

NEWS OF ALL SORTS.

It is calculated that stammering affects 125 in 130,000 persons in France. It is more common in the south than in the north. The difference is attributed to education being widespread and the pronunciation more attended to in the north than in the south of France. It is pointed out that as long as exemption from military service is accorded on account of the defect there will be little desire on the part of parents to get their children cured of it.

About seven o'clock on the evening of the 2nd inst. a fire broke out in a small shed used by the Agricultural Society, Chatham, which soon communicated to the Drill Shed, which was being fitted up for the County Fair. The fire brigade succeeded in putting out the fire, but not before the roof of the drill shed was badly damaged. The directors of the society say that they will put on a force of workmen immediately to repair the damage, so as not to interfere with the fair.

The Viscountess Kingsland, whose extreme destitution was recently described, is likely, after forty years of abject destitution, to pass her few remaining days in comparative comfort, though the economical parish officials, when they heard that she was receiving \$125 a week from a benevolent society, summoned her before them to explain why she should not forfeit the 62¢ cents they allowed her weekly, her crime being concealment of resources. Mr. S. C. Hall, the author, induced her to sign a parish pension, and allowed her its equivalent himself, another charitable organization has sent the money needed for furniture and clothing; a third has invited subscriptions, and altogether the widow of the seventh Viscount Kingsland promises to end her days in comparative affluence.

DREAUFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

At Boston, Mass., on Oct. 8, an accident occurred on the Old Colony R.R. between Atlantic and Wollaston Heights at 7 p.m., about seven miles from Boston. No intelligent account has been received, but it is known at least that ten were killed, and about one hundred wounded. The train was returning from Silver Lake with about 1,500 persons who had been out to witness the Reagan and Davis boat race. At least five cars were wrecked, including the English coach, in which were many oarsmen and newspaper men. Patrick Reagan, loser of the race to-day, was sitting with Mrs. Faulkner, wife of his old boat partner, and both were killed, also Charles Morgan, son of the editor of the *Express*; Stephen Grady, East Boston; J. Hoey, of the *Boston Express*; Mr. White, South Boston; John Dag, Cambridge; Michael Claffey, Boston; Mrs. Faulkner's child and Reagan's father-in-law. Among the injured are Mrs. Blakie, wife of the Cambridge boat builder; George Kimball, of the Associated Press; Walter Safford, reporter of the *Express*; Mike Mahoney, of the Shawmut crew, and two of General Butler's sons, who are reported seriously hurt. It is stated that James Claffey, Manager of the Silver Lake Regatta, is fatally hurt.

LATER.—The engineer on the leading locomotive on the wrecked train states that the accident was caused by a collision with a freight car which was being switched. The train could not be stopped in time.

Later additions to the list of killed will raise the total to 25 or more. In addition to the dead telegraphed, are John Boyle, John Wright (colored), Maurice Green, and Paul Crowley, brakeman. Several dead are believed to be amidst the wreck.

A Fulton, N. Y., man had his finger on the table in front of a buzz saw to feel the momentum of air. The saw was going so fast that the tooth wrenot to be seen. His finger was taken off. While he was looking at it the foreman came up with the question, "How did you do it?" "Why, I put my finger down," answered he, placing the other forefinger, as he thought, well away from the teeth. To his horror, the saw took that one too, clean off at its second joint.

THE GREAT RACE.

The long talked of race between the two great rival scullers came off on time, though at first threatened with postponement, owing to a storm which arose but was of brief duration. Every Canadian knew that another was added to the laurels of our great champion who won by a length and a half in 56 minutes and 22 seconds; the race being declared by the veteran referee Sheriff Harding, of St. Johns, N. B., the finest he ever witnessed.

The New York Herald's Montreal special reports an interview with Hanlan and Courtney. Hanlan declared the race was a fair one, and gave him the hardest work he ever had to win, and while the first rower that he (Hanlan) could not do with as he pleased. Hanlan says he won just 89 which he bet with Courtney's cook, but he had heard that Courtney lost several hundred which he (Courtney) bet on himself. Hanlan added that if Courtney challenged him he would be obliged to accept, and he believes he can beat Courtney every time. Courtney stated that he felt very bad over the cruel charge made against him, and but for that he would immediately challenge Hanlan to row again. He declared the rough water defeated him and Hanlan's choice of the outside course made a difference of a minute on the first mile. Also that he was delayed at the turning buoy, it having been stated that his buoy would be marked by an American flag while in fact both flags were British. As to the finish Courtney declared the current took both rowers out of their course.

Montreal, October 4.—The boat race is still the general topic of conversation. A companion of Courtney's old year correspondent last evening that Charley said, when looking at the course prior to the race, "I got into the boat that I feared the race was lost."

The receipts from tickets to the concert in behalf of Courtney last evening amounted to \$255, and a handsome purse will, it is thought, be given him. The speakers at the meeting last night gave the New York Herald a lively making over for circulating the unfounded rumor of the race having been sold. Courtney says he will prosecute for libel on his return, and takes much to heart the reflections cast upon his honor.

The reception tendered Hanlan by the citizens of Toronto on his return was most enthusiastic, and at its conclusion the chairman called upon Mr. Mangham, Secretary and Treasurer of the Club, to present the champion with a gold medal, received from His Excellency the Governor-General. This was the signal for tumultuous applause, which, having subsided, Hanlan expressed his heartfelt thanks to Lord Dufferin for the great honor.

The medal, which is of massive gold, has the face of Lord and Lady Dufferin on one side, and on the other His Excellency's coat of arms.

PROFESSOR TAIT'S REPLY TO PROF. FROUDE.

London, Oct. 5.—Dr. P. G. Tait, Professor of Physics at the University of Edinburgh, and colleague of Sir Wm. Thomson, has transmitted to the *International Review*, of New York, a reply to a recent article of Jas. Anthony Froude, on Science and Theology. Prof. Tait holds that there is no incompatibility between science and religion; that humanity does not require a new revelation, and the great majority of Christians do not expect it; that from the most absolute sense view, independent of all philosophy and speculation, the only religion which can have a rational claim on our belief must be suited equally to the wants of the peasant and the philosopher, and this is the specially distinguishing feature of Christianity.

A Philadelphia jury was left together twelve days without being able to agree on a verdict, the division being ten to two, with the two obviously knaves or fools. Judge Allison said: "We are fast approaching a condition of things in Philadelphia, and it is large; 'tis, that will compel a change in the law so that it will not be possible for one or two men to stand out against the conviction of a great majority of the jury, and thus prevent the proper consideration of cases."

A London letter says: "It is hinted that torpedoes cannot be put down in the Bosphorus, because of some very remarkable currents there, which prevent anything from remaining at one point below the surface, just where torpedoes would have to be placed. Mr. Labouchere recounts in a recent number of the *London Truth* that at one place the current setting toward the Sea of Marmora suddenly takes a dip. Anyone swimming near it, and caught at the point of its disappearance, is thrown up dead several hundred yards lower down. At Therapia a swimmer may go down the Bosphorus with any current, but another at a particular point, and come back with it. 'There is a theory,' says Labouchere, 'that an under-current perpetually flows from the Sea of Marmora into the Black Sea. One day I was on a ship. There was a sailor on one of the spars. Some one asked him whether he could throw himself into the sea. This he did, and we never saw him again. I suppose he was caught in some under-current.' This is very curious, if true."

A short, general summary of the vital statistics of France for 1876 is published. The births amounted to 966,682, exclusive of those stillborn, and the deaths to 824,074, so that the increase of population was 132,608 persons. The stillborn numbered 44,680, and the marriages 291,266. These figures show that while France with a population of 36,000,000, that is half as much again as England—namely, 24,000,000—had an increase of population amounting to 132,608, the increase in the latter country reached 295,000. The population of France, while in England there is much again as many inhabitants, in France there is not quite one birth to 36.

NOTE.—Immigration and Emigration do not appear to have been taken into account in the above comparison between the two countries. This might make considerable difference in the figures given.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN A NEW YORK CHURCH.

A New York despatch of Oct. 6 says: The worshippers at the eight o'clock mass this morning in St. Francis Xavier's Church, West Sixteenth street, were startled by seeing a man approach a woman in one of the centre pews and plunge a large knife into her body without a word. The stillborn would-be assassin then fled from the church, followed by about a hundred of the congregation. He was at length arrested. The woman was in the meanwhile taken to the hospital and found to be suffering from a severe and deep cut in the abdomen. Her name is Mary Logan, landress of the Hoffman House. The assassin's name is John Carpenter, aged 33, living at the corner of Grand and Clinton streets. Carpenter, who has been separated from his wife for some time, went to church this morning, and knowing her to be an attendant there, intending to kill her, but being half drunk, mistook Mrs. Logan for his wife and plunged the knife into her.

AN ECCENTRIC.

A great number of persons are visiting a house at Collingwood, England, the residence of the late Mr. Bethel Waldron, whose strange and eccentric conduct was revealed by the will suit that occupied so much time in the Probate Court at the early part of this year. The premises are thrown open to the public in consequence of the sale necessary to meet the order of the court for the payment to Lady Janet Waldron and her daughter. The house and grounds are enclosed by a brick wall, a mile in circumference and twelve feet in height. The lawn was converted into rabbit warren, and the garden kept thousands of rabbits. His chief companions were his rabbits and his dogs. He held the belief that, on the death of human beings, their souls passed into the bodies of dogs. As these animals died he gave them a funeral, and on the lawn there are many graves, each having a headstone bearing an inscription setting out the deceased's name, rank, place and date of birth, and the date at which he died. Until the day of his death Mr. Waldron kept in his house the embalmed body of a daughter whose soul he believed had found a resting-place in the body of one of the dogs. No one was admitted to the deceased to the premises without special permission for each visit, and the entrance as well as the front of the house was guarded by sentries. The body of the deceased daughter was kept in his dressing-room, and his own bed-room was fitted up with the view of familiarizing him with death. He slept in a massive canopied Devonshire oak bedstead, on the outboard of which there were three skulls of females fixed. Over each corner of the bed there was a black velvet pillow. In the bed so decorated he died. The bed, the drapery of which was crimson and gold, is now to be sold with the other things. The oak furniture is very massive, but most of the fittings show signs of the neglect consequent on the deceased's retirement. He spent the greater portion of the last fifteen years of his life in the study of the laws in which he was involved, and in the pursuit of which he seemed to find enjoyment. It is remarked in the neighborhood that he did not mind who he went to law with or on what subject he fought, and he was regarded as the most expert of money he spent if he could only beat his antagonist. At one time and another he employed over forty solicitors, and he requested that in every document he signed, the name of a grandee of Spain and as a member of various orders should be set down. The extent of the deceased's estate in Devonshire was 3,000 acres.

A Protestant would be shocked, says *Meyer's Independent World*, if you accused him of believing that all Catholics would be damned. He would tell you, unless he were a rigid Calvinist, of whom there are few now, that Protestants hold no such doctrine—that a Catholic had as good a chance of being saved as any other man. Was it not Henry of Navarre who, calling together the Huguenot preachers of France, asked them if a Catholic could be saved? They debated for a time, and then answered in the affirmative. The King, knowing that the Catholic theologians taught that there was no salvation for those who willfully protested against the Catholic Church, resolved to be on the right side. He became a Catholic, concluding that, as both sides admitted that he could be saved in the Catholic Church, it was the safest. In view of the general belief among Protestants that anybody may reach Heaven, no matter what creed he holds, their system of sending out paternal, maternal, and little missionaries to the followers of the "Scarlet woman" in Italy, Spain, and South America, seems needlessly extravagant and absurd. Why risk the lives of the evangelical young men, his evangelical wife, and their orphan children in a long sea voyage, with all the modern improvements, if the benighted Papists in foreign parts can be saved without the assistance of the evangelical family? Where ignorance is bliss, where is the use of disturbing it, if it be rewarded as well as knowledge? We Catholics, who believe that faith is necessary for salvation—faith in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church—are logical in striving every nerve to send missionaries abroad for the propagation of that faith, but where the Protestant *raison d'être* for such strenuous efforts at converting Catholics is we fail to see.

SCISSOROLGY.

Being a Choice Selection from the Cream of our Exchanges.

A confectioner at La Chatre, France, lately sprinkled with arsenic some cakes furnished for the communion service at a school kept by Dominican nuns. About 60 persons were made sick. The man himself was to be a priest-hater and wished to have it thought the nuns tried to poison the school.

George B. Browning, of Rutland, Vt., was knocked down and robbed of a watch and \$37 in money, and was so much hurt that he must die. William H. May, a young fellow who was married on the next morning, and was found to have sold Mr. Browning's watch and bought the wedding ring with the proceeds, has been arrested as the probable murderer.

We are glad to learn that the net proceeds of the late St. Patrick's Bazaar, Hamilton, were over \$5,000, which will be devoted to the funds of the church. Rev. Father Lennon desires it to be stated that the silver set will be drawn for as soon as a sufficient number of tickets have been sold, the event will not be delayed beyond a week or two. The drawing for the Bishop's portrait, the Sisters' chair and several other articles, will take place in due time. In reference to these drawings full notice will be given.

FROM OTTAWA.

Sir Patrick MacDonnell, who will be sworn in as administrator as soon as His Excellency Lord Dufferin leaves the country, is expected here about the 12th inst.

The *Five Press* says Parliament is summoned to meet on the 21st of November, but the proclamation is not yet for the despatch of business. It is thought, however, that the session will be called before the Christmas holidays.

Dr. Mureot, of this city, was killed to-day at Montreal whilst riding the Squire in a steeplechase.

A few days ago a tramp, who was sparring his devious way along near Reno, Cal., conceived a brilliant idea for raising the wind. He knew that the Wells-Fargo stage would pass along that road in about half an hour, so he took off his coat, tore his shirt and pockets, rolled around in the dust, and finally tied himself, with much difficulty, to a tree. The stage, however, took a short cut by a new road that day, and didn't go by at all. After waiting until dusk, the disgusted tramp concluded to remove his bonds, but before he got the first knot loose a grizzly came down out of the mountain and picked off the greater part of his leg.

A remarkable instance of the freaks of natural electricity, when not battled or hampered by man's convenience, occurred in Jersey City. One movement of the fiery fluid, during an electric storm, was to violently open the circuit of Station No. 3, and entirely destroy the connections in the house of H. & L. Co. No. 3, and of Boxes Nos. 42 and 43. Before the circuit could be closed new wires had to be put into position. All the batteries in the fire-alarm telegraph were so completely absorbed by the careering fluid in its second attack that the batteries for creating the artificial article had to be taken down and renewed. While the lightning had possession of the wires, it caused the alarm bell to ring, and set all the gongs in the city striking, and before the regulations of the Fire Department. The firemen were thereby enabled to see the difference between tame and untaught lightning.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

A despatch from Parkhill, Ont., dated Oct. 6, says: A destructive fire occurred here last night at about this morning, which laid a large portion of the business part of the town in ashes. The fire is supposed to have started in the rear of McNeill's stationary store. It soon spread to the post office block, and in a few minutes the building was a mass of flames. It spread rapidly both east and west taking McNeil's grocery and dwelling Mrs. Davidson's millinery shop and dwelling, Fletcher's confectionery and dwelling, McKimmon's shoe shop, Dickson's dry goods store and dwelling, Ried's butcher shop and the Montreal Telegraph office. The brick building occupied by McNeill's bank was only saved by the strenuous exertions of the firemen, at which place the fire was extinguished. The loss is estimated at \$30,000. The origin of the fire is unknown, but is undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

SUICIDE OF A DISTINGUISHED GERMAN GEOGRAPHER.

A report is current, and generally believed in Germany, that Dr. August Heinrich Petermann, the most able geographer of the age, who is reported to have died on Sept. 27th from a stroke of apoplexy, committed suicide by hanging. The report causes no little excitement in Germany. Everything, it is believed, will be done by the friends of the deceased to prevent any investigation as to the truth of the matter, so before the friends of the deceased to the scandal incidental to such a proceeding.

It is now whispered that the assassination of Mehemet Ali was arranged in Constantinople. The correspondent of the *London Times* at Vienna gives the following account of the Field-Marshal's death at Jachova:—Two Catholic companies, merely numbering about two hundred men, along with a few German, remained true to the Muslin. After a fierce encounter between the rebels and this little band of followers, the house into which the illustrious victim had retired was first with petroleum, and then by a strong tower belonging to the same building; but this, too, was set on fire about 6 in the evening, and the doomed man, rushing forth and exclaiming, "Here I am for you?" was ruthlessly cut down with the rest of his attendants."

A mason in a country town had, by industrious practices, progressed sufficiently to commence business on his own account. One morning when in his small office with a customer, he felt his dignity as a master-mason somewhat compromised by his daughter coming in and informing him that his porridge was ready. When his visitor had gone he explained to his daughter that in his new position it was not befitting that such a fact should be communicated to him in the presence of gentlemen calling on business, and that in future, when sent on such an errand, if she found him engaged she should rather say "A gentleman wishes to speak to you," or something to that effect, and he would understand. His daughter promised obedience, and it was not long till she fulfilled her promise to the letter. Appearing before him when engaged with another customer, she informed him that a gentleman desired to see him. Her father informed her he would come directly, but being detained longer than he anticipated, his daughter after waiting a considerable time, again walked into the office, and said, "Father, ye manny try an' come for the gentleman's getting called."

There are some scenes almost too pure and sacred to be viewed by the thoughtless world. One of them is a two hundred pound woman with a mole on her chin "talking baby" to an ounce and a half embryo child in a bass cage.

THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY.

The Afghan difficulty is no nearer adjustment than at the date of our last issue as the following late despatches will show:

London, October 9.—An Allahabad despatch states that on the appearance of a strong Afghan force in a threatening attitude near Jamroor, the garrison of the latter place was reinforced to seven infantry regiments and three batteries. Gen. Ross, commanding at Jamroor, was preparing to clear the lower pass and assault Ali Musjid, when he was ordered to await reinforcements.

A Calcutta despatch says by command of the Supreme Government the troops of the Maharajah of Cashmere have occupied the Parogul and Karanior Passes, leading towards the Russian dominions.

A Vienna despatch says St. Petersburg advices indicate that a Russian corps of observation of 20,000 will probably be stationed on the northern frontier of Afghanistan.

A Pera correspondent states that he is authorized to deny that the Afghan envoy urged the Sultan to conclude an alliance with Russia. Russian officers from Central Asia declare that an understanding between the Amer and Russia that an Anglo-Russian war is certain. [Sensational.]

CONDON AND MELODY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER SENT HOME BY MELODY TO HIS UNCLE.

We left the prison about 9 a. m., 17th ult. The Governor saw us to the gate; shaking us cordially by the hand, he expressed his best wishes for our future welfare. Driving in a close carriage to Weymouth, we took train for Southampton, where we got the station, to their mutual surprise, on the German steamers. About midnight we were informed it was time to proceed to the docks. So in the darkness of the night we stumbled along, tumbling over chains and rails and bales of goods. The flickering lamplights could never reveal obstructions until we were sprawling over them. We reached the vessel at the pier, where the great seal of the Mosel, of Bremen. While awaiting the weighing of the anchor we received the "free pardon" which had been read to me when I was last writing to you, September 14. It is a tremendous skin of parchment about the size of a map of the two hemispheres, with an enormous cake of very red sealing-wax shining like the man from the north-eastern extremity, which is, I suppose, the great seal of England. The edify of the Empress of India is seated upon a throne, with a globe surmounted by a cross in her left hand, and a sceptre in her right, a crown on her head, and two attendants at her feet. A graceful fawn, gazing up in devout admiration of our gracious sovereign, is the one on the west supports a book (the Bible, I suppose) on her knee with the left hand, and carries a crozier over the right shoulder; the nymph on the other side has her left arm most gracefully reclining upon the hilt of a sword, whose blade is buried in the royal robes of our gracious sovereign. I can't make out what this damned bears in her right paw, something like a child's rattle, I think, though I suppose the following inscription: "Victoria Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regina Fidei Defensor." The serrated edges point like rays shedding a mellow glow over this rignature.

A TEXT OF THE PARDON.

Now, my dear uncle, if you are not tired, I am, so you must pardon my ending abruptly, but I must tell you we received (27) seven pounds gratuitously from the Government and also (230) twenty pounds each which had been deposited by Mr. Ryan, the gentleman and Mr. Collins very kindly visited me twice; the last time they left a most excellent suit of clothes for each of us. I cannot sufficiently express the deep sense of my gratitude to the gentlemen of the political Prisoners' Visiting Committee; those visits I received from them did me more good than any other display of regard could possibly accomplish. Honor to him who originated and organized the Visiting Committee. We were accompanied on board the Mosel by Captain Corbet, Deputy Governor, Mr. Brooks, Chief Warder, and Mr. Hackett, Principal Warder. I did not leave the vessel until I received a letter from Mr. Ryan, a telegram for you and a letter for my brother. I suffered most intensely. I was sea-sick nearly all the passage and thought I would never reach American soil alive. The crew were nearly all Germans. Edward Condon is a good German scholar, so we got on very well. We had a first-class cabin and enjoyed the exquisite music of Mr. Gilmore's celebrated band. He himself is a most kind and courteous gentleman; and himself by my heart relating his adventures in dear old Dublin. When we entered New York Bay we were taken on board the United States revenue cutter, an honor that made me feel about ten inches taller, and before we were indebted to the courtesy of President Hayes, we are indebted to the courtesy of an interview with him yesterday, and the honor of having been treated as murderers in England's dungeons, now we are honored as Irish patriots. Of course, all this tends to elevate my thoughts and make me feel proud of suffering for such a country as my dear old Erin. Though I may not be permitted to touch it, my beloved shores, yet you will rejoice at the reception accorded to your unfortunate nephew.

Prof. Rolleston, in a lecture on the history of the domestication of animals, gave it as his opinion that the mammals were domesticated long before birds, and that of the mammals the dog was the first domesticated, the pig the second, the ox the third; in other words, that the first animal domesticated was domesticated as an ally of the hunter, the second for purposes of food, and the third as a beast of burden, though one which was afterward found more useful for purposes of food when his place as a beast of burden had been supplied by the horse.

When in June and July of last year the victorious Russians were threatening Constantinople, the conquered Turks became enraged against the Christians, and great fears prevailed that a massacre might take place. In this emergency the Catholics of the city invoked the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, and were spared the horrors of a persecution. In token of this protection they have sent a beautiful banner to the Church of Our Lady at Lourdes, which was carried thither by the Rev. Father Alphonse, of the Capuchin monastery at Paris, who preached the Lenten sermons at the Turkish capital.

Women are naturally gifted with quicker wit, better judgment, greater self-possession than men, but there are very, very few women who can appear at ease and look pleasant when unexpected callers suddenly surprise them with a set of teeth in each hand and none in her mouth.

A Mississippi boatman with immense feet, stopping at a public house on the levee, asked the porter for a boot-jack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, bade him to get up. "No jack here, here I'll pull 'em off for you, couldn't pull 'em off, massa, without fracturing de leg. Yess, letter go back about five miles to de fork in de road an' pull 'em off dar."

SPANISH TENDERNESS AND GENEROSITY.

The first feature worthy of notice in treating of illness in Spain is the exceedingly human tenderness which it brings forth. I say human; but surely the human cannot be separated from the divine, for ancient story and sacred story tell us that the two were once joined together, never to be parted. So what you want is not a nurse, but a Christian. Spanish peasant women may or may not be a skilled nurse; her one rule—and to me it appears a good rule—is: "Give the patient whatever he likes, whatever he asks for." Both nurse and doctor believe that the patient, after all, is the best guide, and that given guide, and one to be therefore trusted. So what you want is not a nurse, but a Christian. Spanish peasant women may or may not be a skilled nurse; her one rule—and to me it appears a good rule—is: "Give the patient whatever he likes, whatever he asks for." Both nurse and doctor believe that the patient, after all, is the best guide, and that given guide, and one to be therefore trusted. So what you want is not a nurse, but a Christian.

The next feature to be observed is the excessive generosity engendered by common suffering and the living together under a common roof. In the Spain of to-day the whole middle class is now in a state of suffering; the lady of good birth has fallen in fortune, her little wither of regret for the past and anxiety for the future is now down her powdered cheeks (violet powder is the rule—even your servant powders her face), as she shows you her file of pawn-tickets. Her husband died; he was a general in the army; he had a pension. Yes, but the pension was never paid—is never paid; and the poor lady's little wither wither; and the jewelry that her husband once laid at her feet when she was a lovely Spanish girl; and all the furniture that has been treasured in the family for twice fifty years. For Spain is the land of heirlooms, and to lose your furniture is to me to lose the loss of life itself. "What matters it to me to live; to-day I have sold my locket and my collar." Both rich and poor live, for the most part, a generous life; there are few villages, and all flock into the towns. In one house, each room is occupied by a family, or by a separate tenement. All suffer daily from the decadence of all things; all feel the heavy and oppressive taxation of the present government; and all join in curses not loud, but very deep, against the rules of the country? "Our paper, and only one—probably the *Imparcial* for all middle class Spain is Radical and Liberal to the core—(is taken, and passed around from room to room. And so a warm fellow-feeling is engendered, and as we all know from bitter experience, "a common love from common suffering springs." [Temple Bar.]

THE INTERCESSION OF PIUS IX.

The following is a literal translation of a letter written by his Eminence Cardinal Luigi di Canossa, Verona, to the Director of the *L'Unita Cattolica*, in which he relates a most singular grace obtained in his diocese through the intercession of Pius IX. in the instantaneous and truly miraculous cure of a child afflicted with violent epilepsy.

It was well known that the Holy Pontiff himself when a young man was most sadly afflicted with the disease, so much so that four or five times that he could never be admitted to the priesthood, nor ascend the altar. He was cured by a signal grace from the Immaculate Virgin announced to him by Pius IX. Now, behold! the Divine Providence glorifying His Pontiff, by imparting the same grace to others through his intercession, as the Cardinal Bishop of Verona relates in the following letter to the very distinguished Director of the *Unita Cattolica*:

VERONA, July 19, 1878.

"With due respect to all the restrictions and rules in reference to this matter, established by the Holy See, but to the glory and honor of the holy and revered memory of our late immortal Pontiff Pius IX., I communicate to you the following prodigious fact wrought by his intercession, and which I abridge from the history of it sent to me on the 14th of this month by the Very Rev. Archpriest and Vicar Forzani, Don Antonio Balzani.

It was in Bovolone, a large town in my diocese, there lives a boy named Victor Basili, born on the 18th March, 1872, of Philip and Beatrice, who, for two years has been violently attacked by epilepsy. At first the attacks were not so frequent, but later on they increased so enormously that he was seized by them and cast to the earth about one hundred times a day. Needless to say how many remedies the afflicted parents tried in order to cure their child, whom they saw approaching each day more rapidly to the grave. In their desperation they had recourse to my archpriest afore-mentioned, begging him to suggest some efficacious remedy. He suddenly felt, as it were, inspired to propose to them to offer a Novena to the Holy Father, Pius Nono, on one day of which they were to approach the Sacraments, and to apply to the breast of the boy a piece of wax, returned worn by him. This they promptly did, and returned home full of joy and hope. They performed their promise, and placed the relic on the breast of the boy, and oh, prodigy! from that moment he was perfectly cured, to the immense joy of his friends and all. A full month has been allowed to pass, to prove the miracle, and the boy gets on splendidly, grows stronger each day, and no shadow or trace of his disease remains. Oh, mercy of God! oh power of His great and faithful servant Pius the Ninth, to whom even while alive, the pious parents (of the boy) were most devoted!

"What saith the impious and unhappy Renan? To prove a miracle, he requires that a committee of inquiry be present. Behold! there are more than 4,000 souls in Bovolone. There is, therefore, an abundance of witnesses. The friends and acquaintances and the family are willing and ready to be sworn. Oh! that the incredulous and the wavering would open their eyes to the shining light of such interpositions of the Omnipotence of God, who glorifies His servants, sanctifies their work, and proves the truth of our most holy religion, and gives to believers, without hesitancy and human fear, and thus to secure the conquest of Heaven.

"Accept, Mr. Editor, the esteem of yours, most obediently and affectionately,  
LETICIA CARD DE CANOSSA, Bishop.  
"Up Sacerdot."

"Yes," said a venerable and benevolent-looking old man, "I've always really enjoyed living in an unhealthy climate." "The reason?" said a bystander. "What's the reason?" "I rather think," responded the venerable and benevolent-looking old man, "that it's because I'm a physician."

The subject was in regard to horse-racing. Said a hack-driver who was present:—"Talk about your fast time! Why, I've seen a horse trot a mile in 1:30." "Impossible!" said the cigar store proprietor. "The best time I ever heard of was 2:14." "Well," said the hackman, "isn't 1:30 two minutes and thirty seconds?"