

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—The *Moniteur* publishes an Imperial decree, dated Feb. 5, to regulate the relations of the Senate and Legislative Body with the Emperor and the Council of State, and to fix the organic conditions of the labours of the two first-named bodies. The document, consisting of 116 articles, extends over more than eight long columns, of the official journal, but in reality contains little that is new.

The *Gazette de France* had published a circular from the Postmaster-General to his subordinates in reference to the letter addressed some short time since by the Count de Chambord to General de Saint Priest, on the general situation of Europe.

The *Gazette* gives at the same time a legal opinion from M. Albert Gigot, Advocate at the Court of Cassation and Council of State, to the effect that the Postmaster-General's order is decided illegal for three reasons:—1. Because it despoils, outside judiciary forms and guarantees the seizure of a document which has not given rise to criminal proceedings; 2. Because it enjoins the Post-office clerks to make that seizure, though such right of seizing letters at the Post-office, in exceptional cases authorized by the law, belongs only to judges of Instruction, and, in virtue of more recent enactments, to the Prefects; and 3. Because it violates the secrecy of private correspondence.

It is very probable that the Postmaster-General's circular is either his own act or suggested by some over-zealous superior. When we remember that two or three protests against the accession of the Emperor to supreme power in 1851 were inserted without the change of a letter in the *Moniteur*, I can hardly think that the circular in question was written with the cognizance and approval of the Emperor. If, however, it be so, the great number of the French people who are hardly aware of his existence now see that the Count of Chambord not only lives, but is considered a formidable personage, and that a letter from him entering France leads to the violation of one of those guarantees, the most dear to the public. It is pleasant to hear people talk of the extension of liberties and crowning the edifice, when they cannot write a letter without the Post-office clerks knowing with it contains.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes a communicated article on the subject and defends the Post-office circular as perfectly regular and legal.

A rather dull incident occurred on Tuesday at the Tribunal Civil. When the Judges took their places, the Procurator Imperial was, in the usual form, called upon to move. The Procurator rose and announced, before the regular business commenced, that there was a certain number of functionaries, just named by the Government, who were in attendance to take the customary oaths before entering upon their duties, and he prayed the Court to allow them to be sworn. The presiding Judge gave his assent, when some eight or ten factious (letter-carriers) stepped forward. They were bid to raise their right hands, and the oath was read by the Greffier, or Clerk of the Court. When the first words were recited, 'You solemnly swear to respect the secret of letters that pass through your hands; &c., the Greffier, who had present to his memory the Postmaster-General's circular ordering his subordinates to open letters, could not repress a smile, and in a few seconds the Procurator, Judges, counsel, audience, the factious themselves, and even the servants of the Court, caught the infection, and burst into laughter. The oath was then got through with as much gravity as possible. By the way, it is said that M. Vaudal, who has so completely forgotten the recommendation of the old diplomatist Talleyrand, or some one else—about the danger of excessive zeal, is to be removed from the Post-office and transferred to the Senate, where he will be harmless, or, if disposed to be otherwise, will have somebody to keep him in check.

The Emperor of the French in opening the French Legist chambers on Thursday, noticed the course of events in Europe since the last session—events which he described as fulfilling the anticipations of the First Napoleon, and the failure of the Mexican expedition. His Majesty said his relations with all foreign powers were satisfactory. 'Our connection with England,' he observed, 'becomes daily more intimate, by the similarity of our policy and the multiplicity of our commercial relations. Prussia seeks to avoid everything which might arouse our national susceptibilities, and agrees with us upon the chief European questions. Russia is not disposed to separate her policy in the East from that of France. The same is the case with Austria, whose greatness is indispensable to the general equilibrium.' Nothing, he added, 'arouses uneasiness at present, and I entertain a firm conviction that peace will not be disturbed.' The Emperor then refers to home questions, calling special attention to the recent administrative changes, which he describes as an extension of the popular liberties, and to the proposed reorganization of the army.

In well-informed quarters the Emperor is believed to be more disposed to support the Pope now than he was even a few weeks ago. He is bent upon maintaining the 'status quo' on all sides for the present. For this disposition on his part there are obvious reasons. It is impossible to say to what extent he would interfere by material means to keep things, as they are in the Roman States, but the moment cannot be considered favorable to attempt to change them.

The Jesuits, according to their custom, have published the annual statistics of their society. The company reckoned at the close of 1866 four consistories and twenty provinces; the number of members being 8,167, showing an augmentation of 215 over the year 1865. In the French province there are 2,422, whereas, in 1865, there were only 2,266. Notwithstanding their expulsion from Naples, Sicily, Turin, Venetia, and the Mexican Empire, they are incessantly increasing in number.

The following clause is said to occur in the will of the late M. Cousin:—

'Desirous of giving a last pledge of affection to my honorable confreres, M. Francois Auguste Mignet of the French Academy, and M. Jules Bartholomew Saint-Hilaire, of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, I bequeath to each of them 100,000f.'

About the words in italics a difficulty arises. In the original they are, 'a chacun deux, 100,000f,' but the *deux* is written so that it may be taken for the single word *deux*, without the apostrophe. If it be correct, each of the legates will have 200,000f instead of 100,000f. This resembles the well known scene in the *Marriage de Figaro* where it depended on whether the word *ou* in the bond given by Figaro to Mademoiselle de Verte Allure had or had not an accent. In the one case *ou* meant *or*, and he had the alternative of paying his debt of 2,000 piastres, or marrying her; in the other, *ou* meant *where*, and he was bound to do both; the money to be paid and the marriage to take place in the Chateau of Agnas-Frecaes.

PARIS, March 4.—The Government has commenced legal proceedings in the Correctional Court against M. Emile de Girardin, for a leading editorial in his journal, boldly criticising the policy of the Emperor.

ANOTHER BOURBON MANIFESTO.—A circular of the Count de Paris, similar to that of the Count de Chambord,—that is attacking the Imperial Government,—is said to have been issued, or to be on the eve of being issued.

A COUSIN'S OATH.—A not of prince Napoleon is being repeated in the Paris salons: 'The Emperor has twice deceived France—first in 1848, in making her believe that he was a fool; next, in 1866, in making her believe that he was a genius.'

The state of morals in Paris is most deplorable. Some writers speak of it as a perfect *atavisme*. The most revolting prodigies stalk unblushingly

through the French capital and hold high carnival at the masked balls held almost every night, and at the principal theatres the immodesty is most awful and most popular.

## ITALY.

Piedmont.—The *London Times* has an editorial on the state of the Piedmontese Government of unhappy Italy. We made some extracts:—

The Italians seem bent on disappointing their best friends. No sooner are they, thanks to the interference of French and Prussians, rid of Austrian rule than they do all in their power to revive the charges so often unjustly, as we have thought, brought against them by their enemies as to their unfitness for self-government. Of free representative institutions they evidently understand nothing so well as the pulling down of Cabinets. They do not consider that three Ministerial crises, if following too closely upon one another, may be as fatal to a State as three removals are said to be to a household.—Three months have scarcely elapsed since they threw out La Marmora; they will not rest now till they have demolished Bissolati.

The Bill for the Liquidation of Ecclesiastical Property has foundered in the Italian Parliament; though the House must be aware that either the question involved in it must be solved, or the country must be ruined.

Short of a re-occupation of Lombardy by the Austrians, anything more disastrous to Italy than the present course, under present circumstances, could scarcely be imagined.

Unfortunately, however, the Italians seem to lose sight of the fact that their existence does not hang either on Chambers or Cabinets. There is a question of finance; and unless they conquer their deficit the battles of Solferino and Koniggratz have been fought to little purpose. Their taxes are already heavier than a prosperous, enlightened, and well-disciplined people could bear. Till public security and good administration have done their work among the masses, nothing but the greatest moderation and forbearance, the most perfect unanimity of their leaders, can save the State. With such factious spirit as is evidently prevailing in the Florentine Hall of the Five Hundred the representative system is only the most dangerous of edged tools.

The bread riots in Turin, in Venice, in Naples, the resistance to the tax-gatherer and the recruiting sergeant, the rampant brigandage in the Southern Provinces, are too clear symptoms of the disorderly elements ready to plunge the community back into the chaos from which it has so lately and so miraculously emerged. The Italians, it should be borne in mind, though they have suffered nobly, have not ought successfully for their freedom. All the this, stronger, is the reason why they should strive to conquer themselves, to rise above the petty spirit of political chicanery and factional opposition. Since the death of Cavour they have hardly ever been able to build up a permanent Government; since the Parliament became Italian instead of Sardinian hardly a Bill has been maturely discussed, hardly has a Budget been thoroughly voted. The rage for oratorical display has been even more fatal to the work of legislation than the frantic scramble for power. This intemperate abuse of freedom of speech almost justifies the precautions with which the Emperor Napoleon has deemed it expedient to encompass the right of interpellation. For the last six years it has been all talk and no work in the Italian Chambers. Should the present Session be as unproductive as the foregoing ones—and we have seen that the evil done is already in a great measure irreparable—the Italians will have thrown as much discredit on the Parliamentary system as they have brought ruin on their cause. With a yawning deficit of ten or twelve millions, and a Bill in hand intended to place within their reach seventy-two millions of Church property, as well as to bring about the settlement of the Papal and Clerical questions—they lose their time in squabbles about the right of meeting to be granted to men who only three short months ago were Austrian slaves. Certainly we wish the Italians, with all our hearts, the enjoyment of all possible liberties except that of self-destruction; but we feel convinced that were this year to close, leaving the Italians no further advanced in the solution of their financial and of their Church and State difficulties than they were at its opening, he would be a rash man who would answer for the ultimate success of their national union, of their hardly bought, but perhaps not sufficiently valued, independence.

In Italy, the property belonging to the Catholic Church is estimated at 260,000,000f. The State proposes to take about two-fifths of, or 224,000,000f.

The *Italia* says:—'It is believed that the Free Church and Ecclesiastical Liquidation Bill will be completely remodelled before it is again submitted to Parliament.'

Deputy Bellazzi has undertaken at Florence the editing of a weekly paper in the interest of prison reform, entitled *Cesure Boccaria*, and in the first number, published on the 19th of January, 1867, he gives us the statistics of the part of the population of the kingdom of Italy detained in prison, and the relative expense of their maintenance. This statistical table does not include the newly acquired Venetian provinces, nor those of the Duchy of Mantua. It is worth while taking a note of these more than eloquent figures, proving as they do the sort of moral order that exists in this our unfortunate country. In the Italian galleys, penitentiaries, prisons for persons under age, judicial prisons, military prisons forced domicile, the number confined amounts to 70,338.

These figures testify; and not less appalling is the sum of public money expended from 1861 to 1867 for the services of the judicial prisoners, penitentiaries, and galleys or prisons for penal servitude. Here are the figures: 137,387,497f. Therefore they have spent in seven years more than 137 million francs (about 2½ millions sterling) in the support and management of their galleys slaves and prisoners. The revenue of Tuscany was calculated in 1866 to amount to 81,507,782 Tuscan francs (84 centimes to the franc); consequently in seven short years the Kingdom of Italy has expended on its bagnois and prisoners almost double the entire annual revenue, ordinary and extraordinary of the grand Duchy of Tuscany. Notwithstanding this enormous expenditure, what is the condition of Italian prisons, and how are the prisoners treated?

A recent action for defamation and libel, which came off at Florence, revealed the truth. The journal called *Il Diritto* denounced some time ago the custom of torture as adopted in the prisons of Parma. Signor Paolo Belmonti Quesada, governor of the Prison, took an action against the *Diritto* for libel and defamation of character. The action was tried before the civil and correctional tribunal of Florence and lasted from the 11th to the 10th of January, and from the evidence furnished by the advocates of the *Diritto*, there resulted—1st, That the soup given to the prisoners contained insects, worms, emals, moths, and nastiness of all descriptions, so that the prisoners themselves sold it to a jobber for fattening pigs; 2d, That the wine allowed them was almost ink—muddy, full of dregs, and no small quantity of noxious sulphuric acid; 3d, That a respectable person saw, through a small aperture in the cell, a poor prisoner with his hands bound behind his back, and iron on his feet, drag himself along the ground, and by an effort of his chin, press close against the wall a piece of bread and seize it in his mouth; 4th, That, on three persons contusions and marks of bodily injury were traced, produced by the friction of the small doublet and belt, gradual in its injurious effect, and caused also by the over tightness of the belt itself. The flash at the wrists was stripped of skin and severe marks were found on the shoulders and under the belt. The Florence tribunal, therefore, acquitted the editor of the *Diritto*, Sig. Enrico Giovanni; and these are the prisons and prisoners that in seven years cost 137 million francs!

Rome.—The correspondent of the *London Times* lets us into the secret tactics of the Piedmontese Government, as towards the Sovereign Pontiff. It dare not interfere with the latter openly; but it seeks to create disturbance in the Pontifical States by driving in all the rascality of Italy. For this purpose the Piedmontese has established a cordon around the Papal Territory, and thus prevent the Roman Government from putting down brigandage. This done the organs of the Liberal party cry out against the harbor given to brigands—and criminals by the Pope. Read, however, what the *Times*' correspondent says upon the subject:—

Although, as you were lately informed, perfect tranquility and security prevail within the walls of Rome, the contrary is the case in all the country between those walls and the frontiers of the Papal territory. Besides what finds its way into the papers private advices represent the state of things in those districts as rapidly becoming intolerable. Except in the large towns the unfortunate people still under Papal rule and protection cannot be sure for a single day of either property or life. The tactics of the officers commanding the Italian troops now posted along the Pontifical frontier seem to be less directed to catch or destroy the brigands than to keep them within the Pope's territory. Instead of intercepting them, they drive them back whenever they show a disposition to extend their raids into the Royal provinces. This may be good policy as directed to accelerate a crisis in the Papal States, but meanwhile the unfortunate population of those States suffer severely from it. The country people cannot go to their work without danger of the most frightful ill-treatment, and even of death, wantonly inflicted without any conceivable motive, save that of rendering the country uninhabitable. It seems scarcely safe to go out of the gates of Rome.

It is evident that if the Pope's Government desires, as we can hardly doubt, to maintain order and prevent crime, its means are wholly inadequate to that end. And it is equally certain that such a state of things cannot last long without bringing on a crisis. If no insurrection has yet taken place, it must be attributed solely to the discipline under which the Romans are. Whether the directions they obey emanate from the Florence Government or from the mysterious National Committee matters little; the population of the Papal provinces has been ordered to wait; and it waits accordingly. But this cannot go on for ever. We may imagine how far the state of things is endurable when we hear of the country people abandoning their isolated houses and village homes and seeking the shelter of the towns, scarcely venturing out to work in the fields by day. The numerous Papal subjects dwelling here and at Bologna, and in various other places, and whose whole faculties are concentrated in the observation of events and in preparation for what may come, are growing impatient, and hints of approaching action are heard. The people of the Roman provinces will hardly rise without a signal, but when that shall be given, cannot imagine that the emigrants will find much difficulty in sending arms and reinforcements across the frontier.

CLOSING AMERICAN CHAPEL IN ROME.—Minister King informs the State Department that there is no truth in the statement that the chapel had been removed by direction of the Papal authorities outside the walls of Rome.

The special correspondent of the *Unita Cattolica* writes from Rome on the 25th ult. as follows:—'All the news from Rome may be compressed into these two words, perfect tranquillity. Is it likely to last? The answer cannot be given by any one living in Rome; it must come from outside Rome, since if from outside they are not inclined to cavil, the little state left for the present to the Pontiff, certainly from within no serious disturbances can arise. It is an universal feeling shared in by all classes that, without an armed gathering, regular or irregular, of the kingdoms of Italy no revolution can be attempted in the Pontifical State. 1st.—Because the population is tranquil, devoted to peace, and the vast majority affectionately loyal to the Holy Father. 2ndly.—Because amongst the populations of this State there is the most manifest aversion to the Italian Government, which imposes intolerable burthens, and offers no guarantee of true solid liberty; and 3rdly.—2e. Cause there is an ample sufficient force at the command of the Papal Government to repress any internal disturbance. The army is sufficiently numerous, well disciplined, faithful, well-officed, and anxious to prove by facts their firm resolve to defend to the last the sacred and noble cause of the Year of Christ. For these reasons, I repeat that, without a powerful auxiliary of Italian forces, a revolution in the Pope's territory is impossible. The few revolutionaries amongst us feel this truth, and are afflicted thereby. They strive to revenge themselves by publishing proclamations, printed at Forni or Rieti, and secretly brought to Rome among the luggage of certain virtuous priestesses of Italy or commercial travellers. I have already told you that the so-called National Roman Committee sent threatening letters to the principal families of Rome, forbidding them (in the name of liberty, be it understood) to frequent the theatres during the carnival. This time it has not been heeded, and rumor says that it is preparing another proclamation, in which, declaring itself satisfied with the prompt and unanimous obedience of the Romans, it permits them to go to the theatres. Nevertheless, the unanimity would be in quite an opposite sense if certain folks more pusillanimous than otherwise, would prove by facts their loyalty to the Holy Father which they loudly profess to feel.'

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Naples, Feb. 4.—On Sunday last were distributed medals for military valour to those among the garrison of Naples who distinguished themselves in the late campaign in Northern Italy. The brilliancy of the spectacle, the interest which might be supposed to attach to the occasion, and the beauty of the weather, might have called forth, one would have expected, half Naples; yet there was a poorer display than I ever remember to have witnessed at a public festival. No crowds covered the house tops; balconies and windows, except in two or three instances, were unoccupied; no ladies were there to honour those whom the King had thought fit to honour; no carriages blocked up the roads, while round the square and out side the ranks of the troops there was nothing but a slight fringe of the population. For such an occasion it was the coldest reception one could well conceive, and freezing point was arrived at when, after a short address to the troops, General D'Amico waved his hat and shouted 'Viva il Re.' Even among the troops it was not generally echoed, while not a single person in the crowd took it up. It is true that to a certain extent loyalty is a habit, and that, owing to the bad government of the Bourbons, disloyalty and opposition to the law, on the contrary, have become almost a merit; but make all the allowances we can, when I contrast the coldness which marked the scene of Sunday with the enthusiasm which I have witnessed on many occasions since 1860, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the Neapolitans have not advanced either in patriotism or loyalty. Some truths are, I know, unpleasant enough; nevertheless, it may be essential to the public safety that they should be stated, and it is true that want and discontent increase in Southern Italy from day to day. Our streets are filled with thieves and beggars, whose number is increased by the hordes whom the monasteries formerly fed; the working classes have a hard struggle to provide their families with the necessities of life, and bread is but too often an unattainable luxury. In short, heavy taxation and high priced provisions are doing their work in creating an amount of ill feeling which is deplorable to witness. Be assured that this is no hasty report of the state of public feeling. I know the Southerners

well, have extended relations amongst them, and am persuaded that any effort to raise a revenue by additional taxation would be fruitless, and might be dangerous.

## AUSTRIA.

PREPARING FOR ANOTHER STRUGGLE.—The Vienna *Morgen Post* states that Vienna is to be defended by a chain of 40 detached forts, and that the works will be commenced in the spring. The cost is estimated at 28,000,000 florins, or about \$2,800,000.

PROPOSED ALLIANCE BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND ITALY.—Prince Humbert, the Italian heir apparent, is shortly about to pay a visit to Vienna. He will be lodged in the Burg Palace and very much feted. His marriage with the Archduchess Matilda, daughter of Archduke Albert, victor of the battle of Sadowna, which was bruited some time ago, is now again on the tapis. General Menabrea, when he negotiated the peace between Italy and Austria, is understood to have thrown out feelers on this subject. At that time the Archduke Albert said he must above all things consult his daughter's wishes.

TRICHINOSIS.—A new discovery concerning a curious disease.—A committee appointed by the Medical Society of Vienna, and composed of Professors Klob Muller and Wedl, has just published a long report on trichinosis, in which the startling fact is asserted that the real source of infection lies entirely in the rat, in which the malady is spontaneously developed, which communicates it to the pig. In Moravia, eight out of forty nine rats examined were trichinized, a proportion of nearly thirty seven per cent. In Lower Austria the proportion was not more than four per cent., and in the environs of Vienna about ten per cent.

The report confirms the fact that trichinosis may be transmitted by food, from the rat to the rabbit from the rabbit to the fox and hedge hog, from the rat to the pig and from the pig to the rat. Even the calf may be infected by being fed with the flesh of trichinized rabbit. What is worse still, the larvae of flies feeding on infected meat will transmit trichinosis to rabbits, provided the larvae come fresh from the infected substances; for if a certain time be allowed to pass, the trichinosis soon die in the digestive tube of the larvae. It is important to notice that the report distinctly confirms the innocuousness of trichinized meat when thoroughly salted, smoked or boiled, the latter process being by far the most efficacious. Meat roasted for three quarters of an hour is safe food; boiling requires a whole hour. And yet the report mentions cases of infection recently observed in Austria, so that means should be taken there to protect the public from this disastrous malady.

The first measure proposed is the extermination of all rats and mice, but not without previously examining them, in order to ascertain the existence of trichinosis among them. If this examination should lead to affirmative results, then particular care should be taken in the locality to keep pigs away from all sewers, heaps of manure, and other such places frequented by rats. The flesh of the pig should be examined either after death, or even during life, by means of incisions. The infected pig should be separated from the others marked, and its sale prevented. Special slaughter houses should be organized for pigs, and the flesh examined by veterinary practitioners; and the public themselves are warned never to eat raw pork under any form, but strictly to consume it only well salted or smoked, boiled or roasted. —*Times*.

## TURKEY.

The weakness of the Sultan is encouraging the demands of his satraps. The Viceroy of Egypt asks that he shall be called the Caliph of Egypt, that he shall coin money in his own name, that he shall have power to increase the Egyptian army to 100,000 men, and that he shall have the right of appointing officers of the highest rank. These are demands which savour of imperial rule, and at Constantinople they are looked upon as equivalent to asking for independence. They can bear no other interpretation; but what can the poor enfeebled Sultan do but submit? The 'sick man' appears to die slowly, but that he is dying hardly admits of a doubt. His decline since 1854—only twelve years ago—has been more rapid than casual spectators are disposed to admit.

## UNITED STATES.

THE PREVALENCE OF CRIME.—Our daily papers for some time past have recorded a constant, uninterrupted succession of the most horrible crimes.—We read of nothing, now-a-days, but of murders, most of them under very aggravating circumstances. Last week the sanctuary of justice itself was violated, a man having been murdered in open court. In one issue of an evening contemporary, all the reading matter on the first page was made up of accounts of tragedies ending in blood. It would appear as if a mania for murder was taking possession of men's minds, and leading them to the commission of the most horrible crimes.

It is natural that attentive observers should ask themselves, what is the cause of this terrible condition of affairs? To this all-important question different answers are given, according to the different ideas prevalent on many other subjects. No doubt, the late war has accustomed many to blood, and destroyed that respect for human life, which ought to be nurtured in civilized society. An army is not a very good school of morals; nor are soldiers over remarkable for a tender regard for the lives of others. Least of all, does a civil war contribute to the cultivation of those moral qualities, on the development of which depends in a great measure the safety of society.

But while giving due weight to these considerations, we cannot look on the late war as the chief cause of the lawlessness now unhappily prevalent.—The root of the evil lies lower and deeper. We know we are about to say what will appear arrant nonsense to those who share the ideas that now reign supreme; but we must give utterance to our honest convictions. We consider the real cause of the evil to which we allude, to be the system of education which has prevailed in this country for the last quarter of a century. That education practically ignores religion, and, consequently, brings up the young without the influence of those moral restraints, that alone can effectually curb their passions in after life. —*Catholic Standard*.

## THE POOR TYROLESE BOY.

A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a mountain village. Her only son was a poor cripple. He was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear the burden of poverty, but that feebleness forbade it. He could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers.—At the age of fifteen years, he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt throughout Europe. He had decreed that the Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purpose. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men, women, and children of the mountain land were filled with zeal in defence of their homes. On one occasion 10,000 French and Bavarian troops were destroyed in a single mountain pass by an immense avalanche of rocks and trees, prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated from village to village by signal fires, from one mountain height to another, and materials were laid ready to give instant alarm.

window and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but sit still and wait.

'Ah Hans,' she said one evening, 'it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you.'

This struck a tender chord. The tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Mother, I am useless,' cried Hans, in bitter grief. 'Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for home and fatherland: I am useless.'

'My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me.'

'Yes, to you; I cannot work for you—I cannot support you in old age. Why was I made mother?' 'Hush, Hans,' said his mother; 'these repining thoughts are wrong. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb—'

'God has his plan For every man.'

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed, this truth was to be verified in a most remarkable manner.

Easter holiday, the festive season of Switzerland, came. The people lost their fears of invasion in the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

In the evening of Easter, after his usual evening prayer, in which he breathed the wish that the Father of mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night as if from a dream, under the strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching. He could not shake off this impression; but with the hope of being rid of it, he rose hastily, dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he claimed up the signal pile. He walked round the pile, but where were the watchers. They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps were busied with the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine tree, and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans passed by the hollow tree, and as he listened, a singular sound caught his attention. He heard a slow and stealthy tread; then the click of a musket, and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one (for Hans was hidden by the tree) they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized with fear, but they soon saw there were no foes in ambush—none but a single youth running down a mountain path. They fired, and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be roused. It was already aroused from mountain-top to mountain-top; the plan of the advancing army was defeated, and a hasty escape followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people with their arms were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard—

'Who lighted the pile?' 'It was I,' said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. 'Four crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy—the French were there." He fainted and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he; "at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. 'What is this?' they cried; 'he has been shot. It is true.'

Hans was taken to his mother, and laid before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, 'It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true—'

'God has his plan For every man.'

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was.'

Hans did not recover from his wound, but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and the country; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother; and he had the happiness to hear that she would be considered a sacred and honored bequest by the community which her son had preserved at the peril of his own life.

Great emergencies like those which met Hans cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all will experience its truth. None need stand useless members of God's great family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, there need be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

## A CURE-ALL.

Several gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed, 'Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all.'

At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind, at a table, studying his Latin grammar, began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself,

'A soft answer is a mighty cure-all.'

'Yes, that's it,' cried the gentleman, starting, and turning round to see where the echo came from. 'Yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?'

The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but answered,

'I don't know whether I understand you, sir?'

'Well, I'll explain, then,' said the gentleman, wheeling round his chair; 'for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon; besides, it is the principle which is going to conquer the world.'

The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

'I might as well explain,' said he, 'by telling you about the first time it conquered me.' My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting; if a boy ever gave me a saucy word it was, 'Fight 'em, Charley; fight 'em!'

By and by I was sent to the famous—school, and it so happened my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a little house behind the academy, I began to strut a little and talk about what my father was; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, besides being excellent at bat and ball, we were soon on pretty good terms, and so it went on for some time. After a while, some of the fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and somehow or other we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

'Tom Tucker! who is he?' I cried angrily. 'I'll let him know who I am!' and we rattled on, until we fairly talked ourselves into a party of wolves.—The boys then set me on to go down to Tom Tucker's and let him know what he had to expect. Swelling with rage I bolted into his yard, where he was at work with Trip and his little sister.

'I'll teach you to talk about me in this way!' I thundered, marching up to him.

He never winced, or seemed the least frightened, but stood still, looking at me as mild as a lamb.

'Tell me,' I cried, throwing down my books, doubling up my fist, and sidling up to him, 'tell me, or I'll—kill you. I was going to say, for murder was in my heart.'

He stepped on one side, but answered firmly, yet mildly.

'Charles, you may strike me as much as you