# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

EV SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1859.

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## Select Poetry.

The Unbroken Sumber.

Yes, I shall rest some coming day, When blossoms in the wind are dancing, And children in their mirthful play Heed not the mournful crowd advancing. Unthrough the long and busy street They'll bear me to my last retreat,

Or else-it matters not-may rave The storms and blasts of wintry weather, Above the narrow, new-made grave, Where care and I lie down together, Enough that I should know it not,

For I shall sleep! As sweet a sleep As ever graced a child reposing, Awaits me in the cell so deep, Where I my weary eyelids closing, At length shall lay me down to rest, Heedless of clods above my breast.

Within that dark and narrow spe

Asleep! How deep will be the rest, Free from life's turmoil wildly, That when the past is earth's unrest; Its bosom shall receive me mildly; For not one dream of earth may come to brake the slumber of that home:

%, deep repose? Oh, slumber blest! Oh, sight of peace! Ne storm, no sorrow, No heavy stirring in my rest. To meet another weary morrow! It shall heed neither night nor dawn, But still with folded arms sleep on!

And yet, methinks, if steps of those I'd known and loved on earth were round me I'd break the night of my repose, Shiver the ice cords that bound me-Save that I know this cannot be, For death disowns all sympathy.

Then mourn not, friends, when ye shall lay The clods of earth above my ashes; Think what a rest awaits my clay, And smooth the mound with tearless lashes Glad that the resting form within

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Had done with sorrow, care and sin. Think that with me the strife is o'er, Life's stormy, struggling battle ended; Rejoice that I have gained that shore To which my faltering footsteps tended, Breathe the blest hope above the sod, And leave me to my rest with God.

## Miscellancous.

## BROTHER JACK AND I.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

our guardian. No two men could have been tore unlike, nor had they associated much ligether. One, a high-spirited. open-heartth improvident squire; the other a hard. passionate, sullen man, whose dogged selfseldom deferred to the opinions or feellugs of others. Little sympathy could have other day I found it in Chaucer.

bily years had been passed.

lown what would occur within it!

proportions to his son and daughter. did not. I say his dislike, for I knew he topic. He taunted us to our faces before to ste it in Ireland.

He did this literally; in the latter case tying | always hated us, and, from the day he became | strangers, coupled every reproach addressed | The Fate of a Bachelor Who went DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL' IS PUB- it upon my mother and her issue, exclusive our guardian, had promised himself the gratto us with some sneering allusion to Katy, ification of subduing us, breaking us into his grinding at our presumed jealousy of oneantained any ill-will towards my father; but, s Dollar and specific one Dollar and Seventy being a shrewd, sharp man, he thought that his son-in-law might have made ducks and drakes of it. I never heard of my father resenting this; probably he acknowledged its prudence, which was abundantly manifest as he once did, upon the first attempt at the vexation, vowed that she would never speak afterwards, when my mother died.

Her death had a great and disastrous effect upon him. Always a careless man, and rather a free liver, he rode harder and drank have got married again—perhaps it would have been better for us if he had—for he was still young and handsome; but, I believe his day all schooling was conducted on severer affection for his dead wife restrained him from giving us a stepmother. Meantime, we ran this generation have any idea of. Punish- was to share. (He manifested such frenzied wild about the house, and were brought up ment by blows and starvation formed an or-

I have remarked in life that men who have never known a mether's care are often harder natured than their happier fellows; deficient is not unnatural that they should be so. Jack | quality could not have been devised than the headed, ill-disciplined, and to use a word which ought not to have become antiquated, savagely. Our father never interfered with haps to inflict, pain. us, and nobody else dared to do so.

harsh to, or of us—something that set boys' had had all the schooling considered necessa- And I noticed that he trembled very much have seen a kaleidoscope, with a few old bits put in circulation a story to the effect that an breasts rankling against him. We were no ry. All we were destined to have, as it when he lay down beside me. It was my un- of glass. &c., in a tin tube, and turning it experienced electrician had managed to concowards, and often gave him as good as he proved. his handsome flushed face, red coat, and top again. Often as we had talked of her—Jack ening to the wind without. It was a wild curving eyelashes, lips, ivory, wavy hair. rangement would be such that any lady with boots, as he came in one day, all splashed. was especially prope this, and once tried his blusterous night, such a one as had always crinoline, gaiter boots zephyr worsted Cuer had just been fished out of the mill-stream writing it—we had never pictured to ourselves with horror, to my dying day. (Sometimes yourself the center of a system with all these

'Let the lads bide, Miles,' be said, laugh-

unexpectedly, about two years after his sis- Heaven. ter's death, to a bandsome widow with one child, a little girl His choice surprised ev- commenced immediately. He never made abroad. Was there not? I lay listening, boots present themselves to my astonished erybody, for she was a gay, pleasure-looking any pretence of liking us. always addressing until, from shear weariness, I tumbled, as vission, and before I have time to wonder woman, without fortune, and had lived in us rather as dogs than human beings. I from a precipice, into the arms of sleep. Irish lineage. Anything more contrary to sented this treatment presented some sort of took of my mental disquiet. At first they into the pit of my stomach. his sullen, self-willed, local Yorkshire nature infernal satisfaction to him. The day after were confused, formless, chaotically horrible. could scarcely be imagined. They did not our return, enraged at a defiant answer of I was harrassed by an overpowering, namelive happily together, and she would have Jack's, he took a horsewhip, and, in spite of less dread, haunted by an ever-changing puitted him if his passionate temper had not a furious resistance, flogged him mercilessly. phantasm, which nothing could exercise, and Scaten down all opposition My aunt was My turn came soon enough, and after that it the presence of which inflicted unimaginable rather a favorite with us, being a good-hu- was all oaths, curses and blows on one side, misery and apprehension. This horror grew mored, though frivolous woman. Her little and desperate but ineffectual struggles on the like one of the evil geni in Arabrian Nights, girl was one of the most beautiful creatures other. We should not have remained in the until it filled up my entire imagination, and in the world, I do believe.

want of breeding that never troubled us else- entertained by boys of twelve and fifteen for came conscious of the existance of the exterwhere. She knew this well enough, for, baby girl of thirteen. But I am sure that nothing hal objects I saw the black shadows on the coquette as she was, all her mother's nature I have since experienced was more real or all promised to re-appear in her. I have looked engrossing. The trivial incidents connected covertly into her eyes, woodering at their with it remain indellibly impressed upon my exceeding beauty and fascination, being dim- memory, while thousands of more important ly and uneasily cognizant at the same time events which have transpired since, are forthat it would be unsafe to trust them, and gotten. I recollect the color of ribons in her apprehensive that she might look up and at hair, the look and scent of flowers she wore, I don't think he was jealous of me in those tien is misery to me.

and would have kept her permanently, if my the of her dress, affected me with a delicious uncle had permitted. He used to call her pleasure which was half pain. I have woke his little sweetheart, humored all her little up at night from a delirious dream to sob out He had always been harsh with us, and we whims, and did his best to spoil her, as he her name and call passionately upon her. I did us and all children. When the cholera knew, at the same time, that my passion was I don't know why my father appointed him came into our part of the country, (it ravaged irrational and absurd, and that she was not all England that year.) and she and her worthy of it. Belief in the object is not mother were attacked by it, he drove over to necessary to love. A man shall be well contown every day to inquire about them. Katy | vinced in his heart that no good can come of -that was her name-recovered, but her his success, that peace and happiness do not aunt died. Her daughter had not then at- lie there-nay, shall be sure of the moral

tained her twelfth birthday. Just a year afterwards, almost to a day, ready to risk life and soul to get her. usted between them. I believe, too, that my father got a bad fall while hunting, his My brother's passion was equally vehement was averse to my father's union with his spine sustaining such severe injury that he prophesying that she would live to only lived long enough to appoint my uncle think he had greater faith in her than Ithe the marrying mad Jack Holderness. That our guardian, and to take his leave of us, showed his feelings with less disguise, and our family name. It is a right Yorkshire with many words of affection and regret that was therefore more cruelly sported with. In s, and has been known in those parts any he had not proved a more prudent—he could | woing a coquette—and Katy was born a cothese five hundred years. Only the not have been a kinder-parent. His affairs quette-he who feels or betrays least emotion were so embarrassed, that another six will have most chance of success, for he could She did not repent, however. My father months must have produced bankruptcy. avoid unpleasing manifestations while his rimight ride and drink hard, as most Yorkshire He had mortgaged the estate—in itself much | val is morbidly sensitive to every look, word Maires did in his day, but he was always deteriorated in value—to the fullest extent; and action, at once axacting, slavish and reand to her and her children. And if the and, in short, when all his debts were paid, belious. never a very orderly place-was some- nothing remained to us but our mother's legthe turned inside out by a party of boozy acy, of which we should come into possession at the sges of one-and-twenty I was then therful contrast to the great, grim, cold ten-Jack thirteen. We went home with our bose, in the dull country town, wherein her uncle to the great, grim, cold house in the year's difference in age rendered equally lu-

I have heard that her father (I am speak- had been monotonous. I don't think my hated me with all the strength of his fierce. how of my uncle, with whom I set out.) uncle was harsh to her, though he never ungovernable nature. She knew it, and unan attorney, who became rich by the showed much kindness or consideration to- concious of the depth and danger of the feelactice of his profession, and that he bro't wards anybody. Yet, child as she was, she ings excited triumph in it. Foxey Swinchat, folks called him - over him. I fancy he might have loved her not tell how my uncle became enlightened as in harness leaving his money to be equal- had she been his own daughter. But what- to the existing state of affairs. When that divided betwixt his son and daughter. He ever expectations of company and immature happened his scorn of what he considered our had no need to do, and was of too sullen, coquetries our arrival excited to Katy's bo- juvinile folly seemed to intensify his brutalibeside and overbearing a disposition ever som, were doomed to disappointment at that ty. Coarse libes and stinging jeers, alternatime, for our uncle soon announced his inten- ted with blows and ill-usage, were still har-

rebellious devil out of us How he succeeded in this will be seen.

infliction of punishment we had made a fight | to us again.

ing-school we went accordingly.
Yorkshire schools have. of late years, obtained a most anenviable notoriety. In my principles than the more fortunate youth of dinary part of it. I do not know that the school selected by my uncle had a savager master or a crueller disciple than many others, but I am sure that a more direct method boys into cowards and liars.

We experienced enough of it and to spare. as masterful a couple of lads as any in York- I am not going into detail-suffice it to say, shire, which is a pretty bold assertion, too. that we were not conquered easily. One thing We often quarrelled, and sometimes fought our school discipline taught us—to bear, per-

We never went home for the holidays, or Stop, though, I am wrong there. One saw our uncle's face, until the expiration of ally taciturn all day-we never talked much uncle did. He never came to the house (not two years. He paid the schoolmaster's bills together of late, but this day fewer words that he came often since his sister's death, or regularly, and received reports of us from indeed, befere,) without saying something him The word came for us to return. We

ing, 'or they'll be too much for 'ee some day. attempt to convey some idea of Katy's face. moved rapidly and continuously athwart the first skating lesson. Do thou look after thy own little wench at Though I don't think words alone could do face of the heavens. The wind made a dis-That reminds me that I have not yet spo- that it is dreadful to wake from-but shall and then a fierce dash of rain drove against all squre. Lord have mercy on my poor ken of her. My uncle had got married, very never meet its similitude again, unless in the window panes. Fearing to speak to my puzzeied brain while I try to unravel the

We were shy of her; conscious, when in We were both in love with her.

I loved her with my whole boyish soul My father liked to have her at the Hall, The sound of her girlish voice, the very rusperversity of her he worships-yet shall be

and he became savagely jealous of me. I

Katy cared for neither of us, but her fickle favors were sometimes bestowed upon me I was considered the handsomest, though always with an air seniority which in her one Ab, that house I if she could but have Katy was sorry on our account, glad on her caprice I found a cruel pleasure in

Of course we made no confidents. I can-

bumors, and, as he once said, flogging the other and, in a word, made our lives unendurable. He was a strong man, or he might have come off with mortal injury in some of Hitherto we had had, literally, no educa- the furious struggles which ensued. After tion For when our father sent us to school, one of these, Katy, weeping with rage and

That pleased him for a time. I think the for it, subsequently escaping and returning home to be half laughed at, half commended devil put it into his head to ill-use her, as he -not ordered back. But now there was no did afterwards. Or it might have been mere It did not seem a foot, as one saw it reposing deeper, kept open house for very promiscuous disputing the will of my uncle, even if we guests, squandered his money, and, in short, let things go to rack and rain. He might ing-school we went accordingly.

disputing the will of my uncle, even if we ly to spite us. I have said that he was more in its tiny kid slipper, like a Canary bird in considerate towards her than others. Now its nest, he began to chide, to strike her. Shall I MARY HAS THE SKATING FEVER. ever forget witnessing the first blow? I did not wait for the second.

I remember going to her that evening with some wild project of flight which my brother rage during her chastisement that my uncle locked him in an empty room, imprisoning him for some days.) She cried, but seemed to think much lighter of the matter than I its influence had already faded from her variin tenderness, pity, for bearance. Perhaps it for the perversion of every honest and manly able temperament. Henceforth, however, she shared ber uncle's brutality with us. and I, in our boy days, promised to be no grinding tyrangy which, under the name of What would have come of this—how far we exception to this rule—if I may so call it.— an education, we endured for two years.— should have been able to endure it—do not should have been able to endure it-do not placed that foot, the foot, the poetic myth, in We were, I fancy, as hot-tempered, wrong- Strong boys it transformed into bullies; weak know, had he refrained from one act. In a my lap, and bid me put on her skate. Sir, fit of sheer malignancy, he one day, teok a pair of scissors and cut off a quantity of Kates hair It was long and beautiful, and she oil, it could not have astonished me more had been excessively proud of it.

to bed, there was an expression in Jack's face which frightened me. He had been unusu- by my side. than ever passed between us-I tried to draw No, well, let me tell you. You've been in a Music Hall in that city, a mischievous wag, him into conversation, but without success. room lined with mirrors, haven't you? You shortly after the opening of the entertainment cle's custom to lock us in, but this night, of have seen all sorts of figures. Just imagine ceal a powerful magnet in each of the six all nights in the year, he omitted to do so.

it. I see it in my dreams sometimes-dreams mal clamor among the chimney pots, and now ces Mary and I start-she on my left arm The struggle between us and our uncle mind as though some evil influence were timents. First, Mary's dear little gaiter

house three days but for one reason-Katy. then abrubtly ended. I still slept, laboriously, painfully, as oppressed by a heavy nighther presence, of a boyish awkwardness and You may smile at the idea of the passions mare; yet, by a strange clairvoyance, I befloor, the impenetrable darkness brooding in the corners of the room, and heard the wind raging without. More than that, though my brother lay with his back towards me, and and be unable to stir hand or foot to prevent their execution.

Gently and cautiously he put the bed clothes aside; gently and cautiously he stepped over me. I lay watching him through preternatural vision followed him.

from my native land, I am a lonely old man the last of my race. And my story is told.

A cabin boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling, and said to the captain-"Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply 'Well, then," replied Jack looking up, and smiling triumphantly. "I'll say them when I get ashore."

Will you have it rare or well done?" said a landlord to an Irishman, a few days ago, as he was cutting a piece of roast beef. Thave said that my grandfather, who died tion of sending us to boarding-school. Our der to bear, for boys are always sensitive in this dislike the extreme to ridicule, especially on that country—for it was rare enough we used the extreme to ridicule, especially on that country—for it was rare enough we used the extreme to ridicule, especially on that country—for it was rare enough to eat it in Ireland.

# #7

Skating with Mary.

WHO MARY IS. Mary is as pretty a piece of humanity in the shape of a woman as you could find this side of Heaven. Such eyes! such hair! such teeth! And her hand! Well now, there! I think it was just the smallest, the whitest- | ing the reins along the ground. why, ivory is slow to it. And her foot was that concealed the rest from profane eyes you go.'

Well sir, this Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be found in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her-but, bless me, how my blood boils at the thought of the consequences.

MARY PUTS HER FOOT INIT.

We went down to the ice, and there that little witch of a Mary, just sat quietely down, and ordered me on my knees, and quietly had Venus dropped down from Heaven, and bid me rub her down with rotton stone and than when that devine foot was placed in my That night when we had been ordered off unworthy lap .- I felt very faint-but I buck- caught the horse quicker than he ever had eled on the skates, and stood up, with Mary | done before.

THE BACHELOR'S HEAD SWIMS.

altercations. I fancy I see him now, with scious of it, than ever, when we saw her Unable to sleep for a long time, I lay listfrom hunting, and found Jack shaking with hand at a schoolboy letter to her, which the exerted an auquiet influence upon me; such a pids, bearts, darts, a clap of thunder, a flash passion at a speech of my uncle's. My broth- schoolmaster confiscated, flogging him for one as I shall now never contemplate but of lighning, and "auld Nick." Imagine and my uncle had applied an equivocal pro- such loveliness as two years had developed in I fancy that day will be its counterpart.) No things revolving round you, and a violet her whom we always regarded as our cousin. moon was visable as I looked out of our curbank breathing sighs on you all the while, I am not good at description, or I would tainless casement, and a rack of heavy clouds and you have Mary and her victim in the

brother; and I was as sacred and troubled in stirred and mixed rainbow of sighs and senhow they came up before me, feel them pres-York and London. I believe she came of think the spirit with which we met and re- That brought no relief My dreams par- sing their blessed beauty, with emphasis,

MARY PITCHES INTO HIM GENERALLY.

Next scene-wavy hair, with thirty dollar bonnet and a divine head, comes pitching into my waisteout, with such force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next-Mary gazes up from between my jack boots, and anon her blessed little nose is thrust into the bosom of my shirt -Ah! my friend, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain, till this eventful year of 1859, the fashion of skating has opened new varied sources of in-

Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every ime she turned or came round. I am hers; his face to the wall, I saw his face distinctly but I wish to enter my solemn protest before as if it were fronting mine in noonday And the world that she alone could have conquer-(I do not pretend to explain these thenome- ed me. But who could hold out, when suronce divine my thoughts, as she always could, the precise aspect of the rooms in which she na, and can hardly expect to obtain credence rounded me. But who could hold out, when Jack eared more about her than I at that sat and worked or moved about, even in the though it was so.) I knew his thoughts. Oh surrounded by an army of Marys on skates? time, and she knew it, and treated him worse. minutest detail. Sometimes this retrospec- the mortal agony that it was to know them I am hers! but I'm awful sore! Ah! I have learned something. Cupid makes bachelors tender, as cooks do tough stakes, by hammer ing and pounding.

> A Hearty Laugh -After all what a cap! an awful medium, which dispensed light with tal, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh ordinary means. One long look at the troub is! What a tonie! What a digester! What led midnight sky, another at the mirror- a febrifuge! What an exoreiser of evil spirwhat dreadful attraction was there in his own its! Better than a walk before breakfast or face, then, I wonder?-and he stole across a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth the darkened floor and out of the room. My and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of age, or the grinders Up the black staircase. To my uncle's of folly, or the beauty-whether it rack the sides and deforms the countenances of vul-The blood surged and throbbed in my garity or dimples the visage, or moistens the brain. There was a dazzling flash as of pol- eye of refinement; in all phases, and on all ished steel before my eyes, and then a great faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, darkness. With a cry of horror, I awoke, convulsing, throwing the human countenance my hair bristiling. My brother's place was into something appropriaire to Billy Burtou's transformation; under every circumstance, I slipped from the bed, and stole afterhim; and everywhere a glorious thing. Like "a a mortal terror in my heart, my blood con-gealing to ice, my knees knocking together. is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, ex-fined exclusively to the Peak. In the midnight blackness, his outstretched cept in the side, and that goes off. Even a hands met mine-wet with what I knew single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is Why should I write more? Boy as he was more infectious than scarlet fever You canhe died on the gallows, myself barely esca- not gravely contemplate a laugh. If there ping the same fate. Katy, waking up to is one laughter, and one witness, there are that night of horror, never closed her eyes forthwith two laughters. And so on. The in the sweet sleep of health or sanity again' convulsion is propagated like sound. What My life has been passed in self-banishment a thing it is when it becomes an epidemic!

> > the great epic upon General Jackson, written by a Western bard :-

"When you see the eyes glisten, then, my men fire !" Were the last dying words of A. Jackson, Esquire.

"Bubby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that hole in your | with her until death should part them, and trowsers?" "Oh, go along, old woman; our folks are economising, and a hole will last longer than a patch !'

A Cood Reproof.

A late reverend clergyman, who was well known for eccentricity as his talents, one day sent his zon, a lazy lad, about twelve years of age; to catch his horse. The boy went sauntering along, with an ear of corn in one hand, and the bridle in another, drag-

"Thomas!" said his father, calling after like a little rose bad, its snowy leaves, just him in a very solemn manner-"come here, showing enough to set off the neat covering | Thomas, I want to say a word to you before

The lad returned, and the parson proceed-

"You know, Thomas, that I have given you a great deal of counsel. You know that I have taught you before closing your eyes,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c Besides a good many other things in the way of explanation and advice. But this is the last opportunity I may have of speaking to you. I could not let it pass without giv-ing my parting charge Be a good boy. Thomas, and always say that pretty prayer before going to sleep. I fear I shall never see you again."

As he said this in a very sad and solema manner, the poor boy began to be frightened and burst into tears with the exclamation: "You'll never see me again, pa?"

"No-for I shall probably die before you? be back with the horse!" That quickened lazy Thomas' ideas; and gathering up the bridle reins, he ran and

The Last Hoop Story.

A Newcastle (English) paper states that a Have you ever taught a woman to skate? fashionable conversation recently held at the steel spring skirts passing them, would have the said skirts instantly inverted by the powerful attraction. There was a great many ladies present, and the consternation created by this mischievous story can more readily be imagined than expressed -There was of course, for a time, a considerable shyness ia approaching the chandaliers, and some of the air ones became so alarmed they immediatev scooted. The fellow ought to have been ucked in the Type.

Frightful Scene. - At Wheeling, a young man who was working at a chimney on a roof lost his hold on the wet roof and slid slowly lown towards the caves. The two or three persons who witnessed the accident turned away sick with terror. Although the man made every effort to get a hold, which the fear of certain death would naturally prompt, he moved slowly down, and was only checked from falling to the pavement below by a water spout, against which his feet came in contact. But for this frail obstruction he must have been dashed into a shapeless man. Without uttering a cry for help, the young man kicked off his shoes and proceeded to ascend, which he succeded in doing, and went to work at the chimney again, apparently taking little account of an accident which had made the eve-witnesses heart-sick and dumb with terror. Wonder what he would sell his set of

Russia in Possession of the Garden of Eden. - Biblical geographers point to the Lake Ian, in northern Armenia, and now a Russian possession, as the spot where once was situated the paradise lost by the fault of Adam and Eve. Indo European theorists leeate the primitive Eden in northern Asia .-It occupied all the present western and part of the eastern Siberia, extending from 40 deg. to 53 deg latitude, and from 60 deg. to 100 deg. longitude. The Arctic ocean, at that time as pleasant as the Mediterranean, with the Ural mountains as islands, was the Chinese Blue or Celestial mountains; on the south of Paropamisus, or Hindoo Koosh; on the west the Caucasus and Ararat.

Both the Edens are now Russian possessions Besides, Russian influence is preponderating in Jerusalem; and the saot in Roms assigned by archaiologists as the one where Romulus was nursed by a she-wolf, is Russian property, having been bought by Nicholas for the sake of excavations. By s carious coincidence, Russia owns in this way the places most sacred in the history of our race.

Young men .- Just starting for Pike's Peak may be interested in knowing the modus oper andi of obtaining the pure gold. An exchange, whose editor has been "thar," gives it as follows: The method, however is con-

"A man takes a frame-work of heavy timbers, built like a stone boat, the bottom of which is composed of heavy iron rasps. This frame work is boisted up to the top of the Peak, and the man gets on and slides down the side of the mountain. As he goosswiftly down, the rasps on the bottom of the frame work serape off the gold in immense shavings which carl up on the machine, and by the time the man gets to the bottom, nearly a ton An exchange published two lines of of gold is following him. This is the common manner of gathering it."

> AT The most astonishing instance of a nan's regard for his word, was recently given by a man who killed his wife, whom he did not like. When he was asked why he did not leave her, he replied, joeosely, that "he had promised, on the welding day, to live that he was not the man to break his word."

27 "You would be very pretty in lest," said a goutleman patronizing to a young lady - Why are your lips always at variance? | "if your eyes were only a little larger." 'My