

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE BRIDAL.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,  
As our friend to the bride we hurried;  
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,  
As the bridegroom went to be married.  
We married him quickly to save his fright,  
Our heads from the end of the night turning;  
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,  
To think that he was not more discerning.  
To think that a bachelor free and bright,  
And shy of the sex as we found him,  
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,  
Be caught in the snare that bound him.  
Few and short were the words we said,  
Though of wine and cake partaking;  
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,  
While his knees were awfully shaking.  
Slowly and sadly we marched him down  
From the first to the last of the story;  
And we never have heard or seen the poor man  
Whom we left alone in his glory.

## Miscellaneous.

### A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two children were playing on a lawn in front of a white cottage. Around the porch and windows climbed roses and honeysuckles. Smooth walks, bordered with flowers, ran through the lawn; and everything about the cottage and grounds had an air of taste and comfort. A little way off, and across the road, stood another cottage; but very different in appearance. The lawn in front was overgrown with weeds, and the walks with coarse grass. The fence that enclosed the lawn was broken in many places, and the gate, held only by the lower hinge, stood half open and awry. No roses or vines hung their green and crimson curtains about the window, or clambered up the porch. The cottage had once been white, white as that before which the children played; but now it was dingy and soiled, and looked forlorn and comfortless.

There was as much difference in the appearance of the children as in the two cottages. One was neatly and cleanly dressed, and had a happy face. The clothes of the other were poor and soiled, and his face had a sober look. One played with a hearty enjoyment, laughing and shouting at times; the other in a quiet and subdued way.

Why this difference between the two cottages and the two children? When just built, the cottages and grounds were alike in size and beauty, and they that dwelt in them alike happy.

It is sorrowful to give the reason. You will know it soon.

"Jim, isn't that your father?" asked the well-dressed boy, as a man appeared coming down the road a little way off. Jim started in a half-started manner, and turned towards the road. He stood very still for a moment or two, looking at the man, and then with a face now red and now very pale, shrank away and laid himself close down upon the grass under some currant bushes, saying as he did so, in a choking voice,

"Don't, Freddy, please, tell him I'm here."

Light and joy went out of Freddy's face also. He understood too well what all this meant.

Staggering down the road came Mr. Harwood, Jim's father. What a sight it was. As he drew nearer, and Freddy Wilson, held to the spot where he was standing as if bound there by a spell, saw his red and swollen face, and heard him muttering and swearing to himself, he shuddered with a feeling of horror.

As Mr. Harwood was passing the gate he saw Freddy and stopped. Freddy began to tremble. His first thought was to run back to the house; but he was a brave little boy, and it went against his feelings to run away from anything. So he did not move.

"Is my boy Jim here?" asked Mr. Harwood, in an angry voice. Some men when drunk are always ill-natured and cruel, and Jim's father was one of these. Seeing Freddy, and knowing that the two boys played much together, he naturally thought of his own son.

Freddy did not answer. He could not tell a lie, and so he said nothing.

"Did you hear me?" growled Mr. Harwood, more angrily.

Still Freddy looked at him and said nothing. He knew that if Jim's father found him there, he would kick and cuff him all the way home. Not that Jim was in any fault, or had disobeyed his father; but Mr. Harwood, as I have said, was full of anger and cruelty when drunk, and took a savage pleasure in abusing his little boy.

Freddy began to feel braver now, because he wished to save Jim from harm. This is usually the way. The moment we forget ourselves, when in danger, and become anxious about others, fear leaves us, and we grow calm and brave.

There was a hole in the inside of the gate near which Freddy was standing. With a stealthy motion, not seen by the drunken man, he slipped this bolt and fastened the gate. It was not done an instant too soon, for Mr. Harwood, growing furious, made a dash towards the boy, and tried to get at him through the gate.

"You young dog!" he cried, "I'll teach you manners! Why don't you answer me? Where's Jim?"

"You'd better go home, sir. I'll tell my father of this." There was a manly firmness in the air of Freddy, and a rebuking tone in his voice, that had their effect upon the drunken man.

"Who cares for your father? I don't!" he replied, moving back a step or two from the gate, muttering and swearing.

"But I say, youngster!" and he came toward Freddy again, with a scowling look on his swollen and disfigured face. "Just answer me one thing. Say yes or no. Is that young scamp of mine here?"

"I don't know any young scamp of yours, Mr. Harwood," replied Freddy. "You don't, hey! Now that's cool for a model young gentleman like Master Wilson. Don't know my Jim!"

"I know your Jim very well," said Freddy. "But he's a good little boy and not a young scamp; and I don't think you are a kind father to call him such an ugly name."

This rebuke was felt by Mr. Harwood, drunk as he was. He could not stand Freddy's clear eyes and steady look. Then away down in his heart, almost covered up and lost, was an old feeling of fatherly pride, and this stirred at the words of praise spoken about Jim. "A good little boy."

The anger went out of Mr. Harwood's face.

"He was a good little boy once," said he, with something so like tenderness in his voice that Jim, who was lying close by, hidden under the currant bushes, listening to every word, sobbed out aloud.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Harwood, leaning forward and looking toward the currant bushes.

But the sound was hushed in a moment. Jim had choked down his feelings.

"He's a good little boy now," said Freddy, speaking in a very firm voice, and not seeming to hear the sob, or the question of Jim's father. A good little boy," he repeated; and added, to make his assertion stronger, "There isn't a better one anywhere about here, if his father does him any wrong, and let him go ragged when he ought to have good clothes like the rest of us."

Mr. Harwood didn't stop to hear anything farther, but turned from the gate toward the poor cottage across the road, walking more steadily than he had done a short time before. Then Freddy went behind the currant bushes where Jim still lay on the ground.

"He's gone," said Freddy.

The pent-up grief of Jim's sad heart could be restrained no longer. He burst out into a wild fit of crying, that continued for several minutes. Freddy said all that he could to comfort his little friend; and when he had grown calm, asked with the sobriety of one who felt in earnest,

"Can't something be done, Jim?"

Jim shook his head in a hopeless way.

"Something ought to be done! I'm sure something could be done if we just knew what it was. Oh! isn't drinking an awful thing?"

"It's the worst thing in the world," said Jim, and it's no wonder he thought so. "When father is sober," he went on, "he's just as kind as he can be; but when he's drunk—oh dear! it's dreadful to think of!"

"Does he get drunk very often?" asked Freddy.

"Now he does. He's drunk 'most all the time. But it wasn't so always. Oh dear!" And Jim's tears ran over his cheeks again. "He used to be so good to us," he sobbed, "and take us out with him sometimes, and buy us nice things. He never does it now. Most all the money he gets is spent at the tavern. But I must run home. Mother is sick, and father is so cross when he's been drinking; and she's weak and can't bear it."

Jim got up from behind the currant bushes and walked toward the gate.

"Aren't you afraid he'll beat you?" he said in a doubtful tone at you about something just now," said Freddy.

"He was sober now; excitement of feeling had cleared his stupid brain. Looking from one to the other of the lads, he could not help noticing the painful contrast; one so clean and well dressed, the other soiled and ragged.

He knitted his brows closely, and sat very still, like one arguing with himself.

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," and he turned toward Mrs. Harwood, "I'm not going to have Jim running about looking like a beggar's child. He's just as good as any of the boys around here, and I'll not have him ashamed to be seen with the best of them."

Jim covered his face with his hands, but could not hide the tears of joy that came trickling through his fingers. His father saw them. Laying his hand on the boy's head, he made this promise, speaking in a solemn voice.

"I will drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee while I live, God being my helper."

"Oh, thank God!" almost wildly exclaimed Jim's mother, dropping upon her knees and clasping her husband's neck. "Oh, thanks be to God!" she repeated. "He will be your helper. In him is all compassion and all strength; but without him our poor resolves are as flux in the fire."

Freddy stood looking on for a little while, greatly moved by what was passing; then he walked quietly to the door, and was going out, when Mr. Harwood called to him, saying,

"Just one word before you go. I'm sorry to say it, but it's in my thought now, and I feel it had better come out. May be I wouldn't say it another time."

Freddy stopped and turned toward Mr. Harwood.

"I'm sorry to say it, Freddy, I am, for you're a nice boy and have always been good to Jim. But you'll think me for it, may be, one of these days."

There was something in Mr. Harwood's manner that sent a feeling of alarm to Freddy's heart. He stood still, waiting, every pulse beat sounding in his ears.

"May be your father's head is stronger than mine was five years ago," said Mr. Harwood, "but I've seen him at the Black Horse too often of late, going on just as I began. It isn't safe, Freddy! It isn't safe! And I don't like to see him there. Look at what I've come to! But there was a time when I could hold my head as high as Mr. Wilson or anybody else in the neighborhood."

Freddy waited to hear no more. It seemed as if night had fallen suddenly on his young spirit, and as if the air would suffocate him. He turned and ran wildly away, such a weight on, and such a pain in his heart that it seemed as if he would die.

Mr. Wilson was coming along the road, and near his own gate when he saw Freddy hurrying across from Mr. Harwood's cottage, his face white as a sheet and strongly agitated.

"My son! What ails you?" he cried, in alarm.

"O father!" It was all Freddy could say, as he stopped before him and looked up with a strange, sad, grieving expression on his countenance.

"I don't believe it!" he cried, after a few moments, bursting into tears and hiding his wet face in his father's hands. "It's all a lie of Mr. Harwood's!"

"Don't believe what?" asked Mr. Wilson, wondering at all this. "A lie of Mr. Harwood's! What has that drunken wretch dared to say?" His voice changed to an angry tone.

"I can't tell you, father. It would choke me. But it's all a lie. Oh, I wish I hadn't said anything about it! But I felt so miserable, and you came right on me."

Mr. Wilson led Freddy within the gate to a seat under one of the trees.

"Now, my son," he said, in a kind, firm voice, "tell me just what Mr. Harwood said."

Freddy then related all about the drunken man coming to the gate, and what had occurred there; and all that he saw and heard when he went home with Jim, even to the warning words of Mr. Harwood.

## THE KENTUCKY MEMBERS.

In reference to the Election Committee of the credentials of the Kentucky representatives, the House acted with common sense. Mr. Bingham said that when a person offers credentials under the great seal of a State he is entitled to admission unless a specific objection were made. Mr. Boutwell took substantially the same ground, and the House ordered the reference, except in the case of one representative who had served in the National army.

Of Mr. James Brooks's eulogy of the loyalty of Kentucky it is enough to say that if every other State had been loyal in the same way the rebellion would have unquestionably succeeded. And it is for that reason especially that when any man presents himself as a representative from Kentucky, and objection is made upon the ground of disloyalty, there should be the most careful inquiry into the facts. There is indeed a presumption against the loyalty of every man who is elected by a great Democratic majority in Kentucky; and the presumption is based upon the fact that Kentucky contributed about as many of her voting class to the rebel army as to ours, and that the rebel sympathizers and soldiers were of the Democratic party. Moreover, the general character of the candidates chosen by that party at the last election is notorious. They were not selected for fidelity to the Union. They were intentionally taken from among those who if not open rebels were acceptable to those who were.

It was in Kentucky as it is in Tennessee. The open, known, conspicuous, devoted friends of the Union, supporters of the war and Congress during and since the war, are upon one side; the opponents of the war, the known rebels and their supporters, those who deny that slavery is abolished, and who openly honor the rebel chiefs and scoff at President Lincoln, are upon the other side, and that is the Democratic. Facts in themselves unimportant like the last become, taken with others, of the utmost significance.

Congress would be lacking in the common sense which every capable man shows in the conduct of his private affairs if in the present situation of the country it did not receive every representative from such a constituency with suspicion. If there were no objection urged from the State itself it would not be indeed wise to act upon a presumption; but if there were distinct charges they should be most rigorously examined.—Harper's Weekly.

## MODERN DICTIONARY.

Water—a clear fluid, once used as a drink.

Honesty—an excellent joke.

Rural Felicity—potatoes and turnips.

Tongue—a little horse that is continually running away.

Dentist—one who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

My Dear—an expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Policeman—a man employed to sleep in the open air.

Burglary—a ludicrous transaction, in which either party thinks he cheated the other.

Doctor—a man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Author—a dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.

Friend—a person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

Editor—a poor wretch who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Wealth—the most respectable quality of men.

Bonnet—the female head-dress for the front seats of the opera.

Equire—everybody, yet nobody; equal to a captain.

Jury—twelve prisoners in a box to try one more at the bar.

State's Evidence—a wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Public Abuse—the mud with which every traveler is spattered on the road to destruction.

Mosley—a beautiful flower that flourishes in secret places.

Lawyer—a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

The Grave—an ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon means to keep out of.

Money—the god of the nineteenth century.

SALT YOUR CHIMNEYS.—In building your chimney, put a quantity of salt in to the mortar with which the intercourses of brick are to be laid, the effect will be that there never will be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed, absorbs moisture every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp falls down the fireplace. Our readers should remember or preserve this little piece of information.

Two men in Davenport, Iowa, claim the same woman as their lawful wife. They have gone to law about it, and the Judge is puzzled as to which man to assign her to. The woman herself does not care particularly which of the two wins—she's sure of having one no matter how the case is decided.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—Ashes of corn-cobs mixed with lard, and applied to the affected part, is said to be a sure cure.

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

No recent event is more striking to those who are familiar with the history of the last thirty-five years than the banquet to Mr. Garrison in London. It is not often that we see the general verdict upon a man so wholly reversed in his lifetime as in this instance. Within less than ten years Mr. Garrison was generally regarded as a fanatic and incendiary, who was seeking a hopeless result by methods sure to ruin his country. It is now perfectly plain that his view of the situation was in the main entirely correct; that slavery was in its nature aggressive, and would destroy liberty upon this continent if it were not itself overthrown. His method was determined by his faith and character. A man of peace, he sought results by reason, and aimed to divide the Union in order to save it. Believing the Constitution constrained the whole country, by returning fugitive slaves to the perpetuity of the most monstrous crime against human nature, he denounced it as a Covenant with Death, and declared that it must be changed or repudiated. The nation has found that the Constitution was pledged as the great authority of slavery and rebellion, and has cleansed it as Mr. Garrison desired.

The long and incessant contest which he waged is the really vital chapter of our later war. His agency in the great revolution, is often, indeed, indignantly questioned. No one man, we are told, is to be credited with the glorious work of national emancipation from the horrible despotism of the slave power. In a certain sense that is plainly true. So Luther alone did not establish Protestantism. James Otis, Patrick Henry, and Sam Adams alone did not make the Revolution. But the relation of Luther to Protestantism, and of Otis and Adams to the Revolution, is not more conspicuous than that of Mr. Garrison to Emancipation in the United States. The moral force which inspires a great reform, the unquenchable tenacity which drives it forward, reside in smaller or larger masses of men; but among them are the few who are the historical types of that moral inspiration and that heroic persistence.

Mr. Garrison relied for the anti-slavery reform upon the moral element. But how many of the party leaders, when slavery had become a distinct political issue, perpetually strove to eliminate consideration, and to regard it as a wholly political or economical question. The logic of Mr. Garrison's position was very troublesome. "If it is said, 'slavery is so hideous a wrong, it is not as bad in South Carolina as it would be in Kansas?'"

"Yes," was the answer; "but we have no authority over it in South Carolina; the Constitution protects it there."

"Very well," replied the Garrisonian logic. "If the Constitution protects a moral character which is sapping the character of the country, strengthening itself and reducing our power of resistance, what must be the inevitable result?"

"Oh, we'll hit it in by free territory." But it will not yield without a blow, and every day we are morally weaker. It will choose its own time to strike.

"Oh! I guess not."

The guessing did not prevent the shot at the Star of the West; and the natural fruit of guessing was the stupefaction of incredulity that followed. "Thank Heaven that vanished, like a thick, smouldering smoke suddenly flashing into a flame! but the long and tremendous struggle that followed only showed how deep and radical the power of slavery had become."

The war ended, and at the age of sixty Mr. Garrison saw the great work of his life accomplished. Quietly withdrawing from the society over which he had so long presided, he knew that the work which remained was the work of one of the great political parties in the country, and not of a special association. Yet he went into it, and in retirement and ill health cheerfully devoted himself to work. But certain gentlemen who appreciated the devotion of his life to an object which must be an endless benefit to the country, resolved to save his later years from care, and a subscription has been begun, intended only to reach the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars. Thirty thousand of it were presented to Mr. Garrison upon the steamer when he lately sailed from Boston, and he sincerely hopes the rest will await him upon his return. Meanwhile in England John Bright presides at the banquet in his honor, and the Duke of Argyll and Earl Russell lend their honoring voices. We are sorry that Mr. Adams, in the reserved and cautious letter which he is reported to have sent, did not represent his country. He has been so long away, however, that he may be pardoned for not fully comprehending the marvelous change of the time. Slavery is abolished; the Constitution forbids it; the slaves are citizens, and will soon be voters. They will honor many names among their white fellows. But the two which will pass into the fond and pious tradition of their race will be the names of Abraham Lincoln and William Lloyd Garrison.—Harper's Weekly.

APPLICATION FOR PROCESS.—In the Supreme Court at Harrisburg, Penna., Attorney General Brewster has applied for a process against the Gettysburg Asylum for invalid soldiers, to prohibit the scheme of lotteries of gifts established by that corporation.

Two hours reading of a good newspaper, is as profitable as six hours work out of twelve. The farmer and the produce dealer equally should understand the markets. Sometimes to know a thing is the same as to earn \$100.

## RECONSTRUCTION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 12, 1867. In reply to a resolution of the 3d inst., calling for copies of all instructions, orders and correspondence relating to or connected with the execution and administration of the act entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," and the act supplementary thereto, the Secretary of War to-day sent to the House a mass of papers containing the information required. It appears that on the 22d of May a circular was transmitted to the several district commanders, signed by Secretary Stanton, and addressed to General Grant.

It is as follows:

CIRCULAR OF INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MILITARY COMMANDERS.

General: Recent occurrences in some of the Military Districts indicate a necessity of great vigilance on the part of Military Commanders, to be prepared for the prevention and prompt suppression of riots and breaches of the public peace, especially in towns and cities; and they should have their forces on hand and posted on all occasions when disturbances may be apprehended as to promptly check and, if possible, to prevent outbreaks and violence, endangering public or individual safety. You will therefore call the attention of commanders of Military Districts, as directed, to this subject, and they are requested to issue such precautionary orders as may be found necessary for the purpose indicated.

General Grant's endorsement on this order is as follows:

The above conveys all the instructions deemed necessary, and will be acted on by district commanders making special reports of precautionary orders issued by them, to prevent the recurrence of mobs or other unlawful violence.

The papers embrace a large amount of correspondence, orders, etc., most of which have already been published. We give such of them as have not yet met the public eye.

GEN. GRANT TO GEN. SHERIDAN, JUNE 7.

General: I see a dispatch from Washington announcing that the Secretary of War and myself favor a reprimand of your action in removing the Governor of Louisiana. I was not even in the city at the time. There is not one word of truth in the story.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT, General.

GEN. SHERIDAN TO GEN. GRANT, JUNE 8.

Gov. Flanders assumed the duties of office to-day. He is a man of integrity and ability, and I now feel as though I were relieved of half my duties. As it has been heretofore there was no security, and I feel, as the people of the whole State feel, that we have got rid of an unprincipled Governor and a set of disreputable tricksters, which he had about him. Nothing will answer here but a bold and strong course, and in taking it I am supported unanimously by every class and party.

[Signed] P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

GEN. SHERIDAN TO GEN. GRANT, JULY 7.

The result of Mr. Stanbery's opinion is now beginning to show itself by a defiant opposition to all acts of the military commanders, by impeding and rendering helpless the civil officers acting under his appointment. For instance: The Mayor of this city notifies me that one and a quarter million of illegal scrip has been issued by the Comptroller of the Treasury. The Common Council refuses to investigate to ascertain the facts. The City Attorney refuses to sue out an injunction to stop the issue. I fear the change which the opinion will make if carried out, is but little understood.

Every civil officer in this State will administer justice according to his own view. Many of them, denouncing the military bill as unconstitutional, will throw every impediment in the way of its execution, and they may go to worse unless the embarrassing condition of affairs is settled by permitting me to go on in my past course, which was endorsed by all the people except those distracted, misled, most of whom are office holders or desire to be such.

[Signed] P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

GEN. SHERIDAN TO GEN. GRANT, JUNE 28.

I am in receipt of a communication from the Adjutant General's Department, dated 20th of June, in reference to registration. I am at a loss to know whether it is an order or not. The form and phraseology is not that of an order, but I may be mistaken, and ask for information whether I am to regard it as an order.

[Signed] P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

GEN. GRANT TO GEN. SHERIDAN, JUNE 28.

Your dispatch of yesterday received. Enforce your construction of the military bill until ordered to do otherwise. The opinion of the Attorney General has not been distributed to district commanders in language or manner entitling it to the force of an order, nor can I suppose that the President intended it to have such force.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT, General.

GEN. GRANT TO GEN. SHERIDAN, JUNE 29.

I think it advisable for you to extend the time for registration in Louisiana until the 10th of July throughout the State. The President will have returned before that, and decide as to the further extension.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT, General.

GEN. SHERIDAN TO GEN. GRANT, JUNE 29.

The registration in the State of Louisiana will be continued in obedience to the orders of the President, unless I receive

further orders from him to the contrary. [Signed] P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

GEN. SHERIDAN TO GEN. GRANT, JULY 2.

I did not get your dispatch of June 29th until to-day. It was mislaid in the Washington office. I had already ordered the extension in the State, except the parish of Orleans, until the 15th of July; and after receipt of your letter of the 24th, the extension was made indefinite. The boards have now nothing to do in this city, and in most of the parishes.

[Signed] P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

## MAXIMILIAN.

The French and Austrian empire in Mexico has come to the end which was inevitable from the morning at Appomattox Court House. Louis Napoleon's sublime design of advancing the fortunes of the Latin race was wholly contingent upon the event of our war, which he had entirely miscalculated. Secretary Seward had wisely left the question simple, without threatening he had been firm, and Louis Napoleon knew perfectly well that the Secretary's politeness meant merely that if we remained a nation France must leave this continent. Mr. Seward bowed Louis Napoleon out of Mexico, and his majesty departed with the loftiest phrases upon his tongue and the finest air of condescension.

He told Maximilian to follow him. But the young man, however deluded he may have been by ambition, by the representations of Louis Napoleon, and by the arguings of his father-in-law, King Leopold of Belgium, who was, we imagine, the one who originated the imperial conspiracy against Mexico, had a certain feeling of what he doubtless considered honor, which compelled him to remain true to the fortunes of those who had summoned him to Mexico until they were wholly ruined.

Ruined they now are, and finally. The young Austrian prince who, personally, seems to have been an amiable and mild man, has been put to death. The event, after the many intercessions in his favor, was unexpected, but it is not surprising; and in his grave is buried the last attempt of any European Power to meddle with arms in the politics of this continent. We say the event is not surprising. It could not have been so to Maximilian himself unless he were also gether less intelligent than his friends represent him. It is impossible that he should not have known that any man who undertakes to lead a party in another country during a civil war, and who depends for success upon the arms of still another power, if his party is defeated, and if he falls into the hands of the victors, has less mercy to expect than a native leader might receive. But, if besides being a foreigner, he has ordered the summary execution of his adherents taken in arms, his chances are much less. And if the country in which he tempts all the risks is Mexico, he has no right to expect that if he fights to the last against reason and against hope, he will escape the doom which he has awarded to others. When, therefore, Maximilian refused to withdraw with the French, we have doubt that he fully counted the cost and anticipated his fate.

Yet none the less we regret it. However natural, however agreeable to precedent such a punishment may be, it weakens a country to inflict it. Monking discriminate, and we think, justly, between the deliberate murder of one man, for instance, and a battle in which many men are killed, with a general political intention, but without individual malice, by those who take the risk of being killed in turn. So, also, it distinguishes between such a foray as that of the Fenians into Canada, and participation by a foreigner in a civil war already engaged as it was in Mexico. We do not think it would have been wise to hang Jefferson Davis; and for the same reason, if the English Prince Alfred had been elected the chief of the rebellion, and had been supported by French arms, and had fallen into our victorious hands as Davis did, we should not have advised his execution. Despicable obscurity tempts no man, but death which seems heroic and illustrious, invests the act which caused it with immense attraction.

The fate of Jefferson Davis will make no American a Rebel; that of Robert E. Lee has made thousands of Irishmen Fenians.

The Republican authorities of Mexico have judged differently, and their probable reasons must not be forgotten. They undoubtedly thought that if under any pretense whatever Maximilian escaped, the conclusion in Europe would have been, either that the Mexicans did not dare to harm a Prince, or that another might be more fortunate. But to shoot an Austrian Archduke after a court-martial like the commonest deserter would be a result about which there could be no sophistication. We must suppose also, that among the ignorant and half barbarous population of the country, there was a clamor for the Prince's execution which would have questioned the loyalty of the authorities had they used it.

So the Prince was shot. He was only thirty-five years old, amiable, accomplished, and his wife insane from the horrors of his position. Yet, while we pity him, let us also pity his victims—pity the other amiable and accomplished young men, who, but for him, would be living to-day. We will not judge him harshly. He has paid the penalty of his offense, whatever they were. But when Thiers or Jules Favre again arraigns Louis Napoleon, what a thunder-bolt in their hands the fate of Maximilian will be!