

THE YORK HERALD

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F. WHITLOCK, CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to. 747-1f

Unpopular music—Thomas's concert on the back yard fence.

A charming portrait of the Princess of Wales with one of her young ones on her back has delighted the English people. No less than 300,000 copies of it have been sold.

He went out between the acts, and returned vigorously chewing a clove. His wife asked him where he had been, and he said, "To see a friend." She calmly replied that she thought his friend must be dead, as she could smell his beer.

The headless trunk of a man has been discovered in a wood near Exeter by a lad out-gathering. Further search led to the finding of the head in the bushes.

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ON THE TERRACE.

The stately lady, the grave calm man, stood on the terrace together; 'Mid the bright rose thickets the revellers strayed.

With careless languid courtesy She bent to hear him speak Of the newest book and the latest play, Of the keenest move in the statesman's tray.

Lightly, with his practiced tongue, He touched on all and each, With here a sneer, and there a jest, And now a grave word, as to attest, "I give you the foam on the top—the rest No passing hand can reach."

Yet once, ah me, how long ago! Each one was all to the other, When every whispered word of his Woke her young heart to a dream of bliss.

The measure of the music changed: On the summer breeze aloft, A low, sweet, simple, homely air, Such as one listens to anywhere; To the two who lounged on the terrace there It spoke as to heart and soul.

Her proud head drooped, his low voice ceased, For a moment in thought they stood, Young, eager, fearless, happy, and true, As when no cold wisdom claimed her ear, When love was fresh and hope was new, At the tryst in the old oak wood.

A vivid flash on the stern bronzed face: A tear in the large blue eyes; Then—back to the world and its talk again, Custom closed their eyes, the instant pain, For thought were a folly and memory vain: In the path that before them lies.

A BLOW IN THE DARK. Give us the hand that will strike a blow In the open market place, While the well-rouned blood from the angry heart Influences the answering face:

Either that that shy, stealthy hand, That aims a blow in the dark, And leaves, like a pleased serpent's fang, A sore and deadly mark.

The tale that the smooth-tongued slanderer tells Behind her fair friend's back, That grows and grows, as it onward goes, With the sound of the mill's click-clack: The doubtful story set afloat, By some secret, dangerous hand, To rob a man of his fame and name, And breathe blows from an unseen hand.

Give us the open light of day, With the clear sun shining bright, Rather than shadows grim and gray, Or the darker gloom of night! Give us the hand that will deal a blow As a flint may strike a spark, Rather than that shy, stealthy one, That aims a blow in the dark.

PARIS LETTER. Spain fills the world's eye at present, and is passing through such social and political changes as to command something like an historical examination;

then there is a permanent contradiction between what the Spaniards wish to be and what they can be; between their aspirations for liberty and their traditions of servitude. However, it is only in the interior of Spain that the intimate, real life of its inhabitants can be studied; its grandeur and its miseries detected; it is in the rural, the agricultural districts, that this reliable knowledge only is to be found, by conversing with the laborer, the petty landed proprietor, the farmer, and the artisan; by journeying on the back of a mule along those paths that do duty for roads.

M. Leo Quesnel has made the tour of Spain in this manner, and supplies most interesting details. As in Sicily so in Spain, hamlets, farms, and isolated manors are the rule; the agriculturist has to seek refuge in the town, and undertakes distances of miles to sow his land, reap his crop, and transport it to the granaries in his home. To act differently would be to expose the fruits of his labor to the first robber that came. The streets of the country towns are not paved; some large stones serve that purpose, and when one is upheaved, the hole is left unfilled. There is nothing in the way of lighting, save a dismal oil-lamp, to render darkness visible; occasionally at a crossing a lamp is placed in a niche where the statue of some saint resides; and the statue does the duty thus not only of a lamp post, but also of a guardian of the peace, because the image inspires respect to evil doers. Burials appear to be conducted in a very odd manner; this is the case of children, their remains are carried to the cemetery, before a neighboring tombstone, till the grave digger has leisure to attend to them, the friends retiring very satisfied; several coffins are thus to be encountered above ground, and as a portion of the coffin lid is in glass, to allow of the features of the departed to be seen, the spectacle is repulsive when decomposition has set in. The wind-swept sheet is composed of blue paper, as being valueless. It affords no temptation to be stolen. A state of war appears to be natural to Spain, and rarely creates emotion among the people. Neither peasant nor citizen would think of leaving his home without firmly adjusting his knife in his waist-belt, so that when quarrels arise, there is but little distance between the hand and this instrument. Neither authorities nor lookers on give any attention to the individual quarrels constantly arising in the fairs, which are viewed as a kind of duel, the vestiges of the age of chivalry and of free manners, common to all classes and conditions of men. After one of these encounters the victor leaves his victim where he has fallen, coolly wipes the blood off his knife in the fold of his mantle, and proceeds tranquilly to slice his melon and his bread, with the blade that killed

his friend of yesteryear. The pride and vanity of the people are proverbial: they are all bigdicks; the peasants of Andalusia—the Eden of Spain—will take off their mantles to make a carpet for the ladies to walk over, just as Raleigh did for Queen Elizabeth. There is a kind of worship for brute force among the Spaniards, and indifference towards suffering forms the base of their courage; thus compassion for the pains of domestic animals is laughed at, and when sticks fail to bring asses and mules to reason, the driver bites their ears or employs his knife. The Spaniard dreads the conscription, and when this takes place, an increase in brigandage is certain to occur—just as in Sicily; but once enrolled, he fights bravely, passing from one side to another without knowing the reason why. The clergy are now reaping the consequences of not having instructed their flocks; the latter desert town for indifference, and having no longer incomes from the State or Church lands, many priests have had to seek in manual occupations the means to live. Seventy per cent. of the population does not know how to read, and towns with populations of 20,000 have not even a library. The education of young females, whether rich or poor, is a matter of great severity; to walk alone in the streets would involve loss of reputation; till she be married, a mother has, as it were, her daughter tied to her apron-strings; she never quits the house, and the intended husband is preparing his suit. If the mother goes out to serve her children reside with her as a matter of course. Needle-work occupies all classes of the female population in Spain; the ladies remain in the house all day, going out only from 8 to 10 in the evening for the obliged promenade; on returning, they can talk to cavaliers in the street from their balconies, or between the bars of the house-gate, till the small hours, without any remarks being made. Of the beauty of the women, it is said the most plain are handsome, if they be but young, but old age comes upon them rapidly. The whole aim of the education of a woman is to enable her "to move a goddess, and to look a queen." Young ladies are treated with hospitality and consideration, and for any little offences rendered the only gratuity expected is to recommend the benefactor to a good remuneration. The poor are treated with something like affection, as belonging to the common family; poverty is not regarded as a deplorable and degrading extremity, but a social condition to be respected as inoculated by religion. In Cadiz, for example, it is not uncommon for very respectable people to obtain admission for the aged members of their family into the city hospice, which resembles a palace; the old parents can be lodged like princes, and their children bring them smoking hot meals. The Spaniard, however, wants little here below; he accepts his position with the resignation of an Orientalist; indifferent to life, the Spaniards are equally so in respect to its privations and sufferings.

The Agricultural Colony of Mettray will ever be associated with its late noble founder, M. de Metz, whose biography has been written by M. Bertin, and clearly shows that the calendar does not include all the saints. When 42 years of age, M. de Metz abandoned a high social position to occupy a modest call at Mettray, the better to study the life of the juvenile delinquents who were solely employed in weaving, and destitute of all attempts to reform them. Starting from the idea, that physical health is essentially connected with moral health, M. de Metz at once set to work to change the colony from manufacturing to agricultural. The lads sent from the prisons were invariably in debilitated health; country air, work in the fields, and pure food quickly restored them. The next important subject was that of discipline; a certain severity was necessary, but it must be directed intelligently. Passive obedience, says M. de Metz, is a curb supported from weakness, but broken at the first favorable opportunity. Obedience from conviction should be the end to be attained; punishment should be gradual, ever dictated by justice, and inflicted without passion; ordered and administered with sang froid. The delinquent who infringed a rule should bear the consequences of that infraction explained to him. Convinced of the necessity of undergoing its consequent penalty, and in extreme cases, the heart more than the hand should be appealed to. Per contra, the reconnoissances for good conduct were "too" overlooked; the manliness of the boy was respected, and regard paid to his promise to be good—religions placed on his word of honor. Such are the principles upon which the colony for juvenile offenders at Mettray has been founded; it has received more than 4,500 boys, and through situated amidst fields having no enclosing walls, only one detained escaped—in 1849. Before M. de Metz commenced his labors, upwards of 75 per cent. of the lads elapsed into crime; in 1873 this percentage had been reduced to 4. Of 304 "colonists" set at liberty on attaining their majority, 1,593 have become agricultural servants, &c., 707 artisans, 604 soldiers, 4 have been decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honor, 5 are officers in the army, nuns are non-commissioned officers in the army, and 344 are married and fatherly families.

Those who desire study an impartial examination of the question of "Universal Suffrage and the Sovereignty of the People," will find the subject treated by M. Paul Ribat, who does not admit the first, and disbelieves in the second, yet does not wish to destroy either one or the other. The sovereignty of the people is to-day a dogma, and universal suffrage forms part of the manners of the French nation. The author affirms that parliamentary government and universal suffrage cannot exist side by side; the French desire to feel themselves governed, and ever seek the man for that duty. He also makes the singular observation, that a general election will return deputies favorable to the Republic, while a plebiscite would be in favor of the Empire.

In instituting comparisons between the ages of Louis XIV. and Voltaire respecting literary productions, the parallel always ignores the subject of novels and romances. M. Louandre shows, that as to dry, the novels of the eighteenth century, form not only the most prolific part of literature, but also the most popular. It has been observed, that if ever a people lost its history, it would be re-found in its theatre; it would be more exact to say, that it would be discovered in its romances and its chivalric poetry; for there is reflected, as in a mirror, in the care of France beyond doubt, the image of her old society—where clash all contrasts; of that society always extreme in its enthusiasms, credulous as far as folly, sceptical as far as nihilism; anti-clerical or catholic; regalist and revolutionary; knowing all disasters as well as all glories. That which forcibly strikes the mind in perusing the French novels of past ages, is to perceive the ideal slowly retiring before science, the infinite veiling itself from the regards of man, and civilization dragging after it the disenchancements of reality. Despite the disasters following on the death of Louis XIV, the financial catastrophes of the Regency, the misfortunes of the seven years war, &c., fantasy was abandoned during the 18th century. While philosophers and eminent writers were occupied with the rights of peoples and of governments, the sources of misery and of riches, of religion and of science, a crowd of writers was devoted to works of imagination, recalling in certain points Mlle. de Scudery, where in abuses were denounced and griefs set in relief, but all giving an exact idea of that singular mixture of corruption and generous ideas, of religious freedom and philosophical intolerance, of frivolity and ardent passion in the search of truth, which form the basis of the national temperament. Lesage, the Abbe Prevost, J. J. Rousseau, Voltaire, Bernardin de Saint Pierre have given as chefs-d'œuvre of observation, passion, irony and profound analysis—the contemporaries of every age, and speaking in all languages. But it is to writers such as Marmontel, Florian, &c., that M. Louandre invites attention, and who are not yet altogether forgotten. It is not in the historical novels that the originality of the eighteenth century must be found, but in the romances of manners, and above all the anti-religious novels. In the hands of Voltaire and Diderot, the novel was a more formidable weapon than the "Philosophical Dictionary," and the "Encyclopaedia," it was in such publications that the National Assembly found in 1790 its arguments for suppressing the monastic orders, and it was from Voltaire's *Candide* that Robespierre drew his irony, to replace Jehovah by the Supreme Being, that God who had for a temple only the hearts of the *sans-culottes*. The censure was at that period very severe. *L'Année Merveilleuse* of the Abbe Coyer, might be read with original freshness to-day in connection with the Woman's Rights question; he most humorously depicts a state of society where the women are changed into men, and the men into women. As a rule the fair sex is very severely handled by the then novelists; rationally is overflowing in the novels of Antoine Hamilton, and the Abbe de Voltaire laughs wittily at every thing, save the church, women when they are virtuous, and men when they are honest and serious. Then novelists considered it a duty to study the human heart, and give rein to the fantasies of imagination; to-day romancers largely work up sad scandals and bad passions.

Theophile Gautier's "Contemporary Portraits" are well worth reading, as is all that has fallen from his pen; the portraits are a collection of his articles contributed to the press; they include notices of Fanny Elssler, Grist, Sontag, Paul de Kock, Balzac, Ingres, &c. It looks like omitting Hamlet not to have included in the gallery Hugo, de Vigny, de Musset, Henri Heine, and G. Sand.

Political literature necessarily occupies, for the moment, a prominent place, and in drawing attention to *Ler dernier des Napoleon*, a production that has made a little noise, it is to observe that such works ought to set forth the name of the author for chivalry's sake, and also if intended to be of any importance. The writer has executed his attack clumsily; he believes Henri V. can alone save France—though France intends to save herself without the aid of an antiquated royalty—and inveighs against the revolution of '89. At that period there were revolutionists of another order to be found in the folly, the madness of the courtiers of Louis XVI, who rendered all compromises possible between a worn-out and a new-born society. M. Hippelan has ably examined the ques-

tion of *Instruction Publique en Italie*. There the struggle is not so much on the subject of University, as of Primary Education; because the clerical party has a hold still on the latter, and hence, its vigorous battle with the laity. Piedmont and Lombardy are the most educated districts of Italy—Naples and Sicily the least; the ignorance here being as high as 94 per cent. In the former there is one school for every 521 inhabitants; in the latter one for every 2,484. Obligatory education has not yet been voted: fault of funds and the necessary 16,000 men teachers, representing the same number of schools. In Prussia compulsory instruction succeeds, because the clergy favor it; in Italy, it is the contrary; the resistance being a political weapon. In Italy the female teachers are superior to the male, whom they exceed also in numbers. The importance of this can be better appreciated when it is remembered, that it is over the direction of female schools, that the war rages between the laity and the clergy. The population of Italy is 27,000,000; of which four are children of school-age, between 4 and 12 years: only two of these four millions attend school. The death of M. Guizot, at the age of 87 years, is not a loss for letters in a producing point of view. It is a *litteraire* he will go down to posterity, as an historical writer he will be most appreciated. Politically, he was a failure, and which his professional eloquence, of a high order, has failed to redeem.

Paris, France, September 23, 1874.

Failures in Business. Peter Cooper failed in making hats; failed as a cabinet maker, locomotive builder, and grocer, but as often as he failed he "tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in time to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune*, and made it worth a million dollars.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the honor of his age and nation.

The founder of the *New York Herald* kept on failing and sinking his money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables, bedsteads and bureaus, many a long year, before he made himself a giant on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood; failed to earn his salt in the galleyslave life of a Mississippi flatboatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery and yet he made himself a grand character of the 19th century.

General Grant failed at everything except smoking cigars; he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches. A dozen years ago he "brought up" on top of a wood pile, "teaming it" to town for \$40 a month, and yet he is at the head of a great nation.

Pauline Creque's Jewels. Mademoiselle Pauline Creque, prima donna of the French opera troupe, arrived at the Grand Central Hotel from Mexico on the 28th ult. There she engaged a suite of rooms, and being unable to speak English employed Louis Vion, an attaché of the hotel, as her private servant. Mademoiselle Creque brought with her jewelry valued at \$20,000, which she deposited for safe keeping in the hotel safe. On Friday afternoon she sent Vion down for a bracelet, two rings, and a diamond necklace, which he handed to her, and returned the key of the jewelry box.

Yesterday Mlle. Creque moved from the Grand Central to 140 East Thirtieth Street, where the opera bouffe company have their rooms. On opening her jewelry box she missed a sapphire ring, surrounded by diamonds, valued at \$1,200, that had been presented to her on her last appearance at the Grand National Theatre at Mexico; also a solitary diamond valued at \$800 and a pair of diamond earrings and bracelets.

She at once communicated her loss to M. Ducloux, of 146 East Fourteenth Street, who accompanied her to the Mercer street police station. After hearing her story, Capt. Byrnes, attired in civilian's clothes, accompanied by Detectives Slavin and Henderson, went in search of Vion, whom they arrested last evening. They recovered the ring. In Vion's pocket were found several pawn tickets, which enabled Capt. Byrnes to recover all Mlle. Creque's property.—N. Y. Sun.

When they found William Owens, of Little Rock, he had 34 bullet holes in his body, and a local paper says that he was not living when found, and life was extinct. The local paper was probably right.

A wealthy Pittsburg merchant is reported as having said: "I always feel happy when I am advertising, for then I know, that waking or sleeping, I have a strong though silent orator working for me; one who never tires, never sleeps, never makes mistakes and who is certain to enter the households from which, if at all, my trade must come."

A Bird Ghost Story.

The *Athenaeum*, noticing a book on birds, says:—Birds have a great fear of death. "A hen canary belonging to the author died while nesting, and was buried. The surviving mate was removed to another cage; the breeding-cage itself was thoroughly purified, cleaned, and put aside, till the following spring. Never afterwards, however, could any bird endure to be in that cage. The little creatures fought and struggled to get out, and, if obliged to remain; they huddled close together and moped and were thoroughly unhappy, refusing to be comforted by any amount of sunshine or dainty food. The experiment was tried of introducing foreign birds, who were not even in the house when the canary died, nor could, by any possibility, have heard of her through other canaries. The result was the same; no bird would live in that cage. *The cage was haunted*, and the author was obliged to desist from all further attempts to coax or force a bird to stay in it.

Delicate People. There is constant sympathy expressed by robust people for those of slight physical constitution. We think the sympathy ought to turn in the opposite direction. It is the delicate people who escape the most fearful disorders, and in three cases out of four, live the longest. These gigantic structures are almost always reckless of health. They say "nothing hurts me," and so they stand in draughts, and go out into the night air to cool off, and eat crabs at midnight, and doff their flannels in April, and get their feet wet.

But delicate people are shy of peril, they know that disease has been fishing for them for twenty years, and they keep away from the hook. No trout can be caught if he sees the shadow of the sportsman on the brook. These people whom everybody expects to die, live on most tenaciously.

We know of a young lady who evidently married a wealthy man of eighty-five years, on the ground that he was very delicate, and with reference to her own health, she said she was so careful of hers, that it is now uncertain whether she will inherit his stables, or *he* inherit her wedding-rings.

Health and longevity depends more upon caution and intelligent management of one's self than upon original physical outfit. Paul's advice to the sheriff is appropriate to people in all occupations: "Do thyself no harm!"

All there was of Sam. A contraband came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the office of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

"What is your name?" "My name's Sam."

"Sam what?" "No, sah, not Sam Watt. Ise jist Sam."

"What's your other name?" "I hasn't got no oder name, sah. Ise Sam—dat's all."

"What's your master's name?" "Ise got no master now; massa runned away—yah! yah! Ise free nigger now."

"Well, what's your father and mother's name?" "Ise got none, sah—neber had none. Ise jist Sam—ain't nobody else."

"Haven't you any brothers or sisters?" "No, sah, neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no moder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. When you see Sam you see all there is of us!"

The Eyes and Cold Water. The *American Journal of Health and Medicine* says, in speaking of cold water applied to the eyes, that the aquatic *furere* has become so general, for the simple reason that cold water being a pure, natural product, it is claimed to be a universal and beneficial application. Arsenic is a pure natural and simple product; so is prussic acid as obtained from a peach kernel. A single drop of tobacco oil will kill a cat or a dog in five minutes. Many persons are daily ruining their eyes by opening them in cold water mornings. Cold water will harden and roughen the hands, and much more will it do so to the manifold more delicate covering of the eye; or the eye will, in self-defence, become really in the manner of a fish; that is the coats of the eye will thicken, constituting a species of cataract, which must impair the sight. That water, cold and harsh as it is, should be applied to the eye for curative purposes, in place of that soft, warm, lubricating fluid which nature manufactures for just such purposes, indicates great thoughtlessness or great mental obliquity. Nothing stronger than lukewarm water should ever be applied to the eye, except by special medical advice, and under special medical supervision.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends around here who'd be glad to hear of his death."