

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1868.

NUMBER 4.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES! TO CASH BUYERS! AT THE EBENSBURG HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Choking, Parlor and Dining Room Stoves*, of the most popular kinds. The name of every description of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kinds, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Tea and Pocket Knives in great variety, *Saddles, Shoes, Boots and Gaiters*, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Borng Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vices, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Saws, Rakes, Forks, Slight Holes, Shoe Lasts, Wax, Waxes and Candles, Winged, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gages and Measures, Lumber Sinks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c. Oil Stone Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing, *Woolens and Sundry Ware* of all kinds; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Lined Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Galsolvar, Paints, Varnish, &c. Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrup, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Ham, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley, Soap, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS of all kinds; White Wash, Sewing Machine, Linings, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cord and Mattress Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

House Specialty made, painted and put up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying in wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY,
Ebensburg, Feb. 20, 1868.

ANOTHER NEW WRINKLE! BOOTS AND SHOES FOR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES.

In addition to his large stock of the best Eastern made Boots and Shoes, the subscriber has just added to his assortment a full and complete invoice of the best Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths, which he will not only warrant to be superior to any goods of the kind now being offered in this market, but vastly better in every respect than the cheap stock with which the country is flooded. Remember that I offer no article for sale which I do not guarantee to be regular custom made, of the best material and superior finish, and while I do not pretend to compete in price with the dealers in auction goods, I know that I can furnish BOOTS, SHOES, &c., that will give more service for less money than any other dealer in this community, and I pledge myself to repair, free of charge, any article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable use. Everybody is respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and learn my prices.

The subscriber is also prepared to manufacture to order any and all work in his line, of the very best material and workmanship, and at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained elsewhere. *English Gaiters*, *Cambric Gaiters*, *Moore's* and all other kinds of Leather constantly on hand.

Store on Main street, next door to Crawford's Hotel.

JOHN D. THOMAS,
Ebensburg, Sept. 29, 1867.

SECURE THE SHADOW OF THE SUBSTANCE FADES. PICTURES FOR THE MILLION.

Having located in Ebensburg, I would respectfully inform the public that I am prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS in every style of the art, from the smallest card picture to the largest sized for framing. Pictures taken in any kind of weather.

PHOTOGRAPHS PAINTED IN OIL, INDIAN AND WATER COLORS.

Every attention given to the taking of Children's pictures in clear weather only. Special attention is invited to my stock of large PICTURE FRAMES and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, which I will sell cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in town. Copying and Enlarging done on reasonable terms. I ask comparison and defy competition.

Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. Gallery on Julian street, two doors south of Town Hall.

T. T. SPENCE, Photographer.
Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

JOSEPH ZOLNER HAS just opened, and offers for sale lower than they can be bought elsewhere, a splendid lot of CLOCKS, fine WATCHES of every description, ACCORDIONS, JEWELRY, and a variety of articles in the line of Repairing of Clocks, Watches, and all kinds of Jewelry, done on short notice and most reasonable terms. All work warranted. Call at his shop, High street, opposite Public School House, Ebensburg, [Sep. 5, '67]

CURTAIN FIXTURE!

Has no superior in the World!
It is pronounced faultless by all who have used it, and it is predicted that it will supersede all other Curtain Fixtures now in use. For sale by
GEO. HUNTLEY.

12 DOZ. WOODEN BETTER BOWTS just received and for sale low for cash. Feb. 20, 1868. GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL STATE REPORT OF THE PROTECTION MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAMBERIA COUNTY, PA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Amount property insured in 1867 | \$388,390 64 |
| 1868 | 75,737 68 |
| 1869 | 464,117 70 |
| Deduct amt. property insured in 1867 | 16,906 93 |
| 1868 | 447,910 77 |
| 1869 | 27,265 68 |
| Deduct amt. notes cancelled and expired since last report | 9,133 39 |
| 1867 | 46,419 07 |
| 1868 | 3,172 40 |
| 1869 | 48,246 67 |
| Total number in force | 475 |
| Bal. in Treas. Jan. 13, 1867 | \$ 442 24 |
| Percent. on premiums collected since 1867 annual report | 672 89 |
| To amt. assessment No. 2 | 1,785 24 |
| 1868 | 2,850 57 |
| Compensation officers & agents past year | \$206 02 |
| Incidental expenses past year | 94 58 |
| By amt. pd. David Creel | 239 74 |
| By amt. pd. Robert Edwards | 1,200 00 |
| By amt. pd. F. P. Tierney | 200 00 |
| 1869 | 1,931 34 |
| Bal. in hands of Treas. and Agts. 1869 | 919 23 |
| Officers for ensuing year: | |
| President | John Williams |
| Secretary and Treasurer | R. J. Lloyd |
| Executive Committee | J. Roberts, J. Crawford, J. M. Lloyd, J. M. Roberts, E. Evans, E. Roberts, E. Evans |
| Agents | J. M. Roberts, E. Evans, E. Roberts, E. Evans |
| Jan. 30, 1868. | R. J. LLOYD, Secy. |

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *F. F.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to be directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 27th day of February next, at 1 o'clock P. M.*, the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of James E. Lavery, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in *Sunapehanna* township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Williams, John Lavery, and others, containing 70 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected one and a half story plank house and log stable, now in the occupancy of the said James E. Lavery. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of *McMurray & Mitchell*.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Wm. R. Hughes, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in *Wilmers* borough, Cambria county, fronting sixty feet on Railroad street, and extending sixty feet to lot of George Wenderoth on the west and an alley on the east, having thereon erected a two story plank store and warehouse now in the occupancy of George Wenderoth and I. O. O. E. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of *Mrs. Alice Hughes*, of West Philadelphia.

JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 18, 1868.

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned, Executors of Jane Wherry, late of the Borough of Ebensburg, dec'd., will expose to sale by public outcry, at the Court House in said Borough, on *Saturday, the 22d day of February, 1868, at one o'clock P. M.*, all the right, title and interest of the said Jane Wherry, of, in and to LOT 77 in the Borough of Ebensburg, aforesaid, bounded on the south by *Sample* street, on the north by *Crawford* street, and west by *Phaney* st. Having thereon erected a Frame Dwelling House and Frame Stable, now occupied by *Lewis Rodgers*.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Replevin* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to be directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Monday, the 24th day of February next, at 1 o'clock P. M.*, the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of *Edward McGlade*, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in *Sunapehanna* township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of *Wm. R. Hughes*, heirs of *John Crum*, and others, containing 800 Acres, more or less, about 120 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and a one-and-a-half story Log House and Frame Barn, now in the occupancy of the said *Edward McGlade*. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of *Thomas A. Scott*. JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 6, 1868.

CAUTION.—Having loaned to the tenant farming my place, *Joseph Urban*, one Wagon, two Horses, and two sets Harness, all persons are hereby cautioned not to interfere with them, as I will protect my property at all hazards. JAMES MOOY, Jan. 20, 1868.

[BY REQUEST.] BABY IS KING.

A rose colored cradle, where nestled within Soft cambric and flannel—the pounds seven—
Is the throne of a tyrant: that pink little thing
Is an autocrat august—for Baby is King!
Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak
Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak;
Grandma is a martyr in habits and cap,
Which the monarch unscolds, as well as her nap.
Papa—wise and mighty—just home to the house,
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse
To stare at the bundle, then outward he goes
Like an elephant trying to walk on its toes.
The queen of the ball-room throws loyally down
Before him the roses she wore in her crown,
And sings little love songs of whom she loves best;
Zie cries, when she stops, like a merciless elf.
He sings right and left his saucy fat fat,
And then, the next moment, expects to be kissed;
He demands people's watches to batter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.
Then, falling to conquer, with passionate cry
He quivers his lip, keeps a tear in his eye,
And so wins the battle—this wise little thing!
He knows, the world over, that Baby is King!

THE JOHN BILLINGS PAPERS. SUM NATURAL HISTORY.

The ALLEGATOR is not a native of *Nu England*; he is too useless a critter to be born there.
He belongs down South, and resides in the same swamp that the copperhead does.
He lives upon raw egg, and don't hesitate to take them whole, if there don't happen to be a smaller one handy.
He is also fond of a little negro once in a while by way of a relish.
They are amphibious, and several other kinds of cuss tew plenty to men hunt.
What on earth they are good for I don't seem tew know, unless it is to watch for pigs.
Their hides can be tanned into leather, but they are az hard to skin az a beech tree iz; and the leather when tanned, iz just about as limber az a cooking stove.
But one pair of boots made out of alligator will last az long az a man's name does; the only way tew wear them out iz tew leave them away.
Alligator meat iz not luscious. If you ask for it at the first-class hotels they always tell you "that they are just out."
It tastes z a good th k the best of the molds would who had been worked forty years in a brick yard, and then been struck by lightning to get rid of him.
When the alligator's mouth iz wide open, his head iz just about the centre of his body; but they have one virtue I come very near forgetting—they make a very still noise, altho they have more jaw than enny critter I know of.
These are some of the heaviest facts I have been able tew gather about the alligator.
The alligator seems to be a second edition of the crocodile, made out of what was left.
I think the crocodile usually lays egg, when they want some crocodiles, but I don't know whether I think the alligator doz or don't, but if they do, and I ever find the nest, and the old fellow ain't on the nest, I shouldn't hesitate tew hatch out the eggs myself—with a knob.
This iz all I kno at present about the alligator.

The REX iz the smallest thing surrounded with feathers except the humming-bird.
He iz about the size of a horse chestnut.
He iz of a dark brown color, and builds his nest in hot holes, out of little bits of sticks.
He iz az gritty az a mud pie, and will fight a hen turkey.
Rens are little pirates; I have seen them drive a blue-bird out of his house, and set up business on his stick in trade.
They lay an egg about the size of a marrow-fat p, and hatch out at least a half a dozen children at a setting.
A young ren iz the funniest little package I ever see done up; they ain't much bigger, and look very like a small-sized semicolon.
Rens are long-lived, but if they should live tew be az old az Methuselah, they wouldn't be az big az a butter nut.
They live on the bug and worm family, and spend their winter south.
They are not profitable to eat—I would as soon dress a bumble bee, and one ren pot-pie would use up the whole breed.

The CROW.—Next to the monkey, the crow has the most dexterity to spare. They are born very wild, but can be tamed az easy az the goat kan, but a tame crow iz actually wuss than a sore thumb.
If there iz anything about the house that they kant get into, it iz because the thing ain't big enuf. I had rather watch a distrust skool than one tame crow. Crows live on what they can steal, and they will steal enny thing that stied tied down.
They are fond of meat vittles, and are

THE BABY'S JOURNAL. BY ETHEL LYNN.

I'm here, and if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very tannely world, and smells of pargoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world too, and makes me blink. I tell you, and I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens I'll holler. And the more pargoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled souf in it last night and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two day's old baby. Never mind when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby." That's me. I'm "Emeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.
No, I was mistaken; for a chap came in here just now, and wanted to see *Bob's* baby, and looked at me, and said "I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I'm brought to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Gemma." Emeline told me, and then she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said, "It was Gemma's baby, so it was." I declare I don't know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and may be I'll find out.
There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face? I feel so. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to. I wonder what Snuffy has in that big black bottle, and why she don't give Gemma's baby some.
Here's Bob; he's one of the people I belong to, you know. He kisses me and scratches me with his mouth—I don't wear a mustache myself. I like Gemma. She treats me like a gentleman, and parts my hair on the side; Snuffy parts it in the middle.
I'm a year old, and I've got a name. I'm Joe; and Uncle Joe gave me a silver cup this morning, but they won't let me have it to bang on the table. Grandma would give it to me in a minute, and I think some day when I catch her alone, I'll get it yet.
Cousin Lizzie is staying here. She is a nice girl, only she won't let me pull her hair; I think she might—such long, soft, yellow curls. She won't let Uncle Joe touch a curl either. He just lifted one up the other day, and she drew it away and bent over her head and kissed me ever so much, and Uncle Joe walked away.
I guess he was only trying to see if it was the same color as his mustache.
Oh! I've got the prettiest mamma; her eyes shine so bright, and her little hands are so soft. I declare I am proud of her.
Snuffy don't live here now; Annie takes care of me, and takes me out and we go to the park, and gentlemen with caps and a great many buttons on their coats talk to me a great deal, ask Annie how old I am and where I live. They are very polite to me; but I don't think it is quite right of Annie to keep my cap over my eyes so much, it is rather tedious.
I've had lots of toothache, and I've raised a few teeth; they'd come out as Gemma's do though. My pretty mamma tells me to show my teeth, and then I have to grin for everybody. I bit Bob's finger yesterday, but he didn't seem to mind it.
III
I've got short clothes on. Cousin Lizzie is teaching me to dance. Uncle Joe helps her too. When I am through my lessons, she catches me up and kisses me and then Uncle Joe kisses me too, right on the same spot. Isn't that queer?
Cousin Lizzie is going home soon; I'm sorry; so's Uncle Joe. I heard him tell her so, and then she stopped to tie my sleeve-ribbon, and grew very red in the face about it. That's funny too.
I've got a little sister. She looks pretty well for a girl. I remember when I did not look any better. I think I'll be good to her; but she must understand at first that she must mind her elder brother.
Cousin Lizzie has a new bright ring on her finger; I guess Uncle Joe gave it to her. She don't scold when he pulls her curls now.
Oh! ain't I glad I've got a Gemma? For Cousin Lizzie forgets me now sometimes and mamma Emeline is white and still. But Gemma don't forget—not she; and she ain't so taken up with the girl-baby that she can't remember a fellow who used to be a No. 1. She says my nose is out of joint, but it don't feel broken.
I don't want to be ugly, but I do hate to see the new baby in my place; and I hear them tell her that she is the dearest little dot that ever lived.
They used to tell me just so. And I

THE BASSY'S JOURNAL. BY ETHEL LYNN.

I knew it was a sorrowful world when I came, and that is why I cried. I've tried to-day to wake dear mamma, and I cannot. She will not speak to me, or move, or open her bright eyes. She does not even turn when the baby cries. Both her little hands are laid upon her breast, and are full of flowers. And Cousin Lizzie and Gemma are all in black frocks, and I've black ribbons on. And Bob sits by her with his head in his hands; and Uncle Joe cries as he stands beside them both, and lays his hand on his shoulder, and says, "God help brother." All the while the sun is shining in the streets, and the people go by as they always do. The canopy might know this was no time to sigh—when dear mamma will never wake again.
She held me in her arms last night, and kissed me, and said, "Good-by, little Joe." They tell me she has gone to heaven; but it is no comfort to me. I don't know where heaven is, or how to get there. I have looked up at the stars, but I liked the shine of mamma's eyes better. And I wanted her here. I must be good to the baby, and I mean to be; whatever happens, I'm going to stand by that baby.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Billy Smith is a carriage painter, and a genius in his way. One day while counterfeiting nature with a brush, his mind chanced to run on the subject of rotten eggs, and forthwith one of those interesting objects appeared on the board. It was represented as broken, and was so natural that an observer might fancy it caused a disagreeable odor. The picture remained there for some time—all who had occasion to go that way not caring to disturb a thing so forbidding to the delicate senses of the nasal protuberance. One day Squire M— saw it and applied his fingers to his nose. Billy saw him, and explained to him that it was merely paint. At first he would hardly believe it, but finally convinced, he offered Billy ten dollars to paint a similar one on his door step. The squire was something of a wag, and wished to see the effect produced on the ladies and gentlemen who had been invited to a party at his house that evening. Billy received the ten dollars, and promised to have the painting ready in time.
Evening arrived, and so did the ladies and gentlemen; and as each in succession passed over Billy's painting they elevated their feet and skirts, and applying their perfumed handkerchiefs to their noses, wondered if the squire was aware of the presence of that frightful thing on his door-step.
The party progressed, and the rotten egg was the subject of much remark. Squire M— heard and felt jolly over the success of his practical joke. When everybody was chatting at the table after supper, and not a f of them about the 'apparition' at the door, the squire arose, and uttering a preliminary 'hem!' said:
"I suppose you all saw that on my door step, didn't you?"
Everybody assented, some of the women uttered a little scream, and all of that sex fanned themselves vigorously. The squire resumed:
"I had that placed there to illustrate the power of imagination, as I'll show you, if you'll adjourn to the door."
All went.
"Now," said the squire, taking out his snowy pocket handkerchief, "you will see that this is not what you supposed it was, but merely a painting."
"And he pressed the handkerchief on the 'illustrated' spot, then raised it suddenly to his nose.
"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "it's a rotten egg, after all!"
Billy had taken the ten dollars and broken a *bona fide* rotten egg on the squire's door step.

CATS.—Some practical joker in Cincinnati advertised in one of the city papers that a certain merchant—giving his name and place of business—was in want of a cat, and that for a good one, ten dollars would be paid. The next morning the store was literally besieged by urchins with their arms full of—black cats, white cats, speckled cats, Thomas cats, ancient cats, juvenile cats, and every urchin demanding his ten dollars. Later in the day a distressed looking gentleman, covered with cats' hairs, presented himself at the office of the advertising paper, and with extreme indignation announced that he never owned a cat, never wanted a cat and devoutly hoped never again to see a cat. The publishers sympathized, and declared it was a cats-astrophe.

ONLY PEOPLE.—Particularly smooth and oily people bear watching. Beneath the tongue which is as glass, and the smile which is as the rose, there may lurk that which is of a quite different nature. Excess is always suspicious, and in speech and matter especially so. If you are puffed with words that have an unwonted sweetness, whether from man or woman, and you are pressed with uncommon solicitude, just at yourself on the defensive, until you comprehend the situation.

A PERSON was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family.
"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of his same family so *high* that their feet could not touch the ground."

[From the St. Paul Press, Feb. 2.] An Adventurous Trip—Overland from Alaska to St. Paul.

We had the pleasure of meeting yesterday a gentleman who has just reached the city, having been engaged since last August in making the perilous and adventurous overland trip from our new Russian American possessions.
The gentleman in question was one of the early employees of the Overland Telegraph Company, whose lines run through Russian America, thence across to Russia and St. Petersburg, and had been in the employ of the company that has since carried on the work. The company having suspended operations for a time, he came down to the Southern part of "Russian America," and going up "Portland Canal," the salt water inlet which forms its southern boundary, and ascending Nass River, given on some maps as Simpson River), started in August last on his overland trip.
By making a portage he was able to cross by means of a line of small lakes from the head waters of Simpson River to Fort McLeod, on the head waters of the Peace River proper; following this river, which flows along a beautiful valley through the Rocky Mountains, he descended in his canoe with his Indian guide to Devegau House. Here he went out of his way to visit Smoky River, so called from the burning peaks, the soil being a mass of earth mingled with asphaltum or petroleum.
Continuing his journey, sometimes in a canoe, sometimes on a horse, and sometimes on foot, he crossed to Lester Slave Lake, up the stream at its northern end, and thence by portage across to the Sacksatchewan, and down it to the Caribou House. Here the water courses were lit together, and our adventurous traveler continued his journey on horseback and in dog sleds to Fort Garry on the Red River, thence with dog sleds which carry the mail, to Fort Collins and Fort Abercrombie, and thence to this city, whence he intends to proceed to New York, whence he will shortly take the steamer for California.
One not accustomed to that mode of life can hardly imagine the difficulties, privations and dangers attending such a journey through a country, a large portion of which was inhabited only by the Indians, and dependent upon them for supplies of food for the traveler and guide, which were often obtained with the greatest difficulty.
Our adventurer was for a considerable length of time in the central portion of Russian America, or Alaska, having aided in clearing the route for the telegraph line, which starting from the terminus of other lines which run up from California, through Oregon and British Columbia to the southern boundary of our new possessions, thence has penetrated well up toward the interior. He is well posted as to the climate, the nature of the country and its capabilities, being a shrewd observer, and having a large fund of general knowledge.
It will be seen that on some of the late maps the Yucatan River is represented as flowing into the Arctic Ocean, while on others this is but a branch of a large river which flows into the Atlantic near Behring's Straits. The latter is correct, this river, which is called the Kitchipitsin (we don't claim to give the Russian spelling), being navigable for a thousand miles through the interior of this country.
The country contains plenty of timber, principally pine, hemlock and cedar, and also large quantities of coal, which the Indians burn in their lodges, it being similar to Pennsylvania coal. The land all along down the southern strip is well timbered, and has abundant streams which furnish the best of water powers. The lumber trade with California and Oregon seems destined to be an important one, as well as across to Asia, as it was a necessary to ship immense quantities of telegraph poles to the Pacific coast to supply the Asiatic end of the line.
Some portions of the country are dotted with numerous lakes and occasional marshes; others are richly supplied with minerals, which have heretofore not been worked—for two reasons, one being the difficulty of access, and the other that all other precious metals found, until the recent purchase, fell to the royal treasury.
Gardens are common, and fine vegetables are raised. The meteorological observations have been regularly kept for four years at Fort Yoncon, on the Yoncon River, about midway between the Pacific and Arctic Oceans, showing a temperature about the same as at Quebec or Montreal. The codfish near the island, along the coast, are unsurpassed, while the finest furs are wonderfully plenty and cheap, being bought for a trifle from the Indians in the interior.
Many and conflicting statements have already been published in regard to Alaska, which makes the description of one whose acquaintance with the country is the result of recent and personal observation, of special interest. We give his statements as they were furnished to us, withholding his name at his request, his position, and the business connected with his present trip rendering this desirable.

THE BASSY'S JOURNAL.

Ug jumps the devil, and looks very solemn, and sets two lines to fill this column.

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