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THE GLOBE: THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF CONGRESS AND NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Miscellaneous.

Senator Douglas Abroad—What he saw and what he said.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

It has been known by those gossiping tale bearers, the newspapers, that Senator Douglas has been improving the recess of Congress by taking a European tour, and we learn by these same journals, that in a most quiet and unostentatious way, he has visited every city of note on the Continent.

It is a matter of interest to every American citizen to know how the dynasties of the Old World look upon and treat such distinguished dignitaries as United States Senators, and it is a matter in which all feel a just pride, when proper respect is shown them in the American name.

We have it from those who know that Senator Douglas was no obscure pageant on the other side of the big waters. On a tour of observation for his own personal improvement, he was looked upon by the countries he visited as perhaps, one of the best representatives of American character abroad.

He certainly acquitted himself, as may be seen by the following incidents, which we have from an eye witness. On reaching London he was asked if he would like to see the Queen?

"Certainly," said the Senator.

"Then you will have to be presented in Court dress, according to the custom of the Realm," said the messenger.

"Then," said the Senator, "I prefer not to see her Majesty, until I can do so in the same dress that I can visit an American President."

He visited Scotland, Ireland, Italy, and on his way to Constantinople, visited Smyrna the day after Kosta was released. There, upon the ground, and in possession of all the facts, he wrote home his views, sustaining the action of Capt. Ingraham and the Turkish Government.

He went to Odessa, and from thence to St. Petersburg, travelling through 2,000 miles of Russian territory. He met his countryman, Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, in the Count Nesselrode, the Emperor's Private Secretary. It was immediately answered by an invitation to meet the Count at his private apartments, and a long and interesting interview was the consequence.

On leaving, the Count asked Mr. Douglas if he had seen the Emperor.

"He said he had not."

"When will you leave St. Petersburg?" asked the Count.

"In a very few days," replied the Senator.

"I fear," says the Count, "you will not have a chance to see the Emperor as he is very busy in reviewing his troops about forty miles from the city, which requires him to come in late and to leave early in the morning. I will, however, try to get you an audience."

It happens the Count accompanied the Emperor with the presence of Mr. D., and the next day the latter received a note from the Emperor himself, inviting him to his head quarters near the place of review, stating that he would there meet by his staff and the principal dignitaries of his Government, in full dress.

Here the Senator was staggered a little and asked the Count if it was expected he was to adorn his republican mantle in gold lace?

"Not at all," says the Count. "A citizen's dress, such as your American President receives his guests in, is all that is required here."

The next morning he set out with the former Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, and with whom Mr. D. had been personally acquainted, to the place of rendezvous. Arrived at a small village where they were to stop, the Senator and his attendant stopped at the hotel and asked for quarters.

They were answered by the landlord, that every room in his house had been taken.

"But I must have a room," says the Senator.

"I have an American gentleman with me, Senator Douglas, who is to be presented to the Emperor."

"What is the gentleman's name," said the landlord.

"Douglas," said the Secretary.

"There are his rooms," replied the landlord, pointing to some half dozen.

"They were taken for him by the Emperor, who also left him this note," handing him a small billet at the same time.

It advised the Senator that the Emperor was obliged to leave before his arrival, and begged to see him at the review. The Senator and his friend proceeded to the ground, and met by the Emperor, and greeted with a most cordial shake of the hand.

"I understand," said the Emperor, "that you have been traveling through my Empire."

"I came from Odessa," said Mr. D.

"Then you have been at Constantinople," said the Emperor.

"I understand they are talking of war down there," said Nicholas, jeeringly.

"They are so," said D.

"What," said Nicholas, "do they really think there is to be war?"

"They think, in that matter, very much depends upon yourself," said D.

"Oh," said the Emperor, "I am a man of peace," and the conversation turned upon the duties of the day.

Three hundred and fifty thousand troops—the largest standing army in the world—then passed in review, and in open order, before the Emperor of all the Russias, and his distinguished guest—a sight that few Americans ever behold.

In the course of the day and the delectable conversation which followed, the Emperor more than once took occasion to say that he considered that there were two proper governments on earth, the one where all the people ruled, and the other where only one ruled—the American and the Russian Governments—were destined to be absorbed by one or the other of these "two" Governments.

From Russia, Mr. D. went to Paris, and Senator Jones, of Tennessee, and by invitation of the American Secretary of Legation, was invited to see Napoleon. The day fixed, the two Senators

Herculeanum.

A correspondent of the London Athenaeum, writing from Naples, gives the following account of the recent excavations at Herculeanum.

Months have now elapsed since I called your attention to the fact that government had recommenced the excavations of Herculeanum. Wonderful it is, indeed, that after the discovery there of such miracles of art as now enrich the Museo Borbonico, these excavations should have been so long suspended, and equally wonderful is it that on being renewed, the work should be done on so parsimonious, so wretched a scale.

One half of Herculeanum may be considered as lying under the modern city of Resina, and as therefore lost to the world, for the present at least; the other half lies under vineyards.

The portion which has hitherto been excavated, is but a minute portion, a mere corner of this latter, this accessible half. To the restoration to the light of what may influence so much the taste and bear so much on the comforts and conveniences of mankind, the Neapolitan government has at length resolved to devote 400 or 500 ducats a year to a grant equal to about £20 or £5,000 a day—enabling the directors to pay for not more than ten or twenty men—Still the smallest instalment of what is due to the world is better than nothing. Hence, however, I speak of what has been done during this year, I shall give a hasty glance at the past.

It is of course as well known in England as in Naples, that all the chefs-d'œuvre of art and antiquity which have produced such a happy revolution in the taste of the modern world, and so much affected domestic ornaments and even utensils were found during the last century in the excavations have been conducted by burrowing rather than mining; thus enabling the antiquary to abstract what was interesting or valuable in art, but leaving the city as far removed from ordinary observation, as it had been for eighteen centuries. It was at length resolved, in 1827, to lift the cover and expose the city to light—a suggestion for which we are indebted to Cayroler Bonucci, who for many years has been director of the excavations of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, and who is well known to the world by the many important discoveries which he has made.

The revolution of 1848-9, was, of course, a death blow to all the proceeding connected with mere taste for the fine arts, and the excavations of Herculeanum and Pompeii were suspended. The objects of interest which had been discovered in them and deposited in the Museo Borbonico, were voted national property, and if partly reserved for the use of the government, were under the charge of changing hands. Everything, however, has now returned to the administration of the royal house, and one of the first consequences is the renewal of the work both at Pompeii and at Herculeanum. To direct the latter, Bonucci has in a more particular manner been destined, and though such a paltry sum has been devoted to so important an object, yet he hopes that the little that can be done will have the effect of stimulating to a greater effort.

At length the excavations commenced in January last, have already brought to light a part of the old arsenal, near the port of Herculeanum, so famous in the times of Augustus and Titus. Formerly the sea washed the walls; it has now receded half a mile, so that the bare mention of the port of Herculeanum, is enough to awaken a smile of incredulity on the face of one who is unacquainted with the changes that have taken place on the coast of the Mediterranean.

On visiting the spot a few days since, I found myself in a series of small rooms, or apartments, with kitchens attached, which had just been laid open; apparently they had been quarters for marines. The entrance was over a roof, which is on a level with the present surface of the ground, and descending a few steps on the left, we found four or five other steps, at the bottom of which was an entrance to what was probably a cellar, over whose roof we had entered.

Here there was found so much salt water seeping up, that the works had to be suspended for a moment, which I did not have time to do, as I had to get into the small room of which I have spoken. The roof is vaulted, and very lofty; whilst the partition walls are very low, showing that one large hall or space had been hastily or rudely arranged with a view to the convenience of numbers.

In the first small room, which was a kitchen, still exist the stove and grates, precisely of the same form as are now to be seen in every part of Magna Græcia. Beneath the stove lay fragments of pottery, which a slowly sunk might have thrown there as the water bore, or get them out of the way; whilst the bones of the poor cook it might be, were found mixed up with ashes and instruments of his trade.

In the same place, also, were found bones and minute fragments of iron plates, indicating in the opinion of Cavalier Bonucci, that in the awful moment of this city's destruction some men were surprised and overwhelmed on this very spot. But few remains could be preserved so entirely destroyed were they by time, and so mingled and mouldered in cæces with the fine ashes, which had not been, perhaps, carefully enough removed. All, indeed, that I could well distinguish, were portions of ribs and skull bones—Yet what a melancholy interest have these, especially as connected with history!

It is said of Pinedy the elder, who, at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius in 79, was admiral of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean, that he went in a "liburna" from Misenum to save some "classians."

His nephew, writing to Tacitus, says that all the efforts of his uncle were useless in consequence of raging of the volcano; and that he was obliged to turn the prow of his vessel to Sebia, now Castellamare, where he died, the victim of his love of natural science. From the kitchen in which I have so long dwelt, we passed through a small room and entered another kitchen. On the grate or stove were lying pieces of charcoal; the mark of the smoke was fresh upon the stove. Below and by the side of it was a sink for receiving dirty water, and the hole which carried it off was still entire. Beyond this were one or two other small rooms; and then our progress was stopped by a mountain of undrained ash. In this they were mining or burrowing a passage, and of discoveries in the direction I shall have to speak, I hope, in some future article.

Of ornament these rooms appear to be almost entirely destitute; indeed, the only trace of anything of the kind was an entrance passage wall, whereon I discovered faint traces of perpendicular painted lines. I must not omit to say that some silver and bronze coins of the times of Augustus and Titus have been found here, as also a bronze coin with Punic characters. It was doubtless one of the elements of the commerce which was carried on between the coast of Italy and the opposite African Carthaginian coast.

Such matters of interest turn up, I shall forward it, but the work goes on slowly, of course.

Temperance in California. Temperance is taking a strong and fast hold on the popular mind in California. Here the use of ardent spirits, as a beverage, has been universal. It has been adopted by every grade of society. In no place has there been such a havoc of health, reason and life, from the use of intoxicating liquors as in California. Our streets are literally filled with drunkards. Delirium tremens and suicides are common. Our police reports constitute a daily report on the fearful workings of this unfettered monster. The Sons of Temperance constitute the only work ing temperance organization in our State. It is growing rapidly into public favor; it is spreading very fast. The order has an organ, a weekly paper, but I regret it is conducted with little energy and less ability. The "Sons," as a general thing, take high ground in favor of the Maine Law. I addressed the "Sons," at a celebration on Nevada City, a couple of weeks since. My subject was the "Maine Law the only remedy for the evils of Intemperance." The ground I took was commended by all I met as the only correct position now to be taken by the friends of Temperance. I have learned of several Maine Law men who have been elected to our Legislature. The probability is a bill will be reported and made the ground of Legislative discussion, by which the subject will be brought more directly before the voters of this State.

Placer mining still continues good—There is at present, however, considerable difficulty experienced for water—Canals and ditches will constitute the principal work of internal improvements for some time. There will be essential to enable the population of the State to mine successfully.

Quartz mills are now all going well as far as I can learn. They are improving slowly, but slowly. They are all too general. I am confident that quartz is to be the principal mining business of the State.

The machine of Burton has been put in operation in this place, and I regret to say that my opinion has undergone no change in relation to it, since I saw it operate at the Fair at Castle Garden in 1852-3. As a crusher it is comparatively useless. It does not dispense with the use of stamps and can operate upon nothing but slowly. It is to be made to work to an advantage. It cuts up and carries off the mercury very rapidly.

Potatoes, Barely and Hay, the three staple crops of California, are both very abundant and very low. Wheat and Barley suffered considerably from rust. The wheat crop has been reduced about one-fifth on account of the rust. Farmers, however, who raised wheat, have as a general thing, realized not much short of one hundred dollars to the acre—N. Y. Tribune.

Schiller's Son. While in Europe, I was frequently thrown into society of one of the sons of the great German poet. I admit that I shared in common with others—and no doubt your readers will share with me—the curiosity to learn what kind of a being Schiller's son is. He is a kind hearted, rather oldish gentleman, with a square, open, florid, tall German face, the likeness between him and his father cannot be detected, on the chest, but in his eyes, either mentally or physically. He is obviously no poet, nor does he seem to lay any great stress on intellectual enjoyments. He loves a good dinner, and enjoys heartily a good glass of wine or beer. He plays cards with an evident gusto, but he never plays high. To his family he is a good husband and a kind father. As a citizen he is exemplary, and addicted to no vices. He lives on a pension granted him by the government of Wurtemberg, and leads a quiet, unostentatious life. Were he not Schiller's son, few would observe him, and still fewer would have any fault to find with him. But, being Schiller's son, comparisons that must disparage the son are made in half audible whispers, when he ever appears. The only fault, however, I ever heard of being found against him, was, that he was so unlike his father. They blame him for his broad, hearty-looking, honest countenance—they blame him for not being a poet, and for preferring physical enjoyments to the high soarings of intellect. This is indeed very hard. The gentleman surely bears his honors meekly. He don't intrude upon the public, except on the pension list. Why blame him for having a great father, or rather, why blame him that so uncommon a father had so common a son. I could hardly blame an old gentleman, who had listened for some time to some rather rude remarks about Schiller's unlikeness to his father, when he quite innocently exclaimed, "Thank God that my father was not a great man," and looking at his son, who stood near, "And you, too, may thank that way either." It may be scriptural to visit the sins of parents on succeeding generations, but surely it is unkind to make a son suffer for a father's greatness, which somehow or other never descended to the son—New York Evening Post.

Of the courtship of Sir Isaac Newton, I have somewhere read an anecdote, although it is not to be found in several of the best authorities. It is well known he was often absent-minded; that for example, he would sometimes rise and sit for several hours by his bedside undressed, and absorbed in deep thought; that he would often forget to dine until reminded by his domestics, that to live it was necessary to eat. Once, and once only, he loved a young woman. One evening they were sitting by the fireside together. He sat silently smoking. She was too proud of his love to be offended by his conduct. At length he took the pipe from his mouth, and seized her hand. She expected he was about to kiss it. Instead of doing so, however, he stirred the tobacco in the head of his pipe with her forefinger—a rather odd substitute for a pipe! She was angry with him, and their courtship ended.

The father of Lord Elton, the Chancellor of England, having resolved to marry, rang his bell. A female servant answered it. He told her to dress herself in order to repair with him to the altar. She thought he was jesting, and disobeyed. He rang his bell again. A second servant appeared. To her he gave the same command. She attended herself and was made a bride.

Daniel O'Connell did not court at all. He told his sweetheart that he loved her, and asked if his love was returned, or if she was engaged, and if she was willing to make an engagement with him. The young lady replied as frankly as she questioned, and they were speedily united for better or worse.

The Rev. Robert Hall, when on a visit to a brother clergyman, went into the kitchen, where a pious servant girl, whom he loved, was working. He lighted his pipe, sat down, and asked her—

"Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I hope I do sir," was the reply.

"He immediately added—

"Betty, do you love me?"

"They were married."

We give by way of climax, Boswell's account of the marriage jaunt of Samuel Johnson:

"I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham, but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback. I suppose in a very good humor. But though Mr. Topham Boswell went with me to Birmingham, my son's having told him with much gravity, 'Sir, it was a low marriage on both sides.' I have had from my illustrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the Liverpool road, July 9.

"Sir—She had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion, that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she raised and commanded that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end, (Good old Sam!) I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she would come up with me; when she did I observed her to be in tears."

"This," added Boswell, "it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of conjugal felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson, though he showed a manly firmness, proved a most indulgent husband to the last moments of Mrs. Johnson's life."

Countship of Great Men.

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Education in Science and in a Knowledge in Trade, the True Means of the Emancipation of Labor.

The lack of education and a knowledge of business among operative mechanics, is the great evil of this age. Without that, no mechanic can appropriate the advantages of his own skill and labor. The fact, that fortunes are accumulated out of the skill of those, who pass through life in comparative indigence; by men, who never learned the first rudiments of the business which they advertise and carry on; shows a deficiency in those who thus trading capital of cumulative wealth, that should command the serious attention of political economists, and secure an earnest enquiry of the remedy to be sought. A sound education so reduced to practical habits of business, as to inspire a personal self confidence, is the great remedy in this case, but this is scarcely available except with the next generation. A majority of our operative mechanics have their habits and ideas circumscribed to the limits of their daily toil. Beyond this, they neither possess confidence in themselves, nor ask the confidence of the public. And if they did, and actually obtained it, they would be as the wretched children in its use and improvement. The friend who trusted his capital to their management, would stand nine chances in ten to be paid by a deuce to bankruptcy.