

who have said very sharp things will be justly excused upon the plea of peculiar excitement. It is very comfortable to reflect that a great deal of our electioneering eloquence is purely Pickwickian.

THE OTHER SIDE.

THAT is to say, Italy and the war there. Garibaldi is as great as he is brave. History does not often, in these latter European days, bring two men together upon the stage so adequate to noble actions as Garibaldi and Cavour. They differ, but honestly differing, they differ with mutual respect. Cavour, in the most generous, but dignified manner, put himself and Garibaldi in judgment before the Italian people. The verdict effectively was—"You are both right." That is to say, they have an equal love of country, an equal willingness to serve her, and each is willing to submit his especial method to the decision of the country.

Cavour, like a true statesman, constantly consults the shifting barometer of circumstances. What seems unwise and impracticable to-day, to-morrow may show to be possible and easy. He wishes no cession of Italian territory. It can not be asked, he says, of a nation of twenty-five millions of people. Then he wishes Rome to be the metropolis of Italy; but how it may be so made can not be at once categorically determined. Still further, Venetia must join Italy, as she longs to do. Yet Europe does not wish that Italy should make war upon Austria to free Venice; because Europe fears that Italy can not do the work alone. The union of Italy will show Europe that she is wrong, says Cavour; and when a united Italy marches to the gates of Venice, water-cooled Austria will retire; Europe will approve; and Italy, from the Alps all around to the sea, will be one, great, indivisible.

It is a splendid programme, but who doubts that it will be fulfilled? And yet forty years ago the poet Shelley thought as we think. We can see why he was wrong, and why our hopes have a surer foundation—or we think we can. Here is what he wrote of Naples in 1820: would you not think it had been inspired by Garibaldi's deliverance of the city?

"Naples! thou heart of men, which ever pantest Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven! Elysian city! which to calm enchantment The moutain air and sea; they round thee, even As sleep lost love, are driven! Metropolis of a ruined Paradise Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained! Bright altar of the bloodless sacrifice Which armed Victory offers up unstained To Love, the flower-crowned child! Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be, Now art, and henceforth ever shall be free, If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail. Hail, hail, all hail!"

WORDS IN DISGRACE.

LADY FRANKLIN'S devotion to the memory of her husband, and her unwearying efforts to solve the mystery of his death, have made her known to the world, and associated her name with all those which illustrate the patient fidelity of women. It is ~~her~~ her resolution that the mystery was cleared. The McClintock Expedition sailed especially under her auspices, and here is the honorable renown not only of answering a question of which her Government despaired, but of sealing the fame of her husband by the discovery that he was in the way to have solved the great Arctic problem when jealous Death interfered.

She lately arrived in this country, with which the heroism of Dr. Kane and the liberality of Henry Grinnell had created for her peculiar and most interesting relations. She has been traveling among us, and is every where received with that quiet respect which

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient, Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion," can not help feeling for the wife of Sir John Franklin.

The other day, in compliance with a very enthusiastic invitation, she visited the Woman's Library, recently opened in this city. She met a crowd of ladies there. They had some pleasant talk; and after remaining for two hours, she left. The reporter asks: "After examining the books and pictures, she requested to be permitted to donate some books to the library." We have great respect for reporters—but we hope she requested to do no such thing. That Lady Franklin should wish to give books to the library is very probable and natural; but how does she, or any body else, donate books?

What is the matter with that good old word give, that reporters and orators and writers of public letters are trying to suppress it? It is sweet, sound word, and ought to be loved and respected. Another word is outlawed in the same manner and by the same persons. What has the word "begin" done that it should be incontinently thrust out? Take up any morning paper, and if any body made a speech last evening, you will probably read that about eight o'clock he "commenced to speak." The procession "commenced to pass" a certain point, etc. Why didn't he "begin" to speak? Why didn't the procession "begin" to pass? Is it supposed to be more elegant to use "commence" for "begin," and "donate" for "give"? Does any body seriously think "donation" a nobler word than "gift"? Let us hope that if the amiable Lady Franklin does present books to the library, she will write in them "A Gift from Jane Franklin," not "A Donation from Lady Franklin."

MORE TALK.

As the political orators close their mouths, the Lyceum lecturers open theirs. The lecture season, in fact, began before the campaign was fairly over. The papers have published their usual lists; the committee and the speakers have been struggling "t arm's" length through the post to arrange their

evenings; the committees' lists are closed; the lecturers are full; nothing remains for them now but to stand and deliver.

There is a preliminary which does not concern the lecturers which is yet to be completed. That is, the usual announcement that the Lyceum system has run out; that people will no longer tolerate second-hand slip-slop dipped out of Cyclopedias and Reviews; that the fancy men of the Lyceum have used themselves up, and the Lyceum itself is now discovered to be a lump. These agreeable facts are annually brought forward, but the Lyceum perversely refuses to stop; the committees continue to invite and liberally pay the lecturers; and the lecturers themselves do still speak and encephalate the fee.

It is amusing to observe how a habit of skepticism leads not only to universal doubt but to an incessant surprise. If any body secretly expects, for instance, at the idea of any action from a purely disinterested and humane motive, he is constantly at fault in the results of his calculations, because so many people do constantly act not from selfishness but from the very opposite motive. And as with individuals, so of their aggregate called society. As a rule, the appeal of nobility and generosity does not fall dead upon any chance crowd. Sometimes it will, but then the case is exceptional. If a man supposes, for instance, that he can act as deeply move others by an appeal to their pocket as to their pride, he is profoundly mistaken. If you want to protect the pocket, or if you want to open it, approach it by the way of a feeling, or of a principle.

So if any body supposes that the Lyceum is a mere whim of people, he will not somewhere to pass the evening, he will find that the facts are inconsistent with the doctrine of whimsicality. A whim is transient in its nature. The reason why the Lyceum remains so permanently is not that people must always have somewhere to pass the evening, but that they are interested in what they hear there. Rhetoric is pleasant and humor is good; but the rhetoric of any particular person is always mangled, and prosy tires, and humor alone will not sustain a lecture. It is then because the lecturers are more than rhetorical and humorous that the speakers are summoned from year to year.

The truth is, that in this country a great many questions are more directly and honestly treated in the Lyceum than any where else. A great many subjects that we all think about, and few care to talk about lest they should seem odd, are touched by the lecturer upon his own responsibility, and he appeals directly to the audience. The committee may sometimes be alarmed, but it is all right with the speaker and the hearers. They are often the owners of their own souls, and prefer to hear before they strike. And so long as the Lyceum is maintained by that interest on one side and that honesty upon both—a state of things increased to many times as long will the Lyceum lecture be among the powers as well as pleasures of the land.

HANSON.

THE Lounger has already wondered why we did not have some kind of Hanson cab in New York. We have omnibuses everywhere; but so they have in London, and they do not run the cabs superfluous. We can't have omnibuses in the Central Park, and for a town in the country across the prairie, nor exactly in a Hanson cab but with a Hanson cab in his head. People who think that he had an express locomotive under full steam in it when he went away, may suppose that England has moderated his gait a little. But properly considered the cab is a proof of the continued steam. For it is in strict pursuance of his characteristic plan of "putting through by daylight" that he intends to run Hanson cabs in the city under charter.

The great difficulty with the London cabs is their weight. The genius of light carriages has not yet smiled upon England. With the best roads in the world, if the Englishmen had our light wagons how they would spin! (of course not faster than we do. In fact, not so fast. But still they would be conscious of a new sensation). There is no reason why Mr. Train should not have his cabs light. Doubtless he will have them so. Doubtless a man who is supposed to represent the peculiar spirit of his country, knows that that country surns the heavy carriage, and will give us cabs, elastic, convenient, cheap, and Hanson.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE ALLOCATION.

"The following is a summary of the Allocation delivered by the Pope at the Consistory held on the 23d."
KING VICTOR is a wretched and a horrible thief, blasphemer, church-robber, and a murderer. And I'm happy to think he'll one day come to grief For being so greedily a grabber. As touching the soldiers who died in my cause, To fate ferried he be better or sweeter; I certify all have escaped from the jaws Of Old N. and gone up to St. Peter.
Regarding the Kings that don't lend me a hand To work out the Emperor's mission, I beg that those monarchs will please understand They're all on the road to perdition. I especially hint to the Gallian Sphinx, That his acts are all futile and null, for While he's making a capital cab, as he thinks, I've booked him for sojourn in sulphur.
So up to the aid of your father the Pope, Who gives you these elegant writings, Don't force him, as Xanless would call it, to slope, And make tracks for unassettled dilligence. Save the Chink of St. Peter from being defiled By your Fardel'd Pollution. Draw the sword in my favor, and don't dink it mild— And this is your Pope's Allocation.

ASOP'S SELECT FABLES.

THE SEA-NYMPH AND THE OCEAN SWELL.

One morning, when there was a heavy swell upon the sands, a gentle Nymph walked forth, her blue eyes beaming with joy, her flowing tresses crystallized with dew. The Swell, struck by her beauty, and softhearted to win her attention, passed, and proudly about his own long way curts. "Gaud thou not spare, sweet Nymph," he said, "from that treasury of beauty one captive-making look?" "Oh, crush," cried the crest-fallen Swell, "thou knowest I am thy slave." "I know thou art a surfer," she answered, "and a most wicked flatterer, for while thou art kissing the pale sands thou art running of them down."—"One moment of thine," returned the Swell, "would rivet my devotion, and banish all inconstancy." The arch Nymph shook her laughing face, and said, "Oh, restless Swell! how could thou dream one look of mine would make thee constant, when thou art moved by every sportive air?"
Moral. Put no trust in those who wilfully fling themselves at beauty's feet, for what can be expected from such insane worshippers but bubbles and foam?

THE SLOW COACH AND THE LITTLE DUCK.

A Slow Coach had often observed in passing a little Duck, who with her mother and sisters lived on a village green. "Some fine day," said the slow Coach, stopping and regarding the little Duck with a dreary smile, "and I shall get a license, you shall go to market with me." "Thank you," returned the little Duck, proudly lifting up her bill; "but if I take you to the market you will be obliged to get a license. I may wait till pence are out of session. I never encourage slow Coaches; when I wish to go to market I shall travel by rail."
Moral. We here see the error of procrastination. Davdiers are always lumbered. The little Duck, though somewhat slow in her own right, was quite right in her principle. A Coach that makes lumbering excuses for not being able to carry one, should be put down as an obstruction and a pest.

TIN YOUNG MONKEY AND THE UGLY MUG.

A Young Monkey, in the uniform of a Middy, sat at the mess-table (J.M.S. Rowdell) grating admirably at an ugly mug belonging to the First Lieutenant. "What say you thinking of, Mr. Sly?" demanded the ugly Mug.—"Of my sister, Sir," replied the young Monkey, "with becoming humility to the First Lieutenant." "Return the ugly Mug gruffly, "is she pretty?"—"She is considered so, Sir," replied the young Monkey; "I had a letter from her this morning."
"I liked, and what does she say?" inquired the Mug, pushing a bottle of Cape Madeira toward the young Monkey. "She says, Sir," replied the latter, "that she would be glad to see you, and would send her ugly King gruffly, "is she pretty?"—"Ha!" cried the ugly Mug, radiant with vanity, "fill your glass, Mr. Sly; and I think you wanted leave to see my sister." "I have it, Mr. Sly; when I go, Sir; your health, Mr. Sly."
Moral. A young Monkey who goes to sea should always have plenty of money; he may thereby obtain many little indulgences as sweet to a young Monkey as cocoa-nuts, if he happens to meet with the ugly mug of a First Lieutenant.

THE THREE FETTERALERS.—The Spirit-Bappers, for not one of them knows any thing about any Spirit whatever.

LAMORCIERE'S VOW, OR HE WOULD BE AN ALVA.

He would be an Alva, vowed and aware The red-hat, Lamorciere; The red-hat, the grey restored Should be, with wasting fire and sword.
The towns which spurned the Pontiff's sway Should be his mercenary's prey; He'd turn his ruffians loose, to kill, Burn, spoil, and wreck their bestial will.
But ere he went on this crusade To smother the windmill's celestial aid; Thus, kneeling at Lovetto's shrine, Invoked the female form divine:
"O spoules Queen! Celestial Rose! Lend me thine aid to crush my foes; Remember that the Pope's foe am I, Because they are the Pope's and thine."
"Adorable end most adored, Behold this ornamental Sword; Time, if I conquer, it shall be Here will I hang it up to thee!"
Unheard was the Crusader's prayer, For he was slain by wind dispelled in air; Because, there's too much ground to fear, Though dolls have cars, they can not hear.

OUR HERO'S DOOM WAS DIRE DEFEAT.

As expeditious as complete; As expeditious as complete; And he himself obliged to yield.
Fullfill, though thou hast lost the game, Thy vow to Crusader, all the same; Thy duty of wax, stone, wood, Thy prayer had granted, if it could.
The will is equal to the deed, And merits no inferior meed; To his dry sword, in spite of scorn, The singh-shifted horse adorn.
For, now that weapon's work is o'er, Thou shouldst resign it evermore; Drawn against Freedom—drawn in vain— O'er never wear that sword again.
Austria's next way.—If Austria would do the honest and wisest thing that she possibly can, she would sell the Venetian territory to the rightful owners, and pay over the proceeds into the Court of Bankruptcy.
Wonderful.—A teacher of penmanship in twelve lessons taught a lawyer to read his own writing.
Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they can not be covered with a table-cloth.
"A retainer at the bar," as the boy said, when caught by a dog, just as he was about to climb on the orchard-fence.
A Wisconsin parson, after describing a farm which the advent of winter had sold, said: "The best of the season is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial-divine; also two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers."
A blind man, having walked the streets with aighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise: "Why, what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning; it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better."
"No," replied the blind man; "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."
An editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says: "The dog was allowed to stray about the public animal, before he could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."
A Frenchman having heard the phrase, "I've got other fish to fry," very readily learned its application. One evening, after writing to his home, and being invited to walk, he thought of the above expression, and excused himself by saying, "I thank you, Madame; I must cook some fish."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"Why, Hens, you have the most feminine cast of countenances I ever lay eyes on."
"Oh, yah," replied Hans, "I know do reason for dat—mine modor was a woman."

The following is a copy of a will left by a man who took to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas; I give all my estate, real and personal, to be divided among them the best way they can. N.B.—If any body kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have any thing." Signed by me, JOHN THOMAS.

Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "pilgins."

A man being asked what meaning he attached to the term "aristocrat," replied, "Any man that has more than no, in my estimation, an aristocrat."

A man took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received four years before. Not being able to find the wound, he suddenly remembered that it was his "brother Bill's arm."

He who erects a perpendicular line upon a horizontal one, makes a right angle; who he fishes for trout with a naked line, makes a wrong angle.

An old Dutchman who some years ago was elected a member of the Legislature, said, in his broken English style, "Von I went to the Leichdatur I thought I would find dem all Solomon's dere; but I soon found dere was some as pick fols dere as I was."

Some things come by odd names. The most uncommon quality in man is called "common sense;" a paper half a mile long is a "brief;" and a melancholy deity, devoid of sense or meaning, is a "god."

A man who assisted to empty several bottles of water, afterward took a walk. The pavement was quite dry, and he exclaimed—"Very singular; wh- whenever water freezes, it always freezes with the slippery side up."

"How," said Mr. A. to a friend who wished to convey a matter of importance to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be certain of her reading the letter seeing you have directed it to her husband?"

"That I have managed without the possibility of a failure," was the answer; "she will open it to a certainty, for I have put the word 'private' in the corner."

EXPORTED AND TRANSPORTED.—A gentleman recently married, was enjoying, with his fair one, an evening walk along the beach of Mueselburgh. "Pray, my dear," said the lady, "what is the difference between exported and transported?" At that moment a vessel left the harbor bound for a foreign port. "Were you, my love," returned the gentleman, "aloud that vessel, you would be exported, and I would be transported."

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?"
"Alas, Sir, my profession is better than my practice."

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied, "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him."
"Shure an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

A distinguished friend of ours says that "poetry is every body's coin which one uses judiciously; but we are afraid that it is generally a coin jingled most by those who have no other to jingle."

A correspondent has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quick advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS CAPITAL.

As we may expect to hear by any mail of the march of the allied French and English upon the Chinese capital, we place on record, on the following page, a Portrait of the Emperor Hien-Fou, and a Plan of Peking.

We published in No. 94 of this Journal, bearing date October 16, 1858, two fine views of Peking, with a historical sketch of the city; and in No. 154, dated December 10, 1859, an illustration of a letter from our special correspondent who accompanied Mr. Ward on his journey to Peking the summer of that year; and in No. 156, bearing date Sept. 29, 1860, a Large Map of the Province of Pechili, showing the MOUTHS OF THE PEIHO, AND THE SEAT OF WAR IN CHINA. Referring to these publications we will only add here that, in consequence of the political disturbances which have been raging in China for the past few years, the supply of food on which Peking relies for the sustenance of its people has been greatly reduced, and the population has fallen off in consequence. It was once a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants; how many it contains now, no one can tell. It is not a handsome city—the houses being only one story high—in consequence of the prevalence of earthquakes. It is divided into two distinct portions, the Chinese town and the Tartar town: the one being the abode of the rich, the soldiery, and men of leisure; the other, the home of the working-classes and the poor. It is surrounded by a high wall, and provided with strong fortifications; the Europeans will probably have some fighting to do ere they take the place.

The Emperor of China—Hien-Fou—is a man of only twenty-nine years of age, having been born in 1831. He came to the throne ten years ago; his predecessor, contrary to custom, chose him out, and formally introduced him to the Mandarins as their future Emperor some time before his death. He is said to be a man of remarkable energy of character and resolution of purpose. He has never wavered in his hostility to the English; and if report speak truly, he is determined to wage the present war to the bitter end. His domestic policy has been rigorous; he has never failed to punish cowardly, or to reward brave and skillful officers. He has so little regard for Chinese prejudices that he will not allow any lady with deformed feet to approach the court; and his wife, a fine handsome woman, he treats in every way as an equal. It is said for him that his reign should occur at a period when, seemingly, the recuperation of the Chinese Empire is beyond hope.