

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

London, 19.—The Luxemburg question may now be regarded as finally settled. For the Emperor Napoleon and King William of Prussia have signed the treaty looking to that end.

The Times says:—The terms on which France and Prussia consented to withdraw any claims they may have on the Grand Duchy, France renouncing her projected acquisition, Prussia consenting to evacuate the fortress, were the neutralization of the territory, under the joint guarantee of the Powers represented in the Conference. England was naturally unwilling to assume such a responsibility, but we believe the object of the Conference will be not only satisfactorily, but even speedily, attained. That all the Powers now in Conference will be required to guarantee the neutrality of the territory, is a matter which admits of little doubt; but their obligations will not sit heavily upon them, and with Great Britain the obligation will be very nearly, if not absolutely, the same as that contracted towards the United Kingdom of the Netherlands in 1814 and towards Belgium in 1839-39.

I mentioned in a previous letter that the friendly intervention of England in appeasing this unhappy quarrel was spoken of in the highest terms in Parisian society. This feeling is becoming general. La Presse acknowledges the fact. According to it the moment the English Government had reason to believe that nothing was contemplated against the independence of the territory of Belgium, it manifested the most amiable disposition towards France, and it was the first to state its views in the clearest terms and the firmest tone for the rights of France, and consequently against the pretensions of Prussia.—Times Cor.

A former representative of the people under the Republic, M. Langlois, proposes, in a published letter—1, that no offensive war shall henceforth be declared until it has been previously approved by the majority of the citizens, not, however, by secret but by open voting, and that all without exception who vote for it shall at once enrol themselves as soldiers; and, 2, that all journalists and orators who excite the nation to war shall be returned into a brigade for the advance guard, and shall remain so until they are all killed. It is edifying to see what little value M. Langlois, a Republican and a Democrat, seems to set on secret voting. He makes his proposal in the most serious manner, but whether he is serious or not the idea has the merit of originality.

M. Leonos de Lavergne has shown in a recent publication that at all periods the movement of the population in France has followed exactly the proportion of the strength of its army. During the first years of the Restoration when the military contingent was only 40,000 men, the population made rapid progress, which was arrested when the contingent grew to 80,000; when it was 100,000 the diminution became disastrous; and in 1854 and 1855, when the contingent was raised to 140,000, there was a positive decrease.

From 1791 to 1814 France, beside the 250,000 men taken in her army, raised and consumed 4,550,000, of which Napoleon's conscriptions amounted to 2,476,000—in all 4,806,000.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says:—

The Emperor and Prince Oscar of Sweden have gone to witness experiments with the Ouesset rifle at Vincennes. The battalion of the foot chasseurs of the Guard left their barracks in Paris at 11 o'clock and marched to the firing ground near the fort, where they were soon after joined by Marshal Bugeaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, and Generals Bourbaki and Brincourt. At 2 o'clock the Emperor alighting the firing commenced. The regiment was placed at 600 yards from the mark, and the results obtained were quite extraordinary. After a period of precisely two minutes the trumpet sounded the call to cease firing. It was then found that the battalion, 600 strong, had fired 8,000 balls, of which 1,392 had struck the line of object aimed at. No one of the persons present, however, affirmed that better practice has been obtained both at Ohalons and Satory, and that the men were under a certain emotion from firing for the first time in presence of His Majesty. All the ground immediately in front of the mark was cut up by the balls in such a way as not to show a blade of grass left. The Emperor uttered an exclamation which graphically depicts the result. 'It is frightful! it is a positive massacre!' The battalion afterwards executed several times a similar exercise, but at distances increased to 1,000 yards. His Majesty, during the whole time, remained in the midst of the men, questioning them on their experience of the arm, on its superiority over the old, and on the recoil, which they all agreed in representing as insignificant. The Emperor also fired one shot himself to judge of the effort, and then ordered the men to go on loading and firing as before.

A letter from Paris informs us that the newly-invented gun, of which so much has been written during the last few weeks, is by no means exaggerated as to its extraordinary powers. It is made of brass, with a bore not larger than an ordinary cannon which would be small enough to carry a 1lb. solid shot. This new weapon is fired from a low stand, made something like the three-legged rest of a large telescope, and is so portable that three men can with the greatest ease carry the whole apparatus, together with twenty rounds of ammunition. The latter is an explosive ball, which on striking the object it is aimed at, scatters certain destruction within a radius of fifty yards. It is a breech-loader, and a shot can very easily be fired from it every ten seconds, for an hour together. The construction of the gun and the cartridges with which it is loaded, is as yet a secret, but the working of the gun is well known to many artillery officers, all of whom speak very highly indeed of it.—Weekly Register

The Progress of Lyons publishes a letter from a chemist of Marseilles, who suggests a mode of opposing the needle-guns by a Greek fire he has invented. He says:—

To give an idea of the efficacy of my discovery, I declare, and am ready to prove, that, can, at a distance of 1,000 metres envelope an army of 100,000 men in a sea of flame within less than five minutes. If a town has to be taken by assault I have no need of a Rotopechine, as I can set it on fire in very nearly the same period. In a naval battle I would run into the enemy, and in 16 seconds cover all the deck of the vessel with a torrent of flame which would burn the rigging, penetrate between the decks, and instantaneously strangle all the crew. In an attack on a sea port I could burn the town and arsenals within range with the rapidity of lightning. With such means no war is possible, as neither victors nor vanquished would return from the field of battle. As to the fortress of Luxemburg, the subject of dispute at the present moment, I undertake to rid it of its garrison in a quarter of an hour.

The Progress adds that, if there is no Marseillaise exaggeration in the above description, such an invention would certainly put an end to all war.

The Opinion Nationale strongly dissuades the English Government from carrying out the sentence of death pronounced in Ireland against Burke. The writer does not discuss the justice of the condemnation, although it implies that England is far from being blameless with respect to her mode of governing Ireland; its argument, turns on the point that severity would be impolitic in the case.

The fourth and fifth volumes of the Monks of the West, by M. de Montalembert have appeared. They are exclusively devoted to the history of England in the seventh and eighth centuries. In his inquiry into the effect of Christianity as preached by the monks, on the English people he admits that there, as every where else, religion was too often powerless

in that rude period; but he also sees instances of the triumph of 'devotedness and faith, disinterestedness and purity, true greatness and true courage; the most magnificent nobility, and the absence of all that could throw discredit on religion by those who preached; nothing fanatical, base, or indifferent to human suffering is to be found among those apostles of the faith—nothing that does not breathe respect for the liberty of souls and the most exclusive honor in matters relating to God.' But, says M de Montalembert,

There is another result for which they are entitled to eternal gratitude. By transforming the manes and the faith of the Anglo-Saxon conquerors the monastic missionaries altered in nothing the native character of that German race. While they succeeded in making of it a nation of Christians more fervent, more charitable, more submissive, and more attached to the Church, more munificent to the monasteries, more fruitful in saints, male and female, than any contemporaneous nation, they took from them none of their public virtues, none of their rude and vigorous instincts. They did not diminish by an atom their robust and manly nature; and they imparted in nothing that independence and that hardness which have continued to be, down to our day, the distinctive features of English nature. Never did the action of a new faith respect more scrupulously the unity, independence, and the vigorous originality of the converted race, of its language, of its habits and manners, of its institutions, of its old rights and its national spirit. Augustin and Paulinus, Wilfrid and Theodore, those missionaries of Rome, as they are termed by certain historians, and who were in reality agents more directly and more immediately emanating from the Holy See than had yet been seen in Christendom, did not effect; and did not try to effect, any essential change in the political and social institutions, so different from those of the Roman world, which the Anglo-Saxon people had brought with them from the soil of Germany, or recovered from the smoking ruins of Brittany. Content with having deposited in their gallant hearts the secret of eternity, the rule of moral life, the strength to resist the corruption which is natural to all who are born of women, they left intact the essential characteristics of the race, and under a Christian surface the old German was there erect and entire. Many times already, and at every other, we have noticed this singular immutability of the Anglo-Saxon character. Habits and manners, vices, virtues, laws, customs, rights, names, titles, tastes, language, mind, and even manly games and exercises, all that the modern world admires or fears, seeks or rejects in England of to-day, all this is to be found in germ or in flower in the England of twelve centuries ago. Never was a nation less impaired by time or by conquest. All the towns and the greater part of the villages of modern England seem to have existed in the time of the Saxons. The names, the present boundaries of parishes, of counties or shires, by their subdivisions, their judicial and political mechanism, their independent life, religious and civil, all date from the seventh to the tenth century. But it is not merely the names and the external forms which have endured, but the soul—the glorious and intrepid soul—the Saxon converted which are manifest in the modern Englishmen. Civic virtues, utterly unknown to the enslaved Christians of Rome and Byzantium, and above all, the high feeling among certain men and certain classes which is the cradle of every liberty are developed under the shadow of those marvels of humility, self denial, charity, and piety, of which we have so much spoken, and serve as the basis of that public spirit and that public right which have never ceased to grow great and rich and temperate. Self government—that is to say, the bold independence of the free man with his associates, his communities, and Parliamentary regime—that is to say the unequal partition of the sovereignty between Royalty and the National Assemblies—are already there in their essential elements. When necessary, and by a natural effort, though too often ephemeral, public liberty issues, armed and invincible, from the collective guarantee of individuals and local liberties. The droit coutumier of the English, the common law, traditional and unwritten whose sources are as unknown as those of the Nile (to use the expression of the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Hale), has its roots in the old Saxon usages recognized, sanctioned, and proclaimed in the assemblies which our monks inspired and peopled; and every charter, as every ulterior revolution, only served to determine or confirm this old and unshaken basis of English liberty. To heart, so tempered, to a race so governed, the monastic institution, under the form it appeared in England, was conformable to Anglo-Saxon usages, irrefragably the faith of which it was the production and the instrument. The monastery presented the type of these great existences, at once individual and collective, founded by a great moral idea, but resting on large landed possessions, which are at this day one of the distinctive characters of the social mechanism of the English, which have been everywhere one of the great conditions of public liberty, which appear as natural to the masculine and energetic genius of the Germanic races of other times as they are repulsive to modern centralization and incompatible with Caesarism. Hence, the Anglo-Saxons must have had a natural predilection for the monasteries, whose first founders brought to them, even out of Roman servitude, a system of common guarantees, spontaneous independence, and elective functions, quite conformable to the instincts and the habits of the German population.—Times Paris Correspondent.

ITALY

Piedmont.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph makes the following remarks in reference to the present condition of Italy:

The Rattazzi Ministry is doomed. Financial affairs are in a state of confusion, even dividends having been only paid by sums 'on account' for the last four years. The King gets more and more apathetic. There are no statues nor men of business. They cannot reduce their army, for it takes 80,000 men at least to garrison Naples, and then they are Calabris and Sicily.

Garibaldi.—It is said that Garibaldi has of his own accord given up the idea for the present of issuing his intended summons. Who knows but that he has been told that the war which is expected to break out will furnish the wished-for opportunity, and that France will purchase the alliance of Italy by giving up Rome or allowing it to be taken? Some there are who assert this, but we believe for our own part that in any case the hopes of Garibaldi and his friends are doomed to be disappointed. It is impossible for the Imperial Government, after signing the Convention of the 13th of September 1864, to allow the resolution to advance a step further. Their honour is at stake. The interests of France and of the rest of Europe are equally concerned. If the revolution does enter Rome it will have to leave Rome and it will be France who will bid it 'Move on!'

The death of Poesio is announced. At one period he occupied a considerable space in the world's consideration, not through any merits of his own, but through the erratic impulses and misplaced sympathies of an eminent English statesman. Poesio was a lifelong enemy of his sovereign, and conspirator against the throne of the Sicilies. In the extraordinary revolutions of the wheel of Fortune, the coroner traitor became one of the King's Ministers, and in that capacity sided with the perjured Chamber of Deputies, when it attempted to destroy the Constitution it had sworn to maintain. For this he deserved death at the hands of the executioner; but escaped that righteous fate through the clemency of the much-abused and misguided King, who abolished capital punishment in his dominions. He was, however, thrown into prison, and it was his pretended sufferings there that—being avouched upon hearsay by Mr. Gladstone, and maliciously circulated throughout the world by Lord Palmerston, at the expense of the people of this country—brought so much undeserved odium upon

King Ferdinand. In a review of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet in this paper written at the time, we were enabled, upon the authority of official documents in our possession, and upon the testimony of eye-witnesses and men of honour and truth; to give the most precise and positive contradiction to the charges of cruelty against the Neapolitan Government. Not only was not Poesio subjected to the tortures said to have been inflicted upon him in prison, but it was physically impossible that he charges could be true for the machinery by which the alleged tortures were stated to have been inflicted did not exist in any of the Neapolitan prisons. And this was admitted years after in the Turin Parliament, of which Poesio was a member; boldly, impudently, and audaciously admitted by one of Poesio's revolutionary colleagues, who actually boasted, as a grand exploit of the revolutionists, that Poesio, the victim of King Ferdinand's cruelty, was a myth, the daily creation of their devilish inventive genius. That Lord Palmerston was not ignorant of this we have not the least doubt; but he hated the Bourbon race—why, we cannot say; and harboured an implacable animosity against the King of the two Sicilies, because that high-spirited sovereign disconcerted him upon a paltry sulphur question, and would not submit to his insolent dictation; and he wickedly squandered the public money in circulating calumnies throughout the earth against the Royal object of his resentment. We said so when Lord Palmerston was in power, and in the plaintive of underserved popularity and we see no reason why we should shrink from repeating it now that the death of Poesio revives the subject. On the contrary, it is for the public benefit that the rank misdeeds of public men should be held up to the public reprobation, after their authors have shuffled off their ephemeral greatness with their mortal coil.—Weekly Register.

Rome.—The following is the address which M. Henri de l'Epinois, author of 'The Temporal Government of the Pope, and the Revolutions in the States of the Church,' presented to the Holy Father on the 24th ultimo, in the name of himself and a large number of Catholics:—

'Most Holy Father.—We are come to render you the homage of our respect and filial obedience. In these days of extreme trouble, we feel a pleasure in thronging round your sacred Throne, which is at once the object of so much hatred and of so much love. We come as the representatives of the Catholic element in our respective countries, from Great Britain, Ireland, France, Poland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Belgium, and from beyond America. Many of those whom we have left behind have envied our good luck; our friends and relations who have been kept at home by their duties have, however, accompanied us with their prayers and good wishes, and have tacitly trusted to us a commission which we feel bound to execute. In each succeeding year, most Holy Father, the Catholic visitors at Rome have presented you with a testimonial of respect and affection, and have considered it their duty so to do—a duty which is rendered more sacred and dearer to our eyes from the adversity of the times. Yet, Most Holy Father, at the very moment when your cause seems completely forsaken, when revolution is rushing headlong to its goal, we owe it to our friends and to our ourselves to wash our hands of all complicity in the course which events are taking and to protect our honour, for we consider that the very principles of justice are at stake, and that our common interests are in peril. But what kind of men are they who would compromise the independence of the head of the Church by annihilating his temporal sovereignty? One party aims openly at the destruction of Catholicism, and while making war against the Popes are actually fighting against God. These stick at nothing, and if things do not progress as fast as they wish, they come forth from their secret rendezvous, and steal cowardly upon their victims, under cover of darkness to strike the fatal blow. What they hope to effect by violence the others, more cautious, expect from management—in other words from hypocrisy, and indeed hypocrisy triumphs. Thus they quietly make their way into the ranks of the better sort, and gain adherents, and by help of fine words, such as reform, progress, nationality—words the true meaning of which has been strangely perverted, they feed those moral aspirations which are their prey, to bring the final triumph. That triumph if ever it is to come at all, which is known to God alone, will be but ephemeral. It is impossible to forget the lesson of the past, which speak to us with startling eloquence. The strife against the States of the Church has indeed become very formidable in our days, but it is nothing new, and the remembrance of trials already endured encourages us to look the future calmly in the face. Often have they tried; as your Holiness knows full well, to upset this sovereignty, and often have they suggested instead of it contrivances which to us, too forgetful of the past bear all the appearance of novelty; but nothing has come of them. And how can we be surprised at their failure, opposed as they are to right and justice, or should these words seem antiquated to social propriety to political necessity, and to that probity the very basis of which awakens conscience nowadays, and becomes a rallying cry for weary souls? As for us, Most Holy Father, brought up, as we have been in this school, and following your noble example we will endeavour to imitate, and that energy which is the admiration of the whole world, and which you desire from God we will protest to our last gasp for we will have fought to do with violent usurpations hypocritical reactions, and dastardly falling away. In the name of liberty of conscience which is compromised, of your rights which are bound up with the rights of all that future which we all wish to secure and to maintain, in the name of honour, we assert, that as the world now goes the Pope, the head of the Church, must enjoy a complete and entire independence, for which sovereign power is essential; that to suppress that sovereign power, or to take from it, is tantamount to sacrificing all the guarantees which are requisite for your independence; and that we at once express our disapprobation of those who make such attempts, and of those who counsel or applaud them. Such, Holy Father, are the sentiments, the expostions of which I am happy to be, in the name of this assembly, our hearts are yours, as you know, Holy Father, and so are our arms. We shall perhaps be reproached with having spoken too strongly; but anyhow, our words possess the merit of sincerity, and there are times when moderation ceases to be just. Bless us all, Holy Father, and may this benediction, while descending upon us, extend to our parents, our friends, and all who join us in respecting, and loving truth, of which you, Holy Father, are the grand immovable ark.'

The purpose of the Pope's reply, which was given in French, was as follows:—

'Good Catholics have for years been in the habit of assembling at Easter-time to tell me their mind; in return I say a few words to them, and I will do so to-day. When I look upon you, gathered together as you are out of so many different countries, I think I hear the prophet say, 'Leva in circuitu oculis tuos omnes, isii congregati sunt!'—(Isaiah cxli. 18.) I should like to tell you what I take these words to mean. I have studied a little and this is what I have learnt for your guidance, that we may know what to hope or what to fear. When St. Peter came here, his sole dependence was in the words of the Divine Master, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church.' He came here to a heathen land which, as my predecessor St. Leo said, was full of savage beasts, or men who were given up to brutal passions. How was it that St. Peter was able to work upon such people? Why, they were of their errors. While the world of the present day is a prey to many errors and dissensions, the words of the Divine Master have shown you the centre of unity, to which you have directed your

THE TWO WHITE ROSES.

Paris is a rich city, and proud of its riches. It has heaps of gold and a great abundance of rubies and diamonds. Its treasures are countless, its luxuries boundless. Its wide-spread mantle wants but one thing to complete its splendor, and that is—flowers. It would hardly be believed that there is a scarcity of flowers in Paris; but it is true, nevertheless. It has fewer flowers than precious stones. That Queen of the world could more easily encircle her brow with brilliant and emeralds than with daisies and orange blossoms. To be sure, there is a flower market in this opulent city, where the ladies of the nobility procure their elegant camellias. The brawniest goes there for his rare tulip, and the grizzled to pluck a sweet scented gillyflower. But these flowers, like many other Parisian productions, have but a factitious existence; they are temporarily supported by the artificial heat introduced into the pots, but soon droop and fade away. The purchaser, who thought he possessed a living and healthy bloom, finds upon his return home, that he is the owner of a sickly, faded flower—a fit emblem of the fleeting pleasures of the world. It should be added, for the credit of Paris, that there are also several magnificent temples dedicated to Flora. In some of the most magnificent streets of the city may be seen splendid stores, kept by beautiful and bewitching young ladies, in which there are handsome miniature altars erected to this goddess. There you will find the budding rose, whose tints resemble the first blush of a modest maiden; the lily—emblem of purity—with its golden petals and alabaster cups; the moss rose, the favorite flower of the poets; in a word, a representative of the whole vegetable kingdom. There you will find a cloud of incense from which the garland of the queen of flowers gathers its perfume. Still the supply of flowers is greatly disproportionate to the other luxuries of the French metropolis. Water flowers, especially, are very rare, and botanists alone know the great labor which their production costs. They require a pent up heat of even temperature, and the most unweary watchfulness and attention.

Mlle. Pascaline Benoit was one of the most renowned florists in Paris. She was quite an enthusiast in her profession. She was quite poor, but she cultivated her flowers with a poetic zeal which excited the admiration of all who knew her.

It was midwinter. A fine equipage drew up and stopped in front of Pascaline's door. A fine looking matron and a charming young lady alighted from the carriage. It was the Marchioness de Regenial and her daughter.

'Mademoiselle, said the Marchioness 'my daughter is to be married the day after tomorrow, and we wish a white rose for her wedding dress. I am told that you have one.'

'Yes, I have two,' replied Pascaline.

'Oad I see them?' asked the noble lady.

'Certainly, said the response; and the two visitors were conducted to a beautiful rose bush bearing two white roses, which shed a most delicious perfume.

'Can't I have both of them?' inquired the Marchioness.

'No, madame,' answered Pascaline, with a sigh; 'one of them is already promised.'

'Then I will take this one. What is the price?'

'Two louis.'

'Here is the money. Send the rose to my hotel, Rue Saint Honore.'

Pascaline bowed politely, and re-conducted her wealthy customers to the door of her humble abode.

'How fortunate!' thought she. 'Forty francs!—with this sum I can pay my rent, and save myself from being turned out. O my dear mother!' she exclaimed, 'from thy happy place in heaven, thou wilt guard and protect thy daughter!'

That night was one of sadness to Pascaline. It was the eve of the anniversary of the death of her mother, a good and pious woman, who had cultivated in her daughter two chaste affections—love of God and love of flowers. She wept as she reflected upon the last moments of that adored mother, whom God had called to himself. It was a cold night. Death had already seized upon its victim. The weeping daughter sat by the bedside. The dying mother said, in a faint but sweet voice—

'Pascaline, are our white roses still living?'

'Yes, mother,' was the reply.

'Then bring them to me, that I may enjoy them once more.'

The daughter brought them. They were two beautiful full blown roses upon the branch. The doctor said that the odor of these flowers might injure the patient.

'No, never mind,' she said; 'these roses, like my child, will live long after me. Pascaline, give me one of the two. Bury this one with me.' A few minutes afterwards, she breathed her last.

While she lay a corpse, the rose was placed in her hand; but as the dead body was placed in the coffin, the leaves of the flowers fell off. She was buried,

steps. As in St. Peter's time, so now, the difficulties are great, and especially at this particular epoch, when they whose office it is to rule society, but too often trammel the good, and let loose the bad. It makes me lead to think of it; but I feel confident when I see you so eager to repudiate the novel doctrines of impiety, I perceive that from France, from England, and from all quarters, souls are returning to Catholicism; that a movement towards unity is on foot, and I bless God for it, for I see therein that the world is weary at its wanderings from the right way, as of old: I will bless you, your families, and your countries, in order that this apostolic benediction may imbue you with strength and courage till it shall have carried you into the presence of God, there to abide for ever.—Translated from the Unvers.

PRUSSIA.

Berlin, May 22.—A horrible plot has just been discovered in Hanover, having for its chief purpose the assassination of King William and Count Von Bismarck. Several notable personages in this city are implicated in the plot.

Germany has seen three Federal Parliaments within twenty years—the Frankfort Parliament of 1848, which represented all the countries included in the Old German Bund, and created the 'Imperial Constitution'; the Erfurt Parliament of 1850, which represented besides Prussia only the smaller North German States, together with Baden and Hesse Darmstadt, and accepted the 'Union Constitution,' and the Berlin Parliament of 1867, which has given birth to the North German Constitution. The experience of the two former Assemblies is not encouraging as an index of what will be achieved by the third. The Parliamentary system has hitherto answered only in independent States; it has never been applied to a confederation consisting, as in Germany at the present day of units of every size, from Lichtenstein with its 7,000 inhabitants to a Power of the first rank like Prussia. How is a homogeneous whole to be formed out of such heterogeneous elements? Two attempts at finding an answer have resulted in nothing; the third promises indeed to dispose of the difficulty, but to dispose of it by merging the constitutional life of Germany in an aggrandized Prussian despotism. At present however, it seems as though the ultimate course of events would be determined rather by war than by legislation. The impending contest between France and Prussia, can hardly fail to change the existing state of things in Germany. Defeat would deprive Prussia of all political influence beyond her own frontiers; her triumph would inevitably lead to the incorporation of all the Southern States under the empire of Frederick William. In the meantime, all the vague dreams and aspirations of the nation go on fermenting beneath the surface. Europe has yet seen only the beginning of the German Revolution.—Chronicle.

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'Yes, I have two,' replied Pascaline.

'Oad I see them?' asked the noble lady.

'Certainly, said the response; and the two visitors were conducted to a beautiful rose bush bearing two white roses, which shed a most delicious perfume.

'Can't I have both of them?' inquired the Marchioness.

'No, madame,' answered Pascaline, with a sigh; 'one of them is already promised.'

'Then I will take this one. What is the price?'

'Two louis.'

'Here is the money. Send the rose to my hotel, Rue Saint Honore.'

Pascaline bowed politely, and re-conducted her wealthy customers to the door of her humble abode.

'How fortunate!' thought she. 'Forty francs!—with this sum I can pay my rent, and save myself from being turned out. O my dear mother!' she exclaimed, 'from thy happy place in heaven, thou wilt guard and protect thy daughter!'

That night was one of sadness to Pascaline. It was the eve of the anniversary of the death of her mother, a good and pious woman, who had cultivated in her daughter two chaste affections—love of God and love of flowers. She wept as she reflected upon the last moments of that adored mother, whom God had called to himself. It was a cold night. Death had already seized upon its victim. The weeping daughter sat by the bedside. The dying mother said, in a faint but sweet voice—

'Pascaline, are our white roses still living?'

'Yes, mother,' was the reply.

'Then bring them to me, that I may enjoy them once more.'

The daughter brought them. They were two beautiful full blown roses upon the branch. The doctor said that the odor of these flowers might injure the patient.

'No, never mind,' she said; 'these roses, like my child, will live long after me. Pascaline, give me one of the two. Bury this one with me.' A few minutes afterwards, she breathed her last.

While she lay a corpse, the rose was placed in her hand; but as the dead body was placed in the coffin, the leaves of the flowers fell off. She was buried,

and the grave had scarcely closed when the daughter made a solemn vow, as chaste and tender as the heart that inspired it.

The night was thus passed in prayer and filial remembrance. Next morning she resumed her daily task in the garden. She recollected that she had engaged to send a rose to the Marchioness, and she went to pluck it; but—said to relate—one of the flowers had withered away. But a single rose now remained.

The proprietor came and demanded the payment of his rent.

'Sir,' said Pascaline, 'I am unable to pay you.'

'How is that? You have money,' said the landlord, reminding her of the two louis which he had learned she had received from the Marchioness.

'That is no longer mine. The white rose has withered and died. The money is to be returned.'

'But here is another rose remaining; why not send it?'

'That is already promised; all the gold in the world would not purchase it.'

'Then,' responded the irritated proprietor, 'you must prepare to leave at once. I can't allow tenants to occupy my property for nothing.'

'You shall be obeyed,' answered the girl, calmly.

The Marchioness upon receiving the money which she left with Pascaline the day before hastened to the garden for the purpose of learning why the rose had not been sent. She was informed that Mlle Benoit had just gone out with a white rose in her hand. The Marchioness turned and saw her walking down the street. Prompted by curiosity to see where she was going to, she resolved to follow her.

Pascaline entered a cemetery. She knelt at the grave of her mother; and, after planting the rose upon it, she exclaimed: 'O my mother! accept this pledge of my remembrance! Receive this flower which thou lovedst so much, and which my own hands have cultivated for thee. Intercede for thy poor child, who in this day without protection or hope!' And with her tears she bedewed the wooden cross, which was the only monument that marked the resting place of that beloved mother.

The Marchioness, moved to tears, retired unperceived.

Next day, Pascaline was preparing to leave.

'Where are you going?' inquired her companions.

'I must leave you,' was the reply.

'Why?'

'Because I can't pay my rent.'

'But your rent is paid for two years.'

'Is it possible?'

'Yes; here is the receipt.'

Pascaline was astonished; but she soon comprehended the pleasant truth. That evening, a well-dressed servant delivered her the following note, inclosing two hundred louis:—

'Mademoiselle—I know all. I know you have given to your mother the flower with which I wished to adorn my wedding robe. I have a mother whom I adore, and can appreciate your maternal devotion. I therefore take this opportunity of expressing my sympathy with you in such heartfelt proof of filial affection. Please accept of the inclosed as a pledge of my remembrance. I hope you will not refuse me this privilege of commending my married life by honoring filial piety.'

Your sincere friend,

A. MARAIDE DU REGENIAL.

UNITED STATES.

The New York Evangelist publishes statistics of sixteen Congregational and Presbyterian churches in a county of this State, in eleven of which the salary paid the pastor is less than the board of himself and family, estimated at three dollars per week each; and in the other five cases the salaries are but slightly in excess of board bills. There have been many changes of ministers in the last four years, and for the reason of inadequate support. One has relinquished the ministry for a secular pursuit, after a service for the church of about thirty years, being destitute of clothing suitable for the pulpit, and after having sold most books in four years to meet the wants of the body than he had purchased in ten years to meet the wants of the mind.

In England it would be impossible for the assertion that members of the Lords and Commons loined black mail to find credence even among the most illiterate. In America, on the other hand, there is apparently no one simple enough to believe that the representatives of the people fail to make money how they can.—Times.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune recently met Lewis Weichman, one of his old school fellows and a prominent witness in the trial of the persons accused of President Lincoln's murder; and in the course of a lengthy interview elicited some very interesting facts from him respecting Booth's intimacy with Surratt and Sie Marie's acquaintance with the party. In this latter respect he said:—

But in Easter, 1863, we (Surratt and Weichman) we agreed to visit an old friend at Edicott's Mills, and from there I took a visit to Ellington to see my friend the school teacher. Before we started a priest asked me to deliver a newspaper to Mr. Sie Marie, whom I found to be my friend's assistant, and to whom I introduced John Surratt. He was a French Canadian, black eyed and black haired, aged about 30, very fascinating in his manners and accomplishments, a singular and adventurous. He was teaching for the board and spending money only, being entirely needy and to amuse himself by giving concerts in the village where he was in love with a virtuous and beautiful young lady. When I left Ellington Sie Marie asked me to get him a teachers' place in Washington, and soon after he came to my room there, saying that he had left his place, disgusted with his littleness, and without a cent, a bed, or a penny. I got him a position in Gonzaga College, and when he came to see me once or twice I found him so unprincipled that I wrote to the lady he addressed at Ellington bidding her beware. He would tell me in a breath that he fled from Canada to avoid the consequences of a most heinous seduction, and at the same time put his new sweetheart's bouquet under his pillow. His stories of himself were that he had been a member of the Canadian Parliament, a Federal prisoner of State, etc; but at any rate he decamped from the College after a month, leaving me to pay his board and enlist for the bounty in a Delaware regiment, deserted, fell into Cassie's hands as an object of general suspicion, was released by reason of playing informer upon his comrades, escaped by a blockade runner to England, returned to Canada and hearing of the \$25,000 reward for Surratt pursued him to home, seized with him, and gave him up just too late for the reward which had been already withdrawn.

YANKEE HONESTY.—We venture to say that as a general rule for the last ten years, one-fifth of the members of each house have been in the habit of taking bribes for their votes—the fact is open notorious to every one who has had any personal connection with Albany legislation; yet no a single man has during all that time been detected and punished—under a law professedly made for the purpose of preventing bribery and corruption. This fact alone is sufficient to prove that the law was not made for any such purpose. It was made to screen bribery, and not to punish it. It was made to screen—not to expose—members guilty of being bribed. The law was put upon the statute book, and is kept there, in the interest and for the benefit of the men who go to Albany to sell their votes. And it will never be altered so long as they bear away.

We speak what hundreds of men know from personal experience, that no bill whose passage will confer pecuniary advantage on any man or any corporation, can be passed in Albany except by bribery—except by paying members to pass it.—N. Y. Times.