

SPAIN.

The news from Spain is rather perplexing. We read of the invasion by Don Carlos and various uprisings in his favor. That he is said to be at Vera, in Navarre, having withdrawn across the Spanish frontier, and that he has issued a proclamation calling on the National troops to come to their king.

Another dispatch says, "His whereabouts is at present unknown." There was a severe battle between the government forces and 1500 Carlists who fought desperately but were repulsed by the government forces.

The weight of testimony seems to be in favor of the success and perpetuity of the Republic. The Minister of Justice is soon to present to the Assembly a bill for the abolition of capital punishment. In addition to the movements of Don Carlos there are the claims of the son of Queen Isabella and the Duke de Montpensier, which are to be united and make common cause against the Republic, but which it is hoped will not amount to anything very serious.

Here is the programme:

LONDON, Feb. 24, 1873.—An agreement has been made between the Duke de Montpensier and the adherents of the ex-queen Isabella to place Prince Alphonso upon the throne of Spain, the Duke to be Regent during the minority of Prince Alphonso and the latter to marry the youngest daughter of the Duke. Isabella accepts the programme, and two important parties, therefore, will act together in the present crisis.

Later accounts represent the Carlist cause as becoming more formidable, and all reports go to show that the new Republic will have plenty of difficulty in becoming fairly established. Our own country, France and Switzerland have shown it kindly encouragement. Although France declines to help with arms, she is some items of news with regard to it.

GREAT BRITAIN, March 3.—Viscount Enfield, Under Secretary for the Foreign Department, answering an inquiry from Mr. Whitwell, stated that it was the unanimous opinion of the Cabinet that no government admitting of recognition had been established in Spain.

PARIS, March 3.—Thiers has issued rigorous orders to prevent the introduction of arms into Spain across the French frontier.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3.—Mr. Banks, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported from that committee a joint resolution tendering, in the name and on behalf of the American people and Congress, congratulations to the people of Spain on their recent efforts to consolidate the principles of universal liberty in a republican form of government, and requesting the President to transmit this resolution with instructions to present it to the Spanish government. Passed without division.

Charles Reade.

Many papers contain more or less of the controversy, legal as well as wordy, between Charles Reade and various newspapers which have presumed to say what they think about the indecencies in his books, chiefly just now about a play called "Shilly-shally," which was characterized as "not fit for decent people to sit through." We should not suppose decent people would attempt it—after reading anything of his.

Why anybody in this country should publish his writings; why respectable publishers like Harpers should let his writings out upon the reading public through their pages, is a mystery.

Perhaps he may have written some works that are unobjectionable, but one does not want to read every book of a voluminous author after two or three have proved very bad in order to find this out. And we think his writings show him to be at once too vulgar and corrupt to be accepted as a contributor to any of our household literature. Many object strenuously to such authorship, and though few, perhaps, relinquish a valued magazine or paper because so contaminated, such relinquishment is often seriously thought of and his story never looked at.

We hear a great deal about French novels and yellow-covered literature. Not being acquainted with these we cannot say but some of them may be worse than Charles Reade, but there is no need they should be.

CONSTITUTION HALL,
Philadelphia, Feb. 28, 1873.

DEAR JOURNAL: At last the Delegates begin to show a determination for earnest work. On Monday last a resolution was adopted restricting debate in committee of the whole to one

speech of ten minutes in length to each Delegate. Yesterday a resolution was adopted (48 to 37) to hold two sessions a day after Monday next, to wit, from 10 till 2 and from 4 to 6. The important committees have reported and there is no longer any obstacle to continuous and thorough work. I trust the Convention is about to redeem itself from the mistakes of its earlier action, or rather non-action, and that the conceded good intentions of its members will now manifest itself practically and with effect.

A section was adopted in committee of the whole, a few days ago, making women eligible to the office of school director. Good judges maintain that they are eligible to that position under the Constitution as now in force, but as there is some doubt on the subject it is well to insert a clear provision removing all doubts. As a large majority of the teachers of the State are women, it is difficult to imagine any good reason why they should not be eligible to the office of school director.

In committee of the whole the question of adhering to the present constitutional provision restricting every city to four senators has been discussed for several days. A vote was reached to-day and the restriction was sustained by a vote of 49 to 37. The Philadelphia Delegates struggled hard, but the good sense of the majority could not be shaken, and I think the Convention will adhere to the decision of the committee of the whole. It would be strange if it did not, for it has been a part of the Constitution of the State since 1790; and no evil has resulted from it.

The committee of the whole has now under discussion the question of how many members shall compose the Legislature. The indications are that a considerable increase will be made. "The weight of argument," as the chairman of debates used to say, seem to be on the side of a large increase.

The Philadelphia Delegates are very much disappointed at the vote adhering to the old clause restricting the representatives of large cities in the Senate. It is natural, but the restriction is founded on necessity and ought to continue.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.—Indisputable statistics of England's foreign trade are cited by Mr. Henry C. Cary, in a new work upon the tariff, from which it appears that her trade with resistant countries, or those maintaining protective tariffs, is growing far more rapidly than with those which cling to free trade. The protected countries are getting rich the fastest, and, therefore, are the best customers for even the would-be universal workshop. This, Mr. Cary thinks, proves that the nations which resort to the protective policy not only benefit themselves, but their neighbors, England especially, and consequently that the latter country has committed an egregious economic blunder, both in adopting free trade herself and in striving to force it on all of the rest of the world.—Working Man.

Rare Bravery.

THE editor of the Buffalo Express is a brave man, and in common with all cowardly people, we do admire bravery. His, too, is of a kind so rare that we admire it all the more. When the floods are abroad upon the earth and the ice is piled in great "jams"—icebergs on land, and some one is heroic enough to risk the danger of drowning or freezing in order to rescue others from a like fate, our hearts thrill with a great appreciation of this genuine valor, and we ask ourselves, perhaps, "could we do so?"

An article in the papers, headed "A Rough Diamond," "Bad Bill Casey," relates that when this man, in some respects, perhaps in many, a bad man, had escaped with others from a burning car overturned in a river, he heard the cry of a newsboy, too little to get out as the others did, and he, Casey, returned into the car to save him. He did not save him—both lost their lives. Lost! No; whatever it may have been for the newsboy, Casey saved his. Saved it from ignominy and worthlessness, from reproach and shame, from a miserable ending toward which he seemed tending; saved from all after sin that he might have committed, by the merciful appeal to that in him which was good and noble, and that took him away at his best.

We know nothing of this man, save this one newspaper account, so have taken it as it stands. The paper says he was devotedly attached to his mother, who died about a year ago. That was another good thing in him.

But it was not of this kind of bravery that we began to write. We all admire this, some of us might emulate it, but the Buffalo Express shows

another kind far more rare. In an article on "Poetry and Science in England and America" he says:

Tennyson is, by universal consent, the first of English poets; yet he has never written a verse that would make anybody cry, nor laugh nor swear, nor do anything else but sigh very gently and say: "Those are real nice words." The difficulty is not that his verses are polished, but that the polish is all there is of them. It is not the polish which, by removing crudities, uncovers the native brilliancy of the diamond, but that which by main strength is rubbed on to the British oak. Even in his own peculiar vein he seldom or never touches the heart, and when he leaves the twilight of tradition, of that Arthurian life which is neither history nor life, his deficiencies become still more apparent.

Even in his own speciality of word-painting his mannerisms cover up what little poetical genius he may have had. As a Tennysonian he is a success, but as an English poet he is a failure. Yet it is the fashion in England to have a great poet; so they call Tennyson a great poet. Browning is as mannerish as the Laureate; but his is the mannerism of crudeness instead of smoothness. There may be something wonderful (many people say there is) inside of Browning's diabolical contrivances for hiding his meaning. If there is, it is like the gold in a good many mines; it takes five dollars worth of labor to get out ten cents worth of the precious metal.

It is our deliberate decision that no poetry ought to be harder than algebra. A line must be drawn somewhere, and we draw it at algebra. It is more work to read one of Browning's poems than it is to calculate an eclipse, while, in our opinion, poetry ought to be as easy to take as a post office.

We think this is saying rather too much with regard to Tennyson, but we admire the daring of it.

With regard to Browning's poetry, it always did make us feel wonderfully stupid and little, because we could not "appreciate" it; (that's the word,) and it is much the same to find some one else in the same difficulty, as it is to a child poring hopelessly over his first examples in algebra, when some one says, "There is a misprint in the statements."

Some good words for American poetry are spoken too:

We may have no great poets in America, but we have many real poets. Scores of persons with almost unknown names have drawn true melody from many a simple theme. The New England girl who writes over the name of Lucy Larcom is an example of these.

In the works of nearly every American who has any reputation at all as a poet (except Walt Whitman), we find scores of simple yet poetical expressions which touch the feelings and warm the hearts of their readers. Whittier is at once the best and most prominent exemplar of this bright, lyrical quality, so common in America. He has never written what is called a great poem, but every page, almost every verse, of his works contains some poetical expression, some simple appeal to the human heart worth all the labored luster of Tennyson, or the labor without luster of Browning.

The Philadelphia Press in some "Boston Gossip" says:

And speaking of the Atlantic and next year suggests the change which will have taken place by that time—the removal of the publishers from the famous Tremont-street corner to Franklin street, at present standing in ruins in the burned district. At that time, also, the retail portion of the business will be given up. This change of locality is a change from the things that we love, which is met with regret by all literary idlers and workers who have found the great store on Tremont street such a pleasant and convenient meeting-place and refuge. Where else could there be such an author's room, overlooking the Common, as it does, and facing Park street? Where else would it seem natural and seemly to meet the wedding-journeyer and all the rest of the editors and authors, but in that building, going up and down that long flight of stairs to the various little sanctums, where in winter open grate-fires of blazing sea-coal greet you upon entrance? So many people who have made the Atlantic famous have passed up and down those stairs, have looked out of those windows upon the common, that no other stairs, no other sanctums, will ever have the same charm.

A LETTER from Rome to the N. Y. Evening Post, speaking of the Italian American schools, under date of Jan. 15, gives the following:

We are having a bit of winter; not as the hoary-headed old gentleman appears in New York or Boston, all icicles and frosty winds, but with a little tingle in the air which is inspiring to pedestrians, chilling to sight-seers, and renders our lovely, fragrant wood fires more of a necessary comfort than a delightful luxury. We lit up our last Christmas tree on the 9th, and a beautiful creation it was.

The children were as "good as gold," perhaps because, before being stowed into the omnibuses which brought them from the school, they

had been heartily fed with gigantic sandwiches. They went through their little recitations, singing, &c., exceedingly well. We were obliged to cut them short, however, for the room was crowded as I really think I never saw a room crowded in my life. I cannot help quoting the last song, which was received with great applause. "The children in the schools of Vermont," said the Evening Post some months ago, sing the following verse:

If anything on earth can make
A great and glorious nation,
It is to give the little ones
A thorough education.
Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five
And five times eight are forty.

The English class sang the first verse and the school the chorus. After which followed

Yankee Doodle leaves his home,
Comes across the ocean,
Bringing to our ancient Rome
Many a modern notion.
Five times five, &c.

So we close our little song,
And to make it handy,
You see it is not very long,
Our Roman Doodle Dandy.
Five times five, &c.

Mrs. Mary Howitt had written a little account of the schools, which was read by Mr. Ticknor. Mrs. Howitt concludes with an appeal in aid of the schools, which has already done something towards replenishing the treasury, exhausted as it was by the expenses of the summer and autumn months. She adds:

Teach, oh teach the little children,
They are yours to mould at will;
In the children lies the future,
All the future, good and ill;
Teach them, train them into beauty,
Love of God and human duty.

Many distinguished Italians as well as others were present at our fête, wishing to lend their countenance to the enterprise, which we are happy to say daily gains the approbation and confidence of the community, perhaps because, while its moral and religious teaching is one of its most important features, pains are taken to so profit by long experience as not to shock national prejudices.

Pen and Scissors.

It is said that robins have been heard in this neighborhood within the last week. Hope they are well feathered.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S residence on the Dent Farm, on the Gravois Road, took fire about noon yesterday, and was burned to the ground. The building was two stories high, partially frame and partially brick, and built in the gothic style of architecture. It was about twelve or thirteen years old, and was probably worth \$5000 or \$6000. The furniture was partially saved. The stables in the rear, which contained a valuable stud of horses, were not touched by the flames. President Grant was informed of the conflagration by a telegram yesterday afternoon.—Missouri Democrat.

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ALSO,

FIVE ACRES OF LAND, with Dwelling House, Barn, Out-houses, etc., at North Point Station, on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad. Buildings—New House with 15 rooms, including all the modern improvements, Running Water, Bath Room, with hot and cold water, Heater and Range; with or without Furniture.

ALSO,

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HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES

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Constantly on hand and for Sale as
CHEAP as the CHEAPEST!!

MEN and BOYS SUITS
to correspond with the SEASON.

Clothing Business
I can sell CHEAPER to my Customers than those who do not make CLOTHING a SPECIALTY can afford to.

M. L. GRIDLEY.

number, Mr. Hudson says: "The editor then promised to give a correct picture of the world—in Wall street—in the Exchange—in the postoffice—at the theater—in the opera—in short, wherever human nature and real life best display their freaks and vagaries." This promise, like the famous order of General Scott to turn Cerro Gordo in his Mexican campaign, has been fully carried out."

SOME of the best superintendents of neighborhood Sunday-schools, East and West, are women. A woman is often more ready than a man to attempt a work of this kind for Jesus, and more capable of doing it when ready.

GUESS.

RHYMING ANSWERS.

This being a novelty, requires explanation. Each line of the riddle has its own separate answer, and all the answers must rhyme with each other, and not with the ends of the lines. The art is to so blend the lines that they seem to refer to one thing all the way through, when really they have no connection with each other. Here is a very simple example:

I come from Ireland every day,
Though on your head I'm glad to stay;
Beware my scratch, tho' soft my paw,
And lay me flat before your door.
Answers: Pat, hat, cat, mat.

No. 1.

A graceless wretch am I; but see
How many homes are cheered by me!
I make you laugh in Dickens' page,
Yet torture folk of every age.
Forlorn, I wander night and day,
Most dreaded while the sun's away;
Tho' oft in peaceful workshops found,
I shelter men on slaughter bound.

No. 2.

I'm twice as great as any other;
I'm all that's left where men have toiled;
I'm never liked, tho' often borrowed;
I'm often born when eggs are boiled.

No. 3.

Four legs have I, when seen complete,
And many tongues, yet never eat;
Full many a beast I cause to speak,
And fiery steeds in me are meek,
Since my own brother struck me dead,
I'm pointed out as overhead;
I found the continents together,
And wear my furs in every weather.

ANSWERS.

To charade—Wetterhorn.

To transpositions.

No. 1. That priest is of the right stripe.

No. 2. There is danger of that gender getting into the garden.

No. 3. This dray was just driven into the yard.

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FLOUR, PORK, SALT, FISH,

FEED and MEAL, PAINTS and OILS,

HARDWARE, NOTIONS, GLASSWARE,

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