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### SELECT POETRY.



#### "WHICH IS THE WAY?"

The charming lady writer who presides over the literary department of one of the city Weeklies, says:—"How few of us, on life's journey stop to enquire which is the way. In the pursuit of pleasure or money how seldom is that important question asked. We rush heedlessly forward, and trust to good fortune to bring us safely out of the wilderness?—We are either too stubborn, too thoughtless, or too proud to inquire—Which is the way?—This has suggested to us the following verses, which the reader may praise as much as he pleases:—

On the highway, in the darkness,  
Whence'er our feet may stray,  
Comes not to our minds this question—  
Which, oh, stranger, is the way?  
Which way, stranger, is the way?  
Cross paths intersect our journey,  
Till we doubt well by day—  
Pleasant road through pleasant valleys,  
But, oh, which one is the way?  
Which way, stranger, is the way?  
There the golden sunlight glimmers  
There the autumn harvests lay,  
There the nodding flowers beckon—  
Stranger, which way is the way?  
Which way, stranger, is the way?  
There are signs along the pathway,  
If ye heed them day by day,  
Pointing with unerring fingers,  
Every traveler on the way—  
Which way, stranger, is the way?  
When the night is darkly lowering,  
There's a star whose constant ray  
Lights the pathway to the heaven—  
Wanderer, that way is the way,  
Which way, stranger, is the way?  
When the struggle is the hardest,  
If you'll only kneel and pray,  
Comes a voice from out the darkness—  
This way, traveler, is the way,  
This way, stranger, is the way."

### AGRICULTURAL.



#### Receipt for Curing Beef and Pork.

This receipt, which originated with us, and has now had many years of trial, we believe to be unsurpassed as a pickle. Nearly all the modern receipts which have appeared in the different agricultural journals, and worth anything at all, in some instances almost identically, of the ingredients and proportions set forth in ours, which we first printed some fifteen or eighteen years ago. Some of the receipts lately published, required a large amount of labor and are not to be recommended. As this period is the season, when farmers and others will soon be putting down their winter's, and we may add their next year's supply of meat, it may be of service to republish the receipt, which is as follows.

To 1 gallon of water, take 1 1/2 lbs. of salt, 1/2 lb. brown sugar, 1/2 oz. saltpetre, 1/2 oz. potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired.

Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw the pickle into a large tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say from four to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces, and the kind of meat. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and it should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.

Several of our friends have omitted the boiling of the pickle, and found it to answer equally as well. It will not, however, answer quite so well. By boiling the pickle, it is purified—for the amount of dirt which is thrown off by the operation, from the salt and sugar, is surprising.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

**CURING HAMS.**—A correspondent—Mr. W. H. Bennet, of Warwick, R. I.—sends us the following description of a method practiced with great success by him for several years in curing hams.

He first takes the cask in which the hams are to be salted, and smokes it for half an hour over a low fire made with walnut chips. He then makes a pickle for two hundred pounds of ham by dissolving fourteen pounds of Turk's

Island salt, half a pound of saltpetre, and two quarts of molasses in sufficient water to cover the meat when placed in the barrel. This pickle is skimmed while the salt is being dissolved at a scalding heat. When cooled down this brine is poured upon the hams in the barrel, and they are allowed to lay in it until they are salted.—They are then lifted out, hung up to dry, and are afterwards rubbed over with a composition of fine salt, black and red pepper, and some ground cloves. When this operation is performed, they are sewed in bags, and hung up with shanks downwards. A dry, cool attic chamber is the best place to keep them. Hams thus preserved have a very excellent flavor, and do not require to go through the smoking process.

The simple smoking of the cask will have the effect of communicating a mild, smoky savor to the meat. Of this we are confident, because we have seen it done, and can endorse Mr. Bennett's experience in regard to this feature of the process. We believe his practice is a good one.—*Scientific American.*

**VIRTUES OF MILK.**—It is a most perfect diet. Nothing like it—it contains curd, which is necessary for the development and formation of muscle—butter for the production of an adequate supply of fat; sugar to feed the respiration, and thereby add warmth to the body; the phosphates of lime and magnesia, the peroxide of iron, the chlorides of potassium and soda, with the free soda, required to give solidity and strength to the bone together with the saline particles so essentially necessary for other parts of the body. It contains the lactic acid, or the acid of milk, which chemists inform us is the acid of the gastric juice, so requisite for the proper dissolving of our food in the stomach. It is, therefore, obvious that milk should be chemically correct in all its constituents and should not be neutralized by adulteration. "It is," Dr. Prout properly states, "the true types of food." How necessary, therefore, it is that it should be pure; otherwise this wonderful and wise provision of providence would be a curse rather than a blessing.

From the Police Gazette.

#### THE DANGEROUS ROAD.

##### A Thrilling Sketch of Prairie Life.

BY JOHN KENNEDY.

It was towards evening that I traveled slowly across the prairie, to give my horse time to cool, from the intense heat of the sun, which we had endured a few hours before.

My saddlebags were heavy with the weight of coin I carried in them. I was en route for a land office, at which I was to enter land, not only for myself, but for others.

I observed a horseman ahead of me, and traveling slowly in the same direction as myself. I was not very anxious for company, and therefore did not hasten my pace, but kept on at a slow gait. The man ahead of me slackened his speed, and seemed determined that I should overtake him. I accordingly slackened mine. He dismounted to fix something about his saddle, I stopped to observe the landscape. He attempted to mount. His horse was fractious and mine was perfectly docile. At length he reached the saddle. I dismounted—my rigging was out of order. He dropped the reins, and left his horse to graze. I examined my pistols, and looked well to my knife. He cast a long look at me, and then rode forward, at which I mounted and pursued my journey. His conduct had been suspicious, and I was now fully aroused to a sense of danger. Could the man mean me harm, or was he anxious for company, to while away the monotony and loneliness of the route.

For a mile or two he kept at a very respectable distance, and I began to entertain hopes that I would not be troubled with his immediate company. Suddenly his horse wheeled in his course, and came dashing furiously toward me. His movement was executed so rapidly, and was so unexpected, that I was at a loss how to act. But as self-defence is one of the first laws of nature, I found it the first suggestion which came to my mind, and with it out came my pistol.

"Peace," said he, at the same time holding his hands out before him. "My horse became frightened and ran away with me."

"Indeed?" I replied. "What a curious horse," I thought to myself, as I carefully surveyed the animal; and a noble beast he was.

"It is very lonesome traveling alone over these prairies, and their wild sameness almost frightens me; I had half a mind this morning to lay over until I met with company."

"You are a stranger in these parts," I remarked, as I closely scrutinized the man's features, and particularly observed every part of his clothing and equipments.

I observed nothing suspicious about him, but on the contrary, he seemed to be like myself, a traveler. His conversation was pleasant, his manners affable and insinuating. In short, our acquaintance was soon complete, and I thought I had misjudged the man. He was on the same business, traveling to the same place, and intended to put up at the same hotel where I intended to stop.

In addition to other facts, he informed me he had five thousand dollars in actual cash in his saddlebags, which he was going to invest in lands. "In return for this unsolicited con-

dence, I acquainted him with the amount in my possession, at which he expressed no surprise, but rather intimated it was a small amount.

"I wonder if there is any danger of robbers?" said he, as we were approaching a small clump of trees, which were thickly studded with underbrush.

"I should think not," I replied.

But his remarks had awakened in my mind a suspicion, and I kept my eyes intently fixed upon the woods, which lay to the right of us, and close to which our road ran. I saw this troubled my companion, and he tried by every possible means to divert my attention to some other direction. This only continued to arouse my suspicions, and taken in connection with the manner in which he came into my company, destroyed all the confidence of honesty I had a few moments before reposed in him.

We now reached the densest part of the woods, and I noticed he rode more closely to my horse's head, and glanced uneasily toward the timber; but at the same time he watched me closely.

I passed my hand behind, but no sooner was it beneath my coat than he had seized the rein of my bridle in one hand, and with the other, pointed a pistol to my breast.

"Another move, and you are a dead man.—Your money, sir," he demanded.

"Ah! a highway robber," said I, gazing on him in wonder. "I suspected as much, but you were too sharp for me."

"I know it," he replied, "we all have to be fast in this Western country; we have a fast world out here; but your money, and save me the trouble of pulling this trigger."

"Well," thought I, "I may be even with you yet."

"You will spare my life if I give you all my money?" I asked, pretending to be scared almost out of my senses. Perhaps, though, it was not all pretence, for I must confess I felt kind of light about the heart, and my hair moved on my head as if its electricity was all positive, and each respective hair wished to get as far away from its fellows as possible.

"I will spare your life, though it is contrary to my rules. I have and will follow the motto—'Dead men tell no tales.'"

I understood his meaning perfectly, and knew it would be but a contest for life, and why should I submit tamely?

"Well," said I, "it is heart-sickening to part with the honest earnings of a life of severe toil, without receiving any compensation."

"I give you your life," he replied, "and if you do as all the rest of mankind do—prey upon your fellows for gain—you will soon make up the amount you may accommodate me with. Come, be hasty, for I have more work before me."

I moved forward in my saddle, and drew up my saddlebags, and then fixed myself again in my seat.

"Just hold that," said I, drawing out a bundle of shirts, and handing them to him. He immediately replaced his pistol, and taking the bundle held it very patiently.

"Please hold that Bible, too, my money is in each end, and of course the bottom article."

I again thrust my hand into the saddlebags, but this time drew out a long pistol, and instantly it was at his breast.

"Move, or make the least noise," I fairly screamed with excitement, "and I will blow you through the heart."

With my left hand I fastened the rein of his bridle over the horn of my saddle, and with my eyes staring him full in the face, I reached forward with my left hand and removed his pistols—two large revolvers.

He turned pale when he found himself disarmed, and with a sickly smile, said, "You have been too sharp for me."

"Yes," I replied, "this Western country is a fast country, and I have been a little too fast for you."

Still holding the pistol to his breast, I replaced the articles as best I could in my saddlebags, and adjusted them with all their contents in their accustomed place. I then released the bridle rein, and still leveling the pistol toward him I rode forward, and when at a respectable distance, I put my horse into a canter.

"We'll meet again," he yelled after me, shaking his fist menacingly.

It had become quite dark when I approached a small house, standing alone on the prairie. I rode up in front of it, and dismounting, fastened my horse to a stake which seemed as if driven in the ground for that purpose. I saw a light through the door, which stood slightly ajar, and on approaching it, heard several persons in conversation. I rapped against the casing, and immediately a burley looking individual made his appearance.

"Can I stay all night?" I asked, scrutinizing him as well as I could in the light which shone dimly from a candle.

"Well, stranger, I reckon you kin, if you put up with such fare as I kin give you."

"I am in no way particular," I replied, "so I am protected for the night."

"Well, yes, that's all right, just walk in, and I'll take care of your horse."

I walked in, with my saddlebags on my arm, and there sat two men—great muscular-looking monsters, with stiff hair, coarse savage features and long dirty beards.

I took a seat and waited patiently for the landlord. When he came in, I thought I noticed something strange in his conduct, and he watched me rather closely, and seemed very anxious to get a glance beneath my coat.

"You'll have supper, I reckon," he said, stepping before me, and endeavoring to make a bow.

"No, sir," I replied harshly, for I saw in the actions of the man that which convinced me I would not eat a second one. Though hungry,

ravenously hungry, yet I would not risk my life to quell the cravings of my stomach.

My reply took the landlord by surprise, and after gazing at me a moment, he walked sullenly away.

I asked to retire, when the landlord picked up a short piece of candle, and lighting it, bade us follow. We ascended a close narrow staircase, at the head of which was a door, and through which we entered a room. The furniture was anything but inviting, especially the bed.

"I guess you'll have to undress in the dark," said the host, moving toward the door, "I ain't got any candlestick, and in fact, can't spare that candlestick."

"I can't do that, sir," I replied promptly, "I must have that candle."

"I can't hardly spare it, stranger," and he kept backing toward the door.

"Will you give me that candle? I demanded.

"Well, I reckon you'll have to have it," said he, yielding it very reluctantly.

When he had withdrawn, I examined the door, and found there was nothing by which it could be fastened. All my suspicions were now aroused, and I had the glorious and pleasing reflection that I was in a nest of robbers; but still I thought I might be mistaken, and that the landlord was only acting from ignorance; or a want of knowledge of the rules of hospitality.

How to open my door was the next thought, and only one way presented itself, and that was, to place my bed against it. When this idea occurred to my mind, my attention was drawn to the bed, and discovered that it was surrounded with a curtain, which descended from the ceiling to the floor. Under any other circumstances, this would not have appeared uncommon, but at the present time it was in direct contradiction to the other arrangements of the apartment. I thought somebody might be concealed beneath it, and then it might be used for other purposes. How to ascertain whether the under part of the bed was occupied without exposing a vital part of my body, was a query.

"Ah! now I have it," thought I. I turned the curtain up all around, and taking my revolver, I leveled it so that it would be sure to hit any object underneath the bed, at the same time saying, "Two minutes to come out or I fire."

I listened for about a minute, and the stillness became insufferable. Was I mistaken? and dare I risk my head low enough to take a peep? Would it be judicious to fire and alarm the host, if no one was there? I was about to withdraw the pistol, when I detected a slight suppressed breathing. At this discovery, a thrill passed through me like an electric shock, and my heart palpitated audibly.

"One half-minute more to make your appearance," said I, or I fire.

An interval of silence, then of shuffling, and the head of a man peered from beneath the bed, followed in snake-like order by the body.

"Ha!" said I, "you were prepared to cut my throat; I'll save you that sin by making a hole through your head," as I pressed the pistol close to his forehead. He dropped upon his knees in an imploring position, but not a word escaped him.

I then took the case from the bolster on the bed, and drew it over him, and fortunately, it was long enough to partially confine his legs. I then cut a place for him to breathe through, and tumbled him into one corner.

I drew my bed against the door, and secured it otherwise, as best I could. I placed my weapons, of which I had a good supply—three revolvers and a large knife—in a convenient position. I then took a seat upon the bed, and patiently awaited the result of my preparations.

My candle had burnt out, and I, despite of all exertions to the contrary, had become sleepy, and several times I caught myself nodding.

A rustling in the corner warned me that my captive was making efforts to free himself.

"Keep quiet," said I, "or this knife will find the way to your heart."

In about an hour after, I heard a gentle rapping upon the door. No answer being made, a voice said, in a whisper:

"Tip, tip, is it done?"

"Yes," I whispered back.

"Let me in, will you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, hurry."

"Directly."

During this time I was rapidly considering what course to take, or how to manage the affair. Should I admit this man, how could I secure him? Ah! the bedcord why did I not think of that before? I instantly threw the clothes off the bedstead, loosened the cord, and then pulled the remainder of the bed away from the door.

"Come in," said I, as I opened the door.—The man stepped confidently in, and as he did so I warned him not to utter a syllable, or he was a dead man. Holding the pistol with one hand, I found the rope around his hands until they were fast; then lying the pistol down, I securely tied his hands and feet, and set him down.

In a little while I saw a light ascending and approach the door. The same signal was given as before, when I opened the door, and the landlord entered with a light. His consternation was the most ridiculous, as he beheld me with a pistol at his breast, bidding him be silent. I then tied his hands and feet, and with an admonition to keep silence, set him upon the floor.

They kept coming, and I binding them over to keep the peace, until I had six in the room; and, by the dim glare of the candle, they presented a ludicrous appearance.

After a long pause, the seventh man came, and when I let him in, it was the one who had

travelled with me on the prairie, and who had tried to rob me.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, starting back confounded at what he saw, "you once escaped me, but not now."

"Yes, and now," said I, pressing my pistol close to his face, "be quiet or your head will go to atoms in a twinkling!" I secured him without further trouble, and seated him among his companions.

At length day dawned, and when the light was perfect, I took my first prisoner from his sack and tied him hand and foot, and then left them cursing and swearing at each other's cowardice. I went on to the next town, from which officers were sent out, and the gang of robbers taken to prison. But this capture broke up that gang, and if they ever commenced operations again, it was in some other locality.

Correspondence of the Boston Post.

#### Death of a Gambling House Keeper at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.

One of the most celebrated and successful sportsman of this or any other country was buried in this city on Sunday week. The occasion of his death affords me an opportunity of giving your readers a sketch of the man and a description of his gaming house. Let it serve as a warning, not as an example.

He had been a resident of Washington some fifteen or twenty years, during which period he amassed great wealth by gambling; or, to use the mild and honest language of the Avenue, "he realized an ample fortune out of the successful operations of his house." His "house" being the most elegant, and his "bank" the most weighty and substantial in the country, it has been for years the fashionable and fascinating resort of wealthy planters, fast Congressmen, aspiring diplomats, and ambitious sportsmen from every part of the world. For many years past he has lived in the most luxurious style, having, like a certain other rich man, "been clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day." In person he was above the medium size, fat and sleek, of pleasing address and a generous disposition; exhibiting in his general deportment to strangers the characteristics of a well-fed good natured elderly man, rather than those of a heartless, unrelenting gambler.

His reputation for generosity was widely established. If a college was to be endowed, a church built, or private charities to be dispensed, his was sure to be among the most munificent of the donations. His wife, now a widow, was of good parentage; a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, possessing social qualities which, combining with the dazzling attainments of wealth, insured her troops of admirers and courtiers. Rolling along the Avenue, in her magnificent equipage, which far exceeds in richness and style that of the President of the United States, or that of any other gentleman in Washington, she looked a very queen—being quite undisturbed by any thought that her presence sent a dagger to scores of hearts, whose patrimony, unlawfully obtained, had contributed to her enjoyment, in the same proportion that its loss had added to the woes and wretchedness of the beholder.

His "establishment" was upon Pennsylvania Avenue, between the National Hotel and the Capital. Let us approach and look in.

You enter by a door of variegated glass, which, by light, reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Ascending a flight of stairs you reach the door, pull the bell, and instantly a small apartment opens and you are greeted by a pair of red eyes and a double row of ivory, set in black, which normally belongs to Sambo, but which in fact are the property of the proprietor. A glance suffices. You have filled Sambo's eye and are deemed passable. The door is at once opened and you are ushered into the ante-room—the vestibule of hell! The room is not large, but elegantly appointed—the chief attraction being the side board, which is of solid marble and white as Diana's breast.—Here are arranged in long and glistening columns decanters of cut glass, sparkling like brilliant, filled with the choicest nectar, and blushing to the very necks with the glowing vintage of the olden time. If you pass this Rubicon without tasting its sparkling but dangerous waters, it is not from any dearth of hospitality on the part of your persuasive host. The spacious "Sporting hall" is now visible.—The floor is covered with carpeting from the Orient, of immense cost and marvelous beauty. The walls are adorned with superb paintings of the old masters and now, while pendant from the windows hang curtains of embroidered lace, covered with golden tapestry of Oriental magnificence, with mirrors of mammoth size reflecting your form and features from a score of gleaming embrasures. Along the hall, at convenient distances, are ranged circular tables of polished rosewood, around which are seated numbers of thoughtful, anxious, dark visaged men, who heed you not—their eyes have another and stronger attraction. One would naturally suppose this to be a theatre for jests, drollery and song, or bacchanalian revelings, or pugilistic encounters. Far from it. On the contrary all is hushed, silent, sepulchral.

"No real voice or sound within these cheerless walls are found."

You are oppressed with the fearful stillness and awful silence which prevailed the place.—A laugh, a joke, or even a curse, would be a sensible relief. But you hear nothing of this. An occasional long breath or half subdued sigh is all that tells the ear that these mad devotees are possessed of lungs and life.

An hour's inspection satisfied your curiosity, and you are about taking your departure when a soft hand taps you on the shoulder, and a low voice:—"Please don't stir, supper will be ready in a few minutes." At precisely 10 o'clock

the doors of the dining hall are thrown open and "supper's ready," proclaims an immediate armistice between the combatants, and invites to a more healthy and rational duty. The long table groans beneath their burthen of gold and silver plate, and the heaps of delicacies which surmount and adorn them. Here are venison from the brown forests of Maine, turkeys from the broad savannas of the West, canvas-backs from the placid Potomac, trout from Superior, and Salmon from the St. John's; together with fruits, flowers and wines for every taste and from every clime.

The repeat over, you are permitted—with a patronizing invitation, to call again,—to make your retreat to the open air, there to thank Heaven that you are not a worshipper within this magnificent yet cheerless abode.

One night's work; a few days previous to the close of the last session, made sad havoc among the coffers of this den. It is said that a distinguished Senator won on that night one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, which broke the bank and caused a temporary suspension. A new house, however, was soon purchased by him and being magnificently decorated, when the "king of terror," the great unbeaten and unchallenged, steeped in and closed the game of life forever.

FAUST.

#### Death of Madams Ida Pfeiffer.

We learn by the *Vanderbilt*, arrived yesterday, that this lady, known all over the world as the great female traveller, recently died in Vienna. She was perhaps the most wonderful woman of the age, for she had travelled more than any of the celebrated men of the middle ages, or, indeed, of the present, for she had not only visited the continents of Europe, Africa and Asia, but America and the Polynesia; she had traversed over 150,000 miles by water, and 18,000 by land. In appearance she was slight and rather under the middle size; her complexion was somewhat darkened by exposure to weather and the heat of the climates in which she had travelled. She was generally regarded as plain looking, but an English gentleman who met her at Vienna, said: "I cannot understand how any one, one who has seen her while conversing, can say so. Her smile is particularly sweet and captivating.—Her soul beams from her eyes, and I can compare her smile to nothing less than the sunlight darting from behind a cloud." She is very amusing in her manners; animated and easy in her conversation. She spoke of her travels in an unaffected style, and her thoughts flew in a moment from one part of world to the opposite, whenever she related a story and wished to draw a contrast between different people. She has been where no white man has ever dared to venture—amidst cannibals in both hemispheres—and I laid three of my fingers in a scar on the upper part of her left arm, inflicted by a cannibal of Patagonia." Madam Pfeiffer was born at Vienna in 1797. In early childhood she displayed traits of character which foreshadowed the future "strong minded woman." An illustration of her fixity of purpose has some interest. When Napoleon was residing at Schonbrunn, after his entry into Vienna, he was to hold a grand review of his troops, at which all the inhabitants of Vienna were, from a desire to see the greatest general of his time. Ida, who was then eleven years old, had learned, from books and persons by whom she was surrounded, to look upon him as a tyrant and an oppressor of her country, and she consequently entertained the most intense hatred towards him. She had refused to go when asked by her mother; but the latter, not wishing to be deprived of the pleasure, took her daughter by force to the review. They obtained a good station, from whence they could see all that passed. At length the procession began to move, and as a body of officers were riding by Ida, in order that her eyes might not be polluted with the sight of the man she so thoroughly detested, turned her back towards them. The Emperor was not, however, amongst them. Her mother, annoyed at her obstinacy, took her by the shoulders and turned her back again, but Ida, determined not to look at him, resolutely closed her eyes, and kept them shut till the Emperor and all his retinue passed. In her preface to her first work she tells us of the intense desire for travel she experienced during her childhood, but which circumstances prevented her from indulging. In 1820, she married Dr. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg. By this union she had two sons, one of whom followed the musical profession, and studied under the great Mendelssohn, and the other became a merchant.—On the death of her husband, the desires of her youth were renewed in all their vigor, and she thought that, having fulfilled her duty to her family, in bringing them up and establishing them in life, she was not acting contrary to her duty in following the bent of her inclinations. She knew that dangers, difficulties and even death might befall her; but should any of these happen to her during her travels she would thank God for the sweet hours she passed in beholding the wonders of His creation; and she begs her readers not to impute to her in her travels a desire for notoriety alone, nor to judge her by the common opinion that such a life is not befitting a woman.

When she had, by several years of strict economy, amassed a sufficient sum, she set off on her first pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land; for said she, "I always felt the most intense longing to tread the spot rendered so holy by the footsteps of our Redeemer. She returned safe, filled with delight at her success, and published her first work, entitled 'The Travels of a Vienna Lady to the Holy Land,' a work of great interest, and bearing the impress of truthfulness in every line. Unsated in her thirst for travel, she next visited the extreme north of Europe, Ireland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, the result of her adven-