

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Elements of mischief are at work in Paris, who doubt it? And a conflict between Anarchy and Authority may break out at any time; but we very much doubt if too great an importance is not given to mere vapouring and blustering. The Emperor Napoleon, it appears, had been making preparations against to-morrow on a very large scale. He was expected to leave Compiègne for Paris this very day with a view to be at hand in the Tuileries, in sight of the scene of the anti-anticipated tumult. A great review of the Paris garrison was to be held on the very day of the demonstration, the newly appointed Commander of the Imperial Guard, Marshal Bazaine, a man of well-known energy, doing duty in that capacity for the first time on the occasion. The array of 25,000 men under arms in the Place de la Concorde and in the Champs Elysees would, it was expected, overawe the mutinous spirit of the rabble; precautions, we are told, had gone so far as to 'suspend the sewerage work,' and orders had been given to 'remove carriages and waggons,' with everything else which might be turned to account by barricade builders. On the 26th inst. it was announced, the military were to have the field clear for action; and the Paris garrils had been partly emptied to make room for any arrests which might be the consequence of an attempted outbreak. Such dangers of a violent disturbance as there might really have been are thus, to all appearance, obviated—probably for some time, possibly for ever.—Material order may be guaranteed and society saved by the same means by which similar results were obtained eighteen years ago. But the danger does not wholly lie in popular commotion. There is dissatisfaction elsewhere than in the streets. The hostile elements are still in presence, nor is the strife merely between the Imperial Government and the extreme parties. It was the Emperor himself who began agitation. He it was who, taught by the results of the late elections, admitted the reasonableness of the demands of the Opposition, and met them by the July Message, the Amnesty, and the 'Senatus Consultum.' Can he allow a suspicion to arise that he now sees reason to regret the step he took, and that he deems it possible to retract it? that he pleads the implacable attitude of his democratic adversaries as an argument to resist the wishes of constitutional opponents? that the paltry scuffles at the Folies Belleville and the more deplorable, but not less senseless, disorders at Aubic are considered sufficient to justify the breach of solemn engagements?

The Emperor knows his country and his position too well to fall into any delusion on such points. The anarchy, he must be aware, is not merely in the lower classes of popular rioters; it has reached the ranks of those party men whose business it ought to be to direct public opinion and to control it. It is an anarchy which the Emperor himself has called forth and kept up by his ambiguous utterances and by his wavering resolutions; an anarchy sure to cease the moment France, and her ruler himself, know what the latter really means and wants. Till people know on what ground Napoleon intends to take his stand full scope will be left for passions to run riot, for wrath and confusion to prevail.

It is impossible for us to discover on what principle the Emperor's policy during these last few months has been based. We have no hesitation in acquitting him of deliberate equivocation; we are willing to admit that he acted on upright, generous impulses. But then his besetting uneasiness and his habit of endless wavering and repining have almost spoilt everything. He probably thought he could win all if he could but gain time. Yet what has delay really achieved in his favour? He has created an impression that he meant to take away with his right hand what he had given with his left. He has engendered a belief that he has never acted on a spontaneous impulse, but has only given way to pressure, thus inviting a continuance and an aggravation of that pressure as the surest means of keeping him to his engagement, and carrying him beyond it. He awaited his adversaries on the 26th of October and they disappointed him. What if his adversaries, in their turn, thought their own time would come on the 29th of November? What if they were getting ready for the encounter which they shunned on Tuesday last? Of course the Emperor may have it in his power to bear down all opposition with the strong hand. But a reliance on mere force is scarcely consistent with good policy. It is hardly compatible with public right, even such as is laid down in the Imperial Constitution. The Emperor may be entitled to employ sheer force against dynastic adversaries, but he can never be justified in drawing the sword against constitutional opponents. In a purely constitutional conflict he must seek not the Army's, but the people's support.—Times.

The dreaded 26th has come and gone without any disturbance. The morning was one of pouring rain, but the weather cleared up towards the afternoon. A moderate crowd was assembled in the Place de la Concorde and the quays opposite the Palais Legislatif, but no Opposition Deputy appeared. M. Gagne redeemed his promise, and made a violent speech with his back to the Obelisk, for which he was rewarded by coppers and the laughter of the crowd; while the Emperor showed himself by taking a walk on the terrace of the garden of the Tuileries, where he found shelter from the rain, and was loudly cheered. There was no demonstration of force on the part of the Government, and the day went off in a manner creditable to the good sense of both parties. It is to be hoped that a new era has begun, and that the growing sense of power experienced by Constitutional reformers will gradually throw into discredit the more brutal forms of procedure.—Tablet.

The Courier de la Sarthe publishes the following proclamation, which was posted on the walls of Boulogne in 1848, at the time the future Napoleon III. came from England to assume the position of representative of the people which had at last been confided to him by the electors of several departments:— 'Fellowmen! My Dear Fellow Citizens—I have come to respond to the appeal which you have made to me as a glorious one, and I shall know how to fulfil it. Full of gratitude for the affection you manifest toward me I bring you my whole life, my whole soul

They belong to you, as did the life and soul of that man whose glory, the inheritance of us all, has by its exhibition pointed out for your sufferings my devotion, hitherto condemned to obscurity, but which I shall know how to render conspicuous if ever danger should threaten our common country.—Brothers and citizens, it is not a pretender whom you receive into your midst. I have not meditated in exile to no purpose. A pretender is a calamity. I shall never be ungrateful—never a malefactor. It is a sincere and ardent democratic reformer that I come before you. I call to witness the mighty shade of the man of the age, as I solemnly make these promises: I will be, as I always have been, the child of France. In every Frenchman I shall always see a brother. The rights of every one shall be my rights. The democratic republic shall be the object of my worship. I will be its priest. Never will I seek to clothe myself in the imperial purple. Let my heart be withered within my breast on the day when I forget what I owe to you and to France. Let my lips be forever closed if I ever pronounce a word, a blasphemy, against the republican sovereignty of the French people. Let me be accused on the day when I allow the propagation, under my name, of doctrines contrary to the democratic principles which ought to direct the government of the republic. Let me be condemned to the pillory on that day when, a criminal and a traitor I shall dare to lay a sacrilegious hand on the rights of the people—whether by fraud, with its consent, or by force and violence against it. Believe me as I have faith in you. Let one cry issue from all our breasts, as a prayer addressed to heaven.

Vive a jamais la Republique!

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

I need scarcely tell you the impression created in Rome by the announcement that the Emperor Eugene is to spend three days at Naples with the Princess Margaret, on her return from Sicily, but that she will in no case compromise the Empire in the eyes of the Revolution by visiting our Holy Father. There is a report this evening that a new Ministry is imminent in France and that M. de Lavalette is to return to the direction of foreign affairs, which would be very ill received by the Catholic party in France, as well as at the Vatican.

In reply to a recent article in a London newspaper, expressing apprehension of a secret entente between France and Russia, the Patrie contains the following:— 'The Government of the Emperor does not want war, and has no desire to enter into any adventurous enterprise. Satisfied with our pacific relations with the different nations of Europe, we endeavor neither to disturb those relations nor to endeavor in any particular way more intimate. We wish, in the interest of the peace of the world, to see Prussia and Austria, Count Bismark and Count Bentz, live together on good terms.'

PARIS, Nov. 11. Armand Barbes, an eminent Radical politician who has been an exile for many years, has returned to France and it is reported that he is now in Paris.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE 'PAYS.'—The 'Pays,' 'Journal de l'Empire,' has been coming out with some savage criticism on the cousin of the Emperor. Having been taken to task by the 'Journal de Paris' for its irreverence towards one 'who might possibly one day ascend the throne as Napoleon IV.,' M. Paul de Cassagnac professes that the cause of the Emperor and that of the Prince are, as far as he is concerned, two very different affairs. Hereditary succession is checked by universal suffrage, and if the Prince presented himself for acceptance, he would meet with an unanimous refusal. 'We love the Emperor Napoleon,' says M. de Cassagnac, 'because he has every kind of courage, every kind of generosity, and every mark of greatness, and France loves him because he satisfies her two only aspirations—for religion, and for glory; because he will maintain the Pope, and because he will give us the Rhine. But the other—France will not recognize because she knows him—ne le reconait pas, parce qu'elle le connait.' Upon this the 'Figaro' comes forward and asks M. de Cassagnac what line he would take if 'in consequence of two successive misfortunes,' Prince Napoleon should become Emperor. M. de Cassagnac is not at a loss. He replies that he would bow before the national will, if the national will demanded it of him, but would 'preserve his sympathy for the past, and his antipathy for the present.' In the next place he would endeavor to impart to the new sovereign the military tastes which his race and name appear to M. de Cassagnac imperatively to demand, which would be added, he occupies sufficiently laborious to fill the rest of his existence. The 'Journal Officiel' has of course expressed its reprobation of the article. M. de Cassagnac has just been fined 100 francs for fighting a duel, but his pugnacity is irrepresible, and no has another weapon quite as sharp as the small sword, as these articles abundantly prove.

SPAIN. MADRID, Nov. 18.—It is rumored that a letter has been received by the Government from General Dulce, exposing the intrigues of high personages with the Duke of Montpensier. The latter also warns the Government that the Unionists will appeal to arms if the Duke is not accepted as the candidate for the throne.

The suppression of the Republican insurrection does not seem to have done much for the party which remains in possession of the field. The victors are beginning to squabble seriously among themselves. It is said that the Committee of Management which was appointed to report on the several knotty questions which demand solution, is farther than ever from arriving at an agreement. These points are, first and foremost, the choice of a King, then the contemplated attack upon the Church, by reducing the number of the 'sees by one half, and last not least, the question of the estimates. As regards the vacant Crown, the candidature of the Duke of Geneva appears to be definitely thrown aside as hopeless. The only two names now before the public are those of the Duke de Montpensier and King Dom Fernando of Portugal.

ITALY. PENNINO.—The social and political condition of Italy is unsatisfactory, and even the army is stated to be less efficient than formerly.—Times.

A FINE CURIOUS, &c.—Mgr. Salomone, Archbishop of Palermo has been condemned to a fine in the Court of Assizes for his Pastoral Letter on the Council, on a charge of exciting the people against the Government. A farmer of Calvariate, in the Milanese, has been denounced to the tribunals for having made a collection from house to house for the redemption of clerics from the conscription. Mgr. Milazzo, Vicar Capitular of Monreale and the parish priest of Piano dei Greci, have been condemned to three months imprisonment for having dispensed and married a couple under ecclesiastical impediments, in opposition to the excommunicated priest, Cirino Rinaldi.

The Lombardia tells us that the Prefecture of Milan, whilst announcing that it cannot prevent the formation of the association for the redemption of the Clerical Conscription, recommends the subordinate authorities and the Syndic to take measures for preventing the subscription for the Clergy from being carried on by visits from house to house. Sixty of this the One of Calvariate and a certain farmer of that place began a collection after the prohibited manner. They have been denounced to the judicial authority.

Rome.—His Holiness, by the accounts of those about him, is in excellent health and spirits. Day after day, he receives the reports of Theologians and Prefects of Congregations regarding the Council, as well as a great number of lay visitors who can scarcely hope for audiences after the meeting of the Council.

JOURNALISM DOWN SOUTH

SKETCH OF A TENNESSEE "JEFFERSON BUCK."—WHAT HE WROTE AND DID.—BOWEN KNIVES AND ARTICLES, PISTOLS AND PARAGRAPHS, &c., &c.

The following is from the pen of Mark Twain, of the Buffalo Express, and gives the reader an exaggerated but tolerably fair idea of the pleasures and perils of journalism in some of the little towns in the South Western States:—

The editor of the Memphis Avalanche swoops thus mildly down upon a correspondent who posted him as a radical: 'While he was writing the first word, dotting his i's, crossing his t's, and punctuating his period, he knew he was concocting a sentence that was saturated with infamy and reeking with falsehood.—Exchange.

I was told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee and got a berth on the Morning Glory and Johnson County War-Whop, an associate editor. When I went out duty I found the chief editor tilted back in a three legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room, and another office chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscripts. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and 'id soldiers,' and a stove with the door banging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long-tailed black frock coat on, and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffid shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern and a checkered handkerchief with the ends hanging down. Date of costume about 1848. He was smoking a cigar and trying to think of a word. And in trying to think of a word, and in pawing his hair for it, he had crumpled his locks a good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press,' condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest. I wrote the 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press.'

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration or destruction. He glanced at it and his face clouded. He ran his eye down the page, and his countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and said:

'Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of these titles that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such gruel as that? Give me the pen!'

I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plough through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of his ear.

'Ab,' said he 'that is that second of Smith, of the Moral Volcano—he was due yesterday.' And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second chance, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off.

Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them a hand-grenade came down the stove pipe and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

'That stove is utterly ruined,' said the chief editor.

I said I believed it was.

'Well, no matter—don't want it this kind of weather. I know the man that did it. I'll get him. Now here is the way this stuff ought to be written.'

I took the manuscript. It was scarted with erasures and interlineations till its mother wouldn't have known it, if it had one. It now read as follows: 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press.'

'That ass, Blossom of the Higginsville Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom, is down here again bawling his board at the Van Bu on.

We observe that the besotted blackguard of the Mud Spring Morning Howl is giving out with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Weter is not elected.'

'Blathersville wants a Nicholson pavement—it wants a jail and a poor house more. The idea of a pavement in a one horse town with two great mills and a blacksmith shop in it, and that mustard plaster of a newspaper, the Daily Hurrah!'

'That degraded ruffian Bascom, of the Dying Shriek for Liberty, fell down and broke his leg yesterday—ply it wasn't his neck. He says it was debility caused by overwork and anxiety.' It was debility caused by trying to log six gallons of forty rod whisky around town when his tide is only gauged for four, and anxiety about where he was going to bum another six. He fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun! And well he might say that—but if he would walk straight he would get just as far and not have to walk half as much. For years the pure air of this town has been rendered perilous by the deadly breath of this perambulating pestilence which palpy blast, this steaming, animated tank of mendacity, gin and profanity, this Bascom! Perish all such from out the sacred and majestic mission of journalism!'

'Now this is the way to write—peppery and to the point. Mush and milk journalism gives me the fan-tods.'

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the middle of the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way. The chief said:

'That was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up, now, right away.'

He was correct. The 'Colonel' appeared in the door about afterward, with a dragon revolver in each hand. He said:

'Sir, have I the honor of addressing the white-livered poltroon who edits this maagzy sheet?'

'You have, pray be seated, Sir—be careful of the chair, one of the legs is gone. I believe I have the pleasure of addressing the blatant, black bearded scoundrel, Colonel Blatherskite, Tecumseh?'

'The same. I have a little account to settle with you if you are at leisure, we will begin.'

I have an article in the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin!'

Both pistols rang out their fierce clamor at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended his career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat and assured me I was not in the way. I had thought differently up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops awhile, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked with fine humor, that he would have to say good morning, now, as he had business up town. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's and left. The chief turned to me and said:

I am expecting company to dinner and shall have to get ready. It will be a favor to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers.' I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers but I was too bewildered by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say. He continued: Jones will be here at 3. Cowhide him. Gillespie

will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window Ferguson will be along about 4—kill him! That is all for to day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rate. The cowhides are under the table, weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Lancon, the surgeon, down stairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade.

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness had gone from me. Gillespie had called, and threw me out of the window, Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding, he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thomson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel. I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. They ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window.

In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that decorated the floor around us. He said:

'You'll like this place when you get used to it.' I said:

'I'll have to get you to excuse me. I think maybe I might write to suit you, after a while, as soon as I had some practice and learned the language—I am confident I could. But to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that yourself.'

I came South for my health—I will go back on the same errand, and suddenly. Tennessee journalism is too stirring for me.' After which, we parted, with mutual regrets, and I took apartments at the hospital.

Unchangeable fragrance constitutes the cardinal excellence of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. The flowers from which it is expressed bloom and fade, but their essence, drawn from them in their prime, when every calyx is a center full of nature's richest incense, is embalmed beyond the reach of change in this extraordinary perfume. Other odorous waters undergo many variations of aroma as they fade into insipidity, but Murray & Lanman's Florida Water passes through no such gradations. As it is when sprinkled upon the handkerchief or garment, so it remains, delicate, refreshing and delightful, to the last. As there are counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water prepared by Lanman & Kemp, New York.

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HAIR VIGOR. In common with many others we have felt a lively interest in the investigations which Dr. Ayer has been making to discover the causes of fall-out of the hair, and to provide a remedy. His researches are said to have been much more thorough and exhaustive than any ever made before. The result is now before us under the name of Ayer's Hair Vigor. We have given it a trial, and with full satisfaction. It equals our most favorable anticipations. Our gray hairs have disappeared, or resumed their original color; and a visible crop of soft, silken hair has started on a part of the scalp which was entirely bald. [Democrat, Abingdon, Va.

TO THE HEIRS OF DISEASE.—When the subtle poison of scrofula has clung like a curse to a family for generations, a course of Bristol's Sarsaparilla will cut off the entail, and stop the further progress of the hereditary taint. It effects an entire change in the infected blood as it the veins and arteries had been supplied with a new fluid, pure and uncontaminated. This fact is attested by the almost immediate cessation of every variety of ulcers, eruptive, and tumorous malady, under its disinfecting, healing, re-productive operation. Disease thus arrested never returns. The chemical principle which the antidote carries with it into the blood-vessels, in the process of assimilation, neutralizes the morbid element in the corpuscles of the blood, and the cure is therefore fundamental and complete.

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CIRCULAR. MONTREAL, May, 1867. THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, POOK, HAMS, LARD, SERRAVAL, DATES, FRESH DRESSED SALES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada. Orders respectfully solicited. Prompt re-

turns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, McFati & Co, and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

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J. B. PURELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati. Cincinnati, August 5, 1869.

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Rev. W. H. HILL, S. J., President of St. Xavier College. Cincinnati, Aug. 10, 1869. 4m5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of A. NORMANDIN, An insolvent. ON the twentieth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above act.

A. NORMANDIN, By T. & O. De LORMIERE, His Attornies ad litem. Montreal 13th October, 1869. 1m10

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of ADOLPHE COUVRETTE, An Insolvent. Notice is hereby given that on the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock, or as soon as Counsel can be heard the undersigned will apply to the said Court to obtain his discharge under the above Act.

ADOLPHE COUVRETTE, per MOUSSEAU & DAY D. His Attornies ad litem. Montreal, 8th Sept. 1869. 2m5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of ROSE BOUGRETTE DUFORT, wife of Hyacinthe Bousseau, An Insolvent. Notice is hereby given that on the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock, or as soon as Counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for her discharge under the above Act.

ROSE BOUGRETTE DUFORT, per LEBLANC & CASSIDY, Her Attornies ad litem. Montreal, 8th Sept. 1869. 2m5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of MOISE TERRIAULT, Undertaker of the City and District of Montreal, Insolvent. NOTICE is hereby given that on the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon as counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act and amendments thereto.

MOISE TERRIAULT. Montreal, 1st October 1869.