

I Am Weary.

I am weary, very weary
Of this lonely earthly home,
And in other lands and brighter
My eager spirit longs to roam.

THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

"THE ASSASSINATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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A DOMESTIC SOTRY.

SAM FARMER:
A TEMPERANCE TALE OF FACTS.

Sam was one of a class in Connecticut, who, figuratively speaking, sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind through all their age and generation. The article in plain English, which he cultivated, was New England Rum. The fruits of the crop were visible all around him. He lived, or rather he had a place where his wife and children sought to live, in the Greenwich woods. The nearest rum-hole was at Coscob landing, and there was where Sam did most of his work. He was a wood cutter, and every night he used to "wood up" for the perilous three miles' voyage through the lanes and forests to his home. In the lanes, navigation was easy—it was difficult to get out of the channel while he had a stone wall upon each side; but when he came forth where there was more sea-room, half-seas over, he was hard put to see his way; and, instead of keeping the channel, he went kersouse into the channel of the creek.

His home was just such a home as just such characters always have. A little, black, low wood house, with the door—only it was off the hinges—and one glass window—only the glass was almost all gone, and its place supplied with old hats and breeches past hope, and the remnants of some female apparition.

Sam had a wife—she was country-born, and her father loved rum as well as her husband. Before marriage, she was one of seven or eight as ever had a rum-drinking father, and pious Christian mother—no uncommon parentage. She is faded now—five children, five and twenty knock-down arguments, clinched by as many kicks, to convince her that this was a free country, where none but tyrants make a law against the right of freemen, freely to sell rum, had worn upon her beauty, and she is not so handsome now; though lately, since bread has grown more plenty and rum less, her looks are improving.

Of course Sam was one of the loudest voters against the Connecticut law of prohibition. He even went so far as to declare he would leave the State if the Legislature passed "that cursed Maine Law." Yes, he would give up all the comforts of home, and quit his native land if the people become frantic enough to pass such an act of tyranny and oppression toward poor men. An act to prevent them from having anything to give the strength to perform their hard labor, or comfort them in such affliction as he had met with, when his wife left his bed and board, because the latter was board without bread.

Sam predicted the certain decay of trade and commerce around the port of Coscob, but he determined not to live to see it. He would leave the State—that he would. So he did but it was only to go over to Rye, to get his jug filled.

Sam heard the Temperance law had passed, but he did not know the provisions—he learned them afterward. He waited for the first of August, not with fear, but with full confidence that "they"—that is a very comprehensive word—"they would never dare to enforce such a law as that—why everybody was opposed to it, and did they think we were going to do without anything to drink?" But after the first of August Sam found himself hard-up for something wherewith to get down. His throat was open, but "the grocery" was shut up. So he went over to glorious free State of New York. Something to drink he must have. Why, he could not live without it—never had lived without it—never would live without it. To pass such a law as that was murderous. It would kill anybody as much accustomed to it as himself, to have his grog at once stopped off—do without a drop of rum! never! He was too independent for that, he was a native-born Connecticut freeman. He had always drunk "moderately," and so had his father and his wife's father, and it would kill him, he knew it would, unless he could "taper off by degrees."

The first degree that he took was to cross the line of New York, where he laid in a store of the one thing needful. It was not needful that he should lay in so much that he laid down by the roadside to sleep, the sleep of peace, rum and independence, and dream away the fact that his wife and children had not had a mouthful to eat for a week but milk and potatoes, and the latter small and few in the hill.

Sam was waked out of his nap by the constable, who gave him such a kick as Sam had often given his poor broken-down wife as he said:

"Come, Sam, get up, you are wanted!" Sam rubbed his eyes and sat up, gazed at the man in authority, and stammered forth:

"Well, horse, what d'ye want? I haven't done nothing!"

"Yes, you have, you have got drunk, and you can't tell where you got your liquor."

"Why, I didn't get it in this State, old fellow, I've been to New York. Your darned Maine Law don't extend over there, I guess!"

"No, but when men go there and get drunk, they must stay there and get sober. You have crossed the line, Sam, and now we are going to give you a sort of Neptune shave."

"Why, hallo! what's all this—a jug? Yes, and some of the contraband. So come along, Squire Smith will fix your flout."

So did the Squire; and as Sam could not pay the fine of twenty dollars, and all his

rum-friends were hard up; and there was no help for it, but Sam must go to jail. He was a martyr—the first victim in that town, of a law of which he had said, "they will never dare to execute." Of course his wife mourned his sad fate. It was cruel to take a man away from his family for nothing. For nearly three months; the children said, "dad's in jail." The family, however, were no nearer starved than when he was out and the town found that the world wagged on quite as well without rum and Sam-Farmer as with them, and so they let the one stay in jail and the other in New York.

Sam wrote piteous letters at first that he was dying. The doctor said that he was only trying. The minister, though he gave no spirit, ministered to his spiritual necessities. Sam didn't die, notwithstanding they fed him with mush, brown bread and gruel, with plenty of water, upon which he purged and grew poor. By and by a change came over him, body and soul. Soul had been dead a long time, and body was pickled, steeped, soaked in rum, until he was not man, but only a rum cask, and very full, "at that." But with physic and diet, the body, then the soul came back, and Sam Farmer came out of jail a new man; not only convicted that "they" would execute the Connecticut Liquor Law, but that it is the best law ever enacted by a civilized people.

We met Sam the other day, and we did not know him a bit better than some folks knew his namesake in Massachusetts, where he made them a sort of State visit, about election time.

When we knew Sam Farmer, he was a rumbloater—dirty, ragged, feid, silly. When we met him, we met a respectable, clean-looking, well-dressed, sensible working-man.

"How d'ye do?" said such a looking individual to us. "I am glad to see you. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you have said, wrote, and printed in favor of the Maine Law."

Sam saw we did not recognize him. He understood his new character; we did not. In reply, we said:

"Who is it?" We said it kindly, as though we thought there was something of humanity in the form before us. It was not the despised form of a rum-soaked beast only half human.

The words went down into his heart; and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he answered:

"I don't wonder you don't know me. I hardly know myself. I am not the same creature that I was before they shut me up to get sober. Why, God bless you, sir, I am that is—I am what was—drunken Sam Farmer!"

A Tight Place.

We copy the following from the Bridgeport Standard. The moral will suggest itself to every reader.

We heard a story the other day, perhaps worth repeating. Some time ago, and before the Maine Law came about, a merchant of Litchfield county, well known in this vicinity, came to the conclusion that the selling of liquor was a bad business, and that he would relinquish it. Happening down here, however, to buy goods, he met with a prime article of rum, and thought he would try just one more hoghead. He bought it and had it placed in the same train in which he took passage for home. On his way up, he fell in conversation with a clergyman and others, in regard to the great subject of temperance.

Our friend felt moved to say that he believed ardent spirits were a curse to the world. For his part, he was afraid, and he was resolved to discontinue the sale. The people of his town were of his opinion, &c. He was going on with a first rate temperance discourse, when an untoward accident occurred. It seems that the railroad men, in stowing away the hoghead in the freight car, had placed a lot of scantling with it, and somehow the head of the cask had been driven in, and the liquor, of course, was very soon lying round loose. As the mischief would have it, this was discovered just as our friend was in the climax of his temperance exhortation. As he was going on in the most animated strain, declaring that no liquor ought ever to be sold, etc., the train suddenly came to a stop, the conductor opened the door, and in the most abrupt manner called out, Mr. G—! Mr. G—! your rum is all spilled! Phancy his peelings. Here was the rum gone—ever so many gallons—a cask of good liquor knocked in the head, and a temperance lecture ditto. That, he says, was the end of his liquor transactions, and good luck to him!

Not Had.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, from Burlington, Vt., relates the following: I am reminded—speaking of cheese—of a little anecdote the stage driver told me yesterday. We were passing an old farm house with an untidy yard and dilapidated outbuildings, when he said:

"A Boston man got off a pretty cuto speech to the owner of that place 't'other day."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Why, he called at the house to buy a cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he didn't want 'em, they was so full of 'skippers.' So he made an excuse and was going away, when the farmer said to him:

"Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"

"The gentleman looked at the stuff a moment, and saw the maggots squirming, and said:

"Well, I don't know; let 'em be a day or two and you can drive 'em right down!"

CHARITY thinketh no evil.

Washing by the Brook.

Where the "sinner's" spirit's grany
Lust-bowled nook,
There I spied cottage-lasse,
Washing by the brook.
Bright the waves played beside her,
Bright was the look
That she gave to him who spied her
Washing by the brook.
Sweet the songs of birds around her,
Songs of Nature's brook;
Sweeter here to him who found her
Washing by the brook.
Heaven bless her! Heaven watch her!
Pride may overlook,
But for graces may not match her,
Washing by the brook! PEASANT BARD.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

WELSH PREACHING.

At a meeting of ministers in Bristol, the Rev. Mr. L. invited several of his brethren to sup with him; and among the rest, was the minister officiating at the Welsh chapel there. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren. The subject in discussion was the different strain of preaching. When several had given their opinion they turned to the Welsh stranger and solicited his. He said he felt it his duty to comply with the request: "Although," continued he, "if I must give my opinion, I should think that you have no good preaching!"

"No!" exclaimed Mr. L.
"No," said the stranger, "that is, you have no such preachers as we have in the principality."

"I know," replied Mr. L., "that you are famous for jumping in Wales; but that is not owing, I suppose, so much to the matter of preaching, as to the enthusiasm of the character."

"Indeed," said the stranger, "you would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching."

"Why," said Mr. L., "do you not think I could make them jump, if I were to preach to them?"

"You make them jump?" exclaimed the Welshman, "you make them jump! A Welshman would set fire to the world while you were lighting your match!"

The whole company became much interested in this new turn of the subject, and unanimously requested the good man to give them a specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the principality.

"Specimens," said he, "I cannot give you. If John Elias were here he would give you a preacher!"

"Well," said the company, "give us something that you have heard from him."

"O, no," said he, "I cannot do justice to it; besides, you do not understand the Welsh language."

"No, not so as to follow the discourse."

"Then," said he, "it is impossible for you to understand it, were I to give you a specimen."

"But," said they, "can you not put it into English?"

"O, no; your poor, meager language would spoil it; it is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welshman can conceive."

The interest of the company was now so increased that nothing would satisfy but a specimen; while they promised to make every allowance for the language.

"Well," said the Welshman, "if you will have a piece, I will try; but I do not know what to give you, I do not recollect the piece of John Elias; he was our best preacher. I must think a little—well, I recollect the piece of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans is a good preacher, and I once heard him at an association of ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man by sin, and of his recovery by the death of Christ. And he said—'Brethren, if I were to represent to you in a figure, the condition of man as a sinner, and his recovery by the cross of Christ, I should do it somewhat in this way. Suppose a large grave-yard, surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate that is fast bolted and barred.

"Within these walls are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings of all ages of all classes, by one epidemic disease, bending to the grave which yawns to swallow them up. This is the condition of man as a sinner. And while man was in this deplorable condition, Mercy, the darling attribute of Deity came down and stood at the gate, looked at the scene, and weeping over it, exclaimed, 'O, that I might enter; I would relieve their sorrow, I would save their souls.'

"While Mercy stood at the gate weeping, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the Court of Heaven to some other world, paused at the sight, (Heaven forgave the pause) and seeing Mercy standing there, they said, 'Mercy, Mercy canst thou not enter? Canst thou look on the scene and not pity? Canst thou pity and not relieve? Mercy replied, 'I can see, and, in tears she added, 'I can pity—but I cannot relieve.' Why canst thou not enter?' 'O,' said Mercy, 'Justice has barred the gate against me and I cannot, I must not unbar it.' At this moment Justice himself appeared, as if to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him why he would not let Mercy enter. Justice replied, 'My law is broken, and it must be honored. Die they, or Justice must.'

At this moment there appeared among the angels a form like unto the Son of God; who, addressing himself to Justice, said—'What are thy demands?' Justice replied, 'My terms are stern and rigid: I must have sickness for their health; I must have ignominy for their honor, death for their life; without the shedding of blood there is no re-

mission. 'Justice,' said the Son of God, 'I accept thy terms; nor me be this wrong. Let Mercy enter.' 'When,' said Justice, 'wilt thou perform this promise?' 'Four thousand years hence—on the hill of Calvary without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person.'

"The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God. Justice was satisfied; and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs; by them to the king of Israel and the prophets; by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished. Then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary and Mercy presented to him the important deed. 'Where,' said Justice, 'is the Son of God?' 'Behold him,' said Mercy, 'at the bottom of the hill bearing his own cross.' She then departed and stood aloof.

"At the hour of trial Jesus ascended the hill, while, in his train, followed his weeping church. Justice immediately presented to him the deed, saying: 'This is the day when the bond is to be executed.' When he received it, did he tear it in pieces and give it to the winds of Heaven? O, no, he nailed it to the cross, exclaiming, 'It is FULFILLED!' Justice called down holy fire to consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended; it swallowed up his humanity, but when it touched his divinity it expired. And there was darkness over the whole heavens, but 'glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace and good will to men.'

"This," said the Welshman, 'is but a specimen of Christmas Evans.'

A Run upon an Indiana Bank.

"Can you give me specie for this?"

"No."

"Sight or short time eastern exchanges?"

"No."

"What can you give me?"

"Nothing."

"Why?"

"You are making a run on our institution. This species of presentation we are bound to resist. You are trying to break us, sir—to make us stop payment, sir; you can't do it, sir."

"But haven't you stopped payment when you refuse to redeem?"

"No, sir. Our's is a stock institution. There's your ultimate security, sir, deposited with the auditor. We can't break, sir; we can't stop payment. Look at the law! Look at Mr. John P. Dunn's circular!"

"But have you no specie on hand?"

"The law obliges us to keep twelve and a half per cent of specie on hand. If we pay out every time one of you fellows calls, how can we keep it on hand?"

"Then I shall proceed to have the note protested."

"Very well, sir. You will find a notary public at Indianapolis, provided he is at home, which is only about one hundred and forty miles from here. But, sir, you had better go home, and rely upon your ultimate security. We can't pay specie—find it won't do; but you are ultimately secure; you can't lose your money, though you never get it. Remember that."

We will suppose our gentleman so unreasonable as not to be satisfied with the representation of the paying teller, or the great spirit of ultimate security. He finds his way to Indianapolis, makes protest in due form, and, note in hand proceeds to the Hon. J. P. DUNN, auditor of State, when another dialogue ensues:

"Sir, I have a note of the Squash Bank, at Lost Prairie, with certificate of protest, which I want to deposit in your hands, with a request that you make collection as speedily as possible."

"Certainly, sir."

"How long before I can expect to realize upon the ultimate securities of the institution? Thirty days, is it not?"

"Not quite as soon as that, sir. I shall forthwith give notice to the officers of the Squash Bank. If they pay no attention to it, I shall offer its securities in my hands for sale; but in discharging my duty to all the creditors of the institution, I shall not proceed to offer any of its assets in this market until after at least sixty days' notice in New York, London and Paris, so as to insure the largest and best prices for the securities; and not then, if, in my opinion, the ultimate interests of all concerned will be promoted by a further extension I hem!"

"But, my dear sir, how long will it be before I shall be able to realize upon my demand?"

"Can't say, sir; stocks are down just now—may rise in a year or two—depends somewhat upon the fate of the war with Europe. But never fear, your ultimate security is undoubted. If you should never get it, you will never lose it, remember that.—Rely upon your ultimate security, and you are safe."

"Ultimate security! I want my money."

"Well, sir, if that's your game, when you get it, please give us the information."

CHILDHOOD.—Childhood is merely a question of time. If I had come into the world twenty years before my father, I might possibly have been his father.

What shall we Eat?

With one of the hardest winters for the poor that has stared them in the face for many years, and now with this cold month of January upon them in all its rigor, it behooves them to look about for something less costly than roast beef and plum pudding for the two dollars a day, that some of them seemed to think would endure forever, has been cut off suddenly. It is estimated that 10,000 persons have been thrown out of employment, since the cold weather commenced by that cause alone. An equal number have been thrown out by failures and general stagnation of business. It is to be a winter of suffering to those who are dependent upon the labor of their hands for daily bread for themselves and families. Whatever will tend, not to cheapen food, for that we cannot hope for, but to show them what to eat, less expensive than their accustomed diet, should be at once adopted. For this purpose we offer a few suggestions:

Fresh meat of all kinds, at the prices at which butchers retail it, is not economical food. Meats will average over a shilling a pound. Salted meats are cheaper than fresh in economizing food, meat should never be fried or boiled. If you would get the most substance out of fresh meat, make it into soup, or stew or pot pie. In making soup, soak your meat some hours in cold water, and boil it in the same. Thicken with beans, peas, rice, barley, hominy, or broken bread. The best meat is the most economical for soup. Do not buy bodies.

If you boil meat to eat, never put in cold water. Let it be boiling when you put the meat in the pot. Do not buy fresh meat a pound or two at a time. Buy a quarter or half a sheep. You get it at half price.—Beef or pork by the quarter is a quarter cheaper.

Do not buy your bread ready baked. It is sixpence a pound. Dry flour is the same. Home-made bread is far more nutritious.—Make use of corn meal, oat meal, Graham flour, hominy, and cracked wheat for bread, in preference to fine wheat flour, both for health and economy.

Hominy we have before given our opinion upon. It is an article that no family, desirous of practicing economy, can do without. It is a very cheap, healthy, nutritious food. It costs only half the price per pound of flour and contains no moisture, while the best of flour holds from twelve to sixteen pounds of water in a barrel. Cracked wheat is excellent for sedentary persons. That and Graham flour should be used in preference, at the more healthy and more nutritious, because dried pounds of Graham flour is worth as much in a family as one hundred and thirty-three pounds of superfine white flour. Corn meal costs less than half the price of flour. It is worth twice as much. It is not so economical in summer, because it takes so much fire to cook it. The first great error in corn meal is in grinding it too much, and next in not cooking it enough. Corn meal mush should boil two hours; it is better if boiled four, and not fit to eat if boiled less than one hour. Buckwheat flour should never be purchased by a family who are obliged to economize food. It is dear at any price. It must be floated in dear butter, to be eaten, and then it is not healthy. Oat meal is as good in cakes as buckwheat, and far more nutritious. But it is most nutritious, and is particularly healthy for children, in the form of porridge.

The cheapest of food is white beans. They are worth from \$1.50 to \$2 a bushel, and retail for eight cents a quart. Prof. Liebig has stated that pork and beans form a compound of substance peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life, and give bone, muscle and fat, in proper proportions to a man. This food will enable one to perform more labor, at less cost, than any other substance. A quart of beans, 8 cents, half a pound of pork, 6 cents, will feed a large family for a day, with good strengthening food. And who that can raise a reminiscence of good old times in New England, but will remember that glorious old fashioned dish called "bean porridge?"—We should call it bean soup now. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef would give a good meal to fifty men—one cent a meal.

Woman not Inferior.

That woman was created in her secret and sole organization subordinate to man, I shame not to admit, as I cannot for a moment question. This finds its prima facie evidence in the nature of both, however humiliating it may be to woman to confess it, or with however much of lordliness or injustice it may inspire the heart of man.—Correspondent of Boston Post.

No, sir. Woman was not created subordinate to man, nor is she inferior to him.—Her strength is a different strength from that of the other sex, but it is not less. If, in some particulars she is the weaker, in other particulars she is the stronger; and those in which she is stronger are more important and more noble than those in which she is weaker.

A woman cannot lift as many pounds avoirdupois, nor strike as hard a blow as man. But, in her own sphere, she can work as hard, as long, as loyally, as efficiently, as a man can in his. Her share of the world's existence as man's share. She can endure anguish better than man, and Goli knows, she has more courage to endure. She can die in the most appalling circumstances, with a placid dignity which man can seldom equal—never surpass. If she reasons less, she perceives more, and more truly than man. If she declines with less effect in

public assemblies than man—O, who has ever heard eloquence equal to that with which his mother warned, laugh, and inspired him? The beaming eyes, the transfigured countenance, the penetrating gaze, the attitude, the gesture—no orator, in his highest flights, has ever approached them.

Subordinate! Never! Woman occupies, and rightfully occupies in every enlightened community, the same place. She is the household's queen, not the household's judge. She is the queen of hearts. She is the mother of the race.

Woman owes her pre-eminence of social rank, not to man's magnanimity. It is not because she is the weaker sex, that men assign her the best and the choice of every thing; for, she is not the weaker sex. It is because Woman is the Mother of man. It is because every woman, whether she be mother or not, belongs to the Order of Mothers; and, sharing in that high dignity, every son owes her reverence. The mother is in the very nature of things, the social superior of the son. A husband, too, when the raptures of his early love has subsided, reveres his wife, not so much because she is his wife, as because she is the mother of their children.

With regard to the vexed question of woman's voting—it will be time to consider that when the accursed alliance between politics and rum is dissolved, when persons are nominated for office for whom man need not be ashamed to invite woman's vote—when the polls become clean enough for woman's delicate foot to tread—when political measures will bear the scrutiny of woman's intuition. At present, woman may well disdain to mingle in the vulgar brawl for the spoils of glorious victory.—Life Illustrated.

Fanny Fern.

The publication of "Roth Hall" has stirred up public curiosity with regard to the named character of its authoress, and given occasion for a number of articles purporting to describe her person, or narrate her history. Some of these articles contain statements which we know to be groundless, and even calumnious; and no one of them, that we have seen, is calculated to give the public a correct idea of her character. We embrace the opportunity to tell our readers a great deal more than they ought to believe, of Fanny Fern.

Fanny Fern is the most retiring and unobtrusive of human beings. More than any other celebrity we have ever known, she shrinks from personal display and public observation. During her residence in this city she has lived in the most perfect privacy, never going to parties or soirees, never giving such herself, refusing to enlarge her circle of friends, and finding full employment, as well as satisfaction in her domestic and literary duties. She has probably received more invitations to private and public assemblies, and her acquaintance has been more frequently sought by distinguished persons, during the period of her residence here, than any other individual. To all solicitations of this kind she returns a mild but decided negative. In the hotels at which she has resided, no one, neither landlord nor guest, has ever known her as Fanny Fern. Indeed, she has an abhorrence of personal publicity, and cannot be persuaded to sacrifice any part of the comfort of an absolute incog. We cannot but approve her resolution.

Fanny Fern is a sincerely religious woman, and a regular attendant at church. We never knew any one who believed in a belief more strongly than she in hers, or who was more deeply grieved when that belief was treated with disrespect. No one stands less in awe of conventionalities—no one is more strict on a point of honor and principle than she. She is a person who is able to do all that she is convinced she ought, and to refrain from doing all that she is sure she ought not. In strength of purpose, we know not her equal among women.

The word which best describes Fanny Fern is the word Lady. All her ways and tastes are feminine and refined. Everything she wears, every article of furniture in her rooms, all the details of her table, must be clean, elegant, tasteful. Her attire, which is generally simple and inexpensive, is always exquisitely nice and becoming. In the stormiest days, when no visitor could be expected, she is as carefully dressed and adorned as though she was going to court. We say, as carefully, though in fact, she has a quick instinct for the becoming, and makes herself attractive without bestowing much time or thought upon the matter. Her voice is singularly musical; her manner varies in her humor, but is always that of a lady.—One who knows Fanny Fern has an idea what kind of women they must have been for whom knights-errant did battle in the middle ages.

With all her strength Fanny Fern is extremely sensitive. She can enjoy more, suffer more, love more, hate more, admire more and detest more, than any one whom we have known. With all her gentleness of manner, there is not a drop of milk and water in her veins. She believes in having justice done. Seventy times and seven she could forgive a repentant brother; but not once, unless he repented.

Fanny Fern writes rapidly, in a large, bold hand; but she sends no article away without very careful revision; and her manuscript is puzzling to printers from its numberless erasures and insertions. She writes from her heart and her eyes; she has little aptitude or taste for abstract thought. She never talks of her writings, and cares little for criticism, however severe. She is no more capable of writing an intentional double entendre, than the gross-minded men who have accused her of doing so are capable of appreciating the worth of pure womanhood.

Such are some of our impressions of this celebrated authoress. We have read lately that she smokes, rouges flirts, dresses in millinery, wears Wellington boots, snuffs candles in ten paces; performs on the stage, drives, tandem, and cuts an unprecedented dash generally. Those who are familiar with the writings of Fanny Fern do not need to be assured that each and all of these allegations are utterly and ludicrously false.—She is no such person. The people who have asserted that she is, are either puppies whom she has cut, or women whom she has cut out. Fanny Fern, it is true, has a superb figure and a striking presence. But all her charms are her own; to nature, unassisted, she owes all