

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The revolution of France against the apprehended effect of the Imperial policy has led to confidential and serious communications between Paris and Florence, which will very likely induce a suspension, at least, of the iniquitous schemes of the Subalpine Government and its revolutionary agents in Rome and the Patrimony. The overthrow of the Mexican empire, in defiance of France, by the United States Government; and the continental supremacy acquired by Prussia in direct opposition to the Emperor Napoleon's political programme as sketched in the letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, are blows at French influence which it would be hazardous in the extreme to follow up by the dethronement of the Pope and the annexation of Rome and the gift of Obolensky to the Church, to the dominion of Victor Emmanuel, in flagrant contempt and disregard of the Franco-Piedmontese Convention, and of the notorious sentiments of the French people. The seven days' war and the consequences of the battle of Sedona, have inflicted a serious wound upon the prestige of France. Let this be followed up by the restoration of the Mexican republic, through the intervention of the United States, upon the ruins of the Mexican empire, which has been the work of France; and by the dethronement of the Pope, and the seizure of the Patrimony of St. Peter by a revolutionary power which is the creation of the Emperor of the French, and France, from having been the first of continental nations a half year ago, and the most influential State in Europe, will not only be second to Prussia, which she now undoubtedly is, but the least influential of all the great powers.

We have always said, and we repeat it in the face of circumstances that must soon expose the soundness of our opinion to a crucial test, that the Emperor Napoleon is much more interested in maintaining the temporal sovereignty of the Pope and in the continued residence of the Holy Father in Rome than the Pope personally or the Church. The Papacy existed before the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was founded, and it has subsisted under the almost countless phases and trials of the temporal power—as supreme in spiritual matters under the weakest as under the most powerful of the Pontiffs—Sovereigns of the Roman States. In proof of this, it is necessary to do more than refer to the Pontificate of Pius VII., so full of grave admonition to the Napoleon dynasty?

The present Pope may be again compelled to quit Rome in order to avoid the outrages of the revolutionists, and in order to preserve his freedom of action as Head of the Church; but none, save infidels, who ignore the Word of God, or idiots who, while arrogating to themselves superior intelligence and enlightenment, prove their idiocy by spurning the precepts of history-teaching by example, can imagine that the exile of the Pope would be the end of the Papacy. Victor Emmanuel may be a *Re Galantuomo*, but we presume his admirers and flatterers will not put him upon a level with the first Napoleon. That Napoleon made a Pope his prisoner, and created his own son King of Rome in contempt of the Pope's rights, and took away from the Holy See every foot of its territory; and that same exile, dethroned, deposed, and imprisoned Pope lived to be restored to his throne and to his temporal dominion, and to see his Imperial garter stripped of empire and banished from Europe, and to give asylum in the restored Pontifical States to the proscribed family of the mighty fallen.

LAMURAND'S TRIAL.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says:—The case of Lamurand, in which the prisoner was accused of embezzlement, fraud, and forgery, has just been heard by the Court of Assizes of La Vendée, and contained but little new matter of interest, the whole of the details having been already published. The sum which he was accused of appropriating amounted in the whole to 704,000fr., and his defalcations had been going on for a series of years. At the moment of his flight he carried off with him, according to his own admission bank-notes to the value of 405,000fr. or 485,000fr. When asked to state what he had done with that sum, he declared that he had spent much of it in England; that in New York he had paid 191,000fr. to some persons whom he called advocates, who were to appear for him in the extradition process, and who, if successful were to retain 60,000fr. and return the rest, but who, in fact, only restored 25,000fr.; that he had spent large sums in dissipation and gambling; that he had been robbed; and, finally, that when he was arrested he was without a sou. He explained the manner in which he had obtained the money in specie. The gold and silver were deposited in the cellars of the bank, the doors of which were secured by three locks, the keys being in possession of different persons, so that to visit the cellars the presence of three persons was necessary, but before the money was sent down he always had an opportunity of opening each bag in his private office, removing a portion of the contents, and cutting down the bag so as to give it the same appearance as the others. M. Lachaud appeared for the defence and, as the prisoner confessed his guilt, the principal part of the time which the trial lasted, about two days and a half, was occupied with argument on the question of extradition. The prisoner was handed over by the Canadian authorities only on the accusation of forgery, and in consequence the Court, after long discussion, decided that the two other charges must be abandoned, and that he only could be tried on that particular one. During the process of the case a curious incident occurred. M. Lachaud handed to the President the sum of 110,200fr. which he and the other counsel for the prisoner had recovered from a person in whose hands the accused had placed it, but without mentioning who the person was. Finally, the jury found him guilty of forgery, and the Court sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment, with hard labor.

A statement has been made at the Imperial academy of medicine to the effect that formerly five children might be counted for each marriage in France; at the commencement of the century that number fell to four; and now each marriage hardly produces three children in the country and two in Paris.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—A rumour has reached me of an intention on the part of the Italian Government to modify the law respecting Church property, and the possibility has been talked of that there might be adopted, as an acceptable *mezzo termine*, the project put forward and advocated early in the present year by Signor Minghetti. That plan was, as you may remember, to allow the clergy and convents to redeem their property by a payment to the State of a portion of its value, nominally about one-third. I mention these rumours, in case they should elsewhere be ventilated, only to assure you that they are entirely unfounded. The Convent Bill, which passed Parliament, will be maintained in all its provisions, and is already in course of execution in some parts of the Italian territory.

At Florence, on Saturday, after the examination of Admiral Persano before the Commission of the Senate, the accused was placed under arrest, and confined in the Senate House.

It is at last admitted by the author and propagator of the false intelligence that Signor Vegezi's mission to Rome is not at the desire of the Pope, that the Pope expressed no wish upon the subject, and that the mission has been proposed by the Florence Government in deference to the wishes of the Emperor Napoleon, and assented to at Rome, exactly as we stated the matter.

THE PAPACY'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.—The *Siccle* announces that the Papacy is about to die, and has also made its will. 'The Allocation of Pius IX,' says the *Siccle*, 'is the last will and testament of the Papacy.' Poor Free-thinkers! we will damp

your pleasures by a simple enumeration, putting before your eyes the list of the Popes who had to forsake Rome, but always returned thither, either in propria persona, or in the person of their successors. The list falls into two parts. The first concerns those Popes who were not Kings of Rome, and the second, those who enjoyed temporal sovereignty. Some blockheads say, and others believe, that if the Pope were not King he might live quietly in Rome. Let these people know that Saint Peter was hunted from Rome by the stupid Claudians; and Clement was sent into exile by Trajan; that Cornelius was relegated by Gallus to Centum Cellæ (Olivita Vecchia); that Pope Liberius was condemned to enforced residence in Thrace by Constantine; that John I. was imprisoned in Ravenna by Theodoric; that Silverius was confined by Belisarius at Potara, in Lycia; that Pope Vigilius was banished by Justinian; that Maria was imprisoned by Constantine, and after enduring much ill-usage, and being sent from island to island, was at last transported to Cherson. Whenever these Pontiffs suffered persecution, the precursors of the *Siccle* went about saying that the Pope had made the last will. Yet we are in 1866, and the testator's death is still to come.

Then when the Pope was King as well as Pope, Leo III. was constrained to abandon Rome, but he soon returned thither, and was reverently received and welcomed by all classes of citizens. John VIII. had to seek an asylum in France; John XII. was expelled by the first Otto; Benedict V. died in exile at Hamburg; Benedict VIII. was driven from Rome into exile in Germany. The Roman factions expelled from Rome John XIII. and Gregory V.; Benedict IX. was twice driven forth; so was Gregory VI.; Odoilus, supported by the Emperor Henry IV., banished Pope Alexander II. from Rome; for having loved justice and hated iniquity, Gregory VII. died in exile; Paschal II. languished a prisoner in the Castle of Tribuico, in Sabina; and Gelasius II. was an exile at Gaeta; and each time the precursors of the *Siccle* came forward with the assurance that the Papacy had made its last will; but the Papacy survived its enemies, and was always strong, always in affliction, and always victorious.

Innocent II. had to fly from Rome as soon as elected. Eugene III. had to receive the Pontifical tiara in the Abbey of Farfa in Sabina. A popular commotion compelled Adrian IV. to withdraw from the banks of the Tiber. Alexander III. had to quit Rome four times. Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Urban IV., Boniface IX., and Innocent VIII. were all persecuted, and had all to quit Rome. John XXIII. was forced to leave Rome by a hostile army; Eugene IV. by the populace; Clement VII. by a foreign power. And yet the time never arrived for executing the last will of the Papacy, because the Pope was always alive, and reigned peacefully and gloriously in Rome down to Pius VI., Pius VII., and Pius IX., the first a victim to the French Revolution, the second a victim to Napoleonic ambition, the third a victim to Italian unity.

Under these last three Popes it was continually said that the Papacy had made its last will, but the Pope King of Rome always came back, once from Venice, and again from Savona, and again from Gaeta. And if Pius IX. has to go once more, the Pope will always return. And we may say to Italy what a worthy poet of our times said to her in 1860, after tracing before her eyes in a series of sonnets, 'the Portraits of the Roman Pontiffs':—

'Volgi lo sguardo ai secoli passati
E dimmi poi se vinceran gli infanti!
We have translated the above from the *Unita Cattolica*, for we know of no argument so like to impress the mind and keep up the courage of Catholics as familiarity with the historical fact that nothing can happen to the Pope and the Papacy in 1866 that has not been already equalled and surpassed in the history of the Trials of the Church.

His Holiness was granting numerous audiences to persons of distinction, and was receiving from all the Royal Houses proofs of the most lively sympathy. The Bishop's Clergy, and faithful of all lands are conveying to the Vatican the warmest demonstration of their loyal affection. There is, in fact, a sort of outburst of loving gratitude towards Pius IX., on account of his great courage and the unshaken resolution with which he is maintaining his rights, which are the rights of the Church of Christendom, and its rulers and peoples.

The Pope addressed the officers of the 85th Regiment on their departure from Rome. He said:—'Your flag left France to restore the holy see; that flag now returns to France, but many consciences will not be satisfied. The revolution will come to the gate of Rome. Italy is not complete, as has been said, because this scrap of territory still remains—when this no longer remains the flag of revolution will float over the Italian capital. I pray for Napoleon and for his tranquility, but he also must do something. France is the eldest daughter of the Church, but it does not suffice to wear the title; the right to wear it must be proved by deeds.'

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Artists continue in Sicily, and the revolutionists who reviled the King of Naples, and shouted for Garibaldi are receiving their deserts. Persons of all grades of society have been arrested, and are in prison, numbers having been shot as traitors.

A letter in the *Monde* dated the 27th ult., says that the Piedmontese, in order to bear hard on their numerous defeated opponents, are employing a word which really has no significance of the thing it is made to denote.

Hitherto the word traitor has been applied to the man who betrayed a trust reposed in him by his sovereign, or to a soldier who turned his arms against his own flag. Now the term is used indiscriminately of all who were compromised in the disturbances of last September. A man is no longer accused in the official language of Government of having taken up arms against the State, and of having joined the armed bands; but he is charged with treason, the consequence of which is that the majority of the accused have been condemned to hard labor for a term of years, or to imprisonment, without hard labor. By this simple method they endeavor to justify the existence of military tribunals in Sicily, where they are illegal according to the 71st clause of the statute.

SPAIN.

A NEW CONSPIRACY.—It is rumored that another conspiracy has been discovered in Madrid, with General Prim at its head.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has dropped all proceedings against Marshal Benedek and other generals for their conduct during the late war.

PRUSSIA.

Prussia has commenced using coercion to meet the hostility to Prussian rule in Hanover.

A deputation of the inhabitants from the town of Hadersleben has been received by Count Bismarck. In reply to their enquiries the Minister stated that the popular vote in North Schleswig whether those districts are to belong to Prussia or Denmark will be taken, but not until after the consolidation of the state of affairs generally in the Elbe Duchies.

RUSSIA.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* denies that any unfriendly feeling exists between Austria and Russia, but says both earnestly endeavor to foster the best mutual understanding.

We extract from a very long communication in the *Monde* the following particulars of the persecution in Lithuania:

In the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, no less than six millions of Lithuanians were compelled to abjure the Catholic Faith, and embrace the Greek schism. That a similar scene is now enacting, the following facts will show—facts which the Russian Government

does its best to conceal, but which have now become matter of publicity. No Catholic, be he a Pole or not, is allowed to buy land in the provinces of which Lithuania is composed, viz. Volhynia, Podolia, Ukraine, and White Russia. Only Russians of the Orthodox creed and German Protestants of Russian extraction—viz., people who can prove that they were born in Russia—are allowed to buy. The Government encourages these transactions, but Catholic landowners are forced to sell their property at a third of its real value. The Catholic faith is all that now remains to Poland, and even that is now being wrung from her. The lower classes in Lithuania are still, for the most part Catholic, and the Russian Government being convinced, and rightly so, that the Polish element is maintained by the Catholicism, aims at the annihilation of the former by the destruction of the latter. Acting on the express wish of the Emperor Alexander, the Government has formed the idea of converting the Catholics of Lithuania to schism. True it is that in the official reports laid before the Emperor, and given to publicity the people are represented as heartily desiring to adopt the new creed, but, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, this statement is an egregious falsehood.

CANDIA.—The War between the Turks and the Cretans—*Pearl Massacre.*—Intelligence from Candia brings details of affairs at Aradion, a convent situated in a strong position in the Department of Rethymos. It was occupied altogether by 549 persons,—343 were women and children, and 197 men capable of bearing arms. On the 20th of November Mustapha Pasha left his headquarters at Episcopi with twelve thousand men, and advanced upon the convent demanding its surrender. The Cretans refused, and the Turkish artillery immediately opened a tremendous fire upon the place, keeping up the bombardment two days and two nights. A breach being effected in the walls, the Turks, who had suffered heavy losses, poured into the Convent court. This was surrounded with small cells, in which the Christians had barricaded themselves and kept up their fire for six hours. Finding all resistance ineffectual, the defenders of the convent formed the desperate resolution of setting fire to the powder magazine. A monk applied the match.—The explosion was tremendous, hurling Turks and Christians into the air, scattering the neighbourhood with corpses; 2,000 Turks were killed on the spot, and large numbers wounded. Thirty-nine men and sixty women and children of the garrison were all that escaped. These were taken prisoners.

MY WHISTLING NEIGHBOR.

We had moved into a new house, situated about the centre in a row of ten, all run up together in hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many many noises came to my ears,—originating, apparently, in my own domicile,—that anxiety in regard to burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

'There it is again!' said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my new home. 'That fellow is a nuisance!'

'What fellow?' asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

'Don't you hear it?' said I.

'Hear what?'

'That everlasting whistle!'

'Oh? A smile played over my wife's face. 'Does it annoy you?'

'I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be if it's to go on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—'

'I'm not so sure of that,' remarked my wife, interrupting me, 'the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, can't be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good; and judging from two days' observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use.'

I did not answer, but went on with my reading—silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor. Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books, and locking my fire proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull deliberate steps, its threshold. The flying feet that sprung along the hall, and the eager voices that filled, suddenly, the air in a sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in the little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into faint chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting, with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration.—The change was light, but still very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling, 'Be-gone, Dull Care!'

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the air and words of this cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened, with pleased interest, for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to resolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit, 'Be-gone, dull care!' and the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully, and in a tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprang, at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What a thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms sent to my heart! Oh love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder toward my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exorcising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellent sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, and I sat alone with my wife, the cares that 'infest the day' made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approaches and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made. In my struggle to maintain that tranquillity which so strengthens the

soul for work and duty, I arose and walked the floor. My wife looked up to me with inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needle-work, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk, I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

'How wrong in me,' I said, in self-rebuke, 'thus to let idle brooding over mere outside things which such brooding can in no way effect, trouble the peace of home; and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again, and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the air—'Away with melancholy!'

I cannot tell which worked the instant revulsion of feeling that came—the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air, or the associations of by gone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again.

During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late—for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her flute tones again, very pleasant, and my ear hearkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstance. One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bedroom and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls, from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

'How very disagreeable!' I remarked.

'The man's a brute!' said my wife, emphatically. 'He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side.'

'That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess,' was my answer, as the notes of 'What Fairy like Music steals over the Sea,' rose sweetly on the air.

'Far more agreeable,' returned my wife.

'He plays well on his instrument,' I said smiling.

My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Hemans's beautiful words, 'Come to the Sunset Tree.' To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

'The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axles free,
And the reaper's work is done.'

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquillizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized its impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse:

'Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The loved one at the door.'

To which I added:

'But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave,
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet.
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God.'

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good-night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon its pillow, thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word a look a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the day's anxieties, and care began drawing her sombre curtains around me. My neighbor was stirring also, and, like the awaking bird, tuneful in sweet matins. 'Day on the Mountains' rang out cheerily, followed by 'Dear Summer Morn,' winding off with 'Begone, Dull Care!' and the merry laughter of a happy child, which had sprung into his arms, and was being smothered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathered on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast table with pleasant smiles.

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual, but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and work, and brooding anxiety about worldly things, are so apt to produce. The 'voice of music,' which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period, was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as for the sunnier days of our spring time. As for myself, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my foot to 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Happy Land,' 'Comin' through the Rye,' or 'Hail Columbia,' in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection, and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tuned his pipes. Verily, he was our benefactor—the harping David to our Saul!

'You live at No. 510, I think,' said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to recall his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars.

I answered in the affirmative.

'So I thought,' he replied. 'I live at 514—second door east.'

'Mr. Gordon.'

'Yes, sir; that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere shells,' said he. Then, with a look of disgust on his face, 'Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of my patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send it either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor if you can help it.'

'It doesn't annoy me at all,' I answered. 'Indeed, I rather like it.'

'You do? Well that is singular! Just what my wife says.'

'First rate for the blue devils, I find, I am indebted to our whistling friend for sundry favors in this direction.'

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously.

'You're not in earnest,' said he, a half amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression, which his face had assumed.

'Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not annoyed?'

'Not she.'

'Is she musical?' I inquired.

'She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died, or lost the heart for the music.'

'The history of many other lives,' said I.

The man sighed faintly.

'Has there been any recent change?' I ventured to inquire.

'In what respect?' he asked.

'Has there been no voice from the singing birds?'

A new expression came suddenly into the man's face.

'Why, yes,' he answered, 'now that I think of it. There has been some low, soft warbling. Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if half afraid, and trembled a little while on the words of an old song.'

'The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time,' said I.

'Right, as I live!' was my companion's exclamation after a pause slapping his hand on his knee. I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction, that blended on his face.

'I wouldn't send that note,' said I, meaningly.

'No, hang me if I do! I must study this case.—I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hindrance from me. I'm obliged to you for the suggestion.'

A week afterward I met him again.

'What about the singing birds?' I asked smiling.

'All alive again, thank God.' He answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last.

'Then you didn't send that note?'

'No, sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all a-going, like the first signal whistle of a bird at day-dawn that awakens the woods to melody.'

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered, 'Home, sweet Home' was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said, 'Thank God!' as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words a little while before.

SPELLING.—'Can you tell me how the word saloon is spelt?' was asked of a cockney by a Philadelphian. Certainly, said the Londoner, with a look of triumph, 'there's a leas, and a hay, and a bell, and two hose, and a hen.'

RIGHT.—'Father, ain't you opposed to monopoly?' shouted a little fellow, as his parent took up the brandy bottle. 'Yes my boy.' Then give me a drink too. The father broke the bottle on the floor and has not tasted liquor since.

THE JEWS AT THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.—A little before sunset, we went to a narrow street, or rather alley, which had on one side a high wall, built of immense blocks of stone. This is all that remains of the ancient walls of the Temple; and here, every Friday evening, the Jews assemble to wail and lament over their exclusion from their ancient sanctuary. Since the day that their Temple was destroyed, never has a Jew been able to offer a prayer near the Holy of Holies—never has a high priest been able to make that propitiatory sacrifice which the Jews believe, if once offered on the sacred spot, would appease the wrath of a justly offended God. In this little court we found upwards of two hundred Jews, of both sexes, and of all ranks. Low sobs were heard, and tears were streaming from the eyes of both men and women. Some, with clasped hands and uncovered feet, were absorbed in prayer; with the greatest reverence they kissed the stones, worn away by the lips of countless multitudes; and this long-suffering, sinful, and outcast people; and the yearning looks they turned towards the wall, which shut them out from their hopes of heavenly and earthly peace, showed how deeply rooted in their hearts was the faith they professed.—Our Cruise in the Claymore.

CREVASSES IN GLACIERS.—The crevasses are generally vertical cuts, whose walls visibly converge, and in many cases have an unmistakable forward inclination. They vary from a few inches to several feet in width, occasionally reaching to some hundred feet in depth, and extending sometimes nearly right across the breadth of the glacier. They are grandest in the higher ice region, where the snow hangs like a coping over their edges, and the water, trickling from these into the gloom, forms splendid icicles.—The Gorner Glacier, as we ascended it to the old Weisathor, presents many fine examples of such crevasses; the ice being often torn in a most curious and irregular manner. You enter a porch, pillared by icicles, and look into a cavern in the body of the glacier, encumbered with vast frozen bosses, which are fringed all around by dependent icicles. At the peril of your life from slipping, or from the yielding of the stalactites, you may enter these caverns, and find yourself steeped in the blue illumination of the place. Their beauty is beyond description; but you cannot deliver yourself up to heart and soul, to its enjoyment. There is a strangeness about the place which repels you, and not without anxiety do you look from your ledge into the darkness below, thro' which the sound of subglacial water sometimes rises like the tolling of bells. You feel that, however the cold splendors of the place might suit a purely spiritual essence, they are not congenial to flesh and blood; and you gladly escape from its magnificence to the sunshine of the world above.—Tyndall's 'Glaciers.'

THE GOOD BROTHER.—The son of a rich merchant had, by his bad conduct, so irritated his father that the latter when on his deathbed, disinherited him. Dorval upon hearing of his father's decease, reflected seriously upon the wrongfulness of his past conduct, and resolved to do better in the future. When he heard that he was disinherited he did not murmur, on the contrary he carried his respect for his father's memory so far as to acknowledge the action to be perfectly just, and declared that he merited it. The story of this declaration reached the ears of Jeanneval, his brother, who, charmed with the change in Dorval, went to seek him, and after embracing him tenderly, addressed him these memorable words: 'My brother, by a will which our father made when dying, he appointed me his sole legatee; but as he excluded you only for your past conduct, I cannot