

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

Paris, April 1.—Trade in Paris, and generally throughout France, is far from active. Disquiet, and the apprehension of further political complications, suffice to account for the stagnation. People are unwilling to embark in any undertaking of importance, because they look with doubt and misgiving on the future. Among the upper commercial classes the belief is, that an alliance between Prussia and Russia, spoken of vaguely for some months past, is as certain as the alliance of Prussia with Bavaria; the Grand Duchy of Baden and Wurtemberg; in fact, that France has before her what is termed a 'facile coalition.' In such circumstances it is not surprising that French capitalists, never remarkable for great boldness, should be cautious and timid. The Paris tradesmen also complain of stagnation. They have gone to much expense; have laid in a large stock of merchandise of every kind with a view to the great Exhibition; but they begin to fear that much of it will be left on their hands; and in truth no one would suppose that the opening of the vast building of the Champ de Mars takes place to-day. The intelligence from the departments is not more satisfactory.

If the Emperor wished to propitiate the goodwill of the lower classes by negotiating for the cession of Luxembourg it is probable that he will be disappointed. Among the upper classes the opinion is unfavorable in the highest degree. As for the 'multitude,' they care nothing and know nothing about it. The only Luxembourg Parisians are familiar with is the fine old garden upon which the Prefect of the Seine has ruthlessly laid hands. They know, indeed, Belgium; but Luxembourg—what are they to it, or it to them, that they should have to pay at the rate of £40, or even £20 a head, for the 200 and odd thousand inhabitants of the Duchy, with a dismantled fortress? The whole affair has been made the subject of pleasantry in the Faubourgs. People like the Emperor to a sportsman who has been out shooting all day, and returns home with an empty game-bag, buys a hare or a rabbit at the market, and gives it to his cook to dress, as if he had him if brought it down with his own hand.—Times Cor.

THE HUMILIATIONS OF FRANCE.—It is a fact which cannot be denied that there is a certain disquietude in all classes of French society. The speech of Thiers was merely the spark which set a light to the mine. The terrible blunders of the Napoleonic policy are evident. No eloquence can hush them up. Immediately after the failure in Mexico came the German war with its fearful disillusiones. Count Bismarck was never more hopeful than when, after his interview in Biarritz, he caused it to be reported by his own agents in Europe that the Emperor Napoleon had said of him that he was not an *homme sérieux*. Bismarck fully utilized the power of attorney given him, and the seed of the Prusso-Italian treaty sprang up most fatally for France.

Such a situation is certainly not pleasant, and the natural reaction of it is the excitement of *Chauvinist* passions in France. We do not rejoice at these phenomena; we simply state them. To give up the prestige of the great nation is extraordinarily hard for the French. The cramped French spirit seeks after any vent whatever. Whether it will not find one and then abdicate, or whether it will seek one in a great Continental war in the rapid development of the democratic idea, whose chief representative France will remain under all circumstances, is not certain at present. As far as the Emperor Napoleon is concerned personally, he may very likely wish to pass the last years of his life in peace like an industrious householder. Absorbed by the thought of founding a dynasty, he feels the necessity of being on as good terms as possible with the great dynasties of the continent; and, truly, the House of Hohenzollern has become powerful in the world since the last few months. Napoleon's friendly disposition in this respect is so well known in Prussia that the semi-official press always carefully draws a great distinction between him and the passion of the disquiet nation. Nevertheless, he dares not and cannot set himself in opposition to the spirit of the French people. He is, therefore, seeking for a compromise, and the 'centre of gravity of the situation' lies for the present in the trenches of Luxembourg.

The quantity of arms which Europe is at this moment engaged in transferring or manufacturing is estimated at 11,000 cannon and 3,200,000 rifles. If the former are valued at 2,000 francs each, that gives a sum of 22,000,000 francs, and that is an extremely low price. The rifles at 40 francs each represent a sum of one hundred and twenty-eight millions; and that in most countries is far below the actual sum, the Chassepot costing 75 francs, and the Swiss Winchester 100 francs. This amount will therefore probably be exceeded, and as all the accoutrements will also require transformation, this expenditure, which, according to the most moderate calculation, is already twenty-two millions for cannon, and one hundred and twenty-eight for rifles—altogether one hundred and fifty millions, will certainly be doubled. It will rise to triple, or four hundred and fifty millions, taking into account the munition, lead, powder, cartridges, &c. Let us say, in round numbers, five hundred millions! half a milliard! (twenty million pounds).

We ask any intelligent man it is not the most grievous thing possible to see half a milliard thus spent in instruments of war, when the people everywhere are in want of primary schools, apprenticeship, instruction and professional training—when there are the most urgent applications for the execution of roads, bridges, and the most indispensable means of communication?

The *Journal des Debats* has an article on the Luxembourg question, from the pen of John Lemercier, which terminates as follows:—

Every one feels that the question is now between France and Prussia. The French Government has expressed its firm conviction that peace is not to be disturbed. By this incident there seems to be an exaggerated modesty about this last expression that the incident may produce events while these things are not to be undertaken except when they are sure of succeeding, for in case of want of success, they would bring more disappointment than they would advantage, if they succeeded. It would be much better that Luxembourg remain Luxembourg, if it cannot become French or Prussian without a great war, of which no one can foresee the consequences.

The *Liberte* says:—Far from applauding the silence of the nation at the present moment, we should feel alarmed at it; far from encouraging its indifference we should make appeals to its patriotism, far from concealing the danger we should make it public; far from isolating the country by the silence of the Chamber and Peers, we should vote the urgency of the liberty of the Press and public meetings. Journals which are dispensed from Stamp regulations ought to awaken the sentiment of patriotism in every cottage and every workshop. Public meetings all over the country should make known to M. de Bismarck that if there is a German nation there is also a French nation; that if there is a German patriotism which is susceptible, there is a French patriotism which is touching; that, in a word, the German people, excited, misled, and made to serve Prussian ambition, will find itself opposed not only by the French army, but by the French people, determined to defend their independence and to tear in pieces the Treaties of 1815.

The *Oologne Gazette* speaks as follows of the neutralization of Luxembourg as a means of avoiding war between France and Prussia:—Rather than unchain the pest of war it would be better to come to a compromise which would satisfy all parties. We hope that this compromise will be made in the following way.—The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg to be declared an independent state; France on her side to

abandon her project for the purchase of the Duchy, and Prussia to give up her right to garrison the fortress. A compromise might also be effected by ceding the Duchy to Belgium.

La France says:—The moment may come when the Government, notwithstanding the sympathy it displays toward Germany, may be compelled to take into account that which the national dignity would impose in the event of an obstinate refusal of those guarantees which are due to our just influence. The responsibility of events would fall upon those who appear to undertake the task of disturbing Europe by unlimited ambition and unbridled pretensions.

Paris, April 23.—Marshal McMahon, Duke of Magenta, has arrived in Paris, from Algeria, being recalled by the Emperor.

The French farthings have all been ended, and the officers have been ordered to drill the reserves.

The *Herald's* Paris correspondence says that the social condition of the city is very unhealthy.—Prices of rents and food are very high. 10,000 tailors were on a strike for higher wages, with numbers of men belonging to other trades.

The French Emperor is pushing forward the development and completion of his iron-clad fleet at Cherbourg with great activity.

The exhibition building was gradually assuming interior arrangement. The Emperor paid a second visit to the grounds and expressed his interest in the progress of the American department.

At a meeting recently held in London to promote the building of the Anglo-American Church for the visitors during the Exhibition it was stated that Churchmen were ill-provided for in Paris. I am requested by an English gentleman resident here, who has considerable experience in these matters, to mention that this is quite a mistake under ordinary circumstances. It is well known that the resident English population has been steadily diminishing for some years; the increase of house-rent and of the necessities of life may account for it. Omitting casual visitors, 7,000 may, perhaps, be considered as representing the English residents. There are five Episcopal churches for persons speaking English in Paris. He says that:—

High and Low Church are fully represented, and though most of them may be well attended on Sunday mornings, none are full, or have been so this winter, while the afternoon and evening services are always scantily attended.—Times Cor.

BELGIUM.

BELGIUM MENACED.—The following extraordinary passage occurs in a recent article of the *Pays*, a journal which the *Moniteur* has repeatedly disavowed as an organ of the French Government. 'We (*Pays*) say that the very legitimate annexations of Prussia, founded on the profoundly rational principle of nationalities have had the necessary and foreseen result of placing that power in a territorial situation from which France naturally derives a right to claim, and, if necessary, to take compensation—that is to say, to reconstitute herself in her natural limits, and to retake Belgium, which beckons to and is waiting for us. Is this clear?

The *Herald's* correspondence says:—The red revolutionists were in Council at Brussels, Gen. Prim appearing as the animating spirit of a grand revolutionary caucus, attended by representatives from France, Spain, Italy, Rome, and Ireland. The brother of Felix Orsini appeared for a moment; and the plans of immediate republican movements in Rome, Spain and Great Britain, are discussed.

HOLLAND.

The following petition has been presented to His Majesty the King of Holland, and Grand Duke of Luxembourg:—

Site.—In presence of the grave situation which seems to threaten the independence of our country, the undersigned respectfully lay before Your Majesty their ardent desire to retain an autonomy under the sceptre of the House of Orange. Any political change which would compromise the independence, would be considered as a misfortune to our beloved country.

ITALY.

PIEMONTE.—We have heard a good deal about Italian unity, and more about the benefits which have resulted from the fusion of all the Italian provinces under Piedmontese rule. We have never had the slightest faith in either. Our own information derived from more reliable sources than the fictions of English journalists and the salaried mendacity of our own correspondents, assured us that the unity and the benefits were equally shadowy and unsubstantial. We have long known, by certain testimony, that the forcibly agglomerated provinces were in a state of mutual hatred and repulsion, and that the sufferings flowing directly from the usurped Piedmontese rule were constantly becoming more and more intolerable. Some glimpses of both facts might have been obtained from time to time even in English newspapers. They were afraid to conceal the whole truth lest it should some day come out in spite of them. It has come out at last, though not so fully even yet as it will do at an early day. Meanwhile we commend to the attention, not only of our habitual readers but of all Protestants who desire to judge human events seriously, and who have a higher ambition than to be always dupes, the remarkable confession which we are about to quote. In a Paris journal of the 23rd of this month, the *Liberte*, of which M. Emile de Girardin is the editor, we find a letter from their special Italian correspondent, dated, Naples, March 16. It need hardly be said that the writer belongs to the most advanced school of Italian politics. In this very letter he anticipates with extreme satisfaction the approaching extinction of the Papacy. Ricasoli is too wild to please him, and Rattazzi too cautious. The confessions of such a man, living among the people whom he describes, have evidently considerable value. It is for this reason that we are going to translate them.

He is discussing the probable attitude of the new Italian Chamber, which he declares to be more hostile to the Ministry than its predecessor. The fact, he says, is notorious, and as neither the King nor his advisers know how to deal with it, everybody is talking of the chances of a *coup d'etat*. 'The words are in everybody's mouth; the official journals actually express a desire for it, not only at Naples, but even at Florence. They talk of it in the army; they recommend the King to try it; but he listens, without showing by word or sign what are his intentions. And then he goes on thus: 'Suppose it should actually take place, what would be its consequences? Italy, he is assured, is profoundly divided in sentiment. No kind of fusion has as yet been effected. The Neapolitan detests the Tuscan; the Tuscan and the Neapolitan join in hatred of Piedmontese; while each of the various provinces is plunged in sadness and affliction by the increasing burden of crushing taxes and the utter absence of administrative order. The *coup d'etat*, if it were effected, would oblige Victor Emmanuel to undertake almost the conquest of Palermo, Naples, Turin, and Venice, for every separate limb of that vast body which is called Italy would immediately tend to sever itself from the others.'

It requires very little experience of human affairs, or of the agents in them, to know that the real course of the one and the true character of the other is sure to be revealed sooner or later. We have here a notable illustration of this truism. The *Times*, and the subordinate journals of the same political and religious cast, have been assuring the world for months past that the unity of Italy is an accomplished fact. Perhaps they really thought it was, though we may reserve our opinion on that point. This supposed unity has led to a great deal of fine writing, and Italy has been the scene of not a few melodious songs. Unfortunately it turns out that poor Italy

has neither freedom nor unity, and has just now very little chance of obtaining either. On the other hand, her sullen and mutually detesting provinces can solace themselves for the want of these trifling accessories by contemplating the hopeless ruin of their finances, the continual augmentation of taxes, the spread of social miseries of every kind, and the possible remedy of a *coup d'etat*, leading to new forms of oppression, new taxes, and a new bombardment of the principal cities of the Peninsula.—*Weekly Register*.

The late elections have proved that Garibaldi is no longer their idol, and many are already ashamed that they ever accepted such a man as their leader. The *Perseveranza* has lately presented to the reprobation of its readers extracts from his speeches which the English newspapers have prudently suppressed, and which show, even in the judgment of Italian Liberals, that his obscurity is on a par with his impiety. The people of Venetia, where the rabble alone followed him, and sacked the palace of the Bishop of Udine to prove themselves worthy disciples of such a master, did not elect the candidates whom he recommended to them, and are loud in condemnation of the disorders which his brutal harangues instigated. It will soon be only among English Protestants that this profane ruffian will retain admirers; but they will, perhaps, be willing to condone, by a fresh present of Bibles to the cynic of Caperna, the characteristic homage which their pious hero has lately addressed to 'that immense man Voltaire.'—*Weekly Register*.

Rome.—St. Peter's Day, 1867.—Twelve weeks exactly from this Saturday, the 6th of April, a great and truly Catholic festival will be celebrated at Rome. On Saturday, the 29th June, in the present year, the eighteen hundredth anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom will come round, and the two hundred and fifty-seventh Pontiff in direct succession! om that saint has determined to commemorate the feast in a manner worthy alike of the occasion and of the Universal Church. North and South, East and West, invitations have gone forth to all the Bishops of Christendom, asking them to be present at the centre of Christianity on that day, and it is supposed that not less than eight hundred prelates, of all tongues and nations and robes and colors, but all members of the one true faith—all believing in the same Church, and acknowledging the same apostolic head, will be present on that great occasion. Without boasting but simply as a fact of history, it can truly be said that, since the world was formed, has no denomination but the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church ever been able to collect together anything like unto the assembly which will meet in the dome of St. Peter's on next Peter's Day; the Catholic Church has done so before, and it only will do so again. No matter from what corner of the earth a man may come to Rome on the 29th of June, he will find prelates there of his own country—of his own race; different it may be in many respects from every one around them and him—but the same in belief of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, holding the same one faith, one hope, one baptism, and come to do homage to the one Chief Pastor, the Vicar of Christ on earth, the two hundred and fifty-seventh successor of him whose martyrdom is commemorated, and to whom Our Blessed Lord said: 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church.' Like on the first day of Pentecost at Jerusalem there will be present, Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya, about Cyrene. From America, from all our vast British colonies, from Ireland, England and Scotland, there will come nearly a hundred and fifty bishops speaking what Tuckey called 'the same dear native tongues,' and of these upwards of a hundred will be the temporal subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria. From the East will come Oriental patriarchs and prelates, speaking in tongues strange to Western ears, wearing vestments and robes unknown in our Western churches, and celebrating the Holy Sacrifice according to rituals with which we are strangers, but one and all acknowledging the Pope as the Chief Bishop, and in faith and practice and unity with the See of Peter, entirely and completely Catholic. There will be of those Eastern Catholics in communion with Rome, patriarchs and bishops of the Catholic Armenians. Of the Catholic or United Greeks, of the Catholic Syrians, the Maronites, the Chaldeans, and the Copts. All these differ from each other in ritual as in language, and in sundry matters of church discipline; but they are all Catholic; they are in communion with Rome. If the Archbishop of Westminster were to travel in the interior of Asia Minor, or were he to explore the interior of the Lebanon, he would be welcomed to celebrate Mass in the churches of the local Christians, just as if any prelate or priest of any of these churches were to find his way—as some few have at times—to London, they would be received with open arms by the clergy of Farm street, Spanish place, Saywayer, or any other Catholic place of worship. It is only when we take a man of the world, and try to find a single country from which one or more Catholic bishops will not come to this great gathering, that we commence to realize what are the meaning of the words, 'I believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.' It is only then that we can fully understand how silly and utterly childish—although, no doubt, often well-meant and sincere—are the Anglican theories and the association which tries to promote the idea of the reunion of Christendom. Christendom is united. Let those who doubt the fact go to Rome this summer.—*Id*.

Some conversions to the Catholic religion have, it is said, taken place this year at Rome, among which is mentioned a captain, late of the 1st Life Guards. His example is about to be followed by a near relative, a lady of a baronet whose name is well known in fashionable circles. These results are said to be greatly owing to Father Burke's eloquence.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, April 24.—The *Presse* contains an article recommending Austria, in the event of war breaking out, to adopt a policy of the strictest reserve.

The *Vienna Gazette* says:—In presence of the obstinacy with which some persons endeavor to mislead public opinion by seeking to spread the news of an Austro-Prussian alliance, we cannot too plainly affirm that no negotiations in this sense exist, or have existed.

PRUSSIA.

The semi-official *North German Gazette* publishes an article in which it expresses regret at the tone of a recent article in the *Constitutionnel*, declaring it to be in contradiction with the oft-repeated assurances which have been given with regard to the policy of the French Government.

The article concludes as follows:—That the acquisition of Luxembourg by France is not a condition of the welfare of the French Empire is clear, from the fact that the Empire sprang up without the possession of Luxembourg. That fortress would be a much more threatening strategical position in the hands of a central State like France, whose policy, it is true, is at present governed by the wisdom of the reigning Sovereign, than in the hands of Germany, of which the constitution is that of a Federal State.

The *Strasbourg papers* state that Germany is making great preparations, and that Mayence is being made ready to stand a siege. The semi-official *North German Gazette* says the decision of the question of preserving the peace does not rest with the Cabinet of Berlin, for the character of a Federal State is seemingly definitive.

The same journal adds: It is perhaps the greatest triumph of the Emperor Napoleon's government that it has brought the French nation to admit that they can serve their own and the general interests of civilization by giving the hand to an opponent, and in place of humiliating him, joining with him in endeavoring to promote the accomplishment of the great work of progress.

BRASIL, April 23.—The *Official Presse* of today in an editorial says, in relation to the proposition lately submitted to the governments of Prussia and France by the great Powers of Europe, 'this government did not find it necessary to appeal to the powers for the protection of her rights, and she will not leave Luxembourg.'

April 24th.—Prussia has replied to the proposition, for the settlement of the Luxembourg question, submitted by the Great Powers of Europe. She denies that she is arming, but emphatically reiterates that she will not evacuate Luxembourg. War is now regarded as almost certain.

It is reported that the Great Powers of Europe have renewed their appeal to Prussia in the hope of averting the war which now seems so imminent.

GENTLEMEN.—A grand old name—a grand thing is that of gentlemen—a name and a rank he has ever been among the hierarchies of men. Throughout the generations and the ages, through the nations and peoples, from the 'grand old gardeners' downwards, it has been recognised as a name and a power. It has had a different sound in different tongues. Sometimes it has been expressed by certain letters, and sometimes by others. Under every synonyme, however, it has been recognized and acknowledged. Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Celts, Saxons, the American Indians; all the ramifications of the great tribes of men; all the dispersals of the Shem, Ham, and Japheth divisions, have set it up as a dignity and a principle. Those who would not bow down before a king, or uncover to a noble, have done instinctive homage to the gentlemen. That homage is an intuition—a recognition of the qualities which man feels to the great and high, and gentle. The title asserts itself. It depends not on patents, on accolades, on coronets, on principalities. It is a nature. Where are generosity, high-mindedness, honor, courage, truth, faith, love, there is given the name there is the thing, gentleman. The name may be paraded where these are not, but then it is only a sham and mockery. Gentlehood, too has its own fashions and manners, and is not those of the times, and therefore may sometimes have a homeliness in externals to vulgar perception—to those who see not the grandeur of the heart. To the true kin it has its influences. Our equity, had he appeared there, would have raised all the glass in the Brighton pavilion. The most flogging atache would have ridiculed his bow, and a Marylebone vestryman would have made a better speech; but there was stamped on him the name and nature of gentleman, and his words had weight, and his character had power. Vulgarity and pretension quailed in his presence, and those below him owned him intuitively as a superior. It is the property of these gentlemen to come to the front, to stand forth, grand and true when worldliness falls back, and selfishness shows receding, to attest then the nobility of man, and it is above the paltry accidents of fortune, trouble and adversity to do this without effort, and as from involuntary impulse.—*Blackwood*.

Gossip.—The base of social life always indicating a small mind, having affinity with petty concerns, often a malicious mind, delighting in traducing others; irreverence for truth, risking its violation for the pleasure of telling stories, which may be false, often are known to be so; great lack of honor, a sneaking disposition, saying behind the back of another what would not be said before his face; presumptuous want of power to converse on nobler subjects: at least lack of interest in them. Generally supposed to belong exclusively to women, but supposed very incorrectly. Male gossips are worse than female. Their spheres are different. Women gossip chiefly about domestic life, love, marriage, flirtation, servants, entertainments—and a world of mischief they do there—of heart burnings, heart-sicknesses, and heart-breakings—of broken ties and alienated affections. But men gossip, too. Authors, professors, commercial men—oh, what keen, biting, withering gossip they have—half untrue, wholly needless. Literary gossip, political gossip—why, half the world is ruled by gossip half its miseries are made by gossip.

A HEARTY LAUGH.—After all, what a capital, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gum of age, or the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty—whether it rack the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dispels the visage, or moistens the eye of refinement; in all phases, and on all faces, contriving, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Barton's transformation; under every circumstance, and everywhere a glorious thing. Like 'a thing of beauty,' 'a joy forever.' There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughter. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when becomes epidemic!

DRESS YOUR CHILDREN WARM.—This is one of the most dangerous seasons for children. Colds and coughs are now easily fastened upon them, of en resulting in consumption and premature death. Therefore dress them warm. Let your boy's pantaloons reach the instep. Don't dress in trousers, reaching to the knee or middle of the leg, and leaving their limbs exposed to the chilling air. Do not sacrifice your children's health to the gratification of a circus-rider's taste; but dress them with the paramount view of comfort and safety.

WHAT LONDON DOCK GIN DID FOR AN EDITOR.—The editor of the *Logan (Ohio) Gazette* having been presented with a bottle of London Dock Gin, drank it, and then attempted to write a paragraph of thanks, with this melancholy result:—

'In conclusion, here's to Fire Fountain Company No. Some, the Brasserie Belle Bard, and the rest of our home institutions and organizations, including the ladies and other branches of business (hic) in and around town—and especially the Messieurs' Pressage, Monington Washment, etc. all of which may be had at the Buck Drook—Brook and Dug store of Bininger's old London Dock Gin, for \$2 a year if payment is delayed until the end of the Atlantic cable.'

submitted to the governments of Prussia and France by the great Powers of Europe, 'this government did not find it necessary to appeal to the powers for the protection of her rights, and she will not leave Luxembourg.'

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WHAT LONDON DOCK GIN DID FOR AN EDITOR.—The editor of the *Logan (Ohio) Gazette* having been presented with a bottle of London Dock Gin, drank it, and then attempted to write a paragraph of thanks, with this melancholy result:—

'In conclusion, here's to Fire Fountain Company No. Some, the Brasserie Belle Bard, and the rest of our home institutions and organizations, including the ladies and other branches of business (hic) in and around town—and especially the Messieurs' Pressage, Monington Washment, etc. all of which may be had at the Buck Drook—Brook and Dug store of Bininger's old London Dock Gin, for \$2 a year if payment is delayed until the end of the Atlantic cable.'

Dean Swift once attempted in a humorous mood to prove that all things were governed by the word led. Said he, 'Our noblemen and hard drinkers are pimpled, physicians and pulps feel led, their patients and oranges are pilled, a new married man and donkey are bridled, cats and dice are raled, swine and nobility are sty-led, a maiden and a tinder-box are spark-led.'

They tell a story about a man who had a hair lip, upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh; it adhered and filled up the space admirably. This was well enough until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise moustaches, when one side grew hair and the other feathers.

The Arabs have the fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. 'It is very cold outside,' said the camel. 'I only want to get my nose in.' The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. 'If you are inconvenient, you may leave,' said the camel; 'as for myself, I shall stay where I am.'

The moral of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its 'nose' to come in. Every thing like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even in the smallest degree will soon be entirely

overcome, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

An earnest and eloquent divine in Virginia was holding forth to a very respectable congregation on Sunday night. After the sermon was over he called on his hearers to contribute to the cause of Missions. In the course of his remarks on the subject he broke forth with, 'You should all have for your motto, Live or die, sink or swim, perish or survive, I give my heart to this cause,' as Daniel Webster said, when he signed the Declaration of Independence!

The natives of Egypt carry hives of bees up and down the Nile in boats, stopping where flowers abound.

No vegetable seed will germinate, nor will any egg, even of the smallest insect, give birth to a larva, if kept in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump.

There is in Siberia an entire district, where, it is said, during the winter the sky is constantly unclouded, and where a single particle of snow never falls.

Smoothing irons seem to be rather a late invention. About the time of Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for the purposes of ironing.

In the reign of Henry I., about the year 1130, a sheep could be bought in England for fourpence, and wheat enough for feeding one hundred men a whole day cost but a single shilling.

There are in man five hundred and twenty-seven muscles, two hundred and fifty-seven of which are in pairs. Of these not less than one hundred are constantly used in the simple act of breathing.

The sucking apparatus of the Lamprey is capable of exerting an adhesive force so great that a fish of this kind has been taken out of the water with a stone, weighing ten or twelve pounds, sticking to its mouth.

'Birds,' says Bulwer, 'have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.'

Laurel pened with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Begin life with but little show; you may increase it afterwards.

That is a poor purse that is filled with money of other folks.

It is not every man who can laugh up his sleeve when he happens to be out at the elbows.

It seems to be so easy to be good natured, that it is a wonder anybody takes the trouble to be anything else.

Do everything in its proper time. Keep everything in its place. Always mend your clothes before washing.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green or yellow.

Sal soda will bleach very white; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your seeds for garden and plants, or to harden yards when sandy.

Stir Poland starch with a common candle, and it will not stick to the iron, and will be much nicer.

Count your clothes—pins, knives and forks, towels, handkerchiefs, table cloths, &c., at least once a week.

Wash your tea trays with cold suds, and after polishing with a little flour, rub with a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones. They make thick cake.

Save all your pieces of bread for puddings dry, or they will mould.

Examine your pickles, sweetmeats, and everything put away.