

TELEGRAMS.

(From our Daily Contemporaries.)

LONDON, December 20.

The Deputies declared that Italy cannot abandon the Treaty of Paris. Russia has proposed that a force of 6000 Belgians shall occupy Bulgaria. Earl Beaconsfield is averse to this, thinking it unnecessary, and is doubtful if Belgium would accept such responsibility, as Switzerland has already refused.

Persia is closely watching the turn of events in regard to the Eastern question. In the event of war, she will probably occupy Bagdad.

Some sentinels at the fortress of Belgrade fired on an Austrian monitor. The Serbian Ministry, owing to the incident, has resigned. Earl Beaconsfield is unwell.

The English Cabinet has deferred coming to any resolution in regard to the question of the occupation of Bulgaria, pending reference of the matter to the Queen.

GENERAL NEWS.

To what do we owe the earliest translation of Canon Schmid's beautiful tales for the young? In a certain college there was once an ecclesiastical student, now by his position known throughout the globe, and by his acquirements appreciated by the smaller world of scholars. His *Regula Pietatis* prescribed prompt rising at the stroke of the bell, "*Benedicamus Domino*" audito—As many of our readers can testify, there is in human nature a great inclination to "angelize," or to remain until the angelus bell, twenty minutes late. This particular student, the legend goes, kept his rule and saved a quarter of an hour every morning, which he devoted to the study of German, with one result which we have already mentioned. There are always quarters of an hour lying vacant in the day. "It is the quarters of an hour," said Napoleon, "which bring me victory." Students in college—and out of it—can find similar results in their own campaigns.

So much is heard from time to time of the growing wealth of Ireland that one naturally begins to cast about for evidence of it. The surest source of sound information is, of course, the carefully prepared statistics supplied by the Government, but my recent researches do not show that the Irish people are becoming overburdened with riches. No doubt a few graziers here and there and a few landlords may be adding hugely to their gains, but the people, as compared with the same classes in either England, Wales, or Scotland, are poor, miserably poor. Take the Savings Bank return, England and Wales, with a population only a little over four times greater than that of Ireland, have seventeen times more money in the banks of the people than Ireland. Scotland, with a population numbering barely two-thirds of that of Ireland, has a great deal more than twice as much money in the banks as Ireland. If the figures are followed up closer, if the returns for the different counties, cities, and towns are taken, they become still more striking. The largest English county (speaking of population), Lancashire, has invested £5,170,923; the largest Scotch county, Lanark, has invested £2,414,822; and the largest Irish county, Cork, £392,848. No doubt Lancashire has an enormous population, but Lanark has only 765,000, as compared with 516,000 in Cork! It can hardly be pretended that these figures are satisfactory. "Oh, but," says one, "give us one of the Ulster counties. They are more thrifty in the North." Well, the figures hardly show that. Take Antrim, with its 408,000: it has only £193,718 invested, against Aberdeen, with a population of 244,000, and £300,594 invested, and Northumberland, with a population of 386,000, and £1,181,724 invested! The returns for towns tell the same tale.

A wonderful feat was the other day performed by Mr Charlwood a farmer of Padworth, who made a wager that he would, without assistance, put up on carts the produce of twenty acres of wheat and send it to be stacked, the time specified being as soon as he could see to load in the morning and as long as he could at night. Beginning his task at a quarter before one o'clock one morning, Mr Charlwood completed it by twenty minutes past nine at night, and thus won his wager. It is computed that during the time this vigorous farmer was at work he did not cart a less quantity of wheat than 200 sacks and fifty-five or sixty tons of straw—calculated to be equal to what would be considered a fair amount of work for three days for an ordinary agricultural labourer. There can be no doubt that the feat performed by Mr Charlwood was an extraordinary one, and entitles him to great credit for his energy and perseverance. But the British agricultural labourer can, when put on his mettle, get through an immense amount of work in an incredibly short time. A notable instance of this was afforded in the year 1765 by Wm. Stanton, a day labourer to Mr Dodfield, of Breedon, near Tewkesbury, of whom it is recorded that "he threshed upwards of sixty bushels of pulse between six in the morning and six in the evening of the same day, besides taking it down from the mow himself, and after it was threshed helping to winnow it. All this was done and the pulse put in bags before eight o'clock in the same night." These feats in the harvest field and barn do not attract so much attention as the attempts to swim across the channel, now so fashionable at this season of the year, but they are perhaps quite as worthy of record.—Pall Mall.

This day twenty-two years ago the English army, having, in conjunction with the French, won a great battle, was about to set forth, with the prayers of the whole English nation, on its errand to destroy Sebastopol, which was a standing menace to the safety of Constantinople and to the integrity of the Turkish Empire. Today the English people are clamouring for the immediate execution of measures better calculated to destroy the Turkish Empire than the fleets and armies of Russia. The policy that was then sup-

ported with so much passion and heat is now denounced as false and wicked. It would be scarcely too much for Russia to ask us, now that we are at the white heat of repentance, to rebuild Sebastopol, restore the docks, present her with a new fleet, and pay a handsome war indemnity. What millions of money, what thousands of lives, seem all to have been thrown away—nay, worse, spent in a wicked and abominable cause, in propping up a bloody tyranny, in preventing the spread of civilisation and Christianity, in thwarting beneficent projects, in opposing the accomplishment of God-like designs—according to some people, indeed, in boldly attacking Providence itself and deserting the Divine intentions! What agony, not of thousands, but of millions of people! What houses made desolate! What floods of tears from the orphan and the widow! What national anguish! Nay, what bitterness of defeat must be laid to the door of the Crimean war! and to think that all these were caused by the voice of the country which is now just as rampant and outrageous on the other side of the question. Ought not these reflections to teach us a little moderation?—Army and Navy Gazette.

The wonderful miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius has again taken place at Naples. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September the reliquary in which is contained the blood of the saint was removed from its case and placed upon the altar of the chapel where it is usually kept. After being about forty-five minutes exposed the blood commenced to liquefy, and finally filled the receptacle. Being transferred to the high altar, a solemn high mass was celebrated and the usual ceremonies performed, during which the blood still continued liquid. On the 20th it had resumed its normal condition. A vast crowd of strangers thronged the church during the exposition of the miraculous relics.

In all the Provinces of India now under British administration there are nearly 191,000,000 inhabitants. The precise numbers, by the last census of 1872, are thus set down in 'The Statesman's Year Book,' edited by Frederick Martin, now in the thirteenth annual publication, and generally regarded as most accurate in its statistics. These many millions of inhabitants are classed by Mr. Martin according to their creeds as follows: Hindoos, 139,248,568; Mohammedans, 40,882,537; Buddhists, 2,832,851; Sikhs, 1,174,436; Christians, 896,658; other creeds, 5,102,823; "religion not known," 429,175. Total, 190,563,048.

Taking the most trustworthy government publications in the report of the first annual Geneva Congress, it will be found that in 1870, in Catholic France, the number of persons prosecuted for crime was 4,189, while in the same year, in the Protestant countries of England and Wales, the number convicted (convicted be it noticed) was 12,153. Add to this number the acquittals, 4,577, and we get exactly four times the number of accused persons that were in France in the same year, and France containing twice the population. Belgium, a Catholic country, tells the same tale, and goes to prove that in Protestant England there is just twenty times as much crime in one year as in Catholic Belgium. Let Spain speak for itself next. Spain, torn by internal warfare, in the throes of civil war, had 6,000 persons arrested for crimes in one year, but, comparing its population with that of England and Wales, it should have had the enormous number of 14,000.

Bismarck still rules with a high hand. Several items illustrative of his tyranny come to us this week. The Münster journals announce that MM. Haversath and Fiorez, both of whom were formerly assistants to the vicar-general of that see, have been put under arrest. The 'Germania' of Berlin tells us that one of its editors, M. Ignatius Szymanski, has been condemned to a month's imprisonment for a violation of the press laws, which no one can help violating if he acts as conscience prompts him. And the 'National Zeitung' says that M. von Keudell, the German ambassador at Rome, has received orders to ask for the expulsion of Cardinal Ledochowski from Italy. We are also informed that the correctional tribunal of Cologne, in its session of the 15th of September, has condemned by contumacy, Mgr. Baudri, the auxiliary bishop of Cologne, to pay a fine of one hundred marks for a public offence against the Lüdrrath, the secretary of police, and a gendarme. This offence consisted in the publication of a circular letter which displeased the tribunal.

A great effect has been produced in London by the Centennial lecture on the necessity of reform in female costume. It is, indeed, high time that some change in this respect were effected. The long trains are sweeping the streets, the loosely-fitting hats are falling more and more to one side, the sleeves are creeping further up the arm. The magistrate of one of the police courts reprimanded a washerwoman last week for the tawdry hat and bunches of roses she wore when appearing before him. It was suggested that a love of art had penetrated to the working classes, and rendered them more susceptible to the refinements of the toilet.

The reason why Protestants of to-day are satisfied with schools in which no religion is taught, is that they are not sure they have any to teach. Unfortunately for them the only point they are quite convinced of is that the Catholic Church is wrong—and Pagan schools inculcate that, as perseveringly and more logically than Protestant schools could.—Catholic Columbian.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the writer of "Happy Thoughts" in the London paper, 'Punch,' has recently visited Ireland. In a letter recently published he says: "I will emphatically declare that the kindness and hospitality shown me in Ireland, from my arrival to my departure, were such that I can never forget, and am quite unable to repay. And, at the risk of being accused of 'gushing,' I will add that my affection for Ireland has in it all the passion of love at first sight strengthened by the deepest sympathy with her misfortunes in the past, and colored by the most sanguine anticipation of her prosperity in the future. *Liberavi animam meam.*" This is the experience of every visitor to Ireland. It reminds us of the effect which a visit to the Green Isle produced on an American rifleman, formerly a Know-nothing, but now a most ardent admirer of everything Irish.—'Catholic Review.'