

der the country is being drained of its wealth and of its people, impeded in its natural progress and emptied of its intellect, its political significance, and its national life. It fosters the giant evil of absenteeism, it has crippled and is threatening with annihilation the universities, colleges, and schools through which our learned professors are supplied; it has exterminated various trades; it stunts every development of the national genius for art by drawing away its patrons; it displaces from their rightful place in the respect and affections of the peasantry their natural friends and protectors, the resident gentry; it foists upon the Irish public a corrupt and bastard aristocracy of placemen and place-hunters; it wounds our self-respect and pours out our money like ditch water by transferring to London committees and material improvement. Home Rule, however these words lack precision at present, is something that offers a remedy for these evils or a check to their growth. It is something which promises to avert from us the fate with which we are threatened, of being a mere grazing farm and dairy farm for England. The English people, no doubt, would be well content with this consummation. They wish Ireland to be easily governed and think that sheep and cattle are more easily governed than men. But this is not the future that Ireland covets for herself. The population that yet remains upon her soil wishes to figure for something in the social and political system of the United Kingdom, wishes to be something more than a horde of agricultural labourers, lagging behind the general movement of the age, without an aristocracy, without merchants and manufacturers, without learning, literature, art, a well marked social life, a healthy public opinion. This is the lesson of the Home Rule movement, and of the Meath and Westmeath elections. Mr. Gladstone may depend on it that less than will be repeated at many subsequent elections until he and other English statesmen have learned its import. Ireland will not be governed by coercion bills. Neither will she accept hollow professions in place of substantial services. When her public opinion is consulted, her material wants provided for, her industry fostered, her absence rents expended on the soil from which they are drawn, she will cease to return candidates to the Imperial Parliament the main article of whose political creed is opposition to the Minister of the day. In returning such candidates now, Ireland only performs an act prompted by national spirit and necessary in self-defence.—Irish Times.

O'CONNELL AND ISAAC BUTT.—A correspondent has kindly furnished us (*Freeman*) with the following extract from the speech made by O'Connell, at the Corporation meeting in March, 1843, on Repeal of the Union.—"Alderman Butt challenged me to discuss repeal. I must say his speech displayed considerable power. I always knew him to be a man of a very high order of intellect, and it is easy to perceive that, even in the mistaken career he is pursuing (hear, hear). I never heard a man make more of a bad cause than he did, and it was nothing but the weight of that cause that sunk down his mighty intellect, and prevented him making an adequate reply. I don't mean, or could I, depreciate his good qualities. I respect talent in every person. But there was one thing in his address I followed with a microscopic eye. I watched to see if he would say anything that would commit himself against repeal, or being the friend of repeal hereafter (hear), and I have the satisfaction to tell you that Alderman Butt is as free to support repeal, if he should think it so to do, as I am. A man of his great genius must have had some yearning for his native land, and though the west-Ireland may not sound as musically in his ear as mine, it has in his private ear its charms for him (cheers). Depend upon it that Alderman Butt is in his inmost soul an Irishman, and that we will have him struggling with us for Ireland yet (cheers)."

Ireland has always played a part in history out of all proportion to its size and population—situated by the sea, almost as effectively as by a chain of mountains, from the Continent; inhabited by a people who for ages were strangers to all the arts of life, subsisting by the most rude and homely agriculture; and rescued (at first) but slowly from the depths of social anarchy and political barbarism, it has, nevertheless, produced, within a period of little more than a hundred years—over the widest area of human enterprise, and in all the highest branches of human knowledge—a notable band of scholars and divines, philosophers and poets, statesmen, and warriors, who challenge the admiration of the whole world. A singular circumstance, however, that, up to a comparatively recent period, nearly all the most distinguished triumphs of Irishmen have been won in foreign lands. In the early ages, and especially from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the ninth century when the lights of the Roman civilization had been all but extinguished, and the oscillations of the human understanding had reached their lowest point, the Irish Missionaries swarmed from their conventual schools over England, Scotland, France, and Germany, for the conversion of the heathen. It was from this class that Charlemagne gathered round the brightest spot of western Christendom, those learned strangers, eager for metaphysical combat, and foremost in all literary tournaments, who became the supple and powerful instruments of the civilization he sought to promote.—Ireland was studied with conventual schools which preserved the learning of the West; and besides these, it could boast of the great Colleges (mostly ecclesiastical) of Armagh, Lismore, &c., to which thousands flocked from all parts of the European Continent, anxious to gain that knowledge which they could not obtain elsewhere. The remark of Voltaire that "the Irish who showed themselves the bravest soldiers in France and Spain, had always behaved shamefully at home, is hardly justifiable, for the valor at Clontarf, Aughrim, Blackwater, and Limerick, was incontestable; though their most brilliant achievements were reserved for the bloody plains of the continent. Napoleon the Great might have said of the Irish what he is reported to have said of the Poles "that they formed soldiers more rapidly than any other people." Whether they fought for France under Turenne or St. Ruth; for Spain under her finest generals—whether against Italians, or Netherlands, French or Spanish—no swords cut deeper than theirs; and the plains of Rancouin, the Rampart of Lefort, the slopes of Fontenoy, and the fierce battles of Luxemburg, Guillemont, Emorant, and Cremona, witnessed their fierce onset, and displayed their dauntless courage and matchless discipline. The more recent history of war tells us how, from Arroyo to Vittoria, from Vitoria to Waterloo, from the Crimea to India, they maintain the glory of the English name. Nor can it be doubted that no part of the United Kingdom has sent forth men of greater mark in our common history. It was Ireland that gave the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Palmerston to the State; it was Ireland that gave Moore, Goldsmith, and Edgeworth, to literature, Milneady, Macleish, and Hogan, to art, and has given Tyndal, Lord Rosse, and several others to science; it was Ireland that sent Burke and Sheridan, Grantan and Plunkett, Shiel and O'Connell, to the House of Commons; while—only the other day,—it was an Irishman that held the great Seal of England, while another Irishman, fills, at this moment the vice-regal throne of India. We know not by what perversion of fact and reason Ireland is supposed to repudiate any of those glorious names because they are not the names of Celtic Irishmen; because they were (most of them at least) not only Celtic but thoroughly intensely Irish. As well might Scotland, repudiate Burns, Adam Smith, and Watt, because they were not Highlanders!—Edin. Review.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON THE WESTMEATH ELECTION.—"The Daily News thinks that it affords matter for grave consideration. It says—"The new member, so far as his addresses to the electors showed, had no more original programme to offer in his own behalf to the constituency than a general profession of disaffection towards England and everything English, and a demand for a National Government in Ireland. His unopposed return in these circumstances is too remarkable to be passed lightly by. It would be wrong to let our desires blind us to facts; and this union and easy triumph of the Ultramontane and Nationalist parties afford matter for grave consideration. Both Sir John Ennis and Mr. Dease were as willing to concede all the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy for the control of popular education as Mr. P. J. Smyth. But they were not separatists; and the Roman Catholic priesthood in Westmeath, with the habitual astuteness of their order, have seen that if they are to control the Irish people they must humour them. To be masters in the family and the school-house, they must be docile on the hustings. It will be well for party leaders on both sides to consider what the situation is, and to what it may lead. If what is called Nationalist feeling becomes dominant in Ireland, and if the Irish vote is only to be obtained by concessions to it, rival English statesmen will simply contend which shall be the first to make these concessions, and to make them most amply. The Repeal of the Union would be an almost unmixt calamity; nothing could be more disastrous, save the continuance of the smouldering resentment which now divides the two countries. Yet the agitation for Home Rule, in the extravagant form in which it now prevails, can be appeased only by a large extension of the principle of local self-government in matters purely local—an extension as necessary for England and Scotland as for Ireland. The Imperial Parliament must be restricted to properly Imperial matters. It is breaking down under the load imposed upon it. The Scotch members declare, with truth, that Scotch business is not attended to. The most necessary and important measures of legislation cannot even be brought on. A comprehensive scheme for the readjustment of the functions of local and general government, not in Ireland only, but throughout the United Kingdom, would be a great social reform, and would confirm the Imperial and Legislative Union of the three kingdoms."

THE STANDARD SAYS.—The return of Mr. P. J. Smyth for Westmeath marks the rapid strides which the Nationalist party have been making in Ireland. Mr. Smyth, like Mr. Martin, is a pledged advocate of repeal. Mr. Martin's victory has opened the way for seions of this new party. The triumph over Mr. Plunkett in Meath, the popular demonstration against the clerical party in Limerick, are bearing the fruits that we always expected they would bear. Even the clergy feel that the further maintenance of their power in electioneering matters can only be secured by fighting under the banner of repeal. Eighty or ninety Martin or Smyth would render the idea of Imperial Government in Ireland, by the ordinary method of Constitution, ridiculous. It is to the popular strength and the clerical influence we add the irresponsibility which the ballot implies, no candidate of the constitutional principles will have a chance in Ireland. No man in this country outside the adherents of the Commune would be insane enough to support the Repeal movement. What is to come, then, of our theory of Irish Government by the system of the Constitution, when Mr. Gladstone's policy of Irish ideas has produced its natural fruits in a Repeal representation from Ireland?

THE TIMES SAYS.—We, on our part, contemplate his admission to Parliament, not merely without dismay, but with a certain degree of satisfaction. No doubt, it is a great misfortune that so many Irishmen, who might do good service by teaching their countrymen the lesson of "self-government" in a truer and higher sense, are engaged in misleading them into the notion that "Ireland is marked out by the great architect of the world with the stamp of natural greatness"—a greatness only to be realised by political isolation. No doubt it is somewhat disheartening to observe the utter want of political morality in Ireland, which makes it almost impossible for an honest man to win an Irish seat without doing violence to his own conscience, and which has brought about the alliance between Ultramontanism, Nationalism, and Tories in Westmeath. No doubt faint-hearted reformers are already desponding to find how little gratitude has apparently been evoked by the legislation of the last two years, and how readily Irishmen lend themselves to statements implying that they have a vested interest in the perpetration of organized murder with impunity. Still, for all this, we venture to maintain that the presence of Messrs. Martin and Smyth in the House of Commons is by no means an unmixed evil in itself, or an altogether unfavourable symptom of Irish sentiment.

We have never been among those who have ridiculed this cause as simply contemptible, or doubted that it was capable of inspiring a genuine passion in half educated minds. Such minds will, of course, recognize in the elections for the great counties of Meath and Westmeath the dawn of that better day which has been so long predicted for Ireland. To us it appears as certain as ever that modern Irish nationalism is an ephemeral and illusory phenomenon. If Ireland be really determined to be "great, glorious, and free," the first thing she must do is to break with her past history altogether; but then will come the question whether she has the political material out of which to reconstruct herself on the ground thus cleared. It is our deliberate conviction that she has not, that she has a long course of education to undergo before she will be fit for the municipal self-government which she possesses, let alone national independence, either on the Fenian or the Federalist model, and that before this education is complete she will have ceased to desire any less noble lot than equal Union with Great Britain.

ENGLISH COMMUNISTS.—It is evident that very questionable actions may spring from good intentions. We do not doubt the intentions which prompted so many Irishmen of the working classes to take part in some meetings held lately by the Communists in London. They evidently meant to prevent an expression of sympathy with the miscreants of the Paris Commune, who sought to establish individual right by the murder of an aged archbishop in cold blood, and an atrocious system of arson, pillage, and assassination. We give the Irishmen full credit for having cut short these disgraceful meetings, and preventing the intended monster demonstration in Hyde Park; but we cannot help thinking that the less Irishmen have to do with London republicanism the better for themselves and the credit of their country. Wisely abandoning the intention of meeting to a breach of the peace by holding public meetings, the discreet republicans have since issued a manifesto full of French Communist thought, and English expressions, over which even the Daily Telegraph blushes—in print. Our contemporary says—"It is with a feeling of shame that we remark the names of English working men—amongst them Mr. Lucraft and Mr. Odger—appended to what is in effect an apology for the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris. We can perfectly understand how our artists may entertain and propagate extreme opinions, and prepare plans for the thorough reorganization of Europe, social and political. That is their right, as it is the right of all who think; and many of the best men in all classes share with them an intense desire to see the social miseries of European cities extirpated by some large and radical reform.

But the following words are a national disgrace. The Commune, to protect the lives of its members, was obliged to resort to the Prussian practices of securing hostages. The lives of the hostages had been forfeited over and over again by the continued shooting of prisoners on the part of the Versailles. How could they be spared any longer after the carnage with which MacMahon's Prussians celebrated their entrance into Paris? The real murderer is M. Thiers." Here are the words in which English working men attempt to justify an utterly shameful and cowardly deed! What has Prussian precedent to do with it? If German commanders revived one of the most barbarous practices of ancient warfare, does that atrocity justify the still greater crime committed by Frenchmen in seizing an entirely innocent fellow-citizen and putting him to death, in order that they may horrify their opponents? And their English apologists think the matter improved by explaining that they did so in order to save their own lives! This cowardly excuse is natural enough. If the men of the Commune had possessed a tithe of the personal bravery that they wanted, they could have captured Versailles soldiers in numbers quite enough to enable them to say to M. Thiers, "If you shoot our men we will shoot yours." But it was easier to seize in his Palace an unarmed and unresisting old man than to face the bullets and steel of the soldiery. No doubt, in seizing the Archbishop, they had this advantage—that the sanctity and high character of their victim would, they thought, make the threat to shoot him extremely effectual. As to calling M. Thiers the "real murderer," it has the double disgrace of being part of an apology, and likewise a lie. Had the English Government refused to ransom the English captives in Greece their murder would still have been the crime of the brigands. But we confess that while for the Parisian ruffians there is the excuse arising from revolutionary madness and of the panic produced by fear of their own lives, we see no such excuse for the English working men, who, living here in a land of settled liberty, and in cold blood an atrocious apology for one of the worst murders we have ever known. Mr. Lucraft, one of the signers, is a member of the London School Board—a suitable person to be charged with the education of youth!—Catholic Opinion.

IS ENGLAND PREPARED FOR WAR?—Are we prepared, the Morning Advertiser asks, if war were declared against us by any European nation, not to say a combination of Powers, have we anything in a condition to fight or even to save our calamity for a month or a week, till our resources could be brought into play? Have we powder, field-guns, guns of position—that is to say, of modern date—cartridges, coal in our depots; have we vessels of light draught ready to swarm forth; have we trained soldiers fit to take the field; could our Volunteers undertake a campaign? Manifestly not. We have not fifty thousand regulars to defend England, nor our guns at the rate of three per thousand horse, manned, and ready. There is literally "nothing to prevent" London undergoing all the horrors that have visited Paris, within the next three or four months. Could Mr. Cardwell, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Sir Henry Storks prevent it with their united talent? Where would they be after a week, after forty-eight hours war of?

OXFORD AND DR. DOLLINGER.—Oxford University, by a majority of sixty-five to sixteen, has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, by diploma, on Dr. Dollinger. Whence, one may ask, the merit to this seat of honor from an English seat of learning? His fame as conversant with Church history, has been pretty generally known for many years. Thus, and thus only, not as a profound theologian, nor as a deep thinker—not, indeed, as profound or deep at all—was his position in the world of letters estimated. Oxford did not think of him then, nor until he became an outcast from the Catholic Church. Now that he has disputed the degree of an Ecclesiastical Council, and incurred the awful sentence of ex-communication; now that he has reached that "bad eminence," it is deemed reasonable that the dignities of a time-honored University should be laid at his feet. Is this well done? Cannot the culture of the mind so quell and dominate over the spirit of bigotry and sectarian animosity, that the bad taste cannot be seen of seeking to dignify a man who, in his disobedience to the voice of sacred authority, has fallen? Over the gate of the College with which a Catholic Bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham, five centuries ago, enriched Oxford, may yet be read the motto he gave, "Manners make the man," what more unnumbered than the contemplated insult to the religion to which this city, "so famous, so excellent in art, and yet so rising," owes its lustre? Its very stone would cry "shame" upon those who dare cast insult upon the Catholic faith. Here is an ancient stone, the device of a Pagan giving her blood to her young; it is to be seen over the entrance to Corpus Christi College, founded by a Catholic Bishop "to the praise and honor of God Almighty, the most holy body of Christ." When William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, founded that pleasant seat by the banks of the Cherwell, "in honour of his blessed patroness, S. Mary Magdalene," did he dream that one so debased as a rash apostate would find honour in what a Catholic Pope, Alexander Pope, calls "Mandlin's learned Grove?" The sculpture representing purgatory which marks out All Souls' College, and the purpose of its pious foundation, is another of those relics of Catholic times which remind one traversing "the steam-like windings of that glorious street" whence came the love of learning which made Oxford what it is. From the days of King Alfred, whose edify—and that of the Irish monk, John, his teacher, friend, and confidant—surmount the Hall of Brasenose, to those of Cardinal Wolsey, who raised Christ Church, they were Catholic ecclesiastics and nobles and citizens whose pious offerings did for Oxford that which made Christendom speak its virtue. Nor is that virtue lost in our own day: Merton College has given to the Catholic Church so great a light and a power as Archbishop Manning; from Oriel came the great Oratorian, Dr. Newman; his lamented brother in the same Order, Father Faber, was of University College; Balliol gave one well-beloved and dearly-remembered in Catholic Ireland, the accomplished Father Anderson; and many others of scarcely less note than these have brought their piety, zeal, and learning to the service of the Catholic Church in a spirit of faith and obedience; the thought of which makes the act of rebellion which has drawn the name of Dollinger into prominence seem, by contrast, execrable. It is not in a spot filled with memories of Catholic ages that so coarse a zealotry should flourish as this act would indicate. It were a feat worthy of Irish Orangemen, but scarcely becoming the glorious Catholic antecedents of Oxford.—Freeman's Journal.

THE "TIMES" AND MGR. DARBOY.—We have read with real regret, not unmixed with indignation, in the columns of the Times of Thursday a letter cast in Paris a suspicion of imposture. The Vicars-General and Capitular during the vacancy of the See have published a Pastoral, from which we give extracts elsewhere, in which they affirm that Mgr. Darbois made an ample submission to the decrees of the Vatican Council in a letter addressed to Rome.—This fact was notorious for weeks before the Archbishop's imprisonment. They quote also the very words of the Pope's answer. The Times of Thursday publishes a letter, calling for the production of the Archbishop's letter, in terms which clearly charge these high authorities in Paris with deception. The Times may say, that it is not responsible for the opinions of its correspondents; but it is responsible for publishing so base an imputation. It is well known that the Archbishop's papers were seized by

the Commune, and were removed from his Palace. The Times, rather than acknowledge an error, appears now to hesitate at nothing in its opposition to the Catholic faith.—Tablet.

THE "GUARDIAN" AND THE ARCHBISHOP.—The Guardian, which is a high-minded and usually fair paper, in an article last week on the Archbishop of Westminster and Paris, omitted any reference to the actual thesis taught by Mgr. Darbois, which we had published the week before, and, confining itself to the evidence of Dr. Friedrich's Documenta, endeavors to fasten an absolute rejection of the doctrine upon the Archbishop, saying: "We prefer the *libera scripta* of his convictions to the 'intimate knowledge' of Dr. Manning's prejudiced memory." Is this fair, in the face of the published thesis taught by the Archbishop, and of the pure and simple admission sent in by him after the decisions of the Council? The Guardian must surely be aware, too, that adhesion *ex animo* to the decisions of a General Council, confirmed by the Pope, is a first principle with every Catholic, be he ever so Gallican in his view.—Ibid.

ENGLISH FAIRNESS TOWARDS CATHOLICITY.—"Pupal questions are almost the only ones on which the English public still seem to approve an open, almost confessed, resolve to see only one side. Of this a very curious instance occurred in the Times this week." This is not our reflection, but the judgment of that singularly impartial and able journal, the Spectator; and it occurs *appropos* of the Times leader on the Archbishop of Westminster's letter about Mgr. Darbois and Quirinus. The further reflection made by the same paper on the Times' rejection of the Archbishop of Westminster's deliberate statement for the assertion of Quirinus, that "it is hardly creditable for English Protestants in their sober senses to give men of high character, who speak openly, the lie, in order to sustain the accuracy of anonymous chroniclers," may be applied this week to the manner in which the "Liberal Catholic" of the Times has now given the lie to the Vicars-Capitular of Paris.—Ibid.

A telegram was sent from Queen Victoria, congratulating the Pope, and wishing him a long life.

UNITED STATES.

Right Rev. John H. Faber, D. D., Bishop of Port Wayne, Ind., died suddenly, of apoplexy, at Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday, June 28. He was a most exemplary prelate, and is much regretted.

THE POPULATION OF NEW YORK.—"The great bulk of the population of this city, as shown by the census returns, is made up of various nationalities, as follows:

Native, white, 510,553; colored, 12,645; foreign, white, 418,646; colored, 448. Of the foreign element, 201,999, are from Ireland; 80,494 from Germany proper; and 79,738 from the other German States, now all embraced in the German Empire; France has 8,240 representatives, and England 24,338. The rest, some fifty thousands, are from almost every point in the habitable globe.

IMPORTANT TO FATHERS OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.—The Secretary of the Interior has decided in a father's claim to a pension, that the limitation of five years allowed for filing such application by the sixth section of the act of Congress, approved July 2, 1868, shall begin to run from the 6th of June, 1866, the date of the passage of the act whereby a father's right to a pension accrues, except in case wherein the mother survives the death of the soldier, and died after said June 6, when said limitation will commence from date of her death.

DR. BROWSON.—Dr. Browson in the last number of the *Ave Maria* referring to some silly rumors as to the fervor of his Catholicity enters the following emphatic protest:—"This fact, that my name has not been given, accounts for the impression, I am told, that a portion of the Catholic public have that since the discontinuance of my *Review* I have been doing nothing, and what is worse, that I have virtually ceased to be a Catholic, or at least an orthodox Catholic, and to have become indifferent, if not hostile, to Catholic interests. Those who have read during the last five years my articles in the *Catholic World* and the *N. Y. Tablet*, to both of which I have been a constant contributor, to say nothing of my articles in the *Ave Maria*, and my two publications, the *American Republic*, and *Liberalism and the Church*, published with my name, should be convinced that the impression in both respects does me injustice. I am a Catholic—a thorough-going Papist, and no one has any right to call me a *liberal* Catholic. If for a moment I went too far in my efforts to conciliate Liberalism and the Church, I have long since corrected my error. I have uniformly defended the Syllabus. I accept *ex animo*, the Papal supremacy and infallibility as defined by the Council of the Vatican, and I wrote, the editors of that periodical will forgive me for saying, the article on "Sardinia and the Pope" in the *Catholic World* for this present month of June. I do not go with the Dollingers, the Hyacinths, or even with my late friend Montalembert, in the last year or two of his life. I may err, I may sin and lose my own soul, but I have never had since my conversion even a temptation against faith, have never experienced the slightest repugnance to obey any command of the Church or the Holy Father, as soon as made known to me, and if even I have sought to restrict the Papal authority to its minimum, it has never been for my own sake, or because I wished for myself a larger margin for private judgment. I dared not exact of those without more than the law required. I hope the readers of the *Ave Maria* will pardon me this personal explanation, as they are the only public I at present address under my own name, and between whom and myself there are any personal relations. In writing to them I merely think aloud, for I regard them as true, warm-hearted friends. My reputation as a man and a writer is a matter of indifference; but my reputation as a Catholic, a loyal Papist, and a devoted son of the Church, I hold very dear, and cannot suffer to be tarnished. All my hopes for my country as for my own salvation are centred in the Church, the living body of Christ, who only hath the words of eternal life. But enough and perhaps too much of this."

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG.—The Portland (Me.) Press says: "The following story, strange as it may appear, is vouched by several witnesses whose testimony is unimpeachable. A short time ago a female Newfoundland dog was in the habit of coming to the house of a lady in this city who would throw to it pieces of cold meat, which the dog would eat, and, having satisfied its hunger, go away again. So confirmed did this habit become, that at a certain hour daily the lady would expect the dog and the animal would put in an appearance. A few days ago, before feeding her, the lady said to her, 'Why don't you bring me one of your puppies?' repeating the question several times as she stood at the window, the dog looking at her in the face with an expression of intelligence, as if understood every word the lady said. The next day, to the lady's astonishment, at the usual hour, the dog returned and, lo and behold! was accompanied by a little puppy. The lady fed both dogs, and then took up the puppy into the window, when the old dog scampered off and did not return for three days. At the end of that time the dog again appeared, when, after feeding it, the lady said, 'Next time bring all your puppies, I want to see them; and yesterday morning, sure enough, the dog returned accompanied by three Newfoundland pups. Several of the neighbors saw the whole transaction, and declared that they considered this one of the most wonderful proofs of the sagacity of the dog they have ever known. Where the dog came from and to whom it belongs is not known, but we have the

name of the lady and also of those who were eye witnesses to the occurrences as related by us."

CALIFORNIA AS A RESORT FOR INVALIDS.—The San Francisco *Alta California* asserts that Southern California presents superior advantages to Florida as a resort for invalids. San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, San Buenaventura, and the coast generally between Point Conception and Lower California presents remarkable advantages in the treatment of lung diseases from the dryness of their climate. The vast amount of irrigation around Los Angeles, Anaheim, and San Bernardino to some extent detracts from their value in this respect. As, however, the night winds at these points are always from the sea there is no danger of inhaling any miasma from the irrigated lands in the rear. Point Conception, at the bend of the coast, near 34 degrees 30 minutes, is the southern limit of heavy fogs. South of that point the air is dry, the summer skies clear, and the temperature warm. The annual rainfall of this coast region varies from ten to fifteen inches, while that of the leading inland resorts of Florida ranges from thirty-nine to fifty-five inches. The Pacific temperature is nearly as high, and far more equable. The merits of Santa Barbara and San Diego have been satisfactorily tested.

Gen. Grant has a wraith who plays fantastic tricks upon the watering-place communities just now. At Newport, the other day, the Presidential double rodo through the streets in great state, personating the General and receiving bows and courtesies from friends who were deceived by the strange resemblance. He is said to be a merchant of this city.

Daniel Lewis died recently in Trontown, Ohio, of delirium tremens, and his widow brought suit against one Thomas Evans, a rum-seller, of whom her husband had for years obtained his liquor. The court awarded \$5,000 damages.

The Lockport (N.Y.) Journal says: "A spring of mineral water has been discovered eight miles south of Albion and ten miles north of Batavia, which bubbles up from a depth of several hundred feet like an inverted catanet, whose medical properties are said to be unsurpassed, and the great depth from which it flows ensures a life giving beverage, cold as ice and clear as crystal."

A Florida journal says that while a lady of Jacksonville was dressing a fish recently, preparatory to cooking, she discovered, embedded in its flesh, a small stone, resembling glass, and nearly the size of a northern white bean. The stone resembles a diamond; cuts glass freely, and is transparent and reflective. Should this prove to be a diamond its value is estimated at four or five thousand dollars; should it be otherwise, the stone is an least valuable to mount as an ornament. The lady has already been offered one hundred dollars for it.

The other day in Waltham, Massachusetts, a volume of smoke was seen apparently issuing from the tower of the Orthodox Church; and the fire engines were called out to extinguish the flames, which were supposed to be just ready to burst forth. But quickly the people were astonished to see the same appearance about the tower of the Methodist Church, then of the Baptist, and finally of the Catholic Church.—Yet it was all smoke and no fire, continuing for three-quarters of an hour, when, just before dark, it ceased as mysteriously as it began.

Two burglars endeavoring to effect an entrance upon the premises of a citizen of Cincinnati a few nights ago were driven away and nearly frightened out of their senses by the shrill cries of a monkey, which, perched upon a window sill, had been watching their operations with great interest until they approached him so nearly as to excite his apprehensions in regard to his personal safety. A local journal says if that monkey has a fair chance to develop he may yet be found occupying the responsible position of Chief of Police.

A St. Louis gentleman who employs a coolie as a domestic servant finds that the paganism of the Chinaman is his greatest fault. The other morning the family, including the coolie, were gathered into the sitting-room for prayers. When the exercises were over it was ascertained that the coolie had been worshipping an old-fashioned brass audron in the fireplace. He mistook it for an idol, and had offered it two dead rats. He spends four hours a day in front of that audron saying his catechism, and the impression throughout the neighborhood is that if anything can be done with a brass audron in the way of securing the Chinese idea of a felicitous hereafter that persistent coolie will do it.

The wonderful ice cave in Decorah, Winneshiek county, Iowa, is a vertical fissure in the face of the cliff of Trenton limestone that forms a part of the bank of the upper Iowa river. It is about one hundred feet in all its windings, is from two to eight feet in width, and varies still more in height. In the winter the cave is free from ice, but on the approach of hot weather the ice begins to accumulate, and solid, hard and dry cakes encrust the sides and bottom of the cave. When the weather is hottest the cave is most abundantly stored with ice.

PETULIARITIES OF THE ARABS.—No Arab is ever curious. Curiosity by all the Eastern nations is considered unmanly. No Arab will stop in the street, or turn his head round to listen to the talk of the bystanders. No Arab will dance, play an instrument, or indulge in cards or any game of chance; since games of chance are forbidden by the Koran. Never, moreover, invite an Arab to take a walk with you for pleasure. Although the Arabs are on occasion good walkers, they have no notion of walking for amusement, they only walk as a matter of business.—Their temperance, their out-door habits, render all exercise for exercise sake unnecessary; they cannot understand the pleasure of walking for walking's sake. What Arabs like best is to sit still, and when they see Europeans walking up and down in the public place in Algeria they say: "Look, look, the Christians are going mad!" The Arab does not even mount on horseback except as a matter of business or for his public fetes and carousals. And when you do walk you must never walk quickly. Just as in speaking, you must not talk fast or loud, for the Koran tells you: "Endeavor to moderate thy step, and to speak in a low tone, for the most disagreeable of voices is the voice of the ass." Indeed it was observed by a famous Arab: "Countless are the vices of men, but one thing will redeem all, propriety of speech." And again "Of the word which is not spoken I am the master, but of the word which is spoken I am the slave." The famous proverb, "speech is of silver, but silence is of gold," is a motto of Arabic origin. A silent, grave people the Arabs, and a polite one, too, very much given, nevertheless, to highway robbery on a large scale, which they call *ravias* in Algeria; but the Arab's tent is always open to you, and you can get any amount of cows, camels, milk, or even roasted mutton if he has it. You will be treated as a "guest from God," as long as you are under his roof, after which "your happiness is in your own hands," which means that your host would find you in the evening many, at a decent distance from his tent, rife your saddle bag in the morning, and let the powder speak to you! if you object, after which "Allah be merciful to you."

A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be good temper, sound health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, pretty figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirit, conversational talents, elegant manners—money! The unreasonable follow! "Say, Smith, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been anywhere for it. I haven't gotten a week back."