

"wonder what old world such things could see."

All that was wanted for the beginning was land, money, and colonists. Mr. Montana pronounced that the land could be got easily enough; got for the asking from the generous American Government. Money was largely needed. Mr. Montana explained that this new colony was to be no ramshackle concern of log-huts and shanties, and uncouth make-shift ways. The New Atlantis was to begin, as it proposed to go on, in dignity and statefulness. It was an enterprise, Montana emphatically declared, of a thousandfold more importance to the world and to history than the founding of Rome; and it should begin in form not unworthy its glorious destiny. The city was to have gates of bronze, columns of granite, marble halls of science and art, cathedrals rivaling in majestic beauty and devotional suggestiveness the most venerable piles of the ancient world. Every architecture was to be represented there, and who could doubt that, as time rolled on, the commonwealth would develop an architecture of its own, the compound of the world's ideas informed by the new spirit and destined to be the last work of the architecture of the human race? The sanitary laws were to govern all the conditions of the city. The streets were to be broad, straight, and straight and monotonous. On the contrary, the greatest diversity of size and structure was to relieve the eyes and delight the senses everywhere. Two rivers watered the base of the gentle hill on which this city of the future was to stand. The bridges over those streams alone would be like the embodied dream of a poet. To look to heaven from such a bridge and to see the stars reflected in the water below, or the sunbeams glancing on its ripples, would lift up the soul of the gazer almost as much as to bend in the cathedral and hear the organ peal forth its anthem of piety and praise. In the purified atmosphere ignoble thoughts could no more live than man's gross lungs can breathe the upper ether.

Most of the eyes that met Montana's as he expounded his plans were turned up with interest, admiration, and a certain amount of awe. But it must be owned that a good many pairs of sceptical or scornful eyes looked up from above mustaches and beards, and glanced through scholarly or professional spectacles. The men, on the whole, were not so much taken as the ladies. Most of the younger men admitted that he was "awfully clever," but some thought he had decided himself what he was talking about. Some denied that he was at all handsome or even good-looking, and by the very energy of their protests boded must have produced. Most of the elders held the scheme to be wholly impracticable, and whispered that the moment you came to look into the thing and get the facts and figures of it, everything would seem as if it could not come to anything. These were the worldlings, however, the mere practical, narrow-minded men of economics and statistics; and Montana had in his speech already taken order with them by expressly announcing, in tone of melancholy contempt, that wherever he went the narrow-minded and practical, the wise in their own conceits, were sure to be against him. He carried with him three classes of persons almost entirely: the earnest men and women who had views of life; the merely emotional, with whom a striking face and a strange manner are impressive; and the idle, at least among women, who were glad to be stirred by a new sensation on any terms. Many a woman's heart beat with strange pulsation as she gazed into that dark, bloodless face, and fancied those eyes were turned on her.

"And now," said Montana, drawing a deep breath and flooding the audience with the light of his eyes, "we want money for this great work. I have come to Europe for help; and I will go from one end of Europe to the other in quest of it. Let any one who hears me and wishes to give, give as may seem proportioned to his means. Let the wealthy give of their wealth, but in Heaven's name let me have the working-man's penny and the sempstress's half penny. One thing you are to know: I will have no unwilling gift. Before I have done with Europe I shall be loaded with money—let no one presume to encumber me with his gifts who denials my enterprise. I will give no acknowledgment or receipt of any kind. I will take no gift which has a name appended to it. If any lady or gentleman thinks of sending a contribution in his own name or her own name, it is useless. I will send all such offerings instantly back. There is nothing to be gained personally by contributing to my enterprise; no, not even a line of acknowledgment in a newspaper; not the poor credit of being anywhere mentioned or known as a donor. At each of the principal entrances of this hall there is an urn covered by a cloth. Let each who pleases raise the cloth in passing, and deposit any offering he feels called upon to make. Then let him cover the gift so that none can see it, and go his way. I entreat of him, if he does not give with his whole heart and soul, to keep his money; not to stain our noble enterprise with the soil of his unwilling gift. Whether the money is found here or elsewhere is all the same to me and to the cause. It will come. I only ask that it may come with a will."

The effect of this appeal was instantaneous. Almost everybody gave. Some white-haired old gentlemen took out their purses, carefully ascertained that they kept back enough to pay for a cab home, and threw the remainder of the contents into the urn. Some ladies, not a few, simply dropped their purses in, and hurried on. As Melissa Aquilante came to one of the urns she drew purposely behind her party. She had not a purse—hardly ever carried such an article about her. She glanced confusedly and timidly around to see if any one was looking, and then stripped off her bracelets, her ring, her brooch, her watch and chain, and dropped them in a glittering, clinking heap into the urn. Her action was not unobserved.

A lady coming up had noticed it; she, too, threw her bracelets, bangles, and chains into the urn. Some men stole their contribution into the place of deposit as if they were ashamed of showing any faith in the business, and yet could not help giving to it.

Miss Marion and Miss Rowan came on together. Sydney took out her little purse, and found she had only a few shillings.

"Will you lend me, the?" she said, timidly, to Miss Rowan, who had seen her action, and was looking at her with a sort of amused pity.

"No, indeed I won't," Miss Rowan said, decidedly, "not for that thing. I'll not lend it to set such folly going. But listen," she said, suddenly changing her tone, "did not Mr. Montana say that the gifts of the unwilling would only bring discredit on the cause—a curse and not a blessing; didn't he?"

"He did, I think," Miss Rowan answered. "Very well; then in that hope I make myself one of his contributors; and I give with a good will."

She tossed her purse contemptuously into the urn.

"They came against Mr. Fanshawe."

"We are going in to see him," Katherine said, with sparkling eyes; "I sent Frank to

tell him, and Frank says he will see us—in the reception room, you know. He is seeing some people there; women mostly; howling swells, I suppose; duchesses and all that; but he'll see us. Isn't that sweet of him? Isn't he delightful? Doesn't he make one feel so good, and pure, and noble, and all that sort of thing? Doesn't he? The world all seems so poor and unreal. I have given something; haven't you? and I am going to send him some more. Won't you send him some more? But not in our own names; he wouldn't have that. Oh! it's all glorious, I think."

Young Mr. Fanshawe came up.

"I think it's all a confounded imposture," he said, without waiting for any one to solicit his opinion. "He's a clever fellow enough, but he's a humbug. Don't you think so, Miss Rowan?"

Already, poor Sydney Marion thought, he has learned to appeal only to her.

"I don't believe in him," Geraldine said, with her accustomed comings; "I don't believe anything good will come of him or his enterprise; there is something nobly about him. I feel as if we had been assisting at a witch's sabbath."

The reception-room was crowded where Montana was receiving his friends. He spoke a hasty word or two to each person, who came up to him in turn, and quietly passed them on. There were no formal presentations. Every one whom Montana did not know either introduced himself or was taken for granted.

"What may I do to help your cause?" an earnest lady said, with the glitter of a tear in her eyes.

"Believe," said Montana, gently pressing her hand.

She went on satisfied. There did not seem, perhaps, any very direct practical instruction in his one word of advice, but it appeared to content her craving soul.

"I want to be in the thing," said a working-man. "I want to help you all I can. What have I to do?"

"Work," said Montana, looking fixedly down into his eyes. The man was of good stature, but Montana was able to look down upon him; and they shook hands, and Montana wrung his friend's rough hand with a gripe which thrilled him.

The man, too, went on his way satisfied. There was not much, perhaps, in being told to work. He had to work as now, and the one word gave him little guidance as to the best way of assisting Montana's special enterprise.

But even one word, accompanied by such a look from such a face, and by the grasp of a hand which the working-man found, to his surprise, considerably stronger than his own, was guidance and conviction for the time. The worker passed on, feeling a sort of vague awe, as if he had discoursed with a prophet.

An elderly, white-haired, smooth-spoken, graceful gentleman, with a double eye-glass, came softly up to Montana, announced himself as the Duke of Magdell, and said the duchess particularly wished him to request that Mr. Montana would do her the favor of dining with them during his stay in town.

Montana drew back coldly.

"I have not the honor to know you," he said. "I have not come to London to be made a show of. I dine with my friends when I have time. You are not among the friends. I have something else to do in life besides going out to amuse strangers and to be stared at."

The abashed peer mumbled an excuse, of which Montana took little heed. The Duke of Magdell passed along, disconcerted. In civility puzzled him; he could not see the use of it.

A member of a small, strange, fantastic sect talked for a moment with Montana—a shabby, eager-looking man, whose wild eyes were looking through an unknown hair.

"We are strange lot," he said to Montana. "We are not much in favor here. Every one dislikes us. They would persecute us if they could. I do not care about that," said Montana. "People dislike me, and would persecute me if they could. What do you want of me?"

"We'd like to have a word or two quietly with you. Some of our people would like to join with you, and go out to your new place. We are miserably off here. We have no money, and we have no friends—only enemies. Will you let some of us come and see you?"

"Have you a place of meeting?" Montana asked.

"We have a sort of a place up some flights of back stairs, down there."

He jerked his thumb in the supposed direction, and the wild eyes turned toward the east. Somewhere in the East end, doubtless, was the temple of this odd little group of sectaries.

"I will wait on you," said Montana. "Send me a message at once. You have only to name the time that suits you, and I will go there."

This was spoken in a low tone, apparently not meant to be heard; but it so happened that it was heard by most of those in the room. Thus it became known among those who were interested in the night's proceedings that Mr. Montana had repelled with cold contempt the invitation of a duchess, and had promised to go at any time out of his way down to the East End, to wait upon a miserable little group of half-crazy and poverty-stricken fanatics. The effect was happy.

It added to the interest felt in Mr. Montana. Even duchesses were now more anxious than ever to have him under their roofs, and fanatics and sectaries of all kinds were disposed to put full faith in him. The night had been a complete and a splendid success.

A great crowd at the doors of the outer hall waited to catch a glimpse of the new prophet as he passed to the carriage, which was known to be waiting for him. But Montana did not go out that way. He passed through a side corridor and a small door in another street, and walked home unseen and alone.

The carriage was there, however, for some time. At last the patient watchers, who still kept hoping for a sight of the prophet, saw that two or three pale and poor-looking girls, apparently of the sempstress class, were put into it by one of the liveried attendants, and heard the coachman get directions to drive them to some place in the Bethnal Green quarter. The patient watchers had something for their delay. They, too, had a story to tell Mr. Montana. They were able to say to all they met next day that they had seen Mr. Montana's carriage given up by him for the purpose of driving a few belated milliner girls among his audience to their home in Bethnal Green.

(To be Continued.)

POWER OF SPEAKING RESTORED.

NEWARK, ONTARIO, D. C., March 30, 1870.

JONAS FOTHERINGILL writes:—Some two months ago my son lost his voice. None of the physicians could do him any good. Two hours after taking the first dose of Follows Hypophosphites his power of speaking was perfectly restored.

Czeki, Papal Nuncio at Paris, has been presented with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

SIR JOHN O'SHANASSY ON EDUCATION.

The following is taken from a speech recently made by Sir John O'Shanassy at the opening of a Catholic School near Ballarat, as reported by the Argus:—

It appears from the statement of your rev. chairman that there has been expended in Ballarat proper for educational purposes alone—during the last six years the large sum of £43,625, a sum borne by the Catholics voluntarily, and not imposed by law. It gives great satisfaction to learn that the Catholic schools in Ballarat proper are attended by no less than 2,300 children, who are properly educated; that no less than 23 nuns of the Loreto Order and seven Sisters of Mercy, or 36 nuns, aided by 20 assistants, making 56 teachers in all, devote themselves to the instruction of 1,500 female children. Comparing the number enrolled with the average attendance I learn that the latter is two-thirds of the number on rolls, a result which is much more favorable than that obtaining in the state schools, where only an average of one-half the number on rolls can be attained. This was owing to the superior organization of the Catholic schools and to the fact that the parents, having to pay for the education of their children, are determined to get value for their money. If we divided the number on rolls by 56, the number of teachers, it would give an average of 26. With respect to the boys, there were 1,200 of them under the instruction of 24 teachers in Ballarat proper, in addition to 600 children with 12 teachers in the district, making 36 teachers for the boys and 56 for the girls, or a grand total of 92 teachers. I am glad to say that the teachers have had great experience, and have been trained for their duties. The sacrifices that the Catholics have made in the cause of combined secular and Christian education, proves incontrovertibly that it is from principle that they act, and that it is a matter of conscience with them which they cannot ignore under any circumstances whatever. It is something that said that in order to enhance their importance, the bishops and clergy are opposed to the education of youth, and to the enlightenment of the people, and that it is their desire they should remain in ignorance and darkness, and thus perpetuate their influence over them. A greater libel could not be uttered, as was proved by the magnificent results above referred to, which have been secured by the co-operation of the clergy and laity. I think it is a great injustice to the Catholics of this locality, and those throughout the colony, that they, while supporting their own schools, are obliged to pay taxes for the support of the state establishments, from which they can derive no benefit, and which wealthy people were availing themselves of for the education of their children (Cry of "Shame"). It has surprised me that the Protestant people of this colony, endowed with the light of Christianity [believing, for example, in the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, and the necessity of reading the Scriptures], speaking the same language, and imbued with a sense of public justice, should deprive themselves of the advantages of a Christian education, according to their own ideas, on a foolish errand of building state schools to which Catholics would be obliged to attend, a design which never could be accomplished while any one calls himself a Catholic adherent to the principles of his faith.

To prove that it is a positive duty for Catholics to see that their children receive a truly Christian education, I shall read an extract from a letter of His Holiness Pius IX. to the Archbishop of Freiburg.

"But if this detestable system [the mixed system] of education, so far removed from Catholic faith and ecclesiastical authority, becomes a source of evils, both to individuals and society, when it is employed in the higher teaching, and in schools frequented by the better class, who does not see that the same evil will rise to still greater evils if it is introduced into primary schools? For it is in these schools above all, that the children of the people ought to be carefully taught from their tender years the mysteries and precepts of their holy religion, and to be trained with diligence to piety, good morals, religion, and civilization. But in these same schools, religious teaching ought to have such a leading place in all that concerns education and instruction, that whatever else the children may learn should appear to be subsidiary to it. The young, therefore, are exposed to the greatest perils wherever, in their schools, education is not most closely united with religious teaching."

These we find the head of the church directing the bishops of the universal church in this matter. The next extract I shall read for you is from the letter of the bishop of Holland, showing that the mixed system was a false one:—

"A school which should thoroughly deserve the confidence of Catholics must not only respect the Christian religion by not interfering with it; it must also teach that religion, and assign to it the place of honor. In such a school, what is called social instruction must be united as closely as possible with religious instruction, and this latter must pervade the whole training, and make the influence of religion be felt everywhere. Its beams are to penetrate throughout; the text books should in prudent measure, speak of the great truths of faith, of Christian morals, and of Christian virtues. The teacher, too, should know how to introduce these lessons in their fitting places, and mingle them with all his teaching. In a word, in such a school education does not consist in merely learning the first elements of certain sciences, nor in training the young to civic virtues and social accomplishments, much less in making them polite pagans, whose single aim is their personal gratification, whose sole motive is selfishness. No; education, properly so-called, is a powerful help to parents and those who have charge of souls, towards forming the young Christian, who, as child of God, must be taught to think and act as a Christian, and to practise Christian virtues in the manner that becomes a Christian. The Christian virtues, not in the narrow sense attached by some to these words, but the true Christian virtues founded on faith in the spirit of authority, of charity, of gratitude, of hope, and of fear, supported by the means which religion assigns as useful and necessary. These are what a good teacher will endeavor to inculcate in his pupils, and what he will lead them to practise."

May I not reckon amongst the list of teachers that have already referred to that you have over guaranteed that the advice in the above extract will be carried out. I will now take the testimony of another ecclesiastical authority, one whom I had the honor of knowing—a man distinguished for his great learning and wisdom. I mean the late Cardinal Cullen. The cardinal was examined before a Royal commission, and had prepared a careful statement dealing with the schools:—

"In my opinion a merely secular education

is fraught with danger; learned men, when not religious, have been the greatest scourges of society. Greece and Rome, at the time of the Apostles, were filled with learned writers and profound philosophers, but their learning and philosophy did not prevent them from becoming the greatest reproaches that ever appeared on the face of the earth, as we learn from the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, chap. 1. Religious teaching is an essential element of education, and as much as possible it should be incorporated with and permeate every other department of learning. I am altogether of that opinion. I think education, to be worthy of the name, should prepare a man adequately to fulfil his destiny. He has one destiny in this world; another in the world to come. It is only a short, miserable space of time a man has to live here; he has to live for ever and ever in the next world. A man is bound how to discharge his duties in this world, and his great and important duty is to prepare for the other world, and he ought, therefore, to devote himself to the practices and study of religion."

That's Cardinal Cullen. Now I shall take an eloquent and learned prelate—a man of European fame—I refer to the Bishop of Orleans, Dr. Dupanloup, who describes what a school ought to be:—

"Yes; the presence of God, His active presence, I might almost say His personal presence, must be often recalled during the course of each day, and in the midst of the different phases and the inevitable difficulties of education. God and His holy name, the thought of His power and His goodness, must be frequently and lovingly brought in; otherwise religious and moral education will be either null or worthless. The child must be inspired with the love and fear of God that noble and pure feeling so natural and so lively in a young heart, and so fitted to urge it to great things. The love of God, and, besides the fear of God; not a hateful and servile fear, but that filial fear, respectful and yet tender, of which Bossuet, the tutor of the Great Dauphin, wrote:—'Let him by all means learn all the sciences suitable to his position, and even all those that he can in any way perfect the culture of his mind, adorn his life, and recommend him to the learned; but above all from his tenderest youth, from his very cradle, let him first learn the fear of God, which is the best support of human life.'"

Another great authority—Dr. Doyle—says:—

"In all these schools religion should be the first and last occupation of the child—to raise his pure hand to heaven, as it is the first duty assigned him by his Creator, so shall it be the groundwork of all the instruction he shall receive. Religion shall not be banished like some dangerous infection from our schools. A child shall not be taught to hide the memory of the law of God, to commune with Heaven by stealth to deceive some pitiless inspector, and shield his piety by a lie. No, in our schools religion shall be the basis of education, and this religious instruction will embrace whatever can contribute to mould the heart to virtue, to subdue the thoughts, to regulate the affections, and prepare the mind for that world full of danger into which on leaving school he is obliged to enter."

I have now given you what may be called the ecclesiastical authorities upon the necessity of combining secular with Christian education. I shall like to ask you, ladies and gentlemen, whether it is necessary to pursue the subject any further. However, as I have given you the testimony of ecclesiastical authorities, I shall now trespass on your patience by citing the opinions of great writers, philosophers, and statesmen on this subject. Milton says:—

"The great work of education is to repair the ruin of our first parents by learning to know God aright; to love Him, to desire to imitate Him as best we may, possessing our souls in true virtue, which being united to true science, makes up the highest attainable perfection."

Locke declares:—

"That a literary without a moral education is rather an evil than a benefit."

Lord John Russell, referring the project to separate religion from education, states:—

"I do not think that the future Minister, contemplated by Mr. Roebuck, is likely to have a very long term of power if 'Vote for education without religion' should be placed on his banner, and that entirely secular schools should be established by the state."

Sir Robert Peel says:—

"I am for a religious education as opposed to a secular education. I do not think that a secular education would be acceptable to the people of this country (England). I believe, as the noble lord [John Russell] has said, that such an education is only half an education, but with the most important half neglected."

I think that exactly what the state has been doing in building the state schools in this country. Christian education neglected. Lord Sandon says:—

"Was glad to hear the admission that religion was essential part of everything worthy of the name of education. The state [through Lord John] admitted that education in order to be effectual, must be religious. He thought that religion ought to be interwoven with every part of their education; he meant that the man who taught ought to be a religious man, and that, in his moral teaching, he should always keep in view the principles of religion."

These are all statesmen and philosophers, and are all Protestants who are concurring with us here.

TWO DEPARTMENTS WELL REPRESENTED.

In lately walking through the Government Buildings at Ottawa, a representative of one of Ottawa's ablest journals, in the course of conversation gleaned some items of interest. Speaking with Mr. A. J. Cramble, Chief Clerk of the Agricultural Department, that gentleman replied to a certain question: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family, and found it to be an excellent article indeed. It is the remedy to banish pain and has a pleasant and soothing way of doing so, that makes it valuable. I consider it a great medicine."

Calling upon Mr. St. Jacobs of the Militia Department, that gentleman then answered the usual query: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a great medicine; a splendid remedy, indeed, for the rheumatism. I have recommended it to my many. When I commenced its use I had not much faith, but now my faith could not be easily shaken. I consider it by all odds the best medicine I ever tried."

OBITUARY.

Mr. David Fear died suddenly on August 22nd at St. Joseph de Louis.

Mr. Preston Bennett, Opposition member-elect for Yale, B.C., has died of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Mr. John B. Parent, of Redville, Que., died suddenly at his residence in that place, on August 22nd.

Messrs. Thompson & Co., of St. John, N.B., have received a cablegram from Akshab, announcing the death of Captain William Duff, of the barque "Calcutta."

A telegram has been received from Rapid City, S.D., announcing the sudden death of Mr. G. M. Butchart at Brandon. Mr. Butchart was one of the oldest residents of that place, and was, on his way home to visit his friends in Owen Sound, Ont.

BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Napoleon's Great Battle with the Egyptians in 1798—The Finest Cavalry in the World—A Foe that may make the British Invaders pay heavily for their Invasion.

Upon the 7th July, 1798, the French marched from Alexandria against the Mamelukes. Their course was up the Nile, and a small flotilla of gunboats ascended the river to protect their right flank, while the infantry traversed a desert of burning sands, at a distance from the stream, and without a drop of water to relieve their parching thirst. The army of Italy, accustomed to the enjoyments of that delicious country, were astonished at the desolation they saw around them. "Is this," they said, "the country in which we are to receive our farms of seven acres each? The general will have allowed us to take as much as we chose—no one would have abused the privilege." Their officers, too, expressed horror and disgust; and even generals of such celebrity as Murat and Lannes threw their hats on the sand and trod on their cockades. It required all Bonaparte's authority to maintain order, so much were the French disgusted with the commencement of the expedition.

HARRASSING THE ENEMY.

To add to their embarrassment, the enemy began to appear around them. Mamelukes and Arabs, concealed behind the hillocks of sand, interrupted their march at every opportunity, and was to the soldier who straggled from the ranks, were it but fifty yards. Some of these horsemen were sure to dash at him, slay him on the spot, and make off before a musket could be discharged at them. At length, however, the audacity of these infuriated was checked by a skirmish of some little importance, near a place called Chobr-heh, in which the French asserted their military superiority.

An encounter also took place on the river between the French flotilla and a number of armed vessels belonging to the Mamelukes. Victory fell inclined to the latter, but at length determined in favor of the French, who took, however, only a single galliot.

A DASHING CAVALRY.

Meanwhile, the French were obliged to march with the utmost precaution. The whole plain was now covered with Mamelukes, mounted on the finest Arabian horses, and armed with pistols, carbines, and blunderbusses, of the best workmanship—their plumed turbans waving in the air and their rich dresses and arms glittering in the sun. Entertaining a high contempt for the French force, as consisting almost entirely of infantry, this splendid barbaric cavalry watched every opportunity for charging them, nor did a single straggler escape the unrelenting edge of their sabres. Their charge was almost as swift as the wind, and as their severe hits enabled them to halt, or wheel their horses at full gallop, their retreat was as rapid as their advance. Even the practiced veterans of Italy were at first embarrassed by this new mode of fighting, and lost many men, especially when fatigue caused any one to fall out of the ranks, in which case his fate became certain.

After seven days of such marches as we have described, they arrived, indeed, within six leagues of Cairo, and beheld at a distance the celebrated Pyramids, but learned at the same time that Murat Bey, with twenty-two of his brothers, at the head of their Mamelukes, had formed a entrenched camp at a place called Bani-Haf, in the purpose of covering Cairo, and to oppose the French. On the 21st day of July, as the French continued to advance, they saw their enemy in the field, and in full force. A splendid line of cavalry, under Murat and the other Beys, displayed the whole strength of the Mamelukes. The right rested on the imperfectly entrenched camp, in which lay twenty thousand infantry, defended by forty pieces of cannon. But the infantry were an undisciplined rabble; the guns, wanting carriages, were mounted on clumsy wooden frames; and the fortifications of the camp were not commenced, and presented no formidable opposition. Bonaparte made his dispositions. He extended his line to the right, in such a manner as to keep out of gunshot of the entrenched camp, and have only to encounter the line of cavalry.

THE BATTLE.

Murat Bey saw this movement, and, fully aware of its consequences, prepared to charge with his magnificent body of horse, declaring he would cut the French up like gourds. Bonaparte, as he directed the infantry to form squares to receive them, called out to his men: "From yonder Pyramids four centuries behold your actions." The Mamelukes advanced with the utmost speed, and, crossing furiously, and charged with horrible yell. They disordered one of the French squares of infantry, which would have been sabred in an instant, but that the mass of this fiery militia was a little behind the advanced guard. The French had a moment to restore order, and used it. The combat then in some degree resembled that which, nearly twenty years afterwards, took place at Waterloo; the Egyptian cavalry bravely charging the squares of infantry, and trying, by the most undaunted efforts of courage, to break in upon them at every practicable point, while a tremendous fire of musketry grape-shot and shells, crossing in various directions, repaid their audacity. Nothing in war was ever seen more desperate than the exertions of the Egyptians. Failing to force their horses through the French squares, individuals were seen to wheel them round and rein them back on the ranks, that they might disorder them by kicking. As they became frantic with despair, they hurled at the immovable phalanxes, which they could not break, their pistols, their polearms, and their carbines. Those who fell wounded to the ground dragged themselves on to cut at the legs of the French with their crooked sabres. But their efforts were all in vain.

The Mamelukes, after the most courageous efforts to accomplish their purpose, were finally beaten off with great slaughter; and as they could not form or act in squadrons, their retreat became a confused flight. The greater part attempted to return to their camp, from that sort of instinct, as Napoleon termed it, which leads fugitives to retire in the same direction in which they had advanced. By taking this route they placed themselves between the French and the Nile, and the sustained and insupportable fire of the former soon obliged them to plunge into the river, in hopes to escape by swimming to the opposite bank—a desperate effort, in which few succeeded. Their infantry at the same time evacuated their camp without a show of resistance, precipitated themselves into the boats, and endeavored to cross the Nile. Very many of these also were destroyed. The French soldiers long afterwards occupied themselves in fishing for the drowned Mamelukes, upon all whom they could recover. Murat Bey, with a part of his best Mamelukes, escaped the slaughter by a more regular

movement to the left, and retreated by Gizeh into Upper Egypt.

Thus were the great measures destroyed the finest cavalry, considered as individual horsemen, that were ever known to exist. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said Bonaparte, "I would have reckoned myself master of the world."

The destruction of a body hitherto regarded as invincible struck terror, not through Egypt only, but far into Africa and Asia, wherever the Moslem religion prevailed; and the roll of the fire of musketry by which the victory was achieved prepared for Bonaparte the oriental appellation of Sultan Kibri, or King of Fire.

After this combat, which, to render it more striking to the Parisians, Bonaparte termed the "Battle of the Pyramids," Cairo surrendered without resistance. The shattered remains of the Mamelukes who had swam the Nile and united under Ibrahim Bey were compelled to retreat into Syria. A party of three hundred French cavalry ventured to attack them at Salahieh, but were severely handled by Ibrahim Bey and his followers, who, having cut many of them to pieces, pursued their retreat without further interruption.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, &c.

THE EVIDENCE OF AN INFORMER.

(From the Irishman.)

Cruel and deplorable was the murder of Martin Rogers, the process-server at Rathdowney, but its evil would be ineffably prolonged if it tainted the procedure of justice. The hapless man himself might have been alive to-day, had he not obstinately rejected the offers of the police to furnish him with an escort, whilst discharging an odious service. Now care must be taken that no innocent persons suffer.

The Lord Chief Baron noted a blot in the conduct of the prosecution, when he declared that he would not be administering the Habeas Corpus Act in its proper spirit if he granted the application of the Crown, and kept the prisoners in jail, without trial for three months and half longer. The words are inspiring, but sound strange, for the spirit and letter of the Habeas Corpus Act have so often been violated and abused by Parliament that we scarce thought it existed even nominally, in the memory of the judiciary.

The prosecution produced as its principal witness one Andrew Whelan, who avowed that he had several aliases, and asserted that "a man could call him as many names as he liked so long as he only signed his own name." A man of high moral tone, plainly! He professed to be a tailor, and to have once been a process-server. By a curious chance he had been fortunate enough to see the murder done, from behind a ditch. He had visited Rogers, and, on his way back to Freshford he saw two men approach him, along the road. By a strange instinct he turned and fled when he saw these two men, and hid behind a ditch—the instinct he explains as due to his having once been a process-server. Did he always fly and hide when he saw two men walking along a road? Here the two men were joined by three others, whom the timid observer saw from behind the ditch. But, strange of all, the moment he heard a row, a witness stood up and looked in the direction from which the brawl came, and he saw five men beating a man in a lane. These were the five men he had named, including the prisoner. Thus he must have been so near as not only to hear, but to identify each of the five in the lane, and any one of them looking over could identify him, standing upright. The mystery of mysteries is that this man, who fled and concealed himself when two persons apparently ordinary travellers, were approaching along the high-road, should have stood up and exposed himself to the view of five persons, evidently criminals, engaged in a desperate deed of murder!

And yet he adds to this mystery another. After having retained his position until he identified every man, and heard the last words of the fainting victim, he says that he "made his way home as fast as he could towards Freshford, when he saw that the men were moving away, as he feared, if they saw him, they would serve him in the same manner. When they were moving away, he ran away—when they were there, he stood up, erect, looking on, listening, seeing every feature and hearing every word, no close was he. It was only when they went away, that he showed fear!"

For the defence