

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 7.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 21, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The black-bird early leaves its nest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn;
The busy bee that wings its way
Mid seats of varied hue,
And every flower would seem to say—
"There's work enough to do."
The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow drop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass;
The ant within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And written upon its tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."
The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars,
Nor nature's wheel is ever still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And Summer's breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's work enough to do."
Who, then, can sleep, when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man—creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and allies are the field,
If men would search them through,
That best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."
To have a heart for those who weep,
The sordid drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read—
"Is work enough to do."
The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
The wondrous earth, and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun;
The moments fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain, too;
We've none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

Miscellaneous.

From the Battle-field of Solferino.

[The following letter, written by H. J. RAYMOND, editor of the New York Times, from the field of the late great battle between the Allies and the Austrians, a few hours after its occurrence, will be found very interesting.]

Castiglione, Italy, Friday night, June 24, 1859.

I came from Brescia early this morning, and arrived just in time to witness the last half of what I have very little doubt will turn out to have been the greatest battle the modern world has seen. You will get the official summary of its results by telegraph before this letter reaches you, and will be prepared, therefore, for this statement of its magnitude. I cannot describe it with any precision as yet—for it has lasted all day, and extended over a circuit of not less than fifteen miles; the noise of the cannonade, and even of the musketry, moreover, is still in my ears, and none of those engaged in it, except the wounded, have returned to give us any distinct and connected report. But not less than 450,000 men have been engaged in it; and of those not less than 30,000—dead or disabled—lie, on this bright, starry night, upon the bloody field.

The battle commenced at a little before 5 o'clock in the morning—not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills—which projects a mile or thereabouts into the plain and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain. The Austrians had taken position upon these hills,—planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione which they could approach, as the French army was in full force in and around that little village,—and had stationed their immense array all over the surrounding plain. As nearly as we can now learn the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH had collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazards of the day. NAPOLEON promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light this morning, by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opening fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these—a steep, sharp-backed ridge, commands a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town, before they would stey out. The people of the village, moreover, took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French was compelled, in self-defence, to burn the town. When they found it impossible to hold their ground any longer, they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta, which, as you will see by the map, lies directly southeast from Castiglione, and is only about a mile from the river Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and overlooking it completely on the south and southeast sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries; and when I arrived upon the field and

went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops, these batteries were blazing away upon the French who were stationed on the plain below. I was too far off to observe with an accuracy the successive steps of the action, but I could distinctly see the troops stationed upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses towards the front, where the artillery was posted, as their services were required. But as soon as they reached this point they were speedily enveloped in the smoke of the cannon, and disappeared from observation. But the general result was soon made evident by the slackening of the Austrian fire, and by the falling back of their smoke and a corresponding advance on the part of that which rose from the French artillery. The cannonading at that point lasted for over an hour; but in precisely what direction the Austrians retreated, it was not possible, from the position I occupied, to see. I was afraid to change it, moreover, because, although I might easily have gone more directly and closely upon the field, I could not have found any eminence upon the plain from which I could have had so sweeping and complete a view. Part of the Austrian force probably crossed the Mincio River, which flows southward from the lower end of Lake Garda, and empties into the Po.

But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino and Volta. At one point after another a sharp cannonading would arise and continue for half or three-quarters of an hour—and after each successive engagement of this kind, the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrians and the advance of the French forces. During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot. But clouds began to gather at about noon, and at 3 o'clock, while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from the northwest; the wind came first, sweeping from the parched streets an enormous cloud of dust, and was soon followed by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and rapid explosions of rattling thunder. The storm lasted for about an hour, and the cannonading, so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rain ceased, the clouds blew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful. Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on,—and when I again resumed my post of observation, from which the storm had expelled me, the cannonading commenced quite on the extreme left of the entire field and on the very borders of the lake, northeast from Castiglione and west of Peschiera. The Piedmontese troops, under the King who commands them in person, had been posted there and received the Austrians as they came around. From about 7 o'clock until after night-fall an incessant and most terrible combat was here kept up. The tactics of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart,—and at the outset they were both served with nearly equal and effective vigor. But the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions,—while the Sardinians poured a rapid and uninterrupted shower of balls upon them,—suspending only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury. The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon was distinctly heard. The former was continuous, sharp and incessant, sounding like the constant and irregular pattering of hail upon a roof, while the latter was occasionally suspended, but while it lasted was overwhelmingly grand and terrible. Over the Sardinian park rose a dense white cloud of smoke, directly upwards, its sides perfectly upright and well defined, and spreading outward both ways at the top like an enormous sheaf of wheat. The sun was making a glorious setting in the west, and as his light gradually departed, the vivid flashes at each discharge of the cannon gleamed through the smoke like sharp lightning through the breast of an enormous cloud. Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half-a-dozen would break forth in instant succession. It was beginning to be dark when I turned to descend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon and the clattering of the guns of the infantry. But the Austrians were clearly falling back, and could scarcely have failed to sustain a total rout. It is possible they may be in condition to make one more struggle in the morning, but, judging from my own observation, it certainly is not probable. They have sustained an overwhelming defeat, and it seems to me not unlikely that the Emperor may now be induced, by the representations of the natural Powers, to accept the peace which NAPOLEON will be very likely to tender him.

Just before nightfall a tremendous cannonading was distinctly visible in the direction of Mantua, and it was supposed by one or two French officers that Prince NAPOLEON was assaulting that fortress as part of the general plan of the day's operations, while the Emperor was engaging the enemy in the open field. But I see no reason to suppose that this is true as Prince NAPOLEON could scarcely have reached Mantua by this time, as he was in Florence only a week ago.

I have thus given you a very general outline of this great battle as it came under my own observation. I have mentioned no names of subordinate officers, because I have had no opportunity to learn to specific part which individuals took in the engagement. All that I must leave for subsequent letters, or refer you for it to the official reports which we here shall not see for three or four days after they are published in Paris.

I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous. I am confident that not less than ten thousand wounded have been brought into this village alone during the day—to say nothing of those that were left on the field or taken to other places. The first intimation we received of an engagement having taken place,

was from meeting three or four carts, drawn by oxen, and filled with wounded—before we reached Montecchiaro on the road from Brescia. As we had heard of no battle, we naturally supposed that these wounds had been received in some skirmish. Soon after we met a one-horse carriage, in which was laid at full length an officer of rank, whose face wore so ghastly a look as to make it evident he was dying.—On reaching Montecchiaro, and stopping for a moment to rest our horses, we were told that a great battle was then going on in the plain before Castiglione; and going at once to the summit of some old fortifications which once defended the town, we could see with our glasses the smoke of the engagement. We lost no time in pushing forward, although we were told that we could not reach Castiglione because the roads were completely occupied by artillery held in reserve. We went on, however, continuing to meet carriages and carts laden with wounded, and passing the French camps of the previous night, came to a point, at about half a mile from the town, where a park of artillery wagons was defiling from their camp into the road. Watching our chance, we drove in between two of the wagons, and so entered the town under cover of the enormous cloud of dust which they raised. The main street was densely crowded with carts, carriages, horses, donkeys, oxen, soldiers, sutlers and persons and animals of every description. We pushed our way, without hindrance, directly past the house marked as the *Quartier Generale*, or headquarters of the Emperor, and were thus within the camp. We had gone but a short distance when we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross-street to a church which had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited. All who were able to do so, were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be moved. Some walked along, their faces completely covered with blood from sabre cuts upon their heads. Many had their arms shattered,—hundreds had their hands tied up,—and some carried most ghastly wounds upon their faces. Some had tied up their wounds,—and others had stripped away the clothing which chafed and made them worse. I saw one man walking along with a firm step and a resolute air,—naked to his waist, and having a bullet-wound upon his side, an ugly gash along his cheek, and a deep bayonet-thrust, received from behind, in his shoulder. Most of those who were walking wore a serious look,—conversing but little with one another though they walked two and two,—and few of them carried upon their faces any considerable expression of pain.

Those who were more severely injured rode upon donkeys or in carts,—and a few were carried upon mattresses on men's shoulders.—But these were mostly officers, and nearly all I saw carried in that way were so badly wounded that their recovery is scarcely possible. One had both his legs crushed by a cannon ball. Another had received a ball in his thigh, and was evidently suffering the most intense agony. Many of those whose wounds were in their legs were seated in chairs swung across a donkey—one being upon each side.—Several who were thus carried, and were supported by soldiers walking by their side, were apparently unconscious, and seemed to be dying. Then would come carts, large and small, carrying three, five, and some of them ten or fifteen each. A steady stream of these ghastly victims of the battle of the day poured through the town. I stood in the crowd by the side of them as the sad procession passed along, and watched it at this point for over an hour. It was not interrupted for a moment,—except now and then by a crowd of prisoners,—and it continued thus from about 10 in the morning, when it began to flow, until I left the street, long after dark. Every church, every large hall, every private house in the town has been taken for the service of the wounded. Those whose injuries are slight, after having them dressed, pass at once into the ranks and mingle with their comrades. I looked into the church as I passed by. All the seats, railings, &c., had been removed;—mattresses of hay had been spread upon the floor, and were completely filled with wounded men, in every stage of suffering and peril, lying side by side. The surgeons were dressing their wounds;—Sisters of Charity and other women were giving them wine and otherwise ministering to their comfort;—but morning, I am sure, will dawn upon a large proportion of them relieved forever from their pain. If anything can be more horrible than a soldier's life, it certainly is a soldier's death.

When we drove into town, we were warned by a French gentleman, who had arrived a little before us, that unless we placed our carriage in the stable or grounds of some private citizen, it would certainly be seized for the services of the wounded, as his had been. As it was all we could rely on for a bedroom as well as a means of locomotion, we were unwilling thus to lose it. On going to a private house, therefore, to make such an arrangement, we found it had been taken for a hospital, and among its inmates was a *vivandiere*,—a woman of perhaps 30, dressed in the style of our Bloomers, who had received a ball in her hand while following her occupation and carrying water and wine to the soldiers during the action. Two surgeons from the Emperor's family were dressing her wound,—and though pale from loss of blood she was conversing cheerfully and even gaily with them.

Six or eight times while I stood upon the street, watching the wounded, there came along squads of prisoners taken at various stages of the action. Sometimes there would be only three or four,—then twenty, fifty or a hundred, and in one company over 400. They walked closely together six or eight deep,—the officers being generally in the middle,—and were guarded by a single file of troops walking on each side. As a general thing they were not bad looking men. Very many of them were very young—not over 16 certainly,—and only now and then you would see a particularly brutal and stupid countenance. There

was nothing like anger or shame on their faces; they seemed generally wholly indifferent to their position, but looked about with a good deal of curiosity upon the crowd which surrounded them. They were generally silent, though now and then they would talk and laugh with each other as they passed along.—The officers were, with scarcely an exception, handsome, manly and intelligent fellows. All were without arms. The uniform of the men was a very coarse brown stuff, made of flax, very plain, and with scarcely any attempt at ornament. Towards night, carts began to come in laden with wounded Austrians, hundreds of whom passed along while I stood there, and were taken directly to the hospitals, where they received precisely the same treatment as the French. Most of them seemed to be very badly hurt. Among the number, both of the wounded and the prisoners, were many Hungarians.

The town to-night, as might be expected, is simply a camp. The streets which are narrow are crammed with artillery and provision wagons trying, almost in vain, to make their way through the town;—bivouac fires light up the orchards and fields all around the village;—two streams of troops pour out on the two roads leading to the field of battle, extending as far as the eye can reach;—sutlers, fruit peddlers, and small dealers of every kind circulate among the soldiers who crowd the streets—an immense train of Piedmontese artillery are brought to a stand in the street, while trying to make their way through the town to their place of encampment;—and thousands of French infantry, despairing of reaching their tents, have seated themselves upon the narrow sidewalks, and with the horse-walls for a back and their haversacks for pillows, they have addressed themselves in that position to the labor of obtaining a night's rest. It is a striking scene most certainly,—and the most wonderful part of it is the perfect order and good behavior of the troops. I have not seen during the whole day a single instance of disorder, or even rudeness in word or deed from any soldier. Not one have I seen in the slightest degree intoxicated;—not one have I seen shouting or singing;—not a rough or rude remark have I seen or heard addressed to any one,—nor have I failed, in a single instance, whenever I have applied to a soldier for information or addressed him on any subject whatever, to receive a courteous reply and the most polite endeavor to aid my wishes. Nor have I heard a single cheer over the victory,—or a single syllable of exultation over the prisoners as they come in. The most respectful silence has in every case been preserved.—Expressions of sympathy with the wounded were constant, and prompt attention, so far as possible, was always given to their wants.—Private property in the town, so far as I can see, has been treated with perfect respect. In selecting fields for the camp, those which will be injured by it the least seem uniformly to be chosen. Bakers' shops, and groceries with cheese, bacon, sausages, &c., freely exposed, are open,—and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property. Yet there is no great rigor of discipline enforced—for the soldiers seem to be quite at their ease, and wander about town very much at their own discretion. But they look upon war as a business,—as something to be done, like everything else, with as little fuss and excitement as possible. So they look upon a battle, and the operations attending it,—the care of the wounded, the reception of prisoners, &c.—as merely part of the regular routine,—just like cleaning their muskets, or boiling their soup over their bivouac fires.

But it is 3 o'clock in the morning, and you will excuse me from a general disquisition upon the character and habits of the French soldiery. I slept upon a bench last night,—and, if the fleas permit, have hope of a little better accommodation for the few hours that remain of to-night. I have written this letter, however, in order that you may receive as early a report as possible, of the great battle and victory which will make the 24th of June a day long to be remembered in the history of the world.

I shall send this to Brescia in the morning, and hope it may reach Liverpool in time for the steamer of the 2d of July. H. J. R.

THE WIFE.—It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week, than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing.—She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable, and industrious wife, and that makes a difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. No Nicholas, the diver, is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion.

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.—A poor peasant at his death-bed made a will. He called his wife to him, and told of his provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents; sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave to you my dog; take care of him, and he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out to the neighboring market, with the horse and the dog. "How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both at a reasonable rate. Give me ten pounds for the dog, and five shillings for the horse." The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low, he willingly accepted them. The worthy woman gave to her husband's parent's the five shillings received for the horse, and kept the ten pounds for herself.

TO ENJOY LIFE.—Tom—"Don't you think some verses would touch her, Charley—a beautiful poem?" Charley—"Oh hang your verses Tom. If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and the gals altogether, and jine a fire company."

Judicial Decision.

Removal of Directors; Objects and importance of the School System: The following is in substance the opinion of the Court in an application that lately came before Judge WILMOT, at Towanda, for the removal of three of the school directors in one of the townships for refusing to conform to the requirements of the school law, and put the system properly in operation. It will be seen that Judge WILMOT'S views of the school system are in harmony with the rule for construing the school laws, promulgated by State Superintendent BURROWS, in 1837, that "the school laws being intended for the public benefit, should, in all cases of reasonable doubt, receive a liberal construction in favor of the system;" and in this respect they are in cheering contrast with some decisions of the Courts, whose effect has been to cripple and embarrass the operations of the system.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions of Bradford County.

In the matter of the application to remove three directors of Albany School District for refusing to levy tax for building purposes.

OPINION.

WILMOT, P. J. "The substantial facts of this case are: That the school houses of that township (with the exception of two) were in a dilapidated condition, and wholly unfit to keep a school in. A majority in the Board could not be obtained to levy a tax for building purposes. Three of the Board persistently refused to levy such tax. The two elected last winter, were members of the Board before, and were re-elected on this issue, of tax or no tax for building purposes. The whole evidence showed a fixed resolve on the part of the Directors complained against, to resist and defeat, indefinitely, the levy of a building tax, relying upon the hope that at some time school houses would be built by voluntary subscription. The other three Directors had urged upon the Board from time to time the performance of this duty—two uniformly advocated and voted for a building tax.

It was urged before the Court, that proceedings in this case should be against all the Directors as a Board, and not against a part. The language of the statute, if the "words" were in all cases to control the construction, would sustain this view. But in construing statutes of this character, the spirit of the law—that is, the intention of the legislature, as gathered from the whole enactment, and kindred legislation, must control. So in this case, we look if necessary to all the legislation upon this subject, and find the motive, spirit, and object of the Legislature, in the passage of the particular act, or section under consideration.

It is perfectly clear by the legislation upon this subject, that the legislature contemplated a thorough system of common schools, extending into every township and neighborhood.—It is no longer optional with the people of a District, to accept or reject it. The system must be universally carried out, and the officers connected with it must perform any duty enjoined. Keeping this in view as the controlling object of the legislature, we must construe all legislation so as to give it effect. The system is as effectually broken down by a refusal to tax for school houses when necessary, as it would be by refusing to employ teachers. But all this conceded—the question presented is, Must the whole Board be proceeded against and removed, for the default of a majority, or an equal number of its members? I answer, no. Such a proceeding is unjust, and in no way necessary to reach the end to be attained. A statute should never be so construed as to effect injustice and wrong; to confound the innocent and guilty,—the faithful and the unfaithful, in a common punishment. The plainest dictates of common sense and common justice are violated, in removing from office, three faithful Directors, because of the default of three who are unfaithful, or negligent of their duties. You give efficiency to the law, by removing the defaulting officers, and retaining those who are ready and anxious to discharge their duties. To what end, and for what purpose, consistent with, and for the advancement of the school system, should the faithful directors be removed? I can see no purpose—none can be suggested. The Court surely would not be required to go through the farce of removing men from office, and immediately thereupon appointing the same men to the same office; and yet this our Court would surely have done had we felt compelled to remove the three faithful directors of Albany. As the consequences of the construction contended for (that all the Directors must be removed for the default of a part) lead to absurdity and gross injustice, and in no way further the great purpose of the law, it must be rejected on every principle that governs in the construction of statutes.

Having thus established the point, if argument were necessary to establish so plain a proposition, that the faithful directors should not be removed from office, it follows of necessity, that you must proceed against that part of the Board who refuse to perform their duty; otherwise the system is effectually broken down. Three members of a Board can as effectually arrest the common school system in a district, as if the board were unanimous in opposition. What, in such cases, is the plain remedy, suggested by the common sense of a man? Does it in any way advance the end to be reached (the faithful carrying out of the common school system) to remove from office those who stand with fidelity by their duty? Certainly not. You sustain the law, and give efficiency to the system, by removing those who stand in the way of its execution." Removal decreed accordingly.

A ROMAN BANQUET.—All the furniture requisite for the banquet was of costly material or exquisite workmanship. The number of courses was gradually increased till it exceeded twenty, and after each course everything which had served for the previous course was removed and fresh supplied. Slaves were especially appointed to each convivial function, and those functions were most minutely defined. The most delicious perfumes embalmed the banquet-hall. A master of the ceremonies announced the merits of the dishes most worthy of special attention—the claims they possessed to this sort of oration; finally nothing was omitted of a nature to sharpen the appetite, keep alive the attention, and prolong enjoyment. This luxury had also its follies and absurdities. Such were those banquets where the fishes and birds served counted by thousands, and those dishes which had no other merit than that of having cost an enormous price, such as that dish which consisted of the brains of 500 ostriches, and that other of the tongues of 5,000 birds, all of which had been taught to speak. After the above the enormous sums spent by Lucullus at his banquet and the costs of the feasts he gave in the hall of Apollo will be readily understood. At these feasts the etiquette was to exhaust every known means to flatter the sensuality of the guests. Those glorious days might be revived at our own time, but we want a Lucullus. Let us suppose some man known to be enormously rich desirous of celebrating a great political or financial event, and of giving on the occasion a memorable festival without regard to expense. Let us suppose that he engages the services of every art to adorn the place of the festival in every detail; that he gives orders that recourse be had to every means to procure the rarest provisions and the noblest wines of the most famed cellars; that he has a troupe of the first actors of the day to perform for the amusement of his guests; that the banquet be enlivened by vocal and instrumental music performed by the first artists of the day; that, as an *entrade* between dinner and coffee, a ballet performed by the prettiest dancers, shall enliven his guests; that the evening shall close with a ball at which two hundred women, selected among the most beautiful, and four hundred elegant dancers, shall attend; that the buffet be provided with the most excellent hot and cold beverages, fresh and iced; that at midnight a wisely selected collation shall imbue new life into all; that the servants be handsome and well-dressed, the illumination perfect, and, moreover, that the Amphitryon should have arranged for every guest to be sent for and conveyed home without discomfort—the bill on the following day might startle even the cashier of Lucullus.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.—The national religions of China are three, namely the system of Confucius, that of Taou, and that of Buddha. Besides these, there are about a million of Christians and quite a number of Mahomedans. The religion of Confucius addresses itself to the moral nature. The idea of virtue and vice is inculcated, and the duty of compliance with the precepts of law. But it ignores or but faintly recognizes the higher sanctions of rewards and punishments in a future life. Taoism is materialistic. Its ideas of the soul are physical and chemical. It regards the stars as divine, and it deifies hermits and physicians, magicians and alchemists. Buddhism differs from both. It is commonly said to be a form of materialism and yet it is eminently subtle, metaphysical and imaginative. It denies the existence of matter, repudiates the evidence of the senses, and renders its homage and worship only to abstract ideas of fictitious impersonations. The religions are so many attempts to meet the wants of the human mind, and they supplement each other, so that one does not absolutely supersede the others. The very fact that this variety of faith can be professed and tolerated by the Chinese people, in this characteristic quietness and forbearance, is an indication of a tolerant and religious disposition of mind.

The following good story of a negro's first meeting with a bear is told by Col. —, who had spent the most of his fortune and life in the woods of Florida. The Colonel had a black fellow, a good natured, happy creature, who, one morning, was strolling through the woods, whistling and roaring as he went, when he spied an individual as black as himself, with much more wool. Dick looked at his new friend, and the bear (on his rump) at him. Dick's eyes began to stick out a foot.—"Who's dat?" said Dick, shaking all over. Bruin began to approach. Dick pulled heels for the first tree, and the bear after him.—Dick was upon the eypress, and the bear after him.—Dick moved out on a limb, the bear followed—till it began to bend. "Now, see here Mister, if you come any farther dis limb broke. Dere! dere! I told you so!" As Dick had said, the limb broke, and down came bear and nigger. "Dere, you black debil, I told you so; dis all your fault; yer broke yer neck, and I'll just take yer to Massa Colonel!"

WOMAN.—An exquisite production of nature, between a rose and an angel, according to a German poet; the female of the human species, according to a German zoologist; the redeeming portion of humanity, according to politer fact and experience. Woman is a treasure of which the profligate and the unmarried can never appreciate the full value, for he who possesses many does not possess one. Malherbe says in his Letters, that the Creator may have repented the creation of man, but that he had no reason to repent having made woman. Who will deny this; and which of us does not feel, though in due subjection to a holier religion, the devotion of Anacreon, who, when he was asked why he addressed so many of his hymns to women, and so few to deities, answered, "Because women are my deities!"