

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, DECEMBER 28, 1854.

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## TERMS:

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## Select Poetry.

### THE OLD DOOR STONE.

FRANCIS D. GAGE, to whose pen we are indebted for the following beautiful poem, of the "Old Door Stone," has written much that the admirers of minstrelsy might applaud, and nothing that they can with any kind of propriety condemn. Those who are familiar with rural and pastoral life—that happy life that neither "town, nor over-burdened city" can afford, will find in the poem we copy, the reflex of a thousand beautiful scenes, which all ought to be capable of imagining, though few can describe. The author of the poem in question, has accomplished all that we could have desired.—N. Y. Times.

A song, a song for the old door stone,  
To every household dear;  
That hallowed spot, where joys and griefs,  
Were shared for many a year.  
When sank the sun to his daily rest,  
When the wild birds sang 'twas o'er,  
When the toll and care of the passing day  
Annoyed the heart no more;  
Then on that loved and time-worn spot  
We gathered one by one,  
And spent the social twilight hour  
Upon the old door stone.  
How sweet to me do memories come  
Of merry childhood's hours,  
When we sped blithely through the fields  
In search of budding flowers,  
Or gathered berries from the bush,  
Or bending greenwood tree,  
Or chased the light-winged butterfly  
With pealing shouts of glee;  
The freshest hour in memory's book  
Was spent at set of sun,  
My weary head on mother's knee,  
Upon the old door stone.  
That mother's face, that mother's form,  
Are given on my heart,  
And of life's holiest memories  
They form the dearest part;  
Her counsel and instructions given,  
Of friendship, love and truth,  
Have been my guardians and my guides,  
Through all the ways of youth;  
And yet I seem to hear again  
Each loved and treasured tone,  
When I in fancy sit me down,  
Upon the old door stone.  
Long years have passed since mother died,  
Yet she is with me still,  
Whether a toiler in the vale,  
Or a wanderer on the hill;  
Still with me at my morning care,  
Or evening's quiet rest,  
The guardian angel by my side,  
The kindest and the best.  
A mother now, I often strive  
To catch her thought and tone,  
For those who cluster round my knee,  
Upon my own door stone.  
And oft beneath those clustering vines  
Have kindred spirits met,  
And holy words breathed softly there—  
Vows all unbroken yet—  
And friendships formed and plans devised,  
And kindly pledges given,  
And sweet communions there began,  
Far reaching into Heaven!  
Oh! those who meet in love, "lang syne,"  
In life's wide paths are thrown,  
Yet many turn with longing heart,  
Back to the old door stone.  
Years have flown by since those bright days  
And all the world is changed,  
And some who loved most kindly then  
Are by the world estranged;  
Some fond hearts, too, then full of joy,  
Are cold and still this day!  
Forsaken plans and withered hopes  
Lie strewn o'er all the way,  
And strangers' feet tread those old halls  
Where pattered once our own,  
And spend the pleasant twilight hour  
Upon the old door stone.  
The old door stone, the clustering vine,  
Oh! may they long remain;  
And may the household band that's left  
Meet there but once again;  
Meet not to weep o'er pleasures past  
Or canvas joys to come—  
Meet to revive the sacred loves  
Once centered in that nook.  
A brother and a sister, gone;  
Our parents both are gone;  
Oh! it would be a saddened hour  
Upon that old door stone.

### War Daguerreotypy.

The historian may now break his tablets and throw away his pen—he is left entirely in the background, equipped and buried by the daguerreotypist. This enterprising body, employed now in the east, have already sent home to Paris more than four hundred pictures representing the acts and deeds of the army both on land and sea, under all aspects and circumstances, and with most mathematical precision. So far has this been carried that all the reports to the Minister of War are accompanied by daguerreotypy pictures of most remarkable beauty and precision.

## A Story from the German.

### THE HUNTSMAN! OR: SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

I have a tale to tell, with a true German flavor, of a huntsman of the olden time, and of the ringing of a shot in the recesses of a forest. It is a tale taken from the lips of the people, and it may be true. I have its kernel from a German writer, Edmund Hoefler.

From village to town, and back from town to village—no matter where—the narrow foot path runs at one end through smooth meadows, then descends into a wide hollow, of which the whole sweep is filled with a wood; but at the other end, the path runs through the standing corn. From village to town, or back from town to village, men, women, and children hurry through the wood. No trodden grass betrays feet that have been truant from the beaten path. Not far from the bottom of the hollow there is an open space in the dense forest, and the trees on one side stand apart as if at the entrance to a narrow avenue. But the avenue is no path now, if it ever were one. It is choked up with underwood, matted with brambles and wild vines, and the narrow footway strikes directly across the forest lawn of grass and flowers in the little open glade; there is no sign of wavering in any wayfarer—no turning aside to be detected.—There was assuredly another path here, for here there was set up a guide-post, useless for such purpose now, and overgrown with ivy; one of its three directing boards being destroyed, or having rotted off, it looks like a rude cross set up in the forest, and the peasants of the district—though they are by this time all good Protestants—look up at it with a prayerful ejaculation as they hurry by.

A party of English travellers dwelt for a few days in the adjacent town, and soon discovered that the grand old forest oaks were good to dine under. They knew generally that the place was sacred, and was believed to harbor spectres if not worse things. Before this generation was born, a lord of the castle had gone suddenly abroad, and his lady mother who remained at home had cursed the forest and permitted no wood to be felled, no labor to be done, in it. This curse the family kept up and except use of the necessary paths, the forest had been for almost a century untouched by man. It was the more luxuriant for that, and the smooth plot of grass in which the guinea-pot stood, with very broad boughs and blue sky above, were floor and ceiling, as it seemed, to the best of picnic dining-rooms.

Only their own servants went with the holiday makers, who had dined well and were dancing merrily when first the shadows on the turf perceptibly to lengthen. The few rustics who came to and fro upon the path, had, all day long, looked more or less aghast at their proceedings. The last who had passed by, even presumed to stop, and urge that they would return home before twilight closed. The wood, he said, is never safe for Christian men, and evil things lie yonder. His hand waved hurriedly towards ancient avenue, and he stepped on apace, for he had been venturesome in making any halt at all.

"Why there is a full moon to-night," said Clara Hough, one of the party; "the best of the picnic is to come. If any fairies should appear we'll join our dance with theirs and as for ghosts, I should like to see one! Is this one of their walking days? What says the calendar?"

"It is the feast of St. Egidius," said Mr. Eustace Wenn, who hoped, in time, to convert Miss Hough into Mrs. Wenn.

"St. Egidius' day is nothing in particular. Of course we shall go home by moonlight, but I vote for an adventure. Let us break open that pathway and find out the demon of the wood. Something of course lies yonder. Who joins the exploring party?"

Women and men too grow superstitious in the twilight, wise as they may be. There were no volunteers.

"My dear fellow," said the host, "join our next dance. The path you see is impervious." Mr. Wenn leapt among the trees and shout of back intelligence that it was easy with one pair of hands to cut away there even for a lady. "Then," said Miss Hough, following his lead, "by all means let us go."

"Let them alone," said the host, "they are lovers, and they would not thank us for our company."

The dance, therefore, was formed, and the young people went alone into the wood.

The green leaves, the gleams of sunset coloring, the twittering of birds above, the moss and flowers' underfoot, the pleasant exercise of fighting through such obstacles as thorns and tendrils offered, the young gentleman smoothing the way for the young lady, as he hoped to smooth her way on other paths when she was an older lady and they travelled over years of life that seemed to be before them—all such things made the little expedition as agreeable as might have been desired. There was another small break in the wood, and a broader avenue of smooth turf pierced the trees beyond it. Upon a hillock of large mossy stones that seemed at one time to have been assembled there together by an idle man, the lovers sat to rest and talk for five minutes or longer of their own affairs. The gentleman spoke most; the lady looked much downwards and trifled with her little foot among the moss upon one stone larger than the others. "Why, there is a great cross, and there are three unreadable letters scratched upon this stone!" said she. "The first, I imagine is a G. Let us go on, let us go on! This heap is a G. I think, like a grave. Or shall we go back? I have a dread upon me." But the way forward was easy and the sky was light, and to go on was to remain quietly together.

The young people went on with their hearts open to each other, impressive enough, and

quite as serious as they were happy. One or two fallen trees were the only difficulties in the way by which they reached a third and larger open space. Passing by a carved stone fountain, full of a dry growth of moss, they saw a decayed house with its outbuildings. The house was of gray stone, and seemed to lean against a slender round tower, bound with ivy to the topmost turret. There was a terrace before it with glass, and there were vestiges of flower-beds. Over the arched entrance-gate were set up three pairs of decaying antlers; into the wall at the side of it was fixed a rusty chain with an iron collar, to which there was yet attached the skeleton of a dog. All was silent, the light had set in; the birds were in their nests; and in the old house it was evident that no man lived. The door stood half open. The two entered.

Though uninhabited, the house was not unfurnished. Rusty guns and hunting knives hung on the walls, mouldering benches were in the outer hall; an inner room, of which the window was darkened by the foliage of an untrimmed vine, had two soiled cups upon its table and a rusty coffee-pot. There lay on a chair near it, a half-knitted stocking. Out of this room, a door led into a smaller chamber, full of hunters' tools, in which there was a bed still tumbled; and there was, among all the man's furniture in that room, a chest containing a woman's clothing and the clothes of little children. In the recess of the window a silver-cup was set up, as in the place of honor; and on a table by the bedside lay an old hunter's cap, a hymn-book, and a Bible. "The books," said the young Englishman, "will tell us who lived in this house." Opening the Bible, he read to his companion the household chronicle set down on its first leaf:

"1744. St. Bartholomew's Day. My father, Hans, Christoph, died. The lord count, who was present, made me his successor as head forester. Hans Conrad Ducker."

"1752. St. Fabian's Day. I married Gertrude Maria, peasant Steinfurt's daughter. Was on the above day, thirty-one years old, and my wife will be nineteen next St. Bridget's. My happiness is complete. May heaven bless our union!"

"1753. On the twelfth of July our first child born. He shall be called Hans Christoph. A cross follows and the remark, "Died at midnight on the first of January, anno 1755."

"1755. Annunciation Day. Our second son born. I am very glad. God bless him. He shall be called after my brother Peter Michael. A cross follows, and the note, "Died on St. Walpurgis, 1757."

"1758. St. Hubert's Day. Won the silver cup with a master shot. The lord count praised my shooting before all the gentlemen."

"1756. St. Anne's Day. A daughter born to me. Heaven bless her. She shall be called Gertrude Johanna."

"1756. St. Egidius' Day. My wife Gertrude Maria died of a spot in the wood. I will not curse her. God be a merciful judge to us both."

"1771. My lord the old count died on St. Valentine's Day. The young Lord Leonard Joseph Francis takes his place."

There was no more to read. One entry in the list excited exactly the same thought in the lovers. This man it was evident had killed his wife on St. Egidius' day; and they had on the same date, whispered their hearts' love over the murdered woman's grave. Then again, why did the old huntsman register his sons as born into household, but his daughter as born only to himself? These things the lovers noticed as they read the little chronicle; but they spoke only of the hunting cup, the marksmen's prize, still in the window, looked at it, and returned into the other chamber. Another door seemed to lead from it into other rooms. They walked in that direction, and the young man saw that they were following a trail of dark stains on the floor. He did not point them out to his companion. The door led to a narrow stair; perhaps the trail was there, but there was no light by which it could be seen. The stair led to a room that had been prettily furnished, and of which the window opened upon a broad terrace that swept back towards the wood.—The moon had just risen, and shone through this window. One pane had been broken, splinters of glass lay close under it. The table was overturned, a broken lamp was on the floor; also a book, handsomely bound, which seemed to have been ground under the heel, rather than trodden upon, by a strong man. The English lady stooped to pick it up, but as she did so she saw by the moonlight, stains upon the oaken boards, which made her suddenly recoil and lean, trembling, on her lover for support. They looked towards the sofa, an old piece of furniture covered with blue damask; upon it, too, there was a large dark stain, and over it the bright moon cast the shadows of the two young people. The shadow of a young man erect—the shadow of a young girl clinging to it, violently trembling.

"Look! look! Eustace," cried the girl, "those are not our shadows!"

"Indeed, love, they are."

"Did you not tell me this was St. Egidius' day?"

Both started, for there was a sudden flutter in the room, distinctly heard. The young man saw and pointed out that this was nothing supernatural. Beside an unpressed bed in one corner of the room, there were some more handsomely bound books upon a table; all in gilded red morocco covers. One of them lay open, and the evening breeze that entered through the broken pane of glass had touched some of its leaves.

"The lovers are a long time absent," whispered partners to each other, as they danced their last dance on the grass about the guide-post. "If they be lost in the wood, and we have to go a hunting for them, it will be a pretty midsummer night's dream." Shrill whistling and loud shouting soon grew to be the amusement of the company, and were

kept up until the missing pair appeared.—"But you do look as if you had been seeing ghosts," somebody said to them. "What are they like?"

"The nearest thing to a ghost that we have seen," said Mr. Wenn, "I seized and brought away with me. Here it is." He took a little book out of his pocket,—a book bound in red morocco, and beset with tarnished gilding—which he offered for the inspection of the company.

"Why, what fruit is this to bring out of an oak-wood?" cried mine host; "a corrupted French romance?"

The account brought home of the forest's deserted house, that had been at last seen by an English gentleman and lady, was in a day or two town news, and the story to which he belonged, had by that time been duly fitted to it. This is the story:

Conrad Ducker and his daughter one morning sat at breakfast, many many years ago.

"You are spoiling my coffee, Gertrude," said the forester, a stern-looking man; "your ideas are astray. You have been reading those detestable red books. You must get married; be a housewife, girl."

"Yes, yes. Peter from beyond the mountain came to ask for you this morning. A husband like that would be good luck for a princess."

"But I cannot leave you, father, and my heart is in the forest. I should not like marrying into the open land."

"One may breathe the more freely in the open land, girl; though for that I wouldn't leave the forest. Let it pass, Marry Gotfried Schluck who lives close by, and has gone down on his knees to you five times over."

"He has been married twice, father, and no man loves a second wife."

"Bah!" said the huntsman, scowling suddenly upon his daughter's face. "As you live, tell me the truth, Gertrude! What made you spoil my coffee?"

"Father!"

"What were your thoughts?"

"Nothing,—at least foolish,—I was thinking only of this stocking that I am about, because it is so difficult to match my colors well, I am tired of red and green."

The old man suddenly rose, and said, "The count will be here to-day or to-morrow, Gertrude."

The girl's cheeks flushed as she replied, "I know it."

"How girl, how?"

"Francis, father, brought me word he was to come on St. Egidius' day."

"Ay, does he so," murmured the forester, pacing the room, thoughtfully; "he comes on St. Egidius' day."

"I have made his bed," the girl said, "and lighted his fire. Arnold helped me. But Arnold does not treat me as a little girl now, father, and you!"

Again the old man stopped with a stern face before her to ask, "What were your thoughts then, Gertrude?"

"When, father?"

"When you spoiled my coffee."

"Oh father," she replied, sobbing, "you are too hard to me. You know this is Egidius' Day, and nineteen years ago my mother died, as you have set down in the Bible. And I thought how it was that she should die of a spot and you never speak of it, and you even forbid me to speak of it to others."

The fixed glow of the old man's eyes upon her checked the girl's utterance. Silently he turned to take from the wall his cap and gun, then returning to her, drew her towards him, and said, in a hoarse voice, "Hear me, child; I will believe you, and it shall well. Do not be eager for my ears. Why return to that? It lies deep, and the grass grows thick above it. There might come up with it stuff that would sting you—that would take away your sight and hearing. Only mind this. You think too much of—somebody who should be as far from you as the sun from the moon, from whom you should fly as the hare from the wild cat. I tell you girl, he is false. He would betray you as surely as to-morrow comes after to-day. If you have done already more than think of him, may God pity you, for—here the man's utterance was choked; his body was cold and damp—"You would be better with a millstone round your neck, under ten feet of water." He turned suddenly away, whistled to his dog, and left her.

Gertrude had never seen her father's gloom so terrible, but she soon found a girl's relief in tears. The forester went out into the wood, sat for a long time motionless upon a grave-like mound of stones under an oak-tree, his gun on his shoulder, his dog's nose thrust inquiringly beneath his arm. He sat there till twilight, and went slowly homeward when the moon was rising. From the terrace behind the house he by chance raised his eyes towards a lighted window in the corner of the tower. There was a light burning in the room, a fire crackling, and a young girl was weeping on a young man's shoulder.

"At last in my arms again, my own forest flower!"

"Lord Count, Lord Count!" said Gertrude, "let hope be at an end between us."

"But I am still your Leonard, and you are to be my little wife."

"My father frightens me; your mother will oppose you."

"My mother; yes. To avoid her anger we must wait. But your father?"

Lying on his shoulder she began to tell him all her fears, which he endeavored to allay with kisses. A flash and a loud report. Glass breaks, and the young nobleman is sprinkled with the blood of Gertrude. She can utter but a single cry before she lies upon the sofa, quite dead.

A few minutes afterwards, the old huntsman entered slowly, by the door. "Ducker! Ducker!" the count shouted in agony, "here is murder done! Your beautiful Gertrude shot!"

"Ay to be sure, she will not stir again," said Ducker. "It was a shot well aimed—through the centre of the heart."

The Count was bewildered at his coldness. "This is your Gertrude, father—my Gertrude!"

"Your highness' Gertrude! I thought she was only mine."

"He is mad," the Count cried. "Gertrude! beloved Gertrude! from whatever quarter the shot came, my vengeance on the assassin!"

"Whence the shot came," said Ducker; "I will show you." And he led him to the window. "It came from beside yonder pine tree. A man sat there who suspected mischief."

"Wretch! Madman! Take your hand from me! You have murdered your own daughter!"

"Take your hand also from me!" said Ducker; "I have powder and shot for your highness, if need be, in the other barrel.—Wait—with your hand off—while I tell an old story."

There was a Forester who loved a Countess. That he did secretly and without speaking, for he thought much of the difficulties in his way. However he was prudent, and all ended well, and no man was the wiser. But there was a Count who loved the wife of a Forester; and that ended not well. For when the Forester discovered it, he took that which belonged to him. And the Count had a Son, and the Forester a Daughter. The old man preached her many a lesson about rank, and frivolity, and betrayals; but she loved that son, and he pretended equal love for her. So thus—I took that which belonged to me."

"Miserable assassin!" cried the count.—"She was mine, mine, mine! You tell me of sin and of passion, but our hearts were before God; and our love was unspotted. We were betrothed; I would have married her."

The old man pointed to the body, and laughed aloud.

"Her? You should have said that to her lady mother at the castle yonder."

"No my mother?—the Countess?"

The young count, with ashen face, recoiled, and hurrying out, called to his servants, and spurred his horse home to the castle. His mother, the countess, heard all from him.—When she knew what the fierce huntsman had said, how dark a story he had told and what had been the end of it, her limbs became stiff with death; she spoke, only to pronounce her curse upon whatever foot stepped in that huntsman's den of crime—upon whatever man entered that wood to touch a stone of it. And then she died.

Hans Ducker carried his daughter down, and buried her among the flowers of his garden. Then, shouldering his gun he went out of the house; and, except when he spoke a word to Peter beyond the mountains, never was seen more. The howlings of a dog were heard for a few days in the wood; they became weaker and weaker, until all was still. And from that hour the stillness was unbroken.

This coinage was in 1849, \$9,007,761

1850, 31,981,738

1851, 62,614,492

1852, 86,816,187

1853, 46,998,045

1854, (estimated,) 42,000,000

Total coinage, \$249,349,123

As these figures make the sum total of all the gold coined at the mint, and a portion of it is known to have been obtained from other sources than California, the credit will rather be in excess than too small, but still we propose to add to this amount twenty millions more, as an allowance for unmined gold sold to workers in jewelry and plate, and which has been consumed in the arts. The statement will then stand thus—

To labor and outfits, \$450,000,000

Credit by product of gold coin and nature, 269,349,223

Dr. balance, \$180,650,877

This shows there is a balance due us in lost labor and capital of over one hundred and eighty millions of dollars.

Wisconsin.

The exports from Milwaukee alone, this year, will reach the large sum of \$5,000,000.

The aggregate exports of the State of Wisconsin, during the same period, will reach \$10,000,000. The Milwaukee Sentinel says it is assured that the value of the lumber which has come down the Wisconsin river this year, is \$1,068,500. At least as much more, we presume, has come down the streams north of the Wisconsin. As to the lead, the quantity exported in 1852 from Galena, was thirty-six thousand pounds, valued at one million four hundred thousand dollars, and nine-tenths of this came from Wisconsin. The product has not decreased, while the price has largely increased this year; so that we think full two millions' worth of the mineral has been shipped from Western Wisconsin during the current season. Upon all these points, however, we hope to obtain and publish full and accurate statistics during the winter. Meantime, it is safe to say, and something to boast of, that Wisconsin, a six year old State, with a population estimated at 450,000, has this year exported of her surplus not less than ten millions of dollars worth of grain, lumber and provisions.

Australia.

In Australia complaints are made of the reckless and continuous shipment of goods from England. The gold returns were steady and large. As compared with the corresponding period of last year, the amounts brought into Melbourne by escort from the 1st of July to the 10th of September were 41,622 ounces, against 464,410 in 1853; but, as the quantities brought by hand were much larger than formerly, the actual total, it is believed, would show a considerable augmentation.

tion to them offensive to the Great Spirit, and directed and controlled his action and made him the victim of their avarice.

"Such influences are believed to be as formidable and more unscrupulous than at any former period of our history; and when we add to them the train of ever-recurring and never-ending difficulties that beset the weaker, in the battle of life with the strongest race, we perceive, in the present condition of the red man and the dangers that encompass him, additional motives to call into active exercises in his behalf all the energies of the benevolent and good of the land.

"As a Christian Government and people, our obligations and duties are of the highest and holiest character, and we are accountable to the Maker of all men for the manner in which we discharge them. Having faithfully employed all the means placed within our reach to improve the Indian race and preserve it from extinction, we can, with a good conscience and strong faith, leave the issue in the hands of our Common Father."

Debtor and Creditor.

After the close of the Mexican war and the cession of treaty to us of Upper California, the world was astonished by the announcement, toward the close of 1848 or the beginning of 1849, that immense deposits of gold had been discovered in that country. As soon as the truth of this report was established, vast numbers of persons, young and old, flocked to that country. There was a perfect stampede of people from every State in the Union. Property was sacrificed to raise money with which to reach this El Dorado, where fortunes for all were supposed to be awaiting the mere effort to gather them. The Louisville Journal presents some interesting figures to determine, if possible, the question as to whether the old States are debtors to California for her gold, or California debtor to the old States for her operatives and products. It is supposed that from 1849 to 1854, inclusive, there has been an average of 150,000 persons, who have been during that time either in California or on their way going or returning. The time is six years for 150,000 persons, or one year for 900,000 persons.

Now if we estimate the average value of this labor at \$25 per month each, or \$300 per year, we have (\$270,000,000) two hundred and seventy millions of dollars as the value of the labor taken from the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains and placed on its western side. In addition to this, it cost on an average \$200 per head as the expenses of removal from one country to another. This makes (\$180,000,000) one hundred and eighty millions of dollars as the cost of removal. The sums together make the sum total of (\$450,000,000) four hundred and fifty millions of dollars drained from the eastern side of the United States. To ascertain the amount of the gold obtained from that country, we propose to take the gold coinage of the mint.

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