

# 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.

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**Select Poetry.**  
**WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER**  
 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.  
 We were boys together,  
 And never can forget,  
 The school house mid the heather,  
 In childhood where we met.  
 The humble home, to memory dear;  
 Its sorrows and its joys,  
 Which spoke the transient smile or tear  
 When you and I were boys.  
 We were youths together,  
 And castles built in air;  
 Your heart was like a feather,  
 And mine weighed it down with care.  
 To you came wealth with manhood's prime,  
 To me it brought alloy;  
 Fore-shadow'd in the prime of time  
 When you and I were boys.  
 We were old men together;  
 The friends we loved of yore,  
 With leaves of autumn weather,  
 Are gone for evermore.  
 He is blest to age the impulse given—  
 The long time never destroys—  
 Which led our souls from earth to heaven,  
 When you and I were boys.

**THE PRESENTIMENT;**  
 OR, THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA  
 BY MARY W. JANVINE.  
 "GOLD! GOLD!" dear wife! good bye—and God bless you while I am gone! and the young husband, who stood in the quiet parlor of the little innstead clasped his wife in a long, lingering embrace.  
 "Harry! oh, Harry! this is hard!" sobbed the young wife, whose face was buried on his heart.  
 "How can I live through all the long years when you are gone—how can I live without you? And if you should die there—and never return to me! Oh, Harry, I cannot let you go! Something tells me we shall never meet again."  
 "Harry, Mary, calm yourself—you must not cry to such excess, only grief—it will kill me! Don't darling! Only three short years in the land of gold—and then, I will come home a rich man, and I will never part again! Think of this, it is for your sake, and for Charley's I am going. It is hard, God knows, for me to part with you now the time has come; but, looking at the future, I can forego the present, and bear the separation. Only three years to make me a rich man, think of that! Now cheer up; don't have such dark fears, but keep up a good heart. You will hear from me by every steamer; and the time will seem very short until I return to you a rich man; and then Mary, and then we will enjoy life! We will—but ah, the time's up! there's the stage! I must leave you. There good bye darling, it is hard, terribly hard to go—until this hour I didn't know how hard, but it is to late to stay now, if I would. There, another kiss—another; don't cry Mary! and Charley! stooping down and kissing the three year old boy who was playing on the carpet in all the innocent glee of childhood. "Charley be a good boy, and mind mamma!" then turning to his wife once more, his arms were folded around her, and for a moment the strong man struggled with his emotion.  
 At length conquering it, he raised his hand.  
 "I must go; be brave, Mary, and keep up a good heart. Take care of yourself remember that—and now one kiss, and good bye, good bye darling!" and another moment pulling his hat down over his eyes, the young man sprang down from the front door into the coach on which the driver had piled his trunks, the door swung too, and he was rapidly whisking away to the rail road depot.  
 And inside the little parlor of the old homestead, a sweet young face was bowed against the front window; and the blue eyes, half blinded with tears, were gazing longingly, oh, how longingly! down the street after the stage coach which was rapidly bearing her heart away.  
 "Oh, mamma, look how fast the horses go!" shouted little Charley, clambering upon a chair at his mother's side and pulling at her sleeve.  
 "See, mamma! Get up, get up," and he gesticulated violently, stamping his little feet furiously, and cracked his little whip after the horses, as they fast receded down the street.  
 "Mamma, what did papa cry for? and when will he come back?" asked the boy. "Will the white horses come back soon with him?" "I don't know darling," and the tears which she had been trying to subdue broke forth.

"Well I do hope he'll come soon, for he promised to bring me a big lump of gold, and a bow and arrow, and best of all, a little white pony.— Oh, won't that be grand?" and the little fellow clapped his hand in glee. "I don't believe he'll stay over so long, do you mamma? 'cause you see he knows I want the pony so bad."  
 In silence the young mother wept. The hopeful, childish words of the little prattler cut to her heart. She could not bear them.  
 "Yes, yes, Charley, Papa will bring home the pony; and now be a good boy and run into the yard and play," she said.  
 "Well, so I will mamma," and the happy boy, whose blithe heart had then no room for the cankered cares of after life, ran out from the parlor; and fifteen minutes later the lonely weeping mother heard his voice from the play-yard, as surrounded by a group of children, he recounted the story of the wonderful treasures his pappa was going to bring him home from 'Forney.'  
 "Yes, I guess I'm going to have a bow and arrow, and a real live white pony, that will go faster than my rocking pony; and, oh, ever so many nice things to play with—for my father's gone to 'Forney,' and then a wild chorus burst from the lips of the wondering boys, who gathered about the little fellow, regarding him as quite a hero, and wishing their fathers might go to that wonderful California, since they would return bringing the best treasures which children love, viz, lots of playthings, and this chorus they shouted with hats swung high above their heads, "Hurrah for California!"  
 But poor Mary Eustace! She watched the coach turning the distant corner of the long road and then sunk down into the low, old fashioned wicker seat, and then burst into tears. How very lonely she felt. Even the playful glee of the children in the yard, and their vociferous shouts floated in through the half open door, had no power to rouse her from her despair. She was alone, with memories of the happy past—but, ah, little hope for the future. Sensitive, timid, shrinking, with a woman's nature which craved the continual presence of the beloved, and could ill brook the long years of absence which must necessarily intervene before his return, even if he should ever come back to her again; in that hour a presentiment took possession of her heart; a presentiment, not of death or danger to him, for, covering her face with her hands, she murmured,  
 "Yes, yes, I feel it—I know it. He will return—but, oh, he will not find me. It must be so!—but how could I tell him! Poor Harry."

**CHAPTER II.**  
 Who does not remember how some eight years ago that electric cry, "California, ho?" ran from city to city, from village to village, through peopled mart and wild mountain region, thrilling men's hearts like a trumpet call? "Gold!" "gold!" magic words, which swayed strong wills like the mountain wind sweeps down and bends the forest like swaying rushes; word whose spell is more potent than the best impulses of the human soul, since it lured thousands from happy firesides and the words of love at home over arid wastes, through tangled wilderness, and across trackless water, to seek its yellow gleam; what hopes of greed and gain they call aroared in the thousands of bosoms; what scores of vessels, freighted with precious cargoes of teaming, throbbing, eager life, sailed forth from the ports of our cities and pointed their bows to the land of treasure; what bands of the young brave noble hearted went forth even as the fallen Argonauts in older days sought their El Dorado, strong in hope, and they will go to and dare, and suffer so that they might win their golden gain.  
 But, ah, the picture has a darker side. Never was there summer sky but sheltered the thunder cloud which sometimes sent down its death dealing bolts; never a wild sweet aromatic, tropical forest but hid some creeping, poisonous, living thing; never a life-wood but it was interwoven with sables threads, or a life picture, but has its dark, Rembrandt shadows, if so we can but discern them amid the brightness of the garish sunlight.  
 Even so had this bright "golden legend," to which that cry, "California, ho!" was the refrain and burden of its darker linings.  
 There were aching hearts; hearts, saddened by a number with sorrow, which would not be comforted when their dear ones took their places in the great caravan marching Westward; hearts that, though crushed and bleeding, lingered brokenly on, or perchance are long were pulseless beneath the grave yard sod; there were partings; but, alas! never more meeting on earth, for death intervened with the icy touch of his skeleton hand, either to lay the wanderer down to rest by the streams that glitter through Sacramento's golden valleys, or to lead the dear ones left behind by a sad and lingering way to their long, long slumber; there were lips whereon good by kisses should never fall again; there were eyes, which, in parting, were dimmed with tears but ere the wanderer returned should be dimmed still, under the marble head stone; and hearts which were stilled for aye, never to throb again with love, joy or any passion; stilled, pulseless, with the spring daisies growing above them.  
 Alas, alas! these darker linings are not born of fancy. Would to Heaven that they were, indeed reader, perhaps you have sent your loved ones to the land of gold; and your hearts have been thrilled with the thousand hopes and fears which were constantly sent out after them like birds darting over seas; perhaps reading this, your eyes are dimmed, and after memories rush upon you of some for whom that cry of 'California, ho!' was their death warrant; my eyes are misty writing this, remembering how, in those days, there was a parting for two young hearts: the one full of strength and hope, and the other of doubts and fears and brooding presentiments, which were only too surely realized; a tender parting, but, alas! a meeting nevermore.  
 Yes, the picture has its darker side. On the one hand the lure of yellow gold, and dreams of wealth, which perchance are often realized; on the other, the parting from household treasures, long weary months, and years of absence, when the heart is ever sighing for its olden occupants to fill the void within; and then, perhaps, suddenly, when the treasures are acquired, the wanderer is about to hasten back on the wings of eager love, a message—inexorable—from the grim tyrant who shuts the door of hope and life, wrings the heart with untold agony, and before whose presence gold fades into dross, worthless, and utters nothingness.  
 Harry Eustace heard the call from the land of gold, and his heart leaped up to that cry. The gold fever was raging all about him; its infectious tide ran through his veins; emigration was at its height; he would go to California.  
 True he was engaged in a lucrative business which supported his little family, his wife, and child, an audience, and out of the profits of which he might lay by a snug sum yearly; but it was too slow a way for his impetuous nature. He must get wealth suddenly, rapidly; must acquire a fortune by a bold sweep, and when a band of young men, who, like himself, had become tainted with the golden infection, proposed to sell out his business and join the El Dorado, he was only too willing to make one of their number.  
 He went to his young wife with the proposal. Mary's cheeks paled and her blue eyes dimmed, and there was a perceptible quiver of her dewy lips, but she did not oppose him.  
 For weeks she had seen how it would terminate. She had heard him talk of rough tickets, going around the horn, onces, and piles of the dust; she had watched him turning the newspapers until his eyes rested on the column devoted to news from California. She had listened quietly, when often of late, his companions dropped in to pass an evening and have a cozy chat with Harry, to their conversation which turned upon the all absorbing theme; she had seen all along how Harry's heart was upon the land of gold; and now, when he came to her and told her that wish, she did not oppose him.  
 She only said meekly,  
 "Harry, we are well and happy now, and have enough of this world's goods to make us comfortable. Gold is not essential to happiness, but I see you have set your mind on going, and I will not bid you stay. Only remember, when you are far away that I did not send you."  
 "But Mary," said Mr. Eustace. "Don't talk so. I will not go, if you say stay; I don't want to go, unless you are perfectly willing. But I tell you how it is—Dana, Hill, Forest—all the fellows start for California next month; they want me to join their party; we should ship our own provisions, sail together, form a mining company to work together, camp with one another, and in short, stick by one another through fortune or misfortune, and with facilities for at once going into the mines and turning the bed of the river, why shouldn't a band of steady young fellows like us, get rich there in a short time.— True, I'm doing a pretty fair business where I am, but it is too slow. Mary, for one, I believe I could make a fortune; give me three years to get rich in, and then I'll come home contented. I do not ask it for myself, Mary, but it is for you and our boy. And now what say you Mary? Have you any encouragement for me? If so, I shall feel all the better about it—and I hope you will be more considerate, Mary."  
 "Poor Mary!" Yes, she would be considerate, he should go.  
 "You have my consent, Harry," she began.  
 "If you think it is the best step, go to California—but—" and here she broke down and the sobbings would come choking up in her throat; "but three years will be such a long, long time; oh, Harry!" and she sobbed upon his shoulder.  
 "Yes, Mary," and for the first time Harry contemplated their approaching separation in a new light; "yes, Mary, it is a long time I know, to look forward to—but just think, dear, when it is all past, we shall look back and smile at this hour. With father and mother to look after you and Charley, nothing of care or anxiety shall come upon you; I will write by every steamer; tell you how I am prospering and then, when I come back—"  
 "But, Harry, don't be so confident. I can't help it—but, if you should die in that strange land—or should not live through—through—oh Harry I can't help it, indeed, but I keep thinking so!" and the weeping wife clung to his neck.  
 For a long time, Harry was silent. He had never thought of this; this phase of the picture had never presented itself to his mind before, so buoyantly hopeful was he; and now he thought seriously, and clasped Mary closer to his heart, as though he feared to lose her then. "Should he go," he asked himself. "Ought he to go? it is right to leave Mary now?" No! he would see his companions and tell them he could not join them.  
 But the mood did not last. In imagination he saw Dana, Forrest, and Hill—his boon companions, returning from the land of gold with their 'pile,' and thought, "and I too might have done likewise." Hope the syren, again sang her song in his ears, and he whispered,  
 "Come, Mary cheer up, and look at the bright side of the picture; you are too much apt to des-

pair. We shall laugh at the memory of this when I come home with my 'pile,' and so the young wife crushed back her brooding presentiment upon her own heart, as the hopeful husband went forth from her presence. Thus they parted with kisses and love words; and in one heart hope sat lightly, like a white dove—and in the other dark, ill ommed fears, like raven plumed birds, beating against the prison bars.  
 "Give me three years to get rich in!" Harry Eustace had said when he went out from the presence of his gentle hearted Mary.  
 Three years! Long or short, happy or weary, as events of joy or sorrow fill their days, and weeks and months; how would they pass to the parted wife and husband?  
 Ah! the wife is a sealed book; a ponderous, clasped, mystic volume—and who is there that can read it?  
 Spring had deepened into summer; warm south winds dallied with the buds and blossoms; the blue sky of June went low over the earth; by day the sun walked triumphantly through his fervid path, and by night myriads of stars looked down with tender eyes from the arched dome above; abroad upon the earth all was spring life and loveliness, and then when skies were blue, and winds were fragrant with the breath of flowers, Mary Eustace lay upon her sick bed, pale, and very weak, but yet strong enough to thank God that he had spared her from death, and granted her a blessed boon; the new, wonderful life of the little sleeper who lay beside her on the snowy pillow.  
 And then little Charley came on tiptoe into the darkened chamber, and stood beside the old nurse who sat in a low chair, on her lay a very mysterious bundle, from which she unrolled blanket after blanket until she held up before his eyes a very wee looking, very red, and very cross baby—at least so Charley thought, as a fresh salute from his lungs caused him to start back and exclaim—  
 "Oh, grandma, how it hollers!" and grandma only smiled, and smoothed down her apron and adjusted her spectacles anew, and led Charley from the room, from which he made his exit into the play yard to inform little Will Parker that he had got something at his house better than a lump of gold, or even a white pony; a real live baby, that opened its little mouth and cried "just so," and Charley gave a very peculiar and decidedly infantile cry; and then in due time, sisters, aunts and cousins, must need all come and take a peep at the newcomer, a letter was despatched to Harry; and daily and weekly Mary grew stronger, until she sat by the window rocking her infant's cradle, or pursuing her customary avocations in the home of her girlhood.  
 Meantime a letter had come to the young wife written at Rio Janerio, and it ran thus:—  
 [TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Questions in Geography.**  
 "Joseph, where is Africa?"  
 "On the map, sir."  
 "I mean Joseph on what continent—Eastern or Western?"  
 "Well, the land of Africa is on the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."  
 "What are the products?"  
 "Of Africa or down South?"  
 "I mean of Africa, you blockhead."  
 "Well, sir, it has not got any."  
 "How do the African people live?"  
 "By drawing."  
 "Drawing what—water?"  
 "No sir, by drawing their breath."  
 "Sit down Joseph."  
 "Samuel, what is the equator?"  
 "Why sir, it is a horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers."  
 "Go to your seat, Samuel."  
 "William, what do you mean by an eclipse?"  
 "An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bust, and runs agin the sun, consequently the run blackens the moons face."  
 Class is dismissed.  
 "Mr. Brown said a constable to an ubiquitous personage the other day, 'how many cows do you own?'"  
 "Why do you ask?" was the reply.  
 "Because I wish to levy on them," was the prompt rejoinder.  
 "Well, let me see," said Mr. B., abstractedly, "how many cows does the law allow me?"  
 "Two," replied the constable.  
 "Two!" said B., with good natured astonishment; "well if it allows me two, I wish it would make haste and send the other along as I haven't but one."  
 A pretty girl out West, attended a ball recently, decked out in a short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked. She quietly remarked that if the would pull up their dresses about the neck, as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers.  
 "Ours is a practical age, pre-eminently a practical age. Ten to one, if when in a sentimental mood, you ask a young girl to share your lot for life, that she would beg to be informed how many acres your lot contains."  
 "He that is to good for good advice is too good for his neighbors company."  
 Death is the only master who takes his servants without a character.  
 When pride and poverty marry, their children are want and crime.  
 He that borrows binds himself with his neighbor's rope.  
 Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred.

**THE BRIDE.**  
 BY CHARLES JEFFREYS.  
 Oh! take her, and be faithful still,  
 And may the bridal vow,  
 Be sacred held in after years,  
 And warmly breathed as now,  
 Remembering 'tis no common tie  
 That binds your youthful heart;  
 'Tis one that only truth should weave,  
 And only death can part.  
 The joys of childhood's happy hour,  
 The home of riper years,  
 The treasure'd scenes of early youth,  
 In sunshine and in tears;  
 The purest hopes her bosom knew,  
 When her young heart was free,  
 All these and more she now resigns,  
 To brave the world with thee.  
 Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,  
 Its good and ill to share,  
 And well I know 't will be her pride  
 To sooth each sorrow there;  
 Then take her and may fleeting time  
 Mark only joy's increase,  
 And may your days glide sweetly on  
 In happiness and peace.

**PROVIDENCE PROSPERS HONESTY.**  
 OR  
**THE LITTLE RAGGED BEGGAR**  
 BY MISS ST. SIMON.  
 A poor boy about ten years of age entered the warehouse of a rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book keeper for alms. "You get nothing here," grumbled the man, "so be off."  
 Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, and at that moment Herr Richter entered.  
 "What is the matter here?" he asked, turning towards the book-keeper.  
 "Worthless beggar boy," was the reply and he scarcely looked up from his work.  
 In the mean time Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground.  
 "Ha! my little lad what is that you picked up?" cried the merchant. The beggar turned and showed him a needle.  
 "And what will you do with it?" asked the other.  
 "My jacket has holes in it, I will sew the big ones up," was the reply.  
 Herr Richter was pleased with the answer, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face.  
 "But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind though serious tone, "you, so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"  
 "Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little yet to thrash or fall wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and a little brother have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."  
 It is quite customary for beggars by trade, to contrive tales like this, and thus harden many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face, he thrust his hand into his pocket and, drew forth a piece of money, and said;  
 "There is half a dollar, go to the baker's and with half the money, buy bread for yourself brother and mother, but bring me back the other half."  
 The boy took the money and ran joyfully away.  
 "Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."  
 "Who knows," replied Herr Richter. And as he spoke he beheld the boy running towards the warehouse with a large lot of black bread in one hand and some money in the other.  
 "There, good sir," he cried almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, being very hungry he at once asked for a knife to cut off a piece of the bread.  
 The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket knife.  
 The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly he thought himself, and laying the bread to one side, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.  
 The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after the boy's family at home, and learned that his father had lived in a small village about four miles from Dantzic, where he owned a small farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but before three weeks he died, broken down by excessive grief and toil. And the mother whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek assistance, and had gone first from village to village, then he had struck into the high road, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.  
 The merchant's heart was moved. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, when Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.  
 "Listen then, my son," he began, "have you really a wish to learn?"  
 "Oh, yes I have indeed!" cried the boy.  
 "I have read the catechism already, and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for my mother was sick in bed."  
 Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution.  
 "Well then," he said "as you are a good boy, honest and industrious, I will take good care of you. You shall learn to read and

drink, and clothing, and in time earn something more. Then you can support your mother and brother also."  
 The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground, again, and said sadly,  
 "My mother all this while has nothing to eat."  
 And this instant, as if sent by Providence an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. The man confirmed the boy's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food and a small quantity of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr Richter directed his book keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum for the poor family, and promising additional assistance.  
 As soon as this was done, Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plan he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the matter, and faithfully kept her word.  
 During the next four years Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster took him into his counting room, in order to educate him for business. Here as well as there, at the writing desk as on the school bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance he sent half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had spent the last years of her life, not in wealth it is true, but by the aid of the noble Richter and of her faithful son, in a condition far above want.  
 After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love for him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable amount of hemp and flax, which was very good, and still to be had at reasonable prices. He asked his foster father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well, that in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.  
 This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper who died about this time, and three years later he was taken by Herr Richter as partner in the concern, with a third part of the profits.  
 But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration.— An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubting his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until in the fifty sixth year of his age, Herr Richter closed his eyes to death.  
 Before his decease he placed the hand of his daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years, in that of his beloved foster son. He had looked upon them both as children.— They understood him; they loved each other, and in silence yet affectionately and earnestly solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.  
 In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships employed in navigating the Baltic and the North, and the care of Providence seemed to watch over the interests of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her two and seventieth year, she died in his arms.  
 As his marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to become his heirs. But in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.  
 It is but a few years since the eldest child of poverty, of honesty, industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.  
 "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."  
 Psalms xxxiii.  
 "How do you feel this morning, John?"  
 "Very much better I thank you. I did think, a while, I was not well; but I know I am better now, for I just met old Mr. ———, the undertaker, and he looked cross at me."  
 "The Great Eastern has met with a serious disaster recently. Some of her machinery becoming broken, she was rendered unmanageable, and rolled about with such violence that her furniture was all destroyed.— 25 fractures of limbs were sustained by the crew, but no lives were lost.  
 "If a woman had as many looks upon her heart as she has on her head a very cunning rogue would soon find his way into it."

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