largest, and strongest man I have seen in India. At this first service he walked in and took a prominent seat near my right hand, and has been present at every service but one, from that time to this. Our audience has increased from 100 to 250. Our chapel stands in a densely-populated part of this heathen city, the only Christian temple amidst these 252 idol shrines—the only building consecrated to the worship of the true God within seventy miles of us. Its comely form is a standing invitation to all to come and worship the living God. Its very presence preaches daily and hourly to these thousands of idolaters, and its theme is ever Christ and the Resurrection.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." To Him be all the glory. May He accept this house and make it a Bethel—the birth-place of many precious souls. In the service of the Gospel, R. G. WILDER.

"WANT ANY HELP?"

A man trudging along the street, carrying a heavy basket, was thus saluted by a comrade who came up behind him and grasped the handle of the basket. The cheery words caught my ear as I passed, and I thought how much happier this world would be if every man, woman, and child in it had words like these on the tongue and in the heart! The poorest, the feeblest, the most hardened in their own souls, could offer, or express a desire to help, to somebody. If for one day we should by word and action heartily say to those around us, as far as we have opportu-

nity, "want any help from me?" that day would be long remembered as one of happiness and comfort to ourselves.

Let the sorrowful, heavy-laden heart, weary of its own burden and of the world, take home to itself this thought. Let it arise and look around to see if there is not some one to whom the strengthening, cheering word can go forth, "want any help?" Then let it give what help and comfort it can to that one, and its own burden will surely weigh less heavily, and its sorrow seem less keen. Fellow-Christians, let this question go from heart to heart, and from life to life, and our religion will be more fruitful and more blessed to ourselves and to those around us. Then shall we "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." X.

ESTABLISHED CHRISTIANS NEED RECONSTRUCTION.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

I recently heard in Elmira, N. Y., of a young man not far from there, who was present at meetings where the Holy Spirit was leading many to feel their lost condition, and to accept of Christ. He yielded to the gentle influences of the Spirit, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved, and could exclaim with Isaiah, "Behold God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord, Jehovah, is my strength and my song."

Returning to his home some miles from the place where he learned to "rejoice in the Lord," he could but speak of the things which he had seen and heard. His whole time was spent in telling others of his new found joys, urging them to "come to Jesus just now," or in singing the hymns which he learned to love.

His father, who was a professor of religion, though I fear but a boarder in Christ's family, began to think him "righteous over-much," and so told him he must not get so much excited about "solemn and serious matters;" "we must not make so much noise, causing sacred things to appear so common." The son ventured to ask, "Father, why don't older Christians always feel just as I do, and talk to every body about what Jesus has done for them, and urge them to love and trust him; I don't see how they can help being happy and singing hymns of praise." The laconic answer he received was "Because we are established."

A few weeks after, they both went into the wood to get a load of wood with the horse and wagon. After the wood was cut and placed upon the wagon, the horse was bidden to go, but not an inch would he move; he obstinately resisted all progressive movements. Their "moral suasion" had no influence; the whip was vigorously applied, but still he would not stir from his tracks. They put their shoulders to the wheel, and could almost have pushed the loaded wagon home, if the obstinate horse had been out of the way, but there he stood. He made "no noise," he did not kick, only he would not go. It was past noon. At length hungry, and tired, and out of all manner of patience, the father exclaimed, "What shall we do with this horse? What shall we do with him?" The only answer he received was, "Father I think he is established."

I wonder if any of the readers of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN are "established Christians?" Now it is well to be "established," but it is very important as to the manner in which we are "established." Are not earnest pastors often held back from vigorous efforts for the conversion of sinners by some obstinate established Christians who say, "There is not sufficient interest to warrant an effort," instead of asking, as I once heard a minister ask, "is there not sufficient deadness to warrant more determined effort?" The readers of such an excellent paper ought to be "established in the faith" that God answers prayers, and blesses humble, earnest, persistent effort for the salvation of the perishing.

Churches thus established it will be said of them, "and they increased in number daily." (Acts xvi.5.)

Do not many of our churches need "reconstruction?" I have just received from Towanda, Pa., a most interesting letter from one who seems to think he has been most decidedly "reconstructed" by a power more than human. I venture to insert it in full. This gentleman is one of high standing, a graduate of Gettysburg College, Pa. Should he chance to find his letter in print he will be surprised, but I doubt not it will do good. A fervent prayer goes with it that God may use it to lead many to heed the apostolic admonition, "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee." (2 Timothy i. 6.)

EXPERIENCE OF A "RECONSTRUCTED" CHRISTIAN.

TOWANDA, Pa., Feb. 23, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—I heard you requesting letters from young converts, relating to their experience.

I volunteer to give you the experience of a reconstructed Christian, to use an expression of the day. I believe it is just twenty-nine years since I embarked on the river of Salvation, and I am now forty-six years old. I fear my religion has been a selfish one, for I have not the comfort of being able to recall to my mind a single instance, until lately, when I ever said to any one, "Come with me to Jesus." I have been paddling my own canoe up the stream, and the current has been very strong, and it was often hard work, especially because I depended too much on myself, instead of calling for help on Him who was stronger than I. Sometimes I have fallen asleep for long

intervals, and, of course, floated down stream. Sometimes I have spent precious days and years in fishing for "the meat that perisheth," and did little or no rowing. I caught very few fish and those very small ones, and meantime lost ground terribly. Still I thank God, my boat has, I think, all this time been kept with its bow pointing up the stream. No thanks to myself for that. It was evident there was an unseen hand at the helm.

But there is one thing I especially reproach myself with, namely: that I never considered it my duty to take any passengers on board with me. I thought it was enough for me to do my own paddling, and that the carrying of passengers belong to (clergyman) the captains of the steamboats commonly called churches. I saw any number of poor sinners standing on the banks on both sides of the river of Salvation, who had not even got afloat; but I believe I never made a single landing to invite any of them to get aboard. This has been a fatal neglect on my part. I need not tell you there was no danger of overloading or swamping the craft, for it was a life-boat, and, strange to say, the more passengers there are on board, the lighter is the draft of water, the greater is the speed, and the easier is the labor of rowing.

I shall never forget that evening in the first children's meeting at Towanda, when you, a stranger to me, took hold of both of my shoulders and gave me a good shaking, (like I have seen a big mastiff do with a sleepy little terrier), and you said to me, "My dear sir, you are a professing Christian, why don't you go to work and talk to some of these children who are seeking Jesus?" My friend, I thank you heartily for that shaking you gave me. I trust that in this respect I have been "reconstructed" so far as the desire and willingness to help others is concerned, and God has enabled me to go ashore several times since for this purpose. I am now on my way to Canton, and last night I tied up my little boat at Le Roy, and with our friends—and invited passengers on board, and thank God, some of them got up and took the first step toward the life-boat. I hope some of them got in, and that all may row up to the Head Waters where stands the city of the New Jerusalem.

God give us all true Christian humility to bear in mind that the work is his not ours.

Row on, my dear brother, row on, for it is not you but God that worketh in you. Yours in the faith that saves.

OUR FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS, D.D.

Nothing, to my own mind, is more humiliating than the fact that the myriads of innocent creatures below us, suffer for our sin, the innocent for the guilty. This, too, is a law in the world's fallen state, beginning with the creatures that labor and die for us; opening up, and culminating in the suffering of Jesus for the sin of the world. And in this view the creatures are associated with the Son of God; both die for man's redemption,—they as types, he as the true atonement.

And this leads us upward still farther in the scale of the great law, and we find that God submits to it. We meet a difficulty, indeed, when we touch on a theme like this. We are not to believe that any thing can disturb the eternal blessedness of God; and yet we are taught that God feels. He that formed the eye, shall not he see? He that planted the ear, shall not he hear? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not know? and may we not add, he that giveth man sensibility, shall not he feel? He so represents himself. When about to destroy mankind with a flood he said, it grieved him to his heart that he had made man. This language may be a vivid figure, but it is not without meaning. It cannot signify less than this: that there is in God that kind of emotion which answers to grief and sorrow in us. We may grieve the Holy Spirit of God. We may do that which shall injure his tenderness, his compassion towards us. God has the feelings of a Father, and must have felt what we cannot know, nor describe, in the giving of his Son to death. He is, has, and must entertain feelings of disapprobation towards sin, and an infinite desire to put an end to sin, and to save sinners from the evil of it. In giving his Son therefore to a sacrifice of pain and ignominy for the satisfaction of justice, there must have been a trial of parental love—a struggle and a soreness,—which, though not interfering with his eternal blessedness, was deep, pervading, and unutterable.

It is then an interesting view of this law, that the Almighty himself has condescended to submit to it; and so it sweeps on in its fearful, yet in a moral view, glorious course, from the throne of the Godhead to the most distant and feeble of earth's little children. And this is the law of perfection in the moral universe. Christ, the captain of salvation, is "made perfect through sufferings;" not made better, not made holier, but fitted to be our Saviour. In him this perfection is not an ascent to nobler life, but a descent of the infinite to man; an acquaintance by sympathy, and by experiment, with man's nature, ruin, and wants. And not only is he made perfect by sufferings, but the government and economy of God, which sin had invaded, are made perfect also; for justice is satisfied; God is vindicated; an obedience is rendered to law equal to its utmost claim, and mercy is made to flow abroad freely and forever. Then this suffering of the Redeemer, and of the Father himself, by sympathy and relationship, makes a powerful appeal to the human heart. Once felt and understood, it subdues the soul's obduracy, melts it into penitence and love.

Christ has consecrated the path of suffering for his church. It is enough that the disciple be as his master. We are to grow up into him who is the head in all things, and we grow by suffering. The vine, the tree grows better if it be pruned. As members of his body, we fill up in ourselves the measure of his sufferings. It is the law of Christianity. We must suffer with Christ, and having suffered, we shall be glorified together with him. Then it will be enough that we are as our master.

The martyr called to die for his religion suffers with Christ; the man who loses his property, his reputation, his office on account of his faith, suffers with Christ; the child persecuted by his parents for his fidelity to conscience suffers with Christ; Christian parents from whose arms the little cherub is removed by the great Father to win them from the world and save them from idolatry, bowing to the band that smites and patiently accepting the trial, suffer with Christ; the minister of God laboring in poverty, in weakness and affliction, to save souls and help believers on their way to heaven, suffers with Christ; the tempted soul, resisting evil, girding itself against sin, and hurling the tempter behind him, maintaining a long and fiery warfare with unlawful affections, fighting on his knees against the law of the flesh, suffers with Christ; the young man who breaks from the fascinations of the theatre, and the ball-room, who resists the sparkling cup, turns aside from the pomp and pageantry of life, to walk humbly with God, to go about doing good, in lowly, dark, and forbidding haunts, exposed to dangers and disease, suffers with Christ.

And this suffering sanctifies, it terminates in victory. It makes your heart great, your life sublime. You shall be "knighted on the field," as one of God's heroes.

LETTER FROM A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT IN THE SOUTH.

"If you wish to worship with a loyal people where prayer is offered for the Government, you will," said my friend, "have to attend the colored church." "That is where I wish to go," I replied, "for so long as the soul is not stained with treason, I do not mind the color." I went and was profited by the simple fervent utterances of the preacher. A year ago he was a slave. "When my mistress got married," said he, "she told me, 'God has given you to me to be my slave;' but, we never thought that God was the author of oppression. We believed that God would set us free and He has done it; to Him be all the praise!"

It was my good fortune to meet here Col. Whittlesey, chief of the Freedmen's Bureau for this State, who is the right man in the right place, being both clergyman and soldier. He is thus qualified to administer military law and preach the Gospel of peace. Col. Whittlesey informs me, there are now ten thousand children in the Freedmen's schools of the State, and the number steadily increasing.

But one school in the State is sustained by Southern people. It is astonishing that a civilized people should disapprove the education of the Freedmen. Yet such is the fact. It is painful to witness the opposition to the Freedmen's Bureau on the part of the South. Its agents are ostracized. The teachers in the Freedmen's schools are excluded from society, and would be driven out of the country and the schools closed, were it not for the protection of the military.

Last December, two young ladies came into this State under the direction of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Aid Society to teach the Freedmen. Protected by the Bureau, they were enabled to establish a large and flourishing school. Not long ago a scurrilous article appeared in one of the papers published in this State, concerning these ladies—denominating them the scum of the earth, and disreputable characters. The officer in command, seeing the article, demanded an apology, which was refused. The author was then arrested and offered hand-cuffs and a felon's prison, or liberty, by making an unqualified recantation. He chose the latter, and is now at large and quiescent, having a wholesome regard for military laws.

It is folly to talk of pacifying these malcontents; they respect might, but not right, and until this class are brought to a better mind, there will be no peace without the protection of the military.

That there are loyal men in this State I do not doubt, but so weak are they in influence and number, that to stem public opinion unaided by the United States authorities would be impossible.

The success of the Freedmen's schools is surprising. Children learn to read in one month. In many of the Sabbath-schools there are already libraries, and to witness their delight on receiving a book, would convince the most skeptical that they hunger and thirst after knowledge. The good which the Christian teachers of the North are doing for the Freedmen cannot be estimated. God's holy word, heretofore a sealed book to this despised race, is being unsealed and light is already breaking over these Southern lands. Will the North take one step backwards? Withdraw the military and Freedmen's Bureau, and the heritage of liberty that the Freedmen now enjoy, will sink into darkness and destruction. E. H. H., Feb., 1866.

A SIX O'CLOCK morning prayer-meeting is held in Cohocksink Church, in this city.

THOUGHTS ON HUMILITY.

When we speak of a person as becoming humble, or as humbling himself before God, we mean, not that he views himself as worse than all others around him, or as bad as he himself can be, but that before God he is guilty, is deserving of punishment, and, therefore, is bound to humble himself.

There is a humility which every creature ought to cherish before his Maker, which is a proper expression of his obligations to his Creator, for his existence and all the blessings connected with it, and of his unceasing dependence upon God for the continuance of life and all things.

Our natural ignorance, too, will make us humble, just as we advance in all kinds of knowledge. The more we find out and add to our knowledge, the more humble we will become. The more we know, the more we see of what remains unknown.

"Let that circle," said Dr. Chalmers—having drawn a circle on a board, as an illustration—"represent the extent or compass of a man's knowledge—the region of light which he has conquered and made his own out of the surrounding darkness. Each point in this circumference represents a question about that which is beyond and without, to which the man finds he can give no answer. Enlarge the circle, and you multiply the number of such points. The more, therefore, the man enlarges his circle of light, he sees but the more of the darkness that lies all around. The wider the diameter of light, the larger the circumference of darkness."

Those who are humble, then, are stripped of all inordinate self-esteem, and take their proper places as creatures in the presence of God.

But there is a deeper humility, if I may so express it, which is needful for a sinful being in the presence of his offended Sovereign and Judge. We are sinners, and, therefore, as sinners, we must humble ourselves before Him against whom we have sinned. The depth of this humility will be in proportion to the clearness of the views which we have of the infinite and immaculate holiness of God.

It should never be forgotten, that those who are humble before God, will not be proud before man. Instead of pride and haughtiness, they will be meek and courteous, and manifest respect and kindness to all. J. R.

THE WAY THE UNION WAS SAVED.

We doubt whether it is possible to settle the difference between the President and Congress by a coup de main. The problem cannot be solved by gun-firing and mass-meetings. And we feel bound to say that we think the attempts which have been made, and in which we were sorry to see Mr. Seward participating, to snare a judgment on the President's action by getting up imposing demonstrations, before the veto message had been fairly read by the public, and to denounce and belittle the majority in Congress before they had time to make themselves heard, is not only not credible, but is so very transparent that it is sure to miss its mark. Public opinion cannot be carried in this way by assault. The people have heard of the Freedmen's Bureau bill before now, are tolerably familiar with all that can be said both for and against it, and are hardly likely to be beguiled in one night into believing that Congress is mostly composed of reckless fanatics bent on destroying the Union or nullifying the Constitution. We cannot help considering, therefore, the way in which the President and his organs have permitted themselves to speak of them, as at least highly unbecoming.

We have great respect for Mr. Johnson's honesty and ability, if not for his temper and taste, but we have yet to learn that he has absorbed so much of the wisdom and patriotism of the country that there is little or none left in the other branches of the Government. Thaddeus Stevens, and Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips may be very unsafe guides, but if they were traitors of the deepest dye, they are only three. It will be something new to the country to learn that the Union has no friends left in Washington except Mr. Johnson and his friends and the small band of Copperheads in both the House and Senate who have passed the last five years in pleasant little efforts to have the Confederacy recognized. And we must say that, with the fullest appreciation of the faults and shortcomings of both Messrs. Sumner and Stevens, it causes in us a novel sensation to hear them denounced as traitors by Wade Hampton and waiting to clasp him to his political bosom.

If it be indeed true that the majority of both Houses of Congress are at this moment bent on destroying the Union, as the President and his orators would have the country believe, we advise him not to give himself much trouble about the Government, for nothing that he can do will save it; and, in fact, it would be a pity to have it saved, for the whole concern must be very rotten and worthless. When Congress sinks so low as this, even Andrew Johnson may well give up the task of mending the state as hopeless.

Mr. Seward's despatch, announcing that the President's speech is triumphant, and the country happy, and the Union safe, will always remain amongst the curiosities of telegraphic literature. Mr. Seward was, we believe, in New York on the day when he made this pleasing discovery, and we presume the basement of the Cooper Institute was the scene of this great salvation. When we consider, too, that the process must have consisted simply in the appearance of two or three gentlemen of high character and great talent like himself, and the delivery by each of one of a speech of ordinary dimensions and ability to a promiscuous assembly of excited citizens, it is clear that the nation need never again despair, no matter how bad a scrape it gets into. The reconstruction problem has always hitherto been spoken of as one of extraordinary difficulty, but it is a great pity we should have racked our brains over it so much, when its solution is, after all, so simple, and then, too, the facility with which the country has not only been "saved," but made "happy;" must furnish abundant matter for cheering reflections to every lover of his kind. The only drawback on this exhilarating state of things is that it shows that the days of state-manship are over. What the means have been discovered of settling the most tremendous questions by which a country was ever agitated, and making a great people "happy," in two hours' talking to a large crowd in a large hall, it is clear that we have seen the last of the great craft. If any people sit down in misery hereafter, which has an orator at hand, and the means of hiring a room, it will certainly meet with little pity, and will deserve less.—The Nation.