

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEW OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE SHED UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, OCTOBER 31, 1855.

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## TERMS:

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## REPORT OF DR. KANE.

The following is the official report of Dr. Kane, commanding second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, to the Secretary of the Navy:

"Our little party have returned in health and safety."

"We reached the Danish settlements of Upernivik on the 6th of August, after an exposing travel of thirteen hundred miles. During this journey, which embraced alternate zones of ice and water, we transported our boats by sledges, and sustained ourselves in animal food exclusively by our guns. We entered port after eighty-four days exposure in the open air."

"I have the honor to subjoin a hurried outline of our operations and results in advance of more detailed communications."

"My previous despatches make the department acquainted with our arrival at the northern settlements of Greenland. Thence I crossed Melville bay without accident, and Smith's Sound on the 8th of August, 1853. Finding Cape Hatherton, the seat of my intended beacon, shut out from the sound by the more prominent headland of Littleton Island, I selected this latter spot for my Cairn, erecting a flag-staff, and depositing despatches."

"To the north the ice presented a drifting pack of the heaviest description, the actions of hummocking having in some instances reared barricades of sixty feet in height. In my efforts to penetrate this drift, being driven back and nearly beset in the pack, I determined (as the only means of continuing the search) to attempt a passage along the land where the rapid tides (here of 12 to 16 feet rise and fall) had worn a precarious opening. Previous to this responsible step, a depot of provisions with a metallic life-boat (Francis) was carefully concealed in a large inlet in latitude 78 deg. 26 min."

"The extreme strength of the Advance enabled her to sustain this trying navigation. Although aground at the fall of the tide, and twice upon her beam-ends from the pressure of external ice, she escaped any serious disaster. After a month of incessant labor, cheered however by a small daily progress, the new ice so closed around us as to make a further penetration impossible. With difficulty we found a winter asylum at the bottom of a bay which opened from the coast in latitude 78 deg. 44 min. Into it we thankfully hauled our battered little brig on the 10th of September, 1853. From this point as a centre, issued the explosions of my party."

"The winter was of heretofore unrecorded severity. Whiskey froze as early as November, and mercury remained solid for nearly four months. The range of eleven spirit thermometers, selected as standards, gave temperature (not yet reduced) of sixty to seventy-five degrees below zero, and the mean annual temperature was 5 deg. 2 min. Fahrenheit, the lowest ever registered."

"This extreme cold, combined with one hundred and twenty days absence of sun gave rise to an obscure, but fatal form of scurvy (Cockburn). The exertions of Dr. Hayes, the surgeon of the expedition, had readily subdued the scurvy, but these fearful tendencies to tonic spasms defied our united efforts. This disorder extended to our dogs, fifty-seven of which perished, thus completely breaking up my ledge organization."

"The operations of search were carried on under circumstances of peculiar hardship. We worked at our sledges as late as the 24th of November, and renewed our labor in March. Much of this travel was in darkness, and some at temperature as low as 50 deg. The earlier winter travel was undertaken by myself in person; but by the aid of a single team of dogs, and the zealous co-operation of my officers, we were enabled to replace the parties as they became exhausted, and thus continue to search until the 12th of July. It is believed that no previous parties had been long in the field. Messrs. Brooks, McGeary, Bonnell, Hayes, and Morton successively contributed to the general result. The men worked with fidelity and endurance."

"I briefly detail the explorations of our party."

"Smith's Sound has been followed and surveyed throughout its entire extent. It terminates to the northeast in a gulf 110 miles in its long diameter."

"Greenland has been traced to its northern face, the coast trending nearly due east and west, (E. 17 deg. N.) Its further penetration towards the Atlantic was arrested by a glacier, which offers an impassable barrier to future exploration. This stupendous mass of ice issues in 60 degrees west longitude. It is coincident with the axis of the peninsula, and is probably the only obstacle to the insularity of Greenland. It rises 300 feet in perpendicular face, and has been followed along its base for 80 miles in one unbroken escarpment. This glacier runs nearly due north, and connects together by an icy union the continental ice-lands and America."

"It explains the broken and permanently frozen character of Upper Smith's Sound; its abundant icebergs, and to a certain extent, its rigorous climate. As a spectacle, it was one of the highest sublimity."

"The northern land into which this glacier emerges has been named Washington, and the

bay which interposes between it and Greenland I have named after Mr. Peabody."

"Peabody bay gives exit at its western curve (latitude 80 deg. 12 min.) to a large channel which forms the most interesting geographical feature of our travel. This channel expands to the northward into an open and iceless area, abounding in animal life, and presenting every character of an open Polar sea. A surface of 300 square miles was seen at various elevations free from ice, with a northern horizon equally free. A north wind, fifty-two hours in duration, failed to bring any drift into this area."

"It is with pain that I mention to the department my inability to navigate these waters. One hundred and twenty-five miles of solid ice, so rough as to be impassable to boats, separated them from the nearest southern land. My personal efforts in April and May failed to convey one of the smallest India-rubber boats to within 90 miles of the channel."

"My party, including myself, were completely broken; four of them had undergone amputation of toes for frost bite; nearly all were suffering from scurvy, and the season had so far advanced as to render another journey impossible. To the north of latitude 81 deg. 17 min. the shores of the channel became precipitous and destitute even of passage to the sledge. William Morton, who, with one Esquimaux and a small team of dogs, had reached this spot, lashed by a heavy surf, absolutely checked his progress."

"It was on the western coast of this sea that I had hoped to find traces of the gallant martyrs whose search instigated this expedition. The splendid efforts of Dr. Ray—now first known to me—would have given such a travel a merely geographical value. Reviewing conscientiously the condition of my party, it is perhaps providential that we failed in the embarkation."

"The land washed by this sea to the northward and westward has been charted as high as latitude 82 deg. 30 min. and longitude 76 deg. This forms the nearest land to the pole yet discovered. It bears the honored name of Mr. Grinnell."

"As the season advanced it became evident that our brig would not be liberated. Our immediate harbor gave few signs of breaking up, and one unbroken ice surface extended to the sound. It was now too late to attempt an escape by boats; our fuel was deficient, and our provisions, although abundant, were in no wise calculated to resist scurvy. At this juncture I started with five volunteers on an attempt to reach the mouth of Lancaster Sound, where I hoped to meet the English expeditions, and afford relief to my associates. During this journey we crossed the northernmost track of William Baffin, and, but finding a solid pack extending from Jones's Sound to Hakluyt island, with difficulty regained the brig."

"The second winter was one of extreme trial. We were obliged, as a measure of policy, to live the lives of the Esquimaux, enveloped in walls of moss, burning lamps, and eating the raw meats of the walrus and bear. At one time every member of our party, with the exception of Mr. Bonnell and myself, was prostrate with scurvy and unable to leave his bunk. Nothing saved us but a rigorously organized hunt, and the aid of dogs, in procuring walrus from the Esquimaux, the nearest settlement of which people was 60 miles distant from our harbor."

"With these esquimaux—a race of the highest interest—we formed a valuable alliance, sharing our resources, and mutually depending upon each other. They were never thoroughly to be trusted, but by a mixed course of intimidation and kindness, became of essential service."

"I have to report the loss of three of my comrades—these men who perished in the direct discharge of their duty. Two of these—acting carpenter Christian Ohlsen and Jefferson Baker—died of lockjaw; the third, Peter Shubert, of abscess following amputation of the foot. Mr. Ohlsen was a valuable adviser and personal friend. He acted in command of the brig during my absence upon the sledge journeys."

"Knowing that a third winter would be fatal, and that we were too much invested by ice for an expedition from the Sound to liberate us in time for the present season, I abandoned the advance on the 17th of May, and commenced a travel to the South. The sick, four in number, were conveyed by our dog-sledge. I had to sacrifice my collection of natural history, but saved the documents of the expedition."

"The organization of this journey was carefully matured to meet the alternating contingencies of ice and water. It consisted of boats cradled upon wooden runners, with lesser sledges for the occasional relief of cargo. With the exception of reduced allowances of powdered breadstuff and tallow, we depended upon our guns for food; but a small reserve of Borden's meat biscuit was kept unused for emergencies. Our clothing was rigorously limited to our furs. We walked in carpet moccasins."

"Our greatest difficulty was the passage of an extensive zone of ice which intervened between the brig and the nearest southern water. Although this belt was but eighty-one miles in linear extent, such was the heavy nature of the ice and our difficulties of transportation, that its transit cost us thirty-one days of labor, and an actual travel of three hundred and sixteen miles."

"From Cape Alexander we advanced by boats, with only occasional ice passages at the base of glaciers. At Cape York I erected a cairn and pennant, with despatches for the information of vessels crossing Melville bay; and then, after cutting up my spar boat for fuel, embarked for the north Greenland settlements."

"We arrived at Upernivik (as before stated) on the 6th of August, without disaster, and in excellent health and spirits. Throughout this long journey my companions behaved with admirable fortitude. I should do them

an injustice if I omitted to acknowledge their fidelity to myself and gallant bearing in times of privation and danger."

"From Upernivik I took passage for England in the Danish brig *Marianne*; but, most fortunately, touching at Godhavn (Disco), we were met by our gallant countrymen under Capt. Hartstene. They had found the ice of Smith's Sound still unbroken, but, having met the Esquimaux near Cape Alexander, had heard of our departure, and retraced their steps. They arrived at Disco, but twenty-four hours before our intended departure for England. Under these circumstances, I considered it obligatory upon me to withdraw my contract for passage in the *Marianne*, and return with the *Release* and *Aretie*."

"The present season is regarded as nearly equal in severity to its predecessors. The ice to the north is fearfully extended, and the escape of the searching squadron from besetment is most providential. The rapid advance of winter had already closed around them the young ice, and but for the power of the steamer and the extraordinary exertions of Capt. Hartstene an imprisonment would have been inevitable. Not only Smith but Jones and Lancaster Sounds were closed with an impenetrable pack; but, in spite of these difficulties, they achieved the entire circumnavigation of Baffin's bay, and reached the Danish settlements by forcing the middle ice."

From the *Milwaukee American*, Oct. 19.

## Heathenism in Milwaukee—A Dead Body to be Buried.

For the sake of the fair fame of the city and the reputation of the better portion of our citizens, who profess to be Christians and enlightened people, we should like to have the record which follows wiped from our memory and blotted from the list of horrible acts of which our city has too long been the scene. But this is impossible. Already the meagre accounts have flashed to the borders of our country, and the whole civilized community has shuddered with horror at the terrible thoughts suggested, and any attempt to cover it up or apologize for its enormity, would make us, in a degree, parties to it."

Yesterday afternoon, immediately after dinner we were startled by the information from a citizen of the First Ward, that at that moment a man, by the name of Pfeil, a resident of the First Ward, and who lives in one of the elegant dwellings upon the lake bluff on the North Point plank road, was preparing a pile of wood and other combustibles for the purpose of burning the body of his wife, who died the night before. We could scarcely believe it anything but a hoax. We, however, repaired at once to the office of the Sheriff and found that it was true, and that Sheriff Conover, Under Sheriff Beck and their deputies, had already gone to the scene of this heathen funeral."

On arriving at the house we found a sight that probably never before met the eye of an American. The heathen Pfeil had got a gang of men at work drawing sixteen cords of wood and arranging it upon the Lake shore in the rear of his house, for the purpose of burning the body of his wife, scarcely cold, according to his (and as he says) her ideas of burial. There were the shavings, the turpentine and the funeral pile of 16 cords of wood. It was a sight to make Christian blood run cold and civilized and enlightened minds shrink with horror at the contemplation of the moral depravity that in broad daylight should attempt such an ungodly act."

We were anxious to see the man who was thus bearded and beheaded, and found him in remonstrance with Sheriff Conover, and stoutly claiming his right to burn his wife as he had laid out. But the Sheriff told him that it could not be done in this community, and at once took charge of matters, and changed the programme. Acting in concert with Pfeil, was a man whose name our citizens will be shocked with wonder to hear Mr. Wendt. He also claimed the full rights of Mr. Pfeil to burn his wife, and said to the sheriff that he had no business to interfere. He was present to assist Mr. Pfeil in the heathenish rites of burning."

The body lay upon a table enveloped in a shroud all ready to be carried out at the back door, and placed upon the pile."

The Sheriff told the man that if he should persist in any such attempt to outrage the cherished moral sentiments of the city, that ere the pile had been half consumed there would be a maddened crowd about him that would put him also upon the crackling flames to meet a doom not entirely unjust for his monstrous crime. But no talk and no remonstrance could convince him or Mr. Wendt that they had not a perfect right to perform any heathenish practice with the body that their hellish morality might dictate. They said "there was no law against it in Wisconsin," and it might have had weight with fools and heathens, but those who know all law comes from the moral sense of the community, and such be the congelation of public sentiment, were not prepared to listen to such stuff."

At length the Sheriff ordered a coffin and a hearse, to give the woman a decent and Christian burial. This Pfeil doggedly and tacitly assented to, as by this time a large crowd of people had congregated around the house, not without all the while reiterating his right to burn her, and his determination to do so if the officers would permit it. Mr. Conover offered to allow him any form of ceremony, any peculiar mode of funeral rite, but the heathenish mode he had chosen. But no, he would give no directions, and consent to nothing. Mr. Wendt said, "Gentlemen, it makes no difference with us if we cannot go on in our way."

"As soon as the coffin came, the Sheriff ordered the corpse put into it, and wisely stood over it till it was done and the lid screwed down. Some gentlemen near by helped to place the coffin in the hearse, and it moved away, followed by a carriage containing only

the infamous husband of the dead. (We think Mr. Wendt got into the carriage, together with Dr. Young, afterwards.)"

Sheriff Conover and Under Sheriff Beck went to the burial place, and saw the body safely put into a Christian tomb, and away from the hands of the moral monster who had lived so long in the sight of churches and schools of houses, and learned no better than to do as the natives upon the banks of the Ganges or the Indus."

Thus ended the most outrageous attack upon the morality of our community ever made—worse, if possible, than the shooting of the lamented Adams."

Pfeil calls himself a Russian, and we believe is a man of property and education. His home is an elegant one, and filled with the air of luxury and elegance. His wife is said to have been a born Brahmin, a lady of culture and refinement, although Pfeil says she repeatedly directed him to burn her body when dead, she having been sick for three years."

If it had been some drunken creature, we should not have wondered so much; but an educated man, and backed by such a citizen as Mr. Wendt, is surprising beyond measure. But we do not like to let the matter rest here. There is something dark and covered up in this affair which calls for a coroner's inquest, and one should be held to-day upon the body. Public sentiment demands that such an outrage should be sifted to the dregs; and if any iniquity has been transacted it should ferreted out. Let the matter be taken in hand at once, and the body taken from the vault, and a full examination had of that and the facts connected with the death."

After this has been done, let some steps be taken by which it shall be ascertained whether there is not some mode of converting the heathen in our midst."

## Origin of Tea.

The Chinese have the following tradition relating to the origin of tea: "Darma, a very religious prince, and son of an Indian king, came into China about the year 510, purely to promulgate his religion, and with the hope of alluring others to virtue by his example, pursued a life of unrelaxed mortification and penance, eating vegetables, and spending most of his time, unsheltered by any dwelling, in the exercise of prayer and devotion. After continuing this life for some years, he became worn out with fatigue, and at length closed his weary eyes in sleep against his will; but, on awakening, such was his remorse and grief for having broken his vow, that, in order to prevent a relapse, he cut off his eye-lids, as being the instruments of his crime, and threw them on the ground. Returning to the same spot on the ensuing day, he found them changed into two shrubs, now known by the name of tea—Darma, eating some of the leaves, felt much vigor imparted to his mind, and lethargy which had previously overpowered him entirely disappeared. He acquainted his disciples with the wonderful properties of the shrubs, and in time the use of them became universal."

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society, have dull preceptions, are ar stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water saucy, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eaton and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminent selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we jawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves, and our ease, and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray*.

HOW THEY OBTAIN WATER FOR THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.—The city is supplied with pure water, fed by a splendid stone aqueduct, leading from the Corcovado mountain. The summit of that lofty mountain (only five miles distant from the city), is crowned with wild forest trees, which being cooler than the surrounding atmosphere condense the vapor, and this falls in showers into artificial lakes. The aqueduct, after descending the mountain, extends across a deep valley resting on a double tier of lofty arches, one above the other, and the water is conducted to the reservoir, as it is brought down the hill-side, by stone troughs laid on the top of this two-story bridge. The whole of this work of utility is highly ornamental to the city, and reflects lasting honor upon the name of Vascoellas, under whose viceroyalty it was constructed. All the fountains in Rio—and there is one at almost every corner—are supplied from this source. The aqueduct's built in imitation of the Alcastra aqueduct at Lisbon, and is called *Arco de Cariaco*.

A YOUNG MAN at a tea party, overheard one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," and immediately exclaimed: "I protest against it, for privatering is illegal."

## The Rothschild Family.

There is a golden romance clustering around this family, which makes the death of one of its prominent members a matter of historic notoriety."

The Baron Solomon, whose funeral took place recently at Paris, with somewhat of public solemnity, was the fourth son of the founder of his house, and was at his death aged eighty-two. Anselm, the first son, who was at the Frankfort house, has some time since passed away. Nathan, the second, who reigned over the great London house, is also gone; and of the second generation of these moneyed Mohicans there are now left but James, also of Paris, and Charles of Naples. Not so much in the loss of their persons, however, as of their powers, have the Rothschild family received a severe blow in the death of two of its members—the only able one surviving being James, who both in monetary genius, elevation of character and range of mind, was the star of the house of Rothschild. Anselm was great by his sagacity; Nathan by his industry; James is by his genius. Anselm singularly combined the instincts of a low class Jew with the penetrating vision of the statesman. Nathan united all the steadiness of a merchant with the craft of a smuggler, traced during Napoleon's blockade of the continent. He knew the result of the battle of Waterloo two hours before it reached the British Government, and we should fear to surmise what each minute in each of those hours was in his hands worth. But James has, in addition to the sagacity of the one and the industry and craft of the other, that which they did not possess—great genius, a most courtly bearing, and polished cultivation of mind, which makes his relations with the royal house of Europe wear more the character of a diplomatist, while those of his brothers Anselm and Nathan, never rose above the Jew."

The sumptuous palace in which Solomon died was, of course, known to all Americans who ever visited Paris; to many, perhaps, was also known the humble house on the Ghetto of Frankfurt, in which he was born. But a few years ago, and the windows of this house on the Ghetto were always seen once within the annual circle, on one particular night, to wear a glitter of light, which, as it was cast from the old Jewish lamps, threw a strange, ghastly glimmer on the dingy, decayed and dust caked dwellings around. This night was the eve of the Jewish New Year's Day, when were gathered, no matter with what amount of travel, the five sons of Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Paris, and Naples, around a withered, but shrewd-looking Hebrew woman. This was the mother of the money Gracchi, who still clung to the old Ghetto house from which the family had started. The house yet stands, but its stair, on the New Year's Night, is silent. The windows throw their glitter no more.—The mother is dead; three of the sons have departed, and the two that are left—of Paris and Naples—have no talisman left to attract them to the old homestead."

Solomon, originally of Vienna, but more recently of Paris, who has just died, and Charles of Naples, were always considered the most insignificant of the brothers. He of Vienna was a fat, pompous old man, proud of his living in fellowship with bankrupt Austrian nobles and drunken Transylvanian Bayers; and Charles of Naples delights in playing the Senile Beau with the penniless princesses and countesses who abound at the enlightened Court of the King of Bomba. In roister days of youth he affected a tender passion for the Sontag, and the latter-made much merriment in watching him follow her with an out-courtesy as he passed through the streets of Frankfurt, bowing and smiling, and chatting, while his red, rubeifaced face beamed with fat and with fatuity. He married, when yet young, a Miss Hertz, a girl of singular beauty; and as he might have wedded a large fortune, the old father, who was alive at the time, cursed him and cast him from him, and refused to his last hour to take him to his heart or house. During the residence of Charles at Naples, it is well known to all the habitués of that court that the beauty of his young wife inspired King Bomba with an intense admiration, and in the absence of the excitement of a new miracle, he passed so many hours in love-toying at the feet of the lovely Jewess as to force her husband to fly at discretion, and for a time take up his bags and walk. Baroness Lionel Rothschild, wife of the member for London, is the offspring of this union of Baron Charles and Miss Hertz, and possesses all the fascinating gifts of her mother, fortunately without any of the foolish attributes of her father. She is a woman of singular beauty of both mind and person."

In England, the three present representatives of the house—Barons Lionel, and Meyer, and Sir Anthony Rothschild—live in that sumptuous solitude and domestic magnificence with which the Jews so deeply delight to surround themselves, like some few of the Christian Israelites in our own palatial avenue. With the exception of Sir Anthony, who is a senile sensualist and gourmand, they extend but little hospitality, and wrap themselves up in a selfish indulgence.—When, however, they do receive, it is with an oriental graciousness; and the Maitres de Cuisine of both Sir Anthony and Baron Lionel are among the most cunning *chefs* in Europe. The residence of the one in Grosvenor Place, and of the other in Ficedilly Place, next Apsley House, the town palace of the Duke of Wellington, are furnished with an affluence of splendor, and their ordinary daily life is surrounded, like that of all the wealthy Jews, with every appliance of luxury. Indeed, one of the banquets given by Baron Rothschild, at his country villa, equalled any thing ever told in story of the luscious oriental feasts. It was in summer, and the banquet was served in the beautiful conservatory. Music floated

around, and at least its lovely light everywhere. The Sevres, on which dessert was served, contained each a different picture of rare artistic excellence, which might have been dreamed by Veronese or Claude Lorraine."

Fall of Sebastopol. A foreign journal thus briefly condenses the leading facts in connection with the fall of Sebastopol:—

At daybreak on the 6th instant began the terrible bombardment—whilst Prince Gortschakoff, in a despatch to his Imperial master, profanely but tersely designated as a "fire of hell." It was continued without cessation the whole of the day. At night a Russian man-of-war in the harbor was set on fire by a shell, and burned to the water's edge. On the 6th the bombardment continued. On the 7th another Russian vessel was destroyed by the Allied fire; and during the night a violent explosion in the doomed city announced to the French and British that the work they had undertaken went bravely on. When day dawned on the 8th the flames of a vast conflagration were observed in the centre of Sebastopol. At noon on the 8th—a day to be memorable in the annals of Europe and of the world—the long-delayed and anxiously-expected assault upon the Malakoff was ordered by General Pelissier. Attacks were simultaneously made by the French upon the Carreer Bay Redan and the Central Bastion; and by the British upon the Grand Redan. The French were repulsed from the Carreer Bay Redan and the Central Bastion, and the British from the Grand Redan; and both suffered severe losses. But the glory of the day was in no wise dimmed by these casualties. They but showed the difficulty and peril of the enterprise, and enhanced the splendor of the ultimate triumph. The assault of the French upon the Malakoff, brilliantly made, and desperately resisted, was entirely successful. They made good their position, and held it against the whole force that Prince Gortschakoff could bring against them. The struggle was hand to hand—the French fighting with the energy inspired by hope and the consciousness of a good cause, and the Russians with the obstinate courage of despair. But the bravest resistance—and it must be added that the Russians fought well—was useless against the dashing bravery of the French. The Malakoff was taken, and the fate of Sebastopol was sealed. The day closed upon a scene of such horror as history has rarely had occasion to recount. Finding it useless to continue resistance, the Russians determined to abandon the southern side and to transport the remnant of their army to the North. By orders of Prince Gortschakoff, the mines were sprung in every direction; the town was set on fire in several places and utterly destroyed; the ships in the harbor were burned or scuttled, and an immense quantity of provisions and military stores were consumed."

All night long the lurid glare of the burning city illuminated the French and British lines, and on the morning of the 9th it was found that the long coveted prize of the war was a heap of ruins, that the Russians had totally evacuated the town, and destroyed the bridge of rafts which they had formed across the harbor within the last few weeks in anticipation of the inevitable catastrophe. So great was the haste with which the operations were effected, that they left not only their dead, but upwards of five hundred wounded men among the still smoking and burning rubbish. Such, in a few words, is the history of this magnificent achievement."

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair at the fireside, more than in the honorary occupation of civil office, in a wife's love infinitely more than in the favor of all human beings else; in childhood's innocent and joyous prattle more than in the hearing of flattery; in the reciprocation of little and frequent kindness between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly-bought indulgence; in the virtue of contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction and grandeur; in change of heart more than in the change of circumstance; in full, firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping for fortune's favor; in a growing taste for the beauties of nature, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentation, and, therefore, rare display; in a hand-maiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next-door neighbor, more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.—*Margery*.

HOW TO GAIN A REPUTATION.—A French author finding his reputation impeded by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in workmanlike attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farmer's shop, in which he did a little work at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a journeyman Blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement; the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately printed by everybody. The harmless deceit pleased everybody, the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing incessant praise on an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing."

Witness, you have said that while walking with an umbrella over my head you fell into this reservoir and was badly injured. Did you break any bones, sir, at that time?" "I did, sir. What bones?" "Wlalebones."

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