

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Private letters from Biarritz state that the Emperor's health has profited by his stay at the seaside, but that his spirits, far from improving, continue very depressed.

The Roman question, so far as France exercised any influence over it, has gone through three distinct phases. The Pope has been deprived of the Legation by the express act of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Several foreign journals persist in attributing the malady of the Empress Charlotte to her interviews with the Holy Father, and the Europe of Frankfurt adds a recital of certain family incidents relative to a pretended clause in the will of the late King Leopold.

A letter in the Nouvelle Presse Libre gives what it states to be authentic particulars of the malady which has come upon the young and ill-fated Empress of Mexico. It appears that it was at Bantzen, on her way to Miramar, that she first had the idea.

Dr. Lynch, President of the Irish College in Paris (Rue des Irlandais), will be consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Glasgow on Sunday, the 4th of November.

The administration of Public Relief in Paris has only now published its return for the year 1865. It appears from the census taken in 1863, after the annexation of the faubourgs, that there were 40,056 families, comprising 101,870 persons, on the books of the Relief Committees.

ITALY. PIEDMONT.—Venice, Nov. 7th.—Victor Emmanuel entered the city at 11 o'clock this morning.

home on unlimited furlough all the soldiers of the classes 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, and 1839, who form part of the 1st, 6th, and 7th corps d'armee, as well as those of 1840, in the infantry and the bersaglieri.

The Government of Florence is trying every means to blacken the insurgents whom it could not subdue, except at so heavy a cost. It hopes thereby to justify the cruelties it has committed during the conflict.

ROME.—Judged by the ordinary rule in such matters, we Romans are in the very worst of plights. Here are we on the eve of a mighty earthquake, which is to swallow us all up bodily, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, as if earthquakes were things physically impossible.

Mr. Gladstone is here, and has called on Cardinal Antonelli, who is but slowly recovering his usual health. He has located himself in an apartment on the Piazza di Spagna, at the corner of the Via Fratini.

A letter from Rome in the Journal de Bruxelles, states that the Catholic Bishops throughout the world have been invited, conditionally, to attend the celebrations which will take place next year in the month of June, on the occasion of the canonisation of several saints already advanced to the rank of 'blessed,' and of the centenary of St. Peter.

THE KING OF NAPLES.—A letter from Rome states that on the 4th instant the fête of the King of Naples was celebrated at the residence of his majesty, the Palazzo Farnese, Rome. A great number of persons of distinction paid their respects to King Francis II.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Naples, Oct. 16.—Arrests are still made, and on a large scale, in Palermo and elsewhere, and among them have been the friars of San Nicola and the Opuscoli of the Piazza del Greco, in the monastery of which ten muskets were found.

what is the general feeling of the South as to the impossibility of meeting the 'demands' which are made on the people. In silence or expressed great discontent has been created by over-taxation, and now by the forced loan.

Our intelligence, says the Monde, from Palermo is as follows:—It would be impossible to depict the terrible condition of this unhappy country since the revolution of which it has been the scene. Terror and want prevail throughout, and a death-like silence reigns supreme.

The mass of the people, however, rises in the sole hope of witnessing the return of Francis II, their lawful king, whom they have long regretted, and in the belief that the time had come for shaking off the Piedmontese yoke and taking vengeance on all those liberals who deluded them, in 1860, and who are the cause of all their misery.

AUSTRIA.—VIENNA, Oct. 24.—The Evening Post says.—Intelligence has recently been published that the Austrian Government had declined a proposal alleged to have been addressed to it by the Madrid Cabinet, that Spain and Austria should take common action for the defence of the temporal power of the Pope.

PRUSSIA.—The North German Gazette declares that the assertion of some English papers that a misunderstanding has arisen between the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg upon German questions is entirely unfounded.

RUSSIA.—The language of the Russian Government press in regard to the rising shadow of the Eastern question is becoming so violent that it behoves me to notice it. While the official and semi-official papers of St. Petersburg are encouraging the insurgents, speaking of the overthrow of Turkey as a necessary and, indeed, imminent event, their Warsaw contemporaries have opened a regular campaign against any Powers suspected of being inimical to Russian aggrandizement.

Even before his departure from Constantinople the Marquis de Moustier began hostile operations against Russia. He has forbidden the Porte to cede some islands in the Mediterranean to Russia and the United States. At the same time a great intimacy is represented to have sprung up between France and Russia—a statement, it is thought, designedly made to conceal the intention existing at Paris of concluding an alliance with Prussia or England.

It is that the recovery of the Aya Sophia would redound to the glory of Christendom, and that foreigners, unacquainted with the Greek religion, are incompetent to form a judgement upon the Eastern question. If Russia becomes the master of the Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Albanians she will derive as little advantage from their allegiance as does Turkey. She will guarantee them their religion and

nationality, but they are too poor to enrich Russia nor will they render her armies more victorious than at present. It is not Russia who has revived the Oriental difficulty, but that difficulty revived itself.

The inuendo thrown out in the first sentences of this extract is improved upon by the other Government paper of Warsaw, the Dziennik Warszawski, which, being written in the vernacular or the country, is meant for the instruction of the native portion of Polish society.

I am frequently asked why the Dziennik (the Warsaw paper in Russia above quoted) has lately begun to attack France. Probably it has convinced itself that the Polish worm gnawing at the entrails of Russia is fed by France.

From the fact that such sentiments being officially propagated among the dominant as well as the subject race of our neighboring empire, it is, perhaps, not rash to conclude that the Russian Government think they have reason to look forward to foreign complications, against which it would be better to prepare public opinion at once.

THE FATE OF ALL SOOT.—An editor of a Western paper, while taking a snooze after dark, travelling in a railroad carriage, had his pocket book picked. The thief next day forwarded the pocket book by express to the editor's office with the following note.

You miserable skunk, here's yer pocket book. I don't keep sich. For a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallet and nuthin in it but a lot of noose paper scraps, an ivory tuth comb two noose paper stamps, and a pass from a railroad director, is a contemptible imperish on the publick.

IRISH PROPHECIES.—COLUMBKILLE. That many of the Irish Saints were gifted with the miraculous power of prophecy, is admitted by several ecclesiastical writers and accepted as an indisputable fact by Catholic Ireland. St. Patrick, St. Columbkille, St. Fenian, and many others left after them prophecies, which are still preserved with the greatest care and the deepest veneration.

In all times of extraordinary excitement, on the eve of every bold attempt on the part of the Irish people, the prophecies become popular; and, strange as the fact is, it is true that their general circulation precludes every remarkable movement.

As we have already stated, there are many spurious prophecies concocted for special purposes, but it is equally true that there are genuine ones, and had there not been the spurious would never have seen the light.

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For many years we have been collecting and transcribing, at home and abroad, the Irish prophecies, and have a goodly number. We have often been pressed to give them, with translations, and historical, illustrative, and corroborative notes and dissertations. We have hitherto hesitated so to do but now, yielding to supplementary pressure, we are disposed to give weekly in the columns of the Universal News, such of the prophecies as we most appreciate and which are best calculated to throw a light upon the past, present, and future of our country.

A young widow who edits a paper in a neighbouring State says:—'We do not look as well as usual to day on account of the non-arrival of the mails.'

CHARITY.—Night kissed the young rose and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew drops hung upon its bosom; and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it woke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it; whose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talents or style.

Let no man think of a happiness distinct from the happiness of home. The gayest must have their languid, sick, and solitary hours. The busiest men often relax their labor, and there must be some retreat for them where they may seek refreshment from the cares, and collect the spirits that disappointments frequently depress.

A fellow who had robbed an editor of his pocket book, returned it next day with the following note: 'You miserable skunk, here's your pocket book. I don't keep sich. For a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallet and nothing in it but a lot of noosepaper scraps, an ivory tuth comb, two one cent stamps, a pass for a railroad conductor and a counterfeit 50 cent whiplaster, is a contemptible imposition on the publick. As I been your editor I return your trash, I never robs any only gentlemen.'

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.—Lord Macanlay used to tell a story of being bored about 'the Number of the Beast' when he was in India. He arrived late at a clergyman's bungalow up the country, and was much fatigued. After supper, fancy his dizziness when his host said:—'Mr. Macanlay, I positively cannot let you retire till you state your opinion as to the 'Number of the Beast.' I answered on the spot, 'I have no doubt as to what was foreshadowed by that mystical number—the British House of Commons! The number elected—658—the three clerks at the table, the sergeant-at-arms, and the deputy-sergeant, the librarian, and the two door keepers, making 666, and I rushed to my couch.'

A Scotch Highlander was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, and was about to be put to death, when their chief adopted him for his son. They took him to their country, where the young man learned their language, assumed their habits, and became skilled in the use of their arms. Sustaining his honorable, though irksome captivity as philosophically as possible, he yet longed for his home and kindred with an intensity which the old chief could not fail to understand.

A newspaper, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a cotemporary says:—'He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung-hole of a barrel.'

An anecdote is told of a gentleman in Monmouthshire, which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a curious point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrdd, made various enquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses, and, among others, asked—'Whose is this antique mansion before us?' 'That, sir, is Werden, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line; the Lord Herberts of Oberybury, the Herberts of Oldbroob, Ramsey, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earls of Hudson; the houses of Ircrom and Laearth, and all the Powells. Out of this house also, and by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort.' 'And pray, sir, who lives there now?' 'I do, sir.' 'Then pardon me' and accept a piece of advice; come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it.'

A COOL DUTCHMAN.—A cunning old Dutchman was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, years ago, from—county. On one occasion he promised a lobby member a vote for a certain local measure; but when the measure came up he voted against it, and it was lost. The lobby member came to him in great wrath, and the following colloquy ensued:—'Sir, you promised to vote for my bill.' 'Well, sir, you voted against it.' 'Well, what I did?' 'Well, sir, you lied.' 'Well, what I did?' was the cool reply.