

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 29.—In the year 1855 the French Government very properly suspended the passport system during the period of the Great Exhibition in Paris. The Emperor profited by that opportunity to make an experiment which has proved to be successful, with the view of abolishing—at a later period—a humiliating practice which he had long before stigmatized in some of the most eloquent pages of his writings. The French Government is, I understand, now asked by Mr. Wain, M.P., the Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and by his colleagues, to suspend the no less vexatious order of baggage searching in Paris during the still greater Exhibition of 1867.—Times Cor.

The present system in England and in France seems to be to treat every traveller, male or female, old and young, adults and children, as rogues who would cheat the revenue if they could, and who can only be kept honest by having their trunks turned upside down and their pockets inside out the moment they come to port. The suggestion is not flattering to the stranger; the theory itself is absurd, and its practice is partial, offensive, and to speak tenderly, execrable. I don't know whether any persons will venture to affirm that there is more than one in a hundred thousand who is a smuggler, yet the hundred thousand who are innocent of all criminal designs on the revenue are to be treated as law-breakers because one man may once in a twelvemonth cheat the Customs to the value of three or four francs!

It is obvious that the Anglo-French Treaty has altered the whole face of things. Practically there really is little or nothing left for the dishonest traveller, the one black sheep among a hundred thousand white ones, to smuggle at all. The best spirits and the best cigars or tobacco in any other form—the only articles which haunt the waking and sleeping dreams of your old-fashioned Custom house official—are about as dear in London as in Paris, and in Paris as in London. No doubt, there may be found now and then an excursionist traveller who on his first visit to France imagines that a bottle of brandy at 15. 50c. is worth passing through at Dover or Folkestone, and may smuggle to that extent; but I believe no Frenchman, coming back to his own country, thinks of attempting the converse of the operation. The fact is that this brandy at 15. 50c. is really distilled from grains or vegetables of some sort in England; it is then sent to France to adulterate the native produce, and so adulterated goes back to England as a first-rate French alcohol for Mr. Bull's consumption. Thus this daring smuggler of the 15. 50c. is simply swallowing an English product, perhaps made slightly more injurious—a process which often carries with it its own punishment.

Considerable attention is beginning to be given in Paris to the approaching Universal Exhibition. An extraordinary influx of visitors is expected, and the Parisians ask where it is possible to accommodate the strangers who will arrive from all parts of the world. The *Liber* thinks it is urgent to prepare to receive so great a flood of people; to feed them is nothing, as the railways will provide largely for that necessity, but to lodge them will not be so easy.

The French army scheme grows in disfavor among all classes of the people. The *Paris* says:—'A journal, speaking of a musket proposed as a model for the conversion of the present weapon of the French infantry, announced that the manufacture of the Chassepot rifle has been suspended. We are in a position to say that this latter statement is quite erroneous, and that the fabrication of the Chassepot rifle is being rapidly proceeded with on the account of the War Department.'

Hardly a day passes without the news of some newly-invented firearm surpassing anything ever yet heard of. One musket is spoken of to which can fire sixteen shots in a minute. Then again, a Spanish officer (name not known) is said to have invented an infernal machine which can be easily moved from place to place, and be laid in any determined point at any depth of water, and which possesses the most tremendous powers of destruction.

A letter from Toulon says:—'The authorities are embarking large quantities of provisions, liquors, and stores of all kinds on board the ships intended to bring home the troops from Mexico. Everything will be ready at the end of the month, when there will be nothing more to do than to name the commanders and for the crews.'

PARIS, Dec. 20.—Since the Message of President Johnson to Congress was received here in full by the steamer, it has had a better effect on public opinion than the meagre and imperfect synopsis which was previously received through the Cable.

The budget of M. Fould, the French Minister of Finance, shows that the revenues and expenditures of France are in a state of equilibrium, and declares that the proposed scheme for the reorganization of the army will involve no increase of the taxes, but will prove a fresh guarantee of peace in the future.

PARIS, Dec. 20th.—*Le Temps* this morning announces its unqualified belief that the Emperor Napoleon has received official intelligence of the abdication of the Archduke Maximilian.

ITALY.

RIMONDI.—Paris, Dec. 20th.—The *Monitor* in an editorial this morning thinks there is no doubt but that the relations between Italy and the Pope will be placed on a sound basis.

FRONCZE.—General Fleury, who has been for some days in Florence, has had a private audience of the King and interviews with Baron Ricasoli and M. Visconti Venosta. There is a growing belief that he will remain here for a considerable time. People ask what has he come for. The natural acuteness and *fiacchezza* of the Italians perhaps sometimes make them seek occult motives where none exist. I know not whether that be the case in the present instance, but it is certain that many persons here busy themselves with conjectures as to the cause of Fleury's coming, and refuse to believe that it is merely to see to the execution of the Convention. It is supposed that he has brought a letter from the Emperor to the King, and that, during his stay here, he will communicate personally with the latter. Some suppose one object of his mission to be to prepare the way for certain combinations in which France, Italy, and Austria shall figure. Others suspect intrigues to turn out Ricasoli.—*Times Cor.*

ROME, December 18.—Cardinal Antonelli has expressed his regret to Mr. King-Minister of the U.S. for the article which appeared in the official journal of Rome, denying the statement by the Holy Father in regard to Canada. Cardinal Antonelli explained that what the Pope intended to say was, that if the Canadas were to be given up by Great Britain, it was better that they should fall into the hands of the United States than into those of the Fenians. With this explanation the Minister of the United States was perfectly satisfied.

The Roman correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—'I *Ministri Inglesi* are decidedly becoming an institution in Rome. On Sunday last there was a grand *funzione* at St. Peter's: the Feast of Dedication of the Church. The Pope attended mass in the Julian Chapel, and occupied his stall as first canon of the cathedral; a double choir, in which all the best singers in Rome took part, including the famous sopranos of the Sistine Chapel, sang the service (*Obsequium*) very finely. After mass the Holy Father paid his devotions at the shrine of the Apostle. It was a refreshing and at the same time a touching sight—this good old man absorbed in silent prayer, and evidently as he prayed no longer stretched on the rack of this world's power, but borne into a higher and happier kingdom; not of this world!

Was he praying for the church, for Italy, for his own soul—for peace and a happy issue out of all his afflictions? God grant it him!

'Well, in the Julian Chapel seats were reserved for *I Ministri Inglesi*: to wit, Lord Clarendon, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cardwell. Something too much of this will perhaps be said in England; and really one cannot altogether escape the impression that at the present, not to put too fine a point on it, there are enough of English statesmen at Rome. However, as Mr. Odo Russell has returned to his post here today, it is to be hoped that *I Ministri Inglesi* will be allowed by the unappeasable curiosity and suspicion of the Romans to retire into the back ground, and to devote themselves to art and antiquities. Let me here note, that the mass in the Julian chapel on Sunday was sung by Mgr. de Merdo, for the first time as archbishop. Mgr. de Merdo, you remember, was sometime Minister of Arms, and certainly one of the most chivalrous, sincere, self-sacrificing, and entirely zealous ministers that ever served Plus IX; his fault was too much zeal and too much honesty for a government which cannot shake a single abuse without endangering the safety of the whole fabric. Lamoriciere used to say to the Pope, 'Holy Father, are there but three honest men in Rome—yourself, de Merdo, *et moi*.' New brooms are dangerous in a building like the Vatican—they sweep too clean; and there was too much of the new broom in the fiery and scornful honesty of de Merdo. At length the Antonelli influence prevailed. Mgr. de Merdo resigned office; his health broke down and he left Rome *en conge*. He has now returned, as an Archbishop in *partibus*, and is as he deserves to be in high favour with the Holy Father. But he will never be a minister again. He honestly believed in the possibility of reforming the Roman administration from within. Cardinal Antonelli, to do him justice, has never indulged in any such illusion.

Two of the distinguished English visitors who had the courage to visit this deserted capital at this dead season have left us again to the great regret of those who remain. The Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley have returned home, after a too brief stay in Rome, but one full of interest and enjoyment. The Dean preached once in the English Church beyond the Porto del Popolo, from the text, 'In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost,' a sermon which those who had the good fortune to be present will not easily forget—a sermon which I have heard well described as a truly catholic and truly Roman sermon, though as far as possible from Roman Catholic; a sermon inspired by the genius of the place, and in the largest and purest sense catholic in spirit, and feeling; full of tender reverence for all the great memories of this majestic city, full of that charity which the apostle of the Gentiles declared to be greater than faith. This remarkable sermon made a profound impression, and I have heard the hope expressed that it may be published. It was a rare contrast to some vulgar exhibitions of sectarian bigotry which the same pulpit has witnessed.

The dean was received by the Pope with all the Holy Father's sweetness and benignity, and perhaps with particular distinction, and his had some conversation with more than one of the high functionaries of the Vatican. Lady Augusta Stanley was also, I believe, received by his Holiness; but really, after all the absurd stories that have lately been current about these interviews and conversations at the Vatican, I am afraid to appear to make more of a very simple and customary incident than it deserves. But *pace* Mr. Whalley, I would venture to suggest that these courtesies can do no possible harm, and will even do great good, if they help to soften away a single unworthy prejudice; they will certainly shake no sincere convictions, but may enlarge the charity.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, Dec. 14.—The Crown Prince of Prussia has informed the King that he cannot take up his residence at Hanover, as desired by His Majesty, because his consort, the Princess Royal of England refuses to become the mistress of a castle that once belonged to the Crown of the Queen of England.

The Government of Prussia has resolved to send a number of naval officers to the United States, to look into affairs connected with that service. The Commissioners will take their departure at an early day.

BERLIN, Dec. 19.—Bismarck, by the advice of his physicians, has relinquished the Presidency of the North German States in favour of Savigny.

AUSTRIA.

It is rumoured that a strong feeling exists in the Austrian army in favour of Maximilian Emperor of Austria.

Pesth, Dec. 20.—The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet has agreed to the address to the Emperor of Austria, recently adopted by the Lower Chamber.

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 14.—An Imperial Commission has been resolved upon, over which the Emperor is to preside, for the purpose of considering and putting into operation reforms in Poland.

A RUSSIAN WINTER.—In St. Petersburg winter has set in with a vengeance. It is always snowing. With rare intervals of slush, it will probably snow and freeze from now till next April. The *Neva* is blocked up with almost unbroken sheets of ice, and I suppose, if this weather goes on, sledges will cross it before another week is over. In fact, we have regular seasonable Russian weather. Snow always sounds pretty upon paper, and is a fertile subject of poetic metaphors; but in real practical life it is an unmitigated nuisance. If you are to stop at home it does not much matter where you are, so long as you are warm; but if you want to go out, you seem to me to be as badly off in St. Petersburg as you could be in any civilized community. Riding on horseback is out of the question, and walking for pleasure is very nearly so. If you have not heavy furs on you are frozen to death, nipped by the ice-cold wind, sent home to bed with toothache or rheumatism, or congestion of the lungs; if you muffle yourself up warmly you are obliged to crawl along at a snail's pace, groaning beneath a load of wraps one of the chief advantages of which is that it breaks your fall as often—and it happens very often—as you slide at full length upon the slippery pavement. In fact, if you wish to do anything more than cross the street, you must ride in a sledge; and sleighing whatever may be its other advantages, most certainly does not supply the place of more active exercise.—There is one arcade in St. Petersburg—a cross between the Lowther and the Burlington, and I think inferior to both—up and down which you can walk in three minutes; but literally there is no other place that I know of where you can walk in St. Petersburg during the winter months with any approach to comfort. Before I ever experienced a northern winter, I used to imagine that skating must be a popular pursuit in countries where it froze invariably for months together. I own I entertained a private conviction that skating, like hunting or rowing in a boat, was one of those pleasures which, to him of its devotees out of ten, is greater in the anticipation or the retrospect than in the performance. Still, I thought that skating was the natural pastime of ice-bound countries. Experience of Northern winters has entirely dispelled the illusion. Here at St. Petersburg, for instance, skating was quite unknown till it was introduced a few years ago by some English residents. Since then it has become somewhat of a fashionable amusement with the Court and the high society of the capital. But the Russian public has never taken to it at all. Moreover, I should in fairness add that, though there are vast fields of ice within close reach of the capital, they are so caked on with frozen snow, that it is difficult to skate over them for any distance. In fact, so far as I can see, persons whose evil destiny compels them to reside in St. Petersburg this winter have nothing in the way of out-door exercise or amusement to look forward

to for the next five months except a series of chilly drives up and down the Quays and the Newski Prospect. The only breaks in their hibernal existence will be during those not frequent intervals when the cold becomes so intense that nothing short of necessity will take you out at all. It is cold enough now, but it has not yet come to the period when *passers-by* dash handkerchiefs of snow into your face to stop incipient mortification of the nose. I saw a gentleman rubbing a lady's face with snow in the streets the other evening, but then I am afraid they both were drunk, and had no clear conception of what they were about. The bear, who, according to a popular belief, buries himself in a hole as soon as the snow sets in, and sucks his paws and sleeps from November to May, takes, I think, a more rational view of life than any other denizen of the Russian empire; but short of sucking his paws, morally if not literally, it is not very easy to say what a stranger can find to do in St. Petersburg, supposing him to grow tired of the solitude of his own room.—Gales there are none; there is not a reading-room which, so far as I know, is available to the general public; and the restaurants are wretched and comfortless. Altogether, a snowy day in St. Petersburg seems to me duller for a stranger—and in so saying I am saying a good deal—than a rainy day in London.—*Special Correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph.*

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

- 1. Are the tenets of (Martin) Luther adapted to the ordinary swallow?
2. Would Queen Bess and her celebrated horse Boss-Arabian?
3. When a lake is peaceful, how much does it take to disturb it?
4. Does a lady kiss her brows, how much cotton does she use, and is it Bore's head?
5. In examining a needle's point, is it necessary to mind one's eye?
6. When a big game does wrong, why is he carted?

VINOUS LITERATURE.—Parents and teachers are too forgetful of one incumbent duty, viz, the guarding and guiding of the moral natures of the young. Our children, untaught by faithful advisers, are wandering away in forbidden paths, guideless and friendless, treading upon enchanted ground revealing among dangerous delusions! Call them back; go out after them; save them!

Are we heard? Well, then, we tell you, teachers, parents, be vigilant; watch your children day and night; look well to their eternal interests, for these are times of peril. Let the influences of the home, the school, and the church, be united, and as an ark, preserve our dear youth from the destructive deluge of modern infidel literature—the corrupting books and papers that flood our land.

We are in the midst of a plague not less loathsome and insinuating in its encroachments, than the plague of Egyptian locusts, it is the plague of papers, poisoned and putrid, and pressed upon the people!

"Papers, books; it makes me sick, To think how ye are multiplied; Like Egypt's frogs, ye poke up thick, Your ugly heads on every side."

We are not an enemy to books and papers, by any manner of means. So far from it, that we could scarcely live away from their company, or without their influences. Indeed, we are most heartily in love with sober, honest books, and plead guilty of flirting occasionally with sensible, well-behaved periodicals. But we do say, that amid such immensely promiscuous mixture of things trifling and truths thoughtful, there is imminent danger that our eager children may be deceived.

It is not 'innocent amusement' to peruse these tedious and terrible tales of daggers and death, bombast and blood, feverish imaginations that are, emanating from burning brains and sick hearts. Away with them! Such readings destroy all taste for history and the sciences. Nature, decorated in her loveliest May, is too homely for the intoxicated fancy of the novel reader; and life itself becomes a weariness—a disappointment. Religion, so pure and peaceable, and precious, can not find a welcome or home in the heart of the passionate novel-reader. Aaron Burr, a man of rare genius and fairest intellectual endowments, revelled in novels and indelible books in his youth, and as a natural consequence awarded and dwindled down to a traitor's grave!

For the immortal soul's sake, let us awake to a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is high time for us to oppose this latter day Satanism. Call it what you may; mingle as much sugar with the poison as you choose; apologize for it for ever, if you dare; it is nevertheless, a deadly dose to all who swallow it. A grain of strychnine is not less fatal from being sweetened with a hundred times its bulk in honey. The mind must have pure wholesome nutritious diet, or it will languish and die the second death!

Let us, as Educators and Christians strive humbly earnestly, devotedly, prayerfully, to counteract this growing evil. May our hostility to it be mingled with our teachings, henceforth, while life shall last!

BUNYAN AND THE QUAKERS.—John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker, desirous of making a convert of him. 'Friend John, I have come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee in all the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee out at last.' 'If the Lord had sent you,' returned Bunyan, 'you need not have taken so much pains to find me out; for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years.'

PRISON PRONOGRAPHY.—The Rev. John Clay, chaplain of the goal in Preston, reports out of six attempts made by as many prisoners to write the Lord's Prayer, only one was accurate in every particular. Six of them were as follows.—1. 'Hour father with har in heaven. . . thy Clingdom cum, &c. (written in a fair hand: writer aged 39) 2. 'Ower father who art in heaven, all wead be thy beama thy will done on erth, &c. (writer aged 17). 3. 'Owr father Which art in heaven blowed, &c. (writer aged 21). 4. 'Our father With Charivart, &c. (writer aged 28). 5. 'Hour father Which art in heaven All Wed, &c. (writer aged 16). 6. 'Hour father wich art in haven halwbed, &c. (writer aged 30).

QUIT THAT!—Quit what? Quit telling your innocent, confiding, trembling children about ghosts and hob-goblins. You are throwing a sorrow upon young hearts that will cling there through life. How many mothers there are who quiet their children by saying, 'The bug-a-boos will come and take you off'—Come, old nigger, come and—well, will you hush, then, this minute? The poor child believes all its own mother says, and why shouldn't it? It ought to believe. That is its filial duty. The sobbing, fluttering heart is quieted, but not composed. Those fearful eyes close in a sleep of terror; a weary, broken rest follows; the child dreams—but oh! who can tell the sadness of a child while it dreams in a sleep frightened upon it by alarms of all that is terrible and repulsive.

Such inhuman treatment endangers the mind—the intellect. Mothers, beware! And see that no nurse or servant, or older brother or sister, drive arrows of grief to the very soul of your child. A sorrow early planted and watered by tears will bring forth a harvest of bitterness and despair.

to children. What wickedness! Why, it is blasphemy to make the little ones believe that God forgets them, and send tormentors to trouble them in the silent watches of the night.

Parents, think of this. See your children hear no ghostly lessons. See that they are taught to love the ever present Saviour, and to honor His Blessed name.

How heavenly the teachings of that familiar hymn, when breathed from a true mother's soul over a sleeping child!

'Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed!'

SELF-DENIAL.—At breakfast, one morning, a good physician was speaking with his wife respecting a case of great distress which had come beneath his notice the day before. His son, a little boy of seven or eight years, who had been listening attentively, said earnestly:

'O father, give her some money. Please give me some money to give to her.'

'Yes,' replied his father, 'but that will not be your giving. It is very easy for my little boy to ask his father for money and to give it to poor people; but he denies himself nothing; he makes no effort to obtain it. I wonder if William has none of his spending-money?'

William hung his head, but made no reply, and in a few moments, his father was called out, to be absent till dinner time. Not long after breakfast, William came to his mother, asking if he might have an old broom which was standing at the end of the kitchen; and she, supposing he wanted to play with it, immediately granted his request, and for a long time thought nothing of it. But at length, missing his usual noisy mirth, she went to look for him; but no William could be found. She was somewhat uneasy; but not greatly troubled, as she fancied he might be playing with some of the neighbors' children, though she determined to reprove him for going without her permission. Noon came. The doctor returned, and they were sitting at dinner, when William came in, his clothes bespattered with mud, and his cheeks glowing with exercise, while his countenance bore that honest, open, manly look which told of no wrong doing, but rather of a happy pride, a noble consciousness of right.

'Well, William, what now?' said his father, as he seated himself at table. 'How have you busied yourself this morning while I have been away?'

William replied only by counting out, upon the table, in small change, fifty cents, his morning's earnings.

'How's this?' said his father; 'where did you get all this money?'

'I earned it,' replied William with some dignity, 'for that poor woman. Mother gave me a broom, and I swept the crossing for it.'

'So your mother was in the secret was she? That's right. Little boys always do wisely when they ask their mother's advice! said his father, glancing slyly at his wife, who smiled, but said nothing.

'No, father,' said William, with a deep blush; 'I did not ask her. I was afraid she would not let me do it, and I wanted so to get some money myself.' 'And there is some more of your dollar,' replied his father, lying down a bright half-dollar in the midst of the cents and freppences; 'but next time ask your mother's advice before setting up business, or I think you will not prosper. Now eat your dinner and then we will go and get some things and take them to the poor sick woman; and I think in giving them you will feel rewarded for denying yourself a whole morning's play.'

William was too eager to carry out his benevolent intention to care for eating, and evidently looked with wonder to see his father enjoying his meal. But all waiting ends some time and at length he had the satisfaction of seeing his father rise, get a basket, put it in the carriage, and in a few minutes they were filling it with groceries from a neighbouring store; and, though disappointed that his own dollar would do no more, he was very well satisfied when he saw the additions made by his kind-hearted father. But when they reached the place, and his own eyes witnessed the great destitution, and his own ears heard her grateful thanks, then he realized how much the poor can want, and how pleasant it is to be the means of removing these pressing daily necessities.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. 'I cannot think of it,' was the reply, 'as you once once spurred me and called me a drawing doll.' 'Impossible!' exclaimed the humming-bird; 'I have always entertained the highest respect for all such beautiful creatures as you are.' 'Perhaps you do not,' said the other; 'but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice; never insult the humble, as they may perhaps some day become your superiors.'

Yellow Creek, a pretty stream flowing into the Ohio, about fifty miles west of Pittsburgh, is made, with its historical associations, the subject of a sketch, to which, in conclusion, is added the following anecdote.

A long time ago, before any of the pioneers had permanently settled in the valley of Yellow Creek, it was common for Virginians to make excursions over these hills, bringing their horses with them from the settlements, and hobbling them in the wild meadows to graze, while they wandered off in search of game in which the woods abounded. In such exploits it was usual to sleep on the grass with the far-off sky as the only shelter, and the distant howling wolves the only lullaby.

About this time, salt springs were discovered on the creek, and rude furnaces were built for 'boiling salt.' The persons who first engaged in this business were a daring, reckless class of men, not particularly respectful of their appearance or habits. Commonly, two or three would join fortunes, erect a rough cabin, and build a furnace near a saline spring, there to spend weeks and months boiling salt in the wilderness.

One of these establishments was owned and operated by a rough, mischievous fellow by the name of Miller, who was always ready for a joke, no matter how severe, or at whose expense. While Miller, and his two associates in the enterprise, were seated around the great roaring furnace one morning, wishing for some kind of amusement, a stranger, lean and lank, having every symptom of a genuine Vermontor, approached on horseback, and asked permission to leave his pack-saddle and other travelling appendages in their care, while he should spend the day in hunting. The favor being cheerfully granted, he dismounted, left his saddle, and wandered off in quest of deer.

As soon as the new-comer was fairly out of sight, Miller, who looked upon him as an intruder, determined to annoy him; and as a convenient method of testing the calibre of the stranger, he threw his pack-saddle into the furnace where it was soon reduced to ashes. Toward evening the hunter returned, and on deliberately making enquiry for his saddle, was told the less he said about that the better, otherwise he might share the same fate. The remark was accompanied by a significant look toward the fire, which instantly suggested to the indignant stranger the whereabouts of his saddle. However, he said nothing, and was soon on his homeward way.

In a few days he returned once more, seeming in a fine humour, and brought a new pack-saddle which he left in Miller's care as before, charging him emphatically not to burn that one, or else there would be a noise about it. Of course, the warning not to touch the saddle was more than Miller was willing to bear, and he resolved to repeat the experiment

as soon as the stranger should start on his day's hunt. No sooner had he turned his back upon the furnace, than Miller called out to him:—

'Look-a-here, Mister, I'll show you who's a going to do the ordering' round here; and into the fire went the saddle with a will! But in a moment the huge kettles, the walls of the furnace, and every thing thereunto pertaining were scattered in one universal wreck, the hot fluid sprinkling freely over the unsuspecting heads of the salt boilers, and the cloud of hissing steam completely blinding them for a while, thus affording the revengeful stranger opportunity to make good his escape, which he did without the formality of bidding his victims 'good-bye!' The truth flashed upon Miller's mind, about as soon as the hot ashes flashed into his face—the pads of the new pack-saddle had been stuffed with gun powder.

THE RASH OPINION.—A man while walking one day in the country, noticed that the oaks, which are very large trees, bear small nuts, which are called acorns. Happening soon after to cast his eyes on the ground, he remarked a small plant which touched the earth, and bore pumpkins, a great deal larger than his head.

He then said to himself: 'If I had been in the place of the Creator, I would have arranged these things differently; the pumpkin would have been on the large tree, and the acorn on this small plant. Presently he laid down beneath the oak to sleep, and while there an acorn fell on his face and awoke him. 'I vow that I am a fool,' he cried; 'and that God is in the right. What would have become of me if the pumpkin had been on the oak—it would have crushed my head in falling? From that time the man became wiser; contented himself with admiring the wisdom with which God had arranged the universe, and ceased to find fault with what which was not arranged according to his feeble ideas.

THE PULPIT OF SATAN.—On the road which leads from Baden to Gerabach, extends a charming valley covered with meadows, and watered with a rapid stream. This valley mounts insensibly to a rock, which rises perpendicularly to the foot of Stanzel, and whose summit is covered with shrubs. This rock is called 'The Pulpit of Satan,' and the following tradition is given as the origin of the Appellation. At the time when the first Christian preachers came to the Black Forest the Devil preached there seeking to turn the people from the doctrines of the Gospel.—In a short time the young and the old assembled around the rock to listen to the flattering maxims which they found very pleasant. Then an angel from heaven appeared on a rock, which was on a sterile mountain, near to the castle of Eberstein, where he warned the people of the false and insidious words of the malignant spirit. Some persons came through curiosity to hear him; but the words of the Devil had passed them more, and they quitted the angel one after another, until none remained but a young and charming maiden and her lover. At length the young man also departed but the young girl remained firm, notwithstanding the rude combat which she had to sustain. Beside the rock on which the angel had preached, she built a little cell in which she passed her days. The tradition further says that this cell was converted into a convent, but it has long since disappeared.

The rock from whence the angel spoke is yet called 'The Angel's Pulpit.'

BETTER THAN THAT.—The Emperor Joseph of Austria was one day taking a ride in his carriage, and a sharp shower of rain came on, when an old invalid hobbled to the door, and asked him if he would allow him to get in, as he had his new uniform on for the first time, and he did not wish to get it spoiled. The Emperor acquiesced, and they soon got into conversation. Amongst other things the old soldier mentioned that he had had such a capital breakfast that morning! 'What was it?' asked the Emperor. 'Well,' said the invalid, 'guess.' The Emperor good humoredly complied, and went over all the dishes in vogue amongst the military, to all of which he got the answer of 'Better than that.' At last, finding that the stranger could not guess, the soldier acknowledged with great glee that he had taken a pheasant out of the Imperial preserves. The Emperor seemed to think it a good joke, and the topic was dropped. When they had nearly reached the town, the old invalid, who had been recounting some of his experiences on the battle field, said to the stranger, 'You look like a military man yourself, sir; what position might you hold?' 'Well,' said the Emperor, much amused, 'guess!' After having repeated all the grades in the army, from sergeant up to field marshal, to all of which he got the answer, 'Better than that,' the truth of who the stranger was seemed to flash upon his mind, and his confusion can be better imagined than described. His preceding expedition was however pardoned by the Emperor, and the story of their meeting was ever after a favorite joke at court.

THE FINGER-NAILS.—Disease not only withers and emaciates the human frame, but after its departure, leaves thereon a minute record of its action, very intelligible to the experienced and observant eye. Few invalids are aware that they bear about with them—in fact, at their fingers' ends—an accurate register of their past sufferings; but such is the case. In some of the Parisian hospitals the surgeons customarily scrutinize narrowly the finger-nails of patients newly admitted for the purpose of gleaned therefrom more correct information as to the past progress of their diseases than could, perhaps otherwise have been acquired; and so accurate are the conclusions thence drawn, as very often to astonish the unconscious bearers of the strange record. Allowing a certain average daily growth for the nails, it has been found, on examining those of a person who had four months previously, had an attack of typhus, that toward its centre of the nails, which had at that time been their root, a deep and well defined transverse furrow remained coinciding with the accidental interruption to their nutrition and growth. The depth of the depression will always be exactly proportionate to severity of the illness and the length of its duration; while, if there had been any subsequent relapses, they would be found successively indicated at proper intervals, like the notches on a tally stick.

TERRIS is a remarkable spring near Estremos in Portugal, which petrifies wood, or rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in the winter is perfectly dry.

A NEW PRODUCT TO SUPPERSEDE GUNPOWDER.—This substance has been invented by a Mr. Reynaud, who has named it Pyronome. As compared with gunpowder it is much lighter and produces the same effect. Its cost price is considerably less than gunpowder, but it cannot be advantageously used for fire-arms. It is composed of nitre of soda, 65.5 parts; residue of tan (after it has been used for tanning), 52.5 parts; powdered sulphur, 20 parts. The operations for its preparation are as follow:—1. Dissolve the nitre of soda in a sufficient quantity of water. 2. Mix the tan in this solution in such a manner that all parts may become impregnated. 3. Mix the powdered sulphur in the same manner. 4. Take the product from the fire and dry it. When completely desiccated it may be placed in sacks or barrels for use. This product is much superior to gunpowder for blasting rocks, &c., in every respect, and will, we doubt not, be received, as a boon by both miners and the proprietors of mines, and will come into general use. Arranged in cartridges, no possible accident could happen.