

# The Ebensburg Alleghenian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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**WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

**GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

**P. TIERNY, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

**STON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

**MUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

**MES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law,** Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa. Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

**KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.** Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

**A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

**W. ELDER, Attorney at Law,** Johnstown, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Cambria, Somerset, and adjoining counties. Office on P. O. corner, up stairs. [Jan 24]

**MUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. Practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties. Attends also to the collection of claims and claims against the Government. [Jan 24]

**GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent,** Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes at all rates. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, and all kinds of accounts collected. Deeds, Mortgages, and all legal business promptly written, and all legal business fully attended to. Pensions increased, Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

**C. WILSON, M. D.,** offers his services, as Physician and Surgeon, to the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding country. Having been appointed Examining Surgeon, he is prepared to examine all Pensioners and applicants for Pensions who may be in the service. Office on High st., three doors east of the Church, in office formerly occupied by J. Jones. Residence immediately adjoining. [Jan 24-30]

**MES J. LLOYD,** Successor of R. S. Bunn, Dealer in DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. Also: Caps and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept by Druggists generally. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountaineer, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

**DENTISTRY.** The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every branch of his art. To many years of experience, he has sought to add the experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that a gratuity may be given for his work to his own praise. SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S., Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, W. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Aust of the Baltimore College. Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. [Jan 24, 1867.]

**LOYD & CO., Bankers—** EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections made accessible points in the United States. General Banking Business transacted. [Jan 24, 1867.]

**M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—** ALTOONA, PA. Gold and Silver for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, at interest, or upon time, with interest at rates. [Jan 24]

**GRAHAM BLAINE, Barber—** EBENSBURG, PA. Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing in the most artistic style. In Saloon directly opposite the "Mountaineer." [Jan 24]

**INSURANCE AGENCY—** James Purse, Agent for the Blair county Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Johnstown, Pa. Will attend promptly to making insurance in any part of Cambria county upon terms by letter or in person. [Jan 24]

**M. R. HUGHES, WILMORE, PA., Agent for** PRIZE FIRE INSURANCE CO.—Capital \$2,000,000. MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF CAMBRIA CO. [Jan 24]

**Flower De Luce.**  
Beautifully, dwelling by still rivers,  
Or solitary mere,  
Or where the sluggish meadow brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir!  
Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and  
worry  
Of spindle and of loom,  
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.  
Born to the purple, born to joy and pleas-  
ance,  
Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence  
The meadow and the lin.  
The wind blows and uplifts thy drooping  
banner,  
And round thee throng and run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.  
The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplen-  
dent,  
With steel-blue mail and shield.  
Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,  
Who, armed with golden rod,  
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest  
The message of some God.  
Thou art the Muse, who, far from crowded  
cities,  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties,  
That come to us as dreams.  
O flower de luce, bloom on, and let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet!  
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever  
The world more fair and sweet.

**THE IRON VAULT.**  
I lived in San Francisco, and I am a  
lock-smith by trade. My calling is a  
strange one, and possesses a certain fasci-  
nation rendering it one of the most  
pleasant of pursuits. Many who follow  
it see nothing in it but labor—think of  
nothing but its returns in gold and silver.  
To me it has other charms than the money  
it produces. I was called upon almost  
daily, to open doors and peer into long  
neglected apartments; to spring the stub-  
born locks of safes, and gloat upon the  
treasures piled within; to quietly enter  
the apartments of ladies with more beauty  
than discretion, and pick the locks of  
drawers containing peace-destroying mis-  
sives, that the dangerous evidences of  
wandering affection may not reach the eye  
of a husband or father, in possession of  
such boxes, and depositaries of records,  
telling of men grown suddenly rich, of  
corporations plundered, of orphans robbed,  
of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is  
there no charm in all this?—no food for  
speculation?—no scope for the range of  
pleasant fancy? Then who would not be  
a locksmith, though his face is begrimed  
with the soot of the forge, and his hands  
are stained with rust?  
But I have a story to tell—not exactly  
a story, either—for a story implies the  
completion as well as the beginning of a  
narrative—and mine is scarcely more than  
the introduction to one. Let him who  
deals in things of fancy, write the rest.  
In the spring of 1856, I think it was in  
April—I opened a little shop on Kearney  
street, and soon worked myself into a fair  
business. Late one evening, a lady, closely  
veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from  
beneath a cloak a small japanned box,  
requested me to open it. The lock was  
curiously constructed, and I was all of an  
hour in fitting it with a key. The lady  
seemed nervous at the delay, and at length  
requested me to close the door. I was a  
little surprised at the suggestion, but of  
course complied. Shutting the door, and  
returning to my work, the lady withdrew  
her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can  
well be imagined. There was a restles-  
sness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek,  
however, which plainly told of a heart ill  
at ease, and in a moment every emotion  
for her had given way to that of pity.  
"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and  
the night air is too chilly?" said I, rather  
inquisitively.  
I felt a rebuke in her reply. "In re-  
questing you to close the door, I had no  
other object than to escape the attention  
of persons."  
I did not reply, but thoughtfully  
continued my work. She resumed: "That  
little box contains valuable papers—private  
papers—and I have lost the key, or it  
has been stolen. I should not wish to  
have you remember that I came here on  
such an errand," she continued, with some  
hesitation, and giving a look which it was  
no difficult matter to understand.  
"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If  
I cannot forget your face, I will at least  
attempt to lose the recollection of ever  
seeing it here."  
The lady bowed rather coldly at what  
I considered a fine compliment, and I  
proceeded with my work, satisfied that a  
sudden discovered partiality for me had  
had nothing to do with the visit.  
Having succeeded, after much filing  
and fitting, in turning the lock, I was  
seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse  
at the precious contents of the box, and  
suddenly raising the lid, discovered a  
bundle of letters, and a daguerrotype, as

I slowly passed the box to its owner.—  
She seized it hurriedly, and placing the  
letters and picture in her pocket, locked  
the box, and drawing the veil over her  
face, pointed to the door. I opened it,  
and as she passed into the street, she  
merely whispered—"remember!" We met  
again, and I have been thus particular  
in describing her visit to the shop, to  
render probable a subsequent recognition.  
About two o'clock in the morning, in  
the latter part of May following, I was  
awoke by a gentle tap upon the window  
of the little room back of the shop in  
which I lodged. Thinking of burglars,  
I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was  
at the window, with a heavy hammer in  
my hand which I usually kept at that  
time within convenient reach of the bed-  
side.  
"Who's there?" I inquired, raising  
the hammer, and peering out into the  
darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt  
when under the curse of Israel's God.  
"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping  
in front of the window; "open the door,  
I have business for you."  
"Rather past business hours, I should  
say; but who are you?"  
"No one that would harm you," re-  
turned the voice, which I imagined was  
rather feminine for a burglar's.  
"Nor no one that can!" I replied,  
rather emphatically, by way of warning,  
as I lightened my grip upon the hammer,  
and proceeded to the door. I pushed  
back the bolt, and slowly opening the  
door, discovered the stranger already upon  
the steps.  
"What do you want?" I abruptly in-  
quired.  
"I will tell you," answered the same  
soft voice, "if you dare open the door  
wide enough for me to enter."  
"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing  
the door ajar, and proceeding to light a  
candle. Having succeeded, I turned to  
examine the visitor. He was a small and  
neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy  
Raglan around his shoulders, and a blue  
navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes.  
As I advanced toward him, he seemed to  
hesitate a moment, then raised the cap  
from his forehead, and looked me curiously  
in the face. I did not drop the can-  
dle, but I acknowledged a little ner-  
vousness as I hurriedly placed the light  
upon a table and silently proceeded to in-  
vest myself with two or three very neces-  
sary articles of clothing. As the Lord  
liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the  
same for whom I had opened the little  
box about a month before! Having  
completed my hasty toilette, I attempted  
to stammer an apology for my rudeness,  
but utterly failed. The fact is, I was con-  
founded.  
Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:  
"Disguise is useless; I presume you  
recognize me?"  
"I believe I told you, madam, I should  
not soon forget your face. In what can  
I serve you?"  
"By doing half an hour's work before  
daylight to-morrow, and receiving five  
hundred dollars for your labor," was the  
reply.  
"It is not ordinary work," said I, in-  
quiringly, "that commands so munificent  
compensation."  
"It is labor common to your calling,"  
replied the lady. "The price is not so  
much for the labor, as the condition under  
which it must be performed."  
"What is the condition?" I inquired.  
"That you will submit to being convey-  
ed from and returned to your own door  
blindfolded."  
Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost  
every other crime known to villainy, hur-  
riedly presented themselves in succession,  
as I politely bowed, and said:  
"I must understand something more of  
the character of the employment, as well  
as the conditions, to accept your offer."  
"Will not five hundred dollars answer  
in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.  
"No—nor five thousand."  
She patted her foot nervously on the  
floor. I could see she had placed entirely  
too low an estimate on my honesty, and I  
felt some gratification in being able to  
convince her of the fact.  
"Well, then, if it is absolutely neces-  
sary for me to explain," she replied, "I  
must tell you that you are requested to  
pick the lock of a vault, and—"  
"You have gone quite far enough,  
madam, with the explanation," I inter-  
rupted, "I am not at your service."  
"As I said," she continued, "you are  
required to pick the lock of a vault, and  
rescue from death a man who has been  
confined there for three days."  
"To whom does this vault belong?" I  
inquired.  
"My husband," was the somewhat re-  
luctant reply.  
"Then why so much secrecy, or rather,  
how came a man to be confined in such a  
place?"  
"I secreted him there, to escape the ob-  
servation of my husband. He suspected  
as much, and closed the door upon him.  
Presuming he had left the vault, and  
quitted the house by the back door, I did  
not dream until to-day, that he was con-  
fined there. Certain suspicious acts of  
my husband this afternoon convinced me  
that the man is there, beyond human  
hearing, and will be starved to death by  
my barbarous husband, unless immedi-  
ately rescued. For three days he has not

left the house. I drugged him less than  
an hour ago, and he is now so completely  
stupefied that the lock may be picked  
without his interference. I have searched  
his pockets, but could not find the key;  
hence my application to you. Now you  
know all; will you accompany me?"  
"To the end of the world, madam, on  
such an errand."  
"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab  
waiting at the door."  
I was a little surprised, for I had not  
heard the sound of wheels. Hastily  
dressing on a coat, and providing myself  
with the required implements, I was soon  
at the door. There, sure enough, was the  
cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for  
the mysterious journey. I entered the  
vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon  
as I was seated, by the faint light of an  
adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound  
a handkerchief round my eyes.  
The lady seated herself beside me, and the  
cab started. In half an hour the vehicle  
stopped—in what part of the city I am  
entirely ignorant, as it was evidently  
driven in anything but a direct course  
from the point of starting.  
Examining the bandage, to see that my  
vision was completely obscured, the lady  
handed me the bundle of tools with which  
I was provided, then, taking me by the  
arm, led me through a gate into a house  
which I knew was of brick, and after  
taking me along a passage way which  
could not have been less than fifty feet in  
length, and down a flight of stairs into  
what was evidently an underground base-  
ment, stopped beside a vault and removed  
the handkerchief from my eyes.  
"Here is the vault—open it," said she,  
springing the door of a dark lantern, and  
throwing the beam of light upon the lock.  
I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and  
after a few trials, which the lady seemed  
to watch with the most painful anxiety,  
sprang the bolt. The door swung upon  
its hinges, and my companion, telling me  
not to close it, as it was self-locking,  
sprang into the vault.  
I did not follow. I heard the murmurs  
of low voices within, and the next moment  
the lady reappeared, and leaning upon her  
arm, a man with face so pale and haggard  
that I started at the sight. How he must  
have suffered during the three long days  
of his confinement!  
"Remain here," she said, handing me  
the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."  
The two slowly ascended the stairs, and  
I heard them enter a room immediately  
above where I was standing. In less than  
a minute the lady returned. "Shall I  
close it, madam?" said I, placing my  
hand upon the door of the vault.  
"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seiz-  
ing my arm; "it waits another occupant!"  
"Madam, you certainly do not intend  
to—"  
"Are you ready?" she interrupted,  
impatiently, holding the handkerchief to  
my eyes. The thought flashed across my  
mind that she intended to push me into  
the vault, and bury me and my secret  
together. She seemed to read the suspi-  
cion and continued:  
"Do not be alarmed. You are not the  
man!"  
I could not mistake the truth or the  
fearful meaning of the remark, and I  
shuddered as I bent my head to the hand-  
kerchief. My eyes were as carefully  
bandaged as before, and I was led to the  
cab, and thence driven home by a more  
circuitous route, if possible, than the one  
by which we came. Arrived in front of  
the house, the handkerchief was removed,  
and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse  
of five hundred dollars was placed in my  
hand, and in a moment, the cab and its  
mysterious occupant had turned the cor-  
ner, and were out of sight.  
I entered the shop, and the purse of  
gold was the only evidence I could sum-  
mon, in my bewilderment, that all I had  
just done and witnessed was not a dream.  
A month after that, I saw the lady and  
the gentleman taken from the vault, walk-  
ing leisurely along Montgomery street.—  
I do not know, but I believe the sleep-  
ing husband awoke within the vault, and his  
bones are there to-day! The wife is still  
a resident of San Francisco.

**ORIGIN OF THE EPITHET "TURN-  
COAT."**—The opprobrious term of "turn-  
coat" took its rise from one of the first  
dukes of Savoy, whose domineering lying  
open to the incursions of the two contend-  
ing houses of Spain and France, was  
obliged to temporize and fall in with that  
power that was most likely to distress him,  
according to the success of their arms  
against one another. So, being frequently  
obliged to change sides, he humorously  
got a coat made that was blue on one side  
and white on the other, and might be dif-  
ferently worn either side out. While in  
the Spanish interest, he wore the blue side  
out, and the white side was the badge for  
the French. From whence he was called  
Emmanuel, the "turncoat," by the way  
of distinguishing him from other princes  
of the same name of that house.

—The wound in Mr. Seward's head,  
received at the time of the assassination,  
has only closed over within a recent pe-  
riod. Trepanning was impossible, owing  
to its situation on the side of his skull,  
and now the brain at that point is only  
protected by a thin armor of flesh.  
—Green peas in Savannah, Georgia.

**Field Sports.**  
We employ this general phrase to cover  
all manly outdoor exercises, whether pur-  
sued on land or water, and if it smacks of  
a bull, the sporting nomenclature must  
be held responsible for it. In comment-  
ing upon the famous yacht race which has  
just been brought to a successful conclu-  
sion, the London Times makes the follow-  
ing observations:  
"That irresistible spirit which transfig-  
ures our whole metropolitan population on  
the Derby day is rapidly developing itself  
on the other side of the Atlantic, and we  
may expect before long to see all such  
sports as popular in America as they are  
here. We rejoice at the sign, as it is our  
belief that national character is substan-  
tially improved by such pastimes. We  
are sincerely glad to find the Americans  
moving in that direction. They have got  
all the qualities of sportsmen. They are  
adventurous, fearless, fond of excitement,  
persevering and acute."  
The fine, vigorous health of the English  
gentry is largely owing to their generous  
cultivation of field sports and out door  
games. Riding, hunting, angling, cricket,  
boat racing, etc.—these are the sources of  
those broad chests and that ruddy color  
which distinguish Englishmen. Their  
women, too, owe to out door exercises the  
bloom which is so rarely found in this  
country. The Indian could hardly, with-  
out a misnomer, call them "pale face."  
English ladies without shoes on, walk dis-  
tances that our countrymen would shrink  
from the thought of attempting. In con-  
sequence, they are not invalids at thirty,  
and a sturdy and vigorous stock is pre-  
served.  
No nation in which field sports are  
neglected can compete with a people who  
heartily pursue them. The Italians  
learned that lesson the other day when  
they came in conflict with the Austrian  
sharpshooters. Civilization is nobly il-  
lustrated by the fine arts, and music,  
painting, sculpture and literature embel-  
lish life, but if they were altogether to  
supersede the hardy out-door pastimes,  
which keep up the animal vigor of the  
race, they would be dearly purchased  
finements. A first rate morality and high  
national courage cannot flourish in a re-  
gion where field sports are not pursued.  
A people who are physically healthy will  
steadily improve in all wholesome attri-  
butes. Dilletanteism, cowardice and  
treachery cannot breathe in such an atmos-  
phere. It takes the sound body to sus-  
tain the sound mind. Let us encourage  
out-door sports for their healthful influ-  
ence upon the national character.  
As a source of genuine and enduring  
pleasure to the individuals who cultivate  
these pastimes, we may be permitted to  
make a few observations. The man who  
truly enjoys the gentle craft of the angle,  
or knows what it is to beat the October  
stable or bring down the ruffled grouse  
on the mountain side, knows a pleasure  
that never stales, and in which no poi-  
sonous ingredient ever enters. Books fre-  
quently weary or corrupt. The charm of  
solitary pursuits with the departure of youth,  
Solitary speculation begets morbid fanta-  
sies. Shows and spectacles cease to excite  
any emotion. Dissipation always leaves a  
legacy of ill health and remorse. But the  
woods and sky and waters, the freshness  
of the spring, the sober beauty of summer,  
the splendor of autumn, and the kindly  
rigors of winter, minister to the brain and  
heart of the sportsman and keep them  
fresh and expanded. His blood flows in  
a quick, healthful current. His nerves  
are braced. His vision is unimpaired.—  
He gets to measuring worldly things at  
their proper value, detests avarice, smiles  
at selfish ambition, sympathizes with hu-  
manity and worships in his heart the  
glorious Creator of the rock ribbed hills,  
the sweet valleys and the chanting waters.  
Whoso would contrive for himself a  
sphere of enjoyment which has no spectre  
of regret within its realms, and which  
affords scope for generous exercise up to  
the very last period of active existence,  
let him enroll himself in the guild of  
sportsmen, not as the business of his life,  
but as the most invigorating, healthful  
and enjoyable recreation of his leisure  
hours.

**REMNANTS OF OLD SUPERSTITION.**—  
There is a superstition descended from  
the dark ages, that when a person dies  
of consumption the decaying vitals of that  
body are continually emitting the ele-  
ments of that disease, which the surviving  
relatives will receive. According to the  
superstition, the only remedy is to remove  
the vitals from the corpse and burn them.  
In France, N. Y., lately, a family which  
has lost three of its members from that  
disease—one a year since, the other two  
within a few days—adopted the barbarous  
remedy. The bodies were disinterred, and  
from those which were in a putrid state  
of preservation the hearts were removed  
and burned, after which the ashes with  
the bodies were returned to their  
graves and buried.

—The largest man in the United States  
House of Representatives is Mr. Baldwin,  
of Massachusetts, the smallest Mr. John  
F. Starr, ("twinkle, twinkle, little star"),  
of New Jersey; the tallest "Long" John  
Wentworth, of Illinois; the shortest Mr.  
Brandegee, of Connecticut.

**Webster as He Was.**  
Mr. Parton, the biographer, has fur-  
nished to the North American Review a  
piquant article on Daniel Webster, which  
tells some wholesome truths and is likely  
to attract a good deal of attention. Web-  
ster's leading trait, Mr. Parton asserts,  
was his enormous physical magnetism.—  
His presence overwhelmed criticism. His  
intimacy fascinated it. Fidgety men were  
quieted by his majestic calm. Women  
were spellbound by it. It gave the public  
a sense of repose. When he passed up or  
down State street, with an arm behind his  
back, business was brought to a stand-still.  
Webster was never a student. He absorbed  
knowledge, but did not work for it. In  
Latin, he was excelled by some of his own  
class. Greek, he never enjoyed. For  
mathematics, he had not the slightest  
taste. At college, he was only an omniv-  
orous reader. He barely passed muster  
in the recitation room as a student. His  
whole college life shows that he was  
formed to use the product of other men's  
toil, not to add to the common fund. At  
the same time, he was an innocent young  
man. His wild oats were not sown in  
the days of his youth. He was always  
under the influence of others. Nature  
made him not to lead but to follow. In  
the early flush and vigor of his life, he  
gave a thousand evidences of a good heart  
and of virtuous habits, but not one of a  
superior understanding. The total absence  
of the skeptical spirit betrayed his want  
of boldness and originality. In a series  
of transition, no young man of a truly  
eminent intellect accepts his father's  
creeds without first calling them in  
question. But no new light ever illu-  
minated the mind of Daniel Webster. As  
soon as he came of age, he joined the  
Congregational Church. The candor of  
his judgment was impaired by religious  
prejudices. In this respect, he never lost  
his narrowness and ignorance. In the  
time of his celebrity, he preferred the  
Episcopal as the most genteel religion.—  
His political prejudices were equally  
strong. He was of slow growth. His  
powers did not reach their full develop-  
ment until he was nearly fifty years of  
age. He had no practical wisdom.  
From the year 1832 to the end of his  
life, he was suffering the process of moral  
and mental deterioration. His material  
part gained upon his spiritual. He had  
an enormous capacity for physical enjoy-  
ment, and became a great hunter, fisher-  
man and farmer, a lover of good wine and  
good dinners, a most jovial companion.  
But his mind fed chiefly upon past acqui-  
sitions. There is nothing in his later  
efforts which shows an intellectual advance.  
He never browsed in forests before un-  
trodden, or fed in pastures new. For the  
last ten years of his life, though he spent  
many thousand dollars on his library, he  
had almost ceased to be an intellectual  
being. His pecuniary habits demoralized  
him. "He was not one of those who find  
in the happiness and prosperity of their  
country, and in the esteem of their fellow-  
citizens, their own sufficient and abundant  
reward for serving her. He pined for  
something lower, smaller—something per-  
sonal and vulgar. He had no religion—  
not the least tincture of it; and he seem-  
ed at last, in his dealings with individuals,  
to have no conscience. What he called  
his religion had no effect whatever upon  
the conduct of his life; it made him go  
to church, talk piously, puff the clergy,  
and patronize Providence—no more.  
He was one of those who fell before the  
seductions of his place." "He would  
accept remaining fees, and never look into  
the bundles of papers which accompanied  
them, in which were inclosed the hopes  
and the fortunes of anxious households.  
He would receive gifts of money, and  
toss into his waste-paper basket the list of  
the givers, without having glanced at its  
contents; thus defrauding them of the  
only recompense in his power to grant,  
and the only one they wished."

**Popular Fictions.**  
The following stories are constantly  
reported in the newspapers, and as often  
as once a year they all find lodgment in  
one setting or another throughout the  
country. It is time they were set at rest.  
No. 1. That Charles Dickens is habitually  
in pecuniary difficulty; that he lives  
beyond his means, and is obliged to go  
into chancery once or twice a year. That  
he has made up with Mrs. Dickens, and  
they now live together again.  
Charles Dickens is not only in the yearly  
receipt of very large sums, both from  
his books and his readings, but he is one  
of the best business men in England, hus-  
banding his means most judiciously,  
while his benevolence is nobly conspicuous.  
His wife has not come back to him, but  
still lives in her own establishment in  
London, while his residence is at Roches-  
ter, thirty miles from the city.

No. 2. That one of Mr. Longfellow's  
daughters was once with an arrow; that  
she draws and paints beautifully with  
ac-  
feet.  
This error arose from a photograph,  
which by a mistake in position, gave the  
impression of an armless child.  
—A young lady of Minneapolis, Minn.,  
aged fifteen, skated forty miles in six  
hours, lately.