

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

## FRANCE.

Paris, Dec. 9.—The Message of President MacMahon was delivered to the Assembly this afternoon. The President says order has been maintained throughout the country. Relations with foreign Governments are on an excellent footing. France has shown a firm determination to respect treaties, and has gained the increased confidence of her neighbors. The financial position of the country has sensibly improved at home. Thanks to a good harvest, agricultural production has reached an unprecedented figure. Everything now favors the expectation that these most satisfactory results will be at least equalled in 1875. The President insists strongly on the necessity of definite legislation with regard to constitutional powers. The country asks you to guarantee by measures of wise foresight the regular action of the public powers during the period of stability which you promised France. You will shortly examine these grave questions and an understanding I hope will be arrived at. I shall not decline any share of the responsibility, nor will the intervening of my good will be wanting. I only pursue the work of social defence and national restoration. It is my ardent desire to have the support of men of good will, those whose personal preferences bow before the present necessities of the sacred cause of country. I claim their support in the name of France, whose welfare and greatness I have alone in view. Nothing will discourage me in the accomplishment of the task. It is my duty not to desert the post in which you have placed me—to occupy it up to the last day with unshaken firm, and scrupulous respect for the laws.

The Radical Reform Journal, *La République Française*, says the greatest confusion exists among various parties in the Assembly—both Right and Left. It is considered a dissolution is imminent. *La Française* says that the idea of a renewal of the Assembly by successive partial elections is gaining ground, and adds that a motion to that effect will shortly be introduced in the Chamber.

It is time that those who live away from France should understand that this country does not possess a definitely organized Government; that the establishment of such a Government is a problem ever present in the minds of all; that France is divided and subdivided into a frightful number of parties; that the number increases every day; that each party thinks itself likely to obtain power to the exclusion of all competitors. Every Party has, naturally its own particular theory of transmission. The Republicans will ask that at the expiration of the Septennial delay they should be convoked to elect its President of the Republic; Bonapartists will ask for an appeal to the people; the Legitimists will ask on leaving the hands of the Marquis the power should be bequeathed to the legitimate and hereditary King. Those called the Septennialists—that is to say, the Orleansists, who do not intend to wait until Doudou to wake up, and who do not aspire to a share in the Government of the Valley of Jehoshaphat—will propose the nomination of the future President by a combination of the Upper House and the next Assembly. Such a combination would give some Prince of the House of Orleans—the Duc d'Aumale, for example—a chance very near to certainty of succeeding the Marquis, and of holding the gate of power ajar until it pleases Providence to recall the illustrious author of the letter which put such a sudden end to projects of the Monarchist fusion. In the fourth measure, therefore, as in the three proceedings ones, no concession is made for the Assembly. Things will be found exactly in the same position as when the Assembly broke up for the vacation if the Government has no other plan than that of making an urgent appeal to the moderate men of all Parties; and if it is on this urgent appeal that it depends to make itself heard, it is unquestionably under a great mistake, and the Assembly will take care that Government soon forms a more accurate idea of the situation.

Herr Guericke, a German residing in Paris, has published a pamphlet at Duisburg on the relations of France and Germany. He states his conviction as the result of his intercourse with French politicians and his study of the Press, that there still exists a strong hatred of Germany which is common to all parties. Republican and Conservatives, Royalists and Bonapartists, outvie each other in their protestations that the loss of Alsace and Lorraine cannot be acquiesced in. Herr Guericke might have added that this antipathy to Germans is not merely abstract, but concrete. Individual Germans find themselves the objects of disfavour. Among the lower classes, as the police reports show, this feeling sometimes finds vent in insults and blows. In educated circles it, of course, takes a far milder form but it is equally perceptible. A Paris paper a few months ago gravely stated that German tourists had made the expedient of saying "Yes," instead of "Ja Ja," in order that they might pass for Englishmen. This statement had, of course, as little foundation as the allegation of the same paper that German non-commissioned officers representing themselves as Alsacians were procuring menial situations in France in order to spy out the nakedness of the land; but it may be suspected that German travellers would sometimes be glad to conceal their nationality, and German-speaking Austrians and Swiss must find it unpleasant to be taken for Prussians. I lately heard two Englishmen exchanging their experiences on this point. One of them was a sailor in the merchant service who travelled from Marseilles to Paris in a carriage full of French soldiers. They insisted that he was a German, and he had not sufficient knowledge of their language to argue the matter with them. His gestures did not satisfy them, and though they contented themselves with thus stigmatizing him, it made him uncomfortable and indignant. The other Englishman had lived in Alsace, and could speak German, but had not uttered a syllable of the obnoxious language, when a lady in the same compartment pointed him out to the other passengers as a Prussian; nor could she be convinced of the contrary until he pulled out his passport which he happened to have in his pocket and furnished written evidence of his nationality. In neither of these cases was there any semblance of German physiognomy. A heated imagination which fancies that German spies are ubiquitous was alone to blame. Herr Guericke sees no reason to fear a renewal of the war for some time to come. Intelligent Frenchmen, he truly remarks, see that schemes of revenge must be relegated to a somewhat remote future, and they are also sensible of the importance of seeking allies, which there is no immediate prospect of their obtaining. They rest their hopes also on internal dissensions and cherish wishes for the success of the Ultramontanes and the Socialists. An unreflecting populace may dream of reviving the "A Berlin" cry within a few years; but pessimist views respecting the Army prevail in influential circles; and it is understood that M. St. Genest's military articles, which give a very gloomy account of the state of affairs, have most weight at the Elysée. By sending a number of their best officers to witness the Prussian Autumn Manœuvres, the Government acknowledged that they had much to learn; and the Minister of War is not too proud to take a lesson from the enemy, even in small matters, for he lately recommended officers to imitate the Prussians in using gestures at drill, instead of the loud orders to which they are accustomed. Military reorganization, financial difficulties, and political dissensions, all exclude the idea of an early renewal of hostilities, and if time can reconcile the French to their defeat its operation may be speedily upon. The cry for avenging Waterloo gradually died out, but this precedent must not be taken for more than it is worth for the humiliation of France was much greater in

1870 than in 1814-15, when she yielded only to the combined forces of Europe and was allowed to retain her old boundaries. Times have changed. A Bonaparte which has not already found its way into the English papers is not unlikely to have done so, is contradicted by the *Univers*. The *Univers* of Paris asserted on Monday that the Bishop of Orleans is about to place himself in communication with the Conservative members of the National Assembly on the subject of a Papal Brief inviting the Catholic Deputies to bring forward in the Assembly a resolution proposing in direct terms the immediate restoration of the Legitimate Monarchy. No such Papal Brief exists or has existed, and therefore no such proceeding as that ascribed to Mgr. Dupanloup can be taken. —*Tablet*.

A writer in the *Montreal Witness* thus treats of the split in the French Protestant Church:— "The split in the Reformed Church is something more than serious; from the meeting of the opposition delegates of numerous Protestant congregations throughout France, recently held in Paris, it looks as if the minority has imposed its 'orthodoxy' on the majority, by voting a test of subscription—which they must accept or be declared heretical, although having been quite the contrary up to a few months past—until the passing of the decree. It is not the nature of the test that is discussed, but the adoption of any test at all, and certainly the schism in the Huguenot camp partakes of war to the knife. Yesterday it was a church marked by peace and good-will toward men; to-day it is a death struggle. The Government must uphold the law, till it be altered at least, and as it will likely be now that Guizot is no more. The latter in the Synod resembled the Irishman at home, that boasted his residence was Liberty Hall, where everyone should do as he was ordered. The Government after summoning the clergymen to submit must suspend them in case of refusal; but for this the consent of the congregations is also necessary, and such will not be accorded. The flocks will sustain the shepherds. Not a little extra misery is created in this vale of tears by not allowing people to go to heaven their own way. Guizot once observed, but did not, like the good divine, practice the precept, that we will never be truly tolerant till we can tolerate even error. We are all Infallibilists, like M. Jaurdian and his speaking prose, without knowing it. The order of the day is still, orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy every other man's doxy, and promises to continue till the end of the chapter.

## SPAIN.

Serrano.—MADRID, Dec. 3.—Marshal Serrano will leave this city on Saturday next for the North, where he goes for the purpose of directing military operations. In the selection of his staff particular pains were taken that no one should be placed on it who is suspected of being a supporter of Prince Alphonso, son of the ex-Queen Isabella.

Failure of Carlists.—The Carlist leaders Velasco and Cucula have unsuccessfully attempted to enter the Province of Murcia with their bands.

## ITALY.

Three Camaros.—The *Daily News* published, at the end of last week, three items of Roman intelligence which were quickly despatched back again to the Continent and disseminated by the Liberal journals abroad. The first was that the Pope had written a letter to the German Emperor; next, that the Holy Father himself had a fainting fit, and that the state of his Holiness's health was causing great uneasiness at the Vatican. The last was that Cardinal Antonelli was endeavouring to prevail on the British Government to defer the recall of Mr. Jervoise. All these statements, it may as well be known, have received a flat contradiction from official sources. We learn from Rome, in the first place, that the Pope has neither written nor intends to write a letter to William of Prussia. In the next place, the excellent health and vigour so long enjoyed by the Sovereign Pontiff have undergone no unfavourable change, but continue, thank God, as good as ever. Lastly, his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli has not thought it worth while to trouble himself about the recall of his courteous and efficient but unofficial representative by the British Government, the Count of the Vatican. Truly it would be pleasant to be able to rely implicitly on the truth of such Roman intelligence as we may read in our London daily papers. Their editors are neither ignorant nor insensible to the advantages of an established character for exactitude in their foreign intelligence. Why should it not be maintained in reference to Papal affairs, whether personal or political? —*Tablet*.

In spite of the contradiction in the *Voce della Verità* it is, unfortunately, no longer a matter of doubt that Mr. Clark Jervoise has received orders to quit his post at the Vatican, and it is reported that he will be shortly appointed to another at Lisbon. But we hesitate to believe the statement published by the *Journal de Florence*, under "the most express reservations, that the Italian Cabinet has prepared a Circular Memorandum to the Powers demanding the recall of all the diplomatists accredited to the Holy See. This paper said to point out the danger to Italy and the world arising from the Vatican being any longer permitted to be a centre of permanent conspiracy against modern institutions. The Romans, it is urged, go in thousands to the Apostolic Palace, and read addresses "full of gall and the spirit of revolt" which, together with the replies of His Holiness, find their way into the papers, and thus obtaining a wide circulation in Italy and in Europe cause "the gravest embarrassments" to the different Governments. The plain English of which is that it is difficult, so long as there is a diplomatic representation at the Vatican, to prevent the free access of the faithful Romans; that they go thither in thousands in an acknowledgment worth noting.

## MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"Our is a wise and earnest age, an age of thought and science, sir. To error, ignorance, and bliss we fairly bid defiance, sir. Professors everywhere abound, both in and out of colleges, and all agree to cram our nobles with 'isms' and with 'ologies.' Philosophy, as you're aware, material is, and mental, sir. At one extreme is 'positive,' at the other 'transcendental,' sir. And each of us who in these days would speculate 'en regie,' if he can't run the rig with Comte, must take the trip from Hegel. The fundamental problem which, debated now for ages, is still attacked and still unsolved by all our modern sages, sir, is, if an effort I may make a simple form to throw it in. Just what we know, and why we know, and what's the way we know it in. We can't assume (so Comte affirms) a first or final cause, sir. Phenomena are all we know, their order and their laws, sir. While Hegel's modest formula a single line to sum it in. Is nothing is, and nothing's not, but everything's becoming. Development is all the go, of course, with Herbert Spencer. Who cares a little more than Comte about the 'why' and 'whence,' sir. Appearance, he seems to think, do not exhaust reality."

But indicate that underneath there's some 'Unknown Reality.' And Darwin, too, who leads the throng 'in vulgar voices spargers.' Maintains 'Humanity is nought except a big menagerie.' The progeny of tailless apes; sharp-eared but puggish-nosed, sir. Who nightly climbed their 'family trees,' and on the top reposed, sir. There's Carlyle, on the other hand, whose first and last concern it is To preach up the 'immensities' and muse on the 'eternities.' But if one credits what one hears, the gist of all his brag is, sir, That 'Erbswurst,' rightly understood, is transcendental 'Haggis,' sir. Imaginative sparks, you know, electric currents kindle, sir. On Alpine heights or at Belfast, within the brain of Tyndall, sir. His late address, some people hold, is flowery, vague, and vapoury. And represents the 'classic nude' when stripped of all its 'Draper-y.'

Professor Huxley has essayed to bridge across the chasm, sir. Twixt matter dead and matter quick, by means of 'protoplasm,' sir. And to his doctrine now subjoins the further grand 'attraction.' That 'consciousness' in man and brute is simply 'reflex action.' Then Stanley Jevons will contend in words stout and emphatical. The proper mode to treat all things is purely mathematical. Since we as individual men, communities, and nations, sir. Are clearly angles, lines and squares cubes, circles and equations, sir. George Henry Lewes, I'm informed, had 'gone off quite hysterical.' About that feeble, foolish thing the 'theory Metempsychical.' And only found relief, 'tis said, from nervous throes and spasms, sir. By banging straight at Huxley's head a brace of brain-new 'psalms,' sir. Such are the philosophic views I've ventured now to verify. And if I may invent the term, in some degree to 'teratify.' Among them all, I'm bold to say, fair room for choice you'll find, sir. And if you don't, why then you won't, and I for one shan't mind, sir."

The Wrong End.—"Longford" writes to the *Times*.—"I have read, with the satisfaction of a loyal subject, the report in the *Times* of the recent reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Birmingham; and I have read, sadly read, the letter of 'W. C. D.' in the *Builder* of this week, on the 'Sanitary State of Birmingham,' a description, unfortunately, applicable to towns and villages, large and small, north and south. It appears to me, as a humble observer, that royal processions begin at the wrong end. All that is puffy and proud, all that smells of prosperity and wealth, is put forward; things less rosy are hid from view. Some day a royal personage, with the courage of his opinions, may answer a town council: 'I have received with appreciation your loyal address. You have shown me the best of everything in your town; now let me see the worst. Let me see where your population live; let me learn how you, who have the charge of local arrangements here, have provided, with the powers that are vested in you, for all that concerns the health and well-being of those who depend upon the efficiency of your administration. Among the crowds who filled your streets I saw with pain pale women, sickly children, prematurely old men. Are these necessary conditions of life in this locality? Have you, or others, failed in exertions, or even in ordinary duty, in your respective offices? Municipal government has its displays; it has also its duties. Have they been performed here? This is not a new subject. Very few of us are in a position to cast the first stone in this matter of sanitary arrangements, or of dwellings for the million; but possibly a royal progress through the slums, instead of a day of turtle and triumphal arches, may be one step, and a long step, towards a day of better things."

How SHE ACTS IN THE HOUSE CAR.—She stands upon the curb with a little springy up and down motion, as if she had spiral springs in the soles of her gaiters. As the car approaches she sticks the point of her colored parasol in the direction of the driver, with a small jerk. The car stops. She gives one or two more little springy motions before she leaves the pavement, and then dances to the car. As she ascends the step the conductor seems to consider it absolutely necessary to her safety to place one of his hands on the small of her back, while he rings the bell with the other. She enters the car with the spiral spring still bobbing her up and as all the seats are full she stands holding her hands in front of her and gazing off into limitless space, as if the one idea which never entered her mind, and which never could enter it under any possible circumstances, is that some young man will rise and offer her his seat. But a young man in the corner does rise, and immediately the fellow next to him moves quickly in the corner, as if the performance of that maneuver had formed the subject of his anxious thoughts during many years of his life. To get a corner seat would seem to be the chief end of man. When the young man rises the young woman suddenly becomes conscious that there is something nearer to her than the horizon and she gives two or three more little bounces and says: "Oh, keep your seat!" The young man is embarrassed, and says he is going to get out soon, whereupon the fair being dances towards the seat, sinks into it, and pretends that the fact of the existence of any young man who occupied that seat, and who is going to get out, has entirely faded out of her consciousness. She smooths down her dress and its supplemental fripples, flounces and penants, and again looks far beyond the confines of the car into emptiness. She knows she is expected by the other women in the car to remain unconscious of their presence while they study her clothes. They immediately begin. They stare at her dress, her sash, her hat, her black hair, her jewelry, her gloves, her bows and ribbons, her miscellaneous millinery, until the entire costume is photographed in their memories, and the price estimated and a critical opinion formed, and a resolution to have a bonnet of the same kind, or a "body" cut upon the same pattern. When the young lady thinks that this examination is concluded, she becomes conscious again, and begins to look around and see how the other women are dressed. She examines each one in detail, and in a few minutes she is in possession of all the necessary information. Presently a young man with whom she is acquainted gets into the car, and stands clutching the strap, and trying in vain to keep in a graceful attitude while he converses with her. All the women begin to wonder whether she cares particularly for him—and, as she knows their thoughts, she is so distant that the young man becomes more embarrassed than ever, and make renewed struggles to maintain a graceful position. When she wishes to get out she rises, smooths down her fripples, again indulges in two or three springs, and dances along the platform. The conductor again considers it imperatively necessary to press the small of her back. She dances down the steps, dances to the pavement, and then dances along

the street, fully aware of the fact that the women in the car have all turned round to look at her, and serenely confident in the assurance that she has on good clothes which fit her splendidly. As she disappears, the conductor turns to the man who is smoking a cigar on the platform, and remarks that she is a "crusher."

Breakfast—Epps's Cocoa—Gratifying and Comforting.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may have many heavy doctors' bills." —*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets, only, labelled "James Epps & Co. Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London." MANUFACTURERS OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London.—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

S. E. Burwell, of Fingall, Ont. writes.—Last autumn I was suffering from a severe cold which settled on my Lungs and produced a distressing cough for which I gave trial to a number of Cough Medicines but without any benefit. I at last tried one bottle of Allen's Lung Balsam, which I am happy to be able to state gave almost immediate relief and performed a perfect cure in a short time.

## BAZAAR.

The Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, have the honor to announce a Grand Bazaar, to come off in January, 1875, for the benefit of the New Church about to be erected at Lancaster, in honor of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and under the invocation of St. Joseph. Contributions, in money or otherwise, will be thankfully received by the Rev. Father MacCarthy, or any of the undersigned Ladies:

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The Misses McDonald, "  
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Mrs. DUNCAN McDonald, Williamstown.  
Mrs. ARCH. FRASER, Fraserfield.  
Mrs. ALEX. SHANNON, 44 St. Famille Street, Montreal.  
Williamstown, Nov. 6th, 1874.

## TO BUILDERS!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Rev. Father MacCarthy, will be received till the 8th day of December next, for the Erection of a BRICK CHURCH at Lancaster, Glengarry, Ont. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Presbytery, Williamstown. The lowest, or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Williamstown, Nov. 5th, 1874. 13-4

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