

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The "Archduke" Constantine, who is "doing" the sights of Paris most indefatigably, is announced as an immediate visitor at Osborne. The *Constitutionnel* says that when the invitation reached him through the English Embassy, he replied that he "must consult his brother." That, says the correspondent of the *Guardian*, would not be difficult, for the St. Petersburg telegraph has been carried into the Grand Duke's apartment. At Paris, people are busy about the new settlement of the Bank, and the money which the Government is to get from it;—a mistaken system which has had its day here. Prince Napoleon, we are now told, has presented to the King of Prussia an autograph letter from the Emperor, pressing his concurrence in the settlement of the Neuchâtel affair, in terms likely to be effective.

The report that Prince Napoleon's visit to Germany was in part to form a matrimonial alliance with one of the numerous Princesses connected with the various Courts, has received some doubtful corroboration from the *Independence* of Brussels, which affirms that the lady sought by the Prince, is the Princess Stephanie de Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who was born in 1837. The rumour, however, is generally discredited.

The new military code just issued is partly prepared against the eventualising of another revolution, and is assimilated to hostile invasion. Henceforward the surrender of a general body of triumphant insurgents is to be treated on the same footing as capitulation in the open field to a foreign enemy. Generals will understand in future that they must not hesitate in street fighting. The code has another fault in democratic eyes. Non-commissioned officers are in future rendered incapable of sitting on court-martials, on the principle that no officer ought to be tried by an inferior.

The trial of the fourteen men accused of having got up a secret society for the overthrow of the French Government have been brought to a close at the Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police. Three of the accused were acquitted. Pilette the chief, was confined to fifteen months' imprisonment and a fine of 1,000fr., the others to smaller fines and shorter terms of imprisonment.

Two delegates from Newfoundland who were sent to London on the subject of the convention concluded with the French government, regulating the right to fish on the banks of Newfoundland, have arrived in Paris, and are to be presented by Lord Cowley to Count Walewski.

The Paris *Moniteur* says:—M. the Baron Gros has been appointed by his Majesty the Emperor to repair to China in the character of Commissioner Extraordinary. Lord Elgin has an analogous mission, and the two plenipotentiaries will lead each other mutual assistance.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* says that Baron Gros's instructions are to demand reparation for certain grievances affecting France especially, and among them the murder of M. Chapeleine; that he is, moreover, to ask for new commercial treaties, and that any combined action by the French and English forces will depend upon the result of Baron Gros's mission.

SPAIN.

From Madrid we learn that Espartero had resigned his seat in the Senate of Spain. The arrival of the Mexican ambassador at Madrid was expected on the 13th instant. The fleet for Mexico had left Cadiz, but all the troops and generals were on board awaiting final orders.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, writing on the 14th of May, says:—A telegraphic despatch from Madrid announces that M. Lafragua, the Mexican envoy, arrived there yesterday. I have already mentioned the probability of a pacific arrangement of the quarrel between the two governments. In that case, the greater part of the troops, sent to the Gulf will be kept at Cuba to strengthen the garrisons of that island.

ITALY.

The accounts of the progress of the Holy Father through the States of the Church are full of details proving the love and reverence borne towards the august Pontiff by the Population, which the Protestant press delights to represent as restrained with difficulty by French bayonets from attempting the destruction both of their Sovereign and of his throne. One of the Holy Father's last acts before leaving Rome was an act of clemency, the pardon of Sturbinetti and Galeotti, two of the ringleaders of the Roman revolution.—*Tablet*.

A new periodical of the island of Sardinia, which professes to give an account of the moral, intellectual, and material state of that island, draws attention to the following circumstances, among others: a want of religious centres, which requires the foundation of several rural parishes; a deficiency of Priests; a great disproportion between the material wants of the population and the means for supplying them; and a scarcity of population to so great an extent that, whilst the square surface of the island is a little less than half that of the Continental portion of the kingdom, the population is eight times less in amount. It speaks also of the frequency of homicide, and says that the Government is quite unable, from its weakness, to protect the population; whilst there is a great want of every sort of industrial undertaking. The roads, too, which ought to connect the various portions of the island, are in a very wretched and backward condition. So that it appears that this model constitution of the kingdom of Victor Emanuel might have enough to do in looking after the well-being of its own country, before aiming at anything else.—*Correspondent of the Weekly Register*.

The Sardinian government has resolved to send a ship or two to the Chinese waters, to combat alongside of the British squadron.

RUSSIA.

A frigate and a corvette are fitting out at Cronstadt for the Chinese Seas. It is reported that a Russian envoy extraordinary is to take passage in the frigate. He is charged with a

special mission to the Emperor of the Celestial Empire.

Twenty-four ships of the sunken fleet have already been raised in the harbor of Sebastopol.

The *Moniteur de la Flotte* says that the Russians are founding a great maritime establishment in the river Amoor, which they call Port Imperial. Two powerful batteries are being erected at this spot. The naval establishment of Port Imperial is to comprise factories, dry docks, storehouses, powerful means of defence, and all the requisites for sheltering a large fleet.

SWEDEN.

The *Faeder Landet* has private letters from Stockholm, which it declares worthy of credit, announcing that the King of Sweden is seriously ill, and, in consequence of the distraction of State affairs, he has resolved to take the advice of his physician, to retire and call the Hereditary Crown Prince to the provisional direction of public business.

GERMANY.

It is rumored that the King of Prussia intends to go to Rome in the autumn, "as he is desirous of having some private and confidential conversation with His Holiness the Pope." His Majesty is said to have scruples of conscience on matters of religion, and his enemies insinuate that he fancies no one can so effectually remove them as the head of the Catholic Church. A learned German, when speaking in English of his Prussian Majesty, observed that a man of such a romantic character, and with such "mediæval" tendencies, was even capable of abdicating and embracing the Catholic faith.—*Letter from Berlin in the Times*.

M. Martini de Leubus, the director of the great madhouse in Silesia, has calculated that in the cases of madness which have occurred since the year 1830, the Jews have supplied by far the greater proportion to their numbers; then follow the Protestants, while the Catholics are in a considerable minority. The proportions of hereditary madness are 47 per cent. in Jews, 21 per cent. in Protestants, and 16 per cent. in Catholics. This circumstance is attributed by M. Martini, a Protestant, to the law which forbids Catholics to marry near relations—a natural law which the Jews constantly transgress.

The King of Prussia has presented Prince Napoleon with the Order of the Black Eagle.

VIENNA, MAY 10.—An amnesty has been granted to all those persons who, having been condemned to imprisonment for political offences, are now in Austrian prisons. All trials for political offences are quashed, except those which are pending against the refugees.

PERSIA.

Persian affairs are in an awkward state. Sir J. Outram, it was hoped, would have pressed on, before he received news of peace, to some healthy district. Mohammad, it is now said, is as bad as Bushire; and while the treaty fixes us in Persia for some months, it prevents our advancing a step. A fearful mortality is reckoned certain if the troops remain where they are.

The report that General Stalker, the commander of the land forces, and Commodore Etheridge, commanding the sea forces in the Persian Gulf, had both committed suicide, has been confirmed in London.

The *Liverpool Times* of May 16, says:—

"As a truly tragic episode of the Persian war, we have to mention the death, each by his own hand, of General Forster Stalker, commander of the forces, and Commodore Etheridge, of the navy. The verdict on General Stalker's body was, that he came by his death from a pistol shot inflicted by his own hand in a fit of temporary insanity. There was no paper left to indicate this, and he was merely heard to complain that the 3rd cavalry was not given him; and was also uneasy about the responsibility of sheltering the European troops during the approaching hot weather. The verdict on Commodore Etheridge was that he destroyed himself with his own hand while suffering under mental aberration, brought about by long continued anxiety connected with the duties of his command."

Advices from Constantinople, in Vienna, on 14th May, state that after taking Mohammad the English commander learned that the treaty of peace had been concluded, and ordered a suspension of hostilities.

CHINA.

We have news from China dated at Shanghai on 20th and at Hong Kong on the 30th March. Accounts from Hong Kong of the 30th March state that three English ships with troops had arrived there. Admiral Seymour had not undertaken any new operations.

The Viceroy Yeh had imposed very heavy contributions on the towns and villages under his jurisdiction. Nothing of importance had transpired since the departure of the previous mail.

The steamer Zevabi had arrived with troops from Madras.

No reflections are more obvious than those in which the greatness of effects is contrasted with the smallness of the causes leading to them, but it seems as if an extraordinary illustration even of this familiar doctrine would be exhibited in the Chinese waters during the present twelvemonth. Last October Mr. Commissioner Yeh thought fit to apprehend on board the Arrow a wretched Chinaman whose son or father was alleged to be a pirate, and to refuse the redress which this offence required. It is not improbable that next October may witness, as the consequence of this trespass on the deck of a Jorcha, an assemblage of the fleets of half Europe off the coasts of China. A British squadron is already there, and a second on its way. An American squadron is to be despatched forthwith, and a French squadron is on the point of departure for the same destination. All this, perhaps, is naturally, but this is not all. Spain is about to revindicate its interests in "the Indies," and the ancient flag of Castile and Leon will again be conspicuous in the Far East. Austria is to send ships to China, Sardinia is to do the same, and it is not impossible that other Italian ports may despatch their quotas on this all-attractive expedition. Such a gathering of European fleets will hardly have been seen since the days when the galleys of Genoa and Venice carried the chivalry of Christendom to the liberation of Palestine.

However, the object is not a holy war this time. The war, if fighting must needs ensue, will be just and will be unavoidable, but for that matter we alone are the actual belligerents, and we could certainly manage the contest by ourselves. Why, then, are the eagles gathered together?—Upon the scent which usually collects them, no doubt. The at-

tracting carcass is a huge overpopulated empire—not, perhaps, effete, not decaying, not tumbling to pieces; not exposed in the ordinary helplessness of a prey; but still presenting irresistible allurements to the keen-eyed Cabinets of the Old and New World. The simple matter is, that a country large enough to constitute a considerable section of the whole globe is not unlikely to be brought into the community of Christian nations for the first time.—*Times*.

AUSTRALIA.

The *London Leader*, referring to Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy as having established himself completely as a tutor for the people of Victoria in Parliamentary matters, says, "He is a man of fine feeling and accomplished taste, capable of really adorning any post to which he might be elected."

THE HALF SIR.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from our last.)

Scenes, similar in their tone and issue to the above, were almost of daily occurrence during their residence in the metropolis. Had Eugene felt towards his benefactor the indifference with which he was constantly charged, he might have led a pleasant, easy life; but his temper becoming every day more and more morbid and irritable by the recurrence of those annoying demerits, left him not a moment's peace. Very often, too, he imputed to his uncle an acuteness of feeling equal to his own, and estimating the resentment of the former at finding or believing himself treated with ingratitude, by what his own would be in a similar case, he thus learned to make pity for the old man constitute at least half his misery; a thing that he would not have done had he been able to see that old man's heart. By some means, however, it unfortunately happened that the two relatives never happened to fall into the same state of feeling at the same time. When Eugene would come into his uncle's presence in a morning, after meditating, through a long and feverish night, on the part he had acted in some quarrel the evening before, and forcing himself at length into the conviction that the fault lay on his own side—that his uncle was, as he had often declared himself to be, the best possible uncle that nephew ever had; when he entered the room, in the morning, with a penitent face, and heart anxious to submerge himself in the feet of his benefactor, he would be surprised by some dry, every-day observation; or perhaps some jest, which showed him that the affair which lay so heavily upon his mind, and heated and broke his slumbers, was as totally forgotten by the other, as if they had parted the night before the best friends in the world. The next morning, perhaps, on the contrary, when he would enter the breakfast-parlor with a light heart and merry eye, overflowing with love for his uncle and for all the world, he would find the former cold, distant, and reserved—they would join hands with a silent stare—and Eugene would find himself compelled to eat his bread once more in the bitterness of dependence. The misunderstanding was thus prolonged to agony.

A heavy, dreary chain had been wound about the young man's spirit, which he toiled and toiled to rend asunder, but found too potent for his strength. Frequently, in the ardor of his indignant heart, when he approached that age at which the thirst of independence begins to warm in a young man's breast, the idea of flinging himself abroad upon the world, and taking his fortunes boldly and manfully upon his own unshackled hands, would dart across his mind, and he would catch at it with all the elastic readiness of youthful hope, when the deep and real ingratitude of the step, all his uncle's kindness towards him, the actual practical benefits he had conferred upon him, would rush in a mass before his eyes, and make him blush to think that he had for an instant placed his merely abstracted and, perhaps, peculiar feelings and distresses in opposition to them. Besides, his benefactor was now declining fast into that age when the minute attention of a really affectionate friend is most required; and even if Eugene could be base enough to leave him to death in loneliness and sorrow, he could not shake off the load of obligations which had already been cast upon him.

"Heaven, that sees my heart," he would frequently exclaim, pausing and extending his arms, as he paced his chamber alone in agony and irresolution, "sees that it is not meanness that binds me to this state of vile dependence. But I am caught and spell-bound. The trap was laid for my heart before it had ever beat; and until I can unravel the chain of past events and undo all that has been done, I must content myself with this hideous slavery. My dependence is my fate—it is the will of heaven, immutable and irresistible, as much as my orphanage was, and I may no more make my benefactor not my benefactor now than I can call up my dead parents from their graves. Oh, would to heaven I could have exercised a choice at the time when he first meditated the first favor he conferred upon me. What a load of wretchedness would have been spared us both!"

Neither were Eugene's distresses so entirely fanciful or peculiar as he was willing to admit. His uncle, in a rank above that in which he was born, had totally miscalculated in his simple ignorance, the mere common expenses of the mode of life in which he had placed his nephew. He had added up with a slate and pencil the sums which it would be necessary to pay for schooling, clothing, and absolute necessities, and imagined that the whole affair was settled when he laid apart an annual sum for those purposes. But Eugene soon found that there was much more required to enable him to appear on an equality with his new companions. A thousand nameless occasions for expense, which his mechanical relative could not anticipate nor even understand, occurred every day; and while old Hammond was constantly murmuring at home at the drain which Eugene's gentlemanly life was opening upon his wealth, the latter found himself deserted, shunned, cut (that is the best word for the occasion) by all the young men into whose society he was thrown, in consequence of his inability to mingle in and forward their various schemes of recreation and amusement in hours of leisure. He could better brook, however, to glide in the downcast solitariness of conscious poverty through the crowds of gay and thoughtless faces that peopled this (to him) novel world, than to give his uncle occasion for additional censures—it never once occurred to him that this habit of censuring was the joy of the old man's life, and that, in truth, nothing could give him greater pleasure than to have Eugene acknowledge his dependence by applying to him for assistance—as nothing was more calculated to sour his disposition than finding himself thus compelled, as it were, to give everything from himself, as though it were a matter of course, and not favor or generosity.

Eugene had, however, at length an opportunity of placing his character in its proper light before the eyes of his uncle. It was one of the leading foibles (perhaps, in this instance, we should more correctly say, peculiarities) of the latter to entertain a most unbounded horror and detestation of law, in whatever shape or form it was presented to his eyes—a feeling which has, of late, become almost national in certain parts of Ireland. This weakness was in him carried to so extravagant a length that, during his residence in the Illinois, being menaced with an action by a former partner of his own (a prodigal, worthless wretch, from whom he had separated himself with much difficulty and with great loss), on the ground of an unequal division of property at the dissolution of partnership, and a consequent breach of contract, he had bought him off at a great price, without once inquiring into the law of the case—without venturing within eyesight of an attorney, a race of beings whom he looked upon as analogous in the American towns to the rattle-snakes in their

woods, and avoided with as much caution. His excessive timidity on this head was frequently almost ludicrous. Although he was, on all ordinary occasions, an active, stirring, bustling man, with as much vigor, strength of understanding, and foresight as might constitute the average proportion of those qualities among men of business in a similar rank of life, he seemed, when once placed even by his fears alone within the danger of a lawsuit, though on never so trivial an occasion, to be suddenly despoiled of all his faculties; he would become listless and silent in the midst of his daily occupations—his heart failed him—his spirit flagged and sunk—he would mope about his offices like a spectre—giving absent answers—speaking in a soft, whining tone, and staring about him in solitary helplessness of aspect. There was something comically pathetic in all his conduct on these occasions, which, while it made his best lovers smile in their own despite, compelled his very slaves, who were accustomed to his usual severity of tone and gesture, to look upon him with an emotion of pity. The profligate fellow of whom we spoke was not long in finding out the undefended side of his partner's character, and made as we have said, his own uses of the discovery.

Old Hammond was thus found, one evening, by his nephew, who had just returned from a solitary excursion to Howth, reclining, as usual, with one leg stretched along the sofa; a small rose-wood table drawn close to him, on which were a cigar, a lighted candle, a glass of brandy-punch but little diminished, and an open letter. The old man was leaning back in his seat with an expression of piteous indecision on his features—a heavy perspiration upon his brow—his broad-leafed Leghorn hat pushed back upon his crown, and his loose coat wrapped more closely than usual about his person.

"Are you ill, uncle?" was Eugene's first question as he entered the room, a little startled by the sudden metamorphosis in the appearance of the latter.

"Ha! Hugh, are you there? Come here. Oh, we're ruined, Hugh—horse and foot we are."

"What's the matter, sir?"

"Read that. O dear, Hugh—what'll we do at all? Is there no part of the world safe?"

Hugh took up the letter and read as follows.

"MR. HAMMOND, SIR,

"This comes to inform you that I conceive myself severely ill used by your conduct in not completing our original contract, whereby I was entitled, on dissolution of partnership, to the punch of niggers that were worked eastward of the snarl of stones, on the 'baeco plantation'; not one of the same, each estimated at three hundred dollars, moderate computation, being delivered, to my loss according. Wherefore, take notice, that unless present compensation be made as above, I shall take the steps necessary for the recovery of my own."

"Well, sir," said Hugh, "is this really contained in your contract, as one of the articles?"

"It was, Hugh; but, you see, the fellow and I afterward agreed that I should keep the bunch of niggers, in lieu of their value in sugar, which he sold and appropriated to his own use—and we did so without touching the contract; and now he insists that it has not been fulfilled, though I have paid the money twice over."

"Well, sir! what then have you to do, but to tell him to go about his business?"

"Ay, Hugh, but he'd commence an action at once, and ruin us."

"Without ground! Ruin himself he might, sir, but what have you to fear from an action brought by a man who has no claim?"

"Ah, Hugh, my lad, you are young in these matters; I tell you, the law is such a thing, that he'd make it out—he'd find a better claim to all I have, by only consulting a few lawyers, than I have myself. We'll be ruined, that's the fact of it."

"Then take an opinion yourself, sir."

"Take an opinion! Consult an attorney! Let a lawyer come within my doors! Think of something else, Hugh, do."

"Let us see how the case stands, then. Was not the contract made in America, sir?"

"Ah, Hugh; but this fellow had his establishment here, so that both houses were concerned in some way—I can understand—but I know the affair can be decided here; and as everything I have is in debentures, all but Castle Hammond, he can lay his hand upon the whole as readily as I can lift this tumbler. O Hugh!"

"Stay, sir," said Eugene, "I will read a little on the matter for you."

He took down a volume of Blackstone, and opened at the Rights of Things. It was amusing to observe the utter helplessness, terror, and perplexity which became every minute more evident on the old man's face as his nephew plunged more deeply into the wilderness of legal technicalities; the distinctions between gifts and grants—a chose in action and a chose in possession—conventions—obligations *ex contractu* and *quasi ex contractu*—chattels real and personal—considerations *ad utrumque*; *facio ut facias*; *facio ut des*; and *ad ut facias*—*nuda pacta*—cognitively executed, executory, express, implied, of sale, exchange, bailment, hiring, and debt; *testes*, *trusts*, *land-sales*, &c., &c.

"Shut the book! shut the book!" he at length exclaimed, rising from the sofa and pacing up and down the room in great distress.—"No, Hugh; I'll tell you how I'll manage it. That's the plainest bit of law I ever heard, that there about A and B and the flock of sheep. Suppose my debentures the flock of sheep, I myself A, and you B—eh, Hugh? I'll make the whole over by gift to you, and so there's an end to all law, at once."

He did so—and never lifted up his head afterward. The sole pleasure of his life, that of constantly reminding his nephew of his dependence, was no longer in his power to exercise. Hugh was now his own master, and his threats and murmurings were no longer anything more than an empty sound.

The common lot of all old uncles, as well as fathers, at length fell to the hands of Mr. Hammond. After having satisfied himself that there was no law or flaw from *Nepos* down to *Tri nepotis Propones*, by which Eugene's claim to the debentures could be questioned, he yielded to the secret conviction, which had been long creeping into his heart, that his days were numbered, and prepared to balance the great account in such wise as he might.

"It is no use, Hugh," said he, one morning after the priest had left the sick room, and while the young man was mingling a draught by his bedside, "I shall die now, sick-right-away. I have a long score to add up, but the Almighty that measures my time will, I hope, look mercifully on the use that is made of it. Hugh, my boy, never forget a good friend while you live—don't, Hugh—never prefer a great good intention to a little good action. If a poor friend wants a frieze coat, don't let him wait in his nakedness till you can give him a cloak of Manchester broad-cloth; if he cry to you for a crust of bread, don't bid him nurse hunger until you can boil him a terrapin. I'm dying very uneasy, Hugh. Bury me near my father and mother, and give the undertaking to my old acquaintance Dillon, since I have nothing else to leave him of my own."

"Have you not, uncle?" said Eugene, stooping over the bed, and placing on the counterpane the deed of gift, which had been in his keeping—"This parchment has served its purposes! I now restore it to you, and with it take my heart's thanks for all your kindness to me."

"Oh, Hugh?"

"O my dear uncle, I may now at least talk freely, for my heart cannot be checked any longer by the suspicion of self-interest. My father and my friend, I thank you for your care, your love, and your attention—the days that you have spent in laying plans for my advantage—the nights during which you have taken my dead mother's place by my bedside—for all that you have done for me, take my heart's gratitude. If ever I looked a look, or spoke a word to displease you, I disown the eyes and lips that gave the offence; those only are mine that are

now pouring out at your feet their tears and prayers for your forgiveness."

Old Hammond was, not the less, pleased at this burst of enthusiasm from his young friend, because it was totally unexpected. He raised himself with difficulty in the bed, placed one hand over his eyes, as if to strengthen and concentrate the feeble and wavering power of vision which remained to them, while he reached the other to his nephew, gazing, with as much steadiness as he could command, on the glowing, open, upturned face of the young man. He dropped the deed on the floor, retained Eugene's hand, which he pressed once or twice, saying, "You are a good lad, Hugh; you are indeed. God be with you, boy; he will, I am sure."

In less than a fortnight after this interview in which the misunderstanding of a whole life had been cleared up so happily and so late, Eugene Hammond fulfilled his benefactor's last wishes, by laying him beside his parents in the churchyard of his native village.

We have now seen the many circumstances of Eugene's early life which contributed to foster and irritate the original malady of his disposition—his low birth, his early orphanage, his bruised and shattered pride, his suspected affection, his unappreciated gratitude, and his gnawing, because specious and gilded poverty. Will the reader deem it worth his while to see how such a nature, sensitive even to a perfectly morbid acuteness of perception; fired in its first contact with the contingencies of a rank superior to his own? following him into that rank, however, rather in pursuance of his individual history, than with the view of furnishing any new information respecting it.

HILLEL AND MAIMON.—The wise Hillel had a disciple whose name was Maimon, and Hillel rejoiced in the disposition of the youth and his good understanding. But soon he perceived that Maimon trusted too much in his own wisdom, and at last entirely gave up prayer.

For the young man said in his heart:—"What is the use of prayer?" Does the All-wise need our words in order that He should help us and give to us? If so, He would be as a child of earth. Can human prayers and sighs alter the counsels of the Eternal? Will not the All-bountiful of Himself give us all that is good and fitting? Such were the thoughts of the youth.

But Hillel was troubled in his soul that Maimon should think himself wiser than the Divine Word, and he resolved to give him a lesson.

One day that Maimon went to see him, Hillel was sitting in his garden under the shadow of the palm trees, his head leaning on his hand, in deep thought. Maimon questioned him saying: "Master, on what art thou meditating?"

Then Hillel raised his head, and spoke in these words:—"Behold, I have a friend who lives on the produce of his inheritance, which he has hitherto cultivated with care, so that it richly repaid his labors. But now he has thrown aside the plough and the pickaxe, and is determined to leave the land to itself. And thus he will fall into poverty and want."

"Has a spirit of discontent possessed his soul, or is he become a fool?" asked the youth. "Neither," answered Hillel. "He is experienced in godly and human wisdom and of a pious mind. But he says: 'The Lord is Almighty, and He can bestow food upon me without my bending my head to the earth; and He is Good, and will surely bless my board and open His liberal Hand.' And who can contradict this?"

"What!" exclaimed the youth, is not that tempting the Lord? Hast thou not told him so, Rabbi?" Then Hillel smiled, and said: "I will tell him so. Thou, beloved Maimon, art the friend of whom I speak."

"I?" said the disciple with horror. But the old man answered and said: "Dost not thou tempt the Lord? Is prayer less than labor, and spiritual gifts of less value than the fruits of the field? And He who bids thee bend thy head towards the ground for the sake of earthly fruits, is He other than Him who bids thee lift thy head towards heaven to receive heavenly blessings? Oh! my son, be humble, believe, and pray!"

Thus spake Hillel, and looked up to heaven. But Maimon went home and prayed, and his life became one of piety.—*Krummacher*.

TWO MILLIONS OF TONS OF SILVER.—The ocean holds dissolved two millions of tons of silver. To three French chymists the discovery is due. They took gallons of water from the coast of St. Malo, a few leagues from land, and analyzed it in two ways. A portion of the water they acted upon by the usual tests for silver; and the presence of the precious metal was clearly ascertained. The remainder of the water they evaporated, and the salt they obtained they boiled with lead. This gave them a button of impure lead, which they subjected to what is termed cupellation. This rather grand word denotes a very simple process. The button is placed upon a little tiny saucer made of lime, and is submitted to heat sufficient to melt lead, but not high enough to affect the silver, should any be present. The lead soon begins to melt, and as it melts it is sucked up by the porous little saucer or cupel; it grows smaller and smaller until no lead remains, and in its place is a little brilliant speck, far brighter than the boiling lead. The cupel is then removed from the fire, and as it cools the red hot spark cools too, and you have a homeopathic globule of silver, very much like one of those small pills that druggists delude smokers into buying to take away the smell of the fragrant weed. The operation, as I have said, is very simple, and is the ordinary mode of procuring silver from the ore. Analyses are being made in this way every day at the Mint. When the presence of silver is doubtful the work is most exciting. I saw an English ore so tested the other day, and sure enough, after a few minutes of anxious watching, shone forth a bright spark about the size of a pin's head, for which our eyes were longing. The ore proved a very rich one, and we shall most likely soon hear more about it.—*Dickens's Household Words*.

It is said of Dean Swift that he preached before the merchant tailor's company at three several anniversaries. The first time he took for his text—"Steal no more." The members of the company took umbrage at this text; on the following anniversary he chose the words—"A remnant shall be saved." His audience were more irritated than before—nevertheless he commenced his third sermon as follows—"There was lice in all their quarters."

How to OPEN OYSTERS.—Take a feather and tickle the oyster on the shell until you have caused it to laugh, when you can insert a stick, or your toe, or anything to prevent its closing until you can get a knife. This requires considerable dexterity, but it is considered a very neat way where it is practised.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

A down east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get *teeth inserted*, to go and steal fruit where a watch-dog is on guard.

PEACE.—If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth. It is caked by no fraud, it is wet by no tears.

Pascal wrote, "Cracker of jokes, and ill-natured man are the same thing." La Bruyere, the wit, referring to Pascal's bit, modestly writes, "I would have said that, had it not been already said by him."

"May I help you to some beef?" said the master of the house to the late Mr. Brummell. "I never eat beef, nor horse, nor anything of that sort," answered the epicure.

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes," was the reply. "Who doesn't?"