

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Dec. 23.—The report of Bazaine's flight is unfounded. It is now stated that the ex-Marshal is to leave Paris to-night for Sainte Marguerite, his place of imprisonment.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—Marshal Bazaine is still confined in the palace of the Trianon. The Daily News reports that the hostile tone of recent pastorals issued by the French Bishops has caused the German Government to renew its complaints to France.

This is how the Journal de Paris, the organ of the Orleansists, regards the existing regime. "We acted loyally," it says, "in endeavouring to bring about a Monarchical solution of the question of Government; we shall be equally loyal in the defence of the solution which has been voted by the Assembly. We regard the prolongation of Marshal MacMahon's powers as seriously established. For the next seven years there can be no other Government but that of Marshal MacMahon. The Executive Power must not be exposed to all kinds of attacks and political competitions. For seven years the present Government must be respected. The prolongation of the Marshal's powers for that period must not be a seven years' war but a seven years' truce."

THE UNCERTAINTY IN FRANCE.—The progress, or rather the absence of progress, in the French crisis, is a melancholy testimony to the unwisdom which sought to obtain solidity by prolonging uncertainty. Within a fortnight from the passing of the law conferring the Presidential power for seven years upon Marshal MacMahon, it is already visible to every unprejudiced eye that the public tranquility is not assured for seven months. The divided Opposition presents an unbroken coalition of hate against the Ministerial majority. The Ministry can only be reconstituted at the cost of infinite delay, and when constituted hardly appears to have benefited by the difficult and doubtful operation. Doubtless, the Orleansists and Parliamentarians of the Right Centre are men of sincere and zealous patriotism. If we ask them, however, if they are satisfied with their last month's work, we do not think that any of them will answer in the affirmative. An upright and honorable soldier, unused to politics, of advanced age, representing no principle that distinguishes him as a natural support and foundation of the social fabric, simply a plain blunt chivalrous military chief—this is all, literally all, that stands between the Parliamentarians and the Revolution. "For seven years at any rate," it is said, though with much, very much, less confidence than even a few days ago. We are not so sure of that, nor is the most truthful Parliamentarian sure. Putting aside the dangers of age, of accident, and of malice, there are other matters to be taken into consideration. Granted that the National Assembly, in its sovereign capacity, has conferred certain powers, for seven years, upon Marshal MacMahon, what then?—Should the National Assembly, equally in its sovereign capacity, choose to-morrow or the next day to withdraw these powers, what is there to prevent it? The Bill for the Prolongation of the Presidential Powers is exactly such a measure, legally speaking, as the Bill for the Surtax on Foreign Shipping. It emanated from the same origin, the Government of the day. It became law by the same authority, the vote of the majority of the Assembly. The Assembly has repealed the Surtax Act as legally as it could have amended or extended it. The Assembly can repeal the Prolongation Act as legally as it can amend or extend it. In point of law, the sovereign authority, be it a Czar or a Senate, or anything else, can never be a hindrance to itself an instant beyond its own sovereign pleasure. No legal power is available against the source of all law. Yesterday the Assembly made Marshal MacMahon a President for seven years. To-morrow it could make him an Emperor or an exile. The fancied security of the Parliamentarians is no security. It is true that there may be moral obligations, obligations of honour, obligations of conscience, which should be taken into consideration. We are not denying the fact. Morally, and according to honour and conscience, the Comte de Chambord ought to be King of France. Unfortunately, however, he is not. Morally, the Parliamentarians may feel the Assembly to be bound to keep Marshal MacMahon as President for seven years. Legally the Assembly can dismiss that gallant soldier to-morrow, and in venturing to contravene the decree of deposition, the Duke de Magenta would not be a President but a rebel. Were Henri V. to be recognized as the legitimate and traditional King, the National Assembly could not, indeed, legally depose him without his own concurrence. For the essence of the difference between Henri V. and any Parliamentary nominee whatever is, that Henri V. cannot ascend the throne except in virtue of traditional and antecedent right, fully recognized as traditional and antecedent. He is, whether recognized or not, the heir of the Monarchy, and the most audacious Parliamentarian does not venture to claim Henri de France as a subject. He is, accordingly, in a position to enter into a binding contract, and to acquire constitutional rights even as against the representatives of the nation. He is outside any power which may be established in France, save and except the power of which he forms a free and constituent part. The nation may refuse to bind itself to him. Be it so, he can also refuse to bind himself to the nation. He can only be the King. Marshal MacMahon can only be the Chief of the Executive Department of the Public Power. Henri V. can only be a free and independent party to a bilateral contract with the French nation or its representatives. Up to the conclusion of the contract, both these parties may be perhaps considered equally free. After its conclusion, a part of the freedom of each has passed, to the advantage of both, into the power of the other. The nation is bound to obey loyally.

The King is bound to govern justly. For the King to abandon his duties would not be an abdication but a desertion. For the nation to break with its lawful King would not be an act of national independence but a revolutionary treason. It is this fact which gives stability to a legitimate throne. In the absence of the consent, not only of the actual occupant but of all his heirs, it can only be removed by revolution, that is, by crime. The principle of authority is thus, as far as human expedients can prevail, placed beyond the reach of caprice and passion. On the other hand, the creature of a popular Assembly can be removed at any moment, and however disastrous his removal may be, by the simple fiat of his makers. The National Assembly has made Marshal MacMahon and can unmake him. The Parliamentarians have made nothing secure. They have merely established uncertainty and may be preparing anarchy.—London Tablet.

SPAIN.

BAYONNE, Dec. 24.—Ten steamers are at the general bastion for the purpose of embarking the force of the Republicans, under General Moriones, which is surrounded by 30,000 Carlists, and cannot escape capture except by taking refuge on vessels.

ITALY.

The health of the Holy Father continues so robust that after wasting many years in prophesying the imminent death of the venerable Pontiff, the journals of the usurpation begin to lament the activity of Pius IX., and to magnify the labours in which he is engaged. No doubt it is harassing to find each fresh device of hell unmasked, and each interest of the Church valiantly defended by the aged champion whose prolonged life defies all calculation and drives every enemy to despair.

The person of Pius IX. is safe from such attacks as the Revolution would desire. The assassination of a Pope is a more serious business than the murder of a papal prime minister. The results of the crime, even if it could be accomplished, would include a general war against the peculiar institutions which provide the literary bravos with bread. Hence the necessity for a display of zeal in another direction, and for inventing occupations for the Holy Father in his captivity. But our readers will do well to realize the fact that the secrets of the Vatican—if secrets there are—are jealously guarded. The Catholic journals of Rome upon this head afford no information to their readers beyond a record of audiences given and addresses delivered by the Pope. News regarding the Vatican published on this side of the Alps consists of inventions which originally appeared in the Jewish newspapers, only to be contradicted by the best authorities in the Catholic press of the Eternal City. This necessity of vigilantly watching the movements of the enemy and exposing calumny at the fountain head costs the Catholic journals dearly. Suppression, confiscation, fine, imprisonment, all these the religious press in Italy has been accustomed to during the last quarter of a century; but where it simply rained before there is a deluge now. It is a matter of wonder as well as of congratulation that no amount of fines can ruin the papers or discourage the editors. Fifty confiscations—and La Frusta alone has suffered more—involving an equal number of law suits, might seem to crush the most devoted and courageous and devoted newspapers. Still La Frusta lives on, no languishing life, but in vigor which keeps its state-paid adversaries in perpetual tremor. No Jew can snore tranquilly in bed or synagogue while Rome rings with laughter at the sallies of La Frusta or the more sedate sarcasms of La Voce or L'Observatore. Thus much we have paused to say concerning the demeanor of the Romans whose courage perhaps is not sufficiently known abroad or commended.—Short of taking up arms and fighting in the streets, it is not easy to understand what more Catholics can do than they have done. The policy of abstaining from prejudicial elections may appear to our judgment suicidal; but in the meantime it is a policy, and one involving a sacrifice of every emolument and every dignity which the usurper has the power of bestowing. Abstention is not a symptom of Roman cowardice, but of Roman self-control.—Scantily, however, as news from the Vatican may be, there is a greater dearth of news concerning the Italian Parliament. That consumptive institution alarms the adherents of the revolution as represented by the constitutional monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. When day after day is spent in futile endeavors to whip together a quorum of members sufficient for the transaction of business, some dismay is pardonable. But the most zealous are apt to become remiss when the evidences of instability multiply on all sides. The usurping king himself has never ventured to reside in a capital which history for a thousand years has shown to be tenable only by the Pope. Now the princes of the House of Savoy are imitating—so far as the impetuous needs of State will allow—the absenteeism of their father and his chaste morganatic spouse—their step-mother. Already, too, the foreign visitors, whose presence rendered Rome prosperous, have begun not to come. The theatres, once the delight of all Romans, patrician and plebeian, show now "a beggarly account of empty boxes." The churches only give signs that Rome contains a population equal to the figures of the census. The mandement by which the Archbishop of Paris directs that Conferences—or, as we should say, Lectures—shall be given especially for men, may probably be followed by a similar announcement in Rome. Nothing certain has been determined, but such a project is certainly entertained. The monks and nuns expelled from the religious houses are being cared for by the Federazione Piemontese, that is, the Catholic Association. The good works maintained, some of them at heavy cost, by this noble body of Catholic workers is the best argument that Rome proper has not deteriorated to any great extent, and that the corruption which we have frequently denounced is chiefly confined to the men who broke in at Porta Pia. There are twenty-five thousand of them; just enough for two legions and a half of devils; but these swine cannot for ever be allowed to grunt the immense majority out of their rights, nor can Rome long endure to be made a sty in which Victor Emmanuel, or his belongings may wallow and fatten.

AN UNEVEN TEXAS.—An Italian journal has a curious story to the effect that towards the year 1847 a Neapolitan monastery possessed in one of the monks so charming a tenor voice that they were wont to compare it to that of Fracchini, then in all the freshness of youth. Father Abraham, as this singer was called, had attracted the attention of Ferdinand II., who would often request him to go and sing in the Chapel Royal, and in a short time Father Abraham had quite a reputation among the dilettanti of Naples as the mysterious tenor who charmed pious ears by singing like a seraph. One day, intoxicated with success, and thinking only

of theatrical bays, the monk threw away his frock and fled to London, where he became singer and Protestant. Under the name of Arturo Gentile, which he has rendered famous (by) traversed America, gaining glory and fortune, laurels and dollars. In some unexplained way, however—perhaps through speculation—good luck suddenly deserted him, and he found himself poor. He was married by this time, and could no longer keep up a costly household. Added to the ills of wife and poverty, he also found a new misfortune; his marvellous voice disappeared with his goods; there was no more chance for him in opera. He took to management but became more involved; fortune had finally turned her back: creditors pursued, and at last—only a month ago, says our authority—he sought refuge in the very convent where he had passed his early years. Abjuring his heresies and his faults, the worried ex-tenor re-entered the asylum he had quitted, and the Superior received him like a prodigal son or a strayed sheep returned to the fold. Arturo Gentile is dead, and Father Abraham has revived in his stead.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. His Majesty has granted an amnesty to all persons under sentence for offenses against his person, and has ordered a report to be made to him respecting other condemned persons whose conduct warrants leniency.

GERMANY.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A special despatch from Berlin to the London Times says that in consequence of the alarming rumours in regard to the health of the Emperor William, an anxious crowd filled the square opposite the Royal Palace last night. The people were assured from the balcony that the Emperor was comparatively well although confined to his room, but they refused to disperse.

LETTER OF THE HOLY FATHER TO MONSIGNOR LENOVSKI, ARCHBISHOP OF POSEZ.—The following is a translation of the text of the Pope's letter to Archbishop Ledochowski, which has been published in the Courier of Posen:—

Venerable Brother.—If at any time it has been God's pleasure to show to men that the Church's edifice is Divine, and that everywhere all attacks directed against it by the powers of hell and the malice of man must be in vain, surely now, Ven. Brother, is this truth made clear to the sight even of those who do not wish to see it, to day He has permitted everything to conspire for the destruction of the Church. We see contempt, calumny, laws, and the powers of this world arrayed against it, the effect of resolutions long formed and brought to realization by protracted labour and developed on the part of the implacable sect, which has almost everywhere possessed itself of supreme power. Her adherents are marked as seditious; her Bishops are condemned by the civil tribunals as agitators; they are loaded with fines, deprived of their functions and expelled the country, the Religious Orders are suppressed, the clergy is gagged, and, by arbitrary measures, prevented from exercising its ministry; education of the youth in the spirit of the Church is forbidden, in order that, on the one hand, the population may not be confirmed in the principles of religion, and that, on the other, the training up of able and faithful servants of the altar may be prevented. In order to annihilate the glorious name of God, the property consecrated to God is robbed; even the highest dignitary of the Church is kept in bondage in order that, though utterly despoiled, he may not govern the Church with freedom, according to his powers. All this, Ven. Brother, makes your heart bleed, but it likewise reads our own; for though we feel the greater portion of the afflictions that assail you—so that by the weight of your persecutions your health has been endangered.—We see on the other hand, and beyond this, the evil spreading over the whole of Europe in its whole length and breadth, and over other parts of the world likewise. Nevertheless, the very magnitude of the evil and its extraordinary diffusion afford us the sure hope that deliverance is close at hand. For if God, when He desired to save the world, permitted so many diabolical perversities—permitted men to assail even His own Son—we have grounds of belief that the same God is by the efforts of hell let loose preparing an amelioration of the state of things—preparing a triumph of the Church, at this moment deprived of all human succour; and that by the visible manifestation of His Almighty power He will compel even the proudest hearts into obedience. Furthermore, Ven. Brother, you make the tokens of your love the dearer to Us, the more you are afflicted with troubles, and magnanimously sacrifice everything, even life itself, to the performance of your duty; and the more resolutely and staunchly you fight for the Church, the more lively is Our desire that you may speedily be restored to complete health. The gifts from your dioceses, which you have forwarded to Us, have forced Us to admire your ardent charity, but have, at the same time, occasioned Us regret, because these alms have been given by those who are themselves smitten on all sides by severe tribulation. Receive, therefore, the assurance of Our deep gratitude, you as well as your clergy and your people, on behalf of whom We pray fervently to God, that He may give them the same spirit which He has given to their pastor, and like constancy in the great peril in which they are at present. May God grant them and you that un-failing unanimity which annihilates and exhausts all the power of the adversary, in order thus to prepare a fresh victory for the just cause, and fresh glory of the Church. Meanwhile, as a pledge of the favour of God and as a proof of Our particular affection, We give to you and to your archdiocese Our apostolic blessing.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 3rd of November, 1873, the 28th of Our reign. PIES P. P. IX.

MADAME MACMAHON.

Every afternoon, between 2 and 3 o'clock, a portly-looking lady, with a kindly expression of countenance, with large, blue eyes, and hair slightly tinged with gray, may be seen to leave the executive mansion at Versailles, leading a little girl by the hand and devoting her attention immediately to a number of poor people who seem to have waited for her, and among whom she and her pretty little companion then distribute alms, addressing a few benevolent words to each one of the recipients of their charities.

When the two, whom the casual beholder will at once recognize to be mother and daughter, appear, the two sentinels respectfully present arms. They leisurely walk down the superb avenue, and move among the other promenaders in the most unostentatious manner, standing still every now and then, and exchanging a few pleasant words with acquaintances. But for the glances which most of the passers by send after the lady, you would believe that she was the wife of some Government employe;—perhaps a deputy in the National Assembly; for she wears a simple black dress and bonnet, although of faultless shape, could not have cost many dollars. And yet she is, at the present time, the foremost lady in France, the consort of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic.

The career of this eminent lady, although the papers have had very little to say about her, has nevertheless been an eventful one, and in her present exalted station, notwithstanding her quiet unobtrusive demeanor, she is known to exert a momentous influence upon the decisions of her husband. The latter admires pluck, and it may be truly said that he has a plucky wife. Indeed it was an act of heroism on her part that first attracted his attention towards her.

It was on the 1st of December, 1838, at an advanced hour of the night, that a fire broke out in the female seminary of Limoges. The flames spread with such rapidity that the fair young inmates could be rescued only with the greatest difficulty. At last when all of them were supposed to be assembled, shivering in their thin night-dresses, in front of the burning edifice, the cry resounded suddenly, "Louise de Bailly is still in the building!"

The lookers-on stood as if petrified, and the firemen did not venture to enter the house, which now looked like a fiery furnace. Poor Mademoiselle de Bailly was already given up as hopelessly lost, when all of a sudden, a tall young girl, with her blonde hair hanging loose over her shoulders, and her deep blue eyes flashing out the heavenly fire of inspiration and indomitable courage, rushed from among her terrified young sisters, and exclaimed "I will try to find her!" ran toward the burning building.

A thousand voices shouted, "Do not risk your life thus foolishly!"

Others prayed for "dear Heloise," who thus recklessly risked her own life in order to save that of one of her young classmates. But none of the warning exclamations deterred the heroic girl from her purpose. In a few seconds she had entered the front door, undaunted by the blinding smoke and the flames that were momentarily gaining ground. For the spectators of this thrilling scene this was a moment of supreme suspense. The strongest heart quailed when the heroic girl did not immediately return. A minute, nay, two, elapsed, and minutes, under such circumstances, are eternities. But all at once her white nightgown appeared in the door. Yes, it was she; and by the hand she led the missing, terrified Louise de Bailly.

Such a shout as went up from the relieved crowd! Such praises as were showered upon the brave young girl!

But she, herself, was half ashamed of being thus feted. "Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "it was easy enough to ascend that stairway; it was not yet on fire. Only the smoke troubled me a little. Had I waited a minute longer, poor little Louise would have been lost."

At the re-opening of the seminary, a few months later, M. Sarreguin asked Mademoiselle Heloise to step forward, and presented her, in the name of King Louis Philippe, a handsome gold medal, for saving a human life, and praised her courage and devotion in eloquent terms of enthusiasm.

The girl, thus honored, blushed deeply, and when the hall in which the opening ceremonies were held, resounded with heartfelt applause, Mademoiselle Heloise was more confused than at that memorable moment when she had rushed into the flames.

Among the spectators on this occasion, was a young officer of the garrison of Limoges, who seemed to be deeply interested in the heroine of the day. He asked what her full name was, and was told that she was the daughter of M. Antoine Gilbert de Morin, Seigneur de Vaillevan.

This information made the inquirer somewhat thoughtful. Perhaps the fact that M. de Morin, was one of the wealthiest and proudest noblemen of the surrounding country, had something to do with this.

Captain MacMahon (that was the young officer's name), however, was not much disturbed by this information. True he was but a captain in the French army, and had nothing but his pay to depend on, but then he had excellent prospects of becoming rich; his family was as old, if not older, than Heloise's father, and a French soldier always has a Marshal's baton in his knapsack.

How he managed to get acquainted with Mademoiselle de Morin, we can not tell, but certain it is, when the young lady, some time afterward, was told by her father that he had selected a husband for her, she started him by the announcement that he might save himself the trouble, that she had already made her own choice.

The old gentleman was at first astonished, and then became furious. But his daughter briefly told him that she wanted no one but Captain MacMahon of the Fourth Regiment and Line.

And now began a curious struggle between the exasperated father and determined daughter. Notwithstanding the efforts of M. de Morin to intercept Heloise's correspondence with her lover, frequent letters were exchanged between the two; and when Captain MacMahon was sent to Algeria they pledged themselves to remain true to one another. This separation lasted three years, until 1842, when MacMahon, who had greatly distinguished himself in Africa, suddenly fell heir to considerable property. This softened the heart of M. de Morin, and in 1844 Heloise became the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel MacMahon.

She accompanied him to Africa, and wrote from thence to the Gazette de France a series of anonymous sketches of Algerian life, which were favorably noticed by the critics, and which oddly enough, were generally attributed to a distinguished officer of the French army.

In 1849, Madame MacMahon returned to France where the successive deaths of her three children almost broke her heart. She took up her abode at her husband's property, Sully, near Autun, and lived in the deepest retirement, from which she emerged only after the Crimean war, when her husband's gallantry had made him the most popular general in France.

She moved into a modest house with him, in Paris, avoiding, as much as possible, to come in contact with the Imperial Court, for which she entertained an invincible repugnance, partly, probably, on account of the, to her, distasteful frivolities of the Empress and her surroundings, and partly too, because, having been brought up amidst all the prejudices and hauteur of the aristocracy, she could not bring herself to relish the parvenus that ruled supreme in the Tuileries.

On one occasion, shortly before New Year's le jour d'etrennes, she met Emperor Napoleon the Third, while walking with her two children through a large Parisian toy store. The Emperor was piqued by the coolness which the Duchess had displayed towards his court, and he adroitly tried to conquer her aversion. Taking her children by the hand, the autocrat caused them to select the most superb toys until she faintly interferred, and said to the Emperor:—

"Sir, your kindness is unfortunately useless. What will my little ones do with those beautiful things in Africa, whither I shall take them to-morrow, and rejoin my husband?"

The Emperor bit his lip. He had failed in his attempt to conciliate her.

It is needless to recapitulate here the events of the next few years. Like every true daughter of France, Madame MacMahon suffered intensely. The news of her husband's defeat at Woerth prostrated her so that her life was despaired of; and when she returned to Versailles, after the war, she looked ten years older, and her hair had assumed a silvery tinge. Those who know her best, say that she has an excellent heart; that she is nobly ambitious, a generous foe, endowed with considerable literary talents, keen-sighted in politics, and a fervent Christian.

THE FALL IN COAL.—Since Friday week the price of coal on the London Coal Exchange has been reduced 6s. per ton, and this fall, occurring at the beginning of winter, is an undoubted sign that the natural causes which were sure to bring about a reduction in price are at length beginning to tell. The business world never had much doubt, whatever theorists might think, that the price of coal had gone up as our raw materials had gone up, and that the price, being much inflated beyond the cost

of production, would work its own cure. As with other articles, the result of the high price would be a rush to produce more and a contraction of demand; and at a certain moment the combination of these causes would make the price fall almost as suddenly as it had gone up. All this has actually happened. The rush to open up new pits and extend old workings has been very great during the last two years, and as the demand all the while has been tending to diminish, the closer approximation of the price to the cost of production begins. Much of the past alarm is thus shown to have been superfluous. It is a moot point to speculate on whether coal will again fall permanently to its old level, though, according to all experience, it is likely to do so temporarily, but in any case the permanent fall will be to all appearance to a much lower level than the present. The reduction in coal ought to be a cause of improved profits in many trades during the next few years.—Economist.

That venerable and much married man, the great prophet of Mormon, seems destined to die forsaken. Ann Eliza, his nineteenth wife, has rebelled against the authority of her liege lord, and is now actually going about to reveal the secrets of the family. She says this prophet is but a wretched scoundrel, and she intends to proclaim his wickedness from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Canada to the Gulf. Ann Eliza is an exception. Eighteen dotting spouses preceded her in the affections of the too loving Brigham, and all who live still cling to him like the ivy to the oak. Of the many who came after her none has yet complained. She only of all the host has given way to a violent temper and a shrewish tongue. The proportion is great: one against an almost countless number, how many nobody knows, not even Brigham himself. In proof of this a story is told of an appeal in a business matter made to Brigham by a tidily dressed woman, with a pretty child about three years of age. Said she, "You don't recognize me?" "No," replied Brigham, "I do not. What is your name, my good woman?" "Lucy M. Young," she answered, "and I am your wife." "Indeed," said Brigham, gazing at her thoughtfully, "when did I marry you?" "Four years ago this coming March," said Mrs. Young. Brigham called for his memorandum book, and upon looking over it, said: "Well, that is so. You were my ninety-fifth."

THE "CONVERTER OF LABEL."—One of our local preachers, named Kettle, who has been thrashing the Gospel for the "German Reformers," shocked his congregation the other day by preaching against the existence of God and the divinity of Christ. Thereupon he was requested to withdraw, which he did, carrying with him a number of his congregation, and organizing a Free-Thinkers' Club, of which he is the lecturer. So they go.—Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Mirror.

Three packages addressed to the wife of the French Ambassador at Washington have been seized by the Custom House authorities. The packages contained costly silks, laces, &c., &c.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. AND AMENDMENTS THEREOF. 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. 21st 18.

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. 21st 18.

CANADA PROVINCE OF QUEBEC District of Montreal, No. 2565. DAME MATHILDE LAFRANCE, of the Parish and District of Montreal, wife of SOLOMON ERIGE DELAPLANTE, of the same place, Shoemaker, duly authorized injustice 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