

Original Communications.

LETTERS FROM A GARRET.—II.

BY Z. M. H.

MR. EDITOR:—Dr. Dryasdust invites me once more, this morning, to his favorite retreat, promising that I shall examine those old volumes of the Boston Recorder, spoken of in my last.

The first article in the Prospect with the date are told that "To gratify the desire of the newspapers have been published in the same manner, and their columns filled with details of battles, the enterprise of the most of this paper is already in operation, safe."

As to terms, the price will be three dollars a year. Nothing is said of premiums, although discounts are to be allowed when any responsible person becomes accountable for several papers to be delivered in one bundle.

The thought of influencing public opinion by "leaders" had not yet dawned upon him. Accordingly, we find nothing in the earlier numbers of the paper from his pen, except items and vignettes. The first number contains, besides the prospect, a part of a prize-essay by Rev. Hugh Pearson, A. M., of St. John's College, Oxford, entitled "A brief historic view of the Progress of the Gospel in different nations, since its first Promulgation."

Then follows the Journal of the Fourteenth Congress, in which it is stated that in the Senate, "a bill to authorize the President to lease the new buildings on Capitol Hill for the accommodation of Congress was read three times and passed."

A resolution was offered in the House to inquire into the expediency of aiding the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company.

Then follows a summary of foreign news, containing, among other things, an account of the arrest and execution of Murat, the first Lieutenant of Napoleon Bonaparte, also of the trial of Marshal Ney.

A list of foreign benevolent societies is then given. Marriages, deaths, advertisements follow in their order.

Such is the first number of the RECORDER, the pioneer religious newspaper of this land.

The settlements on the shore are quite few and insignificant. We had expected to have seen more.

But why do we stop here in the middle of the stream? A man has been sounding, and he cries out "Three feet!" and so we come to a halt. Stuck in the bar, tight enough! Now all the hands get to work.

Let me close, with these lines printed at the end of one of the monthly numbers. They are evidently adapted from Cooper; but show the spirit of both the Old England and the New in the opening of the century.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR EDITOR:—A bright, sunny morning, a cool, pure, breezy atmosphere, a sail on this broad winding river, with its islands covered with tangled underbrush and the magnificent scenery along its shores, all combine to produce enjoyment of the highest order.

We left Milwaukee last evening after having enjoyed a day in looking at its beautiful buildings, fine business streets, and the magnificent views from the bluff, a hundred feet above the lake.

A night's ride to La Crosse is not at all fatiguing, as the sleeping car has sixteen wheels under it, riding far more smoothly than any of our Eastern eight-wheel cars.

Adopt on the Father of Waters, a new life and new scenes open before us. We meet steamers sailing up and down. They are all of the old type of western river boats, with side wheels, two tall smokestacks near the front, cabin on the upper deck from end to end, freight-room, boiler and engine on the lower.

Along a range of hills on the western shore, while the eastern is flat, the hills are uncultivated, and show ledges of rock near the summits. The action of the weather upon their perpendicular stratified sides gives them frequently the appearance of ruined castles, walls, and towers, overgrown with bushes and vines.

Here we find a bold headland, a thousand feet above us, with an immense precipice of perpendicular rock; we look in vain for the ubiquitous sign of "Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall Clothing House," or the advertisement of "Pure Liberty White Head."

Here we pass two browned, sun-burnt men on a little flat-boat, with a house built upon it. They are traders among the raftsmen or villagers along the shore.

HARD AGROUND.

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Here is another raft of logs lazily floating down the stream. The sturdy raftsmen have evidently been to the west, for soldier-like they each erect a little booth over the spot where they sit, near the handle of their long oar, with their blanket, hung on three or four poles, and this keeps off the hot sun.

We arrived at Winona, a new Western town, with large expectations, and a lovely location. In 1853 the land was bought from the Indians. It now has 9000 inhabitants, a railroad running back one hundred miles into the interior, a grist-mill, saw and planing mills, and a large country store.

BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

We hear of farmers who break up the soil with ox-teams and plow one summer, and by the next raise wheat enough to pay for land, oxen, fences, living and farm-house.

We come to little new settlements along the road, and now to an old town, twelve years old, Rochester, quite a town, with good, comfortable houses, and pretty streets.

Every village has its little wooden church, with square box on top for a steeple, and in some places we pass little churches sitting on the open prairie, no fence about them, and no house or town within half a mile.

But we must hasten on to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fort Snelling, the Falls of St. Anthony, and Longfellow's Minnehaha.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS—XIII.

July 28th, 1868.

OTHER CANYON.

Not the Ophir whither the traders of Jesse's royal Son made long voyages for gold, this not being a region of gold, apes or peacocks, but of silver. Accident, ignorance or caprice, often saddles a name upon a new section of country, on the congregated abodes of men, or on a helpless child, which proves hard to bear, and in no way calculated to define them.

To those who have not seen it, it is no easy matter to convey by pen any just conception of Geography and Topography of this vast region; and especially of Ophir as a locality.

A range of mountains runs on either side, from four to five thousand feet in average elevation, with peaks at the close of July covered with snow. The distance from the base to the summit of these mountains averages seven to ten miles.

Into one of these canyons, now called Ophir, about three years since, there wandered a lone prospector, and about three miles up it discovered a rich vein of silver.

PACK MULES.

The two steam engines, consume about ten cords of wood daily, there being no coal in this region. Groves of pine and cedar grow sparsely far up and along the sides of these mountains, yet so rugged and precipitous are these, that no wagon-road could be made from the mills to the timber, a distance of two to five miles.

Farming and gardening are almost wholly unknown as yet in this region. A lone Frenchman, however, in his earthly wanderings arrested his course at Ophir, looked about for an avocation, and finally determined upon a garden.

MY MISSION.

To this Ophir in the mountains, in my exploring mission, I have come to spend a week, and have heard a Quaker Sabbath E. preached twice in the large business office of the company.

vada, its mission was the acquaintance I formed, the scenery and incidents, will live in my memory.

SARATOGA.

A FEW SUNDAYS AGO.

The Sabbath in Saratoga is marked by comparative stillness, though there is much driving by pleasure seekers, while at the hotels there is little of the Sabbath quiet or rest; the hum and tread of talking, walking multitudes strike the ear unpleasantly.

The evening service at the Presbyterian church was a very interesting one. It was in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Rev. Dr. Covey of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Fisher of Utica, were the speakers.

What part was that, sir? "Why, it was where you talked about one man whipping the whole British army. First, you said, he might whip each officer, and then each soldier, and so on, till he would whip the whole army. I tell you, I liked that better than any other part of the sermon."

What's that? "What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Spurgeon in utter amazement; "one man whipped the whole British army?"

The opening of Dr. Fisher's address, was very happy, as was the whole of it. He began, "Dr. Covey has made my apology in making his own. I counted to speak at this meeting under the impression that there would be several addresses, and that a very great share of the duty of imparting interest to the meeting would rest upon myself. I am therefore quite as unprepared as he was."

In the afternoon I visited the Indian encampment, where a religious meeting was held. A large concourse of visitors had assembled. The Indians grouped themselves on the outside of the circle, and looked and listened with a sort of puzzled and wondering curiosity, as if uncertain whether they had any concern in the meeting or not.

There is a strange and striking contrast between the untidy appearance of the Indian men and women, and the beautiful articles they fabricate. With extreme delicacy they embroider toilet cushions, and weave baskets, and construct miniature canoes, while they exhibit the skill of finished workmanship in the darts, and the bow and arrows that attract visitors to the shanties in which they live and labor.