

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 16.—The medical reports of the sanitary condition of Paris concur in stating that, from all appearance, the cholera is sensibly on the decline; not that the cases have been much less in number for the last two or three days, but that they are less grave, and that the mortality has notably diminished. The 17th and 18th arrondissements—the first and most severely attacked—are now said to be, if not quite free from the malady, at least in a promising condition. The hospitals contain fewer patients, especially patients seriously attacked; but the Hotel Dieu, on account of certain special arrangements, has still a considerable number. 'We may, then, hope,' adds Dr. Montanier, from whom I quote (for no official reports as yet appear), 'as we stated in our last bulletin, that the epidemic is in full decline.'—*Times Cor.*

The Pope and the Empire are in fact engaged in a struggle, in which the Pope cannot give way, because the Emperor wants him to do what is wrong. Whether the Emperor will give way on the other hand, when the last crisis comes, remains to be seen.

Certainly no worse policy in the interest of his dynasty can be conceived than the withdrawal of the protection of France from the Holy See. But it is very possible that the Emperor is acting at this moment, not so much in the interest of his dynasty as in the interest of his life. Ever since the nearly fatal attempt of Orsini, the apprehension of assassination has had a directly calculable effect upon his Italian policy. The discovery of some fresh Mazzinian plot by the French Police has been the inevitable prelude to some new concession to the Revolution—until we begin to suppose that the Sect thoroughly understand this advantage, and merely spread some such rumors as that which suddenly arose at San Sebastian last month, when they desire to force his Majesty's hand a little. If fear has become a permanent element in the policy of such a man, there is no saying what real and tangible dangers it may drive him to confront.

It seems to us, all things considered, as if there were only one way of avoiding the execution of the Convention, and that is by another war with Austria at a date preceding that fixed for the execution of the Convention. Instead of Rome, His Majesty may at the last moment offer the Revolution Venice.

TOULON, Oct. 14.—The Frigates El Dorado, Gomer, Magador, and La Bradar are being fitted out to proceed to Civita Vecchia, where they will meet on the 1st November, in order to embark 3,700 French troops, infantry and cavalry. Yesterday there were seven deaths from cholera in this town; at Arles only three took place.

The Marquis de Bellune, brother of the duke, entered the seminary of St. Sulpice last Monday. The literary world has been startled by this disappearance of one of its most promising young writers. Last year the marquis attracted considerable attention by his original and piquant romance—'De Mademoiselle Berthe,' which he published in *La Revue de Paris*. One of his productions had considerable success at the most dreaded of all theatres, the Odeon. The marquis is but twenty-five, but his friends state that he has long felt a vocation for a monk's life, and only waited till he had attained the accepted age.—*Paris Cor. of the Star.*

The following *reclame*, says *Galignani*, may be called a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. In the window of a fruit dealer in the Rue Lepelletier, Paris, may be seen a common soup tureen with a hole in it, surrounded by the following inscription in black letters:—'Victim of the attempt made on the person of the Emperor in the evening of Jan. 14, 1858.'

A CHINKING DOG.—A curious fact has occurred in an isolated country-house in the neighbourhood of Toulon. A person flying from the epidemic came to seek an asylum there, and was perfectly well received by the occupants; a watch-dog only, after having smelt at the new comer, left his master and took up his quarters in an adjoining house. On the following night the guest died of cholera and the dog returned.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Oct. 12.—Cholera is diminishing in this city, 370 cases occurred yesterday, of which 85 proved fatal. To-day 50 deaths out of 268 persons attacked took place.

ITALY.

FLORENCE, Oct. 12.—The *Opinione* of today, in an article upon the financial condition of the country, contradicts the current rumors of intended credit operations by the Government next year, and points out the improbability of such assertions.

The circular of Signor Natoli leaves little choice for Catholics in the coming election; the Government is at sixes and sevens, and Lamarmora and the King remain aloof in their desire of conciliating Rome, not so much from any religious feeling as because it is the condition of the execution of the Convention. Napoleon never threw a greater apple of discord into the Italian Cabinet than the stipulation contained in the Convention, that Italy should reconcile herself with the Holy See, and the Mazzinian element find in it an excellent text from which to preach a crusade against the Moderates, who are daily losing ground. War with Austria is the present cry in the Italian journals, even the semi-official, and it is evident that a middle course is impossible much longer in Florence. The religious corporations are to be entirely forbidden, save on application by the Bishop to the Prefect.—*Cor. of Tablet.*

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—A letter from an Italian engineer in the Paris *Lemps* announces that the workmen employed in piercing Mont Cenis had come upon a bed of extremely hard quartz, which turned the edge of the best tempered steel, and it was feared that this obstacle might retard the opening of the tunnel for four years. As long ago as the month of May or June the engineers were expecting to come upon quartz; but, a geological survey of the mountain had long since been made, the impediment most, to a certain extent, have been reckoned upon. Perhaps the quartz has proved harder than was expected; but early in the year they were lucky in finding an unusually soft vein of rock. It is to be observed that foreign engineers have expressed an opinion that the tunnel will take longer to complete than the Italian managers anticipate. The summit railway is likely to be made before the end of next year, and will shorten to four hours the passage of the mountain.

ROME.—The *Giornale di Roma* announces that on the 29th of Sept., the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, the Holy Father, after having celebrated the Sacrifice of the Mass in his private chapel at the Vatican, assisted by Mgr. d'Avila, Auditor of the Rota, conferred with the usual ceremonial the *pallium* upon His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. It is a remarkable coincidence that this ceremony, by which His Holiness has conferred upon the Archbishop the plenitude of Metropolitan authority, took place on the fifteenth anniversary of the publication of the Brief *Universalis Ecclesie*, by which His Holiness re-established the Catholic hierarchy in England.—*Tablet.*

OCT. 12.—Contrary to the assertions of some journals, no movement of French troops in the Pontifical States has taken place up to the present.

The Minister of War has, however, received a notification from the French Government that the army of occupation will be concentrated at Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Viterbo, in January next.

Letters received at Florence state that M. Merode had resigned the portfolio of minister of war and that the vacant post had been entrusted to Cardinal Antonelli. Other ministerial changes were expected.

OCTOBER 11.—Yesterday, a party of ten Pontifical gendarmes encountered a band of brigands near Spargola, and effected the release, without any payment to the brigands, of a prisoner for whom they demanded a ransom of 12,000 crowns.

A CONTRAST.—The Roman correspondent of the *Register* says:—Lamarmora's death has caused a natural and I could almost say a pleasing sensation here. He died so well, in a manner so worthy of a Christian soldier; cross in hand and on his knees, as if awaiting God's own military sentence. Heaven's martial law seems indeed to be proclaimed; for contrast with this death that of Lamarmora's Piedmontist successor in Ancona, Lorenzo Valerio, who died the other day of a carbuncle at Messina, when still in the flower of his age. The wretched man asked for a priest, it seems, but would make no retraction of his sacrilegious acts. And so he died impenitent in reality, but something after Cayou's fashion, keeping up a mask of religiousness to the end. The Freemasons performed his funeral rites, after their own fashion, in the church itself into which he had been carried by Christian hands, and which he infected for several days with the stench that came from his coffin. Though of strong lead, it had exploded!

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—A Florence letter says:—The King of Naples is seriously disquieted by the approaching departure of the French troops. Before the 15th of September, 1865, he will have to decide on some course. He holds frequent councils of his ministers at the Farnese Palace.

A deputation of the German nobility recently arrived in Rome and presented to the King and Queen of Naples a buckler, offered by them to the Royal pair as an homage of devotion. It is of beautiful workmanship in silver, chased with gold. In the middle of it are seen Francis II. and Marie Sophie, and all around are represented the principal events of the siege of Gaeta. The offering is accompanied by an album containing 40,000 signatures of the German aristocracy. The King, in acknowledging the gift, expressed his confidence that Southern Italy would one day repent and call the Bourbons back.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius took place last week in the Cathedral in the midst of an immense and most devout congregation. It is very annoying, doubtless, to the Government that they cannot prevent this annual manifestation of God's power. Even Victor Emmanuel, however, dare not outrage Neapolitan devotion so far as to suppress the public assistance at the miracle, as if anything would cause a revolution in Naples it would be an attempt on the honour of the patron saint.—*Cor. of Tablet.*

The correspondent of the London *Tablet* narrates his personal experiences amongst the 'brigands,' or Neapolitan loyalists, in arms for their rightful king and against the Sardinian usurper:—

"Having rested an hour or two we remounted our horses, and having heard that some often dreaded 'brigands' were to be met with on the road between Triulio and Casimari we purposely chose that route leading by the mountain of San Meola and passing through the fields and forests on the very edge of the Neapolitan territory. We were not deceived in our expectations; on reaching the Sta. Francesca we heard the sound of an alarm and in a few moments came in sight of four tall remarkable fine young peasants, advancing with a rapid swinging step along the narrow pathway. There was no mistaking them for the ordinary workman or laborer of the district. The red and blue Bourbonian cockade falling in a long bundle of ribbons on their left shoulders, their clean workmanlike dress, every strap and thong in its place, the long polished rifles slung behind them and the arms in their red belts, all denoted other than peaceful occupations, even had not their keen handsome features borne the unmistakable impression of courage and resolution that ennobles the most ordinary physiognomy, and which is the peculiar characteristic of men daily accustomed to face death and danger. We pulled up and entered into conversation with the 'brigands' and found them to be a part of the band of Cappazzo eighty in number, and through whose frontier posts we were passing; they unsling their carbines for our inspection, beautiful and nearly new arms taken from the Piedmontese in a recent encounter and kept in perfect order for action. The band they said was, like Andreozzi's, Fuoco's, and all those on the frontier entirely composed of Neapolitans, no foreigners of any class or nation being engaged in the reaction. Most of the men were very young—no above thirty—and were refractory to the conscription, and there was a sprinkling of old soldiers, gens d'armes, and peasants raised by the invasion. The chiefs are all either ex-gendarmes, soldiers, or cacciatori. Nothing could be more polite or respectful than their manner or I may say less alarming, and this though we knew ourselves to be entirely out of reach of help and within a hundred yards of the Neapolitan line, which was occupied by the rest of the band. On our expressing a desire to see some of their comrades one of the men gave a shrill whistle, which was answered from a copse on the flank of the mountain, and in about a minute more mountaineers similarly armed came leaping down the grey splintered rocks that bristled the hillside like wild deer and joined their friends. The 'brigands' told us they had posted on the mountains all the way down to Sta. Francesca and that they would warn the rest of the band that we were mere travellers and were to pass free unmolested, as they only made war on the Italian and French posts and wished on the contrary to show us every courtesy. The chief accordingly sent off a little boy, fulfilling I imagine the office of scout along the valley and fired three times in the air as a signal to the band to warn them of our approach; we offered them some cigars, which they declined at first, saying they had plenty, and then accepted for their comrades. They most indignantly repudiated all idea of robbery, ransoming, mutilations or any of the atrocities with which they have been so often charged and considered themselves in every respect sovereigns, and were about as like criminals as a MacDonald or Cameron in the proscription following the '45. Such are the bands your Whig contemporaries have presented as ferocious outlaws. Many of these poor young outlaws will force the Piedmontese cordons, and come at the risk of their lives to receive the sacraments at the hands of a good and pious priest instead of the Passigians who have been introduced into many of the Abruzzian villages. I can only say from personal experience, that I should feel far safer in the midst of even the worst band of the Abruzzi than in the powers of the bands of Garibaldi and his crew of liberators. The 'brigands' do not rob, murder or mutilate, and I was assured by the proprietors of every village we passed that there is no crime at present, for the precise reason that the bands on the frontier are now political and act as a police, driving away the thieves and robbers who shelter themselves under this name.—*Cor. of Tablet.*

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Oct. 11.—It is semi-officially stated that the rumour that Baron Hubner was appointed Austrian Ambassador at Rome, in consequence of the demand of Hungarian statesmen that a revision of the Concordat should take place, is without any foundation.

The Vienna papers assert that the publication of the diplomatic correspondence between Spain and Austria, in reference to the recognition of Italy by the former Power, has been caused by the French Government.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, Oct. 11.—The semi-official *Provincial Correspondent* of to-day publishes an article upon the visit of Count Bismark to Biarritz, in which it says:—

The honourable and cordial reception of Count

Bismark by the Emperor Napoleon and the observations of His Majesty upon pending questions are guarantees for the unaltered continuance of the friendly relations between France and Prussia. It is mainly owing to this fact, indeed, that the question of the Duchies could be brought to a solution in conformity with German national and Prussian interests without European complications. No doubt exists that the Emperor has resolved to continue the calm, honourable and disinterested policy he has hitherto pursued.

THE FATE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—We have reason to know that fate of Schleswig-Holstein has been actually decided. The Prussian Government have finally and formally resolved upon carrying the policy of annexation into effect. *Coute qui coute*, the Duchies are to be Prussian. An elaborate justification of this policy has been already drawn up, and will, we presume, be circulated presently among the Courts of Europe. How Austria is to be arranged with for her share of the spoil we have not yet learned.

WILD CHILDREN.—The *Melbourne Age* says:—"A painful circumstance was brought under our notice a few days since, of two little girls having got into a wild state through neglect. It appears that their mother died some four years ago, since which time they have been with their father, Michael Doolan, in a miserable hovel in the Wild Duck Creek, who leaves them frequently for a week together without and protection. They are perfectly naked, and, if approached in the bush, will run away like young kangaroos, or climb the trees, and not unfrequently jump into the water-crooks of the creek to escape. We believe the attention of the police authorities has been called to the subject."

SHORTNESS OF TIME IN DREAMS.—One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says that in dictating a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amanuensis repeating the last word to show he has written the whole; but, though five or six seconds only have elapsed between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the sleeper may have passed through a dream extending through half a life time. Lord Holland and Mr. Babbage both confirm this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of the sentence immediately succeeding; yet during the time he had a dream, the particulars of which would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamt a succession of events, and awoke in time to hear the concluding words of a friend's answer to a question he had just put to him. One man was liable to feelings of suffocation, accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat, whenever he slept in a lying posture, and had an attendant to awaken him the moment he sat down. But though awakened the moment he began to sink, that time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamt he crossed the Atlantic, spent a fortnight in America, and fell overboard when embarking to return; yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

CURIOUS ELECTRICAL EFFECTS PRODUCED BY LIGHTNING.—A very strange property has recently been observed in the bodies of persons, &c., struck by lightning—the power of giving a strong electrical shock when touched. It might be supposed that the electricity would be completely carried off by the conducting power of the human body, and especially if that power were rendered more complete by the presence of moisture. Such, however, is not the case, and it is not possible to explain the anomaly by means of any principle furnished by the present state of our knowledge. The facts, however, are indisputable, the two following cases having been brought before the Academy of Sciences, at its sitting on the 10th of July, by M. Boudin:—On the 30th June, 1854, a man was killed by lightning in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and the body remained exposed for some time to a very heavy rain. When the storm was over two soldiers, who attempted to take the dead body away, received a violent shock the moment they touched it. Two artillerymen charged with the removal of telegraph posts, which had been thrown down at Zara, in Dalmatia, by a storm, on the 8th September, 1858, at first on laying hold of the telegraph wire, two hours after the lightning had ceased, experienced light shocks, and then were suddenly thrown down, one of them having his hands severely burned, and the other remained without any sign of life. A comrade who attempted to render assistance, was attacked with nervous symptoms, and had his arm burned.—*Scientific Review.*

DON'T LIKE THE WIDOWS.—In endeavouring to take the census for the Government, the marshals occasionally meet with such difficulties as well might deprive them of their senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place somewhere between a marshal and an Irishwoman. "How many male members have you in the family?" "Nivir a one!" "When were you married?" "The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for America. Ah, well do I mind it! A sunshiner day nivir guld it the sky of old Ireland." "What was the condition of your husband before marriage?" "Divil a man more miserable. He said that if I didn't give him a promise within two weeks he'd blow his brains out with a crowbar." "Was he at the time of your marriage a widower or a bachelor?" "A which? a widower did ye say? Ah, now go away with your nonsense! Is it the like of me would take up with a second hand husband? A poor Devil, all legs and consumptive, like a sick turkey. A widower! May I be blessed if I wouldn't rather live an old maid and bring up a family on butter milk and prunes!"

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—At the present time the population of the world is estimated to amount to 1,000,000,000 of persons speaking 3,064 languages, and pressing 1,100 forms of religion. The average duration of human life is estimated at 33 years and six months. A quarter of the children born die before their seventh year, and one half before their 17th. Out of the 1,000,000,000 persons living, 33,000,000 die each year, 91,000 each day, 3,730 each hour, 60 each minute, and consequently one every second. These 33,000,000 deaths are counterbalanced by 41,500,000 births—the excess being the annual increase of the human race. It has been remarked that births and deaths are more frequent in the night than during the day. Calculating one marriage for every 120 persons of both sexes and of all ages, 83,000,000 are celebrated annually.

SHOWING HIM A MIRACLE.—Ernest Renan having said in his 'Life of Jesus,' that the proper way of proving the reality of a miracle is to show one, a pamphleteer shows him one in a letter. 'Upon the Establishment of the Christian Religion,' which we here translate:—

Sir,—Permit me to-day to draw your attention again to the establishment of the Christian religion, a fact upon which naturally differ in opinion. Like you, when I have striven to identify its cause with the mere forces of man, I have failed in my endeavor. The supernatural, then, has been the only conducting thread which has helped me to escape from the labyrinth, where I see you continually seeking to rectify yourself, without ever doing it, and condemned to escape therefrom only when you shall have proved that there is nothing miraculous in the establishment of Christianity. Pardon this little digression; I go straight to the work. There is a religion called the Christian, whose founder was Jesus, named the Christ. This religion, which has lasted eighteen centuries, and which calls itself the natural development of that Judaism which ascends near to the cradle of the world, had the apostles for its first

propagators. When these men wished to establish it they had for adversaries:—

The national pride of the Jews;
The implacable hatred of the Sanhedrim;
The brutal despotism of the Roman Emperors;
The raileries and attacks of the philosophers;
The liberalism and caste-spirit of the pagan priests;
The savage and cruel ignorance of the masses;
The fabled and bloody games of the circus.
They had an enemy in

Every miser;
Every debauched man;
Every drunkard;
Every thief;
Every proud man;
Every slanderer;
Every liar.
Not one of the vices, in fact, which abuse our poor humanity which did not constitute itself their adversary.

To combat so many obstacles they had only
Their ignorance;
Their poverty;
Their obscurity;
Their weakness;
Their fanness;
The Cross.

If you had been their cotemporary at the moment when they began their work, and Peter had said to you, 'Join with us, for we are going to the conquest of the world; before our word pagan temples shall crumble, and their idols shall fall upon their faces; the philosophers shall be convicted of folly; from the throne of Caesar we shall hurl the Roman eagle, and in its place we shall plant the cross; we shall be the teachers of the world; the ignorant and the learned will declare themselves our disciples'—hearing him speak thus, you would have said, 'Be silent, imbecile!' And as you are tolerant from nature and principle, you would have defended him before the Sanhedrim, and have counseled it to shut up the fisherman of Bethesda and his companions in a madhouse. And yet, sir, what you would have thought a notable madness is to-day a startling reality with which I leave you, face to face.

SHODDY.—Shoddy! Its odious presence is everywhere apparent in the Paris streets. I met it in my walks; I elbow it in the cafes; I am nearly overtaken by it in my drives; I gaze upon its peacock gorgeousness at the theatre; I hear of it in the gambling house and the billiard-room. It is omnipresent, loud, vulgar, bragging, audacious, shoddy. The English milor has had his day. Even the stag—that conservator of old prejudice—has consigned him to the same limbo as that yellow-visaged nabob who was once the only representative of boundless wealth in a theatrical point of view. The Russian boyard is still sought after by the gold worshippers, who bow before unpronounceable Tartar names, while visions of mines of malchite worked by myriads of serfs float before their admiring eyes. The Brazilian also retains something of that golden halo which makes a god of man, and imagination—the imagination of the Rus Breda—pictures him stuck as thickly with precious stones as were those pieces of meat which the rocs fished out of the Valley of Diamonds. But Russian prince and Brazilian merchant may not long reign alone. Shoddy is here at last; and the ears of Paris tingle at the sight and sound of its well filled pockets. I have just returned from half an hour's lounge in the court-yard of the Grand Hotel, Shoddy's headquarters. Behold him in his magnificence as he reclines gracefully upon two chairs, one arm thrown over the back of a third, his boot heel resting, at an elevation considerably higher than his head, upon the rim of one of the wooden tubs that contain the fanlike *palmiers*. He is smoking his seventh cigar while he waits the return of his wife and daughters from their drive—he is recorded *en passant* that female shoddy never walks—and here comes! Fat, sallow, and long past forty, the matron Shoddy, sits bolt upright, for if she reclined the world would lose half her attractions, and while seeing she desires to be seen. She has diamonds in her ears, she has pearls round her neck; and a Niagara of pearls flowing over her mountainous bosom. She has heavy bracelets on her arms, rings upon her fingers, and would have bells upon her toes if the prejudices of society were not against such a fashion. The shoddy maidens are as indulgent as their mother. The whole court yard as they enter brighten up as with a sudden burst of sunbeams, as they descend, which they do somewhat heavily, from the carriage there is a prolonged metallic rattle as though they were, which in great part they do, chain armour over their clothes. Shoddy himself segar in mouth—it is never out except eat, drink, or spit—lounges over to them, consults his watch, a costly affair, a size or so smaller than the hotel clock above his head, and hinting that it is luncheon time, states his intention of putting himself outside of something right off. The ladies replying, through their noses, that they have no 'objections,' the whole party shies and rattles up the steps, and are soon engaged 'in taking stock'—the phrase is Shoddy's of a light and elegant repast, consisting of Strasburg pie, pickled salmon, lobster salad, cucumber and cheese, washed down by two bottles of Claret, and concluded with what the ladies denominate 'a fresher up,' and the gentleman a 'corps-reviver.'—*Paris Cor.*

"Pay no attention to my bad temper, John," said a passionate man to his servant, "for you know that my ill-humor is no sooner on than it is off again." "Yes, sir," replied John; "but it is no sooner off than it is on again!"

An impatient boy waiting for his girl said to the miller, "I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it." "How long could you do so?" inquired the miller. "Till I starved to death," was the sarcastic reply.

UNITED STATE.

HE LIKED THE SAMPLE.—'One of the drier humorists I ever met,' says Sala, 'is P. T. Barnum. On board the river steamers in the States they feed you for a moderate outlay, very sumptuously, but the portions supplied are usually of microscopic dimension. Barnum had taken passage by one of these stately Noah's Arks. He called at tea-time for a beefsteak. The negro brought him the usual little, shrivelled mite of broiled flesh, certainly not sufficient for more than two mouthfuls. Barnum poised the morsel on his fork, scanned it critically, as though it were a sample of steak submitted to his inspection, then returned it to the waiter, saying, 'Yes; that's what I mean. Bring me some of it!'

A SAD FALL OF A BABE OF GRACE.—The fall of a man as Colonel Jacques is sufficient to arouse the sorrow of every man who knows the former worth of the gallant Jacques. He was one of the first and most influential of the Methodist denomination in Illinois. When that body established a female educational school in Jacksonville, he was placed in charge of it. He managed it with such talent and success that when a greater educational enterprise was projected he was transferred to it. He was engaged in this when the rebellion commenced. Col. Jacques was a man of intense loyalty, of commanding influence, and of great oratorical ability. He took the field in behalf of the Union, and raised one of the finest regiments that Illinois gave to the service of the Union. It was called the preacher's regiment, on account of the number of preachers enlisted in it. Of this regiment Jacques was made Colonel, and he served with great distinction. During the progress of the war, Colonel Jacques had numerous conferences with Bishop Simpson, and both were well satisfied that if a Methodist of proper position in the North could get among the Southern Methodists much might be done toward crippling the rebellion. This mission Colonel Jacques undertook with the approval of Bishop Simpson and of Mr.

Lincoln. Colonel Jacques bravely met the 'peril and traveled extensively among the Southern Methodists. He returned just before the battle of Chickamauga, and took a conspicuous part in the battle. Colonel Jacques was the companion of Mr. Gillmore in a visit to Richmond for an interview with Jeff. Davis, in which mission they succeeded. This visit was intended to bring about peace. The Col. has recently been detailed for breaking up the negro camps, such as Camp Nelson. This is the cause of his presence in Kentucky.—*Louisville Press.*

FROM JOHN B. WICKERSHAM, Esq., firm of Wickersham & Hutchison, the celebrated Manufacturers of Fancy Iron Works, 269 Canal St.

I am the recipient from you of one of the greatest favors that can be conferred upon man, viz., that of health. For many years I have suffered from one of the most annoying and debilitating complaints that the human family can be afflicted with, Chronic Catarrh.

During the long time I was suffering from this disease, was attended by regular physicians, giving me but temporary relief. The cause seemed to remain until I was induced to try Hoodland's German Bitters. After the use of a few bottles of that valuable medicine, the complaint appeared to be completely eradicated.

I often inwardly thank you for such a valuable specific, and, whenever I have an opportunity, cheerfully recommend it, with full confidence in its reliability.

Truly yours,
JOHN B. WICKERSHAM.

New York, Feb. 2, 1864.
For Sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.
John F. Henry & Co., General Agents for Canada.
303 St. Paul St., Montreal, C.E.

FROM A LADY.

A NEAR RELATIVE OF ONE OF THE

LEADING PHYSICIANS IN MONTREAL.

New York, Dec. 3, 1863.

Messrs. Lanman & Kemp, N.Y.:

Gentlemen—The object of the present letter is to present to you my heartfelt thanks for the great good that your BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA has done me. For over six months I had been suffering with a Rheumatism that seemed to extend over my whole body, and which, from the tortures I endured, had reduced me almost to a skeleton. I could not move either my arms or legs, and had to get assistance to enable me to do the smallest household duty.

Taking your advice I began the use of your BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA. I was so weak that the smallest doses of it seemed to agitate me very much, but I persevered, and latterly I could increase the size of the dose. My pains all ceased little by little, and after using eight bottles I am about entirely cured. Now I can perform my household duties without assistance, and I cannot too highly recommend your excellent preparation to all those who suffer with Rheumatism.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours,
FELICITE CREHEN,

119 Laurier St., New York.
Any person who may wish to inquire into the above extraordinary cure, are referred to Dr. Picault, Nos. 60, 62, and 64 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, who is familiar with the facts, and can testify to the truth of every statement.

Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

GET THE BEST.—Never buy an inferior article because it is cheap. Don't get a worthless thing merely because it is popular, or because somebody else has it. Get the Best. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir is the best remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, croup, hoarseness, and all kindred pulmonary complaints that lead on to consumption. Take care of your health in season, for health is wealth. Without it the poor man would starve, and the rich have but an indifferent enjoyment of life. Try Down's Elixir.

Sold by all Druggists.
John F. Henry & Co. Proprietors, 303 St. Paul St. Montreal C.E.
November, 1865.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION FOR THE SICK!—This vital question, involving the bodily health of tens of thousands, is submitted to all who suffer from dyspepsia, costiveness, bilious complaints, general debility, or any other disease originating in the stomach, the liver, or the bowels. Will you persist in dragging yourself with drastic mineral purgatives, that weaken, rack, and destroy the internal system, or will you accept certain, swift, and permanent relief through the medium of BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, a vegetable cathartic, which controls disease without depreciating the physical strength, is absolutely painless in its operation, and actually removes that necessity for continual purgation, which all the violent and depicting purgatives create? If you desire to enjoy the blessings of a good appetite, a vigorous digestion, a sound liver, regular excretions, and the mental calm which results from this conjunction of healthful conditions, BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS will realize your wish.

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