

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Aug. 27.—When the troops of the Camp of Châlons were reviewed for the last time before breaking up and returning to their respective quarters, Marshal Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely addressed them in a speech which to ordinary apprehension contains nothing extraordinary, but in which some words were surprising at the ready acquiescence of the Emperor Napoleon in M. de Bismarck's arrangements to detect the germ of a future collision. This interpretation seems forced and far-fetched, for the Marshal used no language but that which was suited to such an occasion. On handing their colors to the Carabiniers and Ouirassiers, he entrusted them, he said, to their patriotism and their devotedness:—

"You read upon them the names of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and Moscow, which recall the glory of your fathers, and tell you, your descendants, what France has a right to expect from you. Respect and love these noble emblems. Know how to die in their defence. Let them be for you the emblems of valour, of discipline, and of devotion to your Sovereign and your country. And, be certain, they will ever guide you to victory, and with hands erect you will show them to the enemy, with the sacred cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*"

Perhaps the speaker might have contented himself with alluding generally to the martial renown of the French army, without specifying any particular instance. Marengo was gained over the Austrians; Austerlitz, the battle of the three Emperors, over the Austrians and Russians; but why remind Prussians, flushed with recent victories, and believing themselves invincible, how low she was brought by one of the most sanguinary victories which the first Napoleon ever won—how prostrate she lay at the feet of the man whom she had defied? This marked allusion to Jena by the Commander-in-Chief of the Camp of Châlons, in a speech said to be penned by the Emperor, will not evoke any very agreeable sentiments in the breasts of the Prussians, in their present temper, towards the French. In his order of the day the Marshal also told the troops that they had given an additional proof how absolutely the Emperor may count on their spirit and devotedness. They have shown that they were troops of *élite*, full of energy, possessed of solid instruction, and observant of the strictest discipline; and they have left nothing to be desired either in all their movements in the field or in any of their minutest details. —*Times Cor.*

Respecting the Empire of Mexico the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* (a journal which is not likely to propagate news unfavorable to France) is the authority for the statement that those in Paris whose opinions command the highest consideration are under the impression that the despatches which the Empress Charlotte has sent to Mexico will lead to the abdication of the Emperor Maximilian. Neither more money nor more men can be obtained from Europe, and both are unfortunately necessary to carry on imperial rule. Should the Austrian Prince retire, France would have to protect French interests and make arrangements with the Republican Government, which might find financial aid and political support in the United States. The same authority adds that the Emperor of Austria, who never sincerely approved of the Emperor Maximilian's assumption of imperial rule on the American continent, is reported to have counselled his return. The Empress Charlotte has pleaded with great enthusiasm and much cleverness the cause of Mexico in Paris; but neither the Emperor nor his advisers are disposed to make France support further sacrifices. The French Government was informed long since by his Excellency the American Minister, Mr. Sigel, of the views of the United States as to the difficulty of establishing an empire on American ground as the United States could never acknowledge such a form of rule. —*Weekly Register.*

Commercially speaking, the firm of Napoleon, Maximilian, and Co. (the sleeping partners need not be named) have embarked in a disastrous speculation, and the wisest thing they can now do is to pass the money expended to profit and loss account, and forget the whole affair as soon as possible. No prophetic eye is needed to foresee the state of anarchy and misery into which Mexico will soon again fall, and whence escape is hardly to be hoped until, at some future day, the United States shall extend their sway southwards, and put an end to a spectacle long a scandal to civilization. —*Times.*

The Patrie says:—

"It has just been decided that the command in chief of the army in course of formation in Mexico will be given to a French General. Several officers, perfectly acquainted with the country, have offered their services to the Emperor Maximilian, under the sanction of their Government; but the selection has not yet been finally decided on."

London, Sept. 11.—The *Times* Paris letter, published to-day, says that the Emperor Maximilian is expected to return from Mexico to Europe by way of America.

Chinese intelligence, via Shanghai, 25th July, brings the news that two French Bishops and seven priests have been martyred in the Corea. No particulars are yet known. The details are probably similar to those of the martyrdoms of numerous other holy missionaries and native converts, who for so many years have glorified the Faith by their heroic deaths. —*Weekly Register.*

Rome 25th.—The Paris *Constitutionnel* announces that the police have just discovered in the Rue des Jardinières a clandestine slaughter house for horses, which daily passed its products on the market as beef. The commissary found under a shed a horse partly cut up and two others still living. A journeyman butcher found on the premises was arrested, and seals were placed on the doors.

A letter from Lyons mentions that the yield of the new wheat is the most serious question of the moment, that the price of bread has increased, and that the weather in that and the neighboring departments is still inclement. In the south-west of France the crop is, at the most, but an average one. In the Gironde it is below the ordinary yield. It is better in the west and north-west. In the north it is good, and above the average; in the north-west ordinary; but in the east and south-east there will be a deficit. In the centre it is hardly an average one; but in the Beauce, the Sarthe, Perche, and Mayenne the results are good. The average price cannot be accurately fixed until the stock of wheat and flour of the preceding year, and the production and requirements of other countries, are well ascertained. The letter adds:—

"In Spain the field is exuberant, and speculators are waiting only for a fresh rise in France to throw Spanish grain on the French markets. Russian wheat is coming in regularly; but, with the uncertainty as to quantity and quality of the new crops in France, the prices quoted at the ports do not yet seriously affect the markets of the interior."

ITALY.

PROMONT.—General Menabrea, the Plenipotentiary of King Victor Emmanuel, has been for several days at Vienna, and the negotiations for peace between Austria and Italy are taking, as it is reported, a most favorable turn. The session of Vienna is to be unconditional, though Italy will, of course, have to bear the charge of the public debt of the ceded province; but not one word is said about war indemnities or about compensation for the expenses sustained by Austria in works of fortification. The strongholds of the Quadrilateral and the Lagoons are to come into the hands of Italy intact and free of cost. Even on the 'rectification of frontiers' Austria appears disposed to accept a compromise. The Italians will not for the present obtain the Trent district, but the line will be drawn somewhere above Riva and the adjoining district, so as to make Garda an exclusively Italian lake.

It is not unlikely that the influence both of France and Prussia has been brought to bear on the Court of Vienna, so as to incline the Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers to reasonable terms; but, for our own part, we believe that the Emperor, who, from the very outbreak of the war, foresaw the necessity of eventually parting with Venice, and expressed himself to this effect, was also resolved, of his own spontaneous impulse, that the inevitable cession should be made with a good grace. His withdrawal from Italy, he must be aware, is final for himself, for Austria, and for Germany.

Gen. Menabrea has been instructed to apply to the Court of Vienna for the restitution of the Iron Crown of Lombardy, which the Austrians removed from the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Monza at the time of their retreat from Lombardy after the battle of Magenta, in 1859. The Italians, it is well known, when they crossed the Ticino under Charles Albert, eleven years before, and drove Radezky from Milan, had Monza and the Iron Crown at their discretion; but that Iron Crown of Alboin, that circlet hammered out of the nails of the Crucifixion, agreeably to tradition, and at all events that undeniable relic of so many centuries—a diadem laid successively on so many heroic brows, from Charlemagne to the first Napoleon—was looked upon by the Italians as some thing too sacred to be touched by profane hands, and was left by them on the spot where it was first laid by Queen Theodolinda full thirteen hundred years ago, not to be moved from its shrine till it was wanted for the consecration of the man, whoever he might be, who should have the good fortune to restore the old kingdom of the Longobards. The Austrians could not, of course, be actuated by such scruples.—The Emperor Francis Joseph continued after Villafranca and Zurich to style himself King of Lombardy-Venetia, and Alboin's sacred circlet was removed to Vienna with a feeling akin to that of the Moor of Africa, who treasures up the door-key of the house which was his forefathers' home at Grenada four hundred years ago. The hard lessons of experience, and the difficulties of her present position must have greatly softened the heart of Austria, and inspired her with more generous feelings.

What we have said of the Iron Crown applies equally to the treasures of art and antiquity of which the Austrians were lately described as stripping the archives, churches, museums, and arsenals of Venice. The coats of arms of the old Doges, the Ambassadors' Reports, and other documents of a purely local importance would be mere trash to the Austrian, but would leave the Venetian very poor indeed. Her books and pictures and parchments are inalienable property, the household gods of the Queen of the Adriatic; they constitute the chief pride of that wise Conservative Government which formed in the Middle Ages the connecting link between ancient Rome and modern England; and they may serve one day to vindicate the memory of St. Mark's Republic. If there is to be sincere and cordial peace between Austria and Italy, it is necessary that Austria should not only withdraw from Venice, but that she should leave behind her no worse remembrance than those of the irredeemable past. The work of the present pacification should be one of mutual reparation, amends and restitution. There should be on both sides readiness to meet the adversary halfway, to speed negotiation by mutual concession, to 'split the difference' where a point in dispute is not otherwise to be overcome. It is easy to see when Austria and Italy lay aside their mutual enmity, but not so easy to foretell when they may have need of each other's friendship. The horizon in Europe is as yet anything but clear. New storms may arise boding no good to States like the Austrian Empire or the Italian Kingdom, which can only live by calm and repose. Should the ill-will which is still too evidently lurking in Frech and Prussian hearts lead to a new collision on the Rhine, it would be well for Austria and Italy, if they could have sufficient faith in each other, to come between them to a compact of strict neutrality. Any temptation on their part to join in the fray would be sheer madness. Victory itself could give them nothing, for Italy has already gained all she could rationally aspire to; Austria has lost what she can never hope to recover.

The territory of Venetia, which is now about to be given up to Italy, comprises, according to official accounts, nine provinces, with their capitals, 82 districts, 94 communes, and 2,435,989 inhabitants.

Florence, Aug. 29.—*La Nazione* of to-day denies the rumours of negotiations between the Italian and the Papal Governments, and adds:—"No overture have been made to Italy for entering into negotiations."

We gather from the correspondence of the Catholic journals abroad, that complex negotiations are in progress between Paris and Florence on the subject of the Pontifical States and on that of Venetia.—France is trying to couple the two questions together. 'Italy is striving to keep them asunder.'—France is wishing to get out of the cession of Venetia (if she can) some guarantee for the future integrity of the Holy Father's remaining dominions.—Florence resists this; and this is what has retarded the negotiations, and caused a species of disgrace to overtake General La Marmora.

The General has sustained a defeat more crushing than the disaster which he encountered at Custozza. He is, it seems, by no means a thorough partisan of Italian unity or an irreconcilable foe of the Church's temporal claims. He is, it would appear, favorably disposed to an arrangement whereby the remaining Papal dominions shall be secured to the Holy Father, and he is willing to yield to France on this point as he yielded to Austria on that of the Tyrol. Signor Ricasoli, foreseeing what was likely to happen, informed the King that he wanted to resign, and meant to betake himself to the 'party of action' and agitation. He was a man likely to keep his word. The King, who is brave in the field, but destitute of firmness in council, gave way. He retained Ricasoli in office, and threw overboard La Marmora. Ricasoli then formed a coalition with Cialdini (the butcher), and their first acts were to pardon those who were undergoing their sentences for the affair of Aspromonte (when the cry was 'Rome or Death'), and to hold out the right hand of fellowship to Mazzini as they had already done to Garibaldi.

These proceedings on the part of the Florentine Cabinet prove that it is resolved, so far as in it lies, to resist all mixing up of the Roman question with that of the cession of Venetia.

What, then, will be the course of action taken by France? Will she yield once more to Italian demands and Italian insolence? We do not think so. The language held in influential quarters forbids us to suppose that the revolutionists are on the eve of another triumph. The proposal is all but certain of putting the cession of Venetia to the decision of the inhabitants in a plebiscite. It is in the nature of a menace to Italy. We are further assured that France will make such use of her rights over Venetia that the plebiscite shall be a *bona fide* expression of the wishes of the people. And there exists reliable proofs that what Venetia really desires is not amalgamation with Italy, but independent existence under the protection of France. Venetia wishes alliance and amity with Italy, but not to be merged in her nationality. We vouch for the truth of none of these reports, but we do for their existence is a sign that events were in preparation. Two things are beyond a doubt. One is, that France is dissatisfied in the highest degree with the turn which matters have taken in Italy; the other, that if France does guarantee the freedom of the Venetian plebiscite, its result will be what we have stated. Universal suffrage, as everybody knows can refuse nothing to Napoleon III.

As to the Roman question, while France demands of the Italians fresh guarantees in favor of the Holy Father, she also demands of his Government those administrative and legislative reforms which she has never ceased to urge with such persistence for years past. What France means is, simply, the adoption of

the Code Napoleon by the Pope's Government. This is the Emperor's price for saving Rome. Rome, on the other hand, agrees to certain changes, but requires peace and security to make them in, and above all, requires the independent and free management of her own affairs. —*Weekly Register.*

The Liberal Roman Committee wish to detain the Holy Father at all hazards, though they aim at his detronement, and they have ordered their secret police to watch his movements, and to kill the horses in his carriage rather than let him escape. This underground conflict of parties and passions, involving such weighty issues, gives the situation here a dramatic interest, which enchains the observer. Not the least striking of its results is the change in the tone of the Liberal Italian journals in reference to the Pope, and the growing moderation of their language. Something of this may be observed even in the organ of the secret committee, the *Roma dei Romani*.

Cardinal Antonelli is better, and tells every one that he has no intention of abandoning office; but he is visited every day by Cardinal Martel, who attends as an apprentice to be initiated in the mysteries of Roman politics.

There is some excitement among the party of action. A revolutionary club at Rome lately resolved to send off assassins to Paris to kill the Emperor, and the design has been discovered by the French police.

It is said in diplomatic circles that Baron Hubner was recalled to Vienna for exceeding his instructions, and giving assurances to the Pope which Austria will not and cannot keep.

The secret journal *Roma dei Romani* mentions a toast proposed by Baron de Charette, Commandant of the Zouaves at Valletta, to the health of Henry V. and the extinction of the race of Bonaparte. The statement is true in the main. On the 25th of July, St. Henry's day, and invited Monsignor Ruggeri, delegate of the province, to partake of their hospitality. Monsignor Ruggeri was indiscreet enough to accept the Baron's toast, and showed a sort of approval of it by inviting him to a return dinner at the delegate's palace. The French Ambassador has complained of these proceedings, and requires that Monsignor Ruggeri shall be reprimanded and Baron de Charette punished. The Pontifical Government complied with one part of this demand by censuring the delegate; but it cannot bring itself to punish the soldier, and the affair is still in suspense. —*Cor. of Pall Mall Gazette.*

GERMANY.

Prague, Aug. 25.—Peace was yesterday concluded between Prussia and Austria. The German War of 1866 is at an end. It is exactly ten weeks to a day since the heads of the Prussian columns stepped over the Prussian frontier. Within that time Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, a great part of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, the whole of Bohemia, Moravia, and the duchy of Austria north of the Danube, have been overrun by the troops of Prussia. The army of General Benedek has suffered the defeats of Sadowa, Podoll, Munchengratz, and Gitschin at the hands of Prince Frederick Charles; those of Nachod, Skalitz, and Trautenau at the hands of the Crown Prince. The decisive disaster of Koniggratz, the direct result of the union of the Prussian armies on the field of battle, swept the Austrian army of the north out of Bohemia, and drove its shattered legions to cower for refuge behind the earthworks of Olmutz, where they would have probably remained besieged till the end of the war had not General Benedek, by a daring flank movement, in the face of his victorious pursuers, retrieved his reputation for generalship, and carried his quickly reorganized troops to aid in the defence of the capital.

It is understood that a list of the offences committed by the Prussians during the occupation will be prepared and submitted to the Cabinets of Europe. (*Un bon?*) No one expects civility from an enemy in possession. General Falkenstein has found it necessary to warn officers that they have no right now to demand supplies from the people, and that they must get what they want from the Prussian stores; but it is not easy to cause ordinances to be respected in outlying districts, and most men will take what they want when they can, just as the Prussians took all the horses they liked when they entered Prague. The officers and privates pay for what they take, but there is an official tariff of prices, and the Praguers complain that the exchange is against them. —*Times Military Cor.*

According to the latest intelligence from the seat of war the fatal entry of the troops into Berlin cannot take place before September 8, and will perhaps have to be postponed even a few days later.—The cholera continues its ravages among those spared by the bullet and sword. Of the 34,000 wounded of the Prussian hospitals there are only 24,000 wounded, the rest being laid up with disease. Of the wounded one-half are Austrians. The total of the Austrian prisoners of war, both wounded and others, in Prussia is about 30,000 while the Austrians cannot boast of having captured more than 391 Prussian rank and file, with five officers.

There are at this moment under treatment in the Prussian hospitals more men by one-third than the whole army we sent the Crimea; four times more than the troops engaged at Inkerman. There are no less than between 33,000 and 34,000 under treatment, so we perceive the most perfect organization cannot check the disease. Well might the King of Prussia say to the deputations which waited on him that the success of his arms had exceeded all expectation, and thankful may His Majesty be, as he says he is, to the Providence that smiled on his legions at the Bistritz. —*Times.*

LOSSES DURING THE LATE WAR.—The loss of the Second Prussian Army, under the Crown Prince, amounts altogether to 67 officers and 1,139 men killed, 261 officers and 5,542 men wounded, two officers and 1,835 men missing. Out of these losses the Guard Corps alone contributes 20 officers and 232 men killed, 51 officers and 1,439 men wounded, one officer and 634 men missing. According to official statements there remain at present in all the military hospitals under Prussian management still between 33,000 and 34,000 sick and wounded. The number of the former is stated at about 12,000. The proportion of wounded Austrians in the Prussian hospitals to wounded Prussians is stated to be about two to one—or about 13,000 Austrians to about 7,000 Prussians. The Berlin *Volkzeitung* says, that at the lowest calculation the victims of the late short and bloody war are reckoned at no less than 20,000 to 24,000 killed on the spot or since died from their wounds, to which may probably be added an equal number of both parties who have died from illness, chiefly the cholera.

BRASIL, September 11th.—A report is current in Government circles that the King of Prussia has decided to place the Prince Royal of Prussia over the late Kingdom of Hanover, as Vice-Royal, and that His Highness will soon take up his residence at the palace in the city of Hannover.

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 10.—The Eastern question seems to be looming in the future. Russia shows signs of moving on more to obtain the control of the Danubian Principalities, and probably eventually of Constantinople.

Moscow, Aug. 27.—At a banquet given by the American Legation, Mr. Fox proposed the following toast:—

"Each time when danger has threatened Russia American sympathies have been with her. If American hearts were visible we should behold them as united to Russia as are here the Russian and American flags. May this bond be strengthening for ever by our blood!"

A lady's home dress ought to last a long while; she never wears it out.

MY SISTER.

My Sister! There is wealth of tender meaning in those words, which none can comprehend but those who have known and lost a sister's love. Twice had death put forth his hand, snatching the little cherubs God gave to be my brothers; and, remorseless and relentless, death bore our angel mother to the vale of shadows. He came twice again, and gathered those who bore the name of sister; leaving the last lone nestling, the youngest of the five, to wander through the bleak world upon faltering wing, and with a saddened song.

When I ask Memory what my mother was like, she sighs but does not answer. If I say 'tell me of that gentle sister who once, like sunshine, gladdened our home,' she holds up a dim, shadowy picture; but in vain I seek to trace the lineaments. There is a chord in my bosom that echoes to a faint, far away music of that sister's voice. She must have been something like the angels, for she went to dwell with them, and I may not know her till I become what she is.

But Memory talks to me of one pure and lovely—pure in spirit, lowliness of heart—what walked by my side. In feature and form I am said to have resembled her; but my spirit was not as hers was. A hasty passionate temper could never have dwelt in her heart. 'No guile was found in her lips.' She had that 'charity that suffereth long and is kind.'—Yea compassion and love were the attributes of her nature, and truly she wore 'that ornament which, in the sight of God, is of great price, even a meek and quiet spirit.' In the statutes of the Lord was her delight, and her trust in her Redeemer. A modest, beautiful flower, born to blush for a time and shed the precious fragrance of a lovely example. But earth was not her home; her cheek grew pale and her step weary; and one spring-time, when the little wild flowers she loved so well—meet emblems of her own short sweet life—were blooming, she laid her head upon her pillow and waited for deliverance. For some she languished; but when patience had wrought its perfect work, the wish to live became extinct. The desire 'to depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' was formed; so He said, 'It is enough, come up higher.'

I looked back over nearly eight years to that summer day, the eighth of July, 1858, when I walked by her side, her hand clasped in mine, down to the brink of the dark, rolling river, and waited and watched with her there, for the angels were coming to bear her away to a beautiful land, the inhabitants whereof never say, 'I am sick,' where no pain is, neither sorrow; but joy and gladness for evermore. She told me there that in death she fulfilled her mission; she would be another treasure added to those already gathered, 'where neither moth nor rust corrupt,' and death may not despoil, to lure those who love her so well to seek more earnestly to find them again, burnished and brightened by the hand of a crucified Lord.

Loved and loving ones gathered near to bid her God speed and farewell; and as she pressed parting kisses on their lips, with what anxious look and pleading tone she sought from each the promise to follow her to the blessed abode of the redeemed, and bade me aid and cheer them on the long, rough pilgrimage. The words I would have spoken were forced back by the great grief that seemed crushing my heart. Hand in hand in years ago, we had turned our childish footsteps into the 'narrow path.' Side by side we had pursued the way, and tried to restrain our hearts from evil; had told each other our experiences and 'taken sweet counsel together,' and now she was leaving me to struggle alone—alone!

The hours were slowly on. We watched as the shadows grew darker and darker; while my hands were more closely clasped, an awful Presence entered our midst, and his chill breath cooled the cheek of suffering. Quietly, then, as the silent finger pointed to midnight's solemn hour, he 'loosed the silver cord,' and released her pure spirit, which soared away home, to rest and heaven.

The springtime came again, and the joyous birds warbled their sweet anthems round the lone sleeper; but she waked not to list to the old, loved songs.—The violet forget-me-not bloomed beautiful as ever; but after waiting in vain her carresses, grew pale with watching, and died beside her grave; while the sweet birds, still repeating their plaintive lays, bled away in quest of a more genial clime under Southern skies.

And again they come on their missions of love, but their hearts are still, sad and lonely. 'Tis true, Time wraps a kindly mantle round the desolate heart, and other changes have come over my life.—Though I can now look up and say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done,' yet more each day I miss that gentle being: rom my side. Each unkind thought I ever cherished, each unkind word I ever spoke, each loving act left unperformed, stings my soul with a silent reproach. I can only pray, 'God forgive me, as she did, and make me more like her.'—*Witness, Nashville, Tenn.*

A MISSIONARY SIX YEARS OLD.—I never read any missionary story that impressed me so much as the following. I am going to tell you, my dear children, just as I read it. In a voyage of exploration and discovery on the coast of Africa, landing on a little island, near that which is mentioned on the charts by the names of Fernando Po and Annobon, some missionaries met on a rocky, not far from the shore, a cross rudely constructed, and all around, in the attitude of prayer a group of negro children, directed by a white child. They were nearly all the same age, and were reciting in bad Spanish the Angelical Salutation or *Hail Mary*. Great was the surprise of the Catholic missionaries to meet in those regions, were they thought the idea of the cross was unknown an altar raised to the cross. On seeing those good priests wearing their statures, child cried out in Spanish; *Priests! there are priests!* and all the little negroes turned toward the missionaries. The latter approached the child and asked him to conduct them to the house of his parents. 'I have none,' answered the child, sadly. Then he told how being cast on that shore by a shipwreck, he was separated from his parents, whom he never saw again. Picked up by some negroes, who had brought him up with their children, he had taught the latter the prayer his mother taught him to say morning and night on his knees, and they came altogether to kneel before that cross. 'They are, then, Christians?' demanded the missionaries. 'Christians!' repeated the child, much amazed; 'I cannot tell you; they see me kneel down, and they do the same. They repeat the words of the prayer I have taught them; but I do not know whether they understand it, and I do not understand their language. Still I have taught them to make the sign of the cross, and they never fail to do it when they pass before the cross.' And that cross—who raised it? 'It was I; I remembered those I had seen from place to place in my own country.' Finishing his recital, the poor child could not restrain his tears and sighs. The missionaries asked his name; he remembered neither his own name nor that of his country; neither did he know the name of the shipwrecked vessel. One thing only he had not forgotten: his *Hail Mary!* Well, dear friends, when will it be that little missionaries such as this charming child of whom I have told you may be found amongst you?

TACT NECESSARY IN NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.—It is not enough to think and to know. It requires the faculty of utterance, and a peculiar kind of utterance. Certain things are to be said in a certain manner; and your amateur article writer is sure to strengthen in any manner but the right. Perhaps of all styles of writing there is none in which excellency is so rarely attained as that of newspaper writing. A readable leading article may not be a work of the loftiest order, or demand for its execution the highest attributes of genius; but whatever it may be, the power of accomplishing it with success is not shared by thousands of clever fellows. Thousands of

clever fellows, fortified by Thackeray's opinion, may think that they could write the articles which they read in the morning journals; but let them take pen and paper, and try. We think it only fair that professional authors should have the credit of being able to do what other people cannot. They do not claim to themselves a monopoly of talent. They do not think themselves capable of conducting a case in court of law as cleverly as a queen's counsel, or of getting a sick man through the typhus fever as skillfully as a practised physician. But it is hard that they should not receive credit for being able to write better articles than either the one or the other; or perhaps it is more to the purpose to say, than the briefless lawyers and patientless medical students who are glad to earn a guinea by their pens. Men are not born article writers any more than they are born doctors of law, or doctors of physic; as the ludicrous failures which are thrown every day into the rubbish baskets of all our newspaper offices demonstrate past all contradiction. Incompetency is manifested in a variety of ways; but an irrepressible tendency to fine writing is associated with the greater number of them. Give a clever young medical student a book about aural or dental surgery to review, and the chances are ten to one that the criticism will be but little else than a high flown, grandiloquent treatise on the wonders of creation. A regular 'literary hack' will do the thing much better. —*North British Review.*

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, listen! The first thing you want to learn to develop what force there is in you, is self reliance; that is, as regards your relations to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I should say, turn them upon their own resources, with their minds well stored with moral and religious truth when they are boys, and teach them to 'depend on self and not on father.' If a boy is thrown upon his own resources, at fifteen, with the world all before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life single handed up to manhood, and don't develop an average share of executive ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn 'to plow and sow, and reap, and mow,' but this can all be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be something better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary such a word as *fail*, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hand to the plow, or whatever tool you take to, and then drive on and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see if it is straight; don't be consistent but simply true. If you go 'to see a red shaken by the wind,' it is pretty likely you will need see anything of more consequence.

TO BOYS LEARNING.—Aspiring apprentice, a word or two in your ear. If you desire success in any manner pertaining to this life or the coming, you must have a purpose—a determination, that, God helping you, you will achieve success. You may be poor, friendless, unknown—your clothing scant, your stomach half filled—your place may be at the foot of the ladder; no matter.—Whatever your position may be, do your duty in it stoutly and perseveringly; with your eye fixed far ahead and upward.

Keeping the purpose before you that you will rise, be obedient to your employer, attentive to your business, obliging to your shopmates, and courteous to strangers; and seize every opportunity to improve your head, your mind, and your workmanship. Do everything well—no slighting, no hiding defects, aiming always at perfection. Watch those who are skillful, and strive to equal and excel them. Secure the friendship of all by deserving it. Allow no opportunity of rendering a service to pass without improving it, even if it cost you some labor and self denial.

Be of use to others, even if in a small way; for a time may come when they may be of service to you. A selfish man may get ahead faster than you; but selfishness is contemptible, and you need not envy success; when you achieve your object nobly, you will enjoy it and be respected.

Always bear in mind that character is capital. To gain this you must be so scrupulously honest that you would be at willing to put live coals into your pocket as a penny that is not pure. Never run in debt; do without what you cannot at once pay for, even though you should suffer somewhat. No matter what the amount of your earnings may be, save a portion every week, and invest it in a savings bank of good standing; it will stand you in good stead some day.

Better temporary abstinence and constant plenty afterwards, than unearned present comfort and future perpetual want. Never lie, openly or covertly, by word or action. A liar may deceive his fellows—God and himself never. Conscious of falsity, a liar can have no self respect; without self respect, reputation cannot be achieved.

With a noble purpose as the end of all your actions, and with action becoming your purpose, your success is merely a question of time—always provided you have some brain and abundant common sense. —*The American Printer.*

'Ma, is Mr. B respectable?'—'Certainly, my child, why do you ask that question?'—'Because he wears such poor clothes.'—'You should not judge people by their clothes; none but silly people do that.'—'Then everybody's silly, ain't they, ma?'

A story is told of a Welsh jury, who, when a learned counsel had opened his case, and concluded by saying, 'Now, gentlemen, I will call before you witnesses who will bear out the statement I have made; replied unanimously, 'Oh, Mr. Williams, you need not give yourself the trouble—we believe you.'

A quack advertises a compound that will cure everything, from a bad character to a bad temper.

That young man who drinks, bets, swears, gambles, and idles away his time, is on a false place of the ice.

A good character is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—*The Postman.*

Got any ice at the end of your table, Bill?—'No, but I have got the next thing to it.—What's that?—A severe cold.'

Ma, do you know why horses don't wear hats?—'No, Johnny.—Because it would give them a hostile appearance.'

A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body and the other runs away with his heart.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular.—Because, she replied, it is so very singular that they don't get married.

Philosophers have widely differed as to the seat of the soul but there can be no doubt that the seat of perfect contentment is in the head; for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own brains.

The Louisville Democrat announces the melancholy fact that Gen. Cass was slain by the jawbone of an ass. Does our ally neighbour mean to insinuate that the general has talked himself to death?—*American Paper.*

During the play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' a scapegrace, named Romeo, was stuck fast in the pit. At the moment when Juliet exclaims, 'Romeo, where art thou?' up gets Romeo No. 2: 'Here I am in the pit; I had only a shilling and couldn't come it into the boxes!' The house was in a roar. The scene alone was worth the amount.

A fellow was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight the Mexicans. One of the flag waving before his eyes, bearing the inscription, 'Victory or Death,' somewhat troubled and discouraged him. 'Victory is a good thing,' said he, 'but why 'Victory or Death?' Just put it 'Victory or Cripple,' and I'll go that.'