Cambria Freeman.

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1870 'The World.' 1870

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Ebensburg, Dec. 2, 1869. 3m

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AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO

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The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the

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all kind of MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line. None but the best American and Italian Marble used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to all cases at prices as low as like work can be obtained in the cities or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits cheapness of my work.

JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, March 12, 1868. 1y.

The Poet's Department.

WHILE SNOWS ARE FALLING.

The Spring time came—the Spring time went,
With shimmer of cloud and shiny weather,
The golden glory of June was spent;
On hills and fields we roamed together;
We walked through Autumn's purple haze,
The future's dream of bliss forestalling,
And, shuddering, thought of Winter days,
With snow a-falling.

For earth was all so wondrous fair,
And heaven smiled down so blue above it,
Each wandering breath of balmy air
But made us learn anew to love it.
What wonder if with all so bright,
And wild birds through the woodland calling,
We sighed to think of Winter's night,
With snows a falling.

But when at last the world was dressed
In shining robes of ice mail gleaming,
And calm white silence lulled to rest
The pale dead flowers beneath it dreaming—
Behold! we woke to find made true
The hope our hearts had been forestalling,
And life grew fairer than we knew
While snows were falling.

Ah well! the days of youth fly fast—
Their suns grow dim, their blossoms wither,
And all the dreams that made our past,
Fly fast and far—we know not whither;
But when we tread life's wintry slope,
We hear again their voices calling,
And Memory clasps the hand of Hope
While snows are falling.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

"CAPITAL FUN."

It was a little past twelve o'clock, and a merry group of boys were seated on the young grass, under the trees that shaded the Academy play grounds. A little later and they would be scattered in every direction at their play; but first they must attend to the contents of well-filled pails and baskets, where their dinners are stowed away.

"I should like to know," said Howard Colby, "why Joe Green never comes out here to eat his dinner with the rest of us, always sneaks off somewhere till we all get through?"

"Guess he brings so many goodies he's afraid we shall rob him," said another.

"Pho!" said Will Brown, throwing himself back on the ground, "more likely he don't bring anything at all. I heard my father say that the family must be badly pinched since Mr. Green was killed; and mother said she didn't pity them, for folks had no business to be poor and proud."

"Well," said Sam Merrill, "I know Mary Green asked my mother to have plain sewing to do; but then folks do that sometimes that aren't very poor."

"And Joe is wearing his winter clothes all this warm weather, and his pants are patched behind—I saw them," said Howard Colby, with a very complacent look at his new spring suit of light gray.

"I tell you what, boys," said Will Brown, "let's look to-morrow and see what the old fellow does bring anyway. You know he is always in his seat by the time the first bell rings, and we can peep into his basket and still be in season for roll call."

The boys all agreed to this except Ned Collins, who sat quietly eating his dinner and taking no part in the conversation.—Now he simply remarked, as he brushed the crumbs from his lap, "I can't see what fun there will be in that, and it looks real mean and sneaking to me. I'm sure it is none of our business what Joe brings for dinner, or where he goes to eat it."

"You're always such a granny, Ned Collins," said Will Brown, contemptuously. "You've got every one of your old aunt Sally's notions."

Ned could not bear to be laughed at, and it made him a little angry to hear his kind old aunt sneered at, but his eyes only flashed for a minute, and then he sprang up, shouting: "Hurrah, boys, for football!" and in five minutes the whole play ground was in an uproar of fun and frolic.

The next morning, at the first stroke of the bell, a half dozen roguish faces peeped into the school room, and, sure enough, there was Joe Green, busy plying his pencil over the problems of the algebra lesson. It was but the work of an instant to hurry into the little clothes-room, and soon the whole group was pressing around Will Brown, as he held the mysterious basket in his hand. Among them, in spite of the remonstrance of yesterday, was Ned Collins, with his fine face fairly crimson with shame, or something else; we shall see.

"It is big enough to hold a day's rations for a regiment," said Howard Colby, as Will pulled out a nice white napkin.—Next came a whole newspaper—a large one, too—and then, in the bottom of the basket, was *one little cold potato;*—that was all! Will held it up with a comical grimace, and the boys laughed and cheered as loudly as they dared in the school house.

"See here," said Howard, "let's throw it away and fill the basket with coal and things; it will be such fun to see him open it."

The boys agreed, and the basket was soon filled and the napkin placed carefully on the top, and before the bell commenced tolling they were on their way down stairs.

Ned Collins was the last to leave the room, and no sooner had the others disappeared than, quick as a flash, he emptied the coal into the box again, replaced the paper, and half-filled the basket, large as it was, with the contents of the bright tin pail that aunt Sally delighted to store with dainties for her darling's dinner.—Ned was in his seat almost as soon as the rest, and all through the forenoon he looked and felt as guilty as the others, as he saw the sly looks and winks that were exchanged among them. Noon came, and there was the usual rush to the clothes-room for dinner baskets; but, instead of going out to the yard, the boys lingered about the door and hall. Straight by them marched Ned Collins, with his pail on his arm.

"Hello, Ned," said Sam Merrill, "where are you going now?"

"Home," said Ned, laughing, "I saw aunt Sally making a chicken pie this morning and I'm going home to get some."

"Ask me to go, too," shouted Howard Colby; but just at that moment they saw Joe Green carrying his basket into the school-room.

"I should think he'd suspect something," whispered Will Brown; "that coal must be awful heavy."

Joe disappeared in the school-room, and the curious eyes that peered through the crack of the door were soon rewarded by seeing him open his basket.

"Hope his dinner won't be heavy on his stomach," whispered Howard Colby.

But apparently Joe only wished to get his paper to read, for he took it by the corner and pulled, but it was fast. He looked in surprised, and then, in a sort of bewildered way, took out a couple of aunt Sally's great crispy doughnuts, then one of the delicious round pies he had often seen in Ned's hands, bread and butter, and such honey as nobody's bees but her's ever made, and the plump white breast of a chicken. It was a dinner fit for a king; so poor Joe thought, and so the boys thought, as they peeped wonderingly from their hiding place. But Joe did not offer to taste it; he only sat there and looked at it with a pale face, over which the tears began presently to flow very fast. Then he leaned his head on his desk, and Freddy Wilson, whispered, "I guess he's praying!" So they all stole away to the playing ground without speaking another word.

"That's some of Ned Collins' work," said Will Brown after a while; "it's just like him."

"I'm glad of it, any way," said Sam Merrill, "for I've felt as mean all forenoon as if I had been robbing a hen roost.—The Greens are not to blame for having only cold potatoes to eat, and I don't wonder that Joe didn't want us fellows to know it."

"I like Joe Green the best of any boy in school," said little Freddie Wilson, "and I think it was too bad to try and make fun of him."

"Nobody asked what you thought," said Will Brown, fiercely; "wait till your opinion is called for."

The little boy looked very meek, and ate his dinner in silence, but the fact was Will Brown began to feel uncomfortable.

"Father says Mr. Green was the bravest man in the company," said Sam Merrill, "and that he wouldn't have been killed, only he thought of every one else before himself."

"I tell you what," said good natured Tom Granger, "I move and second that we are ashamed of ourselves; all in favor of that motion will signify it by giving three cheers for Ned Collins—there he comes this minute brimfull of chicken pie."

The boys sprang to their feet, and swinging their caps in the air, gave three hearty cheers for Ned Collins; and even Will Brown joined the chorus with as loud a hurrah as any of them. Sam Merrill explained the thing to Ned, and he only said in reply, "I've often heard aunt Sally say that it was poor kind of fun that must be earned by hurting somebody's feelings, and what aunt Sally says is almost always so."

"A L-E-E-THE TOO SMART."—Old Rumfeldt was a well-to-do farmer of Stewart county, Tennessee. He was regular in his attendance at Court in Dover, but seldom turned his face homeward until he had swallowed more whisky than his skin could well hold or his legs conveniently carry. On one occasion he got on his level early, and, about the middle of a hot July afternoon, started for home.—He had not gone far, however, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to take a nap. He dismounted from his horse, turned him loose to graze, and rolled himself into a fence corner. He was sleeping very sweetly when he was espied by a buzzard, which was sailing about in the vicinity, seeking for something to eat. Smaller and smaller grew the circles of the buzzard as he approached his victim, cautiously taking observations. At last, but still in some doubt, the bird lit on the ground near the expected feast. About this time Rumfeldt became aware that something was going on, and he partially opened one eye and saw the buzzard, but was still too drunk to take any active steps to drive it away. He, however, kept a close watch. The buzzard strutted around and around him, all the time inspecting Rumfeldt closely and cautiously, to ascertain positively that he was dead. He finally became satisfied that the *corpus* before him was indeed a carcass, and consequently "his meat," whereupon he advanced deliberately to Rumfeldt's head and gave him a severe peck in the face. This aroused Rumfeldt, and striking out lazily with his hand to prevent a repetition of the attack, he exclaimed: "*Look-er here, you're a le-e-tle too damn smart—I ain't dead yet!*"

A REMARKABLE STORY.

The New York *Sunday Mercury* publishes the following reminiscence of the famous Duchess of Praslin murder, in France, and asserts that one of the actors in that domestic tragedy of twenty-two years ago has since become the wife of one of the clergymen who married Richardson and Mrs. McFarland.

One of the priests who were present at the mock marriage that has so shocked the moral sense of the community, is in his own person an example of the most free and easy principles of marriage, as he has allied himself matrimonially to a woman who was deeply implicated in a scandal and murder case in Paris, years ago—from the criminal punishment for which she escaped only by the suicide of the principal criminal with whom she was implicated.

The story of this woman's career runs in this wise:—In the year 1847 the Duke and Duchess of Praslin, one of the oldest and noblest families in France, occupied their almost princely chateau of Vaux.—The Duke and Duchess were latterly not happy in their union. Their dissensions had become a matter of public notoriety. One cause of quarrel was said to be the influence which the governess of his daughters, a Mlle. Henrietta de Luzy Desportes, had gained over the Duke. But differences had crept in as far back as 1837—long prior to the entrance of the governess into the family. The Duchess objected to the continuance of this lady in the family, and particularly complained of her estranging from her the affections of her daughters. This subject of discord increased with years, and eventually grew to such a height that at last Mlle. de Luzy had to quit. She did not, however, leave France, as the Duchess expected, but she went to reside in a boarding-school near Paris. Here the Duke visited her, and here she was about to get an appointment as instructress; but the principal of the establishment required a prior letter of recommendation from the Duchess of Praslin. Such a letter, therefore, became vital to Mlle de Luzy, and the Duke undertook to procure it. He was to have obtained it the very morning the Duchess was found murdered. The departure of Mlle. de Luzy from the Praslin family took place at Paris, July 18, 1847, just about a month before the occurrence of the fatal catastrophe. The Duke and Duchess were then apparently reconciled, and they went from Paris to their country chateau together. The people, assembled at Melun for the celebration of the patron festival of St Ambrose, saw them there together arm in-arm, and were glad in consequence, for the family of Praslin was popular with them; it was believed that they had become friends for the future.—The Duchess herself was much beloved. This concord between the Duke and Duchess was, however, a mere shadow. She still had her sorrow, and would often feel and express a kind of presentment of her approaching end. One day the Duke requested her to descend into the funeral vault at Vaux, which had recently been repaired; she refused, saying, "Shall I not soon go into it forever?" It was under this state of circumstances that on the 17th of August, 1847, all the Praslin family left their chateau and came to their superb residence in Paris, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, No. 65, at eight o'clock in the evening, by the Corbell railway. After their arrival the Duke, with three of his daughters and the youngest of his sons, went to Mm. Lamaire's, the mistress of a boarding house mentioned, to visit M'lle de Luzy Desportes. He saw her about the letter and left her about ten o'clock, arriving at his house a little before eleven, when he conducted the young ladies to their apartment, and immediately retired to his own.

While the Duke was out, the Duchess, with her two eldest sons, took a hackney-coach, drove to a bookseller's, and after staying a short time there, returned home at half-past nine. The Duchess then retired to her sleeping apartment, where she put on her night apparel, ordered and took some orgeat, laid herself down tranquilly, and beginning to read in bed, dismissed her maid with the desire that she would call her at three o'clock next morning.—The maid never saw her alive again; at five that morning the Duchess had ceased to exist. Her body, thrown down near the chimney, with the head and back against a sofa, lay deluged in her blood and pierced with more than forty wounds. The news spread like wildfire, and all Paris was excited. An investigation instantly began. According to the opinion of the experts called in, three kinds of weapons must have been used in the perpetration of the crime—one a cutting, one a pointed and one a bruising weapon—or at least they said the assassin made use of an arm which had at the same time a point, a blade and a stout handle, like a yatigan.

The blood had spurted on all sides. It formed itself into pools, gutters, drops and various stains. It was seen upon the bed, upon the curtains, on the bell-rope, and indeed upon almost all the furniture in the room.

Everything proved that the Duchess had attempted to escape from her assassin, either by rushing towards the doors to get out of her bed room, or by endeavoring to pull the bell-ropes that her domestics might come to her aid. It was thought the first blows were given her while in bed, and that she made her most desperate efforts at the chimney.

The murderer necessarily covered with blood, must have left traces of it on his way; and that stained way was found to be toward the apartment of her husband, the Duke of Praslin. Drops and marks of blood were visible from the door of the Dutchess's cabinet to the door of the Duke's bedroom.

The Duke was arrested on a charge of murder. The governess was likewise arrested on the charge of being accessory to the murder, and was generally considered as having been the Duke's mistress.

During the trial, the governess, this Mlle. de Luzy, gave her evidence with much bitterness against the deceased Duchess, with so much bitterness that the court reproved her for her evident maliciousness of spirit.

When the examination touched upon the Duke's guilt, Mademoiselle de Luzy evinced the greatest emotion, falling upon her knees with clasped hands, declaring that it was impossible, and exclaiming: "Tell me not that there are presumptions against him—say not that they are strong. My conscious assures me that he has not done it. But if he has—Great God! it is I, it is I who am the guilty party. I who so loved the children, I who adored them," etc., etc.

In the excitement the court remarked:

"It seems impossible that this excitement should merely belong to such feelings as might exist between you and the Duchess' children. Was it to the children only that you addressed the despairing letters of which you spoke?"

To which the woman replied,—

"You are wrong, excitement can belong to every feeling. But I will not say that as I constantly saw the Duke so kind, so generous to me, they may not have mingled with my affection for the children a tenderness—a vivid tenderness—for the father."

The conclusion of this case was never reached. The Duke de Praslin committed suicide by poison and by reason of his death all proceeding stopped. Mlle. de Luzy escaped to America, became a governess, then a teacher in the Cooper Institute, and subsequently the wife of one of the highly moral priests who indorsed the sensational marriage of that period.

MARRIAGE OUTRIGHT.—From an old Carolina periodical we clip an anecdote, that happily illustrates the customs of the period, when physical force was the tribunal before which all questions were for arbitrament: "In one of the upper counties of North Carolina, a young fellow, by the name of Ben Sykes, had courted a fair one for some years, but either was not ready or willing, as he never came to the point. At last she got mad, and declared she would marry Bill Patterson if he ever courted her again. Bill, hearing of this, went, and once more put in his claim; but he was a scurvy fellow in some things, and neither dad nor mam was willing. So he secretly goes to R——, gets a license, and that night they made off for a Gretna squire. On their road to happiness, however, who should they meet but Ben Sykes. He got an inkling of what was going on, and when he met them, he understood how the case lay. "Silly," says he, "I have fooled with you, that's a fact, and I am sorry for it. But if you still prefer me to Bill Patterson, just say so, and I will give him a thrashing, take his license, and make Moody marry us to-night."

The old love was too strong for the new. Ben gave Bill a thrashing, took his gal, and (what he hated most,) his license which cost him seventy-five cents, and was off with his plunder to Moody's. The old squire did not so well understand how one man could be married in virtue of a license granted to another. Ben said he did not himself understand law quibbles, but this he knew, that unless he did it, he (the squire,) would ketch it too. The hint was enough for Moody, who, without more ado, pronounced them man and wife. So says our mountain correspondent."

TRUTH IN BRIEF.—Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion which his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of idle wind can take a million of the seeds of the thistle, and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long and hard to undo, the floating particles being too trifling to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious are its fruits. They know that many a wind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by their insinuations without ever seeking or finding the antidote. No refutation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent mischief.

TO PREVENT PLOWS FROM RUSTING—A correspondent of the *Rural World* gives the following, which he says he has tried successfully. It is simple and worth adopting: "None but the plowman knows the advantage of having a bright plow. The writer has tried a great many articles to prevent plows and other agricultural implements from rusting. There is nothing so good and handy as patent axle grease. I have used tallow, paint, and Japan varnish, but the axle grease is always convenient and easily applied."

How the Doctor got Lost in a Snow Storm.

We think the following story "too good to keep," and, as we promise not to betray the hero's name and place of residence, we hope he will forgive us for telling how he got lost in a snow storm.

It was a pleasant place—the home of the Doctor—just in the edge of the woods. The house was one of those neat little cottages where one always expects to find comfort, peace and happiness. It was almost hidden among the trees, with which the grounds had been so lavishly adorned. Some were so large that you would think they must be centuries old.

The doctor and his wife lived here alone, with the exception of a boy whom the doctor had taken to do chores for him and to be company for his wife when he was attending his patients; for, although he was getting old, the people of the village could not have been persuaded to give up their faithful physician.

One day it had been snowing—such a snow storm as you Western people seldom see. The beautiful white flakes seemed to vie with each other to see which should their destination first, and the sky above seemed one endless sheet of snow.

"Well," said the doctor to his wife, as he returned from his round of calls, "I am glad there are not many sick just now, for I think home is the best place for an old man like me;" and he shook the snow from his great coat and handed it to Bruce to hang up, saying that he should not need it any more that night.

Just as he had seated himself at the tea-table and his wife was pouring out his tea, a loud rap was heard at the door.

"It is some belated traveller," thought the doctor as he arose to open the door.

"I want you to go and see my wife, doctor," said the visitor, as he seated himself by the fire.

"What! go ten miles such a night as this? It is impossible!" retorted the doctor.

"I fear she will die," said the man, "unless you do. I have a man here with me, and we have shovels; we will see you safe through, if you will go."

The amount of it was, the doctor went.

It is not my purpose to dwell on his ride there, for it was made comparatively easy by the aid of strong arms and shovels; nor of the sick woman, but of his journey home.

The snow was still whirling thick and fast as the doctor tucked himself snugly in his light cutter for the homeward trip, and started off briskly; for Nellie was anxious to get home to her warm stable.

The doctor was not very well acquainted with the roundabout way he had come, and with the darkness and blinding snow he soon became bewildered. So after a while, thinking he had driven farther than the distance of his home, he thought he would trust his horse to get him out of his difficulty, and gave Nellie full liberty to choose her own road; so, after he had gone on for some time longer, Nellie stopped and whinnied. The doctor unmuffled a little and peered around in the darkness and snow.

"Why, Nell, where are we?" he said. "This looks very much like Chestnut Ridge; yes, there is the opening in the trees at the turn of the hill, on the brow of the hill. This must be Chestnut Ridge—eight miles from home. Well, Nellie, we may as well camp for the night, for we can't get home."

"How lucky that Bruce supplied us well with blankets," soliloquized the doctor, as he unhitched Nellie from the cutter and fastened one of the blankets on her and turned her loose to look out for herself. Then, spreading a buffalo robe on the snow and turning the cutter up, he wrapped himself in his blankets and crawled into his novel bed, and was soon sound asleep.

His faithful dog was very uneasy all night at his master's absence, and bounded out at the first opportunity to look for him. Finding the cutter in such a novel condition, he began to bark furiously around it.

You can judge of the doctor's astonishment, when he came out of his bedroom, to find himself in his own door-yard, and Nellie standing at the stable door, wondering, no doubt, why she was treated so coolly.—Western Rural.

A SMILING FACE AND A KIND HEART.—Which will you do—smile and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face and a kind heart, and speak pleasant words.—Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead.—There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day, when about your business.

AN old lady in Connecticut, during the recent freshet, being told that the house would go down the creek in five minutes, prudently proceeded to change her stockings, declaring that she had frequently seen women struggling in the wild waters—generally feet upward.

UPON what supposition would you build a house with your pocket handkerchief? Supposing it be cambric (became brick.)