

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

DISTURBANCES IN TOULOUSE.—REPUBLICAN DEMONSTRATIONS.—The Daily News of March 16 says:—

The disturbances last week at Toulouse were continued on Wednesday, and they appear to have been more serious than was at first supposed: On Wednesday, a large number of workmen marched in column singing the 'Marseillaise.' They were repulsed by a body of foot Chasseurs, and this caused so much agitation that people began to close their shops. On the Place Saint Etienne, mounted police and troops were also engaged in keeping back the crowd. In the evening both places were occupied by artillery. The bridges over the Garonne were also occupied, and by these steps a manifestation intended to be made during the night, was prevented. A correspondent of the Pays—says that cries were raised of Vive la Republique! A bas l'Empire! And its editor derives from this circumstance an argument against liberal concessions.

The Pays fall foul of the Prefect of the Gironde, and says it was owing to his supineness and cowardice that the emute came to a head. It calls upon all the other prefects to cry shame upon their colleague.

Gen. de Goyon it says had no business to be absent from his post.

The Epoque says.—Orders have been given by the French Government to encourage the importation of foreign wheat as much as possible. The administration watches carefully that the bakers' stocks shall be well kept up. At this moment the arrivals in the ports are a considerable amount, and there is a difficulty in forwarding them to the country districts; and if the movement continues, not only will the country be secure from the fear of any eventuality, but a fall in prices may soon be counted on.

PLOU-PLOU'S MISSION.—Here those who may be supposed to know something about the matter show small interest in the subject. In their minds the history of the mission is something like this:—In the Palais Royal struggling nationalities have always found more consistent, though usually more barren, sympathies than in the Tuileries. German nationality, even under the guidance of Prussia, formed no exception from the rule. As struggling nationalities were the pet, so Russia has always been the bete noire in that quarter, where the saying of the First Napoleon that Europe was in danger of becoming Russian or Republican seems to have made a deep impression. The marvellous success of the new armaments, the adoption of the new military organization, the subsidence in consequence of the reports from the East, were so many circumstances which contributed to make the ideas of the Palais Royal more acceptable to the Tuileries.—To turn against Russia, the arms which had been forced against Prussia was an obvious idea, and the moment seemed favorable enough to draw away Prussia from Russia; and who was more fit to enlighten Prussia on her true interests, and as to her best friends, than the man who never allowed himself to be carried away by the popular feeling against Prussia in France? If the attempt succeeded, Prussia and Germany were reassured about the future, Russia so isolated that she became powerless, and then all clouds were indeed dispersed, and the era of general peace had come, and with it general disarmament could begin. If the mission failed, it was but one more instance of the little differences of opinion which the world has become accustomed to see between the Palais Royal and the Tuileries. 'Let me try' was the offer, and 'Pau-mi ammi' was the reply.—Times Cor.

LOUIS VAILLEUX ON THE CANADIAN ZOUAVES.—One hundred and forty six young men from Canada, volunteers enrolled in the Paris army, arrived the day before yesterday at Paris and took up their route yesterday for Metz, where they embarked for Rome. From the Western Railway Station to the Fenelon Hotel, near to St. Sulpice, they marched through the city with their flag at the head of their column. They wore the uniform, and were already organized in a military manner. They serve at their own cost. Neither their journey, nor their services, will cost anything to the Pontifical Treasury. The Canadian Catholic Committee has provided for everything. They were commanded by Mr. Taillefer, a distinguished member of the Bar of Montreal, remarkable for his strength and his gravity of demeanour. It was enough to see them to recognize in them men of worth, who are doing a good work. They heard mass at St. Sulpice, and it was well that in that Church their knees should be bowed and their heads bent under the blessing of the God of their ancestors. In their old French father land, St. Sulpice is the native place of Canada. In the Parish of Marie Rousseau, the Papal Zouaves of Canada found a man of M. Olier. The Venerable Father Olier said mass for them, and after having given them the benediction, exhorted them with the same ardour and spirit of faith, which must have inspired the words of Olier when he sent forth his brethren into the savage regions of Canada. This is as near as I can recollect an account of the short, but glowing, allocution of the cure of St. Sulpice.

The mixture of French and Irish has formed in Canada for two hundred years a vigorous nation, firmly united in the faith and full of generous devotion. We have before us a fine example. Who are the young men? They have quitted country, family, wealth. Wherefore? To defend the Church and its august chief. Already the nobility of Canada has fallen at Monte Libretti and Mantara. But their blood has fructified, for behold an addition to the martyrs. These have said like Judas Maccabeus, 'May God save me from thinking of my own life while my brethren are sacrificing themselves.' Let it not be said that there are no more martyrs or miracles; for, are not those who thus devote themselves ready for the last testimony? Is it not a miracle—this enthusiasm, which from the other hemisphere replies to the enthusiasm of France? Yes, you are martyrs, and France salutes you. France whose sons you are at heart by that love of the Church which draws you to Rome for the defence of Christ; the Immortal. Go her noble children, glorify the name of Christian and illustrate your two countries. May God, who has blessed your voyage, still protect you; may you at Rome, and everywhere, edify the people, and be worthy by your brethren who have already fought.

A profound emotion welcomed these words. After hearing them the public pressed towards the doors of the Church, and in two rows, with bare heads looked at the fine and brave young men, with the affectionate respect, which must be inspired by the love of justice pushed to the sacrifice of life. Another brigade of one hundred and fifty Canadian volunteers will arrive in a month. Paris could not have looked for such a spectacle as the passage of a troop of crusaders.

The House of Refuge at Issy has just lost its oldest and most interesting inmate. This is a woman named Virginia Oleschewski, who was just one hundred years at the time of her death. Her history is particularly distinguished by the following romantic incident:—During one of the campaigns under the Emperor Napoleon, the colonel of the Twenty seventh was wounded, the regiment nearly cut off. When

the colonel fell, the men burning to revenge his death, fought with redoubled fury and made their way through the enemy's ranks, inflicting heavy loss. But as the foe fell back, and the regiment was congratulating itself on its honorable safety, a little sergeant with an air intensely alert and wide awake stepped forward and exclaimed: 'We are not through yet my boys; we must bring back the body of our colonel.' Two men volunteered to accompany the sergeant, but they were shot down on the route and the little hero arrived alone beside the body of his chief. He tried to lift it on his shoulders, but his force was not equal to his spirit. Two English officers rode up on horseback, and one fired on the sergeant. In return he shot dead the other, whose gun was yet loaded, and with his bayonet, dismounted the first, succeeded in raising the body of the colonel to the horse, and rode off with him in triumph.

By one of the miracles that are the rule in connection with such romantic stories, the colonel was not dead, and when brought into camp, was revived by the cares lavished upon him. It was then discovered that the boy who had saved his life, was himself wounded in the breast. He obstinately resisted the surgeon, who wished to attend to the wound, but was ultimately compelled to submit to authority, and the discovery was then made that the heroic little sergeant was a woman. This was Virginia Oleschewski, who had taken her brother's place at the camp, and she was honorably discharged from service, and lived to be one hundred years old. The last years of her life were steeped in the oblivion of complete childlessness. Ah, if youth would last forever!—Paris Cor. N. Y. Post.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—FLORENCE, March 6.—In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies the debate on Signor Rossi's motion for the abolition of the forced currency was resumed.

Count Cambray Digny, Minister of Finance, continued his speech, commenced in the last sitting. He said that economy alone was insufficient to meet the present wants of the State. If the proposed taxes were not voted within the first six months of the present year, a catastrophe could no longer be avoided. Those who impeded the voting of the taxes would be responsible for the failure of the Kingdom of Italy. He was opposed to an immediate discussion of the proposal for the abolition of the forced currency, but accepted the proposal to nominate a committee of inquiry upon the means best suited to effect the abolition. Count Cambray Digny, in conclusion, stated that the Budget of 1869 showed a deficit of 198 million lire. That deficit would be reduced 26 millions if the Chamber voted the taxes and the measures proposed by the Government.

The Correspondence of Roma and the Observatore have both excellent articles on the present relations between Italy and the United States. That of the latter, entitled, 'Admiral Farragut and the Dreams of the Italian Revolution,' merits extraction. 'Admiral Farragut has served the republic of the United States gloriously during sixty years. He has travelled in Italy, and ought by this time to have measured the value of her great naval officers, the heroes of Lissa. These men, whose deeds he has witnessed are they the descendants of the ancient Pissanos, who ploughed the seas of the East. The Neapolitans, who invented the compass, of the Genoese, who discovered America, or do they belong to a lower order of beings? No they are the descendants of these illustrious Italians of other days, only their ancestors had the faith, by aid of which they did marvels, and those of to-day do not aspire to rise above the lead of Paranao.

The revolutionary Italians are now dreaming of a great enterprise supposed to enter into the plans of the Cabinet of Washington, of the revenge of America on Europe for the Mexican intervention, and they see already in America the conqueror of Napoleon III., whose punishment they desire to secure at any price. Napoleon III., in founding the Mexican empire, desired to destroy the republic in America; therefore let Napoleon disappear, and the republic be established throughout Europe, and Admiral Farragut is in their eyes the official or obvious envoy in Italy of the American Government to destroy monarchy in Europe or found a universal republic.'

The Correspondence adds:—'Such, in effect, are the grand dreams of the Italian revolutionaries, as we gather from their writings; their papers, their journals, and their meetings. These proud Italian patriots are now at the feet of Admiral Farragut and the United States. They have prostrated themselves before Russia, crawled before Prussia, knelt at the feet of England, and first licked and then bitten those of France. What an irresistible need do we not recognize in them of servitude and business towards somebody! The further the revolution drifts from the Church, the further it descends into the most obscene depths of moral and material perdition. The Church alone really raises the nations and the human race by inspiring them with the just sentiments of independence and liberty.'

Prussia and France have both protested against the cession of a port on the Ligurian littoral to America, which is understood to be the main object of Admiral Farragut's mission.

While Rome continues to enjoy the tranquillity so favourable to learning, science, and the development of art and agriculture, Italy is a prey to every sort of ignoble agitation. The project for the suppression of the paper currency has little or no chance of success, and unless some relief to the crushing misery of the people can be devised, there appears no hope of better things. The 'Truce of God' exists not for the revolution, and the momentary repose which has been forced on it by its fiasco at Mentana has only given it time for fresh assaults on religion and order.

In Milan the carnival has been signalled by the most flagrant outrages on Christianity. A dramatic scene formed part of the street gauds in which men drawn from the lowest dregs of the people represented our Divine Lord giving the keys to St. Peter, the dialogue put into the mouths of each being a most profane burlesque of the words of Scripture. Prince Humbert and Ricciotti Garibaldi (papa noble fraternite) were among the most conspicuous applauders of this disgraceful scene.

In the Diocese of Brescia the curates of two parishes have been imprisoned for having informed the people that the purchase of ecclesiastical property is forbidden.

At Trani the Franciscan nuns have been expelled from their convent with circumstances of revolting cruelty.

At Vale Roveto, in the Abruzzi, the archpriest Don Francesco Teita, has been kept several months in prison for refusing to admit as godfather in baptism one Giochi, a notorious infidel and evil liver.

Such are the acts of the State towards the 'Free Church,' and thence we may gather what will be its acts as soon as it feels strong enough to attempt a second attack on the Pontifical States.

Rome.—I believe I may positively affirm that the despatch of a Papal nuncio to Berlin is contemplated at Rome, and that the Pope has reason to anticipate a favorable reception for his representative at this Court. As yet, however, the realization of the plan is being delayed by the friends of Austria in the Eternal City, who supposed that such a step on the part of the Holy See would tend to render Prussian supremacy less objectionable in the eyes of the South German Catholics. It is questionable whether their opposition will be strong enough to change the intentions of the Pope at a time when Austria is giving such umbrage by kicking against the Concordat.

It appears from the Annuaire Pontifical (Directory), just published, that the Sacred College, in its complete form, consists of six cardinal bishops, 50 cardinal priests, and 16 cardinal deacons. There are at the present moment 21 Hats vacant of which two

have already been conferred in petto by Pius IX. Of the 49 cardinals existing, 12 were named by Gregory XVI., and the others by the present Pope, under whose reign 84 members of the Sacred College have died. M. de Bonaparte will be the youngest of the cardinals. The oldest member, even after the Consi tor, will be the Archbishop of Toledo, who is in his 87th year. The senior of the body has been cardinal for the last 36 years. There are in the Catholic Church 885 patriarchal archiepiscopal, and episcopal sees effective, and 229 prelates with sees in partibus infidelium. The countries where the hierarchy is not regularly established comprise 113 vicariates, five delegations, and 22 prefectures, administered by missionary prelates. The Italian Peninsula contains 235 dioceses, and counts nearly one half of the cardinals.

The Observatore Romano has a leading article entitled 'Catholicism in the 19th century,' which is principally devoted to demonstrating the progress of Catholicism in England. We quote the following concluding paragraph:—'In the year 1830, England had 434 priests, 410 churches, 15 convents, and no monastery or religious house for men. In 1862, the priests were 1242, the churches were 872, the religious houses for women were 162, and for men 55. In 1868, the monasteries 63, the convents 204, and colleges 11. In the sole city of London there are 17 convents for men, and 32 for women, one seminary, and three colleges. The number of Catholics in the principal cities of the United Kingdom is becoming every day more considerable. At Liverpool there are 100 000 Catholics. Manchester contains more than 70 000, and in all London their number reaches 300 000; conversions to Catholicism continue in really consoling proportions. In London there are every year about 1 000 persons converted half of whom belong to the easy and educated classes, and the other half to the working classes. The proportion of the progress in the number of priests, churches, and convents in the city of London is as follows:—In 1826 there were in London 48 Catholic priests, in 1851 there were 113, and in 1863 194. In 1826 there were 24 churches, in 1851, 46, and in 1863 102. At the first epoch there was only one convent, at the second 9, and now 25. No religious house for men existed in 1826. Now there are 15, besides 34 hospitals and charitable institutions, which did not exist at all at that time. This is how Catholicism in England is progressing, and expiring in the very centre of Anglicanism, one of the most formidable enemies of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church.'

THE BATTLE FIELD OF MENTANA.—We crossed to the plateau on the left, and the evidence of hand-to-hand conflict was terrible. One of our party picked up a photograph of a dy, evidently Dutch, and taken at Breda, her face was torn off, as if the dying soldier had resolved it should never be profaned by the gaze of the vulgar, a singular instance of the ruling passion strong in death. Close by a dark stain was a leaf torn from some book, 'Le Pere des Pauvres,' which appears to be the life of a M. Bagin, Vicar of Gonde. I gathered a tiny blue flower, its stalk splashed from the pool around it. On the left of this plateau was a wood, where the Zouaves had been surprised and cut to pieces by the Garibaldians; there were twelve bodies still unburied there. The whole plateau was covered with epaulettes, carabou boxes, caps, belts, sabres, bayonets, broken musket stocks, &c., and we picked up what reminiscences we choose.—From Rome to Mentana.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

VIENNA, March 4.—Any one with a taste for political activity may enjoy it just now to his heart's content in Austria. What with Reichsrath delegations, their committees and sub-committees, clubs, circles, and associations, commissions of every kind and denomination, Austria offers the aspect of one great and political workshop, in which every one is hammering and tinkering away busily, if not merrily. The old craft is undergoing thorough repair; she has been cut in two and joined again; she has been provided with new machinery, a double steering apparatus, and a twin screw; she has been floated successfully, but is by no means ready for sea. There are all the internal fittings still wanting. The work men are fresh hands, awkward and inexperienced, so in their well meant zeal they often interfere with each other, and instead of hitting the nail on the head they tap on each other's fingers.—Times.

PRUSSIA.

The German press give great significance to the visit of Prince Napoleon to Berlin, and all his movements and gestures are noted down but they are unable to divine the real object of his journey. A great change is reported to have taken place in the character of the Prince; instead of being frank, outspoken, and occasionally impudent he has become as mute and impenetrable as a Talleyrand.

RUSSIA.

The Russian Government have sent Count Chrepotowitch to Rome, to seek to come to an understanding respecting the affairs of the Polish Church. It seems to be assumed in St. Petersburg that now, when the Church has been placed under the unrestricted control of the secular authorities, the Pope will be satisfied with a few insignificant concessions to the ecclesiastical law, and in return for a slight relaxation of the Government system, consent to sanction the permanent subjection of the priests to the Czar. But till now His Holiness resists, notwithstanding the counsels of worldly prudence given him by Cardinal Antonelli.

THE CONDEMNERA PRASANTRY.—On this day the country was more animated than usual. Flocks of country people proceeding to Clifton fair came down the mountains. In all the gaps the red petticoats shone, and the gay head-clothes fluttered. I saw in this short day more lovely faces, more powerful forms, and more picturesque groups, than I believe I saw during the whole of my Irish tour. So great is the beauty and strength of the Condemnera peasantry that even the unbeliefs of misery they have endured since time immemorial, and still suffer in their wretched cabins, has not been able to destroy these qualities. In rain and storm, I grant, the unpleasant side is turned outward and you only see the nakedness and want. But let the morning sun shine over them and let the pleasant blue of their mountains surround them, then their graceful voluptuous limbs are extended, the black hair is laced, and the brown eyes speak the language which the heart understands in all regions, and does not forget even in the utmost woe and the utter disfavour of existence. How many pictures of rich scenery and of peasants presented themselves to me this morning! It was a panorama in which you walk from glass to glass, to something ever fresh and ever more beautiful. The brown girls came down the hill-sides in flocks, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands. Then they sat down by the water-fall by the wayside. They placed their pretty feet in the water and washed them, and left it to the sun to dry and warm them. After which the innocent children of the highlands put on their shoes and stockings, smoothed their hair, looked at their faces in the water-mirror, and walked contentedly towards the delights of the fair. And far on our journey, wherever there was water with a sunny patch of meadow near it, we saw similar groups in their gay dresses, not unlike the fairy beings with whom fancy populates every mountain stream. All at once I came to a scene which reminded me of a dream-land. I had passed round the last spur of the hill, and expected new mountains, new heights new wildernesses. Instead of that I stood suddenly as if by magic, in the most delightful garden, in the pleasantest idyl, such as poets only dream, and legends describe. Almost a thousand feet above the sea, between lofty mountains, and after a tour through brown, foggy mist-land, full of gloomy mud hovels, in which misery and hunger dwell, the wayfarer, little suspecting it, suddenly

finds himself surrounded by delicious sandal houses, like English cottages in flowery gardens. Balconies of green Condemnera marble stand over the doors and everything smells of mignonette. Gentle green hills limit the view to the land side; and on the other, the ocean stretches out for an immeasurable distance—and between both, in the happy centre, are the houses of this prettily village, and all produces the deepest of piety and morality. No beggars follow the new arrival; all the people who are visible seem happy and well to do, and neatly-dressed children play in the sunshine of the broad street.—Rodenberg's 'Island of the Saints.'

FOR THE CURIOUS.—The greyhounds run by eyesight only, and this we assert as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies on his two hundred and fifty miles journey homeward by sight, viz: from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon fly with twelve thousand lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back again—not turning in the air, but with a clear reverse the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his does this consist? No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun—the minutest interval between them—yet no one knocks another heading upon the grass, or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly—amidst your admiration of this matchless dance—a peculiarly high shouldered, vicious gnat, with long pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheeks inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows. A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely wood-pecker, when he descends from his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look around, before he takes his draught? No one knows.

ORIENTAL BURIAL GROUNDS.—There is certainly something very touching in the little artless contrivances by which the people of the East endeavor at once to lighten the gloom of the grave, and connect it with all that is beautiful and life-like in nature, and to deify by that purest and tenderest quality of the human heart—a affection that endureth long after its object has passed from the scene of life. They plant on the grave myrtle and roses, and adorn it, day by day, with freshly gathered flowers; they hang over it cages of singing birds, which are fed morning and evening, with religious care; they make receptacles for water in the tombstone, that the wild birds may drink thence, and in something living feels the charity of the sleeper below; and they leave a square opening in the side of the masonry, that the narrow house may not be utterly shut up from the light and breath of heaven. The women, who are the most regular frequenters of the burial-ground, often carry their food with them; the tombstone is their table; they leave a place for the dead to sit with them, putting the best morsels before it; and they talk to the departed as if he were living by their side.

BRINGING YOUR OWN SEAT.—A man entered a chape patronised by the nobility and the wealthy, and marched up the broad aisle without a pew being opened to him. Having marched to the utmost extremity of the aisle, he wheeled round and marching back again to the door, disappeared. In a few minutes he reappeared, bearing on his shoulders a butcher's block under the weight of which he staggered. All the time his countenance was immovable. The people stared, and some in fright started from their seats, with Bibles and Prayer books in their hands. At length he placed his block in the middle of the aisle, and sat upon it. The reproach was felt—every pew-drawer flew open to him. But, no—the stranger neither moved nor smiled but preserved the utmost decorum until the conclusion of the service, when he shouldered his block, and slowly marched out of the church.

GUNSHOT WOUNDS.—Gunshot wounds, are not painful immediately, but become so by inflammation. Their treatment is first to avoid a collapse, and this is to be done by encouraging language, and, if necessary, a little stimulant, administered with care, as it may increase the inflammation. The next thing is to stop the bleeding by the application of pressure; the next, to find out if any bone is broken, and if so to steady it and place it in a comfortable position. After this a cold-water dressing may be applied, although many surgeons are in favour of a warm water fomentation; but we think their practice is untenable for cold water removes inflammation by evaporation, and warm water may impart heat, instead of removing it. In the case of a slight injury, cold water dressings and rest of the muscles will complete the cure. For separate wounds, the subsequent treatment requires skill.

ILLNESS NOT HAPPINESS.—The most common error of men and women, is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be, while the world stands, and the sooner this truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, glance round among your friends and acquaintances, and select those who have the most enjoyment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know; they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment, in order to enjoy themselves.

SCANDALS IN LONDON.—The number of suicides in the metropolis in the last seven years has ranged only between 251 in a year and 267; the returns for all England, completed only for the first five of the seven years, show a range from 1 317 to 1 392. In the year 1867 the number of suicides in London was 260 or 1 in 11, 855 of the population; 47 occurred in the first quarter of the year, 77 in the second; 66 in the third, 70 in the fourth. The last return for all England, in 1865 shows 1 392 suicides, an unusually large number, amounting to one in 15,080 of the population; and in that year the number in London was unusually high, being 267, or one in 11,212 of the population.

Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable! The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind and a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.

An exchange says: 'We were considerably amused the other evening at three little girls playing among the brush in the yard. Two of them were making believe keep house, a few yards distant from each other—the third little girl, 'There now, Nellie, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her and you go and tell her all I say—and then we'll get mad and don't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh! that will be such fun.'

A SOUND VENDOR.—It is stated that a Baltimore merchant, who has lost \$1 370 that a faro bank in Cincinnati, has recovered a verdict in the Common Pleas Court for the full amount, with interest, against the proprietors of the gambling house. This is a sound verdict. We wish the law was framed so as to make all the low whiskey dealers responsible for the misery and degradation they inflict upon society.

A lad twelve or thirteen years of age visited a Doctor, and woke him up with: 'Doctor, I want you to come and see dad, he's dying.'

'Well,' says the Doctor, 'if he's dying I can't do him any good.'

'That's so,' rejoined the boy, turning on his heel, added: 'Well, by jingo, we've all got to die some time or other, and dead might as well go up the spout now as any other time.'

SMILING WITHOUT EYES.—'Can a man see without eyes?' asked the professor. 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt answer. 'Pray, sir, how do you make that out?' cried the astonished professor. 'He can see with one eye,' replied the ready-witted youth, and the whole class shouted at his triumph over metaphysics.

The cemetery at Tippinsville is about undergoing various improvements. In the course of an argument in favor of the proposed renovation, good old Deacon T.—remarked that it was a duty to render the place as attractive as possible, 'because,' with a sigh, 'we shall all be buried there if we live!'

'Any seats in the next car?' asked a passenger in a crowded car, of a well known waggish conductor, as the Toronto train was leaving the depot a day or two since. 'Plenty of 'em,' was the reply, 'but—as the passenger gathered up his effects preparatory to emigration—'they're all full!'

'Sir, will you please tell me where the noonday prayer-meeting is held?' asked a lady of a lawyer, in Nassau street, the other day. The lawyer, looking every way for escape, at last stammered out, 'Madam, you—you had better try a member of some other profession.'

A tall fellow, standing in the paiters of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down, but he would not; and when a voice from the second circle called out: 'Let him alone; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!'

'Please Sir,' said a child to a great, 'who lives next door to you?'—'Why my little dear, do you ask?' said the great.—'Because, mamma said you were next door to a brute,' replied the child.

'What's your name?' said an officer to a young colored lad, who joined the ship at the Cape. 'Algoa Bay, sir,' 'Where were you born?' 'Wasn't born at all, sir.' 'Wasn't born at all?' 'No sir, was washed ashore in a str.'.

'What did that young lady observe that passed just now, William?' 'Unfeeling husband—Why my love, she observed rather a good looking man walking with an elderly female.'

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unpolluted from the world! Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world.

Aristotle, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply: 'I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity.'

A highly intelligent coloured jury, in one of the Southern States, not long since brought in a verdict of Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he was the man!

How do my customers like the milk I sell them?—Oh! they all think it of the first water.

CIRCULAR.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, BERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, NIPS BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co. and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, June 14th, 1867. 12m

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY.

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. O. Z. Weizer, to the German Reformed Messenger, at Chambersburg, Penn.—

A NURSEFACTRESS. Just open the door for her, and Mrs. Winslow will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are so sure, that we will teach our 'Susy' to say, 'A Blessing on Mrs Winslow,' for helping her to survive and escape the griping, colicking, and teething siege. We confirm every word set forth in the PROSPERITY. It performs precisely what it professes to perform, every part of it—nothing less. Away with your 'Cordial,' 'Paregoric,' 'Drops,' 'Laudanum,' and every other 'Narcotic,' by which the babe is drugged into stupidity, and rendered dull and idiotic for life.

We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her 'Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.' If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Be sure and call for 'MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.'

All others are base and dangerous imitations. April, 1868. 2m

A 'COUGH,' 'COLD,' OR IRRITATED THROAT If allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Reach directly to the affected parts, and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and CATARRH they are beneficial. Obtain only the genuine BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Among testimonials attesting their efficacy are letters from—

E. H. Chapin, D. D., New York. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y. N. P. Willis, New York. Hon. C. A. Phelps, Pres. Mass. Senate. Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston. Prof. Edward North, Clinton, N. Y. Surgeons in the Army, and others of eminence. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box. April, 1868. 2m