THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Deferred Editorial.

A WHIG WITH A SOUL, AND A SOULLESS WHIG.—We place the two following extracts on record to show the difference between a *whig with a soul and a soulless whig*. The first is from the proclamation of CALEB S. WOODHULL, the whig Mayor of New York, who notwithstanding his conduct in the Astor place riot was any thing but commendable, we are forced to believe is at heart a good man, and in practice a gentleman:

"In every position, whether as governor of his native state, as speaker of the house of national representatives, or as chief magistrate of the American people, he has displayed abilities of no common order; and by the force of his talents, the purity of his life, and the sincerity of his patriotism, has commanded the highest esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens. The events in which he has borne a prominent part will form one of the most brilliant chapters in the annals of our country, and will transmit his name to posterity as one of the most illustrious of our presidents."

In painful contrast with the above manly tribute to departed worth, is the following from the *Chambersburg Whig*, a paper published, we are sorry to say, in the civilized state of Pennsylvania.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.—On Tuesday last the "Green spot" was made dolefull by the tolling of bells for the death of James K. Polk, late President of the Locofoco party. The news of his decease was received by Telegraph. The disease under which he labored was chronic diarrhoea, not cholera, as stated in our last. Thus has this ambitious and wicked man been called early to the final settlement of his dreadful account. We would, in charity, have wished him a lifetime of ten thousand years in which to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

We are taught in the Book of Books that for National sins there shall be National afflictions. Does it not, however, seem a little singular, just contemporaneous with the death of the author of the most shameful iniquities in which our country ever engaged, that the consequences of those iniquities should be so full upon us?—that the scourge of disease should be sweeping the length and breadth of our land? Verily the ways of Providence are inscrutiable.

Upon this outrage upon the memory of the illustrious dead and the decencies of political and private life, the *Philadelphia Ledger* administers the following withering rebuke: This, says that paper, is the first notice of the late President's decease, which has yet reached us, in which he was mentioned disrespectfully; and for the honor of American journalism, we hope it will be the last. Even in journals which, during Mr. Polk's Presidency, never permitted a day to pass without stricture upon his official character and conduct, we have seen respectable, becoming notices of his decease, and candid acknowledgement of virtues which they had never before discovered in him. As a general rule, American politics are free from posthumous rancors. To all well constituted minds the grave is invested with sanctities which cannot be disturbed without infamy to the disturbers. Partisans in the midst of their excitements, and while the object of their assault is capable of self-defence, may misapprehend, misrepresent, libel and traduce. But upon a call to the last account, when all the worldly ties are severed all worldly interest terminate, justice resumes its ascendency, and enjoins silence, if it cannot admit commendation.

We proceed not so far in pronouncing this assault an insult to American public opinion. That public opinion is too chastened, too refined, too exalted, to tolerate violations of the grave, even when truth is spoken. And it is too sternly just to endure such outrages when exhibited in fashiond and slander. In pronouncing Mr. Polk an "ambitious and wicked man," this journal utters a shameless libel; and in insinuating that he has been 'called early to the final settlement of his dreadful account," it audaciously enters the field of profanity. We admit that Mr. Polk was ambitious, as every American citizen should be—to serve his country faithfully. But when partisan rancor pronounces him *wicked*, we challenge proof of his having ever violated a single engagement, public or private, or of ever having acted from a corrupt motive. And he has been "called early," *cut off prematurely, to settle a "dreadful account!"* How dares this blasphemer step between the deceased and the Judge of All, to set up his own blind judgment upon the character of the account, or the prematurity of the call! *He* a judge of men in the Almighty Presence? And his *charity* would have asked a longer life, to bring forth repentance! How beautiful is that *charity* which, to gratify partisan rancor, violates the grave and blasphemes the Almighty!

And still more audaciously, the libeller refers to the Bible upon *national sins*, and says that the people are now suffering under the scourge of pestilence, in retribution for the *crimes* of Mr. Polk's *administration!* In charity we must think this libeller mad. If he be rational, we find language inadequate to characterize such *wicked audacity*. Has the cholera come in punishment of national sins? Then what national sins induced its former visitation? If it ever comes without such errand dares he deny that it has come so now? And after this ebullition of blasphemy, he says, "Verily, the ways of Providence are inscrutiable." Then how dare you undertake to explain *them?* But since he refers to the Bible, we would remind him of the injunction, "Judge not, least ye be judged;" and of the rebuke, "Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" And of the prohibition, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain."

This is the first time within our recollection, in which a partisan hyena has insulted the American people, by violating the newly made grave of one whom they had honored with their chief magistracy. For the credit of our country, we hope it will be the last.

☞ Passed Midshippman Pollock, who is tolerably well known hereabouts for his attempt to shoot Mr. Jewett, of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, has been appointed Acting Master of the U. S. Sloop-of-war John Adams, now lying at Boston, bound for Brazil, to sail in a day or two.

PERTINENT AND TRUE.—The Boston *Post* says it seems Gen. Taylor has directed copies of Washington's farewell address to be printed, and sent to every diplomatic and consular representative of this government in Europe and in all other portions of the world. This is a good plan, as the legacy is probably quite a new thing to many of the persons who have been appointed to consular offices by this administration.

"NO PROSCRIPTION."—Nearly every Democrat in Rhode Island has been swept out of office. The Worcester Palladium says there is one little mail Agent left, and that there is a hot chase after him.

☞ The London Times expresses the apprehension that all the better class of small farmers in Ireland are about emigrating to this country, leaving behind only one impoverished land owners and the pauper inhabitants of the various work houses.

☞ The Albany Argus verry aptly says that France stands alone in the infamy of her course towards republican Rome. Even England declines any participation in or responsibility for it. LORD PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. HUME, on the 11th, whether "England was implicated in the atrocious proceedings now going on at Rome," said that "the British Government had no participation of any kind in any proceedings which had taken place on the part of any power whatever." This manly declaration was greeted with loud cheers.

☞ It is said Capt. Rynders will have a place in the New York custom house, having advocated Gen. Taylor's election. He has recently given bail to appear for trial as an Astor place rioter.

Select Poetry.

AN EVENING HYMN.

BY J. R. BARRICK.

Evening shades are gently falling
O'er the silent scenes of earth,
Evening stars are beaming brightly
In their newly wakened birth:
'Tis an hour, when kindred spirits
Walk in pensiveness abroad,
When the weary soul inherits
Peace that dwells alone with God.

Now, while nature teems with beauty,
'Neath a woven roof of flowers,
We will join our hearts in duty,
While the psalm of life is ours;
While the woods and fields are teeming
With rich blessings from on high,
We will cease from idle dreaming,
And unite in sacred tie.

While our souls with hope ascending,
Mount on silver wings of light,
We will long for life unending,
Free from shades of mortal night,
And our spirits shrinking never,
Shall await the welcome morn,
When from all of earth we sever,
From its fading beauty shorn

And in groves that never wither,
Where the flowers immortal bloom,
Where no wintry wind will gather,
O'er the dark and silent tomb,
We will rise from sin and sorrow.
Rise midst scenes of bliss untold,
And our hearts the welcome morrow,
Shall await with harps of gold,

Time and space are stealing onward,
Onward to the opening grave,
Yet in death our spirits skyward,
Shall arise like firemen brave;
And the crown of life receiving,
From the hand of God above,
We will live and reign unceasing,
In the light and smiles of love.

Select Miscellany.

A CRUISE ON THE LAKES.

BY WM. M. WOOD, M. D., U. S. N.

From Littell's Living Age.

READER, have you ever been on the great lakes? If you have not your mind will scarcely be able to realize all their wonders;—their vast expanse of cold fresh water—their profound clear depths—the commercial sail and steam navies gliding and foaming over their surface—the elegant cities and thriving nations on their shores. On one point, you are amid the crowded masts and busy bustle of the commerce of an old state, and, in a few hours, you may be where civilization has leaped in full-grown vigor upon the wilderness, and, struggling for a settlement, has planted its cities before the long-haired and painted savage has had time to escape from the brick avenues encroaching upon his forest-home; and, wrapped in their blankets, with the beautifying additions of green and red paint on their faces, and quills and feathers in their hair, we have seen them walking the newly made streets and selling their wares to the new people.

Even though you are accustomed to all the bustle of the Atlantic cities, and have endeavored to conceive some idea of the business and activity of lake towns, the reality will still cause astonishment, as you walk along the wharves of Buffalo—piled, loaded, and cumbered with merchandise, and see its harbor crowded with steamers and sail vessels, some of which are continually going and coming. Stopping but to glance at these things, to wonder and admire, we take our passage, for the newer regions beyond, in a floating palace of vast extent. Its machinery is elegantly ornamental, and its great and destructive power hidden by the graceful design and finish of art. We tread a saloon carpeted with Brussels, furnished with a rosewood piano, rich mirrors, velvet chairs, sofas, and lounges, and lighted by stained glass in gilded mouldings, while fore and aft we can study some picturesque scene in the paintings of the panels. We sleep on French mahogany bedsteads, while everything in our state-room is in similar relation to the demands of refinement and luxury.

The tourist, in such a host as this, keeping along the United States shore of Lake Erie, will probably stop first at the town of Erie, formerly Presque Isle, in Pennsylvania, distant about one hundred miles from Buffalo. This place, with a population of about five thousand, has the most secure and capacious harbor on the lakes. It is formed by a narrow peninsula, which, leaving the main shore, curves round in the shape of a horse-shoe, separating the bay of Presque Isle from Lake Erie. The town looks out upon the lake from a commanding bluff, and is overlooked itself by a succession of elevated forest clad ridges, so that the scenery from the sea or from the shore is commanding. Historical associations of no little interest linger around the spot. Here was built the principal vessels of Perry's victorious squadron, and here, at this day, repose, beneath the waters, the battered remains of his flag ship, the "Lawrence." Its blakened and water-soaked timbers are, however, fast disappearing in canes, boxes, &c., for the curious in relics. The bell which now regulates the movements of the republicans of the borough, from the belfry of the old fashioned and shabby looking court-house, once struck the hours and called the watches on board the flag-ship of the British commodore.

This having been the line of old French posts attempting to enchain the British possessions, the ruins of the old fort are still to be seen a little to the eastward of the town; and not far from these ruins, on a bluff, overlooking the harbor, stands a block-house, built during the last war with England. Erie was also the burying place of General Anthony Wayne, and when, many years afterwards, his body was disinterred, it was found to be in a state of perfect preservation. Erie is altogether a quiet old-fashioned looking place, and seems to love its antiquity, and be reluctant to tie on to the whirling axis of progress, and to be dragged in the dust and mire of bustle and improvement. For some reason it is far behind its natural advantages. Some say that a splendid marble monument on its principal street is the grave-stone which records the death of its prosperity. This monument is a Grecian structure, a branch of the United States Bank; its vaults are, of course, now empty, its doors closed, and its stops grass-grown.

Leaving Erie, our next stopping place will be at the beautiful town of Cleveland, and as we approach it from the east, it shows well on the elevated plain above us, and gives a promise which is fully kept by closer acquaintance. Sixteen or eighteen thousand people, daily increasing, have here placed their tents on the Cuyahoga river. This narrow river has his mouth restricted by proper bounds, and symmetrically carried out into the lake by stone piers; and we run up this river, nearly a mile, between rows of vessels and steamers. The right bank of the river rises to an elevation of eighty feet, and then spreads out into a plain, or table land. Wharves, warehouses, and shops line the immediate edge of the stream at the foot of this hill, but the city proper is on the plain above, and when we have ascended to its level it is cheering to look upon the handsome city which expands before us. The principal business street, Superior, has a width of one hundred and twenty feet and is well built with brick houses of business, three, four and five stories high. The streets of private residences also have an imposing width, and some of them are like ornamental walks through a succession of country residences, the buildings being in various styles of architecture, from expuisite cottages to colonnaded palaces, and are surrounded by grounds handsomely laid out into gardens of flowers and ornamental shrubbery.

From the lake-side of the city the eye sweeps over the blue waters to the distant horizon, and from the hill brink, on the opposite side, the river is seen winding a serpentine course through meadows and around the base of forest-clad hills.

Leaving Cleveland, as we proceed to the westward, the bold bluff of the lake shore sinks to a low beach, and numerous green islands appear above the watery expanse. Among these islands was fought the battle of Lake Erie. It is a beautiful region with which this proud historical achievement is associated. The wooden islets rise, by precipitous limestone banks, from the blue waters. Rounding a rocky fortress-like promontory of one of these islands called "Gibraltar," we found ourselves in "Put-in-Bay," a secluded and beautiful sheet of water enclosed by "Gibraltar," and two other islands. From the simmit of the rocky point of "Gibraltar," the look-out of Commodore Perry first discovered the British fleet, under Captain Barclay; from "Put-in-Bay" he sailed forth to his victory, and to it he returned to bury his dead; and here are still to be seen the remains of some of their graves.

From "Put-in-Bay," the next point of destination was Detroit. We entered the Detroit river through the channel on the British side of Bois Blanc island, or, as it is vulgarly called, "*Boblow*." Entering this river by this channel, with the British flag in view, the rather unpleasant idea presented itself of entering our own country through a foreign gateway.

As I presume is the case with most of my countrymen not living on the border, I have been accustomed to associate the British flag with the remote nationality of its seat of empire, and when seen flying on a shore separated only by a narrow river from our own territory, it seemed out of place, as though it ought not to be there. Although at the time conscious of the impropriety and injustice of such feelings, from the ready and involuntary manner in which they arose in my mind, I could imagine how strong might be the national feeling that the cross of St. George should not float so near the United States.

Detroit comes upon us at once like an elegant city. Its site makes a gentle rise from the river, which here flows rapid, bold, and clear. The densely built part of the city extends for a mile along the river, which is lined with docks, wharves, warehouses, vessels, and steamboats, whilst back, numerous spires and steeples are seen rising from the dense mass of houses. From Detroit river we enter the shoal lake of St. Clair, and, crossing this, stirring up the mud on its flats, we pass into the beautiful river of St. Clair. The waters of this river, so clear that the bottom can be seen at the depth of thirty feet, flow through sloaping banks, on which are farm-houses, villages, and green fields, and dark forests. Where the St. Clair forms its junction with Lake Huron, it narrows very much, the opposite points of the mouth being not more that a quarter of a mile apart, and here the banks sink into a low gravelly beach, which, stretching away suddenly on either hand, leaves Huron, horizon-bound and ocean like, before us. Its world of waters rush with a tremendous current into this narrow strait. It is a wild and lonely spot, without people or settlement, except that on the American side Fort Gratiot frowns upon hostile invasion, and a lighthouse beams its welcome to the commerce which comes over the blue waters of the lake.

Entering Lake Huron, we are now fairly at sea upon a fresh water ocean, as geographers tell us, six hundred feet above the Atlantic, with a depth of three hundred feet below the level of that ocean, and washing the shores of thirty-two thousand islands. It was early in the morning following that on which we entered Lake Huron, before we had passed over its nearly three hundred miles of length, and found ourselves approaching the island of Mackinac. This little island, situated off the northern point of the peninsula of Michigan, at the junction of Lakes Huron and Michigan, rises to a height of between three and four hundred feet above the surface of the water. It presents abrupt sides, thickly clothed with vines and shrubbery, presenting here and there a naked white cliff projecting through the green moss. On the edge of one of those cliffs stands the fort, all its buildings and enclosures being snowy white. On the morning of our approach, a heavy fog had hung over the lake, but with the rising of the sun it disappeared, except where it hung around the mountain cliffs. The island of Mackinac was for a time completely enveloped from base to simmit in a heavy cloud of this fog, while above this misty cloud, and apparently supported upon it, like a castle in the air, the white buildings of the fort gleamed in the sun's rays. It seemed almost a substantial representation of Cole's beautiful conception of the air floating castle in his serial paintings of the voyage of life.

From a distance, the white buildings of the town or village have rather a neat appearance, nestling on the narrow beach at the foot of the cliffs; but a nearer inspection shows them to be only a collection of small houses, shops, groggeries, and stores for the sale of Indian curiosities.

The time of our visit was near that at which the Indian payments are made, and the red men were gathering in for the occasion. Their conical huts, or wigwams, made of poles fastened together at the top, and covered with coarse rush mats, were scattered along the beach, and many of the Indians were paddling their large birch bark canoes about the bay. It may here not be out of place to say a word relative to an annoyance to which these poor creatures are exposed, and as they can be relieved from it without doing more than has to be done sooner or later, it is to be hoped some consideration will be had for them. They are called from their homes to this rendezvous for the purpose of receiving the very trifling sum allotted to each individual, and which really scarcely seems worth coming for, but so irregular is the time at which the appropriation is placed at the disposition of the department, that the Indians are sometimes kept waiting weeks before the money arrives, to an inconvenience and loss to themselves of more than the amount allotted them. Punctuality in the appropriation and payment of their annuities would save the Indians much loss.

Mackinaw is nine miles in circumference, rising, by abrupt terraces on the south side, to an oval tableland on the summit, and falling from this on the north side gradually to the lake. On the southeast edge of the tableland elevation are to be seen the ruins of Fort Holmes, the British work which during the war of 1812 overlooked, commanded, and took ours, situated on the edge of the terrace below it. About the centre of the island a freak of nature is to be seen in the shape of a rock called the "Sugar Loaf," but, naked and black, it springs up 80 or 100 feet more abruptly and needle-like than its name would indicate. On the lake shore is another curiosity, being a well-formed Gothic arch, of about one hundred feet elevation, springing over a chasm in the cliff; a narrow path crosses the arch, and is passed over by visitors at sufficient risk to invite the achievement.

From Mackinaw we enter Lake Michigan, and running down its beautiful western shore, our next stopping place was at the town of Milwaukie. This is one of those flourishing western towns which have sprung suddenly from the wild forest into populous cities. Fourteen years ago it was laid out as a village, and now has a population of sixteen thousand inhabitants. It is built on both sides of the Milwaukie river, which here flows parallel to the lake, and separated from it by a table-land bank. Both banks of the river rise in gradual slopes, affording fine building sites, and the elevated plain between the river and the lake affords an extensive and commanding view. Milwaukie has a clean, light, and airy appearance, from the peculiar color and beauty of the bricks used in its buildings. Though burned, they are of a soft, rich cream color, and are of close and compact structure.

Leaving Milwaukie at eight o'clock in the morning, we continued our course down Lake Michigan, close to its shore, and passing several towns prettily situated on the bank—Racine, Southport, Little Fort—early in the afternoon we reached Chicago.

Chicago has been the theatre of the wildest excitement of speculation, in which, anticipation, intoxicated by the full stream of real prosperity, has indulged visions beyond the bounds of probability. Nevertheless, although individuals have suffered from their attempts to reap in the present the fruits of futurity, Chicago, by its rapid growth, almost fulfils the unbounded expectations of town-lot speculators.

Its prosperity arises from the fact that it is the only good harbor down in this southern extremity of Lake Michigan, and internal improvements have made it the depot of a widely extended and immensely fertile region.

The handsome street and residences along the lake shore give Chicago quite a pleasant appearance when approached from the lake, but its site is not one calculated to win admiration. A low, flat, swampy prairie, and a sluggish stream wind through the black muddy soil, have nothing picturesque to charm the eye.

The river originally opened into the lake some distance to the southward of its present mouth, winding along the beach, with a narrow sandspit separating it from the lake. Piers have been erected cutting off this turn, and carrying the stream directly out into the lake. Just where these piers commence toward the town, stand, within an enclosure, the barracks and quarters of Fort Dearborn. This little fort, on the river bank, was in 1812 the only settlement, and was surrounded by wild Indians. After the surrender of General Hull the garrison left this fort, and soon after fell in with a large body of savages. A conflict ensued, in which the whites defended themselves courageously, but finally surrendered upon condition that their lives should be spared. The condition was not observed, and a general massacre commenced. A Mrs. Heald saved her life by exclaiming to the savage who approached her with uplifted tomahawk, "You would not kill a squaw!" This was thirty-seven years ago. In 1823 a small village of ten or twelve houses and sixty or seventy inhabitants had grown up around the fort. Chicago has now a population of 20,000; the steeples of many churches overlook the wide-spreading prairie; handsome dwellings have converted the marsh into showy streets; blocks of brick houses border the avenues of business, along which bustles a busy crowd. For a mile, along the river, a continuous forest of masts indicates the extent of its commerce, and continuing further along this stream beyond the density of the city, piles of lumber from Green Bay have converted its banks into one vast lumber-yard, and in this neighborhood the puffing of various steam factories adds to the busy activity of the scene.

The enormous and splendid lake steamers daily enter and leave the river, crowded with passengers and enlivened by bands of music; and while we are looking at the moving palace with its multitudinous population, and listening to its music, we wonder at the skill and adroitness with which it is manœuvered through the narrow stream, and amid the crowd of vessels. Although fortunes have been made in Chicago by the rise in real estate, labor has also had its just reward, for among the most showy and comfortable dwellings are those owned by mechanics.

The population of Chicago is made up, not only of immigrants from all parts of our own widespread country, but from all parts of Europe—English, Irish, Dutch, Scotch, French, Swedes, Norwegians, &c. Notices, newspapers and political speeches are promulgated in the German as well as in the English language. To those who feel any apprehension from the character of the influence of these European invasions, consolation will be afforded by a visit to the public schools.

Chicago is divided by its river and its branches into three districts, and in each division a large, commodious, and handsome brick building is erected for the public schools. The foreign pupils come to these schools filthy, ragged, and squlid, speaking a babel of languages. In a short time they learn English from their native associates; and strict attention being paid to their habits and costume by their preceptors, not a long time is required to metamorphose the young foreigner into a cleanly, respectable American boy; and thus our institutions afford a physical and moral ablution to the soiled humanity of Europe.

The remainder of our glance at the lakes is out of the track of the larger boats, or indeed any boats, except at uncertain intervals.

From Chicago our destination was to wilder regions, upon whose quiet solitudes the din and bustle of commerce and speculation had not yet broken, but to which they are to reach if the far-seeing sagacity of John Jacob Astor is to be taken in evidence.

Early on a Sunday morning we were passing the "Door of Death," a passage between a Cape of Wisconsin and a neighboring island, communicating Lake Michigan with its important branch "Green Bay," and on the same afternoon we were entering the Neenah or Fox river. Nine or ten miles from the mouth of the river, the bay shore rises in a broad green slope, dotted over with comfortable looking farms and farm-houses, and giving the idea of an old and well-settled country. The entrace to the Neenah is so tortuous that although the village or port of our destination is close to us on the left hand, eight miles of a winding course are necessary to reach it. The settlement or town of Green Bay is formed of two villages, Astor and Navarino, separated from each other by a small brook; and still, quiet, inactive places they are, and by no means keeping up to what its geographical position would promise for it. A glance at the map will show that this must be the port for an important section of country, which is rapidly filling in. Mr. Astor, looking to the importance of the position, purchased lands here, the town of Astor being principally held by his estate. Navarino also is or has been chiefly in the hands of an individual, and this individual proprietorship is assigned as a reason for the want of prosperity in the place.

As long ago as 1670 the French had their settlements in this region, and the spare population around the town of Green Bay consists now of French, Indians, and half-breeds, and the philosophy of life seems to be to pass it as easily as possible, and not to agitate themselves by any of the "go-ahead" and progressive principle.—The country abounds in game, and the agreeable activity of hunting is found a sufficient alternation with the more quiet pursuits of their lives. Groups of Indians, dirty, drunken, and worthless, are seen lounging about the town or camped in its vicinity; these are the Menomenees; but the Oneidas, neatly and picturesquely dressed, visit it to sell their products and wares. These latter are said to be the best farmers of the country; and it will be one of the strangest romances of history, if it shall prove to be the fact that a Bourbon, a legitimate sovereign of France, has brought them to this civilization and to these habits. The Rev. Mr. Williams, their pastor, and to whom they are greatly indebted for their improved condition, is now said to be the lost dauphin, the son of Louis the XVI. If so, he has done more for the human family, perhaps, and led a more peaceful and quiet life, than if he had sat upon the throne of his ancestors. This, however, is not the only romance of this region of country. A town bearing the Indian name of Aztalan is situated between the Neenah and Lake Michigan, and from this locality it is surmised went forth the Aztec race to overrun Mexico, and found the empire of Montezuma.

At one point the Neenah is within a mile and a half of the Wisconsin, and this barrier being removed an immense circle of water communication is established from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic through the St. Lawrence.

The Neenah needs much the aid of art to render it an available stream, being, in its present condition, much richer to the tourist in search of the picteresque than in facilities for commerce. From Lake Winnebago, thro' which the river passes, to its mouth, a distance of only thirty-nine miles, it has a fall of one hundred and sixty feet, and in this course tumbles over seven different rapids.

1. Winnebago Rapids,
2. Grand Chute,
3. Little Chute,
4. Grand Kakalin,
5. Rapides des Croches,
6. Little Kakalin,
7. Rapides des Perro.

The Brothertown and Stockbridge Indians are settled on Lake Winnebago, and have relinquished heir Indian habits and government for an agricultural life and the privileges of citizens of the United States, and are represented in the legislature by one of their own number. The Brothertowns, it is said, have entirely lost their language.

Having understood that the scenery and rapids of Grand Kakalin, distant twenty miles, were well worth a visit, I procured a horse, and early on a foggy morning started on the journey. The fog soon rolled away and uncovered a bright and beautiful day. My road was an obscure bridle-path or trail on the left bank of the river, winding sometimes along the river-beach, then through the forest, up and down ravines, across narrow but deep sloughs. In places the path was so overgrown with bushes as to require great care in keeping it, and several times I, for a short time, lost my way. With the exception of one or two farms at the beginning and end of my journey, I passed only here and there the solitary cabin of a French settler, or the crumbling chimney and tumbling logs of the cabin of some squatter who had disappeared before the first approaches of settlement and civilization. Once, when out of my path, I came upon an Indian wigwam on the edge of a brook in a small valley. Smoke was ascending through the pinnacle of the conical dwelling, but none of its inhabitants were present.—The last five miles of my road were through a clean open forest on the summit of a lofty ridge. From this ridge the road descended to a smooth, green plain were the fields, houses, and barns of two large farms, both of the proprietors being wealthy and gentlemanly half-breeds. This was "Grand Kakalin," pronounced Kokelow, and meaning the stopping-place of the pickerel.—This locality merited all that had been said of its beauty. The river, at this point very broad, went dashing and foaming in a roaring torrent over an inclined plane of flat limestone rocks. Several beautiful wooded islands, the largest of them containing twenty-seven acres, divided the river into many rushing streams, which again united into one broad current before dashing down the greatest inclination of its rocky bed. The opposite shore rose in a fine slope, covered with forest-trees standing open and distinct, like those of a park, without any undergrowth littering the greensward from which they sprung. From the top of the bank the river is seen for a mile carving among the hills before it reaches the break of the islands and rapids, and again it is seen to the same extent after it has returned to its placidity below.

From the proprietor of one of the fine farms on the plain, I received in a gentlemanly and hospitable manner the entertainment which my long and unaccustomed ride rendered very desirable, and about the middle of the afternoon started on my return to Green Bay, which I reached at nine o'clock.

We have now glanced around the lakes in a running tour, following in the main the general line of travel, but, of course, our rapid movements have left much of interest unobserved and unnoticed.

Policy for Young Ladies.

It is said there is policy in taking advantage of circumstances, and turning them to the accomplishment of those objects one wishes to secure. Policy is, therefore, necessary for those young ladies who wish to secure good husbands. But the policy which most of them pursue is exceedingly erroneous—they seem to think that it is degrading to them to be seen in any ordinary dress about their household affairs. But this is the very condition which every young man, who is worth securing, would prefer to find them if he were seeking a wife. A foolish, simpering fop, who is more indebted to his tailor and barber, for importance, than to his brains, may wish to find young ladies dressed in silk and shut up in the parlor, like dolls in a show case. But a sensible man wants a wife that knows something and can make herself useful. A judicious writer advises all young men to seek their companions for life from the class who are willing to be found in the kitchen, without making apologies for it. This is sage advice, and if young ladies were aware that those young men who are worth their seeking generally act upon it, and had rather find them at the washtub than weeping over the "last new novel;" they would not run away from their work and hide when a young man is approaching the house, as they often do. They would let him know they are worth more than mere play things—that they are not butterflies, very pretty to look upon, but if handled, perish with the touch. Nothing recommends a young lady like industry. To understand labor and to perform it well, is one of the finest qualifications. Ladies should never be ashmed of being caught at work.—*Olive Branch.*

Church Bells.

There is something beautiful in the church bell.—Beautiful and hopeful! They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts, from the heart of man—that should make him look on the world with kind forgiving eyes: that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, there is a whole sermon in the sound of the church bells, if we had only the ears to understand it.—There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor weary, struggling, fighting creatures, poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week day craft, your heart burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye for all gilding, all your colors, ye are same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble: learn that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! come Dives, come, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stained and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk amongst the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Heavy Hearts and Light Hearts.

What's the use of it? Trouble, trouble, trouble—what a world of it we have! "Man is born to trouble," and "all in vanity and vexation of spirit"—thus and thus it is written. There are the troubles of infancy, of youth, of manhood, of old age! The troubles of poverty, and the troubles of riches! The trouble of living, and the trouble of dying! Who has not his troubles?—who claims exemption from, who sees the end of them? And yet, after all, *what's the use of it?* This fretting and repining—this sorrowing and sighing—this moping and mourning—making misery more miserable—in the name of common sense, I say, *what's the use of it?* Does it soothe pain, soften affliction, or ward off misfortune?—Will it call back deceased friends, or prevent others from dying? or deliver us from poverty, or make us healthy, or meliorate in one particular our condition? Then do say, for the very sake of sadness, *what's the use of it?*

Suppose the times are tight and pinching; that trade is dull; that you have not money enough to live as well as you wish, and are obliged to labor harder, even for the little you obtain, than is agreeable; do you grieve about it? do you abandon hope, and wish yourself dead? Pshaw! *what's the use of it?* You get along, you will always get along, if you are industrious and frugal; and the most fortunate do no more. Besides, a light heart will not break your fortune, nor a heavy one make it.

Is it you misfortune to have one of those pests of society, a slanderous neighbor, who speaks ill of you, and delights to do you every secret, back handed injury he can; who never fails secretly to traduce your character, misrepresent your conduct and motives, and even tries to excite prejudice against you? And does this discompose and trouble you? *What's the use of it?* Keep the windward of the fellow—let your actions give the lie to his accusations, and you need not employ words for the purpose. Wait the issue, and you will see the maxim verified in his case, that he who "spitteth against the wind spitteth in his own face." And here, too, it may be remembered that a heavy heart is no answer to an accusation, though it may be a false one, and that a light heart is not the heart that pleads guilty before men; you had better, therefore, have the last than the first, on all accounts.

Are men dishonest? Will a long face and a sad heart reform them? Are you sometimes deceived, wronged, cheated? Will being discouraged mend the matter, or melancholy make you sharper in your future dealings? Not a whit. Losses are lessons; all men buy their experience at the same market, though all may not pay the same price for the commodity. The only way is to make much of what comes dear; and you can do this with a light heart better than with a heavy one. A heavy heart—*what's the use of it?* Will it make your fortune? No; it will mar it. That's the use of it.

NOVEL TEAMS.—In the neighborhood of Iglau, and, in fact, through the whole of Bohemia, we saw some of the strangest teams that could well be imagined. I thought the Frankfort milkwomen, with their donkeys and horse-like carts, were comical objects, enough: but they bear no comparison with these Bohemain turn-outs. Dogs—for economy's sake, perhaps—generally supply the place of oxen or horses, and it is no uncommon thing to see three large mastiffs abreast, harnessed to a country cart. A donkey and a cow together, are sometimes met with; and one man, going to the festival at Iglau, had his wife and children in a little wagon, drawn by a dog and donkey. These two, however, did not work well together; the dog would bite his lazy companion and the man's time was constantly employed in whipping the donkey away from the side of the road. Once I saw a wagon drawn by a dog, with a woman pushing behind, while a man, doubtless her lord and master, sat comfortably within, smoking his pipe with the greatest complacency! The very climax of all, was a woman and a dog harnessed together, taking a load of country produce to market! I hope, for the honor of the country, it was not emblematic of woman's condition there. But as we saw hundreds of them breaking stone along the road, and occupied at other, laborious and not less menial labor, there is too much reason to fear that it is so.—*Bayard Taylor's "Views A-foot."*

NEVER MURMUR.—The Boston Transcript tells a story of a poor man who stepped into the second class cars of the train going into Boston on Saturday, and who was rejected by the conductor because he had not a quarter of a dollar to pay his fare, and was left to pursue his way on foot. As he trudged along he revolved harsh thoughts in his mind at what seemed the disfavor of Providence and the cruelty and injustice of his fellow-men, untill on turning an angle in the track, he saw the cars at a stand still, and hurrying to the spot he, beheld the car from which he had been thrust, dashed to pieces, and the mutilated and disfigured bodies of his fellow-passengers scattered on the ground. The poor man's heart ceased its murmuring, and he could have taken the conductor's hand and blessed him as the instrument of Providence in saving him from a frightful death. He left the scene "a wiser and better man."

FEMALE COURTSHIP IN ROME.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man. "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks. "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "Yes, my dear." The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate excessive coyness, but do not like too much familiarity.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS AT HOME.—"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted country school mistress to an unusually promising scholar, whose quarter was about up—"My dear boy, does your father design that you should thread the intricate and thorny path of the professions, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery field of literature?" "No, marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatar patch."

A HORSE FLY.—An English paper tells the following ludicrous story: Two gentleman, angling in the Thames at Newburn, lately, could not agree upon the appearence of one of their baits, the horse-fly, and they agreed to refer the question to a rustic, whom they saw ploughing at a little distance, and accosted him thus: "Boy, did you ever see a horse-fly?" "Whoy," said the fellow, with some astonishment, "noa, dr'at it I never seed a horse *fly* but I once seed a cow fall down a precipice."

FEMALE MODESTY.—Modesty in a young female is the flower of a tender shrub, which is the promise of an excellent fruit. To destroy it, is to destroy the germ of a thousand virtues, to destroy the hope of society, to commit an outrage against nature. The air of the world is a burning breath that every day blasts this precious flower.

VICTUALS AND CLOTHS.—Some one looking at a rich man said, "Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching it day and night ever since, for his victuals and cloths."

☞ "Do you understand me?" thundered out one of our country pedagogues to an urchin, at whose head he threw an inkstand. "I've got an ink ling of what you mean," said the boy.