

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The London Times thus comments on the finding of the Bassine Court Martial:—

It is well that the sentence passed upon Marshal Bazaine should be commuted, but it was most necessary that it should have been pronounced. The Judges at the Trianon have solemnly declared, as the result of their prolonged and careful inquiry, after hearing evidence on both sides and all that the ingenuity and eloquence of the advocate of the accused could urge in his favor, that Marshal Bazaine did not do and did not attempt to do all that was possible in the interest of France, that he failed altogether in singleness of devotion to his country, that he suffered opportunities to slip away and the means of harassing the enemy to be neglected, while he parleyed with the invader, and listened to political suggestions from emissaries whose approach he should have instantly repelled. It is admitted by the Marshal himself that he felt no difficulty in receiving the visits of Regnier, the volunteer or pretended messenger of the exiled Empress—that he willingly listened to his proposals.—But a soldier's first duty is to the Government of his country, and if he finds this obligation inconsistent with the observance of any higher law, he must put off at once the character and authority of a soldier. He cannot retain power and command, and then abstain from using them with the utmost effect against the enemies of the nation, without subjecting himself to trial by the authorities of the nation for traitorous conduct while at the head of her army.

The plain truth is that Marshal Bazaine was double-dealing from the moment he heard of the change of Government at Paris. Whatever may have been the state of his mind before, he had thenceforth no heart in the discharge of his duty. It is possible that he never distinctly put before himself the plan of action he was manoeuvring to pursue. It is characteristic of such natures as his appears to be to allow themselves to drift with apparent unconsciousness into a position where there shall be no choice left them but to adopt the course they have all along been desirous of following; but it is not too much to say, when the truth is searched out, that it was Marshal Bazaine's plan to husband the force he had under him at Metz so that he might use it not so much in fighting against the Germans as in subduing other enemies after an agreement had been made with the Germans. Some confused notion of Dumouriez's policy may have haunted his memory, without the warning thought that Dumouriez expiated his fault in exile. Perhaps he may have read how Monk brought back the son of a deposed race, but did not remember that England was engaged in no war with an enemy when Monk achieved the Restoration, and that Monk did not use for his purpose the powers confided to him for the repulse of invaders. Those Frenchmen who are distressed at the public unveiling before a military tribunal of the double-dealing of a Marshal of France may find a healthy consolation in the fact, which has also been made public, that Bazaine stood almost, if not absolutely, alone. It must always be remembered, to the infinite credit of the illustrious lady now living in widowed seclusion at Chiselhurst, that she would have nothing to do with the combinations to which the officious Regnier had so easily procured the assent of the Marshal.—"Fight, and fight on, with the cause of France, and that of France only, in your mind;" was the spirit of her answer. Undeceived by the sophistries of personal interest, she saw at once, with womanly instinct, the path of honor.

MARSHAL BAZAINE'S LETTER TO HIS COUNSEL.—NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—A Paris despatch says Marshal Bazaine's last act before leaving for the island of Sainte Marguerite, in banishment, was to write to his eloquent defender, saying, "I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the heroic efforts you have made to sustain my cause. If the accents of the highest eloquence which you have drawn from the sentiment of truth and from the devotion of your noble heart could not convince my judges, it was because they could not be convinced at all, for in your admirable speech you have surpassed human effort. I shall not appeal. I do not desire to prolong before the entire world the spectacle of so painful a struggle, and I beg you to take no steps whatever in my favour. I no longer demand to be judged by men. It is from time and the calming of public passions that I hope for my justification. I await firmly and resolutely—strong in my own conscience, which approaches me for nothing—the execution of the sentence.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—The Commission on the project of a submarine tunnel between France and England held a sitting to-day. Many delegates, engineers, &c., were present, and the meeting was unanimously of opinion that the establishment of a submarine railway between the two countries should be declared to be a matter of public utility. The English engineer, Mr. Lowe, advocates a counter-scheme. The Commissioners have terminated their labours.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.—The Union contradicts, in the following terms, the report of the Comte de Chambord's journey to Pau and Lourdes:—"We have not thought it worth while to contradict the rumours hawked about by certain letter-writers concerning pretended journeys taken by the Comte de Chambord in the South of France. Some of the less frivolous journals appear to take in a serious light this romance of pure imagination. We are in a position to declare that the whole is mere invention. The Comte has returned to his chateau of Frohsdorf."

SPAIN.

AN IRONLAD FIRED BY A SHELL.—MADRID, Jan. 1.—On Tuesday night a shell from besieging batteries set fire to the insur-

gent ironlad Tehuan in the harbour of Cartagena. After burning for three hours the fire reached the magazine, which exploded with tremendous force, damaging the vessel.

MADRID, Dec. 31.—There is a complete rupture between Castelar and Senor Salmeron, President of the Cortes; there is some excitement in Madrid, but the success of the Government in the Cortes is considered certain.

A despatch from Madrid reports that the situation in the city is serious.

ITALY.

AN EDIFYING REPENTANCE.—Some thirteen years ago grievous scandal and no little sorrow were caused in Rome by the sad apostasy of Monsignor Liverani, a Canon of the Basilica of St. Mary Major. He left the Eternal City about that time and proceeded to Florence, where he published, in a bulky volume, a series of false and mischievous attacks upon the Holy See, its Court, and its venerable head. The book was noticed and most ably refuted at the time in the Civiltà Cattolica. He became a prominent teacher in the self-styled "liberal" school of theology and politics in Italy, and shared the honors with Passaglia and other unhappy wanderers from the unity of the Church. By God's grace, the erring pastor has been stirred into remorse, and he has gone back to the Sacred City to make reparation for the past. He has written a letter to the Holy Father, whom he so falsely and so bitterly reviled, and asked from him a pardon, which, we need not say, the merciful heart and hand of Pius IX. have not refused. He is going through a course of penitential exercises with the Passionist Fathers in Rome, and is giving unbounded consolation and edification by the sincerity and the severities of his atonement.—Dublin Freeman.

GERMANY.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—LONDON, Dec. 30.—A special despatch from Berlin to the Daily Telegraph says the project to make Crown Prince Frederick William Regent has been abandoned, in consequence of improvement in health of the Emperor William.

Prince Bismarck has just met with a check. He had undertaken, says Galvani, to obtain the adoption by foreign powers of German as the language of negotiations. He had not hitherto endeavored to impose it officially, but had confined himself to semi-official propositions by his agents. He has just himself commenced the struggle. He sent a note in German to Prince Gortschakoff, who replied in Russian. As the Emperor William's Prime Minister does not understand that language, he had to send for a translator, and opposition journals of Berlin state that he was much irritated at the result of his experiment.

PIO NONO.—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

Among the bands of prisoners brought from the field of Mentana by the Papal Zouaves and their French allies, was an old hazel-eyed, slim and sinewy veteran, named Giuseppe Critoni. He looked more like a bandit than a soldier, and he wore the red shirt of the Garibaldians. He was well known among the rebels, and he was feared by the Papal gendarmes as a very dangerous man. He had been in Rome previous to the disturbances of 1848, plotting in favour of the revolutionists, and on many occasions since that memorable year, he had acted a spy for Mazzini and Garibaldi. Critoni had a charmed life, so far as escaping keen and crafty policemen is concerned. He never was arrested until after the Papal victory at Mentana. In 1866 he narrowly escaped the clutches of Alberto Massullo, the shrewdest detective in the service of His Holiness, by putting on the disguise of a mendicant friar. Critoni was a native of Viterbo, and in his boyhood he played with and loved one Mastai Ferretti, whom the veteran rebel often in later years called the most noble and gentle of boys. Critoni and this boy often practised sword-exercise together, and they became somewhat familiar with the use of the rapier and broadsword. Critoni's chum being remarkable for his devotion of religious duties, his parents had sent him to an ecclesiastical training school, while Critoni himself went to Ancona and joined his father in the banking business. After a lapse of over a decade of years Critoni visited his native city, and when he asked for Mastai Ferretti, was informed that he had entered into holy orders and was then a curate in one of the parishes of Viterbo. The meeting of the two former playmates was as ardently enthusiastic as two Southern Italians could make it. Critoni had not been many days at Viterbo when he was seized with small-pox, which was prevalent there during his stay. In a critical state of his malignant disease, Critoni sent for the curate, Mastai Ferretti, who, after administering the rites of the church, enrolled him in the order of the "Seven Dolours," a pious institution, established in honor of the seven great afflictions which the Catholic church attributes to the Mother of Christ. The members of the order wear two black scapulars, suspended from a cord worn around the neck and inside the clothes. It was this badge the curate, Mastai Ferretti, placed upon Giuseppe Critoni's neck, after having enrolled him a member of the "Sette Dolori." Critoni recovered and went back to Ancona, promising ever to retain the sacred insignia of the order to which he belonged. Time rolled on, and Mastai Ferretti went as a missionary to South America. Hence the intercourse of the rebel and the priest ended for over forty years. In turns, Critoni became a bankrupt broker, a journalist, a school-master, and a revolutionist. In the last named profession he remained till he died.

When on a rainy, spring evening in 1867, the Papal and French soldier had marched in triumph through the Porta di Popolo and the Corso, greeted by the cheers of the papalini, while lovely flowers were showered from the adjoining windows, the most important of the prisoners, among whom Giuseppe Critoni was first, were brought under De Charette's charge, to the dungeons of Castle St Angelo. Before nightfall, a special courier from the Pope brought orders to the officer in charge of the castle to grant the prisoners every privilege that prudence would allow. Consequently, the nauseous food and sour wine, usually supplied to the incarcerated in the dingy cells of St. Angelo, were substituted by good fare and wine of a generous flavor. On the second day of his confinement, Giuseppe Critoni became seriously ill. In a few days an indubitable case of typhus fever developed itself, and the physician advised that the patient be removed to the Santo Spirito hospital, an institution founded by Pius IX. When His Holiness had heard of Giuseppe Critoni's arrest, he seemed uncommonly interested in the news—an old feeling seemed aroused within him. Critoni recovered, and was sent back to Castle St. Angelo. Confinement again told on the old rebel's constitution, and a relapse of the dreadful fever ensued. This time the veteran's heart fell. He knew that death was upon him, and the chaplain

approached his bedside more frequently than usual. The night upon which Giuseppe was warned that his hours were briefly numbered, the officer on duty in Castle Angelo was informed by the sentinel that two priests demanded entrance into the prison. As neither of them could give the pass word of the night, the sentinel referred them to this officer.

"Have them searched and then closely questioned by the corporal of the guard, was the officer's direction." The clergymen were searched, but no revelations of a treasonable nature were brought to light. The officer, coming forward, inquired upon what ground they sought access to the prison at that hour. One of the priests, a corpulent and grey-haired old man, said that they had come to visit Giuseppe Critoni, who lay at the point of death. The mention of the old rebel's name by a priest at such an hour was suspicious, and the officer bluntly refused admittance. The younger of the priests then said: "I am here in the name of His Holiness the Pope. He gave me permission, in person, to enter the prison to-night." The officer replied that in such troubled times as those a verbal permit was not valid.

"And by whose authority are you here?" the officer asked the old grey-haired priest.

"On the authority which the holy church has given me." The officer was confused by the indefinite answer, and insisted that the parley should end, declaring that his orders were such that he could not converse unnecessarily with unknown priests or laymen who came to the gates of the castle, after the hour of "Ave Maria," unprovided with the parole and an order from the General-in-Chief, or the Pope. The old, grey-haired clergyman then requested the officer to give him a sheet of paper, which was duly furnished. The old man, placing the paper on the door of the guardhouse, wrote: Pass the Pope and Monsignor Moriassi, Pope Pius (In propria persona.)

The officer read the communication, and stood confounded. The Pope raised his hat, the moon beamed down on his silvery locks and handsome face. There was no doubt. The officer fell on his knees and begged the holy father to spare him the disgrace and penalty which his insolence deserved. The officer was not only excused, but promoted the next day. More like a poor priest from Piedmont, than the lord of the Vatican, Pio Nino, with Moriassi, passed into the room where Giuseppe Critoni, the rebel lay dying. They confronted each other—each the dearest companion of the other's youth, who were playmates at a time when their destinies were unknown, and when their prospects on the life-path seemed equal. One was now Pius IX., Pope of Rome; the other, Giuseppe Critoni, the most trusted adherent of Mazzini and Garibaldi, that Pope's arch enemies. But Pius IX. was not the man to consider these things at that moment, for his heart being as open and liberal as his purse, he could not forget the associations of his childhood, and recollections which no man can be worthy without revering.

"Do you remember me, Giuseppe?" asked the Pope, while he grasped the thin, sinewy wrist of the dying revolutionist. The raving was over, and the calm which precedes death, had set in. Giuseppe, looking up, said: "A priest, but I do not know you."

"It is, indeed too long for you to remember my face," said the Pope of Rome. "Do you recollect Giuseppe, that in Viterbo, more than 40 years ago you knew a boy named Mastai Ferretti?"

The old rebel strove to raise upon his pillow, and, opening wide his flickering eyes, he exclaimed: "Where is Mastai Ferretti—Pio Nino—il papa?"

"He is here, Giuseppe. I am he, and I wish you to speak to me. The dying man pressed the Pope's hand, and then fumbled his shirt, as if searching for something on his bosom. At last he clutched something, and gasped: "Mastai!"

The Pope looked down and found between the rebel's fingers a scapular of the Seven Dolours. The promise had been kept nearly half a century, and tears rolled down the venerable Pontiff's cheeks.—The last words of the dying rebel were: "Not against you, Mastai, not you," which meant that it was not against the Pope, but papacy that he had taken up arms.—Appleton's Journal.

BOSTON SCHOOLS INFERIOR TO THOSE OF AUSTRIA.—Boston has been proud of nothing so much as of her schools and school system, and that justly, as compared with the schools of this country; but her honest pride has been taken down a little by the report of Mr. Philbrick, our superintendent of schools lately returned from a European tour of observation. He spent four months in Vienna, and visited also the schools of Dresden, Munich, Prague, Berlin, Brussels, &c. On the whole he regards the Austrian system of education as most advanced, and worthy of imitation. Her schools are graded from the lowest primary up to Middle, Real, Gymnasial, Polytechnic, and the University. So high is the standard, that one cannot become a teacher without attainments seldom thought necessary for a college professor in this country. But the severest task of fitting for such a position, Mr. Philbrick says, is made an object by Government, which pays liberally, and in case of death the family is guaranteed a pension equal to the salary, and at the end of thirty years the teacher may retire with a pension equal to his salary. Educational buildings are on the same grand scale, one of high grade built five years ago, costing \$500,000, and another of subordinate grade \$300,000. So it has come to pass that Austria, but a few years ago buried deeper under papal superstition and ignorance than any other European country, now leads them all, and perhaps America too, in educational enlightenment and progress. The most perfect model of a school-house Mr. Philbrick found in Sweden, though its furniture was not equal to that of Boston manufacture.—N. Y. Evangelist.

LETTER FROM A PASSENGER OF THE VILLE DU HAVRE.—NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The Tribune to-morrow will publish a second letter from Randolph A. Withaus, one of the passengers on the ill-fated ville du Havre, to his father in this city. He writes as follows:—"In my last I gave you a sketch of my experience in connection with the sinking of the Ville du Havre. I will now give you my opinions concerning the cause of the accident, &c. From all that I can gather from the officers, I conclude that the blame rests entirely with the officer on watch on the steamer, whose duty it was to get out of the Loch Earn's way, and it appears instead of doing this he did the very opposite—altering the course of the steamer so as to run right across the bows of the Loch Earn, at least so says the officer who was on watch on the latter boat at the time of the collision. In any case it is an acknowledged rule at sea that a steamer is bound to get out of the way of sailing vessels and as the night was magnificently clear and calm, the accident can only have occurred through some inexcusable blunder of those in charge of the steamer. After the accident, if it can be so called, had occurred and while the ship was sinking, the officers and crew behaved in the most cowardly manner, the latter I know, and the former I believe, looking out for themselves and leaving women and children to look out for themselves. The only exception I saw being the doctor, Mr. Audinot, whom I saw three or four minutes before the ship went down, going below. I told him he would not have time to get up again, to which he answered that he must look after those who were crushed in their state rooms. He never came up again. A significant fact, and one needing no comment, is that not a single passenger was taken from the sinking ship by the boats, all being picked up in the water, while at least 20 of the officers and crew reached the Loch Earn without as much as the soles of their shoes wet. Of Captain Surmont's conduct I know nothing. Those who saw him spoke well of him, and I do not

think that he is directly to blame for the collision, although he is to blame for not having the crew under better discipline, and for not having his boats in a condition to be lowered. In great contrast with the demoralized condition of the crew was the calmness of the passengers, even women and children.

RELIGION AND REASON.—In this age of intellectual progress, it seems to be the general tendency of sectarianism to confound religion with reason, or else to make reason the guide which must lead religion blindfold to its final destination. Both biblical and profane history furnish us with ample proofs of the excesses into which such rash and false conclusions have led men of every age, from the very dawn of creation down to this so-called rational Nineteenth century. Even the angels came in for their share. Lucifer became puffed up about his intellectual powers and Adam reasoned to see whether he should eat the apple or not, and he fell dragging the whole human race into misery along with him. Since his time, many of his children have but too faithfully copied his example, and made extensive improvements on the pattern. Not to speak of the countless multitudes and nations who gradually merged off into idolatry, and thence into the lowest depths of degradation, we can come down almost to our own times, and see a whole nation fall from the highest pinnacle of human glory, and become one of the basest of kingdoms—and all under the guidance of reason. We see Voltaire, Rousseau, and Payne heralding reason to the world; and all France following at their heels, hastens to obliterate every vestige and landmark of Christianity. Stately churches, are reduced to ruins, priests, monks, and nuns butchered without pity, and all, either calling on, or suspected of calling on the name of Christ, are tortured, slaughtered or banished. Then comes the grand tableau. On the very altar, and in the place of the living God, they plant a denuded female as the goddess of reason, to become the object of popular veneration. This is a specimen of what reason will lead to, if left entirely to itself. It must go hand in hand with religion and be guided by it. Reason is as incapable of taking the place of religion as religion is to occupy that of reason. Man's final end is supernatural, and as the means must be proportionate to the end, in order to obtain their effect, we must conclude, that man must employ supernatural means to work out the end for which he was created. Now, the supernatural is entirely above the grasp of reason, and hence the hand-book of salvation must come from another source. This hand-book is religion, given to men by God Himself, that they may at length come to Him, and reign with Him in His Kingdom. Religion, then is the guide we must follow if we wish to obtain the end for which we were created. Religion must be mistress of the house and reason her house-maid.

ANCIENT BEAUTY.—Among the novel thoughts which we meet in Miss Bremer's volumes for the first time, the following is curious, and will somewhat surprise those who have exalted notions of Greek and Roman beauty:—"I derived the following impression from the Galleria di Firenze. The ideal of beauty was high among the Greeks and Romans; but their actual humanity, at least what we see of it, as represented in their historical characters, is far below the ideal, and even below the standard which is general among us at the present day. The heroes of antiquity, the wise men and emperors, are most frequently very ugly men, often extremely repulsive. The women, the Julias, Faustinas, etc., with few exceptions, in the highest degree of an ordinary character, from simple beauty to pure ugliness. Among the wise men of the Greeks, Plato is the only one who has a noble and a fine forehead; among the warriors, Alcibiades; but even this head is deficient in the higher, nobler character; among the rulers, Alexander the Great; among the Roman emperors, the eye rests gladly on the handsome and mild countenance of Augustus, and that of Antonius Pius might belong to a noble Christian ascetic; in the features of Marcus Aurelius we observe a calm beauty, but the forehead is broad rather than lofty, and the expression lacks depth and elevation. These, and two other great men among the Romans, are exceptions in the great multitude of heads of emperors and military commanders, many of whom are actually caricatures of humanity, although evidently excellent portraits. Such are Marius, Sylla, Claudius, Caracalla, etc. From all of this it is clear to me that the human race, at least the Christian portion of it, has not, since this time, deteriorated, but, on the contrary, considerably increased in the beauty of harmonious structure of the human frame. The form of the head has especially undergone a change; for in the people of antiquity, the forehead and upper portion of the head was low, in particular among the Romans, with whom the head has a square build, broad rather than high. Among the modern civilized nations, the arch of the skull is considerably higher, so likewise the forehead; the opening of the eye is also larger, and the whole countenance has a more beautiful rounding and lovelier proportion, especially among the women. Must it not be so? A higher spirituality has taken up its abode in the human race. Must it not, therefore, form for itself a dwelling in harmony therewith? The ideal has descended into reality, and has elevated it to a resemblance to itself.

What can be done to save our young men? "Pray for them," says one. "Invite them to attend the social meetings of the Church," says another. Yes, we answer, but is this sufficient? Does not this problem we have to deal with, require active effort and wisely directed planning and expenditure? The lights in the billiard-saloons and the bar-rooms burn brilliantly every night, while the dark shadows of the closed churches fall across the path of the young man, who is forced in his loneliness to spend his leisure hours outside the cheerless boarding house, that at the best is a poor substitute for a home. The influences that have six days in which to gain a hold will not be broken by the seventh. Perhaps it is impossible to use even a portion of the church buildings for the purpose of a reading room and library, that shall offer a welcome every evening to all who may choose to enter, but it is possible to secure such rooms elsewhere. Let it be done at once. This is a practical way of doing good that will meet the approbation of the better part of the Community. Go, especially, to those who employ young men in their stores and factories. If wise, they know that it is money in their pockets to aid such organizations. Late hours in dissipation break down mind and body. Sin costs, and the beginning of dishonesty and defalcations can usually be traced back to misspent evenings. Indirectly, if not directly, employers have to pay largely for running these haunts of sin that meet us on every side of our cities and villages, and they are glad to assist in these enterprises that will attract their employees away from these places. It is a good sign to see so many of our large manufacturing corporations making provisions for opening reading rooms and libraries that shall be free to all. Where this is not done, a few earnest workers will find it easy to start the enterprise, and reap the rich reward that comes from opening doors that may lead young men into paths of usefulness.—De la Salle Monthly.

It is said that the word panic arose out of the battle of Marathon. In that immortal fight a mere handful of Greeks encountered an infinite host of Persians and put them to utter rout. How did they do it? The Persians were smitten by the god Pan with a sudden caseless and extreme fright. They lost their wits; and that state of things took its name from the god who produced it.

Lord Houghton adds the following to the long list of Sydney Smith's jokes:—Of Lord Macaulay he said that "Macaulay not only overflowed with learning; but stood in the slop." And here is a pretty compliment to his friends Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuff: "Ah, there you are, the cuff that every one would wear; the tie that no one would lose."

The University of Edinburgh, which was founded by James VI., has a library of over one hundred thousand volumes, and one of the finest museums of natural history in Scotland.

During an affray in a bar-room in Washington, D. C., on the night of Dec. 29, a German shot at three roughs, who were beating his wife, but missed them and killed his wife.

ASTHMATIC BRONCHITIS, OF NINE YEARS' STANDING, CURED BY THE SYRUP.

ST. JOHN, N. B., August 11, 1869.
MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.—DEAR SIR: I consider it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have received from the use of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I have been, for the last nine years, a great sufferer from Bronchitis and Asthma, at times so ill that for weeks I could neither lie down or take any nourishment of consequence, and during the time suffering intensely. I have had, at different times, the advice of twenty-two physicians.

The least exposure to either damp or draught was sure to result in a severe attack of my disease. Finding no relief from all the medicines I had taken, I concluded to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and have great reason to thank God for the result. I have, in all, taken twelve bottles, and now I feel as strong and well as ever I felt in my life, and for the last year have had not one moment's sickness, and neither does dampness or draught have the least effect upon me. Were I to write on the subject for hours, I could not say enough in praise of your invaluable Syrup of Hypophosphites, or give an adequate idea of my sufferings.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter, because I hope its publicity may be the means of benefiting other sufferers as much as it has me.

I remain yours, respectfully,
MRS HIPWELL, Exmouth street.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

AND AMENDMENTS THERE TO.
In the matter of MARTIN FINN, of the City and District of Montreal, Trader,

An Insolvent.
The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, No. 145 St. Peter Street, in Montreal, on Monday, the Twenty-ninth day of December next, at eleven o'clock, A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.
JAMES RIDDELL,
Interim Assignee.
Montreal, 19th November, 1873. 21n18.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of LUDGER LACROIX, Insolvent.
A dividend sheet has been prepared, open to objection, until the 5th day of January next, after which dividend will be paid.

G. H. DUMESNIL,
Assignee.
Montreal, 16th December, 1873. 21n18

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } DAME MATHILDE LA-
District of Montreal } LANDE, of the Parish and
No. 2565. } District of Montreal, wife of
PLANTE, of the same place, Shoemaker, duly } SOLOMON ERIGE DELA-
authorized in justice to the effect of these presents, }
Plaintiff.

The said SOLOMON ERIGE DELAPLANTE, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause, returnable on the Thirtieth of August last.

TRUDEL & TAILLON,
Plaintiff's Attorneys. 16-6

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869
Dist. of Montreal. }
In the SUPERIOR COURT,
In the matter of GEORGE HENSHAW, Junior, Insolvent.

On Thursday, the Nineteenth day of February next, the Undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.
GEORGE HENSHAW, Jr.,
by J. S. ARCHIBAND,
Attorney ad litem.
Montreal, 19th December, 1873. 10-5