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CHARDON, GEauga COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1865.

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The Jeffersonian Democrat
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813tf

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Those living at a distance wishing Surveying
done by the Surveyor will have their calls pen-
nally attended to, by addressing him by letter,
giving five days' notice. Direct all letters to
Chardon, Geauga County, O. 595

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I. N. HATHAWAY, of the late firm of
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Bounty Money, Back Pay, and Pensions for sol-
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States, and of the State of Ohio. Business at-
tended to promptly and honestly. Charges for
procuring Pensions, Bounty or Back Pay, \$5.00,
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Dr. L. A. Hamilton has been appointed Exam-
ing Surgeon for Geauga County, by whom all
applications for Invalid Pensions must be exam-
ined. Apply in person or by letter, enclosing
stamp, to
I. N. HATHAWAY,
Chardon, Ohio. 695tf

William Turner

Will keep constantly on hand

GROCERIES of all kinds, Flour &

FEED.

Please call at the Brick Store on the cor-
ner, opposite the Chardon Hotel.
Chardon, March 24th, 1865. 793tf

DENTISTRY.

THE undersigned, having permanently located
at Chardon, for the purpose of operating at
his profession, would say to his friends and the
public that he is now prepared to attend to the
wants of all in need of anything in his line of
business. All Work WARRANTED.
Office over Murray & Canfield's Bank. Resi-
dence one door south of L. J. Randall's dwell-
ing.
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Chardon, Dec. 4th, 1863. 725tf

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J. ABELL, a licensed Government Agent to
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THE EARLY DEAD.

Have you heard the voice of mourning,
As the winds go by?
Have you heard the fitful sighing,
Heard the faint and wailing crying
Of the night-winds in their trying
Hurrying shadows to outfly?
They have floated over the bier
Silently with loving fear
O'er her brow the golden hair
They have tossed;

Kissed the hands upon her breast,
Stirred the rosebuds there at rest.
When she opened not her eyes,
Then they started in surprise,
And they shuddering fled away,
Sighing, murmuring on their way,
Of the early lost.

Have you seen how bright the stars
Shine in the sky,
Heeding not the wind's low moaning
Hurrying by?

On the gem-paved path to Heaven
Went an angel up to-night,
To a country where no even
Softly steals away the light;
And her robe of wondrous whiteness
Scattered glory o'er the way,
Till it shone with dazzling brightness,
And the shadows fled away.

Now the fitful winds are moaning,
Mourning for the dead,
And the stars are shining brightly
For a vision fled.

Correspondence of the Jeffersonian Democrat.

Execution of Champ Ferguson.

CHARDON, Ohio, Nov. 4th, 1865.
EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Observing in your
valuable paper of Oct. 27th, a notice of the
execution of the notorious guerrilla, Champ
Ferguson, which occurred at this place on
the 20th day of October, and the statement
that it was strictly private, I, being an eye-
witness, thought a brief account of the ex-
ecution might be interesting to some of
your numerous readers. The commandant
of the post, Col. Shafter, issued two hundred
admittance tickets, which were distributed
to officers and citizens, and our regiment
(the 15th) being on duty guarding the Peni-
tentiary, we officers had free access to the
execution, and I should judge that at least
six hundred persons witnessed it.

The prisoner walked from his cell to the
scaffold with a firm step, bowing to several
acquaintances on the way; mounted the
scaffold with as much apparent composure,
and looking more like a statesman than a
condemned man, as he was, and when Col.
Shafter was reading the charges and specifi-
cations preferred against him, he would fre-
quently bow his head, in acknowledgment
of the many murders he had committed, which
were the most cold-blooded, cruel and inhu-
man I have ever heard or read of. After
the reading, Col. Shafter asked him if he
had anything to say. He replied, very
coolly, that he could tell it better than the
charges did, (referring to the murders he
had committed) but he said very little
above a whisper. He frequently smiled
when he recognized familiar faces. After a
short prayer, during which he shed a few
tears, the cap was drawn over his face, his
legs tied, and at a given signal the rope was
cut, and the soul of Champ Ferguson
launched into eternity. He died without a
struggle, and, after hanging about thirty
minutes, the surgeons pronounced life ex-
tinct. The body was cut down, and placed
in a plain pine coffin, and delivered to his
friends, to be removed to Kentucky for in-
terment, as he had requested to be buried in
pure Rebel soil. Thus ended the life of
one of the worst guerrillas and assassins the
South or the world has ever produced; and
may all traitors to our glorious Union meet
the same fate in the sincere wish of your
humble servant,
CAPT. L. PATCHIN.

The Egg, a Miniature Universe.

The following remarkable passage oc-
curs in Prof. Agassiz' "Methods of Study in
Natural History":

One can hardly conceive the beauty of
the egg as seen through the microscope
at this period of its growth, when the en-
tire yolk is divided, with the dark gran-
ules on one side; while the other side, in
which the transparent halo of the vesicle
is seen, is brilliant with light. With
the growth of the egg these granules en-
large, become more distinct, and under
the microscope some of them appear to be
hollow. They are not round in form, but
rather irregular, and under the effect of
light they are exceeding brilliant. Pres-
ently, instead of being scattered equally
over the space they occupy, they form
clusters—constellations as it were—and
between these clusters are clear spaces,
produced by the separation of the album-
en from the oil. At this period of its
growth there is a wonderful resemblance
between the appearance of the egg when
seen under the microscope, and the firm-
ament with the heavenly bodies. The
little clusters or constellations are equally
divided. Here and there are two and two
like double stars, or sometimes in threes,
fives or sevens, recalling the Pleiades;—
and the clear albuminous tracts between
are like the empty spaces separating the
stars. This is simply true, that such is
the actual appearance of the yolk at this
time; and the idea cannot but suggest it-
self to the mind, that the thoughts which
have been embodied in the universe are
recalled here within the little egg, pre-
sented a miniature diagram of the firm-
ament. This is one of the first changes
of the yolk, ending by forming regular
clusters with a sort of network of album-
en between, and then this phase of the
growth is complete.

TRUTH is a bridge over which we travel
from earth to heaven; take one of the
arches away, and the bridge falls; or like
steps, take any away, and the passage is
dangerous and difficult.

Gossiping.

BY MRS. C. M. SEDGWICK.

The most prevailing fault of our conver-
sation in our country, and I believe in all
social communities, is gossiping. As weeds
most infest the richest soils, so gossiping
most abounds amidst the social virtues, in
small towns where there is the most exten-
ded mutual acquaintance, where persons live
in closest relations, remembering a large fam-
ily circle. To disturb the sweet uses of the
little communities by gossiping, is surely to
forfeit the benefit of one of the kindest ar-
rangements of Providence.

In great and busy cities, where people live
in total ignorance of their neighbors, where
they cannot know how they live, and hardly
know when they die, there is no neighbor-
hood, and there is no gossiping. But need
there be this poisonous weed among the
flowers—this blight upon the fruit, my
young friends?

You may understand better precisely
what comes under the head of gossiping, if
I give you some examples of it.

In a certain small, thickly-settled town
there lives a family, consisting of a man, his
wife, and his wife's sister. He has a little
shop, it may be a jeweler's, saddler's, shoe-
maker's, or what we call a store—no matter
which, since he earns enough to live com-
fortably, with the help of his wife and sister,
who are noted for their industry and econ-
omy. One would think they had nothing to
do but enjoy their own comforts, and aid
and pity those less favored than themselves.
But, instead of all this, they volunteer to
supervise all the sins, follies and short-comings
of their neighbors. The husband is not a
clever partner. He does his full share of
the low work of this gossiping trio. Go
to see them when you will, you may hear
the last news of every family within half a
mile. For example, as follows:

"Mr.—gave \$150 for his new wagon,
and he had no need of a new one; the old
one has not run more than two years."

"Mrs.—has got a new hired help, but
she won't stay long; its come and go there."

"Mrs.—had got a new gown at meeting
yesterday, which makes the fifth in less than
a year, and every one of her girls had new
ribbons on their bonnets; it is a good thing
to have rich friends, but, for my part, I had
rather wear my old ribbons."

"There goes Sam Bliss's people with a
barrel of flour; it was but yesterday she
was at the judge's, begging."

"None of the Widow Day's girls were
at meeting; but they can walk out as soon as
the sun is down."

This is but a specimen of the talk of
these unfortunate people, who seem to have
turned their homes into a common sewer,
through which all the sins and follies of the
neighborhood run. Have they minds and
hearts? Yes, but their minds have run to
waste, and there is some taint, I fear, at
their hearts.

The noted gossip, Miss—, makes a visit
in a town where she has been previously a
stranger. She divides her time among sev-
eral families; she is social and what is mis-
called agreeable, for she is perpetually talk-
ing of persons and things; she wins a too
easy confidence, and returns home with an
infinite store of family anecdotes. She
knows that Mr. and Mrs. So and So, who
are supposed to live happily, are really on
bad terms, and that he broke the hearts of
two other women before he married his
wife; she knows the particulars, but she has
promised not to tell. She has found out
that a certain family who, for ten years, have
been supposed to live very harmoniously with
a stepmother, are really bitterly wretched.
She has heard that Mr.—, who apparently
is in very flourishing circumstances, has
been on the brink of bankruptcy for the
last ten years—&c., &c. Could this woman
find nothing in visiting a new scene to ex-
cite her mind but such trumpery? We
have given you this example to show you
that the sin of gossiping pervades some
communities. This woman did not create
these stories; she heard them all, the indi-
viduals who told them to her little thinking
that they in turn would become the sub-
jects of similar remarks to the very persons
whose affairs they were communicating.

What would we think of persons who
went about collecting for exhibition samples
of the warts, wens and cancers with which
their fellow beings were afflicted? And
would not their employment be more hon-
orable, more humane, at least, than this gos-
sip-monger?

We have heard such talk as follows be-
tween ladies, wives and mothers, the wives
of educated men, and who were called edu-
cated women:

"Have you heard that Emma Ellis is go-
ing to Washington?"

"To Washington! How on earth can the
Ellises afford a winter in Washington?"

"Oh, you know they are not particular
about their debts, and they have six girls to
dispose of, and find rather a dull market
here."

"Have you heard the Newtons are going
to the country to live?"

"Bless me!—no! What's that for?"

"They say to educate their children; but
my dress-maker, Sally Smith, who works
for Mrs. Newton, says she is worn out with
dinner parties. He runs the house down
with company."

"Oh, I suspect they are obliged to go to
economise. You know she dresses her chil-
dren extravagantly. I saw Mary Newton at
the theatre, (she is not older than my
Grace) with a diamond forriens."

Diamond, was it? Julia told me it was an
aqua marine. The extravagance of some
people is shocking! I don't wonder the
men are out of patience. Don't tell it again,
because Ned Miller told me in confidence.
He actually has locked up all his wife's
worked pocket handkerchiefs. Well, what-
ever else my husband complains of, he can't
find fault with my extravagance."

Perhaps not; but faults far more heinous
than extravagance this poor woman had to
account for—the pernicious words for which
we must be brought into judgment.

I hope it may appear incredible to you,
my young friends, that women, half through
this short life, with a knowledge of their im-
mortal destiny, with a world without them

and a world within to explore and make ac-
quaintance with, the delightful interests and
solemn responsibilities of parents upon them,
should so dishonor God's good gift of the
tongue, should so waste their time and
social life. But be on your guard. If your
minds are not employed on higher objects,
and your hearts on better things, you will
talk idly about your friends and ac-
quaintances.

The habit of gossiping begins in youth.—
I once attended a society of young persons,
from thirteen to seventeen years of age,
who met for benevolent purposes.

"Is this reading or talking afternoon?"
asked one of the girls.

"Reading," replied the president; "and I
have brought Percy's Reliques of English
Poetry to read to you."

"Is not that light reading?" asked Julia
Ivers, "these are old ballads and songs."

"Yes, I suppose it would be called light
reading."

"Then I vote against it; mother don't ap-
prove of light reading."

Julia, who had the lightest of all minds,
and the most valuable of tongues, preferred
talking to any reading, and without loss of
time she began to a knot of girls, who too
much resembled her.

"Did you notice Matilda Smith last Sun-
day?"

"Yes, indeed; she had on a new silk
dress."

"That is the very thing I wanted to find
out, whether you were taken in with it. It
was nothing but her old sky-blue dyed."

"Can that be? Why, she has worn it ever
since she was thirteen. I wonder I did not
see the print of the tacks."

"I did," interposed another of the com-
mittee of investigation. "I took a good
look at it as she stood in the door. She
could not deceive me with aunt Sally's sky-
blue dyed black."

"I don't think Matilda would care
whether you were deceived or not," said
Mary Morris, the youngest member of the
society, coloring up to her eyes.

"Oh! I forgot, Mary," said Julia Ivers,
"that Matilda is your cousin."

"It is not because she is my cousin," re-
plied Mary.

"Well, what is it then?"

Mary's tears dropped on her work, but
she made no other reply. She had too
much delicacy to proclaim her cousin's good
deeds; and she did not tell her Matilda,
having a small sum of money, which was to
have been invested in a new silk gown, she
had instead to her aunt Sally, who was
sinking under a low indisposition, which her
physicist said might be removed by a jour-
ney.

It was, and we believe Matilda cared
little how much those girls gossiped about
her dyed frock.

Julia Ivers turned the conversation by
saying, "Don't you think it strange that
Mrs. Sanford let's Maria ride out with Wal-
ter Isbott?"

"Yes, indeed; and what is worse yet, ac-
cept presents from him."

"Why does she?" exclaimed Julia, staring
open her eyes, and taken quite aback by an-
other person knowing a bit of gossip which
had not reached her ears.

"Yes, she does; he brought her three el-
egant plants from New York, and she wears
a ring which he must have given her; for
you know the Sanfords could not afford to
buy such things; and, besides, they never do."

I have given but a specimen. Various
characters and circumstances were dis-
cussed, till the young gossips were inter-
rupted by a proposition from the president
that the name of the society should be
changed; "for," as she said, "the little char-
ities they did with their needles were a poor
offset against the uncharitableness of their
tongues."

There is a species of gossiping aggravated
by treachery, but, bad as this is, it is some-
times committed more from thoughtlessness
than malice. A girl is invited to pass
a day, a week or a month it may be, in a
family. Admitted to such an intimacy, she
may see and hear much that the family
would not wish to have reported. Circum-
stances often occur and remarks are made
from which no harm would come if they
were published to the world, provided what
went before and came after could likewise
be known, but, taken out of their connection,
they make a false impression. It is by re-
lating disjointed circumstances, and repeat-
ing fragments of conversations, that so
much mischief is done by those admitted
into the bosom of a family.

You know that, with the Arabs, partaking
salt is a pledge of fidelity, because the salt
is a symbol of hospitality. Show a sacred
gratitude for hospitality by never making
any disparaging remarks about those into
whose you are received. I know persons
who will say unblushingly, "I am sure that
Mr. So and So is not kind to his wife; I saw
enough to convince me of it when I staid
there." "Mrs. S. is very mean in her fam-
ily." "How do you know that?" I am sure
I ought to know, for I staid a month in her
house." "If you want to be convinced that
Mrs. L. has no government over her chil-
dren, go and stay there a week, as I did."

"The B's and their stepmother try to live
happily together, but, if you were in their
family as much as I am, you would see that
there is no love lost between them."

Now you perceive, my young friends, that
the very reason which should have sealed
this gossip's lips, she adduces as the ground
of your faith in her evil report.

I have dwelt long on this topic of gos-
siping, my young friends, because, as I said
before, I believe it to be a prevailing fault in
our young and social country. The only
sure mode of extirpating it is by the culti-
vation of your minds and the purification of
your hearts.

All kinds and degrees of gossiping are as
distasteful to an elevated character as gross
food is to a well trained appetite.

TO KEEP WORMS OUT OF DRIED FRUIT.—
It is said that a small quantity of saffron
bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free
from worms for years. The remedy is easi-
ly obtained in many localities, and is well
worthy an experiment, as it will not injure
the fruit in any manner, if it does not pre-
vent the nuisance.

A Wedding in the Clouds.

The famous balloon wedding, postponed
on account of illness of the bride, is to take
place on the first fine day of the coming
week, instead of to-morrow, as announced
by one of our contemporaries. The ceremony
will be performed by a Philadelphia
clergyman, who comes on expressly for the
purpose, in the presence of Rev. Henry
Ward Beecher, and other invited guests.

The preliminary arrangements are now
quite completed. A superb air belonging
to Professor Lowe has been newly furnished
with Brussels carpet, damask cushions, lace
curtains, and blue silk canopy, and will be
attached to the balloon, but whether the cere-
mony will be performed during the ascension,
or after the arrival in the clouds, we are
not informed.

The parties to the interesting event are
Professor Boynton, of Syracuse, and Miss
Jenkins, formerly of St. Louis. The sister
of the bride is an artist of decided talent,
and is only waiting for the wedding to take
place to take her departure for Italy. The
trousseau was prepared under the superin-
tendance of Mrs. Wintle, the well-known
modiste, and includes everything that is
recherche belonging to a lady's wardrobe.

The bridal costume is composed of asex-
of-roseo poplin, trimmed with velvet a shade
darker than the material, and velvet bot-
tons. Hat and basquine to match.

The bridesmaids' dresses are of lavender
moire, trimmed with point lace and illusion
puffed in. One of the bridesmaids is the
sister of the bride, the other the daughter
of the bridegroom. Between this young
lady and her stepmother there is only one
year of difference in age, and both are said
to be very handsome.

Lady readers may be interested to know
that the bridal outfit comprises beautifully
embroidered petticoats, both white and col-
ored, costly lingerie of every description,
and a large number of rich dresses. Among
others is one with white uncut velvet and
point lace. Also, a fine white silver grena-
dine, trimmed with white silk ruched and
puflings of illusion. A green moire an-
tique, out in the Lampadore style, and
trimmed with rich lace and bugles. A su-
perb blue gros grains, trimmed with new
Chantilly lace, designed in a border of leaves
and flowers.

A very heavy black silk with velvet orna-
ments embroidered in white silk and steel
beads.

A gored scarlet morning dress, ornamented
with velvet flowers, and a morning dress
of fine white nanook trimmed with six little
ruffles upon the skirt, and body made with
a tucked yoke and trimmed square with two
narrow ruffles.

There was also an elegant white hat with
a long veil of white silk blonde, very slight-
ly dotted with gold, and an opera cloak of
white cloth bordered with goats hair fringe.

A large assemblage may be expected to
witness the novel and curious entertainment
of a wedding in a balloon, and to wish the
happy couple all the joy which should be an-
ticipated from a union commenced under
such unusual auspices.—N. Y. World.

"I Don't Care."

Yes, you do, and there's no use in try-
ing to deceive yourself with the sophistry of
these words.

The best and noblest, the truest and
most generous part of your nature does
care for the unkind, cutting words you
have uttered to one you loved, in moments
of pique.

You may carry yourself ever so proudly,
defiantly; you may never drop by word
or look the dew of sweet healing on the
wound you have made in a nature so
proud, as sensitive and exacting as your
own; but, to your honor be it said, you are
better than your words, and away
down in your heart lurk shame and repen-
tance and sorrow for them.

You may carefully hide them both, and
in a little while they will be gone, for oh!
it is very easy to make one's self bitter,
and proud, and cold,—very hard to keep
one's self sweet, mellow and charitable,
but there must be some pain and some
struggling before you can do a mean, un-
generous thing to one who loves you, and
have your heart endorse your "I don't
care!"

And how often these words are uttered,
when conscience sternly refutes them; and
how they harden the heart, and keep the
feet in the way of evil.

Be careful, reader, when you say, "I
don't care!"

The Last Days of Palmerston.

The London Daily News says of Palm-
erston's last days:

Later in the gout had sadly troubled
him, but he was not suffering from that
when the fatal week began. It was from
an inflammatory attack of the bladder that
the Premier died. He was driving out on
Thursday last, near Brockton Hall,—he
had been warned to take great care of
himself, but, feeling over warm with the
precautions adopted, he imprudently ex-
posed himself to a chill, and returned to
the house in such a state that collapse en-
sued, and but for the presence of the phy-
sician it is possible that he would have
died within two hours. He recovered,
however, from that; but lay in his bed
very weak, and very much changed, for
the affection mounted to the ducts and
kidneys, and the secretions being sus-
pended, the blood was becoming poisoned.
Still his superb constitution gave hopes,
especially when the difficulty of respira-
tion became less, and on Tuesday after-
noon a favorable bulletin was issued; but
at night his condition suddenly grew
much worse, and it was soon apparent
that the end approached.

SMALL debts neglected ruin credit, and
when a man has lost that, he will find him-
self at the bottom of the hill he cannot as-
cend.

What is True Independence?

When Coleridge, in his younger days, was
offered a share in the well known London
journal, by which he could have made two
thousand pounds a year, provided he would
devote his time seriously to their interests,
he declined, making the reply, so often
praised for its disinterestedness, "I would
not give up the country and the lazy read-
ing of old follies for two thousand times two
thousand pounds; in short, beyond three
hundred and fifty pounds a year, I consider
money as a real evil."

There is an affection of independence of
which even greater minds are sometimes
guilty, and which often passes for the
genuine article. Of this character was Col-
eridge's conduct on that occasion. Unthink-
ing minds gave him credit for a noble disre-
gard of Mammon; said, sighing, that it was
a pity so few were like him, and prophesied
that the world would be a thousand fold
richer, because he went to the country, and
refused to drudge at the editorial oar.—
Alas! now his career is run, how plain to
see their error! The "lazy reading of
follies" led to laziness in everything else;
nay, to the worst form of laziness, the iden-
tification of mind and sense. De-
generating into an opium-eater, and a mere
purposeless theorizer, Coleridge wasted
time, talents and health; came to depend
in old age on the charity of others, and