

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE INTERNATIONALS.—PARIS, July 24.—Government has received information which it regards as trustworthy; that instructions have been issued from the head of the Internationals in London to subordinates in France to organize for a series of labor strikes throughout the Republic, to be carried into effect during the coming recess of the Assembly. Increased vigilance on the part of the local authorities is ordered, and the contact of soldiery with foreigners is prohibited.

Prince Frederick Charles of Germany has tendered Marshal Bazaine evidence in his favor on his trial for the surrender of Metz to the Prussian army. The Marshal, however, declines to permit the evidence to be introduced.

The *Journal de Paris* says the project of placing a Prince of the house of Hohenzollern upon the throne of Spain has not been abandoned. A number of discontented Carlist leaders and liberal unionists are said to favor the Hohenzollern candidacy. The *Journal* also says the Cure of Santa Cruz was proclaimed a rebel by Don Carlos for being concerned in this intrigue.

The Permanent Committee of the Assembly, to sit at Versailles during the recess of that body, is composed of 10 members of the Right and Centre, 7 members of the Left, and one Bonapartist.

The Duke d'Aumale has asked leave of absence from the Assembly for the purpose of presiding over the court martial which is to try Marshal Bazaine.

The bill authorizing the construction of the Church of the Sacred Heart, a grand Cathedral, on the heights of Montmartre, overlooking Paris, passed the Assembly to-day after an exciting debate, in the course of which much religious partisanship was evoked.

The expression of M. Ernoul, in the debate on the Ranc affair, "There shall be justice for all alike," is not to remain an empty threat against the Radicals. I have just learnt that the Government is preparing to bring before the tribunals the affair of M. Naquet and the cannon. I believe I am right in asserting that in addition to M. Naquet and his associates, Gambetta, too, will have to sit on the bench of the accused. We may be pretty certain, however, that if such is the case, M. Gambetta will be immediately taken with some illness that will necessitate his retirement to the rural seclusion of St. Sebastian. As for M. Steenackers, the law will have some unpleasant investigations to make about his celebrated *pot-de-vin* of 200,000 francs. Thus, then, the "Government of National Defence" will come to an inglorious end in the dock of the police-court.—*Paris Cor. of Tablet*.

THE PARAY-LE-MONIAL PILGRIMAGE.—Numbers of pilgrims from all parts of France recently assembled at Paray-le-Monial to pray to Heaven to "free the Pope, and make France, once more the ruling nation of Europe." The refrain of the hymn unceasingly chanted by the procession of pilgrims is:

"Dieu de clemence
O Dieu vainqueur!
Sauvez Rome et la France,
Au nom du sacre coeur."

Gen. Charette appeared at the head of the Papal Zouaves, carrying the standard borne by them at the battle of Patay, and was received with enthusiasm.

Gen. Charette pronouncing an address, in which he said:

"It is our standard, and if it did not lead us to victory, it led us to honor. Our standard reposes to-day on the body of that saint to whom Jesus promised that France, the finest kingdom after heaven, should be regenerated when His divine heart was painted on our flag." &c.

The pilgrims all wore red crosses on the breast, which they had received before setting out on their journey, and which had been consecrated, as were the crosses of those who of old betook themselves to the Holy Land to wrest it from the infidels. Nine hundred and fifty banners were carried by the pilgrims.

MACMAHON AS AN ENIGMA.—France is more quiet now than she has ever been; none of the southern volcanoes—Lyons, Marseilles—has emitted a single flame. Where are the electors of Barodet? They work quietly in their ateliers; they stop at the photographers' windows on their way home, and instead of the grim and satirical face of M. Thiers, they study the enigmatic head of MacMahon, with his small, white moustache, and his placid expression. They know that this placid face can sometimes become terribly stern. The legend of MacMahon (for in his case, history has already become a legend) speaks to the imagination of the people, "Ah!" said Thiers once to some of his friends; "if I only had red trousers!" MacMahon entered Constantine on the day of the assault as a young lieutenant, one of the first. He conducted the column of the attack on the Malakoff Tower, and once in he remained. Pelissier sent word to him that the bastion was to be mined. He answered thus: "J'y suis, j'y resterai." "I am here and will remain here." At Magenta, when the Emperor and his guard were on the point of being surrounded and made prisoners, the guns of MacMahon were heard. He had come with out orders, he had turned a defeat into a victory. We find him again at Woerth, fighting with one corps against three German corps for a whole day, when he retreated to Chalons; and at Sedan, which was the last station of this way of Calvary, he was spared by fate—a shell struck him, and he could take no part in the last actions which preceded the capitulation. On his return from captivity, he found Paris in the hands of the Commune. He took it street by street; his army saved the Louvre and its treasures; ever since he has been living quietly at Versailles, organizing his new army, and almost every day spending a few

hours at the Assembly. How often have I watched him there, always sitting in the second row of his box, behind some *sid-de camp* and looking silently on the great sea of politics.

How is it that a secret force has suddenly brought all the Conservative forces to act in his favour? What does he represent? Who is he? What does he mean? In times of great civil troubles, orators, politicians and statesmen are soon worn out; and it always happens that there rises at the end some enigmatic man, who never spoke when everybody spoke, who made engagements with nobody, who never made any promises. MacMahon is this man; his strength lies in this; he is not understood; he has not been fathomed. Some will tell you that, born of a race of princes who once wore a crown in Ireland, he has an unlimited ambition; that he considers the old dynasty of France as worn out, and that he believes that monarchical France needs a new dynasty; some that he shares the Legitimist feeling of his wife, who is a Castries, and that he never will be satisfied so long as Henry V. is not on the throne. Others will tell you that he has never forgotten the personal kindness of Napoleon III., who made him Duke of Magenta, and that the division of the Bourbons and the Orleans fill him with disgust; that he means to be some day the protector of Napoleon IV.; that he hates above all the men who made a revolution in Paris when the Prussians were on French soil. But who knows really? MacMahon never kissed the Blarney stone; he keeps his own counsel, and has no advisers nor confidants.—*Paris Correspondence of the Nation*.

The stormy political fever in the crisis of which M. Thiers fell has been followed in France by a calm almost ominous in its profound stillness. The sensation created by M. Beule's attempt to "nobble" the Press was of singularly brief duration, while the prosecution of M. Ranc has disappeared into thin air owing to the wise resolve of the incriminated Communist, who, having fired a letter at the head of his foes, packed up his carpet-bag and joined the great colony of expatriated patriots who play dominoes in the *caves* of Leicester-square and give a foreign air to the by-streets of Soho. The fact of the existence of this profound calm is the highest proof which could be given of the success of the MacMahon Administration. What France requires at present is repose—absolute repose—in which to bind up her wounds, to repair her losses, to resolve the many unsettled questions which distract her children and have no mercy on her peace. That repose the Administration of Marshal MacMahon has given to the country. The high personal character, the transparent fidelity, the unsullied honour of the Marshal, soothes the suspicions of a suspicious race, and banish all idea that he will attempt the role either of Cromwell or of Monk—that he will seek to increase his own power, or that he will conspire to place the crown of France on the head of any of the Princes who are now claimants for that dignity. The Republicans are satisfied with a Government which, though Provisional, is Republican; the Monarchists cannot quarrel with one which though Republican is only Provisional, and if one could forecast anything of a country so liable to sudden convulsions as France, it may safely be predicted that the present calm will be of some considerable duration. The Marshal has taken advantage of this calm to carry out three great reforms in the internal condition of France. The first of these is the restoration of Free Trade. The one redeeming point in the administration of the late Empire was its commercial policy. The Emperor was a sincere and ardent advocate of the theory of Free Trade. He was an intelligent and zealous disciple of Adam Smith and Richard Cobden; and he used his Imperial power to sweep away the narrow fetters in which Protectionism had bound the commercial life of France. M. Thiers, who is thoroughly wrong on the commercial side of his teeming brain, reformed some of the broken chains, and MacMahon is now engaged in again restoring that freedom to trade and commerce which produced the wonderful material prosperity of the Empire. The second task to the fulfilment of which the Marshal President has set himself, is the reconstruction of the army. We need scarcely say that the French military machine broke down in the most hopeless way during the recent war. The history of that struggle is, on the French side, a record of incompetent officers and mutinous soldiers—of a commissariat which supplied shoes made of brown paper, flour mixed with brick dust, and powder mingled with sand, of regiments who only existed on paper, and cannon which were more dangerous to the firer than the fired at. M. Thiers sought to reorganise the French army, but he was as conspicuous a failure as a military reformer as he was a brilliant success in the departments of Finance and Diplomacy. The duty of Marshal MacMahon is to endeavour to restore the military strength of France, and in the meantime his Presidency is the best gage for the peace of Europe, for he knows better than any civilian could know that the army of France is at this moment in worse plight for foreign war than it was on the day when the Prince Imperial received his *baptême de feu*. The third and the most important task of the Marshal remains to be alluded to. The French Reds are, as was truly said in a recent debate in the Assembly, a sect and not a party. They are a sect engaged in a perpetual war against society, order, religion, liberty, property, the family, and good morals. During the confusion following the downfall of the Empire, they burst into the wildest excesses. Not to speak of the massacres and orgies of the Commune, in every French city the Reds distinguished themselves by stoning pilgrims, insulting the religious, and outraging churches. Above all, they found in the burial of men belonging to their sect grand opportunities for displays dangerous to peace and insulting to religion. In putting down these displays, in checking the ramifications of the Red conspiracy, the Marshal President has taken a course which ought to secure for his Government the good wishes of all honest men.—*Freeman*.

SPAIN.

REVOLT.—BARCELONA, July 24.—Gen. Dommerie and 250 troops of this city have joined the Carlist forces.

THE CARLIST.—A *Herald* special dated Leunberg, France, July 24, says Don Carlos, by the advice of his General, hesitated to advance on Pamplona, and is waiting for a junction with the forces of Donagay. His whole force numbers 15,000 men, fully armed. Numerous French volunteers are arriving and demanding arms.

CAPTURED.—MADRID, July 24.—The Prussian frigate dispatched by the German Consul in pursuit of the Spanish war steamer *Vigilant*, which was captured by the insurgents, overhauled her en route for Almaria, whither she was bound for the purpose of proclaiming that province an independent canton.

WAR MEASURES.—A despatch from the town of Figueras, Province of Gerona, says the gates of the city have been closed, the streets barricaded and the authorities were prepared for a defence against the

insurgents. A number of Carlists have been arrested and six priests, suspected of intriguing for Don Carlos, have been thrown into prison.

NEW GOVERNMENT.—Advices received from Carlist sources state that the minority in the Cortes intend to leave Madrid and go to Cartagena where they purpose establishing a separate government. They are endeavoring to induce Senor Pi y Margall to accompany them.

Don Carlos re-entered Spain on the night of July 16. He issued a proclamation invoking the help of the God of armies, declaring that, listening to the voice of suffering Spain, he comes to fight for God and his country, and concluding with the exhortation: "Volunteers! forward, and save dying Spain!" There was great enthusiasm among his followers when Don Carlos joined Valdespina and Lizzama on Spanish soil.

Don Carlos has issued an order that the Cure of Santa Cruz be treated as a rebel. Col. Aizpurna has taken command of the force which was formerly led by the Cure of Santa Cruz, and which now numbers 1,000 men.

ITALY.

The Ministry which took Rome from the Pope and persecuted the Church, and which suppressed the Religious Orders, was defeated and overthrown upon the day after its last act of oppression, and persecution was promulgated in Italy by a Royal Decree.

The prevalence of cholera in Venice is officially announced. Bulletins of the progress of the disease will be issued daily by the sanitary officers.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—From 9th to 15th June, births 113, deaths 154. The Prefect of the Province of Treviso (north of Venice) "invites" the attention of the Prefect of Rome to the appearance of cholera in Venetia, and the propriety of precautionary measures against the possibility of its arrival. Deaths from apoplexy have lately been frequent in Rome.—There has been the usual average of wounding and stabbing. Attempted suicides have been rather above the average, two fatal accidents, and one found drowned. The weather is now very hot, and we may say that the "summer has set in with its usual severity."

According to the Italian journal the *Unità Nazionale* the Pope's private fortune appears to be little larger than the temporal dominion that remains to him. His pontificate seems not to have added anything to his worldly wealth. All that he owns is his patrimony and the furniture of his private apartments in the Vatican. This furniture includes a large and very valuable collection of works of art. He has bequeathed nearly everything to the eldest son of his brother, Count Louis Mastai-Ferretti, the Count's child by a Princess of the Drago family.—Special legacies are left to distant relatives and to favorite servants.

An Italian Bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven as the place whither I am going to live forever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE JEWS.—It is well known that all the infidel and so-called Liberal press in Italy is in the hands of the Jews, which in some degree accounts for its general hostility to Christianity. For instance, Jacob Dina, a Jew, conducts the *Opinione* ("official" if not official); M. Arbib directs the *Liberta*, organ of the so-called Moderate party; M. Levi, the *Nuova Roma*; and M. Arim, *L'Italia*. These papers have all been in pay of the Government, and if not official, they have all been the organs of official ideas. It is universally known that no Pontiff up to the time of Pius IX. ever treated the Jews with so much indulgence, and it is certain no Pontiff has ever been so much insulted and maligned by them; nevertheless his feelings towards them are a proof of his inexhaustible charity. Last Friday the brothers Lemann, converted Jews, now priests of the Diocese of Lyons, were received in audience by his Holiness, who on seeing them exclaimed, "Ah, my sons, come here, and let us talk about the Israelites." "Holy Father," said one of the brothers, "Your Holiness, in one of your admirable discourses, said a little while ago: 'We should prostrate ourselves before God, as Jacob bowed himself before Isaac; and we, the sons of Jacob, come to bow ourselves before you who represent to us Isaac, who was the figure of Christ.' " "Ah, that is true," said his Holiness, "and I bless you as Isaac did; but thank God the Pope is not blind as Isaac was, and the Pope is not sick; your visit gives me much pleasure, my sons, because in these latter times the Israelites of Rome have given me much sorrow and affliction. They direct against me and against the Church all the bad journals of Rome." "Yes, Holy Father," was the reply, "many Israelites mixed up with the Revolutionary movement resembles, at this moment, St. Paul who went up to Damascus to persecute the infant Church." "They will fall from their horses," but he added after a moment's pause, and in a gentle voice, let us pray for the poor Israelites, that they may be made partakers in the triumph of the Church," and proceeded to recite in a very earnest manner the Collect of the Church on Good Friday.—*Roman Cor. of Tablet*.

GERMANY.

Prince Bismarck, though he is practically speaking the "guide, philosopher and friend" of half the Continental nations, and is rapidly edging himself into the same position as regards England, is beyond a doubt beginning to feel the force of the text that no man is a prophet in his own country. Careful study of German news, point to a decline in the Chancellor's home influence, in the weight which his opinion used to have in all German affairs, and even in the confidence and affection of the Emperor. Bismarck's blows at society as he found it, have been too general, and have wounded too deeply, not to raise a powerful opposition to the wielder of the weapon, and when that unholy old man—the Emperor William—goes to his account, the prime agent of all his crimes and wickedness will rapidly sink into insignificance. There are signs of it already.

In the sitting of the 16th ult., Prince Bismarck endeavored to frighten the Parliament in the manner of our Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, but with a very different result. Herr Lasker said that hitherto they had been chiefly occupied in discussing the financial laws, but now they would concern themselves with the rights of the people. The Chancellor at once gave way to display of temper very foreign to his usual manner. "These," he said, "are the vexatious words in use in the old time of conflict, when the Government and the people were at variance concerning popular rights. Are the finance laws not laws of the people? Are not the people concerned in the erection of fortresses? Is not the Budget night a night set apart for the people? I and his Majesty the Emperor—here his pride led him to exclaim Wolsky, of whose *Ego et rex meus* so much capital has been made—"forbid you to monopolize that word 'people,' we forbid you to claim that right as your own!" All these straws indicate that Bismarck's power has culminated. Even now it is rumored that he is about to resign the Chancellorship of the Empire. Like all other unscrupulous ministers, his descent will be a rapid one. His very pride will accelerate his ruin. Other monarchs besides Tiberius have had their Sejani, but their fall has been even more rapid than their rise. The aged Pontiff whom Bismarck has so long despised and plotted against may yet behold the downfall of the "man of blood and iron," as he has witnessed the overthrow of many other astute politicians who had done their utmost to let loose

the dogs of Revolution against the Church and to despoil her patrimony. Of one thing we are confident—whether Prince Bismarck's disgrace be yet distant or now impending, nowhere in Europe will he find sympathy. His treatment of nations that his policy has for the time laid prostrate cannot fail to steel the hearts of every civilized people against him.

"When he falls, he falls like Lucifer.

"Never to rise again."

Catholic Opinion.

EXERCUTION OF THE NEW PRUSSIAN LAWS.—The Prussian Government has just named the members of the Court of Ecclesiastical Appeals, which has been created by the recent law. Of the eleven judges five are nominal Catholics, one of whom is Burgomaster von Forckenbeck, the Speaker of the Lower House. The new penal laws are being put into execution here and there, and the Archbishop of Cologne and his suffragan (qu. Vicar-General?) have been called upon to answer for having publicly excommunicated two priests for joining the new sects. We confess that we do not understand the force of the objection implied in the word "publicly." If a priest renounces Catholic doctrine, it is necessarily the duty of the superior pastor to warn the flock that his ministrations are no longer recognized by the Catholic Church as valid. But how is this to be done without a certain amount of publicity? The Prussian Government can scarcely expect that the Bishop should communicate the fact privately to every Catholic in his diocese.—*Tablet*.

ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX LEARNING.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* contained on Saturday a noteworthy admission. We have been told a great deal of the monopoly of learning and talent possessed in Germany by the sect which is in revolt against the Church. Now the correspondent is here discussing the possibility of the Episcopal Seminaries being forcibly closed, and the students driven out of them into the State Universities. In that case, he thinks, "a large number of new professors would have to be created. In such an event," he goes on to say, "as learned anti-Infallibilists are scarce, it is pretty certain that more or less ardent supporters of the Pope would have to be appointed." So that after all it would appear, speaking generally, that the weight of learning is in the orthodox scale.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS.—We publish these sensible suggestions, clipped from an exchange, for the benefit of the parental portion of our readers:—

- Bring them up in the way they should go.
- Give them a good, substantial, common education.
- Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
- Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
- Teach them how to make their own dresses.
- Teach them how to make shirts.
- Teach them how to make bread.
- Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.
- Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.
- Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor house.
- Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
- Teach them that a round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.
- Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
- Teach them to foot up their bills.
- Teach them that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the mode.
- Teach them, every day, hard, practical common sense.
- Teach them self-reliance.
- Teach them that a good, steady mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in broadcloth.
- Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.
- Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing—if you have the time and money to do it with.
- Teach them not to paint and powder.
- Teach them not to wear false hair.
- Teach them to say no, and stick to it; or yes, and stick to it.
- Teach them to regard the morals not the money of their beaux.
- Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time to marry.
- Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

A Pic-nic.—This is the season of the year when pic-nics are most frequent. For real solid enjoyment we, for our part, much prefer a well-conducted funeral to an ordinary pic-nic. You generally reach the grounds about seven o'clock, and exercises begin with climbing a hill, up which you are compelled to carry two heavy lunch-baskets. When you reach the summit you are positively certain the thermometer must be nearly six hundred and fifty in the shade. You throw yourself on the grass; and in a few moments a brigade on black ants begin to crawl down the back of your neck, while a phalanx of ticks charge up your trowser leg. And just as you jump up, your oldest boy, who has been out in the woods, where he stirred up a yellow-jacket's nest, comes in with his head and face swelled to the size of a water-bucket, conveying the information that your other boy, William Henry, is up a tree and can't get down. After laboring to release William Henry the thermometer seems to have gone up two hundred more degrees, and you will take a swim in the creek. While you are in the water, young Jones strolls out with Miss Smith, and unconscious of your presence they sit down close to your clothes, and engage in conversation for three-quarters of an hour, while you lie down in the shallow stream, afraid to budge and nearly killed with the hot sun! When they leave you emerge and find that some wicked boy from the neighboring village has run off with your shirt and socks. You fix up as well as you can, and when you get back with the party they are eating dinner from a cloth laid on the ground. A spider is spinning a cobweb from the picklejar to the little end of the cold ham; straddlebugs are frolicking over the pound-cake caterpillars are exploring the bread-plate, grasshoppers are jumping into the butter, where they stick fast, the bees are so thick around the sugar-bowl that they are afraid to go near it, and there are enough ants in the pie to walk completely off with it. You take a seat, however, determined to try to eat something, you get up suddenly—all at once as it were, for you have sat down on a briar. Then William Henry, who has quaffed an unreasonable quantity of lemonade, gets the colic, and his mother goes into hysterics because she thinks he is poisoned with poke-berries. You lay him under an umbrella, and proceed to climb a tree in order to fix a swing for the girls. After skinning your hands, tearing your trousers and ruining your coat, you get to the top, tie the rope and undertake to come down, on it. You do come down, with velocity, and your fingers are rubbed entirely raw. Just then it begins to rain furiously and the whole party stampedes to the depot for shelter. When the shower slackens you go back to the ground to get the rope, and just as you get up in the tree the owner of the places comes along with a gun and a dog, and threatens to blow your brains out and eat you up if you don't leave immediately. Then you come down again with celerity, and get over the fence as if you were in earnest. Coming home in the train all the passengers regard you, from your appearance, as an escaped convict, or a lunatic who has broken from his keepers; and when you reach your home you plunge into a shirt

cover your hands with court-plaster, and register a solemn vow never to go on another picnic. And we are with you; we never will either.

PROTECTION FROM CABBAGE WORMS.—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* says he last year raised four hundred heads of cabbage. He started them in hot beds about the first of April, and transplanted them on a cloudy day as soon as the weather and soil were warm enough. The next day he put about a teaspoonful of salt around each plant, not minding all if it fell on the plant. This served to kill all the worms that might be in the soil. After the plants began to grow, he stirred the ground as these pests, the butterfly which lays the egg that forms the green worm, appeared, he got half a pound of saltpetre, one fourth of a pound of copperas, and dissolved in half a hoghead of water. With this solution he watered the plants after each raid of the butterflies, which occurred three times during the summer, and by this means saved his cabbage from the worms—not losing a plant. This method would not be very difficult or expensive, and perhaps some of our readers may be disposed to try it the coming season.

TO KEEP HANS IN SUMMER.—Cut in slices and trim off the rind and outside; fry it about half as much as you would for the table. Pack it tightly in jars; pour over it the fat that has been fried out of it, close the jar tight, set it in a cool place, and when used, give it a second frying before serving up.

In Cincinnati, there were seven cholera deaths on July 1st, and in St. Louis, one death on the same day. Two at Gallatin, Tennessee. The last report from Chattanooga states that there had been five deaths from cholera on Monday. The disease had also appeared along the line of the State rail road in Paducah on Monday last. The disease had also appeared in Evansville, where (says the *Vincennes Sun*) it "is making inroads." Several cases have appeared in St. Louis and vicinity. From this, it would seem to be gradually nearing our own city.—*St. Paul N. W. Chronicle*.

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets, a light draught one, as there were only two feet of water in the channel, the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped and preparations were made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming, "Go ahead with your old steamboat! I'll walk behind!"

It is no wonder that invalids lose faith in all specifics, when so many worthless medicines are advertised for the cure of various diseases; but which, when tried, are "found wanting." We have yet to learn, however, of the first failure of Dr. Williams' *Balsam of Wild Cherry*, to cure coughs, colds and pulmonary diseases.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Fresh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever, Purely Vegetable and All-healing. For Internal and External use. Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists.

P. T. BARNUM TO THE PEOPLE.—A rumor—originating with, and industriously circulated by unscrupulous showmen, having gained some credence, that I would divide my Great Travelling Exhibition on leaving Boston, I beg to state that such an idea has never been entertained for a moment. The vast enterprise, involving a cost of one million five hundred thousand dollars—is the crowning event of my managerial life, and, although acting against the advice of many experienced showmen, I shall adhere to my determination to keep the monster combination intact during the entire season.

The public's obedient servant,
P. T. BARNUM.

WANTED

By an experienced and competent Professor of Latin, Greek, English and French, a situation either now, or on the 1st September. Highest testimonials as to ability and moral rectitude.

Address "Prof," *True Witness Office*.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

SAULT AU RECOLLET, NEAR MONTREAL. THIS Institution is beautifully and healthfully located about six miles from Montreal. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French language.

TERMS:

Boards and Tuition for the Scholastic year, \$150. Piano, Vocal Music, Harp, German, &c., are extras. For further particulars apply to the

LADY SUPERIOR.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED.—Samples sent free by mail, with terms to clear from \$5 to \$10 per day. Two entirely new articles, saleable as flour. Address, N. H. WHITE, Newark, N.J.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH.

Instantaneous relief guaranteed to any one afflicted with catarrh or cold in the head, by using Dr. Williams' (the noted Indian doctor) cure for Catarrh, (a vegetable remedy, prepared from roots and gums.) One box will cure the worst case—has cured cases of 25 and 30 years standing. It cures when every other remedy fails. Sent by mail for \$1.00. Williams' Proprietary Medicine Company, Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A., P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

A SURE CURE FOR THE PILES.

Dr. Williams, the noted Indian Physician, has discovered a positive cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles, (a powerful healing Vegetable Ointment.) One box is warranted to cure the worst case. Not one single failure in five years. Sent by mail, securely sealed from observation, for \$1.00. Those who now suffer with the loathsome disease should suffer if they don't use Dr. Williams' Remedy. Williams' Proprietary Medicine Company, Sole Manufacturers, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A. P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that the undersigned, Tutor to the minor children of the late Joseph Deschamps, in his lifetime of the Parish of Ste. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, Blacksmith, and of the late Basile Charlebois, his wife, has been this day duly authorized, in his said quality, to accept the estate of the said deceased, and also of the late Joseph Olivier Deschamps, brother of said minors, under benefit of Inventory.

MONTREAL, 4th July, 1873.

ANDRE CHARLEBOIS.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of F. X. BENOIT, of Somerset, Insolvent.

A dividend sheet has been prepared, open to objection, until the 5th day of August next, after which dividend will be paid.

G. H. DUMESNIL,

Assignee.

Montreal, 19th July, 1873.

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