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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A Portrait by One of His Cabinet, Hon. S. R. Mallory.

Men in commanding positions, and mingling much with the world, readily acquire ease and repose of manner, and a control more or less perfect over their emotions, and especially over all manifestations of surprise; and we are not unfrequently hear them say they are "surprised at nothing."

This important defensive armor is habitually worn by Mr. Davis. Where and when he acquired it, whether among his Indian friends on the frontier, or among Christian hypocrites, we know not, but he rarely goes without it. As Chief of the Confederate States he could listen to the announcement of defeat while expecting victory, or to a foreign despatch destructive of hopes long cherished, or to whispers that old friends were becoming cold and hostile, without exhibiting the slightest evidence beyond a change of color, a tall-talk which he could never entirely command; and yet his sensibilities are extremely acute.

Under such circumstances, his language temperate and bland, his voice calm and gentle, and his whole person at rest, he presented rather the appearance of a man wearied and worn by care and labor, listening to something that he knew all about, than of one receiving various disclosures, he fully understood and appreciated the evils resulting from hasty conclusions; and, guided by a stern conscientiousness, and schooled by long mental discipline, his irascible and excitable nature rarely led him into inconsiderate action. Like an elegant, polished, highly finished pistol, whose hair trigger responds to the slightest touch, he could be very readily fired, but he never went off half cocked. A lock, a word, nay, his own reflections, may cause his color to change, his eyes to flash, and his form to straighten up rigidly, but his lips remained compressed until judgment opened them.

He is usually regarded as a ready man, prompt in reaching conclusions, and to less prompt in acting upon them—an estimate of his character which is probably derived from his administration of the War Department under President Pierce, and disseminated by army people; and yet by all who have ever been associated with him in public affairs he is probably known to be singularly cautious, if not procrastinating in these respects.

As President of the Southern Confederacy, his zeal, industry and patience, in whatever he undertook, were conspicuous, but he neither labored with merit or celebrity himself, nor aided others to do so for him. Whatever engaged his attention, however unimportant, was thoroughly and critically examined; and while from his well understood habit, his opinion upon matters he investigated commanded great respect among his friends, they daily saw that affairs of moment were delayed, not only that he habitually understood more than that he could accomplish, but that much of his time was given to details.

Military life, in all its phases, had for him a peculiar charm; and military affairs, however minute, rarely failed to command his patient industry, whatever might be the claims of other matters upon it. No labors of the War Office were too small for his attention, and appointments and promotions of officers, questions of rank, military law and usages, routine, &c., very often engaged it, notwithstanding his entire confidence in the experience and judgment of the Adjutant General, Cooper, on all such subjects.

The amount of attention which he habitually bestowed upon details which are usually devolved upon subordinate officers, surprised all who were familiar with his habits; and his exalted sense of justice, and his desire not only to be right, but to so act as to render it impossible to be wrong, were as visible in these as in matters of the first importance.

Letters from afflicted mothers, relieving their hearts by telling him of the virtues of sons just fallen in battle; complaints of friendless soldiers, demanding of his hands justice for wrongs inflicted by those to authority; applications for pardon or commutation of sentences; petitions from wives for the release of conscripted husbands or from farmers for the restoration of impressed stock, were, in numerous instances, read, their merits carefully considered, and responded to by him; and when the applicant for justice was evidently friendless, he rarely lost sight of the case, or devolved its adjustment upon others.

A vast amount of such business, which might well have been referred for final action to some other officer, was by him personally attended to, and his own name was attached to the orders and decisions.

whether they found him at his office, or in the midst of his family, they were heard patiently and answered kindly. With such habits, combined and methodical labor with him was impracticable, though he worked unceasingly.

His Cabinet officers were in the habit individually, or conferring with him almost daily, and he usually assembled them two or three times a week for consultation. These meetings occupied from two to five hours, longer than was required by the thorough examination and solution of the principles and chief features of current public measures and business; but from his tendency to digress on to side ways from the chief points to epistolical questions, the amount of business accomplished bore but little to the time consumed; and not infrequently a Cabinet meeting would exhaust four or five hours without accomplishing anything, while the table of every chief of a Department was covered with papers demanding his attention.

If to Mr. Davis's unyielding will and energy, his truth and justice, his knowledge of men and of public affairs, his patience and industry, his analytical mind and comprehensive judgment, were united the business habits of an active merchant or commercial law advocate, his ability and usefulness as the chief of a great enterprise or the head of a people would find few parallels in history.

Whether with his peculiar mental and moral combination, his absorbing desire to attain an exact fitness, consistency and correspondence in all that he attempts, his disposition to analyze and exhaust, not only the probable, but the possible arguments upon subjects under consideration, any other training than that which he received, could have taught him the just value and economy of time, as an element in the affairs of this age, we are not prepared to say; but, certain it is, that the discipline of West Point, his transfer thence to the Indian frontier, his plantation, political and congressional life, were not the best training for the purpose. So well was his habit with regard to time understood in Richmond that punctuality in meeting was rarely expected from his engagements.

Though apparently cold and exclusive, Mr. Davis is naturally genial and sympathetic; and new men prove more attractive to society. No man delights more to relieve his burdened heart and mind by pleasant conversation upon general subjects, a taste which the exclusion of a Cabinet member, and the presence of trusted friends prompts him frequently to gratify; and upon such occasions, aided by the inspiration of a good cigar rambling over other fields than those of public affairs, his conversation and manner were extremely engaging. His extensive reading and retentive memory, his accurate observation and acquaintance with distinguished or noted men, his knowledge of life, from the backwoodsman's hut to the halls of Senates and Cabinets, were never at fault for striking illustrations of every subject presented. Experiences in the army, on the great plains, and in Mexico; life, civilized and savage, from the Indian's lodge to the salons of fashion; sympathy with the rich and great, had stored his mind with a vast fund of useful knowledge, sprightly information and amusing anecdote, which a genial nature, a ready perception of humor, rare powers of imitation, and a voice full of pleasant inflections, so presented that few could be in his society at such times without deriving pleasure and information.

He is a good judge of men; and, from indications which often escape the observation of others, he frequently discerns the general designs of those with whom he is brought into contact before they have time to become reserved. His knowledge of the habits of men in different walks of life, their modes of thought and expression, and peculiarity of language, is remarkable; and enables him to bring himself at once to the level of those with whom he converses, to use their own familiar phrases and figures, and to be thoroughly with them—a species of flattery which gratifies, and is apt to make men communicative. In conversation with an intelligent English gentleman upon the history, laws, literature, constitution or public men of Great Britain, the purity, and elegance of his language, no less than the accuracy and extent of his information, never failed to surprise; while the most reared in any Western or Southern State, upon the frontier or upon the Mississippi, were surprised to talk with him, not only because his knowledge was equal to their own upon their favorite topics, but because his language, his images and metaphors were such as they had never before associated with.

Mr. Davis's relations with the members of Congress from and after the first year of the war were not what the interests of the country required. Details upon this subject we will not give; but in justice to him, it is proper to say that if coldness, misunderstandings, or misrepresentations frequently followed his intercourse with them, it was not because he was not ardently urging the prosecution of the war with the utmost vigor. In a body so large as that composing both houses of Congress, there were, of course, some men with whom public was subordinated to private interest; and some whose zeal for the public welfare was mingled with selfish considerations. A wound to their self-esteem told upon their action in this respect towards them, real or imaginary, were seen in their votes and speeches.

His business office, and the one in which he assembled his Cabinet, was a small room in the Treasury at Richmond, not exceeding twenty-four by eight feet in length and breadth, furnished with a plain writing table a few chairs, and its wall covered with maps. A messenger at the closed door received and delivered the cards or messages of visitors; and immediately opposite this door, and only some six feet from it, was the office of the four gentlemen composing his personal staff, whose intercourse with him was unrestricted, and one or two of whom were always in attendance. A portion of every morning was given to visitors, and many called by special appointment at other hours. To all who came upon public business, to increase the army, create supplies, or to advance the success of the war, he listened with attention and was ever ready to receive their views; but the proportion of these to the number who came with personal or selfish objects, or with "axes to grind," was small; and towards these his patience was frequently irrepres-

ible. Men of high official positions, compelled to listen to all who may choose to call upon them, very soon discover that, not only a self-interest is too often the object of those who crowd their reception rooms to the delay of the public business, but that in their eager pursuit of it, impatient ignorance and conceit are but thinly disguised under pretensions of patriotism. A few years of such experiences of human nature impress a peculiar stamp upon a man's feelings and demeanor in his intercourse with his fellows; and, however unsuspecting and sympathetic may have been his nature upon the assumption of his office, he leaves it with his estimate of mankind materially changed; and he detects himself suspecting a "cloak," and peering about for the "axe" whenever "patrons" approach him.

Mr. Davis's manner of receiving visitors at times showed that he had had much experience in public office. Few men could be more challengingly, frequently cold.

Those who came without special appointment, usually found him engaged with a mass of manuscript papers before him, telling as plainly of his occupation as his formal and sea-sawing countenance did of the importance of his time and his sense of its interruption. There was no waste of words, no ignoring of his pre-occupation, few generalities; and, in spite of any amount of self-conceit, sensible men soon felt they knew not exactly why or how, that it was wrong to engage his time if they could, while he bore were convinced that they could not engage it, they would, and their stay was generally brief, his face yielding its only approach to a smile when he saw them depart.

I have said that his relations with members of Congress were not what they should have been. Toward them as toward the world generally, he wore his personal opinions very openly. Position and opportunity presented him every means of cultivating personal good will of members by little acts of attention, courtesy or deference which no man, however high his position, who has to work by means of his fellows, can dispense with. Great minds can in spite of the absence of these demonstrations towards them as a leader, may, in the face of neglect or apparent contempt on a steadily and bravely, with a single eye to the public welfare, but the number of these in comparison to those who are more or less governed by personal considerations in the discharge of their public duties, is small. While he was ever frank and cordial to his friends, and to all whom he believed to be patriotic heart and soul in the cause of Southern independence, he would not and would not have accorded a smile, an inspection of the papers, or a demonstration of respect to any man who was in any way connected with the Federal Government.

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al standard. By members of Congress who had to see him on business his manner to or reception of them was frequently complained of, and pronounced ungracious or irritable. They frequently in their anxiety amidst public disaster, called upon him to urge plans, suggestions, or views on the conduct of the war, or for the attainment of peace, and often pressed matters upon him which he alone was responsible.

Often in such cases, though he listened to all they had to say, why, for example, some man should be made a Brigadier, Major, or Lieut. General or placed at the head of an army; and in return, calmly and precisely stated his reasons against the measures, he rarely satisfied or convinced them, simply because in his manner and language combined there was just an indelible something which offended their self-esteem, and left their judgment room to find fault with him. Some of his best friends left him at times with feelings bordering closely upon anger from this cause, and with a determination, hastily formed of calling no more upon him; and some of the most sensible, prudent, calm and patriotic men of both houses, were alienated from him more or less from this cause. The counsel of judicious friends upon this subject, and as to a more unrestrained intercourse between him and the members of the Senate and House was vainly exerted. His family, fearless, true and noble nature turned from what to him wore the faintest approach to seeking popularity; he scorned to believe it necessary to coax men to do their duty in the then condition of their country.

His hair and eyebrows were white, his cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated Avarice. As he sat up in the bed with his neck bared, and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there his life was centered in the dollar which he gripped in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat by the table, pen in hand, and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

Do you think he'll make a will? asked the son.

"Hardly," *romans mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be lucid after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had I not better send for a preacher?" She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eyes was a rich man. He owned palaces in Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this state; copper mines on the lake some where; he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the record of twenty banks; he owned stocks of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay.

He knew but one virtue, to get money.

That he had never forgiven, this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

THE DYING MISER.

They brought him a dollar. He took it, and clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed post, and then gazed on it long and intently with his dull leaden eye.

That day in the hurry of business, Death had struck him even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of a miserable court, where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels; and he was there with the hand-book in his hand, when death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his squalid mansion. He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations, and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke. He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him and, lean and gaunt, he sat up in the bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on the table near the silken bed and lofty ceiling all said, Gold! as plain as human lips can say it.

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To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation, these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man; his name was upon the silver plate upon the powder door of a velvet cushioned chair. He was a benevolent man; he owned a thousand dollars which he wrung from the tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heels, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was just man; the gallows and the jail always found him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man; see! as he sits upon the bed of death, with a dollar in his clenched hand.

Oh holy dollar, object of his life long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

king the hand which clenched the dollar at the preachers head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why why?"

The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted.

"And it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare? what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and you preached to us, and never said one word about the camel."

The preacher in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and in his confusion came to this passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is kankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; you have heaped treasure together for the last days. Before, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth!"

"And yet you never preached that to me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher who had blundered through the passage from James which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was, perchance, terrified by the very dying look of his dying parishioner. Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son who had been reading the will attempted a word or two of consolation.

And with the dollar in his hand he said to death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mines, and of camels of tenant and of debtor, until the breath left his lips. Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such a charitable society which had been suggested upon the preacher's Church.

And his wife closed his eyes and Arthur had seen in the shop. After having rolled it up carefully, and then unrolled it again several times, to try how it would cut, and see how it looked, the paper cutter was at last hidden, so that their father should not see it till the next day.

"Tell me Arthur, why are you so anxious to give father a New Year's gift," said Bessie.

"What a question, sister! I am sure it would be strange if I should not wish to do so, after all his kindness to me. I want to show love in some way, and his he not done more for me during the year than any one else?"

"Not more than any one else, for though father has been very kind to us during the year, there is one who deserves more of our love than even he. One has kept us in health throughout the year, when so many have been laid in the grave. One who has bestowed upon us the choicest or blessings, and to crown all other gifts, has allowed us at last a glorious home in heaven. Can my brother, when thinking of all this, sleep peacefully on the last night of the old year with no gift for his Heavenly Father?"

There was silence for a moment, and then Arthur said, "Yes I know God has done more for me than any one else; but what is there, sister, that I can give God, when every thing in the world belongs to him?"

Bessie did not speak, but taking a Bible from the table, found a verse and Arthur bending over, read, "My son, give me thine heart."

It was not the first time Arthur had seen these words; but never had they impressed him as when, on that last night of the old year, he thought of his happy home, loving friends, the many joys of the year that had passed, and then of the little he had done for God, who had done so much for him.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Before the library fire, almost hidden in the great arm-chair, Arthur Lee sat thinking on the last day of the old year, wondering what New Year's gift he should purchase for his father. "I'll buy a new inkstand," that will be just the present for father," and springing from his seat, Arthur put on his cap and overcoat, and after emptying his purse upon the table, so as to be certain that his halberd had not slipped away from his purse, he left the house, feeling almost rich enough to buy his father any present he might desire, and smiling as he recollected the time—not very long ago either—when a six pence seemed such an immense sum to spend at no.

It had begun to grow dark, and Arthur hastened on till a brightly lighted shop was reached, where he felt certain the best inkstands could be obtained, and in a few minutes he stood before a case containing the desired article in great variety. "This one is five shillings, and that three," said the shopman. Arthur's half-crown, which had appeared such a large sum, seemed suddenly to have grown very small, and he asked if they had any lower priced ones; but when some were shown him just like those the boys use at school, he left the place feeling greatly disappointed.

Tea was upon the table upon his return, and he had no opportunity of consulting with his sister as to what had best be done for several hours. When his father left the room, the door had scarcely been closed before Arthur commenced his story. Bessie sympathized most kindly in her brother's disappointment. After thinking a short time, she asked, "Do you remember, Arthur, what father broke a few nights ago?"

Arthur thought for a moment, and then exclaimed, "You mean the paper cutter, and I can buy him a new one. I will run out and buy one now before the shops close. It will take but a few minutes, sister." Arthur returned with a paper cutter, which did suit their father exactly, although had been suggested upon the preacher's Church.

And his wife closed his eyes and Arthur had seen in the shop. After having rolled it up carefully, and then unrolled it again several times, to try how it would cut, and see how it looked, the paper cutter was at last hidden, so that their father should not see it till the next day.

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A RICH BEGGAR DIES COUNTING HIS WEALTH.

We learn from General Miller, one of the members of the Board of Supervisors, the particulars of the death of a rich beggar in the village of Greenbush, named Frederick W. Rowell, which exceeds in dramatic interest anything we have read in a long time. Rowell came to Greenbush a few weeks ago clothed in rags, thin, emaciated, and apparently half starved, looking the very picture of poverty and wretchedness. His appearance was enough to excite the sympathy and charity of every beholder. He was an old man, bent wide age, his hair whitened with the frosts of many winters; sorrow, poverty and misery had evidently been his companions through life. The miserable wretch secured a room in a tenement house in the village, and was there attended for a time by a charitable lady who brought him food and otherwise ministered to his wants. Almost every day the old man would beg in the streets, and with such good fortune that as often as he sought alms he returned to his hotel with well filled pockets. Nothing was known by the old villagers of the history of the old beggar, but it was supposed by all that he was what he seemed, and to relieve the distress of their fellow creature was believed to be their highest duty. But little more than a week ago, the old man disappeared, the door of his room was fastened, and even the kind lady who had given him food knew nothing of his whereabouts.

Thus matters went on till Sabbath evening, when the landlord who had allowed Rowell to occupy a room in his tenement concluded to burst open the door little supposing that in doing so he would come upon the corpse of the beggar. But such was the case. Stretched at full length upon a little pallet of straw lay the dead body of the old man. He had been dead apparently more than a week. In his bony fingers he held a book, showing a deposit of \$700 in banks at North Adams and Pitts field, while two fifty-dollar bills served as a pillow for his head, and deeds of property in Pittsfield and Government bonds to a considerable amount were lying upon the floor beside him. The ghastly, repulsive features, the tattered habit of the miser, and the wealth for which he bared his soul lying around, formed a picture which not even the mimic scenes of the stage could rival in intense dramatic force. The news passed rapidly from mouth to mouth and large numbers visited the apartment to gaze upon the dead miser surrounded by his wealth. But, as if in mockery of the life he led, the money left by the old wretch secured him a decent burial; and he went down to the grave attired more respectably than he had ever been alive. Kind hands forgetful of the past, laid him tenderly in the tomb, there to sleep in oblivion until the great trumpet shall sound, and he shall then learn whether the treasures of earth are counted among the treasures of Heaven.—*New York Times.*

With Nothing to Do.—What an anomaly in creation is a human being with nothing to do. The most insignificant object in nature becomes to him or her a source of envy; the birds sing in an ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower hidden from all eyes sends forth its fragrance of happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life glances forth in harmonious work. Oh, plants! oh, streams! here in man and woman are powers we never dreamed of—facilities, divine, eternal; a hand to think; but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a hand to do, but no work done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured in the desert. Oh, birds and flowers! ye are gods in such mockery of life as this.

NEWS SUMMARY

The Astor library contains 185,000 volumes, 4,000 of which were added last year.

The salt mines in Croasow have been worked for about 900 years. The greatest depth attained is 1,783 feet.

The immigration from Germany last year increased less than usual. That from Ireland decreased three thousand, and from England two thousand.

The Germans, it is stated, are beginning to print their books in Roman type. This found much clearer and less trying to the eyes than German characters.

The woman who dressed Queen Victoria's baby when she was born has been liberated after confinement for that period in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The Great Trade of Dundee, now employs 300,000 spindles, and produces 300,000,000 yards of cotton goods, and produces 300,000,000 yards of cotton goods.

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