

# AN UNSHRIVED GHOST.

## Friar Lorenzo's Midnight Adventure in the Calle de Olmedo.

In the city of Mexico, toward the close of the year 1731, Friar Lorenzo, of the Monastery of Los Suspiros de Jesus, was making his way homeward to that establishment in the chilly hours of very early morning. He had been keeping a vigil, imposed by the regulations of the order, that had taken him to a chapel in the Parish of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, away out beyond the Zocalo, that lay about equidistant between his two terminals. A very old man was Friar Lorenzo, and his pace was far from rapid, so that he had been long on the way. By this time he was so fatigued that his limbs almost refused longer to uphold the spare weight of his trembling aged body. Yet he nerved himself to renewed effort as he heard the second hour boomed out from the big timepiece of the cathedral, at the very moment that he reached the entrance to the Calle de Olmedo; for the great fatigue he felt was yet exceeded and neutralized by a more potent impulse—the spurring thrills of terror.

Perhaps it were unfair to say that Friar Lorenzo was a coward; the kinder view were to consider that the sequestered conventual life had developed abnormally an extreme constitutional timidity. No priest in the monastery—nay, none in all the great City of Mexico—was better, kinder, or led a more godly life than that of Friar Lorenzo. So meek was he, so holy in his life, that his superior oftentimes found it needful to rebuke him for excess of fasting and penance, and to exercise vigilance in the way of seeing that Friar Lorenzo took ailment enough to nourish his frail body, instead of setting apart his portion for bestowal upon the swarm of mendicants that daily haunted the steps of the monastery.

But in the active functions of his office—in aught that led him without the convent walls, to intercourse with his kind and encounter with the issues of worldly existence—to all such effort and contact the holy man was most reluctant, being ready to purchase exemption from such movement at any cost of penance.

The superior of the order had struggled long against this infirmity, and the mission on which he had to-night sent Friar Lorenzo was in the direct way of endeavour to correct the weakness. But alas! to-night the suffering of the friar was greater than ever—so great, indeed, as to be almost unbearable. The hour, the silence and gloom of the deserted streets, with their houses that appeared sealed and lifeless, and other like forces, had wrought him up to a very panic of abject nervous dread—a fear of something, he knew not what. It was not long since all Mexico had been stirred to horror and dismay by the disappearance of the noble priest, Juan de Nava, whose fate was not made clear till many long years after, and many grisly rumors were still rife concerning this matter. At that period, robbers abounded in Mexico, audacious and unpunished—robbers who would murder a man for the garments he wore. Stories, too, were related of men who killed for the ghastly delight of killing—whose crimes were inexplicable and seemingly causeless, like those murders committed in the dreary street of Don Juan Manuel, the stern motto of which transpired only long thereafter. Moreover, the ready superstitious credences of the day gave willing heed to the legends and traditions of the conquered Mexicans, and found in these supernatural causes for even vulgar crimes.

Therefore it was no marvel that poor old Friar Lorenzo was full of terrors in his night-walk.

At the mouth of the Calle de Olmedo he halted; for its intensity of gloom and silence were even more terrible than the way he had just traversed. But this route meant the saving of many blocks of circuit, and after a brief hesitation, crossing himself and kissing his crucifix, which he firmly believed contained a splinter of the true cross, the old man entered the dark thoroughfare, murmuring as he went, his prayers. He had scarcely turned the corner when he started so violently as to stagger and almost lose his footing, for his gown brushed and caused to rattle slightly the sword of a man standing silent and motionless in the embrasure of a doorway. Friar Lorenzo shuddered as he felt the eyes of the unknown bent piercingly upon him, and he quickened his steps to hurry onward. He had traversed half the block and was beginning to breathe more freely when he heard behind him the dull fall of footsteps following after—*not* in haste, but with the assured deliberate measure that told of the pursuer's conviction that he could overtake this object of his pursuit without undue exertion. And, in truth, it was but a moment before the echo of that firm, determined tread sounded close beside the shuffling, uncertain feet of the friar, who commended himself to the infinite mercy of God, as he felt the presence of his pursuer. For some steps the two walked side by side in unbroken silence, and the monk was conscious of the s delong, scrutinizing look of the other.

Presently, "Delay thee, holy friar," spoke the object of his terror; "I have need of thy ministrations."

But Fra Lorenzo answered, trembling: "Spare me, I pray, your worship. I am old and feeble; since noon of yesterday I have kept vigil, and flesh and spirit alike are fainting. Your worship knows that to call at the wicket of any of the abounding monasteries will bring you succor, temporal or spiritual—aid far better than my poor, weak service. I pray you, senor, think no harm, but I beg to decline the office."

The man at his side laughed shortly—a crisp, crude laugh, that made the monk feel as if he were shivering up as he heard it. "God's death! these friars are presumptuous! The ministers of God—the servants of heaven—so their creeds profess, yet they give themselves the airs of statesmen, and 'beg to decline' the offices of their profession. Have you forgotten your vows, sirrah? Have you forgotten to what service you are consecrated? Nay, then, I will tell you—you and none other. See that you move on before me." He made as if to impel the monk by grasping his arm; but the touch of that hard hand so affected Friar Lorenzo that he reeled and would have fallen had not the man released him.

"What—what would your worship have of me?" he stammered faintly.

"You go to shrieve a sinner," and, with that answer his guide halted before a lofty mansion whose overhanging balconies shadowed the street. The somber cavalier pushed open the great zaguan, or entrance door, without knocking, although, as Friar

Lorenzo, marked there was a knocker of peculiar design, quite distinct from the conventional clinched hand or lion's head—for this was a battle-axe, falling upon a buckler and the two glistened quite strangely clear in the gloom. The tunnel like arch of the zaguan was all in densest darkness, save where a dim ray of light filtered out from the crack of a door on the left hand, whither the way was led by the man who had captured the friar. This was the apartment usually assigned as a doorporter's lodge, in great houses, but here it seemed of dimensions more spacious than was common. The dark walls seemed to absorb; rather than reflect, the pale rays of the candle, yet enough of brilliance fell to flash gleams of keen color from the jewels of one who lay on a rough cot in a corner, glistening back the candle-light from the golden threads of its embroideries.

The stern man pointed to the out-stretched figure: "Do thou confess her quickly." The friar drew back with a start and a shiver when he had bent over the woman; for she was fast bound to the rude bed, made moveless by harsh cords that held her beautiful naked arms outstretched by her sides, and lashed her feet, too, closely. An observer of more worldly knowledge than Friar Lorenzo would have guessed that she had been borne hither from some scene of gala and rejoicing for her delicate wrists, and on her exquisite neck, and in the soft masses of her dark hair, blazed splendid jewels; and the zone of her corsage showing above the coverlet roughly wrapped around her, showed that the stuff of her garb was of exceeding richness.

"Wouldst thou confess, my daughter?" stammered Friar Lorenzo, drawn back to her, despite his fear, less by his sense of duty than by the appeal in her eyes, full of a great despair and a mighty terror. He turned, when she made a sign of assent toward his captor, in intimation of the privacy due to a confession, but that sombre figure only laughed, albeit most harshly, and drew somewhat aside, toward the doorway. Then Friar Lorenzo, bending low above the woman, shaken between his fears and his pity, listened to her confession. But she had not yet finished, when the grim watcher strode forward, caught the friar by his lean trembling arms, and cried, "Have done! thou art making pretexts! Too long this wretched woman has lived already!" and so against her wild entreaties, and the friar's protests, he dragged the minister away, and thrust him forth into the street.

The friar, half-stunned yet half-desperate with the thoughts awakened by his forebodings, and the tale heard from the woman, called, prayed, and knocked, beating his frail hands on the heavy bronze-banded portal in a very frenzy. But the massive wood gave back only the sound of his blows, and that but dully. At last, despairing, he hastened from the spot with so hurried and uncertain a step that the few wayfarers who now began to appear in the street shrunk aside from him with more of awe than reverence, and murmured: "Oh! the poor padre! his many penances have made him mad."

Friar Lorenzo was half-distracted, most of all with doubts as to his divided duty. Did his priestly vows as to the inviolability of confession exact silence as to what had happened? Did the duties of humanity and justice demand that he give up to investigation and punishment the doer or would-be-doer of what he was convinced, was a foul crime? And so seeking to temporize for guidance, he would fain tell his beads to temporize and calm his giddied senses. But his rosary swung not at his side! and a flash of thought reminded him that he had laid it upon the couch beside the doomed woman. That decided him. No fragment of the divine, thrice-sanctified true cross must be left to the unhallowed hands of that grisly, scoffing monster.

Thus Friar Lorenzo set off with eager though trembling speed for the Palace of Justice, that stood then, as it stands now, fronting on the great square Zocalo, or main plaza, and at right angles to the cathedral and sagrario. On the bridge spanning the canal before the palacio, he met a patrol just setting out on the last round before sunrise. The friar halted before them, and, with knotted tongue and parched stammering lips, gasped forth his story. The officer of the patrol sped back to the guard room to summon the alcaide and a moment later the squad was rattling along at a swinging pace, the friar, whose exhaustion was evident, borne on the clasped hands of two stout soldiers. Following his directions, they paused at last before the wide zaguan of a house in the Calle de Olmedo. "It was here," the priest said shivering.

The officer raised the brazen battle-axe of the knocker and dashed it against its buckler; but no challenging voice nor sound of shuffling, sandled tread came back in answer. Again he knocked, more loudly, and no sound arose within but hollow echoes. Then the alcaide rapped with his sword, and summoned: "Open in the name of the king his justice!" and still no key rattled in the lock, no clink of bar or chain gave promise of ingress.

By this time a crowd had gathered about the place—for the most part Indian hucksters, driving their heavy-laden donkeys into the city market, or household servants thus early out of doors for the daily sweeping of the streets. One of these drew near from a house across the way—a woman of more than middle age, bearing the bundles of long, pointless straws, tied up with a string that make the short handleless brooms of Mexico.

"Senors, your worships summon in vain," she said with somewhat of wonder breaking through the composure of her bearing; "this house has long been vacant."

Friar Lorenzo turned in a sort of rage upon her, his meekness overborne by his distress of body and his soul's solitude. "Wouldst say I lie, impious one? Shall a priest not know where he has heard confession? Open! open! nor tarry for her prating, lest the crime be done within our very hearing."

The woman's dark face flushed. She seemed a decent body, and her countenance was full of intelligence beyond the common, as she replied with protest as positive as respectful:

"Nay, his reverence, she were, indeed, a bold and irreverent woman who would dispute the word of Friar Lorenzo—aye! I know his fame for holiness, as who does not among the humble ones of Mexico? But his reverence is less young than he was, and these daybreak lights are uncertain, so that to mistake one house for another is easy. Humbly do I assure ye that never once has this door been opened in the 50 year that I

have lived across there, and my mother, who was portress before me, has often said that never in her time had the house a tenant."

"But open! open!" Friar Lorenzo shouted. Then the officer, impressed in spite of himself by this strange excitement and insistence, bade his men take up a massive vig, or roof-beam of cedar, that lay where some workmen had been repairing an azotea, and poising it among them, the patrolmen again and again dashed the heavy timber, in the guise of a battering-ram against the door-leaves whose heavy planks crashed loudly at the impact; then the bolts sprung open, and into the zaguan poured the gathered gazers. No sight or sound of life greeted the incursion. Once inside the zaguan, it was no hard matter to shatter the heavy antiquated padlock that held the door giving to the side room; that clumsy defense was indeed, half-eaten away with rust and verdigris, and down from the corners of the door-head swung veritable curtains of venerable cobwebs, thick and velvety, like ancient tapestry. The door fell inward with a crash of rotten honey-combed wood, and every soul there but one retreated a step or two from the unknownness before them. Only Friar Lorenzo pushed forward, with an eagerness that vanquished his deceptitude, and then from the further corner, came his voice:

"Said I not so? And will ye doubt me longer, unbelievers? This was the place indeed! They have taken away the hapless lady; ye must seek her, but the proof of the place I show ye! Here it is, among a pile of rubbish, mine own dear rosary, made of olive-stones from Gethsemane," and he came forth, as the chief of the patrol caught a cresset from the hand of a huckster, and blew into a pungent blaze its slumbering bit of ocotl (Mexican pitch-pine or light-wood), and went forward to rake curiously, with his short sword, among the shapeless heap that the friar had abandoned.

"This rubbish—why! lads! albricias!" Here is a wristlet, rings, a great breadth of brocade incrustated with gold and gems—a collect of major diamonds—aye! we have found bonanza! and—what is this? He clapped his hand upon a long mass black as jet in the red light, and with one swift sweep held it aloft, as high as his head, whence it fell to the knees of him. Then he dropped it with a gasping cry of terror: "This hair! a woman's hair! And—gracious God! See that! the hair of a dead woman." For, as he stirred that dense black veil from the coils and crouchings where it had lain for unknown years, a smallish skull, long kept in position by its once crown of glory, rolled forward and touched his russet boot. And from the dread crumbling relics now arose a dire odor of mortality, whose warning of dissolution and decay sent the stout soldiers and their commander rushing with one accord, away from the bones and the diamonds, hustling the peeping mob before them.

"Aye, Padre Friar Lorenzo!" called the alcaide; "now, what a blessed thing it is we have a holy man among us! Father, er el nombre de Jesus, Marie, y Jose," (in the name of Jesus, Mary and Joseph), "purge and purify us of this vile contact!" And he would have knelt before Friar Lorenzo. But a sturdy artisan, who had just sent his great red copper kettle rolling across the dankly mossed stones of the court, as he dropped it in the effort to catch the sinking figure—this grimy Christian called out: "Stand back! give him the good God's air, ye doughy soldiers. Ah, no, it helps not! his eye is fixed, his face is ashen—his body grows a dead weight. Aye, senores, see you not that this sainted Friar Lorenzo is dying, for never yet lived through the day a priest who confessed one already dead—and how many years think ye have lain yonder, whither he led us, the mortal parts of the poor lady ye cried out that ye had found there?"

### The Race Horse.

In so far as a creature endowed with life can owe its existence to human hands, the race-horse may be said to be man-made. Horses were an important factor in early nomadic life and were cherished by their owners, and the progress of civilization, so far from breaking this bond, has apparently strengthened it. The animal is not now so essential to human welfare and convenience; science has furnished other means of transportation and is in a fair way to take all the heavy loads from his back, but in the degree that he ceased to be a mere beast of burden he is transformed into a source of entertainment and pleasure. From a rough and hardy creature, subsisting on such rations as chance and convenience might provide and suffering the hardships and hazards of toil and adventure, he has gradually evolved into a combination of nerves, intelligence and trained muscle that has but a family likeness to his early progenitors. It differs from them in the same measure that the Canadian Beauty or the La France rose differs from the little five-petaled pink flower that blooms by the roadside. Like those floral triumphs he is a product of scientific culture. It is not chance that has given him that peculiar build, that slenderness and lightness that to the expert means speed. His masters have wanted these developments, and they have studied sire and dam and the pedigree of each until they could name in advance the qualities of the offspring. And having secured a horse that has within him the possibilities of outdoing his ancestor, they treat him as a precious belonging, as, indeed, he is. A groom is always in attendance; he is brushed and combed until his coat is like satin; he is fed and housed and exercised with as much care for his comfort as for a child's; royalty itself is not looked after with more solicitude. The attention that ancient Greeks used to give to their own bodily training is given by modern men to the racehorse, and, as a result, he is a marvel of physical perfection. And after all this? Why, when he has been tested and his paces tried he is put upon the racetrack, where his beauty and grace and swiftness please the sight and thrill the pulses of the watching thousands as no other spectacle devised for public pleasure could ever do.

The perspiring condition of the country may be due to the large increase in the circulation of silver dollars.

Professor Houston, in his recent Brooklyn address, made five interesting prophecies on the future of electricity, namely: That electricity would be produced directly from coal; that the steam engine would be entirely replaced by the electric motor; that aerial navigation would be effected by electricity; that electric light would be produced without heat, and that electricity would be applied to the curing of diseases and the prolongation of life.

### STORY OF A HEBREW EXILE.

## Wealthy in Russia a Year Ago, Now Living in Poverty in New York City.

Samuel Sztatzkin, who last year was a prominent cloth importer in Moscow, Russia, doing a business which netted him a profit of from \$100,000 to \$150,000 per annum, is now living on the top floor of the tenement No. 418 East 114th street, New York. Though he is poor he is happy.

"It is hard for a man of my years to start anew in life," he said the other day, "yet I bless the hour I stepped on the shores of this country, for here I know that my life is safe and that my wife and my children are considered human beings. In Russia where I was wealthy, they were not considered worth as much as dogs."

"To tell you what we suffered there would take years. I can only mention instances. I lived in the holy city of Moscow eighteen years. I paid my taxes and built up a good business, when suddenly the Czar became convinced that the holy city was being desecrated by the Hebrews' presence. We were all ordered to leave the city within one year. As soon as the ukase had been issued the customers of all Hebrew merchants stopped paying their debts."

"It was declared by the authorities that every Hebrew found in the city after January 14, 1892, would be considered an outcast and a vagrant, and while a policeman would receive three rubles for every thief he caught he would receive five for every Hebrew he found. I paid 1,000 rubles to the government officials to prolong my time, but every policeman who saw me considered me a good cow to milk, and I had to pay them anything he asked to avoid being arrested and driven out of the city before I could raise enough money to emigrate."

"I will never forget January 14 last. The five thousand families ordered to be out of the city by the evening waited to the last minute. It was the coldest I ever experienced. The government had given orders to the cabdrivers to keep their horses well blanketed and not to stand them in the street longer than five minutes to prevent them from freezing to death. Now listen to what was done for human beings. For the fifteen thousand exiles, however, who had been driven to the railroad station there was no shelter, and the one train on which they were to depart was not to leave until midnight. Members of the nobility, wrapped in their costly furs, were driven past the station, and calmly looked on while women and children by the dozen were frozen to death. They heard the wailing and the crying, but did not as much as give a pitying look."

"When the train arrived there were only five cars and into them the fifteen thousand people tried to crowd. That scene beggars description. People were crushed and trampled to death. Ten per cent of the crowd managed to get into the train. The others were forced to remain and at least five hundred froze to death that night. By paying outrageous sums to the policemen the others were allowed to stay until next day, when two trains arrived and took away three thousand. It took until the 18th for all to get out of the city. Only thirteen thousand left the city; two thousand had died."

"I could recount many other instances of the inhumanity to the Hebrews, but not now."

### FUNERALS ON THE CONTINENT.

## In Paris Every Spectator Takes off His Hat as the Cortège Passes.

"Funerals in Continental Europe differ as widely from those in this country as one can imagine," says a recent letter. More outward manifestations of respect are paid to the dead in Paris than in any other city that has come under my observation. When a funeral procession passes through the streets of Paris every man takes off his hat and bows his head until the rear of the cortege gets past him. The women stop and and express their conventional sorrow by courtesying. In Germany the hearse is peculiar. A common style, such as I have often seen in Hospital strasse in Leipzig, is a sort of combination hearse and hack. A place in the forward part is constructed to contain the casket, while in the rear are seats for the near relatives. Another style which I have seen there consists of a low, long wagon, with squat little wheels, and the body of the contrivance is like a flat car, with no covering. There is no rush or hurry about getting to the cemetery and I have seen large processions blockade all business for hours, so slowly did they move.

"The biggest cortege I have ever seen were at St. Petersburg. There a funeral is quite a jolly affair, and the city is full of professional mourners. The richer the man the bigger the funeral, because the more mourners his family can hire. The employment of these professionals is a recognized custom, and many men and women at the Czar's gay capital make a good living out of their curious business. The stipend of a St. Petersburg mourner varies according to the length of time their services are required and the character of costumes they are required to wear. They are also expected to make the church hideous with their moans and wails and at the grave they engage to scream and yell as if in wild paroxysms of grief. If they discharge their duties with properunction they are treated to a banquet after the funeral."

A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, person and purse is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress—[Carlyle.]

Lovers of the wheel will be delighted to hear that the Grand Old Man has declared himself unreservedly in favor of bicycling. He is credited with these sentiments: "I have noticed with real and unfeigned pleasure the rapid growth of cycling in this country, for not only does it afford to many to whom it would otherwise be unobtainable a healthy and pleasurable form of exercise, but it also enables them to derive all those advantages of travel which, previous to the advent of cycling, were out of their reach. It is far more profitable than the luxurious railway journey from the city to some definite point along an unalterable route, over which the traveller is whirled with no time for observation and no opportunity of examining the district through which he is carried. I can only emphasize the fact that I consider that physically, morally, and socially the benefit that cycling confers on the men of the present day are almost unbounded."

### POLYGLOT CHINA.

## Facts Not Generally Known Concerning the Speech of That Great Empire.

It is true that the inhabitants of Peking, Canton, Shanghai, Futwa, and Amoy speak Chinese. But as to other parts of the country, it is also true that a citizen of the place named cannot understand the inhabitants any more easily than can a Berliner an Englishman, or a Parisian a Dutchman. Thus the position of the Chinaman in his own country, where various so-called dialects are spoken, is rather peculiar. The Chinese dialects have nothing in common with the patois, or conversational forms of language. They are used by the highest and lowest classes, the savants and uneducated, the officials and the coolies. The dialect is a language by itself. The various dialect forms, it is true, are related to one another in somewhat the same manner as the Arabic to the Hebrew, Syrian, and other Semitic tongues, or German to English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, &c.

If it is desirable to classify the numerous dialects they may be divided into the Canton, Hakka, Amoy, Swatow, Shanghai, Ningho, the Hainanese, and the Mandarin. The youngest of these dialects is the Mandarin. Mandarin, contrary to the general impression, is not the universal language of China. The Canton tongue resembles the ancient Chinese spoken 3,000 years ago more closely than the Mandarin. The Hakka shows also traces of great antiquity. It is much older than the Mandarin; almost equalling in point of age the Canton tongue or Cantonese. The same thing may be said of the Swatow, Amoy, and Shanghai dialects. In general we may say that the languages spoken in southeastern China show traces of the ancient Chinese tongue, while the Mandarin tongue is modern.

"In addition to these main divisions," continues the article, "there are many other quasi-dialects, spoken in some instances by thousands of people. But the same word forms, or dialects, are not used by all persons in a single district, although the districts—civic divisions—as a rule are much smaller than those in the countries of western Europe. People distant from one another only a few miles often use totally different dialect forms. In some of the larger cities, such as Canton, with more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, one often finds several dialect forms in use. The variations in the Chinese tongue are so great, indeed, that it is not too much to say that there are as many dialect forms in the Flowery Kingdom as days in the year.

The most widely spread language is the Mandarin. It is used in one form or another in fourteen or fifteen of the nineteen provinces composing China. There are also Northern and Southern Mandarin tongues. The best Northern Mandarin dialect is spoken in Peking, while the best Southern Mandarin is spoken in Nankin. A third marked form of the same tongue is used in west China, especially in Tsien-Kiang. People who speak the various Mandarin dialects, however, can understand one another readily. If we estimate the population of China at 360,000,000 of people, at least 300,000,000 use the Mandarin tongue. All persons, from whatever part of China, who desire to enter political or official life learn this tongue.

"The other Chinese languages are spoken by comparatively small numbers of people. About 20,000,000, for instance, speak Cantonese in one form or another. It is used in the greater part of the province of Quang-Tong. About one-third of the people of this province use the Hakka tongue. In its northeastern part the Swatow dialect is also heard. Cantonese is also spoken in the Kuangsi province. There are not so many dialectic forms of the Hakka tongue as of the Cantonese. Passing up the coast, we find about 3,000,000 people speaking Swatow. In all probability 9,000,000 Chinese use the Amoy dialect, which resembles Swatow as closely as Portuguese resembles Spanish. Still further up the coast we find the Futwa dialect. It is used in a district about 150 miles long and 300 miles broad, containing a population of 5,000,000. This country is for the most part mountainous. The dialects of Ningho and Shanghai, although only a few miles apart differ greatly. The Hainanese is spoken by the people of Hainan. It is related to the Amoy and Swatow dialects—slightly resembling the Japanese—and is spoken by about 3,000,000 people. The inhabitants of about Lutshu, between Japan and Formosa, also speak Hainanese.

"The introduction of a uniform language in China is only a dream. Two hundred years ago the Emperor Kang-hi founded schools in various parts of the empire in the hope of accomplishing that end, but the result was disappointing. It may be accomplished in the future when railroads in various parts of the country bring the people closer together. Centuries will pass before that time, however. \* \* \* The Mandarin tongue, if any, will become the universal one in China."

### HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

## A Man's Leg Cut Off by a Moving Machine and He Will Die.

A Bad Axe, Mich., despatch says:—An accident which will probably result in the death of Isaac Woolner occurred yesterday on his farm in Sheridan township, nine miles from this place. Mr. Woolner was engaged in cutting hay, when his horses took fright at a man passing and ran away, tearing through a fence and throwing the unfortunate man upon the machine. Before the horses could be stopped Mr. Woolner's right leg was torn off at the knee and he was otherwise seriously injured. Drs. Deady, Corcoran and McDonnell were sent for and amputated the leg near the hip. Little hope is expressed for his recovery. He is 40 years old and a widower.

Far from showing any signs of diminution cholera appears, from the latest St. Petersburg dispatches, to be on the increase in Russia, and to be extending the sphere of its terrible activity throughout the length and breadth of the European portion of the Empire. The dread disease is but the natural and inevitable result of the great famine which devastated so many of the Czar's fairest provinces last year. Experience in India, Egypt and other Oriental countries has shown that great famines are always followed, first, by typhus, both among the people and the cattle, and thereupon by cholera. Russia is no exception to the rule. The danger of pestilence spreading beyond the western borders of the Empire to the neighboring countries is enormously increased by the travel on the numerous lines of railroad which connect the Czar's dominions with the remainder of Europe.