

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Sept. 17.—The Marquis de Lavalatte has addressed to the French diplomatic agents in foreign parts a circular dated the 16th inst., which is very pacific in tone.

After showing that the recent changes in Europe are favourable to France, the Circular proceeds:—'The coalition of the three Northern Courts is broken up. The new principle ruling in Europe is the liberty of alliances. Aggrandized Prussia secures the independence of Germany. France will not feel disposed to oppose or to regret the work of assimilation which has just been accomplished, and to subordinate to feelings of jealousy the principles of nationalities which represent and profess regard for the people. By imitating France, Germany has taken a step which draws her nearer to us.'

'Notwithstanding unflinching susceptibilities Italy has equally drawn nearer to us in ideas, principles, and interest. The September Convention, which secures the Pontifical interests, will be loyally carried out.'

'Second-Class naval forces are arising in the Baltic and the Mediterranean, which assure the liberty of those seas. Austria relieved of her Italian and German leanings, and no longer employing her forces in barren rivalries, but concentrating them upon the East of Europe, still represents 35 million souls, whom no hostile interests separate from France.'

'By what singular reaction of the past upon the future shall public opinion see, not the allies but the enemies of France in nations liberated from a past that was hostile to us, and now called to enter upon a new existence guided by principles which are our own and animated by the sentiments of progress which form the pacific link of society? A Europe more strongly constituted and more homogeneous by better defined territorial divisions is a guarantee for the peace of the continent, and is neither a peril nor an injury to our nation.'

The Circular proceeds to demonstrate that the Emperor was right in accepting the part of mediator. On the contrary, he would have disregarded his high responsibility if, violating the neutrality promised and proclaimed he had suddenly plunged into the risks of a great war—one of those wars which arouse the hatred of race, and in which whole nations meet in conflict.

The Government comprehended annexations dictated by the absolute necessity of uniting to a country populations having the same manners and the same national spirit. It can only desire those territorial aggrandizements, which would not affect its powerful cohesion, but must always labor for its moral and political aggrandizement, using its influence on behalf of the great interests of civilization.

Nevertheless, the results of the late war teach an important lesson, and show the necessity which exists for the defence of our territory and for perfecting without delay our military organization. The nation will not fail in this duty, which cannot be regarded as a threat by any.

In conclusion the circular considers the political horizon to be free from any threatening contingencies, and expresses belief in a lasting peace.

The Temps points out that, as the engravings in the Charivari are submitted to the censure, it is significant that to-day's number has been allowed to publish one representing a young German girl carrying a jug of Rhine wine, and a French soldier holding out his glass, while below, with the title of 'A Lesson in History,' is reproduced the following couplet of the famous song written by Alfred de Musset, in reply to Becker's Sie sollen ihn nicht haben:—

"Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand. Si vous soubiez votre histoire, Vos jeunes filles surement Ont mieux garde notre memoire. Elles nous ont verse votre petit vin blanc."

The Monde states that it has received accounts of the martyrdom of nine French Catholic missionaries in the Corea in Asia. One other escaped over the frontier of that country, and two more were still wandering in the mountains. The names of those put to death are—Monsieur L. F. Barzani, Bishop of Capse, from the diocese of Le Mans; Monsignor A. Daveluy, Bishop, in partibus, of Ancona, from the diocese of Amiens; M. M. Beaudouin, of Bordeaux; Darnis, of Lucon; Rauber-da-Breuteniers, of Dijon; Fouchie, of Alby; Pent-Nicholas, of St. Die; Au-mestre, of Angoulême, and Ruiz, of Langress.

The Debats publishes some further details respecting Bureau Lamirande, the late cashier of the branch Bank of France at Poitiers, and who has late been brought back to France from Canada. On his arrival in Paris he was taken to the Prefecture of Police, where however he was not interrogated, but was transferred on Wednesday evening to Poitiers, where the prisoner will have to appear before the examining magistrate. Before leaving Paris, Lamirande wrote to M. Lachaud, begging him to undertake his defence. At the moment of leaving Paris Lamirande forwarded two letters, one to the ambassador of England and the other to the director of the prison at the Prefecture of Police. In the first he protests against the means employed to obtain his extradition. He maintains that he was carried off violently, contrary to international treaties, and before judgment had been given on his appeal. He then gives numerous and serious details, which require verification, and concludes thus:—

'I do not ask to be sent back to England to be set at liberty; but only that the proceedings interrupted at Montreal may be continued, and I am ready if it is preferred to go before the High Court of England or any other jurisdiction. It seems to me that Her Majesty's Government will see the gravity of these motives and will instruct you to reclaim me from the Government of the Emperor.'

The letter to the director of the prison is a protest against the means employed to bring him back to France, and begging the director to transmit it to the proper quarter, and to consider it as a legal protest against the means employed to remove him from the protection of the English laws and international treaties, since it is simply due to violence, he says, that he is to-day on French soil. The Debats points out that it is neither for nor against the prisoner on this question, but considers it its duty to publish the details as the affair is likely to excite much attention.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—'Wandering through France I found myself a short time since at Fontevrault, well known as the burial place of some of our Plantagenet Kings. The abbey, once famous, has gone to rack and ruin; its precincts are transformed into a convict establishment. The graves of the Kings have, of course, been long ago plundered, but three are still preserved hidden in a dark corner of the convict camp, be- gimed with the dust and dirt of ages, the effigies in marble which once adorned them of Henry II. and Eleanor of Guienne, of Richard Cœur de Lion, and—most beautiful and best preserved of all—Isabella d'Angoulême, the wife of John. Would it not be a graceful act of the French Emperor to hand them over to our Government? As being authenticated like- nesses, they would be a valuable addition to the records of our history.—Pall Mall Gazette.'

ITALY.

Piedmont.—Several letters from Italy concur in representing the Ministry as very much shaken, torn by internal dissensions, and unlikely to last. It has been further damaged by the appointment of Blan- cini, which was a great blunder, but unfortunately in Italy personal friendships and considerations are sometimes more potent than the dictates of prudence.

It was inviting discord and unpopularity to make such an appointment, and the public disapprobation has been so strongly manifested that Ricasoli hesitates to insist his protegee. The press appears to have been almost unanimous in condemning the choice, and this has the more effect because unanimity on any subject in the Italian press is very rare. It seems doubtful whether the whole Cabinet will retire, or only part of it. Some suppose that Ricasoli, strong in the support of Sialdini, now a man of much influ- ence, will try to form an entirely new Ministry. It seems probable, however, that there will be no change at all until the treaty with Austria shall have been signed. A number of deputies have represented to the Government that it is unnecessary to dissolve the present Chamber, as it is perfectly compe- tent to vote the Treaty of Peace. Steps are taking to diminish the army, and, indeed, there is no time to be lost. Before the war the annual deficit in the Budget was 300 millions; a Florence letter says that for the last three months it has been at the rate of 900 millions a year. Thanks to the numerous vices of our administration and of our organization, the Italian soldier costs the State a third more than the French or Austrian soldier. Among these adminis- trative vices, corruption, on a very large scale and extending very high, must it is to be feared, be reckoned.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN ITALY.—Mr. Erdan writing from Florence, refers to the facility with which affairs, that for a short time cause a great sensation, and are looked upon as most important, are in Italy allowed to die away without any sort of action being taken. He instances the case of the editor of the Neapolitan paper Conciliatore, who was arrested, accused, and his papers seized. Among these were letters from Cesare Cantu, the deputy and historian, said to be of a most compromising nature, to be full of wishes for the triumph of Austria, &c. You may remember the affair as mentioned in your Florence letters last spring. Cantu was called upon for explanations, there was great excitement in the Chamber, he denied having written such things, his accusers persisted; there was to be an inquiry—in short, there were, at least, a dozen persons whom one would have thought would never rest quiet until the matter had been sifted to the very bottom. Then the war came, Parliament was prorogued, the thing remained enveloped in doubt. 'A fortnight ago,' Mr. Erdan now informs us, 'the director of the Conciliatore was released from prison. It is over; nobody is justified, nothing is explained: Such affairs in Italy are apt to break out with great fire and fury, to rise fierce and flaming like rockets, and then to dwindle and disappear, and be heard no more of.—Times Cor.'

There is great discontent in Florence on account of French interference in Italian affairs. You are aware that for a long time past the French Government has been very unpopular in Italy. The Italians recognize what was done for them in 1859, but they consider that they paid handsomely for the assistance when they gave up Nice and Savoy, and the constant intermeddling in their affairs since the attempts (not always unsuccessful) to keep their Government in leading strings, the fast and loose policy with respect to Rome, the many humiliations, in short, they consider to have been inflicted upon them, have given rise to anything but a good feeling towards their powerful neighbour. After the Treaty of Prague, and bearing in mind its second article, the Italians looked upon the cession of Venetia to them as complete, and seem to have forgotten all about the cession previously made to Napoleon, so that when the treaty of cession signed on the 24th between France and Austria came to their knowledge it was a most disagreeable surprise. They had enough mortifications since the beginning of the war, and were highly disgusted at General Lebon's mission and at the threatened pirisicite. It would have been better taste and better policy on the part of the French Govern- ment to make things easy and pleasant to them, and it might the better have been done since France has really nothing to gain from the vexatious course that has been preferred. It looks almost as if this Govern- ment had been refused something it wanted in Italy, and was now taking a small revenge. A letter of the 7th inst., from Florence describes an uneasy state of things. It was reported that an Italian personage (probably Count Arrese is meant) was trying to persuade Ricasoli to a fresh concession. French diplomacy had found out something else that it wanted. To insure the full liberty of the plebiscite it de- sired that the Italian Government should withdraw its troops, its commissioners, &c., from Venetia, and it gave it particularly to be understood that the absence of the King at that time would be considered proper. True or false, these rumour caused much irritation, and no wonder.

ROMA.—As the term fixed for the withdrawal of the French from Rome is approaching, it is curious to note how differently the various nuances of the Italian press view the eventual occurrence. Let us take, for instance, the two extreme poles, and examine what their respective hopes and fears may be. The Catholic press acknowledges that the bark of St. Peter is surrounded by dangers, but as Divine Providence has never deserted her, it opes it will not desert her now, and, by a miracle, will disperse all agencies of evil and darkness, and carry her unscathed to the haven. The Radical press, on the contrary, full of hopes and expectations, already sees the fall of the temporal power looming in the distance, and shouts that the Italian and French Governments are only endeavouring to render the fall as light as possible, and avoid all noisy convulsion. Thus, while the Italian Government intends to adhere to the September Convention with the most scrupulous faithfulness, the Imperial Government—loudly proclaiming the ultra-liberal organs—is exercising all its powerful pres- sure on the Holy Pontiff in order to persuade him to come to terms with the Kingdom of Italy on the fol- lowing basis:—1. Equality of coins, weights, and measures with Italy; 2. Conscription; 3. Imme- diate disbanding of all foreign troops actually at the service of the Roman Court; 4. Abolition of pas- ports and of all custom barriers through a yearly pecuniary compensation; 5. Uniformity of laws with Italy; 6. Secularisation of public employments; 7. Cession of the provinces of Viterbo to Italy. In regard to the rumor circulated by several foreign papers to the effect that the Italian Government has lately reopened negotiations with the Papal Court for the settlement of the eternal Roman question, I must emphatically state that since the famous fiasco be- fallen to our envoy, Mr. Vegezzi, no other envoy has been despatched to Rome, nor any negotiation whatever undertaken by the Italian Government.—Cosmopolitan.

The Monde has an article tending to show that the hope is fully justified in entertaining the deepest dis- trust of the Italians, and, dwelling on the advantages of Malta as at least a temporary residence for His Holiness, says:—'We hold it quite natural that the Supreme Pontiff should cast his eyes upon Malta, if the English Government offers him that asylum.— That measure of precaution can hurt no one. It would only offend the Italian Revolutionists; if they wish to keep Pius IX. a prisoner, and that every reason would justify his taking measures to prevent their realizing their designs. From thence it would be very easy for him to carry on negotiations with Victor Emmanuel, when the latter feels a desire to become reconciled with the church. The Italians do not mean to rest satisfied with merely blockading the Pope in the city of Rome; he would resign him- self to that painful situation. Has the object of the revolution changed? No, assuredly, and in effect it shows itself in Italy under the form of schism and heresy. What is not to be feared from Italian craft and hypocrisy? It is on that point only that the Italian revolutionists surpass the French. They demand that Pius IX. should come to terms, and there is not even the basis for a negotiation. The Piedmontese, Mazzinians, will one day find themselves in Rome by accident, and all will be over. Such is the

perspective. The Revolution, altho' possessing a satis- factory capital in Florence, demands Rome. It is not Rome that it wants; it wants to lay hands on the Pontiff, to strike the Church in the head. What discontent, what perturbation in the different states of Europe, should Pius IX. be made captive in Rome! All the sovereigns will applaud the idea of the English Government; it rescues them from a great embar- rassment, for they are no longer in a position to interfere in Italy. And on the hospitable rock of Malta Pius IX. would be able to wait until the tem- pest had blown over.

Whilst the cholera is raging and spreading consternation in the usurped dominions of the King of Italy, the sanitary state of Rome and of the districts yet re- maining to the Papal dominions is excellent.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Sept. 7.—The semi-official North German Gazette of this evening contains an article upon the anti-Prussian attitude assumed by the Prussian press. The article says:—

'The hope that after the conclusion of peace the Belgian press would be careful to treat Prussia with more consideration has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, it is proving itself to be a decided enemy to the national development of Germany. The Bel- gian press would do well to take heed lest at some future time it be reckoned among the enemies of Prussia. The journalists of Belgium fear one pow- erful neighbor, insult another, and repress all na- tional liberty in their own country. Let them at last become conscious of the responsibility they incur.'

The re-opening of the Eastern question might dis- turb Prussia in her organization of the North Ger- man Confederation, and divert public attention from the establishment of the political relations of Ger- many. We rather doubt that the Eastern question will this time assume a peaceful phase.

KINGS AND PRINCES ON THE RETIRED LIST.—A German journal gives a list of dethroned Princes who now live in different parts of Europe. First there is Don Miguel, dethroned in 1833, who resides in Germany, having married a German Princess;— next the Count de Chambord, in exile since 1830, residing generally in Austria. With him may be joined the Orleans Princes, who reside mostly in England, Leopold and Ferdinand of Tuscany, Francis V. of Modena, and Robert of Parma were driven from their States in 1859. The three first reside in Austria, the last in Switzerland. The following year Francis II. was sent to increase the list of re- tired Kings. In 1862, King Otto of Greece was driven from his throne. King George of Hanover, the Elector Frederick William of Hesse, the Duke Adolph of Nassau have been just added to the list, which may further be augmented by the addition of Prince Couza, who now resides in Paris, and the Prince of Augustenberg, who lives in Bavaria.—Express.

RUSSIA.

From the Moscow Gazette Temps translation a very long account of the American visit to Moscow. The burden of the whole business seems to have been, 'Let us swear eternal friendship.' The speech- making was interminable, and every speech over- flowed with compliments. 'Hail Columbia' was inscribed in letters of fire on a temple of glory, and the band at the Moscow station played 'God save America'—probably some new national air. At a magnificent banquet, given at the hotel of Prince Dolgoroukoff, the feast of sentiment was only to be equaled by the flow of champagne. Mr. Fox, re- turning thanks for a toast, declared that, if the hearts of the Americans could open, there would be seen within them what he there saw, the union of the Russian and American flags. 'May that union of the banners be sealed by the blood of our hearts,' Captain Murray was still more eloquent and figura- tive. 'In the extracts we have given,' says the Temps, 'in five close columns of rather fulsome reading' will be found a series of manifestations which resemble the transports of a violent passion during the happy days of the honeymoon.' And the writer marvels, as well as he may, at this strange coupling of the most free and active people in the world with a nation having but a varnish of civilisa- tion, with despotism for its political regime, and communism for its social state.

There are unmistakable symptoms abroad that Russia is emerging from the state of apparent apathy, as regards foreign affairs, in which she has been sunk since the Crimean war was closed by the Treaty of Paris. Her Government has been aroused by the events of the last two years, and you may expect shortly to read a diplomatic circular from the St. Petersburg Foreign-office in which a very decided tone will be taken. The Russian journal referred to by your Vienna correspondent in the Times of the 5th inst. seems to have had an inkling of this when it boldly declared that, as the settlement of Europe made in 1815 has been completely upset, there is no reason why Russia should be bound by the Treaty of Paris of 1856, that the Black Sea must be free to her again, and that the injurious obligations imposed on her by a coalition of the Western Powers are no longer binding. I venture to assure you that this will be found to be very much the strain of the cir- cular in question, in which the Russian Government remarks on the system of proceeding by violence that has become prevalent in Europe for the settlement of disputed questions, instances the cases of the Danish Duchies, the Danubian Principalities, and the recent war and annexations in Germany, and declares her intention of acting in future as her interests dictate, and without showing greater regard to treaties than has been shown by her neighbours. After ten years, the Treaty of Paris is as galling to Russia as on the first day, and even more so, because she sees that others have repelled against and broken similar bonds. That treaty, as a shrewd diplo- matist lately remarked to me, humiliated Russia without weakening her, and so far it was a mistake. But since then Russia has revived and regained strength. She sees the political waters of Europe troubled, and she is disposed to fish in them. Many persons imagine that in a year's time, when the great Paris Exhibition is drawing to a close, we shall be on the brink of a war between France and Prussia. What, if instead of that, we saw the Eastern question opened, and France and Prussia in alliance? The tendency seems in that direction. We cannot im- agine France attacking Prussia for the mere pleasure of beating her, and then retreating within her former limits—always supposing her victorious, which is by no means certain. The object of such a war must be an extension of frontier, and such an attempt would array the whole of Germany against France—the Austrian Germans not excepted. Germany feels her strength, and will relinquish none of her territory. On the other hand, there are various indications that the Eastern question will again before long become prominent, and very probably the cause of war. Russia is concentrating troops at Kharkov, a good central position, convenient for a start in va- rious directions. In Serbia we learn from Vienna, large armaments have for some time past been making, and a great number of rifled cannon have been obtained. National Committees are said to be active in the Christian provinces of Turkey, and only wait a signal to bring about an insurrection. The hand of Russia is discovered in this, and Austria is or her- guard. The Austrian Consuls at Belgrade and Bucharest have been summoned to Vienna to supply information. According to a letter from Vienna in the Patrie, the Emperor of Russia lately said to the Minister of a foreign Power that he 'could not be- hold with indifference the establishment in Europe of the principle of the predominance of force over right.'—Times Cor.

INSICURITY OF HUMAN REASON IN MATTERS OF FAITH.—Human reason is most contemptible when most audacious, and never shows itself so little advan- tageous as when stepping out of its own limits and en- croaching on the province of faith.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE.

'Don't go on the river to-day, Henry,' said widow Bright, to her son, a few weeks ago.

'Why not?'

'Because it is unsafe. The weather has been mild for several days; and I have myself heard the ice crack two or three times, although it is half a mile away.'

'Poh, mother, you women are such scary creatures. Why, Dick Colton and I skated there all the after- noon; and the ice was as strong as a bridge.'

'But, my son, it has been growing tender all the while, under the warm wind; and you cannot see, this dark evening, to avoid the thin places.'

'Just one hour mother.'

'Not one moment, my son.'

'Hay-ciddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle—led to my mother's apron strings,' shouted Harry, very rad in the face; and rushed out of the room, banging the door after him.

'O dear, sighed good Mrs. Bright, as she leaned her head thoughtfully upon her hands. A tear or two trickled through her clasped fingers, and she looked, as she sat there, like a very care worn anx- ious mother. And so she was. She was a widow, and Harry her only child. He was a bright-faced boy of thirteen, quick-witted, impulsive, and kind- hearted. But oh, he was so daring, so impetuous, so self-willed. He loved his mother dearly; but he loved his own way better. He would do much, very much, for her comfort; but he would do a great deal more for the carrying out of any wild plan of his own.

His mother saw his faults. She reasoned with him, pleaded with him, and, what was far better, prayed for him. She was cheered, too, by a firm hope; for bright, from out the mire and dirt of the boy's nature shone that purest of gems, Truth.

There are a great many boys like Harry Bright. Perhaps one of them is just now reading this story. Well, I do not care how sparkling your face is, how quick your brain is; if you are ever unkind to your gentle mother, if you ever give her sad moments, or bring tears of sorrow to her eyes, you have a bad spot in your heart; and every time you grieve her, you forfeit one more claim to God's Glorious promise.

Harry did not feel just right, when he got out of doors. The evening was dark; but the sky studded with stars, and the air was soft and balmy. It was indeed just such an evening as would ordinarily have set Harry's brain all aglow with bright dreams. But on this evening it was altogether otherwise. He stole up to the window and peeped in; then sat down on the end of the doorstone leaning his head on his hand, just as his mother was going inside, and began to cry.

He was listening to his good angel then; and had nothing untoward happened, he would probably have gone in, asked his mother's forgiveness, and passed a happy evening with her. But just as Harry was making up his mind so to do, there came a shrill whistle at the garden gate. It was Dick Colton, calling him to the skating ground. Harry gave no answer; but he drew his sleeve quickly two or three times across the eyes. Dick whistled once or more and then came to the corner of the house and peeped round. 'Halloo, there,' he shouted, 'are you asleep or dead? Come, there are half a dozen more boys going on to the river; and we shall have capital fun.'

'I can't,' said Harry, faintly. 'Can't' repeated Dick, coming up to him; 'what do you mean? Been crying, too, I'll bet a six-pence. Ha, ha, that's a good one. 'My mother said you shan't go, and I said I will.' Come, boo-baby, cut your mother's apron-strings and run.'

Harry did not resist being called a boo-baby.— His cheeks grew as red as his eyes; he breathed quick, clenched his fists, and would have struck Dick had not that artful boy turned the tide by a touch of flattery.

'It is too bad though, Harry, that such a good- natured fellow and capital skater as you are, can't have a little fun now and then of an evening.' Now, Harry, like the rest of you boys, liked to be called a good-natured fellow, and liked Dick, at the time, for doing it. So Harry parleyed awhile with the tempter; and then did what people always do who parley with sin; he made a compromise with Dick, and concluded to go down to the river-side and look on, whilst the other boys skated. Another breach of God's command, another forfeiture of the glorious promise. Dick Colton and the rest of the boys strapped on their skates, and started off in fine style. Harry took Dick's shawl and spread it out at the foot of the great elm tree, which overhung the river, and sat down upon it. He looked up. Through the leafless branches the sky shone blue and clear, bespattered with stars. Way up and down the bank as far as he could see, little bushes nudged and crowded each other, and leaned far over on to the frozen stream.

A very pleasant river bank they had always made for him before; but now they grew weird and grim in the dim light; and the tall forest beyond them was full of gloom. The boys had gone far down the river; and Harry grew so very lonely, he thought he could not stand it any longer, and had just made up his mind to go home to his mother, when he was startled by a crackling of the bushes behind him.— It was only Dick Colton's dog, however, that jumped out of the underbrush on to Harry's neck, and began to wag his tail, as much as to say 'You are not such a bad boy after all.' Harry was glad just then to have the caresses of any living thing; he hugged the dog until he barked for pain. Suddenly there came up the river a shriek, so clear, so shrill and wild. Harry started up in terror. Skating towards him, as far as dear life, he saw five boys. Where was the sixth?

'O, come quick,' they shouted to Harry. 'Dick will drown. He has broken through the ice. O, go come.'

Harry was a quick-witted boy. 'Your skates, he called to the smallest boy. They were off and buckled on again in the twinkling. Harry snatched the shawl, and in less time than I am writing this, was far down the river.

'Stop, stop!' screamed the boy behind him, 'there he is. You will be in after him.' And so he might, had not the stalwart fellow caught Harry by the arm, and thrown him somersault upon the ice. The thin crust cracked beneath them, and they were obliged to creep very carefully. Poor Dick was in a fearful plight. Yet Providence had given him a fragile hold upon life. In an Autumn gale, a tall tree had been dislodged from the shelving shore, and had fallen into the stream, which was here both broad and deep. Upon the outermost branch of this tree, slender and frail, Dick supported himself. He did not try to reach the ice, for he knew that it would break off at his touch; so that his only hope lay in the overhanging tree. He was a wise boy to send for sharp, brave Harry, who did just what you must do in a like trial. He crept as near the hole as he durst, and laid flat upon the ice; then he made another stout boy lie down behind him and take hold of his heels. Thereupon he threw a corner of the shawl to Dick, who, by the help of that, made out to reach the firm trunk of the tree, upon which he easily clambered on to the stanger ice.

There was no more skating that night. Dick's little dog clapped his tail between his legs, and walked behind his drenching master, whining piteously. Harry, sobered and saddened, went straight home, and laid open his heart to his mother. 'O, if it had been me, dear mother,' said he, 'how I should have thought of my unkindness to you. Can I ever treat you so again?'

'God helping you, my son, you will not,' said the widow, her eyes filling with tears. And Harry did, I trust, thereafter, try to fulfil the full meaning of that holy commandment with promise. I wish, too, that Dick Colton's heart had been washed clean in that cold river; but poor Dick was but a sorry fellow at best. He was laid up a long

time with a fever, brought on by the exposure of that night, and for more than a year was barely able to hobble about. When I last saw him, he had just shipped on board a merchantman, bound for Ohio.

More than one praying mother holds the poor wail in remembrance; and I have strong faith of good news of him some day.

'Honor thy father and mother,' which is the first commandment with promise.

HOLY WATER.—The use of holy water as an ancient and primitive practice is duly attested by several of the learned and pious fathers, as well as by those interesting remains of antiquity to be seen in the porches of very many country churches in England at this day, known as water stupes. In the first place, water serves as an outward emblem of that inward purity with which God, as being the very essence of holiness, demands to be approached. In the next place, it serves materially to bring to our remem- brance the vows entailed upon us by baptismal rege- neration, of which the instrument is water; in short, the use of clean water (as was happily ob- served by a learned Puseyite) is perfectly clear to those who have got muddled understandings.—J.D. D.

A GREAT JEWEL SWINDLE.—All Paris is talking about a story which resembles a good deal that of 'the Queen's necklace.' In the month of February last a jeweller in Paris, M. Oramer, received a letter sealed with the Prussian arms, and signed 'Comte de Schaffgotsh,' chamberlain of his Majesty the King of Prussia, in which he was asked if he wished to undertake the execution of some models, in brilliant, of an order which the Queen intended to create. The jeweller immediately accepted, and some days after- wards there arrived some drawings executed by the Queen herself. The jeweller set to work forthwith, and in a few weeks afterwards he transmitted to Ber- lin a magnificent cross surrounded with diamonds. He received congratulations, and an order for a dozen more diamond crosses, with a further promise of an order for the crown of the Prince of Hohenzol- lern as sovereign of the Danubian Principalities. The jeweller was the happiest of men. His fortune was evidently made. But when and how was he to forward the crosses? The count replied that he was just then charged with a diplomatic mission, and that on a day named he would beat Cologne, and would receive the decorations at a banker's in that town. The jeweller sends the crosses to the house of Op- penheim, informing them that they were to be deliv- ered to chamberlain of the Queen of Prussia. Some days afterwards the count informed by letter the intermediate agents that he would pass through the town at a certain hour, and begged them to forward to him the jeweller's parcel through a clerk. No sooner said than done. The Queen of Prussia was delighted, and her chamberlain gives to the jeweller another order for crosses, to be also set in diamonds. But there was nothing said as to payment, and the jeweller, uneasy in mind, did at last what he should have done at first. He called upon the Prussian ambassador at Paris, who informed him that he had been dealing with a knave, and that the letters were all forged. The jeweller, in consternation, sets out for Baden under the advice of the ambassador, sees the Queen, and is assured by her that she is an entire stranger to the whole story of the crosses. On his return to Paris the jeweller receives another letter from the pretended count, who insinuates this time that he might himself be decorated with the order of the Red Eagle. Now, however, the jeweller was on his guard. The police were communicated with, and they managed to draw the fox into the trap. He is, it appears a man of good family, whom passion for gambling has ruined; he is the son of an old general, and holds himself rank and title at the Court of Prussia, &c. The police have seized, at the hotel where he put up in Paris, all the jeweller's letters, some diamonds detached from the crosses, with several valuable cards, having the name of the Count of Schaffgotsh on them, together with a blank stamp bearing the arms of the Queen of Prussia. &c. This very curious affair will soon be unravelled before the tribunals.—Paris Letter.

BARBAROUS EXECUTION OF TWO GENERALS.—The following paragraph, taken almost verbatim from the Shanghai (N. China) Daily News, describes a recent act which, though perhaps a hard necessity, is worthy of the man who perpetrated it:—It appears that the Viceroy had reason to suspect two of the com- manders of the Yangchow forces of carrying on in- tercourse with the Nienfeh leaders, so he determined to decapitate them as an example; but as an under- standing was believed to exist between them and their troops, it was desirable to carry out the sentence elsewhere than in their camps, to avoid dis- turbance. A messenger was accordingly sent to in- form them that the Viceroy was so pleased with the reputed efficiency of their men, and excellent ar- rangement of their camp, that he was coming down in person to inspect them. Accordingly, on the 5th ult., Li made a rapid journey to Yangchow, was received, of course, with all honors, expressed himself delighted, and requested the two generals to return with him to Nankin, to receive more at leisure his as- surances of esteem. They obeyed, of course, and were probably surprised to find a court improvised en route, themselves brought before it as prisoners, accused of treachery, and ordered to be decapitated. The sentence carried out, his Excellency returned to Nankin with the same expedition which had charac- terised his whole proceedings. Disaffection has not been completely extinguished in the persons of these two officers; though their deaths may, perhaps, prove a wholesome warning to others similarly disposed.

NEW YORK, 5th.—At a private dinner last evening Mr. A. Stuart intimated his readiness to give one million dollars for the erection of tenement houses for the deserving poor of this city, the condition being that the land required should be provided.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—A merchant of this city proposes that if the 7th regiment should be sent to the exhibition in Paris next year, the commercial men of the city ought to contribute to defray expenses, and he heads the list with 10,000 dol. ars.

HEARTS MAY AGREE THOUGH HEADS DIFFER.—Rev. Wm. Cutler, N.Y., after using Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylolalsamum, writes—'My hair is changed to its natural color, and growing on bald spot, &c. I should be glad to have you use my name which it can do you any good.'—Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 198 Greenwich st., N.Y.

THE SCOURGE OF TROPICAL COUNTRIES.—Liter complaint, in some form or other, is all but univer- sal in warm climates. In tropical America, prior to the introduction of BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, it paralyzed the energies, ruined the constitutions, and shortened the lives of tens of thousands of both sexes. But a great sanitary revolution is now in progress there. Blue pill, iron, and many other ancient nostrums have been abandoned, and this pow- erful vegetable alterative, tonic, and demulcent, has taken their place, relieving the sufferings, restoring the vigor, and saving the lives of multitudes of hopeless patients. There is no form of biliousness, acute or chronic, that it will not cure. BRISTOL'S VEGETABLE PILLS, the great cure for all diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, should be used at same time in moderate doses. 613 Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, E. B. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medi- cine.