Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1860. VOL. 6.--NO. 35.

IF WE KNEW.

BY RUTH BENTON.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day;
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
Whilst 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering thro' the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life has many a tangled crossing;
Joy hath many a break of woe;
And the cheeks, tear washed, are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach in our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love towards erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men.

HOW MISS PHIPPS BECAME MRS. PHILLIPS.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

Authors and artists have imposed some most ridiculously untruthful types of character upon us. For example, what is the conventional notion of the old maid? Thanks to those unchivalrous caricaturists, the phrase suggests a picture of a lady with a figure like a ramrod, and a face like a winter apple—a crab-apple—reserving her small remnant of sour milk of human kindness for her cat; as afraid of the men as Horace's Chloe; and feasting like a ghoul upon the mangled reputations of her youthful sisters.

Well, now, my reader, look around your circle of acquaintances, and tell me honestly how many of such vestals you can find. I never met with one, and with your permission, will introduce you to a little body who is the very opposite of that abominable portrait—my friend, Miss Rhoda Phipps.

As plump as a partridge, as blithe as a mavis, bright-eyed as a robin—such is Miss Phipps, as, on the last night of 185— she sits in her doll's house of a cottage, in Pogis Parva, with her elder sister, Harriet, entertaining a tiny party of village friends.

The topic of conversation is a Mr. Phillips, a shy autumnal bachelor, who has recently taken up his residence in Pogis. So very shy is he, that he has had his pew in church screened, not only in front, but also at the sides, with lofty curtains, above which, when he stands, up, the top of his head can just be seen by his fellow-worshippers, and behind which, at the close of the service, he remains perdu until the church is empty, having taken care to be the first to enter it. All the week long, he never stirs from his own premises, which he would seem to have selected for the sake of a brick-wall and a high hollyhedge, which shut them in on all sides.

The rector is the only person who has visited him, and he reports that Mr. Phillips is an intelligent and well-in-formed, but most ridiculously nervous man, with a perfect horror of woman-kind. His servants, to whom he rarely speaks, can give no further gratification to their village gossips curiosity about him, but that he spends the day in reading in his study, or moping in his garden; and that they often overhear him walking up and down his bedroom at night, talking to himself.

Here is a mine of mystery for speculation! Our ladies, for the most part, are very uncharitable in their conjectures. The rector's wife believes him to be a concealed atheist. Why cannot he show his face at church, she asks, like a decent Christian? Mrs. Squills, the surgeon's spouse, suggests that night-walking and talking point to remorse for some great crime—perhaps a murder. Swindling finds more favor in the eyes of Mrs. Brown, the retired tradesman's wife. She would like to know whether Phillips *is* his name, and how he got his money. "Perhaps he's a coiner," whispers, in an awe-struck voice, her daughter Belinda, a great reader of romances.

Miss Harriet Phipps, who is suspected of having had a love-affair long ago, is the only one who is not censorious; *she* hints that blighted affections may have caused his melancholy. But this compassionate hypothesis, in common with all its unkind predecessors, Aunt Rhoda scornfully scouts. In her opinion, the man is merely an absurd hypochondriac old bachelor, who has grown half silly through living by himself, and having no one else to care for; and, as usual, sharp sighted little Aunt Rhoda, is right. She declares, moreover, that she will rout him out, and make him take a wife, and do some good in the village, instead of haunting his house like a selfish old ghost.

"Why not ask him yourself, Aunt Rhoda?" says Miss Brown. "Next year is leap year, you know."

"Well," laughs Aunt Rhoda, "if I can't manage it any other way, I *will*."

"Oh, Rhoda!" exclaims shocked sister Harriet.

Thus they sit chatting until the bells burst out with their joy-peal at the birth of the new year, when with many expressions of surprise at the quickness with which the time has flown, they give each other the customary greeting of the hour; and when the visitors clog and cloak, and scatter to their homes, the rector's wife tossing her head contemptuously when she meets the Methodists coming out of their "watch night" service in their little meeting house, in manifestation of scorn. I cannot sympathize with Mrs. Rector, there seeming to me to be a deal of solemn poetry in that rite. The few minutes before midnight, passed kneeling and in silence, whilst the clock ticks audibly in the hushed chapel, as if it were the heart of the dying year fast hastening to its final throb, struck me, when once I witnessed the service, as being about the most thrilling time I ever spent.

Leap-year is not three days old, when in company with Mrs. Squills, Aunt Rhoda presents herself at the gate of Holly Lodge, and requests to be ushered into the presence of its owner. In vain does wondering John, the janitor, inform her that "Master don't see nobody, miss." He *must* see her, as she has come on business. But when they are seated in the drawing-room, comes a request for the ladies to send their message, as Mr. Phillips is too unwell to leave the library.

"Very well, then we'll go to him, John," says the undaunted little woman; and go she does, dragging her companion with her. Mr. Phillips, a tall, pale-faced man, with witching lips and quivering fingers, starts from his chair at the apparition. Since they have bearded him in his den—caught him sitting on his form, perhaps, would be a more appropriate figure—he tries hard to be polite, kicks over the coal-scuttle in a nervous attempt to hand them seats, and stammers out a welcome, to which, however, his startled eyes give a decided contradiction.

He looks a little relieved when he finds that the intruders have come for no more formidable purposes than to solicit a subscription to their Coal and Blanket Fund, and permits them to put down his name for a munificent sum, evidently hoping to bribe them into a speedy departure; but still Aunt Rhoda stays, rattling on about the weather, and the neighborhood, and general news, until his look of pain changes into a look of puzzle, and eventually into one of semi-pleasure.

It is a novel and not altogether disagreeable sensation to have the stagnant waters of his existence stirred. Women he finds, like other reputed monsters, are not quite so terrible when closely scanned; he can talk, after a bit, without stuttering and blushing, and when his visitors leave, escorts them not only to the hall door, but also to the garden gate.

Other local charities afford pretexts for other calls. Ruthlessly does little Rhoda bleed his purse, affirming that she ought to extract heavy fees for the good she has done him. And, indeed, he is marvelously improved. He no longer denies himself to the village ladies, all of whom Rhoda introduces to him in turn. He ventures outside his gate on the week days; he joins the Book Club, and attends its meetings—at first, indeed, with the scared look of a snared thing, but he gets used in time to hearing his own voice in company, and proves a valuable acquisition to the society, not only by his suggestions as to the selection of their literature, but also from the interesting nature of his conversation. His front curtain at church is now undrawn, and rumor says, that he looks a good deal more at Aunt Rhoda than at the rector. Belinda Brown, who is rather an old young lady, adds that it is really immodest for Miss Rhoda Phipps—she doesn't "aunt" her now—to call so often at his house; but she supposes that her age protects her.

At this spite and tattle, Aunt Rhoda only laughs. In all honesty of purpose, she simply tried to win a fresh patron for her poor clients, and to convert a sullen recluse into an agreeable neighbor. She has succeeded, so let rumor and Belinda Brown say what they please. It must be owned, however, that she takes a great interest in her *protege*, and champions him on all occasions against Harriet, who, now that her love theory has proved false, and he lives like a commonplace gentleman instead of a romantic hermit, is rather apt—with a most mild malignity, however—to depreciate him.

New Year's Eve has come again; and a little after eleven the sisters are sitting—this time without company—in their little parlor, when they hear a knock at the front door. Rhoda, much astonished, runs to open it, and is still more surprised when Mr. Phillips enters. He has had a sad relapse—his *mauvaise honte* has come back as bad as ever.

He can hardly be persuaded to be seated; he fidgets with his hat; he looks askance at Miss Harriet, as if annoyed by her presence, but turns pale with fear when by chance she rises, if about to leave the room; he hems and haws; he begins sentences, and never ends them. "Deeply grateful to Miss Rhoda"—"object for existence"—"not let the year close," are the only intelligible portions—and these but partially intelligible—of his fragmentary utterances.

Miss Rhoda soon understands him, however, and cheerily exclaims: "I know what you mean, Mr. Phillips; but you'll never say it, if I don't help you, for we can't send Harriet up into the bedroom this cold night; and if I wait till the clock strikes, I shall lose my chance of helping you. You want me to marry you, don't you? There, Harriet! I said this time twelve months ago that I'd ask him, and see I have!"

Neither Harriet, snugly housed in, nor we who visit at her happy, hospitable home have had any reason to regret that Miss Rhoda Phipps became, a month afterwards, Mrs Henry Phillips.

FOND OF PHYSIC.—No one objects to a man dosing himself in any way he pleases, provided that he does not commit actual suicide. With some men, the taking of medicine seems a form of monomania. Bishop Berkley drank a butt of tar-water; and a person named Samuel Jessop, who died at the age of sixty-five, in 1817, had such an inordinate craving for physic, that in twenty-one years he took no less than two hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and thirty-four pills, besides forty thousand bottles of mixture; and in the year 1814, when his appetite increased, his consumption of pills was fifty-one thousand five hundred and ninety? Dr. David Hartley, not content with Joanna Stephen's specific, had during his life eaten two hundred pounds weight of soap as a medicine.

"LOVE RULES THE COURT."—A Jury in Texas lately acquitted a man on the charge of horse stealing, although the crime was clearly proven against him, simply because he stole the horse to elope with his sweet-heart, who was present in court during the trial, and waiting to marry him if acquitted. The jurors had probably all been in love themselves, at one period or another of their lives, and there was not, perhaps, one of them but what would have done the same thing, in their younger days, if they couldn't have got their wives without.

Three hunters from Kansas, lately returned from a month's hunt on the Arkansas river, bringing with them the skins of three hundred and seven wolves. Another party of twelve, in two month's time, secured over two thousand skins. The skins are worth one dollar apiece.

Some of the Catholics of Cincinnati are at variance with the archbishop. They had made arrangements to celebrate St. Patrick's Day by a ball. The Archbishop forbade the ball, as being a violation of the rules of Lent, but it was given, nevertheless, and was largely attended.

REMINISCENCES OF THE N. Y. HERALD.

We find in the *Herald*, published at Grand Traverse, Michigan, the following reminiscences of early times in New York. They are by the editor, Morgan Bates, Esq., are of his own knowledge and of course interesting:

HOW BENNETT STARTED THE NEW YORK HERALD.—As James Gordon Bennett is the confidential counsellor and adviser of the President of the United States, and his is the accredited organ of the Administration in the city of New York, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know how and under what circumstances a paper was started which has attained so great notoriety and wields such a powerful influence over a certain class of the whole community.

We are cognizant of some facts connected with its early history, which came under our immediate observation at the time, and which are probably known only to Horace Greeley, Gordon Bennett, and ourselves. We violate no confiidence in placing them on record as matter of history, and as tending to illustrate the fact that that which is conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity will grow and flourish only in a congenial atmosphere of pollution and infamy.

In 1834, just after Horace Greeley & Co. had started the New Yorker, in the old yellow two-story building which then stood on the south-west corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, there stalked in the office one day a lank, hard-visaged, squint-eyed, villainous-looking man, who appeared as if he had just escaped from or was about to be sent to the penitentiary, and introduced himself to Mr. Greeley as James Gordon Bennett, late editor of a Philadelphia paper (the Pennsylvanian, we think, though we may be mistaken in the name.) He stated that he had called to hold a consultation with Mr. Greeley relative to the expediency of starting a cheap daily in New York. As Mr. Greeley was busily engaged at the time, Mr. Bennett did not fully unfold his plans, but promised to call again. The next day he spread out his programme.

The main feature of which was a paper devoted to scandal in "high life," but to be conducted with such consummate ability and tact that it would "take" with all classes. He said he had one thousand dollars to invest in the enterprise, but as that sum was not sufficient to insure success he wished a partner who could furnish a like amount, and asked Mr. Greeley to join him. Greeley listened patiently to all his plans, and then, in his blunt, off hand way, told him that such a paper might pay if a man could be found to conduct it who combined the requisite talent and meanness—and flatly refused to have anything to do with it. And this is the reason why Bennett has hated Greeley ever since.

At this time there was a printer in Ann street named Anderson, who was a general jobber and newspaper printer, but who did not publish on his own account. Bennett procured an introduction to him, and by fair promises and false pretences induced him to enter into the scheme—and the New York Herald was ushered into being.

Anderson soon found that Bennett had deceived him with regard to funds—not one penny of the thousand dollars ever having been paid over—and that he would have to bear the whole pecuniary burden until the paper should work its way up to a self-sustaining point. He expended a large sum of money to keep it alive, until, just as it began to be remunerative, the great fire of 1834 occurred in Ann street, which made such terrible havoc among the printers, and Anderson lost presses, type, and everything, with little or no insurance. His friends, who had faith in the ultimate success of the Herald, aided him to procure a power press and other materials; but Bennett, meantime, made clandestine arrangements with another printer, and the Herald appeared the next morning with James Gordon Bennett as editor and proprietor. He refused to recognize Anderson at all, or to pay him a penny for his interest in the paper, or for the large sums which he had advanced to sustain it. Anderson took the matter so deeply to heart that he died in a short time, and there it ended.

About this time Ellen Jewett, a beautiful and celebrated courtesan, was murdered at the house of Rosina Townsend, in Thomas street, by a young man named Robinson, who was a clerk for Joseph Hoxie, and through whose influence he was acquitted. The murder was a devil-send for Bennett—(he never had a God-send.) He procured, or pretended he had, a list of the names of all those who lodged at Mrs. Townsend's house that night, some seventy men, most of whom were married, and occupied high positions in society—and threatened to expose them in the columns of his paper. This ruse brought to his coffers an untold amount of black-mail; and before the affair was ended he had made money enough to buy a printing office and set up business on his own account.

It is not our purpose to follow him any further in his course of infamy, our object being only to show how the New York Herald was started. Pecuniarly he has met with unbounded success—the success of infamy and crime. But he has not reached his present position without stripes. We have had the pleasure of seeing him twice cowhided on the public street, kicked down three flights of stairs by his journeymen printers, and cuffed and spit upon by the late Thomas Hamblin—all of which he submitted to with the abject humility of a coward.

Such is a faint outline of James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald, and bosom friend of the President of the United States.

The Pope of Rome is now in his sixty-eighth year, and even should he be obliged to flee from the Eternal City, he will have quite enough to maintain himself comfortably for the remainder of his life. It appears that "Peter Pence" contributions have already amounted to about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, of which sum Ireland has contributed eighty thousand dollars, as much as all the other countries of Europe put together. Besides this, it is currently reported that the Pope has no less than twelve million dollars, the pious offerings of good catholics, packed away in boxes at the Vatican; so that, in case he should consider another hegira necessary the money for his traveling expenses is abundantly provided.

Cold prayers are as arrows without heads, as swords without edges, as birds without wings; they pierce not, they cut not, they fly not up to heaven. Cold prayers always freeze before they reach heaven.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese war-steamer Kandinmurrah arrived recently at San Francisco, as the *avant-courrier* of the Powhatan and the Ambassadors of Japan, with their *suite* of seventy attendants, on their way to Washington City.

Recent publications, among which are the works of Dr. Wood, of the Navy, and letters from our Ambassador and the missionaries in Japan, have given us the opportunity of knowing something of this very interesting people. A new work has just been issued, written by Mr. Oliphant, private secretary to Lord Elgin, the English Ambassador to China and Japan, which adds materially to our previous knowledge.

The Japanese are obviously of the general Mongol type, but they have marked peculiarities. They are by far the most interesting and agreeable of the races living beyond India. Their most marked characteristic is a general gayety and *insouciance*. They are every where lively, lovers of pleasure, ever ready for a joke or laugh. In the midst of Lord Elgin's conventions in making his treaty, the high Commissioners were constantly on the alert for fun, considering gravity by no means essential to diplomacy. The impression in this respect seems to have been the same in all the persons who have visited them.

But this love of amusement does not imply neglect of business. The whole empire is in good order. The cultivation of the fields and gardens is fine; grounds are well and pleasantly laid out; the whole population is industrious; their manufactures are actively prosecuted. Indeed, they seem wiser in this respect than we are. We mean that they appear to combine better than the grave Anglo-Saxon the ideas of business and amusement.

There is very considerable sense of beauty in the Japanse. They are very cleanly. They bathe frequently. Their houses are the very home of neatness. They wear only sandals of cloth in their houses; the floors are covered with matting, the walls are hung with the nicest paper, the woods used are soft and often like satin, the whole giving an impression of refreshment, coolness and neatness. In this, as in many other respects, they greatly differ from the Chinese.

There is much politeness in these heathen. Their crowds are not dangerous, or, beyond a strong curiosity, disagreeable. The spies conduct themselves courteously. They treat each other like gentlemen. Their ingenuity and quickness are marvellous. They learn everything directly. They eat the food of Europeans and Americans, never seen before, at once. They can go through a dinner party passably, after once seeing it. They joined in drinking of healths and shouting *hip, hip, hurra*, with the English instantly, though they had never heard of it before. They made exact copies of American and European furniture—they have none in the toy-shops in which they live—and furnished Lord Elgin's house comfortably at once.

The Japanese remind us of the Persians and the French. They are deceitful in certain ways, but there is much honesty in their dealing. The Government is all-pervading and manages many things admirably. Their religion seems to have but little hold upon them. It reminds us of the Greek faith, rather a slight objective form of religion, not penetrating much to the deeper elements of humanity—they have indeed, speaking loosely and generally, something rather Greek about them.

The young women are much prettier than the Chinese, or the South Sea Islanders, or East Indians. The married women blacken their teeth and pluck out their eye-brows. Adultery is punishable with death. But a vast system of licentiousness is arranged and licensed by the Government. This is one of the dark features of Japan.

The trade of this large empire is eagerly anticipated by the Californians, and the prospect in their future, when the Pacific Railroad shall be finished, and Japan open to us the gates of Asia, is certainly bright. Meanwhile the reception of the embassy will be an interesting episode. We hope it will be done handsomely, especially as we are the first nation thus honored.

JOE SMITH.—Mormonism has again shown itself in Illinois, and under widely different auspices from the modern Mahomedanism of Utah. Young Joe Smith claims to be the true leader, as a matter of inheritance, we suppose, of the Mormon Church, and at Amboy he was installed into office by a conference—though no account is given as to the source from which the delegates derived their installing power. His title is "President Prophet," and a church is organized under him, that is declared to be entirely independent of the organization of which Brigham Young has so long been prophet, priest, and king. Smith opposes polygamy and the other vices of the infamous disciples at Utah; and declares that he will only teach the two doctrines of religion and morality. He also inculcates patriotic duties and obedience to the laws of the land, speaks kindly of the Anti-Mormons, and says that he holds no feelings of enmity towards any man living. It is hoped that his teachings will not be without influence, even in far-off Utah, where reformation is much needed.

THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.—The voyage of the Earl of Elgin, two years since, up the great Yang-tse-kiang, of China, the particulars of which are only now first made known to the world through the publication of the narrative of the mission, has furnished some interesting facts relative to the interior of this empire. The ruin which the rebels have caused can hardly be believed—populous cities have been destroyed, and the country everywhere laid waste. Chirkiang, which once had a population of 500,000, did not contain 500 souls. The great city of Ching-kiang-foo, which had been taken by the rebels, was in a most deplorable state. "A single dilapidated street, composed only of a few meat shops, was all that remained of this thriving and populous city; the remainder of the area, comprised within walls six miles in circumference, contained nothing but ruins, weeds and kitchen gardens." At Woo-chang, a city, of 400,000 inhabitants, the party landed. They found its walls thrown down, large tracts were covered with the ruins of houses destroyed by the rebels, and so solitary were portions of the ruined city, that in its very centre the officers scared up two brace of pheasants.

It was remarked by Dionysius, the sophist, in counselling moderation in pleasure, that "honey should be eaten from the tip of the finger."

ART AND LIQUOR IN EUROPE.

The following letter from Theodore Parker, dated at Rome, in February last, and addressed to a friend, will repay the reader for its perusal:—

"It is curious to study the institutions of Rome, and see how man decays here with such a Government. The people of the Roman States—about three and a quarter millions—have one of the finest climates and countries in the world. See what they make of it. They have about 25 or 30 miles of railroad—one track to Frascati, another to Civita Vecchia—though other lines are laid out. The commerce is inconsiderable; manufactures almost nothing. All the spinning and weaving in Rome is done by hand; so is all the sawing. Agriculture returns to the rudest form. In all the fertile campagna about Rome they get but one crop of grain from the land in three years; the rest of the time it lies fallow. The favorite work of agriculture once was to produce the vine, the olive, the fig, nuts, and various grains. Now the farmer seeks chiefly the spontaneous product of the soil—grass—and on that he pastures his oxen, sheep, and swine. The labored products of the farm are on the decline. Rome exports about one million pounds of wool a year. I think it is her chief export, and may be worth two or three million dollars. In the city the chief industry, after supplying the daily wants of the back and belly, is devoted to the fine arts. I find that last year Rome sold old pictures to the amount of $16,000, and new ones to $134,000—say $150,000 for pictures. She sold $2,000 worth of old sculpture, and $230,000 worth of new. Then she exports cameos, mosaics, jewels, church ornaments, &c., to about $500,000 a year. Perhaps we might say her industry in the fine arts brought her in $1,000,000 in 1859. But the sale of these things is quite precarious, and depends on the number of strangers here. It is a hard time the poor artists have this year when there are so few foreigners in town. It is curious to see the contrasts of niceness and rudeness in the same street. In a studio men make statues of most exquisite grace and beauty—the triumph of mind over matter; in a shop next door others make the strong boxes to hold those statues; they put a log of wood on two clumsy horses, one man gets on top, another underneath, and with a miserable old saw they cut the log into planks to make the box. (We don't make many statues in Boston, but a top sawyer is not known!) The elegant arts are held in high esteem, while the useful sink into neglect. It is curious to see how long it takes mankind to respect the industry which feeds and clothes, houses and comforts, the human race. The work of ruling, of fighting, of "saving the soul" by some sort of hocus pocus—this is thought decent and respectable; but farm work, wood work, shop work, that is mean and debasing! Such is the notion that prevails in the classic writers of Greece and Rome, and with the "gentlemen" and "ladies" of New England to-day—I mean with the ornamental males and females. Slavery is only supported by the profound contempt for productive industry which marks the South; and it has its support at the North chiefly in the same contempt. Miss Diddle-de-diddle is descended from a blacksmith at Beverly or Marblehead; he was grandfather to this foolish thing; she is ashamed of her origin, and never sees an anvil without a blush of mortified vanity. Now, if I had a son, I should rather he would be a great engineer, a great mason, carpenter, or railroad builder, than a great painter, sculptor or fiddler; and certainly I should rather my son were an ordinary third-rate tailor, shoemaker, or brazier, than an ordinary third-rate sculptor, to spoil marble and waste the time of men he strove to make statues of. How much better to be a common house painter than a stupid dauber of canvass. In America—I mean in the free States—the mass of the people, in their collective action, work right in respect to this, though uncounted individuals make the greatest mistakes; but here it is the community as a whole that falls into the error. Alas for them! the miserable rags which are the clothing of the people, and the wretched food they eat, are consequences of the fatal blunder, and the haggard, melancholy faces of the common people, ill housed, ill clad, ill fed, are the protest of nature against the worship of beauty and the scorn of use. Think of a city exporting one million dollars' worth of trinkets, while she has not a saw-mill nor a power loom. We manage this matter better in New England. There were seven paper mills in Massachusetts, a foundry at Saugus, and saw-mills more than I can recollect, before a picture had ever been painted in all New England, or a statue made. Jonathan had many a useful notion before he made him a fiddle.

In Europe you see many things which seem strange to an American. Take the use of wine. If I am right, the Europeans consume about 6,500,000,000 gallons of wine. In France, leaving out of account the pasture land which is not farmed and the forests, of the actual arable land, one third is devoted to the grape. Yet there are immense districts where no wine can be raised at all. I see it stated that the government returns make it appear that the people of France drink 850,000,000 gallons of wine, and the calculation is that the amount is not much less than 1,000,000,000! Yet I don't believe, in the year 1859, there was so much drunkenness among the thirty-nine million people of France as among the three million Yankees of New England! I have been four months at Rome. There are wine shops everywhere. I am out-doors from three to six hours a day, and I have not yet seen a man drunk; now and then one is merry, never intoxicated. The Romans, Italians, French, &c., are quite temperate; they drink their weak wine with water, and when they take liquors, it is only a little glassful at a time, (which does not contain a spoonful.) I don't believe there is a bar in all Italy where men step up and drink rum and water, gin and water, &c. Excessive drinking is not to the taste of the people. In the north of Europe, and even in Switzerland, it is not so. The English, without help from the Irish and Scotch, drink about 600 or 700,000,000 gallons of beer every year, not to speak of the wine, spirits, &c., they take to wash it down withal. There is drunkenness. So you find it in Scandinavia, in Holland, and North Germany. How do you think the Americans will settle the drink question? Certainly not by taking merely to water, tea, coffee, &c. We shall have more beer, perhaps, return to the making of cider, and certainly plant vines where they will grow. Drunkenness is such a monstrous and ghastly evil, I would do almost anything to get rid of it. But I sometimes think we have taken the wrong track. I am glad to see the License law introduced to the New York Legislature, and think it will do more good than our New England scheme of prohibition by force.

Just now, the two prominent nations of Europe are doing a great work—introducing a liberal scheme of commercial intercourse. Really, Napoleon the Little, as we used contemptuously to call him, seems to be the most statesmanlike head in Europe, and is far wiser than the other Napoleon, who broke wickedly with the ideas of the age, and so properly set down on the little rock at the end of the world, to point the moral of history and adorn its tale. I dislike much that Napoleon has done, but must confess an honest admiration for his efforts to liberate Italy, and to advance the industrial interests of France. After all, it is probably true that his nation deserves no better rule than he gives it, and is not capable of more liberal institutions. Those Celtic people have got equality; the old aristocratic regime is perished utterly; all depends on universal suffrage; liberty is something they care little about. A strange people are the French, with so much military courage and no civil courage at all. I don't see how they could live under a republican government—one like ours, I am sure, would be impossible.

If you would succeed in life, attend well to your own business—and let that of others alone.

An exchange says lead is an animal production, because it is found in "pigs."

THE GREATEST DUEL ON RECORD.

An old Mississippian furnishes the following to the Woodville (Miss.) *Republican*:

The famous duel in which forty or more gentlemen were engaged, in 1828, is still remembered in Natchez. Col. Jim Bowie, the famous fighter and inventor of the knife, which bears his name, used to spend a great deal of his time in Natchez. He was challenged by a gentleman of Alexandria, La., whose friends to the number of twenty or more, accompanied him to Natchez to see fair play, knowing Bowie was a desperate man, and had his own friends about him. All parties went upon the field. The combatants took their places in the centre, separated from their friends in the rear, or enough not to endanger them with their balls. Behold the battle array thus:—Twenty armed Louisianians fifty yards behind their champion and his seconds and surgeon, and opposite them, as far behind Bowie and his seconds and surgeon, twenty armed Mississippians. Behold the heights of Natchez thronged with spectators, and a steamer in the river rounded too, its decks black with passengers, watching with a deep interest the scene. The plan of fight was to exchange shots twice with pistols, and to close with knives, Bowie being armed with his own terrible weapon. At the first fire both parties escaped. At the second the Louisianian was too quick and took advantage of Bowie, who waited the word. At this Bowie's second cried "foul play!" and shot the Lousianian dead. The second of the latter instantly killed the slayer of his principal. Bowie drove his knife into his man. The surgeons crossed blades, while, with loud cries, came on the two parties of friends, the light of battle in their eyes. In a moment the whole number were engaged in a fearless conflict. Dirks, pistols and knives were used with fatal effect, until one party drove the other from the field. I do not know how many were killed and wounded in all, but it was a dreadful slaughter. Bowie fought like a lion, but fell covered with wounds. For months he lingered at the Mansion House before he fully recovered.

THE MOROCCO WAR ENDED.—Peace has been concluded between Spain and Morocco, on terms decidedly advantageous to the first-named power. She gets not only 20,000,000 piastres to pay the expenses of the war, but she gets commercial advantages, gets the right to have a Minister at Fez and to send Spanish missionaries there, and she gets an important cession of African territory. On this strip of land, bordering on the sea, doubtless Spain intends to plant a colony, which shall be to her what Algeria is to France. The two European Christian nations, working side by side on African soil, may accomplish great ends, and immensely promote the work of civilizing Africa and developing its wealth. Our chief misgiving arises from the fact that nearly all past Spanish efforts at colonization and conquest, however promising at first, have terminated disastrously. Cuba and Porto Rico are the only important possessions held now by Spain, which formerly held nearly all the American continent and islands. Even these two islands would be far more prosperous under almost any other flag than the Spanish. Whether Spain will succeed any better in her attemps to colonize Africa, remains to be seen.

AFTER "MOAR" HAPPINESS.—A scholarly chap, residing at Perryopolis, Fayette Co., thus describes an "eloapment" which recently occurred there:—

"An eloapment—on tuesday Night A young Mr Hixenbaugh And Miss Hasher Eloped From Perryopolis Took passage on the Cars for Pittsburgh for the Purpose of Getting married this priviledge being rejected by their parients on the account of their ages; on his accompanying her home the plot was made, they went into her Brotherinlaws and they thought that he was still setting talking to her as usual, on Next morning found them Both missing and had took passage on the Cars in pursuit of moar happiness And Joy go with them."

NOT OUT OF RANGE.—Old Governor Stuyvesant, some years after the British took possession of New York, appeared before the British Governor (Cartaret) with a complaint that he was annoyed by men and boys bathing in front of his house in a nude state. Governor Cartaret assured him that it should be stopped, but happening to recollect, said: "Why, Governor, your house is at some distance from the river, and how can it incommode the ladies of your family?" "Vy, you zee," said old Peter, shaking his cane, "mine gals have got a pig spy-glass!"

A popular preacher tells a good story as a hit at those kind of christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, affixed the manuscript to the bed post, then, on cold nights, he merely pointed to the "document," and said—"Oh, Lord! those are my sentiments!" blew out the light, and nestled among the blankets.

One of the neatest replies we ever heard in a legislative body, or anywhere else was lately made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Maine. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson had said, and, pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman, I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but cannot see any thread."

AFFLICTIVE DISPENSATION.—Within the past six months, sixteen children have died within a mile of Shingle's Church, in North Coventry township, Chester county—all of putrid sore throat. In that short space of time three families have lost all their children, namely—John Stacer's, Rudolph Reifsnyder's and Owen Posey's. Lewis Spies has buried four children, but has two left.

A terrible encounter took place, a couple weeks ago, in Powell county, Kentucky, between a man named Hall and his sons, and one named Bowler and five of his sons Old Hall was mortally wounded and one of his sons killed and another severely stabbed. Old Bowler was also badly wounded.

At the Orphan Asylum in Lexington, Ky., the children recently ate by mistake some arsenic prepared for the destruction of rats. Twenty-one of the victims of this mistake were seriously poisoned, but by great care were saved from death.

The subject of a re-union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, is being extensively discussed in various papers of the Church. The present year is the centennary anniversary of Methodism in the United States.

The forests in Natchitoches parish, in the State of Louisiana, are literally strewn with the carcasses of cows, sheep, hogs, &c., which have died from famine during the winter.

Smuggins has electrified humanity by the discovery that much of the sickness in New Orleans is occasioned by bad health.