

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, June 10.—It might have been expected that the Conservatives, emboldened by the appointment of Marshal MacMahon to the post of President of the Republic, would have taken fresh courage and struggled fearlessly against the Radicals. In some parts of France the Conservatives have indeed taken up an energetic attitude, but in this they have given ground. At Lyons, especially, they have shown remarkable apathy. On Sunday last the election of new town councillors took place, affording an opportunity of regenerating the municipality of Lyons. There was reason to expect a severe struggle—though no breach of the peace was apprehended—between the Conservatives and the Radicals. Unfortunately, our hopes have been disappointed, no struggle having taken place. Out of thirty-six Common Councillors to be chosen by the citizens of Lyons, thirty-five have been taken from the Radical ranks; and even the thirty-sixth is a Republican! It is obvious that such a result as this would never have been arrived at if the Conservatives had taken part in the voting. I am informed that they practised abstention. It is bad policy—a ruinous policy for France. The Radicals will conclude from such victories that they are the most numerous, and that the majority of the nation is Republican and Radical. Such mistakes must help to push on the Democratic party to revolutionary acts, and may produce awful disturbances. General Ladmirault, who is now the Governor of Paris, yesterday suppressed the *Corsaire* newspaper. The journal was an organ of the Radical party, and had very numerous supporters amongst the working classes. It had got up a subscription for the purpose of paying the travelling expenses to Vienna of 200 French *ouvriers*, who were desirous of studying the German manufactures; and, still more, of getting into communication with the internationalists of Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig, and Frankfurt. I fear, however, that the measure adopted by General Ladmirault will not prove as efficacious as he means it to be. The fact is, that the proprietor of the *Corsaire* also possesses another paper, the *Avenir National*, which preaches "the same anti-social doctrines. 'I shall bury them all,' once said the august Patriarch of the Vatican, speaking of the political characters who have been persecuting him for the last fourteen years. The name of Rattazzi has just been added to the funeral catalogue. He was one of the most treacherous, and also one of the most important, tools of the policy of Piedmont in its hostility to the rights of the Holy See. He was just thinking of once more taking the lead in public affairs, when death came to disarrange all his schemes. Observant men in Italy regarded him as the last resource of the usurping Monarchy, which is fast approaching the end of its career. The death of Signor Rattazzi must throw the Italian Parliament into confusion, and the mind of Victor Emmanuel into consternation. The King, it is true, is sick of everything and cares for nothing, and troubles himself but little about the chances of Italian policy.—*Correspondent of Tablet*.

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.—On the evening of the great battle of Magenta the plain was covered with dead. The Emperor Napoleon sent for the hero of the day, the commander of the Third Army Corps. When the Sovereign was face to face with the blushing MacMahon, he took him by the hand and said—"You are Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta." The hero retired at once to his tent, and probably was pensively thinking over the time when, after ten years of rank as captain and disgusted at failure of further promotion, he would have sent in his resignation but for his friend Changarnier, then his chief in Algeria. The new Marshal took a pen and wrote as follows in his tent—"My old master in War, they told me this morning to go to the left. I went to the right. It appears I have saved France. I am a Marshal and a Duke. Thanks to you. De MacMahon."—*Correspondent Irish Times*.

THE PILGRIMAGES.—The devotions have become so frequent, and so enormous in their bulk, in Italy and France that it becomes impossible within our limits to notice them all, we can only draw attention to the most distinguished. In the great pilgrimage to Chartres there marched a *bataillon d'élite* of 150 French officers of high rank. The *Univers* says: The French army, in the persons of its chiefs, takes the leadership of the movement of reparation which will replace their country in that rank of honour which becomes the eldest daughter of the Church. Other armies, we hope, will understand and imitate their example. The first at prayers, are also the foremost in the battle, and heaven blesses armies who pray.

RELIGION IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—Admiral Dompierre d'Hornoy has produced a valuable report on this most important subject. He establishes the necessity of new regulations and he declares that the intention of the National Assembly is to give every soldier, not only liberty, but facilities for performing his religious duties, and he urges the War Minister to call for a supplementary credit on the occasion. We heartily rejoice at such representations, and we know that the Minister of Marine will not fail to concur in the recommendations of the Minister of War.

Earnestness and vigour are beginning to characterise the financial administration of France. The policy of M. de la Boullerie is not only based on the wisest axioms of political economy, but the changes and re-arrangements are being considered calmly and with due caution. At the sitting of the National Assembly on Saturday the Minister of Commerce made the following statement: "We do not propose to withdraw the law of 1872, for we must have the means of balancing the Budget; but we will immediately consult the Superior Council of Commerce, and present to you the solution

of the question which we may arrive at after an attentive examination of the subject. We ask the Assembly for a short delay before deciding upon M. Thiers' proposal relative to the commercial treaty with France and Belgium. We hope that the reasons given for the delay will be fully appreciated by the two countries. The conventional tariffs have been voted. Among the questions to be submitted to the Superior Council will be the inquiry whether there is any necessity for modifying the law of 1872 relative to the surtax upon goods conveyed in foreign vessels. This measure appears to meet with great objections in England, and we will examine whether in this case there may not be grounds for taking into consideration the grievances of a friendly nation."—*Catholic Opinion*.

The estimation in which President MacMahon is held by all classes of Frenchmen, not even excepting the citizens of Paris, has been noted and honestly transmitted to his employers by the correspondent of the *Illustration*. Speaking of the Grand Prix, the writer refers to the enthusiastic reception given to the gallant soldier who now rules France, in the following words:—"The ovation, many times renewed, received by Marshal MacMahon on his appearance on the course, the enthusiastic welcome of a hundred thousand persons, constituting nearly all that is worth anything in the capital, with one voice and undoubted spontaneity saluted the new Chief of the State as a liberator, is a matter which gives additional zest and frequency to conversations about Doncaster and Boiard. Those who noticed the feeble vivats M. Thiers was wont to receive on his progresses, especially of late, and their sources, will see how the times are changed, and will appreciate the present buoyancy of public feeling. People do not now look forward with anxiety. The *essai loyal* of the provisional is returned to, and nobody asks for the definitive. This contentedness extends to the provinces where the republican dragon has retired to earth, sheltering his feebleness by silence, and proving that he owed his terrors to the latent or open support of M. Thiers' Government. In the Midi, where it seemed that the demagogic spirit would not suffer patiently the ruin of its hopes, it dissimulates them, while the healthy majority is gradually regaining the superiority. The great noise the Radicals made deceived people as to their numbers, and their plan of action induced false currents, which swept away the ignorant, undecided, and timorous. Restored to freedom of movement, the masses turn in haste from their blistering oppressors, and the Republican phantasmagoria will soon deceive only those who wish to be deceived."—*Spain*.

THE CARLISTS.—In the news about the Carlists there is more than the usual amount of wearisome contradiction. It was claimed on their behalf that they had taken Irun; it appears that they have only taken a fortified toll-house on a bridge some miles distant from the town. They are next accused in the telegrams of a deliberate slaughter of the carabinieri who there surrendered, and a gentleman, signing himself "Spectator," writes to the *Times* to say that an officer and twenty-four men having been butchered in cold blood, twenty-eight widows (*sic*) and seventy-three orphan children are asking alms at the doors of the British residents in Irun. It is then authoritatively stated on the Carlist side that Santa Cruz, being in force on the heights with artillery, which prevented the garrison of Irun from coming to the assistance of the toll-house, a white flag was hoisted at that post in token of surrender, and that when the Carlists came down in consequence, they were received by a volley from the carabinieri, who were therefore justly put to the sword. If this account is correct, the Carlists had certainly the letter of military law on their side; and the general orders for the release of prisoners, contained in a letter from Don Carlos to Donagarray, are unquestionably humane. But the volley fired by the carabinieri was not a very murderous one, if it be true, as alleged by "Spectator," that "not one single life" was "lost by the Carlists," and a little mercy would not have been out of place at the same time that it would have been more politic. According to an occasional correspondent of the *Times*, 200 mobilized volunteers who were at Irun were sent after the Carlists, but went no further than San Marcial, a hill overlooking Irun, on which is a chapel erected by the municipality of that town in commemoration of the last fight between the Spaniards and the French at the close of the Peninsular War. The fighting ardour of the volunteers there found vent in pulling down the statue of the Saint with a rope and burning it before the door of the chapel. "This gallant deed done, they retired." There is another charge of massacre against the Carlists—that of twenty-three carabinieri in the province of Tarragona; also of four volunteers in the same province, and of a mayor in the province of Castellon, all, probably, with about as much foundation as in the first-mentioned case. At Grandella the Carlists are said to have suffered considerable loss, having been surprised while hearing Mass.—*Tablet*.

SWITZERLAND.

THE GENEVA SCANDAL: SACRILEGE, AND PROSELYTISM.—The Geneva scandals and sacrileges continue and are such as to excite the disgust and protest of honest Protestants as well as Catholics. At the sacrilegious mass celebrated by Pere Hyacinthe the principal part of the congregation was composed of free thinkers and some few rebellious and bad Catholics, who have gathered from Germany and Upper Italy, to make the numbers, and prevent the appearance of a *fiasco*. The Geneva Catholics do not go, neither do the Calvinists, a few English and Americans did so when it was a novelty, but even as it is, it is left Catholic for Evangelicals, and ritualists, I need not say, are above encouraging such a profanation. The most horrible part of it is, that communion is freely given to communists or infidels men who make blasphemous jokes on the Real Presence are seen kneeling at the rails, scarcely able to contain their laughter at the farce they believe themselves to be enacting. Others have scarcely received the Sacred Species than they begin to blaspheme and jest with their companions. If this were a mere figure it would little matter, but this wretched apostle being a priest, attains his power of consecration, and bends himself to their monstrous sacrilege, knowingly and consciously, giving the Bread of Angels, and to all appearance to his own vanity, to men, publicly known to be infidels, unconfessed, and unbaptized, and to women whose conduct is an open scandal. Perhaps no more terrible instance of a fall has taken place since Luther. Proselytes he makes none, but he is concentrating at Geneva a nucleus of bad Catholics, already beyond the pale of the Church, and who are noisy, active, and in league with nationalists in all countries. These are not the elements to found a sect, however, and the scandal will die away by degrees, after drawing the most terrible judgments of God on its initiators, and especially on the guilty priest and the shameless accomplices who sit by the altar while the sacrilege is perpetrated.

Still severely following the lead of Prussia, the adherents of the persecuting party in power in Switzerland are expressing their disgust, and endeavoring to hide their uneasiness at the "Ultramontane reaction" in France, inevitable after the election of President MacMahon. If the State is small in extent, and politically insignificant, it rejoices in many high-sounding offices; and in Bern the Executive Council has just laid before the Grand Council its new law, on the German model, headed the "Organization of Cults." The statement of Lilliput

are evidently thorough-going. The Executive is to have the power to create or destroy parishes, to control the schools; and the "Parochial Councils" will regulate the order of Divine service in the churches. As for the priests, they are to be elected, or engaged for six years at a stretch, and, if not approved of, dismissed on a three months' notice. Further, the Government is to have the right of veto in every parish; and priests, to be eligible, must have studied in a new school of theology annexed to the University of the Canton. The Minister of Public Worship is to be Bishop-in-Chief; and the clergy and people are forbidden all intercourse with the Catholic Bishop, now in exile. They are to refer to the "Catholic Committee"—composed of non-Catholics—specially designed to look after this organization of "Cults."—*Catholic Opinion*.

ITALY.

ROME.—HEALTH OF HIS HOLINESS AND MALICE OF HIS GAOLERS.—The Holy Father has been able for several days to celebrate Mass, and is now perfectly recovered. It is, however, the subject of general indignation and of the protest of several of the diplomatic body that the Italian Government should have persisted in ordering the granddola from the Castle of S. Angelo so close to the Vatican as to cause a strong percussion to be felt throughout the Palace, on the evening of the Feast of the Statute. It was represented to the authorities that in the Pope's state of delicate health all violent shocks were to be avoided, but the hope of increasing his illness and developing worse symptoms, was an additional reason for the spot being chosen. The fireworks were miserably poor, but a quantity of loud explosive mortars were fired in the direction of the Vatican, in the hope of bringing on a nervous crisis, and causing a renewed attack of the Holy Father's illness, and his physician thought it prudent to remain in the palace. The informal malice of his gaolers, however, was frustrated by their insults. They did their worst, but the Pope passed a quiet and undisturbed night, and was particularly well next day. The Empress of Russia refused to assist at the Exhibition, and even Victor Emmanuel, struck with shame or fear, did not go. Prince Humbert and his consort, naturally were disinclined to miss an opportunity of doing a vile action, and taking the young Grand Duchess with them, were present at the whole disgraceful affair. Possibly Victor Emmanuel was disinclined to see the evil omen by which the stupid Roman municipality perpetuated his own words at the opening of the Italian Chamber in 1871. "Siamo a Roma, e ci resteremo," we are in Rome, and we mean to stay there, was emblazoned in fiery letters on the Port of S. Angelo, but no Roman failed to observe that the fort was the tomb of a Caesar, and that the words blazed beneath the feet of the great statue of St. Michael, Angel and Avenger of the Holy Roman Church. There are certain words which are a defiance to God, and to Christendom, and common prudence would have suggested the folly of recalling them in the most offensive form to France at the present moment. Others suggested that the fear of assassination by the Republicans kept the King at home.—*Cor. of Catholic Opinion*.

MGR. DE MERODE is devoting his immense gains on the sale of his land on the Esquiline and Quirinal to the construction of houses outside the Porta Angelica, destined to receive the expelled religious communities.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S GOVERNMENT.—The Roman Correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles* has had news from different provinces in Italy. In Sicily the exasperation is at its height. The inhabitants complain bitterly of being at one and the same time oppressed by the Government and preyed upon by brigands. It is the same in the kingdom of Naples. Official robbery is on a par with highway robbery. More than thirty tax collectors have absconded with the public money. In one day 120,000 francs disappeared from the Customs department. At Padua great disorders have occurred at the Cathedral, the Church of St. Andrew, and in other places. The *canaille* insulted and attacked the faithful, broke down the gates of the bishop's residence, and sought to set fire to the seminary. Is this the beginning of the end?

VISIT OF THE CZARINA TO THE POPE.—An illustrious visitor has in an often quoted passage described the interview which took place between Pope Gregory XVI. and the late Czar Nicholas during the visit of the latter Pontificate to the Eternal City. The Pope, all gentle as he was in demeanor and in heart, turned sternly on his Imperial visitor, and, in language almost inspired in its tones of pious indignation demanded from him an account of his treatment of unhappy Poland. The effect on the haughty Sovereign of the Pontiff's reproaches was extraordinary. He who had never heard aught but the tones of ignoble flattery, turned pale at the accents of truth, and staggered rather than walked from the apartment. A generation has since elapsed. The haughty Romanoff and the meek Pontiff have long since been dust, but the iron heel of Russia is still on the white throat of Sarmatia, the long agony of Poland still continues. And the other day, in the Palace of the Vatican, another Pope pleaded with another member of the Russian royal family the cause of Poland. The visitor to Pio Nono is, indeed, a different person from the haughty and splendid tyrant who stood abashed before Gregory. The Empress of Russia is a lady gentle, mild, and good—of cultivated tastes of great availability of heart—a lady who has been tried in the crucible of so row—who has seen her eldest son go down before her to a premature grave, over whom the awful shadow of disease is now waving his dark wings. In accents other than those stern ones in which his predecessor rebuked the Autocrat—in language of gentle persuasion and winning entreaty, Pope Pius IX. has asked the intercession of the Czarina on behalf of Poland. Oblivion of his own sorrows and sufferings, the illustrious Head of the Church pleads for a land whose children have clung to their religion with a magnificent tenacity; have suffered for their faith with a bitterness unparalleled in any country save our own "Poland of the West." Expediency as well as justice ought induce the Russians to listen to the counsels which the Holy Father has addressed to their Emperor. There is nothing but the religious question to prevent Poland and Russia being united in a federation as strong and happy as that of the Austro-Hungarian Kingdom. The Poles and the Russians are men of the same Slavonic race, speaking dialects of the same Slavonic tongue, and resembling each other closely in habits, manners, and social ideas. The true element which maintains between those two peoples a feud which has cost hundreds of thousands of lives in the determination of Russia to force the Poles to enter the Greek Church, and the determination of Poland never to abandon the Catholic religion. Statesmanship as well as generosity, Justice as well as Mercy, plead the cause of Poland. And yet the arm of Muscovite persecution has not been checked, the sufferings of Poland have not been terminated, and the very existence of that noble and unhappy land appears to be forgotten by all save by the grand old man who, from his palace prison in the Eternal City, has never ceased to denounce her oppressors, and to plead her cause at the bar of European public opinion.—*Freeman*.

A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggerating in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of its ill effects upon the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk the next time he did it, to give a cough by way of hint. Soon after he was describing Sampson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said:—"The foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and

they had tails twenty feet long."—"Ahem!" came from the clerical desk. "That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but by ours they were fifteen feet long." "Ahem!" louder than before. "But as you may think this is extravagant, well just say they were ten feet." "Ahem!" still more vigorous. The parson leaned over the pulpit, and shaking his finger at the clerk, said: "You may cough there all the night long, mon; I'll nae take off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wad nae tails at a'?"

Mr. Moriarty, barrister of the Inner Temple, the German translator of Charles Dickens, is preparing for immediate publication an account of a Spanish claimant's cause that has been progressing in Spain concurrently with the Tichborne suits. After all that has been said of the dilatoriness and cost of the proceedings in the English claimant's case, it may prove interesting to see how the Spanish law deals with a somewhat similar affair.—*Athenaeum*.

A pawnbroker's assistant, named Tavemore, thought it fine fun to set his fierce bulldog to worry a cat in Drury-lane, London, until it was dead. Now that he has to undergo two months' imprisonment he perhaps views his conduct in a proper light.

CRIME IN SCOTLAND.—The circuits, which are just over have been unusually heavy, both as regards the number and the kinds of cases tried. At Glasgow one judge had set down for him no less than six cases of murder alone. The fact is that the crime of murder is considerably on the increase in Scotland, and we are afraid it is only too likely to increase under the present system of no punishment, or uncertainty of punishment, which is much the same thing.—*Law Magazine*.

THE NON-CONFORMIST COMMITTEE.—The *Standard* calls the London Non-Conformist Committee a little faction of noisy and vehement persons in antagonism to the common sense, the tolerant spirit and the religious instincts of the great bulk of the people, but they cannot disguise from themselves the fact that the country is against them, and that even the weak-kneed Government of Mr. Gladstone dares not offer them the slightest concession.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—The usual pastoral letter from the pen of Archbishop Manning was read in all the metropolitan Catholic places of worship, on the morning of Trinity Sunday. The first portion of the pastoral consisted of an exposition of the doctrine of the Most Holy Trinity. His Grace then referred to the persecution sustained by the Church upon the Continent, and held it was an inevitable consequence of the opposition necessarily existing between scepticism and infidelity, and that Church which upheld the cause of the Triune Deity, and sought to promulgate his laws. His Grace next referred to the present religious condition of England, and expressed great satisfaction that although scepticism and infidelity existed among a few, the general population were well disposed and respectful of revealed truth. The history of the Westminster Church and Chapel Building Fund, the object of the pastoral, was next traced for the past thirty years, showing that a number of small churches and chapels had been built in populous portions of the metropolis to accommodate those who were too indolent to go ten minutes' walk to Holy Mass on Sunday. The Archbishop dwelt upon the necessity of the faithful contributing generously towards the opening of some five chapels in course of construction in densely populated quarters of the metropolis.

Considering the manner in which of late the English Protestants have given themselves over to the lead of Prince Bismarck, we should not be at all surprised to find that on the first of next month Parliament will accede to the motion of Mr. Newdegate, and sanction the invasion of the homes of Catholic ladies as proposed by the gallant member for North Warwick. The boasted Constitutional rights of a large body of English subjects have been already cast to the winds, and we quite expect an increase rather than a diminution in the system of repression now in vogue. Men talk *de rotundo* of the interference of the Pope as a "Foreign power" with English subjects—it seems to us that the real interference comes not from Rome but from Berlin. There they have totally destroyed religious liberty even in name; they have gagged the Press, or are about to do so, with a harshness almost equal to that prevailing in Ireland; and they have inaugurated a state of affairs under which no man can call either his soul or his body his own. That is what the "Liberal" exemplar of England has done in countries under Prussian sway, and that is what we are rapidly coming to in Great Britain under his influence. The English Protestants are being led by the nose—the leader is a "Liberal" Foreign potentate, and his name is Bismarck. How are the mighty fallen!—*Cath. Times*.

DISASTROUS FIRE NEAR NORTH SHIELDS.—A fire has occurred in the large wire and rope works of Messrs. Haggel and Sen, Willington, near North Shields, through a girl treading upon a match, which had fallen from the pocket of a workman. Some hemp caught fire, and the heaving loft was speedily in flames. Before the fire was got under one half of the works were burnt down, including the most valuable portion of the manufactory. The damage is roughly estimated at between £30,000 and £40,000. The works are insured in eight different offices.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF A HEATHEN MOOR.—From 60 to 80 acres of Swanley Hill, in the west side of the parish of Pettecess, was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon. The fire burned for upwards of three hours, when it was got under through the efforts of a number of men who had lent a willing hand. The cause of the fire is unknown.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

THE PROBABLE PRICE OF COAL.—An idea is prevalent that coals are certain to be much cheaper at Midsummer, but this seems to be a mistake. Last year's rise in price commenced in May, and was continuous throughout the year. Last week, being holiday time, little or no coal was raised at the pits, and at present scarcely any stock exists either in London or the country. In aggravation, as it were, of the present state of things, the railway rates for the carriage of coals were increased 3d per ton on the 1st of June, and it is anticipated that a further increase of 6d per ton will take place on the 1st of July. From all these facts it is clear that unless something unforeseen occurs coals will be dearer than ever.—*Civilian*.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN RAISING MILLIONS AND CUCKUMBERS.—A correspondent, in Oswego county, New York, describes a process by which, even in that climate, he has "splendid success in raising melons." The description is somewhat lengthy; but as its length results from its exactness, we will let him convey to the reader all the particulars, without condensation. He says:—"Soon as the ground becomes a little warm I plow, and then, selecting a place where the ground is sandy, I dig holes about 20 inches in diameter and 14 to 16 inches deep. Have the holes about 6 feet apart each way. Leave them open a day or two to allow the ground to warm at the bottom; then put into each hole nearly a half-bushel of manure—fresh horse manure preferred. Stamp down the manure over it with the dirt dug out about 2½ inches deep, and put down with the hoe. The hill will now be quite *disling*, say 4 inches or more. Now I place near my melon-patch a cask, into which I put a small wheel-barrow load of fresh cow-dropping and a couple of shovel-fuls of night-soil. Into this cask I put the soap-suds and keep it full. If the weather is dry I occasionally moisten the hills from the cask; evening

is the best time. About the 20th of May I cut up a thin, tough sod and place it grass side down, in an old tin-pan, and sprinkle about half an inch in depth of fine sandy loam upon it.—On this I put my seeds, *very thick*; then put upon these another sod, as large as the pan, grass side up. Upon this I pour a teakettleful of boiling-hot water and set the pan near a stove, where it will keep warm. Each morning I pour on a little more hot water. In about three days the seeds will have sprouted about half an inch long. Now remove the upper sod, shake the pan a little, and the seeds will rise from the fine dirt put upon the lower sod. Put twelve or fifteen seeds in each hill after slightly scratching the dirt. *Handle the seeds carefully so as not to break the sprouts.* Cover about three-quarters of an inch with dirt. By taking this course your vines will in two weeks be as far advanced as they would be in four or five planted in the usual way. Let the weeds grow in and about the hill as a protection from bugs and worms. The vines will grow rapidly, and of course somewhat tall and spindling. If the weather is dry, moisten from the cask two or three times a week, *always at evening*. This will keep the manure moist and in a state of fermentation, causing considerable heat. When the vines have grown about four inches high remove the longest weeds and perhaps some of the vines, and fill in with dirt nearly up to the leaves.—By-and-by, in a moist day, remove the weeds from the hill, leaving them growing around the borders. Thin out the vines to five or six, leaving some for the worms. Keep the dirt well up to the leaves. Your hill will now be nearly level. Finally, thin out to three or four of the most thrifty vines. Remember the cask. Take away the old dirt with your fingers and add fresh dirt two or three times a week. The hill will soon become crowding. Make a small ditch around the hills, say two inches deep, and fill this occasionally with suds from the cask. After the vines nearly cover the ground, and the melons are well set and of a pretty good size, cut off the ends of the vines. In this way the melons will grow much larger. I raise as large and fine melons here in Amber, Oswego county, (on the eastern border of Lake Ontario,) as I ever saw on Long Island or any where else. If of course demands labor and care; but let any one try this plan and he will find his efforts amply rewarded. I follow the same rule with cucumbers as with melons."

TWO SCENES.—A gentleman took his son to a drunken row in a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and said he, "Do you know what has caused all this?"

"No, sir."

His father pointing to the decanters sparkling with rum, said, "That's the cause; will you take a drink?"

The boy started back with horror and exclaimed, "No!"

Then he took his child to the cage of a man with delirium tremens. The boy gazed on him with fright, and the drunkard raved and tore, and thinking that the demons were after him, cried, "Leave me alone! leave me alone! I see 'em; they're coming?"

"Do you know the cause of this my boy?"

"No, sir."

"This is caused by drink; will you have some?"

And he shrank with a shudder as he refused the cup.

Next day they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and the drunken father beating his wife, and with oaths knocking down his children.

"What has caused this?" said the father.

The son was silent. When told it was rum, he declared he would never touch a drop in his life. But suppose that had been invited to a wedding feast, where with fruit and cake the wine cup is passed amid scenes of cheerfulness and gaiety, where all friends are respectable, beloved and kind to each other, and he should be asked to drink, would he refuse? Or, suppose him walking out with his father on New Year's day to call upon his young lady friends to enjoy the festivity of the ushering in of the New Year. With other things, wine is handed to him by a smiling girl. His noble-hearted father, whom he loves, presses the wine-glass to his lips and compliments the young ladies upon the excellence of its quality; what wonder if the son follow his example.

ANECDOTE OF DAVID CROCKETT.—The following is old, and we recollect seeing it in print years ago, but it will bear re-writing and printing over again:

David Crockett, while at Washington, visited a menagerie which opened there for exhibition, and stopping before the cage of a huge baboon, he exclaimed, after gazing awhile upon the grotesque quadrumanus:

"Bless me! that fellow looks exactly like Tom—of Alabama," naming the Honorable member of Congress from that State, then on duty in Washington.

"Sir!" sounded an indignant voice at his elbow. Davy turned, and beheld the very member whom he had likened to the baboon, with a lady on either arm.

"Really, sir," said Crockett, "I had no idea that you were so near. Had I known it, I shouldn't have spoken as I did."

"The Honorable member was irate, and with language slightly tinged with threatening, demanded an apology."

"O, certainly," replied David, good naturedly. "I am ready to apologize. Yes, yes—but—" and he looked from the Honorable member to the animal back to the Honorable member, who, by the way had never been deemed a handsome man—"really I don't know which I ought to apologize to—you or the baboon."

A revengeful traveler on a certain railroad, packed a carpet-bag full of loaded revolvers and handed it to a gentlemanly baggage-smasher who had ruined three or four trunks for him already. The smasher flung the bag up against the wall savagely, then threw it on the floor and stamped on it, and jumped up and down on it, as usual. At about the fourth jump, firing began along the whole line. Forty-six revolvers went off in rapid succession, distributing bullets around the car with disgusting carelessness of the legs of the smasher, who was shot in six places before he could get out of the car. He rode on the platform during the whole of that trip, and when he did enter the car, he censored his legs in a stove pipe and ran an iron-clad snow-plow in front of him to push the baggage out with. He smashes, perhaps, fewer carpet-bags now than he once did in the blissful past—much fewer—and he is filled with gloom. The only boon he craves is that he may be present when the carpet-bag owner calls with his check. He says there will then be a conflict which will make the Franco-German war appear perfectly ridiculous.

It is related of Napoleon, that when Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving his opinion that it was true, the Emperor remarked: "There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible." This remark finds abundant illustration in every age. There are men all about us at the present day, who tell us they cannot believe the Bible; but their capacity for believing everything that is opposed to the Bible is enormous. The most fanciful speculations that bear against God's word, pass with them for demonstrated facts. The greediness with which they devour the most far-fetched stories—the flimsiest arguments, if they only appear to militate against the word of God—is astonishing.