

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. FRANCE.

The Etandard asserts that the Emperor signed yesterday a decree for the reorganization of the infantry...

M. Emile Girardin and M. Serriere, the one as director and principal of the Liberte, and the other as its printer, are cited to appear on Wednesday before the Tribunal of First Instance...

Whoever, by any one of the means specified in the 1st article of the law of the 17th May, 1839, shall expose to hatred and contempt the Government of the Republic...

It is right to add that this penal clause is followed by a sentence specifying that it does not affect the right to discuss and censure the acts of the Government.

The Liberte has not ceased to appear, and M. Girardin continues to write in it as if no prosecution were hanging over his head.

A London correspondent of the Cologne Gazette ventures to affirm 'on precise information' that the letters in which Napoleon III. some years ago promised his continuous support to Maximilian I. have been recently placed in the hands of Queen Victoria.

Labor riots have broken out at Reims in France.

Paris, March 19.—A debate took place in the Corps Legislatif last evening in regard to foreign affairs, in the course of which representatives Thiers and Favre attacked the foreign policy of the Emperor...

In the Corps Legislatif to-day Minister Rouher stated that the Emperor was in favor of the partition of the Papal States...

The France confirms the intelligence that it is proposed to present a sum of 400,000fr. as a national testimonial to M. de Lamartine.

Victor Hugo once said of Louis Napoleon:—'He lies mute and motionless, looking in the opposite direction to his object, until the hour for action comes, then he turns his head and leaps upon his prey.'

The Netherlands.—The Hague, March 1.—In today's sitting of the Second Chamber, during the debate on the Budget, the Minister for Foreign Affairs gave a denial to a rumor that Prussia had demanded the disarmament of the fortresses of Maestricht and Venlo...

In reply to a demand for further information on the subject of these rumors, the Minister declared most positively that no European Power had menaced Holland.

Piedmont.—Florence, March 4.—The Ministry have in no way abandoned the Darnocost scheme, which will be submitted to the new Parliament as soon as it assembles.

Garibaldi has issued the following proclamation to the Italian people.—Citizens to the poll! In Italy, the liberty which is threatened and endangered by the Clerical party and its accomplices must be assured. The efforts of every free man should be directed towards that supreme end.

Garibaldi, Feb. 22, 1867.

Garibaldi.—It is when he takes up the pen that those who love and admire him tremble. In the present instance he has either not well weighed his words, or they are intended to imply an unfounded accusation against the moderate party...

One cannot but deplore the want of measure and of lucidity apparent in this language. It is well known to every one here that there is no danger of the clerical party getting the upper hand at the coming elections...

Hitherto Garibaldi had abstained from meddling with elections, and it is perhaps to be regretted that he has departed from the rule which it was supposed

he in that respect had laid down for himself. His determination seems to have been suddenly taken, and his arrival in Florence was quite unexpected.

This is the moment of addresses and manifestoes of all kinds, and here and there one rises above the rest in importance and interest, and is worthy the attention even of a foreign public deeply engrossed with its own affairs.

With a mastery and very clearly does Matteucci show how Italy has sunk into its present slough of despond—really not too strong a figure to employ when we contemplate the general discontent, the terrible financial embarrassments, the impossibility of collecting the taxes, the discouragement that pervades large classes, the conflicts that of coteries, and the fluctuations of opinion that render government impossible...

'Well-founded fears for our independence compelled us to hurry our administration and above all to spend on the army much more than was compatible with the productive forces of the Peninsula—forces which were and are very small when compared with those of other large States like England and France...

This is a plain and true statement of the case.—Italy has for years lived an unnatural life, spending beyond her means, and existing only by borrowing. The feverish excitement maintained by the presence of the foreigner in Venetia is at an end, and the nation is at leisure to count its sacrifices and add up its debts.

The King, as usual of late years, will pass the Carnations at Milan, but there seems to have been no foundation for the report that he would previously go for a few days to Venice.

Carnival came in this year under circumstances peculiarly inauspicious for Italy. Next Sunday is appointed for a general parliamentary election. A crisis of supreme importance is pending. Political excitement is at its highest. Party addresses are now broadcast among the multitude.

It would, perhaps, seem hard to find fault with the Italians for the peculiar views of economy into which they may be led by bad example and the difficulties of their extremely critical position. But to nation ever danced itself into solvency or prosperity.

Some official statistics have lately been published which comprise interesting details of the last visit of the cholera to Italy. This lasted upwards of eight months, commencing towards the end of June, 1855, and being reported extinct early in March, 1856.

The Piedmontese Government has definitively refused to take of the sequestration from the private property of the King of Naples.

Rome.—One of the Florence papers gives wonderful accounts of the present strength of the Pope's army. It tells us that at a recent review in the grounds of the Villa Borghese nearly 10,000 (speaking 16 different languages) were mustered under arms...

The Piedmontese Government has definitively refused to take of the sequestration from the private property of the King of Naples. The Committee of the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet appointed to consider the Government Bill proposing the levy of 48,000 troops in the Hungarian provinces have presented their report.

The French Cabinet has recently inquired of this and the Austrian Governments, whether the universal suffrage to be instituted in the northern districts of Schleswig under the late Treaty of Peace will be much longer delayed.

Another device.—One of the most ingenious devices to ensnare the election of Government candidates for the North German Parliament has been resorted to in a small village in Saxony. The clergyman of the place ordered a day to be set apart in the school on which all the children were exclusively to be employed in writing the following words into their copy books.

St. Petersburg, March 3.—At a banquet given here to-day the Grand Duke Nicholas proposed a toast 'to the Greek volunteers in Candia who had fought so heroically and sacrificed their lives for a great cause, and whose brethren were the only allies of Russia in the Crimean War.'

Russia and the Eastern Question.—St. Petersburg, March 5.—Four despatches, principally addressed to Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador in London, have been published here to-day, giving a sketch of the attitude and policy of the Russian Government in the Eastern question.

The second despatch dated the 12th of September of the same year, explains that the views of the Russian Government in the Candian question are of an entirely disinterested nature, and lays stress upon the necessity of satisfying the legitimate demands of the Cretans.

The fourth despatch, dated the 23rd of November

points out that, in the opinion of Russia, the most favourable solution for promoting the wellbeing of the Christian population would be the establishment of their autonomy under suzerainty of the Porte.

The Journal de St. Petersburg, referring to the above-mentioned document, says:—'Since these despatches were written events have modified—not the principles of the Russian policy in the East, but the application of these principles, and have led to fresh negotiations.'

It is stated that the European Powers have failed to agree on the Eastern question. Russia demands additional concessions for the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

HISTORY OF A WEATHERCOCK.

BEING THE WONDERFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE LEGEND OF MEDIO-POLLITO, OR HALF-CHICKEN.

There was once upon a time a handsome Gen, who lived very comfortably in a court-yard surrounded by her numerous family, among whom there was one chicken that was both lame and ugly.

This crippled hen had hatched from a very tiny little egg. He was indeed no more than half a chicken, for he had only one eye, one wing, and one claw; and for all that he gave himself more airs than his father did, who was the handsomest and bravest and most gentlemanly cock in all the low-lying yards for sixty miles round.

'My son,' she exclaimed, 'who could have put such nonsense into your head? Your father had never once been outside his own domain, and he is the pride of his race. Why, where could you find such a court-yard as you have here? Or where a grander manure-heap? Where would you find better or more plentiful food, a warmer hen-roost, or a family that loves you more dearly?'

'But my son,' continued his mother, 'have you never looked at yourself in the glass? Have you not found out that you have but one eye and one claw less than other people?'

'No, my son,' replied Medio-pollito, 'I shall answer that you ought to fall down dead for shame at seeing me in such a state. It is your fault and nobody's else. What sort of an egg did I come out of, pray? Was it laid by an old cock?'

'At least, my son, hearken to the prudent counsel of a loving mother. Take care not to pass by any churches where there is a statue of St. Peter, for that saint is not at all fond of cocks, and still less of their crow. Avoid also certain men whom there are in the world, called cooks; for they are our mortal enemies, and will wring your neck as soon as look at you. And now, my son, St. Raphael, the patron of travelers, be your guide. Go and ask your father's blessing.'

Medio-Pollito approached the venerable author of his existence, and stooping to kiss his claw, begged his blessing. The worthy old cock gave it him with more dignity than affection, for he was by no means fond of him on account of his peevish temper. But his mother was so much moved, that she was obliged to wipe away her tears with a withered leaf.

Then Medio-Pollito began his march, clapping his wing and crowing three times as a signal of departure. As he arrived at the banks of the stream that was almost dried up, for it was summer—it so happened that the slender thread of water was hindered from flowing by a few branches that had fallen across its bed.

'I could, but I don't choose. Do you think I look like the servant of dirty little streams?'

'It's very fine for you to boast!' returned Medio Pollito, mockingly. 'Why, one would think you had just drawn a prize in the lottery, or could be sure of help from the waters of the Deluge.'

A little farther on he met with the Wind, lying faint and helpless on the ground. 'Dear Medio-Pollito,' he said, 'in this world we all have need of one another. Come near and look on me. Seest thou what the heat of summer has done to me? To me, so strong, so mighty? To me, who raise the waves, who lay waste the fields, whose power none can withstand? This midsummer day has killed me. I fell asleep, intoxicated by the perfume of the flowers with which I was playing, and here thou seest me swooning. If thou wouldst but raise me two inches from the ground with thy beak and fan me with thy wing that would enable me to take flight to my cavern, where my mother and sisters, the Storms, are busy mending up a few old clouds that I have torn. There they will give me some refreshing draughts, and I shall recover my strength.'

'Sir Wind,' replied the ill-natured chicken, 'many a time have you amused yourself at my expense, puffing at me from behind and blowing open my tail like a fan, so that all who saw it might laugh at me. No, no, my friend; every dog has his day, so good afternoon to you, Mr. Joker. With this he crowed three times in a loud voice and strutted away.'

In the middle of a stubble-field to which the laborers had set fire, they rose up a slender column of smoke Medio-Pollito drew near, and saw a tiny flame flickering from time to time among the ashes.

'Dear Medio-Pollito,' said the little Flams, 'thou art come in the very nick of time to save my life. I am at my last gasp for want of fuel. I cannot think what has become of my cousin the Wind, for it is he who always helps me out of my troubles. Do bring me one or two little straws to revive me.'

answered 'he Flame.' 'No one can say, 'There shall be no harm happen unto me.'

Medio-Pollito at last reached the capital, and passed in front of a church which they told him was St. Peter's. Thereupon he posted himself in the doorway and crowed until he nearly cracked his voice, for nothing in the world but to annoy the Saint, and to have the pleasure of disobeying his mother.

When he came to the Palace he wanted to go in to see the King and Queen, but the sentinels cried out to him, 'Keep off!'

Then the cock laid hold of him and put him on the spot. 'Fire, brilliant fire!' cried the unhappy bird, 'thou who art so powerful and so glorious, have pity on my state, draw in thy flames and burn me not!'

'Wretch!' replied the Fire, 'how darrest thou appeal to me, after having attempted to smother me on the pretext that thou couldst never need my help? Come near and see what I can do!'

When the cook saw him in this state, he took him by the leg and flung out of the window.

'Wind!' cried Medio-Pollito, 'my dear and much-honoured Wind! thou who reignest over all and obeyest none, mightiest among the mighty: have compassion on me, and leave me alone on this rubbish-heap!'

'Leave thee!' roared the wind, snatching him away in an eddy and whirling him through the air like a shuttlecock. 'No never as long as I live!'

He sat Medio Pollito down on the top of a steeple. St. Peter stretched out his hand and fastened him there. From that time forth he occupies this post, blackened, flattened, and featherless, lashed by the Rain, and puffed at by the Wind, from whom he is always trying to protect his tail.

It appears that among the many abominations that have found a home in the United States, is the Oneida Community of Bible Communists, whose religion rooted in lasciviousness finds its chief expression in the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes.

The new Albany (Ind.) Ledger says that great excitement prevailed in Greencastle last week, over the attack of a Mrs. Ward on a lawyer named J. A. Scott, whom she charged with circulating slanderous stories about her.

MAKING CASTOR OIL OF COLORED PEOPLE.—The Washington City Star: 'As strange as it may appear, many of the colored here cherish the belief that there is a class of physicians who practice "burking," and who are addicted to the dissecting of live human subjects for the purpose of manufacturing castor-oil, and that for this purpose the doctors prefer bodies with a dark outside. This opinion is so firmly impressed on their minds, that no amount of reasoning will remove it, and we know many of them, particularly juvenile Africans, who will not budge a foot outside their dwellings after dark. Another wise intelligent "Topsy," employed by us describes the modus operandi of saying: "Dey steal upon cullud persons unawars, clap a plaster ober dem drag um away to whar dey lay um on a table and cut um up, and den bile um down for jile." This is a cheerful notion for those invalids who use the oil of the palma christi bean as a cathartic. The Annapolis, (Md.) Republican states that a similar belief prevails among the colored people in that section.'

A Moon Absurd Sense.—No one of the five senses is so frequently outraged as the sense of smell; for under pretence of ministering to its gratification charlatans abuse it infamously. They pretend, for instance, to imitate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, the finest perfume of the present century, and disgust society with their unwholesome and disagreeable imitations. The public is requested to beware of these impositions which follow in the wake of this standard perfume, but are as unlike it as the miasma of a swamp, is unlike the perfumed atmosphere of a tropic valley.

Agents for Montreal.—DeVins & Bolton, Lamp-Lough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harts, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicines.

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