THE EATON DEMOCRAT.

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VOL. V. NO. 10. EATON, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1870. WHOLE NO. 217.

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28

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"Out of Business,"

Is the caption of a paragraph now going the rounds of the press, in which Horace Greeley says: "I know there are to-day one thousand college graduates, some of them having graduated with honor at German universities, who are walking the stony streets of New York and know not how to earn a living. This is a condemnation of our system of classical education." Well, suppose there are one thousand college graduates unemployed in the great city of New York, is that anything very strange? Now, as Mr. Greeley seems to be of an observing and statistical nature, let him also turn out and ascertain the exact number of young men—alike innocent of diplomas and greenbacks—who are "walking the stony streets," or what is worse, lounging about saloons and other places of evil resort, waiting with a patience worthy of a better cause for something to turn up. He would soon find men enough to capture Cuba, and among them would be representatives of every profession, craft, trade and occupation known to the civilized world, interspersed with a good many "nothings."

Now, according to Mr. Greeley's logic, these professions, crafts and occupations should all be condemned, because forsooth here are young men who have been carefully trained in the office and work-shop without being previously enervated by "our system of classical education," and yet they have failed. Nor is this all, for the same inexorable logic will also condemn our whole system of civilization for not making useful men out of those miserable "nothings." However, if Horace Greeley was the only one holding such opinions in relation to a classical education, it would not be very alarming, for although we all admire the many sterling qualities of the philosopher of "The Tribune," yet *his* lack of *early* mental discipline and symmetrical intellectual development makes him a narrow, cranky, "three cornered man." But it so happens that on this, as well as on a good many other subjects, he represents the feelings and sentiments of a large class of honest, untrained, narrow-minded, but intelligent people, who have obtained most of their education from a contact with the world and their information from newspapers. So constant and aggressive are these "practical" educators in their assaults upon the present system of college education that some of our best institutions are introducing "optional" courses, and crowding the classics into the background. If this "practical" doctrine prevails, it will dry up the very fountains of knowledge and flood the country with a swarm of narrow, one-sided, shallow-pated pretenders, as numerous as the locusts of the plague and as destructive to all that is high and noble in science and literature, as were these to the verdure and loveliness of the fields and gardens of Egypt. For the most useful of what is called practical knowledge is only useful because it enables us to live; it can do little or nothing to sweeten, brighten, elevate and purify life. Its propagandists assail not only the classics, but all study for the sake of culture. They care for nothing except what is useful in making money. They would not hesitate to turn the temple of knowledge into a market-house, as did the money-changers and dove-sellers of old the temple of their God. This doctrine of practical education also strikes at the very foundation of our whole social system, for what pleasure would it be for men of exclusively technical education to meet and mingle together? There would be nothing of congeniality between them. Even now Grant White complains of "The unsociableness of society" and closes his article by saying, "A change must be made ere long, or some day all men for whom 'society' does not mean 'the German' will stand out in sullen revolt, will refuse to appear on social parade and women will be left to exhibit the frivolous costliness of their toilets one to another." Just so, but as long as empty-headed men remain too ignorant to engage in intelligent conversation, having nothing better they will have "the German" or something worse, and so long as women are shallow, simpering and uneducated, we may expect them to vie with each other in the frivolousness and costliness of their toilets. As for a change for the better in these things, in view of the "practical" tendency of the age, I am constrained to answer like Poe's raven, that it will come "Nevermore." Those who denounce our colleges and declare their graduates unfit for the practical duties of life are in the habit of referring to a few such men as Lincoln and Greeley to prove that eminence may be attained without an education. Very well, but if ignorance made a philosopher of Franklin, a general of Jackson, an orator of Clay, a statesman of Lincoln, and a journalist of Greeley, why not make more such? There certainly is no lack of material. It is true that these men attained distinction in spite of all disadvantages, but a list of regularly educated men who have become illustrious is never made out, for the reason that it would embrace the larger portion of the great men of all nations. The great captains of history, Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon, were educated, each by some of the most learned men of their days. The most brilliant orators of whom we read, Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burk, Fox and Pitt, were all accomplished scholars: The great reformers of the church, Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, Knox and Wesley, prepared themselves for the work of their lives in college halls. The greatest of the philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Bacon and Newton, were trained by the best instructers of their time. Among poets, Milton, Cowper, Pope, Swift, Byron, Goldsmith, Thompson and Scott, may be mentioned as men of classical educations. To mention the leading men of the present in Europe and America, who are regularly educated men would extend this article to an unreasonable length, but I may say that I do not know of a man of very great eminence on either continent who is not. Even in New York Mr. Greeley is literaly surrounded with journalists who are college men. There is Bryant, of the Evening Post; Curtis, of Harper's Weekly; Charles Sweetser, of the City, Godkin of the Nation: Hurlbut, of the World; Dana, of the Sun and a host of others that might be named, who are men of finished educations. If there is a nation under the sun that needs a broad, deep system of education it is the United States. There are three millions of ignorant blacks now among us; there is a constant stream of the poor and uneducated pouring in from Europe and in addition to all this Asia is threatening to flood us with a vast influx of heathens. In view of these facts, it seems certain that "We must educate or we must perish." Let our "practical" men establish technical schools such as they have in Europe and educate the working men; let them denounce vice and ignorance, but let them stop this senseless war against our higher institutions of learning.

W. T.

PITILESS FATE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I saw in my dream a wonderful stream,
And over the stream a bridge so slender,
And over the white there was scarlet light,
And over the scarlet a golden splendor.

And beyond the bridge was a goodly ridge
Where bees made honey and corn was growing,
And down that way through the gold and gray
A gay young man in a boat was rowing.

I could see from the shore that as rose he wore
Stuck in his button-hole, rare as the rarest,
And singing a song and rowing along,
I guessed his face to be fair as the fairest.

And all by the corn where the bees at morn
Made combs of honey—with breathing bated,
I saw by the stream (it was only a dream)
A lovely lady that watched and waited.

There were fair green leaves in her silken sleeves,
And loose her locks in the winds were blowing,
And she kissed to land with her milk-white hand
The gay young man in the boat a rowing.

And all so light in her apron white
She caught the little red rose he cast her,
And, "Haste!" she cried, with her arms so wide,
"Haste, sweetheart, haste!" but the boat was past her.

And the gray so cold ran over the gold,
And she sighed, with only the winds to hear her—
"He loves me still, and he rowed with a will,
But pitiless Fate, not he, was steerer!"

And there till the morn blushed over the corn
And over the bees in their sweet combs humming,
Her locks with the dew drenched through and through,
She watched and waited her false love's coming!

But the maid to-day who reads my lay
May keep her young heart light as a feather,
It was only a dream, the bridge and the stream
And lady and lover, and all together.

THE UMBRELLA GIRL.

A young girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to Philadelphia to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was very handsome; with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." She was just at that susceptible age when youth is ripening into womanhood, when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At a hotel, near the store for which she worked, an English traveller called Lord Henry Stuart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon after went to purchse an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the wayside, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully acepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was as ignorant of the dangers of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she, therefore, accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Could she not take it, with out being seen, and pay for it secretly when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and carried it to her lodgings. It was the first thing that she had stolen and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guiltless young creature stopped, looked into his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?"

"I am, I am," she replied with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me such a question?"

The eminent sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me."

"What could I undersand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affection and simplicity. He conveyed herto her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her, would soon be to him as the recollection of last years's butterflies. With her, the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber, she wept bitterness of heart over ruined air castles. And that dress which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should know that her child was a thief?

Alas, her wretched forebodings proved too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she wept incessantly. On the fourth day the keeper called upon Isaac T Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless and determined to die of starvation. The kind hearted friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me if there is no one to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou has taken this silk, tell me all about it; I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder and sobbed out "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it" replied he. Alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted and take nourishment, for he would see that the silk was paid for and the prosecution withdrawn.

He went immediately to her employer and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he. The girl is young and she is the only child of a widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society a useful and honored woman, I will see that thou art paid for the silk. The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, if he had known all the circumstances. "Thou should have inquired into the merits of the case replied friend Hopper. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path who might easily have been saved."

The kind hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said friend Hopper.

The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a stranger, in the plain Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony" against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayed confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. When Friend Hopper represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac. "Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another.'

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I revere you for it. If you ever visit England, come and see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell friend," replied the Quaker. "Though much to blame in the affair, thou hast behaved nobly. May'st thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those betrayed and deserted." When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means, her true name had been kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," she said, for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Stuart, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Years after these events transpired, a lady called at friend Hopper's house and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you known me? He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnstly upon him, and said, "You once helped me when in great distress." But the good missionary had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, I "am the girl who stole the silk Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you.?"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Being on a visit in friend Hopper's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a glimps of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courag failed.

"But I muste return home to-morrow," she said "and I could not go away without, once more seeking and thanking him, who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at him, and remember him well, for he was the best friend you mother ever had." With an earnist invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent God bless you! she bade her benefactor farewell.

That Famous Gorilla.

In the summer of 1867, I saw in several New York papers a thrilling account of an immense gorilla, which had arrived from Africa in charge of Barnum's agent, for the Barnum and Van Amburgh Company. The accounts described the removal of the savage animal in a strong iron cage from the ship, and his transportation up Broadway to the Museum. His cries and roarings were said to have been terrible, and when he was taken into the menagerie, he was reported to have bent the heavy irons bars of his cage, and in his rage to have seized a poker which was thrust at him, and to have twisted it as if it had been a bit of wire. Nothing so startingly sensational in the line of zoological description had appeared since the Tribune's famous report of the burning of the American Museum, in 1865.

For several years I had been trying to secure such an animal, and several African travellers had promised to do their best to procure one for me; and I offered as high as $20,000 for the delivery in New York of a full-grown, healthy gorilla. From the minute description now given by the reporters, I was convinced that, at last, the long-sought prize had been secured. I was greatly elated, and at once wrote from Bridgeport to our manager, Mr. Ferguson, advising him how to exhibit the valuable animal, and particularly how to preserve its precious life as long as might be possible. I have owned many ourang-outangs, and all of them die ultimately of pulmonary disease; indeed it is difficult to keep specimens of the monkey tribe through the winter in our climate, on account of their tendency to consumption. I therefore advised Mr. Ferguson to have a cage constructed that no draught of air could pass through it, and I further instructed him in methods of guarding against the gorilla's taking cold.

A few days later I went to New York expressly to see the gorilla, and on visiting the Museum, I was vexed beyond measure to find that the animal was simply a huge baboon! He was chained down, so that he could not stand erect, nor turn his back to visitors. His keeper could easily irritate him, and when the animal was excited he would seize the iron bars with both hands, and, uttering horrid screams, would shake the cage so fiercely that it could be heard and felt in the adjoining saloons. No doubt many of the visitors recalled Du Chaillu's accounts of the genuine gorilla, and were convinced that the veritable animal was before them. But I had been too long in the business to be caught by such chaff, and approaching the keeper, I asked him why he did not lengthen the chain, so that the animal could stand up?

"Because, if I do, he will show his tail," the keeper confidentially whispered in my ear.

The imposition was so silly and transparent that I did not care how soon it was exposed. As usual, however, I looked at the funny side of the matter, and immediately enclosed a ticket to my friend Mr. Paul Du Chailiu, who was then stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at the same time writing to the great African traveller, that, much as he had done, the Barnum and Van Amburgh Company had done more; since he had only killed gorillas, while we had secured a living one and brought the monster safely from Africa to America. I informed him, moreover, that all the gorillas he had seen and described were tailless, while our far more remarkable specimen had a tail full four feet long.

Mr. Du Chaillu came into the Museum that afternoon, in great glee, with my open letter in his hand.

"Ah, Mr. Barnum," he exclaimed, "this is the funniest letter I ever received. Of course, you know your gorrilla is no gorrilla at all, but only a baboon. I will not look at him, for when people ask me about 'Barnum's gorrilla,' I prefer to be able to say that I have not seen him."

"On the contrary," said I, "I particularly disire that you should see the animal' and expose it. The imposition is too ridiculous."

"True; but I think your letter is more curious ther your animal."

"Then I give you full leave to read the letter to all who ask you about the 'gorrilla.'"

"Thank you," said Du Chailu, "and I wish you would let me read it in my lectures at the West, where I am soon going on a tour."

I consented that he should do so, and I afterward heard that he was delighting as well as enlightening Western audiences on the subject of Manager Ferguson's management of the great "gorilla" in the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie.—[Barnum's Struggles and Triumphs.

The New York sable belles have adopted their white sisters' style of wearing patches of plaster on their faces to show off their complexion. They use white piaster.

There is likely to be a large emigration of Cornish miners to this country this spring. The mining interest in Cornwall has been greatly depressed of late years.

An enthusiastic admirer of the Elgin Watches—a dealer in Osage, Iowa—has perpetrated the following ode:

THE ELGIN WATCH.—OSAGE, IOWA.

Of all the Watches
In the world,
I like the Elgin Watch the best.

For that has stood
The Railroad men's
Most rigid test.

In freezing North,
Or burning South,
It's always just the same.

Or in the pocket of
Some engineer
Upon the lightning train.

All Europe stands amazed
To see our work, how
Noble, true and grand.

And say farewell,
Old Switzerland,
And all our work by hand.

Now when you have read
These verses over and don't think
This is a speaker.

Just give J. C. Moreland
An early call,
And see a five ounce—G. M. Wheeler.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Dog-washing in London is a trade.

Penny hot dinners are furnished in London.

Canada papers talk of the "silver" nuisance.

The Pope is to put a cardinal's hat on a Pole.

Brazilian troops draw rations of dog meat.

The mountains near Lynchburg, Va., are on fire.

Spiritualism is called "Spiritism" in Australia.

Two aids-de-camp of Napoleon I. are still living.

In England telegraph messengers wear uniforms.

The British army is to be allowed to wear beards.

California has a new town called "Shirt Tail Canon."

Cigars are now made in some places by machinery.

Montreal has a paper called The Grinchuckle.

A Virginian town has just been sold entire for $23,000.

Germany don't grant marriage licenses to drunkards.

The city of Washington is $10,000,000 in debt and bankrupt.

South Carolina has over 100,000 colored children at school.

The immigration to Kansas this season is unprecendented.

The vomito prevails at Rio Janerio to an alarming extent.

The Japanese colony in California is importing tea plants.

The Bethlehem (Pa.) zinc mines yield 24,000 tons of ore a year.

Emigrants can now go from New York to San Francisco for $40.

A $7,500 diamond cluster is exhibited in a Troy jeweler's window.

The "richest silver mine in the world" has turned up in Kentucky.

It is proposed to hold an international exhibition at Vienna in 1873.

Eighty cents per bushel is the retail price of oranges in South Carolina.

A Quebec bank has three tons of twenty-five cent pieces in its vaults.

The Erie road wants to take up its track from Salamanaca to Dunkirk.

Liquor is now openly sold over nearly every bar in New York on Sunday.

A number of gentlemen of all politics at Liverpool have subscribed for a statue of Gladstone.

The Constantinople police have added three women to the detective force.

Diamonds are being found in large quantities at the Cape of Good Hope.

A New Yorker has panes of glass in his stable windows that costs $250 each.

Snakes bites are successfully cured in Australia by injections of ammonia.

Half the freshmen of Westminster College, Pennsylvania, are under suspension.

The library of the Troy Young Men's Association contains over 18,000 volumes.

Vesuvius is spouting a substance resembling rock salt, but not quite so valuable.

A man at Lowell, Mass., has contracted for a burglar-proof safe to be burried in.

Some successful experiments in animal vaccination have been made at Bombay.

There have been twenty murders in New York recently, and not one execution.

The Washington landlords generally reduce rents fifteen per cent. after this month.

Corruption is charged against both the meat and the inspectors thereof in Cincinnati.

A life-sized potrait of Washington, for $1,250, is to be bought by New York City.

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith writes that he has not "come out on the basis of open communion."

Over 2,000 persons have been added to the Cincinnati churches during the present revivals.

An ice-house in Lee, Mass., is said to contain a quantity of ice packed in it seventeen years ago.

A girl at Fort Madison, Iowa, worth $100,000, has just made a poor artist happy by marrying him.

Virginia papers continue to lament the "exodus" of negroes from that State to the South.

Over one hundred young women are estimated to be at present studying law in this country.

Mrs. Partington, hearing of a pedestrian's great feat, wondered if they gave him trouble in walking.

A little three-year old boy was scalded to death, at Evansville, Ind., on Wednesday last, by falling into a kettle of boiling soap.

Boston is again talking of laying out a huge public park, where the citizens can go with their families and enjoy the east winds.

A Montana sportsman has distinguished himself by shooting a sky-blue rabbit without forelegs or shoulders.

A Southern paper says that the price of broom corn brush has been rising yearly, and is now quoted at from twenty to thirty cents per pound, wholesale. At this rate, it must be a more profitable crop to produce than cotton.

If you do not feel well you send for a doctor, he calls upon you, looks wise, scrawls some hieroglyphics upon a piece of paper which you take to a drug store and there pay 50 cts. to $1.00, besides the doctor's fee, for a remedy nine times out of ten not half so good as DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS, which costs but 25 cts. per box. Do you think the former the best, because you pay the most for it? If you do, we advise you to use, just as an experiment, the Morse's Indian Root Pills. They are prepared from a formula pronounced by the most learned physicians of our country, to be the best and most universal of family medicines. The Morse's Indian Root Pills cure Headache, Liver complaints, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Female irregularities, &c., and are put up both sugar-coated and plain. Give them a trial. Sold by all dealers.