THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform

COBB, STURROCK & CO., "THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

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THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent *free of postage* to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

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For The Agitator.

HAGAR.

She turned away in deepest grief,
The time had come, she must depart—
Ah! where should she now seek relief,
Thrust from her master's home and heart.

Closely her little one she pressed,
Vainly to soothe his grief she tried—
Pale wanderers! weary and distressed,
Hagar with Ishmael by her side.

Oh! she remembers happy years
Far in the dim and distant past,
When she could find no place for tears,
Her griefs were all too light to last.

Then she was Abraham's chosen one
Honored and loved by all around—
And Ishmael her own cherished son
A father's fond protection found

Now all is changed; another heir
Has turned away that father's heart;
Sarai's proud breast is filled with care—
"Let the Egyptian maid depart"

My darling boy shall never share.
His father's love with any one;
The "child of promise" is the heir—
"Cast out the bond-maid and her son."

But God who saw her sorrow, took
Compassion on her lonely state
"He who his father's home forsook
Shall be a nation strong and great."

His offspring soon shall fill the land,
And homage yield to him alone,
"His hand shall be 'gainst every hand.
And every hand against his own."

Years passed away; that mother died
And left her son a wanderer still,
And soon with him as prophesied—
Children and children's children dwell.

And still that fierce and daring race,
Encamped beneath an eastern sky,
Unsettled roam from place to place.
Or raise again their wild war-cry

The traveler through that desert land,
Fears to meet Ishmael's son's alone;
Still is "their hand 'gainst every hand,
And every hand against their own."

VIRGINIA.

Select Miscellany.

From "Household Words.

MY BLIND SISTER.

CHAPTER I.

This was how I found it out. Lettie and I were sitting in the window at our work—it was some mourning we were making for our rector's family—and it had to be sent home the next day early. She said, "Jane, it seems as if the sun had given up shining; how dull everything looks! Don't you think so?"

I did not notice it; there was still an hour's daylight. She put up her hand to her forehead as if it pained her, so I bade her go out for a turn in the garden; we had sat close to our sewing all that day, and the young thing was tired; even I was, and my eyes ached wearily. She went along by the flower-bed, and gathered a few roses—we were in the middle of July then—and then gave them to me through the window, saying that she would go down into the town for some trimmings we wanted to finish the dresses. I would rather she had stayed at home, and replied that the shops would be shut; but she was not listening, and went away down the path as I spoke. It was dusk when she came back; I had just shut the window, and was lighting my candle; she said, "I could not get the fringe, Jane," and then laying her bonnet on the dresser, took up her work.—After she had sewed perhaps five minutes she dropped her hands on her knees, and such a strange, hopeless expression came into her face, that I was quite shocked and frightened.

"What ails you, Lettie? what can have happened?" I asked, suspecting I scarcely knew who.

She looked at me drearily in silence for some moments, and then said hastily, "I might as well tell you at once, Jane,—I'm going blind!"

My work fell to the ground, and I uttered a startled cry.

"Don't take on about it, Jane; it can't be helped," she added.

"It is only a fancy of yours, Lettie; I shall have you to Doctor Nash in the morning. What has made you take such a notion into your head all at once," said I, for I thought this was another nervous whim.—Lettie had been a good deal indulged by our mother before she died, and had shown herself not a little headstrong sometimes, as well as fanciful.

"It is of no use, Jane; I have been to Doctor Nash myself, and he said plainly that I was going blind. I have been to him twice before: I knew what was coming. Oh, Janey! what shall we do? what shall we do?" and having borne up thus far she broke down, and sobbed aloud, with her face on her arms on the table

"We shall do very well. In the first place, I don't believe Doctor Nash knows anything about it; and in the next, I shall have you up to London, to a great doctor, and hear what he says before I give in to thinking that you are to be blind all your days."

She was a little cheered by this.

"To London, Janey! but where is the money to come from?" she asked.

"Leave that to me. I'll arrange somehow." It was very puzzling to me to settle how just then, but I have a firm conviction that where there is a will to do anything, a way may generally be found, and I meant to find it.

She took up her work, but I bade her leave it. "You will not set another stitch, Lettie," I said; "you may just play on your old piano, and sing your bits of songs, and get out into fresh air—you have been kept too close, and are pale to what you were. Go to bed now, like a little lassie; I'll do by myself."

"But there is so much to finish, Janey."

"Not a stitch that you'll touch, Lettie; so kiss me good night, and get away."

"And you don't think much of what Doctor Nash said?" she asked very wistfully.

"No! I've no opinion of him at all." And hearing me speak up in my natural way, (though my heart was doubting all the time,) she went away comforted and in better hope. I had put it off before her, because she would have given way to fretting, if I had seemed to believe what the doctor said; but, as I drew my needle through my work till three hours past midnight, I had often to stop to wipe the tears from my eyes.

"There were only two of us—Lettie and myself—and we had neither father nor mother, nor indeed any relatives whom we knew.

Lettie was seventeen, and I was four years older. We were both dresmakers, and either worked at home, or went out by the day.—We lived in a small, thatched, three-roomed cottage outside the town, which had a nice garden in front. Some people had told us that if we moved into the town we should get better employ; but both Lettie and I liked the place where we had been born so much better than the closed-in-streets, that we had never got changed, and were not wished to. Our rent was not much, but we were rather put to it some times to get it made up by the day, for our landlady was very sharp upon her tenants, and if they were ever so little behind-hand, she gave them notice directly.

I set my wits to work how to get the money to take Lettie to London; but all that night no idea came to me, and the next day it was the same. With two pair of hands we had maintained ourselves decently but how was it going to be now that there was only one! Rich folks little think how hard it is for many of us poor day-workers to live on our little earnings, much more to spare for an evil day.

CHAPTER II.

Sunday found me still undecided, but that was our holiday, and I meant to see Doctor Nash myself while Lettie was gone to chapel. She made herself very nice, for she had a modest pride in her looks, which becomes a girl. I thought her very pretty myself, and so did the neighbors: she had clear, small features, and a pale color in her cheeks, soft brown hair and hazel eyes. It was not easy to see that anything ailed them, unless you looked into them very closely, and then there was a dimness to be seen about them, which might be disease. She had put off thinking about herself, and was as merry as a cricket when she went down the lane in her white bonnet and clean muslin gown. She nodded to me (I was watching her from the doorway,) and smiled quite happily. I was as proud of Lettie as ever my mother had been. She was always such a clever, warm-hearted little thing, for all her high temper.

When she was fairly gone, and the church bells ceased, I dressed myself in haste, and set off into the town to see Doctor Nash. He was at home, and his man showed me into the surgery, where I had to wait may-be an hour. When the doctor came in, he asked sharply why I could not have put off my visit till Monday; was my business so pressing? He did not consider how precious were the work-days to us, or may-be he would not have spoken so—for he was a benevolent man, as we had every reason to know; he having attended our mother through her last illness as carefully as if she had been a rich lady, though we could never hope to pay him. I explained what I had come about and he softened then, but would not alter what he had told Lettie himself.

"She has been with me three or four times," he said. "She is an interesting little girl; it is a great pity, but I do not think her sight can be saved—I don't indeed, Jane."

He explained to me why he was of this opinion, and how the disease would advance, more lengthily than needs to be set down here. Then he said he could get her admitted into the Blind Institution if we liked; and that I must keep her well, and send her out of doors constantly. And so I went home again, with very little hope left, as you may well think, after what I had heard.

I did not tell Lettie where I had been, and she never suspected. There was no chapel that afternoon, and we were getting ready to take a walk along the river bank, as we generally did on fine Sundays, (for all the town went there, and it freshened us up to see the holiday people far more than if we had stopped at home reading our books, as many say it is only right to do,) when one of our neighbors came in with her son. Mrs. Crofts was a widow, and Harry was studying medicine with Doctor Nash. They were both kind friends of ours; and, between Lettie and the young man, there had been for ever so long a sort of boy and girl liking; but I do not think they had spoken to each other yet. Lettie colored up when Harry appeared, and went into the garden to show him, she said, the white moss-rose that was full of bloom by the kitchen window; but they stayed whispering over it so long, that I did not think it was only that they were talking about. Then Harry went out at the gate looking downcast and vexed, and Lettie came back into the house with a queer wild look in her face that I did not like. Mrs. Crofts said, "Is Harry gone?" and my sister made a short answer, and went into the bed-room.

"Harry is going up to London very soon; I shall be glad to have the examinations over and him settled. Doctor Nash thinks very well of him; he is a good young fellow Jane." I replied that he had always been a favorite of mine, and I hoped he would do well; but, listening for Lettie's coming to us, perhaps I seemed rather cold and stiff; for Mrs. Crofts asked if I was not well, or if there was anything on my mind; so I told her about poor Lettie's sight.

"I've seen no appearance of blindness," Harry never said a word. You don't think it can be true?" she asked. I did not know what to think. I was sure that, in that whispering over the rose tree, my sister had told young Mr. Crofts; and I wished his mother would go away, that I might comfort her. At last she went. Then I called to Lettie, who came at once. She had been fretting; but, as she tried to hide it, I made no remark, and we went down the lane to the river meadows in silence. The first person we met was Harry Crofts. Lettie seemed put out when he joined us and turned back. She stayed behind, and was presently in company with our landlady, Mrs. Davis, who was taking the air in a little wheeled chair drawn by a footman. Mrs. Davis had always noticed Lettie. Harry Crofts looked back once or twice to see if she was following; but, when he found she was not, he proposed to wait for her, and we sat down by the water on a tree-trunk which lay there.

"This is a sad thing about Lettie's eyes, Jane," he said suddenly.

"Yes, it is. What do you think about them? Is there any chance for her?"

"Doctor Nash says not; but, Jane, next week Phillipson, the best oculist in England, is coming to stay a couple of days with Nash. Let him see her."

"I meant to try to get her to London for advice."

"There is nobody so clever as Philipson. Oh! Jane, I wish I had passed———"

"Do you fancy you know what would cure her?"

"I'd try. You know, Jane, I love Lettie. I meant to ask her to be my wife. I did ask her this afternoon, and she said, 'No;' and then told me about her sight—it is only that. I know she likes me: indeed, she did not try to deny it."

"Yes, Harry, you have been so much together; but there must be no talk of marrying."

"That is what she says."

"She is right—she must just stay with me. You could not do with a blind wife, Harry: you, a young man, with your way to make in the world."

He tore up a handful of grass, and flung it upon the river, saying passionately, "Why, of all the girls in Dalston must this affliction fall on poor Lettie?" and then he got up and walked away to meet her coming along the bank. They had a good deal of talk together, which I did not listen to; for their young hearts were speaking to each other—telling their secrets. Lettie loved him: yes, certainly she loved him.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Philipson's opinion was the same as that of Dr. Nash. Lettie was not so downstricken as I had dreaded she would be, and she bade good-bye to Harry Crofts almost cheerfully when he went up to London.

"There, Jane, now I hope he'll forget me; I don't like to see him so dull."

That day Mrs. Davis sent her a ticket for a concert at the Blind Institution, and she went. When she came home to me she told me that the girls and boys who sang looked quite happy and contented. "And why should I not be so too? what a number of beautiful sights I can remember which some of them never saw!" she added with a sigh.

After this, imperceptibly, her sight went; until I noticed that, even in crossing the floor, she felt her way before her, with her hands out. Doctor Nash again offered to use his influence to get her admitted into the Institution, but she always pleaded "Let me stay with you, Janey!" and I had not the heart to refuse, though she would have had more advantages there than I could afford her.

Not far from us there lived an old German clockmaker, who was besides musical, and acted as organist at the Roman Catholic chapel in the town. We had known him all our lives. Lettie often carried him a posy from our garden, and his grandchildren came to me for patches to dress their dolls. Muller was a grim, fantastic-looking figure, but he had a heart of pure gold. He was benevolent, simple, kindly; it was was his talk that reconciled Lettie, more than any thing else, to her condition. He was so poor, yet so satisfied; so afflicted, yet unrepining.

"Learn music—I will teach thee," he said to my sister. So, sometimes in our little parlor, and sometimes in his, he gave her lessons in fine sacred pieces from Handel and Haydn, and taught her to sing as they sing in churches—which was grander than our simple Methodist hymns. It was a great delight to listen to her. It seemed as if she felt everything deeper in her heart, and expressed it better than before; and it was all her consolation to draw the sweet sounds up out of that well of feelings which love had sounded. I know that, to remember how Harry loved her, gave a tenderness and patience to her suffering which it would else have lacked.—She, who used to be so quick with her tongue, never gave anybody a sharp word now.

I do not say much about our being poor, though, of course that could not but be; still we had friends who were kind to us; even Mrs. Davis softened, and mentioned to me, under seal of confidence, that if I could not quite make up the rent, she would not press me; but I fortunately had not to claim her forbearance, or else I do fear she could not have borne to lose a sixpence; and when it had come to the point we should have had to go like others; she was so very fond of money, poor woman! Lettie used to go to the Institution sometimes, where she learned to knit, and net, and weave basket work. Our rector (a better never lived or a kinder to the poor) had her to net covers for his fruit trees, fishing nets, and other things; and to knit woolen socks for himself and his boys; so that altogether she contrived to make what almost kept her. Now that the calamity had really come, it was not half so dreadful as it had seemed a long way off. Lettie was mostly cheerful. I never heard her complain, but she used to say, often, that there was much to be thankful for with us. She had a quiet religious feeling, which kept her from melancholy; and though I did not find it out till afterwards, a hope that perhaps her affliction might some day be removed. Harry had put that thought into her mind, and I do not think I am overstating the truth in saying that his honest, manly affections for her was the great motive to his working so hard at his profession, in which he has since become deservedly successful and famous.

We had six very quiet years. It seemed to me as if Lettie had always, from the first, gone softly groping her way, and I had always led her to chapel and back. Harry studied in London; then we heard of him in Edinburgh; and she was half afraid he wo'd settle there and marry a Papist wife. Lettie looked sorrowful and restless for a day or two after that, but presently recovered her cheerfulness. We had not much change or variety at home. There was I for ever at my work, and Lettie at her music. She had gained a great deal of skill now; and many a time have I seen a knot of people standing at the corner of our garden hedge to listen to her singing. I have heard several grand public performers since then; but never one who could touch my heart and bring the tears into my eyes as my poor blind sister did.—On Sundays, at chapel, we could hear her voice, clear and sweet, above all the rest; and, though our tunes were wild and simple—sung by her, they were beautiful. Sometimes she would go to St. John's church for the sake of the organ and the chaunting, but did not feel it right to change; habit is strong in slow, untaught people; and it did not seem as if I had kept my Sabbath, unless I said my prayers in the homely little chapel to which our mother had led us by the hand when we were children. Lettie loved the grand church music, and who could wonder at it, poor lassie? Once or twice when she begged me to go with her, it had seemed to fill my heart with pain almost; so how much more must it have excited her who was all fire and enthusiasm? She said it made her feel happier and better, and more thankful to God. Perhaps in losing one sense of her enjoyment through the others grew more intense.

CHAPTER IV.

At the end of these six years Harry Crofts came home. He was often at our house, and we liked having him; but, though Lettie seemed happy enough, he was uneasy and discontented. I have seen him stand beside the piano, and never take his eyes off her by the half-hour together; but his face looked quite gloomy. At last he one day said to me: "Jane, are you timid—I do not think Lettie is? She seems strong and well." I knew he meant more than a simple inquiry after our nerves, and I asked if he thought he had found out a cure for my sister. He turned quite red.

"Yes, I believe I have; I saw an operation performed in Paris on a girl's eyes similarly affected. It was successful."

I said not a word. The prospect seemed too good, too beautiful to be true! Just at this minute Lettie came in through the doorway; there was sunshine behind her, and she appeared to bring it into the parlor with her. "Are you here, Harry?" she immediately asked.

It was a strange thing, that although she neither saw him nor heard him speak, she was at once aware of his presence. He got up and took her by the hand, and brought her to me. "Tell her, Jane, or shall I?" he whispered. I signed to him to speak himself, which he did without hesitation.

"Lettie, have you courage to undergo an operation on your eyes which may restore your sight?"

She clasped her hands, and such a beautiful color came flushing up into her face—you would have said it was an angel's face, it changed so brightly.

"Oh yes! anything, anything, Harry only give me that hope!" said she softly.

I looked at him questioningly to ask if he had not better warn her of possible disappointment, and he said at once;

"Lettie, I ought to tell you that this operation may fail, though I do not fear that it will. For my sake, Lettie," he added, in an under tone.

"Well, then, for your sake, Harry," she replied, with a low sigh. "Even if it should not give me back my sight, I shall only be as I am now."

They went out in the garden together; and, from the earnest, gentle way in which Harry talked to Lettie, I know that he was preparing her for what she had to undergo. She did not want for courage in any circumstances, and I did not look for her being weak now.

The operation was performed during the following week. Doctor Philipson and Doc. Nash were both present, but Harry Crofts did it. His nerve was wonderful. Lettie behaved admirably too; indeed, nobody was foolish but myself, and when it was over I fainted. It was entirely successful; my sister has her sight, now, as good as I have.—For several weeks we kept her in a darkened room, but she was gradually permitted to face the light, and the joy of that time is more than words can describe.

Harry Crofts soon after claimed her as his wife; and really, to say the truth, nobody had a better right to her. The report of the singular cure he had made, lifted him at once into consideration; and, as he made diseases of the eye his particular study, he is now as celebrated an oculist as Dr. Philipson himself: many persons indeed give him the preference. The operation, then thought so much of, is now of frequent occurrence; Lettie's kind of blindness being no longer looked on as irremediable.

And this is all I need tell about our history; it is not much, or very romantic, but I am often asked about it, so I have just set down the truth.

The weather is very moderate for February.

Communications.

Letter from the West.

[The subjoined letter is from a citizen of this County, now traveling in the West. A friend has handed it in for publication, together with several others of the same series. The reading will doubtless be interesting to many our readers.] ED. AG.

MY DEAR WIFE:—In accordance with my promise to you when I left Pa., I will now give a synopsis of the incidents connected with my journey to this point, together with such remarks as suggested themselves as we journeyed along—hoping the detail as written, will prove as interesting to you, as did the reality to our party. I will at once proceed with the narrative.

We arrived at Corning about 4 o'clock on Monday evening; here we were joined by Mr. B. M. Field of Lycoming county, who was soon incorporated as a member of our party. At 6½ o'clock, the same evening, we left Corning on the Express train for Dunkirk. Nothing of interest transpired until we arrived at Hornellsville, where, upon stopping the train, it was discover that we had lost the key that held on one of the Driving wheels of the Engine, which timely discovery no doubt saved us from a fearful catastrophe. The deficiency was soon supplied and we "went our way rejoicing." The Erie Road from this point to Dunkirk is very rough, yet we met with no accident, and in due time were safely landed at the latter place; and should you wish a more explicit description of the incidents of our journey from Hornellsville here, just get some one to sing you the old song of "Bobbing Round"—especially the last two words, for they are very descriptive. Here, after a delay of only ½ an hour, we took the cars on the Lake Shore Road, and were again on our way. From Dunkirk west, we found the railroad in good condition. We arrived at Ashtabula, Ohio, at daylight, and at 8 o'clock we were at Cleaveland. Here we we changed cars again and took the Cleaveland and Toledo line with a delay of only 20 minutes. From Ashtabula to this point, the the lands along the line of the road are low and marshy. The timber is principally Black Ash, yet there is some Sycamore and a few scattering trees of other kinds. At Cleaveland you have a fine view of Lake Erie, and on the other hand a beautiful city. The country from Cleaveland to Sandusky is very much the same as it is from Ashtabula to this point, with the exception of being a little higher land, and the timber a mixture of Oak and White Ash. There is not much of interest along this line save now and then a fine view of Lake Erie, till you get to Sandusky, when you cross the Bay of that name, by a Road built upon piles, with a draw Bridge in the centre, for vessels to pass to the city, which is a beautiful place, and has the appearance of much business enterprise.—About the time of our arrival here, it commenced raining and continued all day, which gave a dull appearance to the whole country. From Sandusky to Toledo there is nothing to captivate the traveler, that I was able to discover. We arrived at Toledo at 2 o'clock P. M., and with a delay of a few minutes changed cars for Chicago. We took the Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan Road, and arrived at White Pigeon station at dark. There we had 20 minutes given for refreshments—the first opportunity we had for eating since leaving Corning. The country from Toledo to this point is much the same as we passed in Ohio, only it is more elevated, and the timber is changed to Oak, of a scrubby character. From White Pigeon to Chicago it was dark and of course the country was invisible. I have seen no point as yet in the west that I would take a farm as gift, if the conditions would oblige me to make it my home. We arrived at Chicago at 10 o'clock P. M., and were recommended by a fellow traveler to the Merchants Hotel—went there and found ourselves miserably sold; yet we managed to stay all night, and for the benefit of those who may be placed in like circumstances with ourselves, I would remark that by reference to the traveler's Directory, you will find but two Hotels, considered as worthy of notice in this city, (viz.) the "Tremont House," and the "Briggs Hotel." Give them a trial, and if you are not suited, console yourselves with the reflection that you might have fared worse even in Chicago. In the morning we took a walk about town and become satisfied that it was at least a "fast place," and somewhat muddy. There are to be seen here many fine specimens of Architecture, showing refined taste in designing and great skill in executing.—Among the most important structures in the city, the Illinois central Depot holds a conspicuous place. I am unable to inform you of its dimensions; but it is much larger than anything of the kind I have met with. From under its roof 4 diffrent trains may start at the same moment from parallel tracks; it also contains all the R. R. offices and the Illinois central Land office. It is constructed of a sort of free stone obtained some twelve miles from the city, and taken all in all, is a tangible evidence of the taste and enterprise of the company to which it belongs. At 9½ o'clock A. M. we took the train on the Chicago and Galena Union R. R., at this station, bound for Dunleith on the Mississippi. As we started out from this point we had a fine view of Lake Michigan for a short distance, and then our course led off to the open Prairie; and here, for the first time, I saw what I expected in the form of a Wester Prairie. As far as the eye can reach on either side of the R. R., there is nothing but one broad expanse of Prairie country, covered only by the long grass of natural growth. The view soon became tiresome for want of variety, but there is no help for it but to shut your eyes, and as the Dutchman expressed it—"tink nothing." The land here lies too low to be healthy, but is of the most fertile character. The water is very poor, being a stagnated saturated solution of calcium. The country from Chicago to Freeport is all about of this character.—After you leave Freeport, the Prairie is uneven or rolling, yet good farming land, until you get near Galena, when you find the country very much broken and presenting a series of rocky bluffs, not very good for farming purposes, but rich in Mineral wealth, being underlaid with Lead Ore. From Galena to Dunleith, the country is very much broken and rocky.

Dunleith is situated on the east side of the Mississippi, opposite Dubuque. We arrived here about 9 o'clock P. M., on Wednesday evening. We left the cars and went immediately on board the steamboat, "Kate Kassels," bound for the upper Mississippi. This is a beautiful boat, nearly new, a double decker, 136 feet long and 35 feet in width and furnished in magnificient style. Here, Mr. Field met with the loss of his trunk. It was checked from the cars to the boat, but it did not come on board, with the rest of our baggage. It was either stolen or left by accident, probably stolen. Its contents were worth $175, and will no doubt prove a total loss, for we had no time to stop and investigate, as this boat was the last of the season, and we considered ourselves fortunate in not having our bodies left behind. We started in the night up the river, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until about an hour before daylight, when we were all startled by a violent shock of the boat, indicating that we had met with something to arrest our progress rather, too sudden to be desirable. Of course there was a rush, some cried a "collision," and some cried "snagged," but after a season of confsion, it was ascertained that we had only run on a sand bar, and had received no serious damage. In a short time we got off, and went plowing up the Father of Waters.—The upper Mississippi is filled with innumerable small Islands. The current is very strong and is continually throwing up new and changing old sand bars, making it necessary to run all sides of the river to keep in the channel, especially when the water is low, which at present is the case. It has been very low all the fall, so that boats were only able to carry about ½ their usual freight, and the consequence is, there are hundreds of tons of freight lying at Dunleith and Dubuque, that will not get to its destination this season. Some up-the-river merchants have from ten to twelve thousand dollars worth of goods lying here, which were purchased in the east three months ago, and will have to lie here till next spring. Our merchants of the east would, I opine, think this rather unlucky; and I don't know but western merchants take the same view of the case; I presume they do, but it can't be helped. The charges this fall have been advanced on freight to $2,50 per hundred from Dubuque to St. Paul, owing to the low stage of water, and the large amount of freight. The usual fare for passengers from Dubuque to St. Paul has been $4, but this last trip they raised the fare to $20, which I call a slight advance on previous rates. As you pass up the Mississippi you will see on either side one continuous line of rocky bluffs, ranging from 50 to 400 feet in height, and presenting in form, very much the appearance of a loaf of rusk broken through the centre, (a homely comparison but I hope intelligible.) At 4 o'clock P. M. on Thursday, we arrived at McGregor's landing, a flourishing business place, situated on the west side of the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of the Wisconsin River. Two miles above this place and on the opposite or east side of the river, is Fort Crawford, at Prairie Duchien. There are also in this vicinity, some fine forms. But as I find myself obliged to close for want of space, I will allow you to consider our party in Fort Crawford, or on the rolling deep, or some other good place, until my next letter, when I will give you a sketch of our peregrinations from this point around. In the mean time believe me as ever

Yours affectionately,

SUPERIOR, Wis., Dec. '56. C. V. E.

VEGETABLE SOUPS.—All vegetables that are put into soups should be put into cold water and gradually brought to the boiling point. This will cause them to diffuse their flavor through the the whole mass. Irish potatoes should never be put in soups until first having been cut up in cold water. This extracts their bitterness and renders them fit to mingle in the vegetable mass. The meats to flavor vegetable soups may be beef, veal, mutton or chicken, and like the vegetables sho'd be put into cold water. There are fewer good soups made in the country than almost any other dish, and the reason is obvious—it takes time to cook them. An okra gumbo soup should boil incessantly six hours, then the flavor of the meat, vegetables and condiments are so intimately and delicately blended that they all seem one delicious mass. Salt hardens water and flesh, and should not be put into soups until the mass is done.

DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?—In reply to this question, the celebrated Sidney Smith says: "It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobvious piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good."

Betting is immoral, but how can the man who bets be worse that he who is no better?