

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

Paris, Nov. 25.—In consequence of an understanding between the English and French Governments, the Extradition Treaty of 1843, which expires on the 4th of December next, will continue in force until the beginning of September, 1867.

Paris, Nov. 22.—The projects of organization for the army were some days since referred by the Superior Commission of Marshals, Generals of Division, and Ministers to a sub-committee (military) to report upon them. The report was drawn up with as little delay as possible; and the Superior Commission met again on Tuesday last at Compiègne to hear it read. It seems that the plan which was most favorably received is something to this effect—maintenance of the exemption; a shorter period of service—namely, six years instead of seven; the normal effective strength of the permanent army to be fixed at 360,000 men, instead of 420,000; the annual conscription, now 100,000, to be raised to 120,000, half for active service and half for the reserve; the men of the reserve to remain in it six years, but with liberty to marry after the fifth year; the men in active service to remain on the reserve for two years after their discharge from active service. The total strength of the reserve would then be 480,000 men—one fourth of them having already served with the colours. On leaving the reserve all who had served with the army and the reserve successively, or only with the reserve, to serve 2 years more in the movable National Guard of which the normal strength would be 240,000 men, one-half having served. This National Guard to be called upon to serve in fortified towns, but only in case of war. By this arrangement the Government would be able to dispose of an army of 1,080,000 men, thus—from the active army, 360,000; from the reserve, 480,000; and from the movable National Guard, 240,000.

That system of political economy by which the Emperor Napoleon has gradually contrived to raise the Imperial Government into a "second Providence" for France seems now likely to receive new and fuller development. The Duke de Persigny, with praiseworthy consistency and love of equality, proposes to extend to the Departments the immense benefits accruing to the Capital from the public works carried on within its walls at the public expense. He thinks that the loan of a milliard of francs, or £400,000,000 sterling, should be contracted "instantly, and at any cost," the proceeds of which should be, within the space of two years, invested in great undertakings of public utility, chiefly, as we believe, in the construction of roads and railroads. The objects of this proposal are, first, to stir up life and activity among the population of those remote districts which, owing to imperfect means of communication, are left in arrears of the civilizing movement of the centre; and, secondly, to give employment on a large scale to the great mass of the working classes throughout the Empire.—Times.

M. Bonnet sees the inconveniences of the *drou au travail* established in Paris, and he inveighs against the proposal of M. de Persigny, who would recognize the same right throughout the provinces. He sees in the subterfuge transformation of the Capital from a city of brick into a city of marble nothing but the institution of a gigantic national workshop. He cannot, however, clearly find his way to a remedy for the evil as it exists in Paris. He is only anxious that it should not extend beyond its present limits. The tendency of the present state of things is to induce an influx of labourers to Paris and to other great centres, to the rapid depopulation of the remote regions. To this centrifugal force M. de Persigny would oppose a centrifugal one. By offering employment on the same terms and at the same moment in every corner of the Empire, he hopes to bring about a reflux of the population from the centre to the circumference. The National Workshop would no longer be Paris, but all France, by the dispersion of the mass over the whole surface of the country, the danger from its agglomeration round the seat of Government would be diminished, and the chances of bringing its disjecta membra under control would increase in proportion. M. de Persigny's project, however, even if it brought relief to Paris, would not prevent the rapid depopulation of the rural districts. The Paris workshop might be split into several provincial workshops, but the State's workman would not easily be brought back to the condition of an independent labourer. The hand that has once been weaned from the plough can hardly ever be won to it by any Government contrivance. A step in the direction of Communism is soon made, but not so readily retraced. M. Bonnet quotes the example of England for the last ten years, steadily accomplishing the reduction of her taxation and of her national debt; but the parallel does not hold, for England hitherto has never acknowledged a "second Providence," and knows that the first and real Providence helps only those that help themselves.

Paris Dec 13.—The Empress Eugenie has finally decided to visit the Pope at Rome. There still exists in remote parts of France a tradition that in England a husband commonly puts a halter round his wife's neck, leads her to Smithfield, and sells her to the highest bidder. A labourer named Martin, aged 30, at Vire (Calvados), recently went still farther. He not only sold his wife and cupboard together for five francs to a young man named Vautier, but assisted the latter by force to take possession of his purchase. For this grave offence the two men have just been tried at the Court of Assizes of Caen. The hearing of the case took place with closed doors, and the jury having returned a verdict of guilty, but with extenuating circumstances, Martin was condemned to eight years' hard labour, and Vautier to five years imprisonment.

MARSHAL VAillant.—One Vaillant a blacksmith of Dijon, having written to claim consanguinity with Marshal Vaillant, the old soldier, after giving some details as to his parentage, replied—"I entered the Polytechnic School at sixteen, and on leaving it joined the corps of Engineers. The promotion from which I experienced the greatest pleasure in the whole course of my career was that of corporal at the school. I went through the Russian campaign and that of 1815. I was made a prisoner at the end of 1813. I was at Waterloo, and wounded in the defence of Paris in 1815. I had my leg laid open by a shell at the siege of Algiers in 1830. My superiors said they were well satisfied with me at the siege of Antwerp in 1832. The Emperor told me that he was pleased with me at that of Rome. Such, Sir, is my history, nearly complete. If you find in all that any proof of community of origin between your family and mine, I shall be well pleased."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## BELGIUM.

Our friend at Brussels writes us (*Weekly Register*) an interesting letter. He says—  
"In the Belgian Parliamentary Session just commencing, one of the orders of the day is the *temporel des cultes*, a question that will most assuredly occasion great division and irreconcilable divisions in the country, and this at a moment when union and peace are, of all things, most necessary for the preservation of its independence.

"The *temporel des cultes* that principally regards the secular clergy is not the only attack that will be made against the liberty of worship, there will also be presented in the chambers a project of law against the freedom of religious associations, abolishing the individual and personal right of such corporations to possess property. Such is part and parcel of the clerico-liberal programme of the present session. And pray what are likely to be the benefits that will accrue, if these unjust attacks upon the secular clergy and the religious orders of both sexes succeed? Will commerce become more prosperous, the finances more flourishing, the people happier, by thus

intermeddling with the affairs of the Vestry and Churchwardens, and religious communities? Or rather will not quite the reverse take place, and the apple of discord excite the minds and inflame the passions of the many, and oppress and persecute the few? Should these measures pass, we shall soon see whether such proceedings be not really the beginning of the end, and the concoctors of them rue the day they insulted the religious feelings and trampled upon the conscientious convictions of the great majority of their fellow countrymen: You can scarcely conceive how intense is the feeling here on this subject.

"Instead of busy themselves about candles on the altar wine for the Holy Sacrifice, the form and dimensions of the chasuble, the cost of the remonstrance, the order and arrangement of processions, and many other matters regarding the economy, the ceremonial and polity of the material administration of churches, why rather do not the Government apply themselves seriously and exert their best energies in the important affairs of State, in electoral reform, for example, in the reorganization of the army, more especially in regards the abominable system of conscription, so unpopular among the middle classes and the inferior orders of society, in the revisions of the commercial and penal codes, and in many other much needed reforms and amendments."

## SWITZERLAND.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—BRUNE, Nov. 17.—In reply to the inquiries of the Federal Government, the authorities of Valais have acknowledged that there are three Jesuits in that canton engaged in public instruction. The Federal Ministry of Justice has been ordered to draw up a full report upon the question.—*Times*.

## SPAIN.

According to the *Independent Belge*, it is thought in Paris that the telegraphic wires may bring at any moment the news of a general rising throughout the country. Should such a calamity occur (the *Independent* adds) the Narvaez Cabinet cannot say that it has not received friendly advice from France. M. Mon knows this, and the President of the Council cannot be uninformed of it. Henceforward French diplomacy has only to wait and watch the current of events. The *Avenir National* says:—"The Queen Dowager has added her solicitations to the advice tendered by the Duchess de Montpensier to Queen Isabella, but without effect. The Marquis de Miraflores, one of the oldest of the Spanish nobility, and formerly President of the Council, next endeavored to show the Queen the danger of the course she was pursuing, but his influence was equally unavailing. Political considerations have no influence on a mind which is the slave of religious scruples. *Que me importa mi cuerpo si salvo mi alma* ('My body is nothing if my soul be saved') was her answer to the Marquis de Miraflores. Arrests continue to be made among the people and in the army. The colonel of the King's regiment and other officers have been sent off to the Philippines. The influence of Gonzales Bravo is increasing every day. Father Olaret has confidence in him alone, and Sister Patrocinio considers that he is the man appointed by God to save the Church and Spain." The *Siecle* gives a terrible picture of the state of things prevailing in the country. "Everything," it says, "is in paralysis.—Commerce, trade, and agriculture are at the last gasp, and the severity with which the immediate payment of taxes is enforced terrifies the population.—In the great centres of business there remains some resources, but in the small towns there is desolation. The representations of pauperized families have no effect in mitigating the misery to which they are doomed. At the same time the prisons are full of innocent citizens. Neither age nor sex is respected. There is grief in families, disgust in the army, and fear everywhere, but greatest in the Government, which is expecting a revolution on all sides." The *Nord* says that a report prevailed in Paris that the Queen intended to abdicate and meant to take refuge in France, and that the French Government was concentrating troops on the side of the Pyrenees, in order to be prepared for any movement that might arise.

## ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—It is stated that the Italian Government will take upon itself the payment of a proportionate part of the Pontifical Debt, as it existed in 1860. With regard to the arrears since that period, they would be consolidated, and the interest thereon defrayed by Italy.

The candidates returned in the elections that have taken place up to the present in Venetia belong to the moderate party.—*Times* Cor.  
Venetia is now free. The stranger has gone forth from her gates, bound by his own interests never to return. No iron hand can be stretched forth to rob her of her sons and drag them away, unwilling to fertilize with their bodies the fields of Bohemia in a cause which is not theirs. But her worst foes remain to be conquered. If no Austrian police have now the power to accuse free thinkers and free speakers of treason, her own people talk of treachery among themselves. Her streets of marble are foul with defilements of the filthiest kind, and within sound of the midnight strokes upon the bell in the tower of St. Mark's there are sometimes deeds done before which her good angel may weep and devils rejoice. Her deputies may make laws and her judges enforce them; her King may be true to her, and her army and navy become models to the world under the fostering care of a wise Government; but the people must bestir themselves to cast out the foulness that is in her before she can be a pure bride. Until then it is but trifling to boast the beauty of her palaces, the glory of her traditions, and the genius of her sons, for if she cleanse not herself from her defilements, in vain will the salt waves circle round her very door steps, and shame should stop the mouths of the gondoliers from singing nightly to a satisfied crowd.—*Venezia, mia bella, la sposa del mar*!

The King's reception at Florence cannot be said to have been very enthusiastic. As I stood in the same street, almost on the same flagstone, where I witnessed his arrival at the railway station in June last on his way to the war, a contrast forced itself upon me. There have occurred many things in the last five months to wound the national self-love, and notwithstanding the acquisition of a noble province, to disappoint the national hopes, and some of the unpleasant feelings thereby awakened may have affected the popularity of a Sovereign who, it must be owned, takes little pains to encourage loyal demonstrations.—*Times* Cor.

A CANADIAN TIMES OATHS IN THE WITNESS BOX.—Rome, 11.—The man who gave the information which led to the arrest of John H. Surratt, is a French Canadian named St. Marc. He was formerly a Union soldier, and served in the Papal Zouaves.—Both he and Surratt were in love with the same lady in Washington, and St. Marc betrayed Surratt through jealousy. He said Surratt told him that Lincoln's assassination was a preconcerted plot; that he (Surratt) carried direct from Jeff. Davis' Cabinet at Richmond the principal details of the plot to Washington; and that the assassination was not only in accordance with the desire of Davis' Cabinet, but was done by their directions and orders.

This morning the French troops evacuated the castle of St. Angelo. The French flag was run down and the Pontifical colors hoisted.

The Pope will remain at Civita Vecchia 10 days.

The King and Queen of Naples are still with us and have no present intention of leaving. The Sicilian papers have invited Mr. Gladstone to come and see the fruit of his labors in the cause of liberty.

I am sorry to be obliged to contradict the report of a telegram sent by the Emperor to the Holy Father. Though it came from very high quarters, it was one of those inventions which readily suggest

themselves to the fertile Italian mind. For all that it has taken wonderfully, and is thoroughly believed by the Romans; and especially by all those who have lodgings to let. Perhaps it is a great deal nearer the truth that the Imperial Government has assisted the Italian Government with a loan of six millions of francs.—*Cor. of Weekly Register*.

The warmest partisans of Victor Emmanuel publicly announce a certain day for the occupation of Rome. A riot will be got up, a pretext will be laid hold of, and this the revolutionary journals do not scruple to tell us plainly.

## AUSTRIA.

TYROLEAN DIET, Nov. 21.—In yesterday's sitting of the Tyrolean Diet a Deputy demanded whether the rumours current in the Italian districts of the Tyrol, of an intention to cede them to Italy, were correct, and, if not, whether the Government was resolved to prosecute with energy the persons spreading such rumours.

The Government Commissioner replied that the rumours in question were absolutely without foundation, and that the Government was firmly determined not to cede Southern Tyrol, and to take vigorous measures against any agitation in the Italian districts for annexation to Italy.

Some day or other it will be known how truly Austria tried to be reconciled with the Venetians according to her rights, and how hard a task it was to keep alive among the people the hatred of the oppressor and the spirit of freedom. Step by step the knowledge grows upon one that the Austrians never could have understood the Italians, nor these the Austrians. The two nations are moulded on opposite types of character. The subjects of the Kaiser, whether German or barbarian, are honest, obedient, faithful, and hospitable; the inhabitants of sunny Italy, sensitive, nervous, suspicious, and by their very nature loving the excitement of intrigue and plotting. Austria is agricultural, Italy commercial. Austria has, in fact, the virtues and the vices of a semi-feudal system, Italy those of a bright but over-sensitive people. In the former we may admire an aristocracy of perfect breeding and great personal beauty; in the latter, an extreme quickness of apprehension and an individual determination to manage for themselves. As well expect fire and water to mingle as Austria to retain Venice with the consent of the Venetians.—*Times* Cor.

## GERMANY.

The *Leitend* states that the King of Prussia has written to the Pope, offering his Holiness the protection of Prussia.

Dresden, 11th.—The Saxon officers refuse to serve under Prussia, and have resigned.

Family ties between Sovereigns have, indeed, greatly lost their force in modern times, but those between the Russian and Prussian families are an exception. The several branches of the house of Bourbon were never animated by a more lively affection towards each other than that which unites the houses of Holstein, Oldenburg, and Hohenzollern. The alliances between them have been cemented by constant communications, frequent visits, and mutual services every day, and they form, in fact, but one family. The late King of Prussia always reproached himself with what he considered an act of cowardice and treachery in having allowed Russia to be crushed by the allies. On divers occasions he expressed the remorse he felt for it, and those feelings have descended to his successor. Then both Sovereigns have both a horror of the very name of Poland. At St. Petersburg Poland will never be forgiven for not wishing to become Russian; and King William, who is no less fanatical where his nationality and his religion are concerned, does not forgive the Poles for resisting, during the last 80 years, the attempt to Germanize them. The Illuminism of the late King of Prussia was tinged with the dreamings of the poets and reveries of the satirists. The religious fervor of his successor is strengthened by the decision and the ardour of a soldier. During the anxious weeks which preceded the breaking out of the late war the King did not cease fasting and praying, and before putting his signature to the acts which completed the rupture he used to spend the night in prayer—not so much to invoke the Divine protection as to seek inspiration and to ask of God to point out to him the way he should go. To his mind the victory of Sadowna was at once a revelation and a reward. God granted him the victory because he was the executor of His will, and the same success attended him to the end. He is now convinced that he has received from heaven the mission to establish the supremacy of Prussia, not only over Germany, but over all Europe. He is the soldier of God; the modern Charlemagne, who is to lay all heresies in the dust, establish the Holy Empire, and restore to the Church all its splendour. No human obstacle will stop him so long as he continues in this way. Of all the surmises that have been proposed to engrave on his medals—the Victorious, the Conqueror, the Triumphant—there is one which he accepts, the *Invincible*, because his modesty pliously adds, and *Servant of God*.—*Times*.

## RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 24.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* of to-day publishes an article in which it says:

"Russia's attitude up to the present has been based upon the treaties of 1856 and 1859. But when the Sultan recognized Prince Charles as Hospodar of the Danubian Principalities and the Great Powers sanctioned facts accomplished in opposition to the stipulations of those treaties, Russia acquired the right of taking into consideration her traditional sympathies for her co-religionists. As regards Prince Charles, his descent and the finest acts of his Government enlist our sympathy in his favor.

"Repudiating any other but these motives for her conduct, Russia sacrifices neither dignity nor her interests in seeking for friendly relations with Powers on whose reciprocal friendship she is able to depend.

Nov. 25.—Intelligence received here from Constantinople denies the statement recently published relative to a proposed fusion between the Catholic and orthodox Greek Churches.

## THE DEATH OF ST. LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE.

A sandy plain, scattered over with stones and broken columns, fragments of departed ages—a Moorish tower and castle rising in the midst—an army of French crusaders encamped beneath the walls—such was Carthage towards the close of the thirteenth century;—suggesting to the beholder three several histories, each romantic and each mournful. But that local impressions take their tone from the beholder's character was peculiarly verified in the present instance.—A band of warriors appeared traversing the plain in the direction of the French encampment, and this very scene awoke in the minds of two individuals, profoundly contrary emotions. The train consisted of about fifty well-armed men, chiefly retainers of a knight who rode at their head, distinguished as their chief by his appointments, but more so by his gallant and noble bearing. He wore a complete suit of polished and flexible chain mail; a light, open basnet protected his head, and his surcoat and so forth were more remarkable for simple elegance than costly blazonry. Fewer than thirty summers could not have passed over his head, but there was an ardour in his eye, and a light laughter-loving spirit over playing over his features; so that he looked the young knight pricking forth in his newly won spurs, rather than what he really was, a well-proved cavalier. Gaston De Bearn was, in truth, one of those buoyant spirits that find or make a sunny side in every circumstance; one who threw his whole soul alike into every subject, slight or important;—equally eager about all things, a revel or a battle, the flight of a hawk or a royal tourney. His companion, for one rode beside him on terms of perfect equality, was old, and not more worn by

time than by toil and care. His spirit seemed less upon the surface, and his chivalrous bearing was tempered with an air of reflection and grave simplicity. There was something too of melancholy hung over him, which his joyous companion vainly endeavored to dissipate;—for the rest his appointments marked him to be of consequence; though like his horse, they were rather good than gay.

After sundry vain endeavours to inspire and affect gaiety, conversation gradually slackened between the leaders, and at last complete silence ensued. Their followers, unrestrained by their example, spoke to each other freely, on the one and only subject they understood or cared for—war; with its unfailing accompaniments, license, plunder, and daring deeds. They discussed the quarters they had left, boasted their several exploits, abused the climate, and mingled scoffs against the Moslem legends, camp jokes, and ballads.

When they had so nearly approached the spot that they could clearly distinguish the tents and insignia of their countrymen, Gaston De Bearn checked his steed with marks of lively pleasure.

"There, Joinville," said he, extending his hand and pointing forwards, "now that sight makes me forget the fever that has kept me so long from my brethren in arms—and it gives me fresh strength too,—Saint Denis! I could break a Saracen's head now, with less trouble than I could my dame's posset bowl; a month ago—Joinville, I say."

"I listen, and I hear, and I see," replied the king's seneschal, and highly valued friend, in a quiet, melancholy voice.

"The Oriflamme of France waving above a Moorish castle, situated on the ruins of old Carthage!" exclaimed Gaston, with enthusiasm; "spare on for king and knight, and I lying a-bed the while!—So, the chiefs quarter like their followers, I see,—wise folks and good Frenchmen. A plague I say upon every city, house, and castle, save those made of canvas, pitched on the green turf, tenanted by bold hearts, and guarded by good knights' banners!"

"Ah, Gaston, Gaston," said his companion, "thy man's head is ever at the mercy of thy boy's heart; yonder are canvas castles, as thou phrasest them, in plenty, but where wilt thou find the green turf?" "Why, sooth to say," answered de Bearn, casting his eyes over the burning desert around them, "not just here; and truly, as we are near the camp, I am troubled with certain memories of the green banks of the Loire, and with an incongruous thirst thereby excited. Hubert, find the nearest spring or well, and fill my travelling flagon," he pointed to his helmet, which hung at his page's saddle bow.

Hubert, a war-worn stalwart man-at-arms, nearly as brown as the horse on which he rode, better informed of the sterile and pestilential country, merely replied, "And far enough must I travel, for the nearest, Sir Gaston, little short of the place we left at noon, and now it is hard upon sunset."

"All the better for thee, kave," replied his buoyant master; "the less water the more wine; well, continued he, addressing the silent Seneschal, 'we shall the better value the cheer of the camp.' " "Dear Gaston," replied Joinville, "I misdoubt thy expectations will turn out a mirage instead of a lake; and for thy own, and thy lady's sake, I would thou wert once more safe in thy chateau."

"How," said Gaston, hastily, "for my dame's sake if it like you?—but not for mine; a de Bearn belongs to his knighthood; that is to his king and the cross. Old friend," said the speaker, relapsing into his natural gaiety, "do not tempt me to wish thee king of Tunis for just five seconds, and thy head as well placed for the edge of my sword, as my hand is for the pommel!"

The Seneschal smiled. "Tilt away with thy wit my boy," replied he, "but I'd wish thee at home again; heavy days are at hand I fear, and for the old, and worn out like myself, no matter whether our homes lie under marble monuments, or bleach on these baleful shores, but heart and hands like thine, France will need, or I greatly mistake. Age, Gaston judges of the future by the past."

"Then, Joinville," said de Bearn seriously, "why came you here? You disapproved this last crusade, and refused to accompany the king—and lo, a few months afterwards, you suddenly appear in the chamber of a fever-bound knight, and crave his escort to the camp in Africa."

"Even so," answered Joinville, "and I tell thee still, I like the cause as little as I did when I beheld the flower of French chivalry assembled in Paris, and heard their shouts of *Dieu se veut* (Gods will it),—when our monarch received the cross from the Cardinal Saint Oedile. Listen, Gaston; I have been bold and buoyant as myself in the cause of the cross—that time is gone by; I am not a crusader now I seek not the king, I seek Louis, therefore am I here!"

"Now will I wager, that the shank of thy spur bears the motto, 'En loyal amour, de tout mon cœur.' Well, thou art a noble greyhound, but answer me, Seneschal, is not thy present errand to persuade our king to carry back the Oriflamme to France?"

"Would it were possible?" was the reply.

"And why that would, thou heretic?"

"Because the infidels possessing Palestine, is a small evil compared with those proud, melancholy islanders, the English, setting foot in France; because the cause of our crusaders is hopeless—Godfrey himself could not restrain their evil dispositions, and it would take Saint Michael instead of Louis to contend with these Pagan troops—flay as their climate, ferocious as their wild beasts, and subtle as their serpents; and because, if thou wouldst another reason, what the Saracen spares the pestilence always takes. But come, Gaston, it is now my turn to say spur on!"

Conversation now entirely ceased, for they entered the camp, which lay before the city, and the large irregular castle surrounded with walls and flanked with towers. Unlike, however, the abode of the soldiery, and more especially of French soldiery, there was no semblance of mirth and enjoyment.—There was no appearance of occupation, no armourer's clinking hammer, no warlike sports, not even the sound of minstrel song and story. A dull quiet reigned on all sides, and an expression of wondering sadness was stamped on the few countenances they met.

"We may prepare for ill tidings," said Joinville.

"Yonder is Montmorency's banner, let us hasten to him," answered Gaston.

They rode to the Pavilion and inquired for the Count.

"My lord is with the King," replied the Squire who obeyed the summons.

"Where shall we find the Chevaliers de Valeri, de Beaujeu, de Baile?"

The same answer was repeated; they, too, were with the king.

"What news of him?" inquired Joinville anxiously.

The Squire hesitated, for he knew the peculiar attachment which subsisted between the Monarch and his Seneschal.

"Tell us everything," said Gaston, "and good Squire, tell us in the fewest and shortest words thou hast at hand."

"Few words and sad will suffice," replied the Squire, "a multitude of Saracens followed conversion, and were admitted to our camp; they rose at midnight and attacked us. We have been harassed by the Arabs like locusts—our few wells are poisoned—our food runs short—pestilence has broken out.—The Counts de Vendome, de la Marche, de Nemours, with many others, are already dead; and the King himself is dying. This is our history since victory introduced us to misfortune."

No sooner did the words, "the King is dying," reach the ears of Joinville, than as if that single sorrow concentrated and outweighed all that had preceded

it, he made but one more brief inquiry, set spurs to his horse with the fiery impetuosity of youth, and before his astonished companion could follow him, had gained the castle gate, traversed the spacious area within, entered the tower inhabited by the monarch, and stood amongst the leaders of the French army there assembled. Needless of the surprise excited by his unexpected appearance, the mind of Joinville was solely occupied by one paralyzing idea; that death threatened his beloved master, the royal friend with whom he had so long been associated, in peace, in war, and in captivity. Age and infirmities had damped his crusading spirit, but his loyal love for Louis, burnt strong and vigorous as of old; a noble flame, emitted from a feeble censor.

"The King! the King!" he exclaimed, in a tone that implied interrogation.—Montmorency de Paler, noble cavaliers, ye have not ceased to hope—tell him of my arrival—tell him that Joinville craves permission to implore on his knees pardon for having withstood his wishes—tell him—

At this instant the royal almoner entered the apartment, and summoned the assembly to the presence of the dying monarch. From him Joinville endeavored to gain an opinion more favorable to his heart's desire; his former intelligence was only confirmed, that the pestilence, after laying low multitudes of his followers, had fastened upon the leader, the noblest and the best.

With slow and mournful steps the chiefs entered the King's sleeping room, and silently ranged themselves at the foot of his couch. The princes, his sons, and brothers were already there, stationed on each side. In the midst was Louis, raised and supported by pillows, so that he preserved nearly an upright position: the effect of his meek, attenuated countenance, heightened by the absence of all royal decoration—a mantle of plain white cumblet thrown over his shoulders—his fine grey head entirely uncovered—one hand placed upon his heart, the other resting upon a roll of parchment, his dying counsel to his successor—he rather resembled a patriarch peacefully departing in the presence of his household, than a powerful monarch expiring in a camp, surrounded by warlike barons.

Deep and mournful silence reigned throughout the circle; every eye was fixed upon the King, and tears, the tears, the hard-wrung tears of bearded men fell fast and recklessly. In the breasts of some, the grief was of a personal nature, in that of others it was political; but on one account or another, sorrow lay heavily at the heart of each.

One thought of Louis as the hero, and called to mind the day of Damietta, when, helmeted and armed at all points, he sprang boldly from his ship into the sea, his shield depending from his neck, his sword in his hand, and, despising the waves that beat round him, he cried out to his companions—"we have no time to deliberate, we have time only to conquer."

Another thought of him as the saint, and recalled his entrance into the captured city; when the victorious monarch preceded his warriors barefoot, in the guise, and with the heart, of a lowly pilgrim.

The memory of a third, wiser and more patriotic, reverted to France, and contemplated Louis in his proper sphere—the wise legislator, the conscientious judge, the friend of order and of peace—walking every where without attendants, and seated in the garden of Paris, or oftener beneath the oaks of Vincennes, rendering justice to all who sought it at his hands—in deed as truly as in word the friend of his people.

Others again recalled him to their minds as the heroic captive; nobler even in the prison of the infidel, than in the palace of his fathers; meeting every menace of torture and of death, with answer equally kindly and Christian. "The Souldan may destroy my body as he pleases, my soul belongs to God."

These, and a thousand recollections of his chivalrous gentleness, his pure morals, his care of others, and his exposure of himself, oppressed every heart; and those who could have braved death in their own persons, trembled now that it approached their King. He alone was tranquil, and even cheerful.

"My friends," said he, breaking the mournful silence, and smiling upon them as he spoke, "I sent for you to receive my farewell. My course is finished, but therefore lament? It is right, that as your chief, I should be the first to lead the way to death; only be prepared to follow me when your time arrives."

He then presented to them Philip his eldest son and successor, and requested for him their solemn pledge of fealty and affection. Afterwards, with mingled solemnity and tenderness, he committed to the future king, those instructions which he had written with his own hand, and now enforced with his dying breath.

One by one, and for the last time, the assembled barons then approached the couch, and kissed the cold hand that for nearly half a century had swayed sceptre of France. A word, a smile, or a look of recognition he bestowed upon each, forgetful to the end of himself, anxious only for the comfort of others. Joinville approached last; feeble from age, and now overwhelmed with grief, sobs and tears alone expressed his fidelity. The unexpected sight of his faithful Seneschal lighted up for a moment the monarch's faded and fast closing eye; and at the instant, when all except his confessors, were ushered from the apartment, he gave him his hand, tacitly affording him the melancholy privilege of receiving his last sign. Having thus fulfilled the duties connected with his station, his faith and its ministers solely occupied his mind.

The cares of the king, the ardour of the hero, the feelings of the father, silently ebbed away; and there remained to him but the one hope, and single desire of the Christian, and the dying man.

Lord Dundreary has just given his opinion with regard to that much vexed question—marriage with a deceased wife's sister. "I think," he says, "marriage with a deceased wife's sister is very proper and very economical, because when a fellow marrieth his deceased wife's sister—he—ho hath only one mother-in-law."

"You have no children, madame," said the particular proprietor of a quiet house, before letting a lady have the best apartments. "They are in the cemetery," was the gloomy reply. A tear was attempted on the part of the landlady, the agreement was signed, and the next day the lady arrived with a couple of youngsters. "I thought your children were in the cemetery," said the landlady. "So they were yesterday, sir," was the reply, "placing a few flowers on the grave of our former landlady, who was nervous, and to tell the truth, so irritable, that—" "I understand, madame," said the enraged owner, "your children killed him."

A HAPPY NEGRO.—A negro sat on the curbstone bare, the light of his grinders showed freedom from care; his hat was brimless and full of air-holes, his shoes nearly minus ramps, quarters, and soles, while his coat, pants and vest to fragments were blown, and excepting the collar his shirt was all gone. To any one passing, 'twas easy to see, this darkey was happy as happy could be; though waiting food, he seemed not to feel it, but patiently waited a good chance to steal it. No master to bestir him now, like a Turk, or mistress to hurry him up to his work; no handling of plow, hoe, shovel or spade, and nothing to do but sit back in the shade—and starve to death.—*Curtilage Spectator*.

A scared individual, who was dodging an infuriated bull behind a tree, exclaimed, "You ungrateful beast, you wouldn't toss a vegetarian who never ate beef in his life, would you? Is that the return you make?"

Buttoning on a collar is a cruel work: for the nails when the linen is thick and sternly starched, and the button is largely and closely sewed; but, here is a way to meet the difficulty—dip the button-hole for ten seconds in water.