

THE FAILINGS OF ABDUL AZIZ.

A FRENCHMAN is sending strange correspondence from Constantinople to Paris, to show up the extravagance of the old Sultan. He had, says this correspondent who is named Wæstyne, seven hundred cooks, who served up to him at each repast thirty kinds of *pilaffs* that he scarcely touched, and would frequently throw in the faces of his attendants for the least cause. Aziz was very violent, and would thrash even his Grand Viziers. They could only soothe his ire by promising him money; and *apropos* to silver, here is what was found in his palaces. First, jewels estimated at twenty-four millions; then obligations or shares representing a value of eleven millions; and, finally, a hundred and three millions in gold. Recollect, these millions are in francs. M. de Wæstyne says the new ships ordered in England have been sold to the British Government. Ironclads were a hobby with the late Sultan, and he loved to look at them out of the window. But the French correspondent gives a deplorable account of the ignorance of the Turks in seamanship, and tells a story in proof, which I imagine I have read somewhere before, besides in the tale of "Barney O'Riordan, the Navigator." Still a good thing may be once repeated in translation. "The Sultan was so proud of his new fleet that he ordered one of his captains to take an ironclad into the English waters. As long as the captain commanded the venturesome ship in the Mediterranean, all went well. They hugged the coasts, and pilots were always available. But when once Gibraltar was left behind matters changed. The last pilot, however, said to the captain who had privately intimated to him his embarrassment—'Follow that ship you see before you; it is going to England. Yours is a better sailer than she is, so you need only slacken speed and keep her in view.' The pilot left him, and the captain followed his advice, and never troubled his head about compass or bearings. All went well till night, which came on dark and foggy. But at dawn they saw the smoke of a steamer, which they considered must be the guide of yesterday, and they stuck more closely than ever to her, following her lights each night. One day passed, two days passed, then four, then eight. Land was no longer anywhere visible, but the guiding steamer was ever in front. 'Faith!' said the Turkish captain, 'I never thought England was so far off.' At last, on the twelfth day, they entered an immense port, and some custom-house officers came out and were received on board the Turkish man-of-war—'What brought you here?' said one of them bluntly to the captain in English. 'I came to present the homages of the Sultan to your Queen.' 'What Queen?' 'Queen Victoria; am I not in England?' 'I guess not, stranger; you are in New York.'"

SANCTUARY OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, MEXICO.

WHAT Our Lady of Loretto has been to Italy; Our Lady of Fourviers, La Salette, Lourdes, to France; Our Lady of Foye and Halle to Belgium; Our Lady of Navan and Trim to Ireland, Our Lady of Guadalupe is to our neighboring republic, Mexico.

The Blessed Virgin, as is piously believed, appeared to Diego, an Indian, and sent him to the bishop to direct a church to be built on a site indicated. The bishop sent him back to gather roses there, and winter as it was, he found roses, and filled his cloak with them; but at the bishop's palace the roses had vanished, and on the rude canvas of the cloak was painted a beautiful picture of Our Lady, still preserved.

The Bishop of Mexico, the holy Zumarraga, placed the picture in a chapel till a church was erected on the spot miraculously designated by the Blessed Virgin.

The first church soon proved insufficient to accommodate the thousands who crowded it. In 1695, Francis de Aguiar, Archbishop of Mexico, laid the corner-stone of the magnificent basilica, on which vast sums were lavished by the faithful.

On the first of May, 1709, the picture was translated to it, and placed on a silver throne that cost \$80,000. Altars of beautiful marble are erected in the church and chapels, and the service-plate is of the most costly description. The great silver lamp is a marvel of elaborate work. The altar railing is of silver, and is protected by a second railing of costly wood, exquisitely carved and inlaid with silver. The venerated picture is surrounded by a frame of pure gold, the offering of Don Antonio Maria Pucareli, Viceroy of Mexico.

As Our Lady of Guadalupe was deemed the especial Patroness of the Indians, the revolution, which made Mexico a Republic, increased devotion to her. She is the Patroness of Mexico; and even in the present time when religion is so much opposed there by the so-called Liberals, Our Lady of Guadalupe is still honored and respected.

Dr. Edmond Alix has published a work entitled "Essai sur l'Appareil Locomoteur des Oiseaux," in which the mode of locomotion has been determined by a careful study of the anatomy of birds. His conclusions on this point are contained in the propositions:—"First. The wing in its downward stroke begins by moving forward to attain its basis of support; after which it strikes briskly from above downward, and at the same time from before backward, as a result of which the bird is projected forward. Second. At the moment at which the wing commences to descend, its lower surface looks forward; but as it descends this surface gradually turns to look directly downward, and ultimately more and more backward. Third. During the ascent of the wing it moves upward and forward, its lower surface at the same time looking forward." This agrees closely with Marey's results obtained by mechanical appliances to birds in flight, but the two investigators differ on the question whether the variation in the inclinations is due to its structure, or merely to the effect of the air upon its flexible posterior margin. Dr. Alix takes the former view.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A survivor of an Indian attack tells the following:—"I had been sent on ahead up the hill, just where the big stone hut stands, by the road, and with a boy named Kountze, from Omaha, sat down to wait for the waggons, which were slowly coming up out of the valley. When the waggons reached us I started on alone through the rocks and pine bushes to seek a good camp. A few hundreds yards farther on I looked down a ravine to the right and saw five mounted Indians ride across the valley. I started to go back to the train, when at least a dozen Indians ran at me out of the bush, and you bet I ran and hallooed for help. In a minute more two or three of them shot at me. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my left leg another in my left shoulder, and I fell. Then they were upon me in a minute, and one of them put his knee in my back, while another hit me a clip with a club or a butt of a gun. I don't know which, as I had no time to think. All I knew was I was being scalped; my hair was held tight. I felt a hot, red-hot, stinging sort of pain all around the top of my head—being torn out by the roots—it was too much; I couldn't stand it; I died—at least I thought I did. But my scalp was saved just as it was being torn off. The boys at the waggons had seen me running; saw the Indians and came on—thirteen of them—and got up just in time to prevent the red devils finishing their work. The Indians, as well as my friends, thought I was dead. But I came to again, and my scalp was laid back again. It was only half torn off, as you will see, and is growing again nicely."

Many of our readers will remember an accomplished English priest, Father Anderdon, who was on a visit at Cardinal's M'Closkey's house a few years since. Previously he had been for a long time chaplain of the Catholic University Church, Dublin; now he is a member of the Society of Jesus. Recently lecturing in Ireland, he told a good story which we find in the "Weekly Register." We are sure our readers will appreciate it:—"On my first arrival in London," said Father Anderdon, "not being able to give up my quarters immediately in the Archbishop's house, I was obliged to look out for lodgings—in London a desolate sort of employment. At last I found very respectable lodgings and a very grim and prim old landlady." "Well," I said, walking through the rooms, "I think these will do; I'll take them." The old landlady coughed and looked very grimly and with an air of suspicion at my Roman collar. Then she said, "Yes, sir—ahem; yes, sir. But where's your references?" After that I wrote to a friend and said, "Now I can put into precise formula the difference a Catholic priest finds between the reception given him in Ireland and that which awaits him on his first appearance in an English household. In Ireland, when he enters, the woman of the house exclaims, 'Oh! here's his reverence!' But in England 'tis, 'Oh! but where's your reference?' The story, says the 'Examiner,' was keenly relished by the audience, and some time elapsed before the laughter it excited subsided, and the reverend speaker could apply himself to graver topics.

Condé, the greatest of the generals, except his contemporary, Sobieski, in an age of generals, passing through the city of Sens, which belonged to Burgundy, and of which he was the governor, took great pleasure in disconcerting the different companies who came to compliment him. The Abbé Boileau, brother of the poet, was commissioned to make a speech to the prince at the head of the chapter. Condé, wishing to disconcert the orator, advanced his head towards the abbé, as if with the intention of hearing him more distinctly, but in reality to make him blunder if possible. The abbé, who perceived his design, pretended to be greatly embarrassed, and thus began his speech: "My lord, your highness ought not to be surprised to see me tremble when I appear before you at the head of a company of ecclesiastics; were I at the head of an army of thirty thousand men I should tremble much more." The prince was so charmed with this sally that he embraced the orator without suffering him to proceed. He asked his name, and when he found that he was brother to M. Despreaux he redoubled his attentions and invited him to dinner. The prince on another occasion thought himself offended by the Abbé de Voisenon. Voisenon, hearing this, went to court to exculpate himself. As soon as the prince saw him he turned away from him. "Thank God," said Voisenon, "I have been misinformed, sir; your highness does not treat me as an enemy." "How do you see that, M. Abbé?" said his highness coldly, over his shoulder. "Because, sir," answered the abbé, "your highness never turns your back upon an enemy." "My dear abbé," exclaimed the prince and field-marshal, turning round and taking him by the hand, "it is quite impossible for any man to be angry with you."

The main entrance to Howth Castle, near Dublin, used to be left open during the dinner hour until not very long ago. The origin of the custom is thus related: About 300 years ago there lived in the west of Ireland a celebrated female chieftain named Grace O'Malley or Granua Waile. She owned a vast territory, and had castles to defend it and ships and men. So renowned was she that Queen Elizabeth invited her to her court, whither she went, accompanied by a large retinue, where she doubtless was feasted in accordance with her rank. On her return she was forced to land on the east coast of Ireland to procure provisions, which had fallen short. It happened that she landed at Howth, and, walking up to the castle made known her wants. The servants refused to comply with her wishes at once, telling her she must wait as the family were at dinner. Indignant at such treatment, she returned to the shore to re-embark. There she saw a little boy, the son of lord of the castle, playing. As soon as she was told who he was, she ordered him to be seized and carried on board her vessel. Taking the boy with her, she sailed to her home in the west. Here the young prince was kept a prisoner for some time, but finally Grace yielded to the petition of the father and released him, on condition that ever after the door should stand open during dinner to welcome all comers.