

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.

VOL. 2. WELLSBOROUGH, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1857. NO. 36.

Rules of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 50 cents per square of four lines for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than one square will be charged for a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half Yearly, and Yearly advertising:—

1 Square, (4 lines), - 60	10	15	20
2 Squares, - 100	15	20	25
3 Squares, - 140	20	25	30
4 Squares, - 180	25	30	35

2 All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bills, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand and printed to order.

Terms of Publication.

THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, in advance. It is published on the first of the month, and the term for which the paper is published expires, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last page. The paper will then be stopped, until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

TERMS: Advance 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.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, 24 per year.

The Sailor's Return.

For the Agitator.

Allan is a sailor brave,
And his ship is tried and strong,
But upon the ocean wave,
It has floated all too long.
By my fire I miss the while,
With my baby on my knee,
She has her father's winning smile,
Ah! when will he return to me!

Allan stole my heart away,
When I was the village belle,
Oh! I told my suitors, nay,
For many a ladie loved me well.
One there was, my rank above,
Who sought to win me to his side,
But Scottish maidens wed for love,
And I became my Allan's bride.

In our cottage of content,
Happy seasons rolled away,
'Til to sea my Allan went—
Woe on that ill-fated day!
Eight long months have come and past,
Flowers of Spring, and Summer's sun,
Now the bleak and chilling blast
Tells that winter has begun.

Listening to the sleet and snow,
I hush my baby's wailing cries,
Mourful fancies come and go,
And the tear-drops dim my eyes.
Gallant though he be and brave,
False and cruel is the sea;
Many sleep beneath its wave,
Once as young and brave as he.

Hark!—there is a manly tread
Sounding on the gravel path:
Pilot lifts his shaggy head,
Hail in joy and half in woe!

Oh, my lonely heart rejoice!
Let me first my bosom dry,
Now I hear the well-known voice—
Welcome home, my wanderer!

Select Miscellany.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

MY EARLY LOVE.

A REMINISCENCE.

To such of my readers as may be desirous of knowing who and what I am, I will merely say—my name is John H. —, I am a retired merchant, and by the world reported wealthy. Out of a large family all my children have married or died, but one—my little pet, Mary. I still call her "my little pet," although eight winters have glided by since I clasped her to my bosom. I love her very name, and whether on this account or because she is my youngest, I know not, but I have always felt for her a more than paternal fondness. But it is not of myself or family I intend to speak. To-night, seated in my study, surrounded by every comfort, my mind has reverted again and again to an incident which happened long ago, until I have determined to record it.

It was twenty years ago, this very day, March 16—. The morning was blustering and unpleasant, as March mornings generally are, when I started from my home to the counting-house. I was (I am sorry to confess it) in a bad humor. The baby had cried all night, my coffee had been badly made and altogether I was what is vulgarly called "out of sorts." I gave my overcoat a hurried jerk, and waiting to button it and put on my gloves on the way down, I slammed the door, and rushed off! At the corner, my rapid progress was impeded by a figure which had been crouching on one of the door steps. Just as I came up, it sprang forward, directly in my path, and seemed to be intently regarding something down the street. With a sigh of disappointment, it was shrinking back again, but not before I had exclaimed angrily, "Woman, get out of my way." She turned around, and with such a look!

I am an old man now, and yet that pale, wasted face, with that reproachful look, is as vividly present before me as then, and will haunt me to my dying day. She fixed her gaze upon me for a moment, and then, in a voice hollow and weak—ah! me, weak, I doubt not, from hunger, said—"Sir, you ought not to speak to a miserable creature so." I felt ashamed of myself, and in a kind tone, inquired whether she was expecting any one.—"Her frame shook with emotion, which she vainly strove to conceal, as she replied, "My boy Harry has gone some errands for me, and I am waiting for him." Her head sank upon her breast; and, throwing her some money I was passing on, when, with a sudden emotion, she stretched forth her hand, all purple with the cold, and said—"Sir, did you ever know Mary Beechfield? Can you tell me where she lives?"

Mary Beechfield! What a flood of memories that name sent through my soul! I exclaimed involuntarily (and my heart whirled, she was your first love!)—"I know her! why I can see her now.—So tall and graceful, with brown hair, and such liquid eyes. The last time I saw her was—but remembering myself, I answered very quickly—"Yes, I know her, but it is many years since I moved from the place where she lived, and I have not heard of her since. Why do you ask?" for I felt it almost profanation for such as she to have Mary's name upon her lips. She drew her hood more closely over her face, as she replied in faltering accents—"She was kind to me once."

Something about the woman interested me, and asking several more questions, I promised to call on the morrow, and hurried on. It was late when I reached the store, but all that day I could not attend to business. That one question, uttered on that quivering voice, "Sir, did you ever know Mary Beechfield?" rang through my ears and in my very brain. I know her! Why I loved her with my whole soul. How well I recollect even now when I met her. It was at her uncle's country seat. He lived with her old uncle, Mr. Sheridan. He was rich, and would at his death, it was supposed, bequeath his fortune to his niece. He took me into his office, and with his accustomed hospitality, invited me to call upon him. I did so, and was sauntering about the

The Power of Imagination.

Among the thousand serviceable things done by the express companies is the conveyance of corpses. Prior to the establishment of express, (we wonder now, how the world got along without them,) if a husband or son died upon a journey, or while temporarily residing for health or business, at a distance from his kindred, and it was decided by his friends to have his body brought home, it was usually done at heavy expense, if the distance exceeded one or two hundred miles.

At present, the price for conveying a corpse by express, in charge of a messenger, a distance of 200 or 250 miles upon a regular route does not exceed thirty dollars. That we believe to be the price between New York and Boston, for instance.

The work, however is not at all popular with expressmen, and the messengers never meet among their freight with one of those wooden cases in which coffins are usually enclosed, without a wish that they were rid of it. Some of them are very notional upon the subject; not from superstition, but from that insinuating fear of the progress of decay which all feel in the presence of a corpse; especially when there is any suspicion that it has been kept too long.

An instance illustrating what we have said, occurred in this city one morning last week. An express messenger having among his freight in the company's car, one of those ominously oblong boxes, declared confidentially to the conductor of the train, that the body inside "must be very far gone, indeed," and "the smell of it made him as sick as a horse."

In vain he tried to forget it, or salubriously odor, by smoking a magnificent cigar. The smell became more offensive to him every minute during the long night that he was whizzing away with it over the rail track; and before the train arrived in New York it affected him so much that he vomited.

When the driver, with the wagons of the New York office, went to the depot for the express freight, the illness of the unfortunate messenger was obvious, and in answer to inquiries he explained the cause. "All eyes fell on the oblong box, and every man held his nose. It was decided unanimously that it was too far gone to be taken to the office, and as the railroad men swore (through their compressed factories) that they would not suffer it to remain in the depot, the strongest reserved and most accommodating driver present took it to the "dead house" up town.

No one knew where the obnoxious box came from. It was usual to make a special bargain in such cases, but no allusion was made to it on the way bill. In the course of the day, however, the mystery was solved.—A gentleman came into the office in Broadway, and called for the box.

"It has been taken to the dead house," was the reply of the clerk.

"The dead house!" exclaimed the applicant.

"Yes, sir, rejoined the clerk, firmly, "we couldn't stand it, sir. Too far gone, sir. "Too far gone!" was the angry retort.—"I should think so, if you have sent it up to—street. Explain yourself. What do you mean?"

"I mean that the body smelt too bad, sir," retorted the clerk.

"Smelt bad!" cried the visitor, "I have handled it for ten years past, and I never smelt anything but the varnish, and that not unpleasantly. Hang it, sir, that box contains my manikin, an artificial anatomy or model of the human body. I am Mr. Wisjning, the lecturer upon Physiology."

This ridiculous explanation produced an explosion of laughter throughout the office, and it is still the best joke of the season. It is a capital illustration of the power of the imagination.—N. Y. Messenger.

How every word pierced my heart I waited to hear no more, but seized my hat and hastened to the gloomy abode. On my way the words, "Sir, did you ever know Mary Beechfield?" came fresh to my memory, and the thought rushed across me that it must have been her. No one can imagine my feelings. My hand trembles, and my blood runs chill, when I remember that night. To have spoken unkindly—nay, ordered her from my path; it was too much. I reached the hotel, for I can give it no other name, and there, in the presence of the poor woman, I found my lost Mary. Her poor little body hung over her in speechless grief. Everything about the department spoke of poverty, extreme poverty, and yet such neatness prevailed that you felt you were not away from refinement. Ah! no; her every thought was noble. She was fitted to adorn any station, however exalted, and to be brought to this! When I encountered her in the street, she evidently had intended to reveal herself. But when I spoke in such glowing terms of the Mary of my remembrance, her pride—woman's pride—forbade it. All that day at the office I felt like writing her name upon every check, and Heaven knows, had I thought she needed them, I would have filled them all. Well! well! Such are the changes of fortune. I am becoming weary and must close. My only restitution was to take the boy into my family. He has always been as my child, and no one, not even my wife, knows the reason I take such a deep interest in Harry, or why he has succeeded as head of my affairs.

The Mother's Influence.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilized the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops, from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say, 'Our father who art in Heaven!'"

The Nerd of Love.

Oh that there were more love in the world, and then all these things that we deplore could not be! One would think that the man who had loved any woman, would have some tenderness for all; and love implies an infinite respect. All that was said or done by chivalry of old, or sung by troubadours, but shadows forth the feeling which is in the heart of any one who loves. Love, like the opening of the heavens to the assist, shows for a moment, even to the dull, sense man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope and charity for another being; perhaps a creature of his imagination; still it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imaginations. Indeed, love is a thing so deep and so beautiful, that each man feels that nothing but conceits and pretty words have been said about it by other men. And then to come down from this, and dishonor the image of the thing so loved!

A Smart Retort.

While two little girls, one the daughter of a poor clergyman, and the other the child of one of his rich parishoners, were playing together, they fell into an angry dispute, as children often will in imitation of their seniors. To modify her antagonism, the paragon's daughter spitefully remarked—"If I hadn't been for my father, your father would have been in the poor-house long ago." "Well, I don't care," replied the other; "if I hadn't been for my father, yours would have been in hell long ago!"

Letter from the West.

The subject of this letter is 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 of our readers.

"DEAR WIFE: I agreed to write to you again soon after our arrival at this place, and I now proceed to fulfill that promise. We arrived here after dark after a hard journey of seven days from Hudson. We found ourselves well with the exception of being pretty well tired out with travel. It has been almost five weeks since we left home and we are now at our journey's end and after a few days of rest shall feel quite well again. We have enjoyed the trip very much notwithstanding our many inconveniences and hardships.—We have not yet heard from home, nor do we expect to for some time, as the mails is carried by half breeds who go and come at their leisure.

I think this is the best country for an industrious man with small means; wages are very high and laborers in great demand. I am referred to a number of men who came here 2 years ago worth nothing, and are now worth their thousands of dollars. But this is no place for idleness, for everything is so high a man must have means to be able to stand it long unless he is in some business to pay expenses. The common price for plasterers and stone and brick masons is three dollars per day; for carpenters and joiners, three dollars, many getting more and some less; and I am told that last winter or teamsters got from seventy-five to ninety dollars per month and found. In fact it is hard to realize this state of things as the prices here exceed those in any of the States, not excepting California. But these things will not last long, for they are making extensive preparations for bringing men in the spring from the south and east, so as to bring wages down to something like a reasonable price. The only reason why wages have been so high is that there have not been enough to do the work that was required, and as the place is some four hundred miles from any railroad or steamboat route, during the winter the laborers that are here have the prices in their own hands, and some of the employers have concluded to suspend work until navigation opens and hands are more plenty.

Society here is as good as in Pennsylvania (with the exception that there is not so much pride,) the inhabitants being mostly eastern people.

Jan. 10.—Last Friday we started out with a gang of men and camped out some twelve miles from here on a line of road. We had for supper (which was dinner too) bread and molasses, the bread being made by mixing the flour with water and nothing else, and baked in a tin oven before a fire built upon the ground and served upon tin plates in our laps instead of a table. After supper we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and laid down before the fire to sleep, but it was too cold to sleep much, although some of the men said they slept well all night. They say one will not mind it much when they get used to it, but I fear it will be with me like it was with the Irishman's horse, when he tried to learn him to live without eating. The next morning we commenced cutting our road and continued till about 4 p. m., when I left the company and started for town, where I arrived after dark and found a perfect hurricane blowing off the lake from the north-east; it was the most terrific storm I ever witnessed. The main body of the lake is not frozen over (nor never is,) the waves run mountain high nearly deafening one with the awful roar; the scene was grand in the extreme, but terrific in its grandeur. The bay and harbor were frozen over and in the morning the ice was broken up for miles by the action of the waves, and where it was not broken it was stripped of snow with which it had been covered, and this snow was piled along the north shore in mountains of from 50 to 60 feet in height. I wished that you could have been here to have witnessed this storm and its effects, for no pen can describe it and nipp can scarcely make the attempt.

Jan. 29.—The weather is very cold here, the mercury stood this morning at 26 degrees below zero. The snow is about two feet deep; the settlers here say the snow has never been known this depth before. The coming week we intend to build a house for a provision depot on the line of road, on a stream called Black River Run, which empties into the Nemadji, or left hand river, and into this lake at Superior. At this point Black River passes through what is called the south range of mountains about 14 miles from the lake. Black River at this point is picturesque in the extreme, having a fall of two miles of near 400 feet. The lower falls three quarters of a mile west have a fall of some 200 feet at an angle of about 45 degrees, and the foaming torrent, agitated by its former leap, goes rushing down this rocky precipice into a yawning gulch, worn by its own ureal, and these hemmed in by huge walls of trap rock hundreds of feet in height, it madly rushes on and leaps from side, till bruised and weary by its own toil it yields itself to the embrace of the ever placid and beautiful Nemadji.—The railroad bridge at Black River will be seventy feet above the water, and will afford the traveller during his transit a hasty glimpse of the delightful scenery which surrounds it. And if I mistake not the citizens of Superior will soon be greeted with the shrill wail of the iron horse, and in less than two years we shall see him hunched at the mouth of the Nemadji, chafing with impatience to start on his journey to bear his messages the compliments of the great lake to the "father of rivers."

This is not the Black River falls mentioned in a former letter, as that empties into the Mississippi at Prairie LaCrosse. The country from the lake to the Range of mountains is an extended plain covered by a dense forest of

On the Death of a Father.

He has gone. That kind and endearing parent has left us. We shall behold his face on earth no more forever. Our fire-side circle is desolate. Oh! our Father, we miss thee. Sadly we encircle the "old hearth stone," upon which sparkles the blazing fire. The storm rages without. Pierce winter blasts sweep around our dwelling. Freezing icicles, hang suspended from the roof, and all nature presents a cheerless and desolate aspect. And we, ourselves, are desolate—there is a vacuum in our hearts. A loved and cherished parent, has left us. His lamp of life has gone out. His loving voice, we shall hear no more, but we love to think and speak of his virtues, and will strive to imitate his example. Faults he had, and who has not? lives there a mortal, under God's bright canopy, that sinneth not I no, and the man that extends his sinful hands toward high Heaven, and exclaims, that he has lived many years without committing any actual or known sin, is I had almost said, a conceited Pharisee. But I spare the epithet and apply it to no one. "Judge not lest ye be judged" be my motto, yet I do know a man, and have often heard him say, that for thirty years, sin, in thought, word or deed, had been a stranger to his heart. And do I believe the man? yes, believe him to be most egregiously in error.

My worthy parent, though a professor of religion was not to appearance, a very zealous one. He possessed a large fund of good humour, and was very fond of relating anecdotes and creating amusement. Indeed, that was his foible or weak point. Oh! how I heard his minister, gently reprimand him for this, as he termed it, his seeming levity and unchristian attribute, but without effect. My father had his joke "till summoned hence to the spirit land. Yet when his physical energies, were prostrated, when disease had laid him low, when called to pay his last great debt, he was ready, yes willing, and quietly, peacefully resigned his soul into the hands of his Great Father.

He has gone. Amid sleet and rain, and howling winds, we bore him to his last resting-place—slowly, sadly, we lowered him into the cold cheerless tomb, and placed the hard frozen sod upon his coffin, yet his bright spirit now rests in the bosom of Jesus, and there oh! our father our much loved father, we leave thee. We shed no tears o'er thy grave—its frowning portals encompass the form of your parent, but we rejoice to believe that no man upon the world's wide waste can point to thy grave and exclaim, there sleeps a man who wronged me.

L. A. W.

Hindoo Widows.

We are told that the removal of the prohibition of Hindoo widows to marry has been taken advantage of; not in a corner, but with considerable pomp and parade, a gathering of Hindoo magnates, and altogether with a look of triumph which appears designed to call public attention to the event. The bridegroom is "described" as a "Koolin of Koolins," and "a man of the very highest sacerdotal rank." The bride, for whom the Hindoo religion designed perpetual widowhood, has just attained the age of twelve. The union of this grave Ecclesiastic with this venerable matron was attended by "hundreds of Brahmins," who are of course prepared to take a similar step themselves under circumstances make it desirable. It is in view perhaps of this novel state of affairs that somebody has perpetrated the following epigram:

As in India one may see an Englishman sit,
With a smart native lass at the winter,
"Do you know how you burn yourselves? pray tell me that,"
Said the pretty inquisitive Hindoo.
"Do they burn,—but they do," the gentleman said,
"With a flame not so easy to smother."
Ours widows, the present one husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another!

Rare Benches of Laziness.

It has been common to sneer at the lazy man as one destined never to prosper, and an example to be shunned by those who would avoid misfortune and ill lides in this world's affairs. But the Cincinnati Enquirer tells a story of a fellow, who a few years ago, became possessed of a certain property in Chicago. Too indolent to take care of it, he gave directions to have it sold, and did actually dispose of it at various times, but was too lazy to make out the deeds. Meantime the property increased enormously in value, and the delays caused by the man's laziness placed him, at the end of a few years, in the possession of an estate worth some \$200,000, for which at the first he would gladly have accepted \$30,000.—There are men in these parts, who with his chance, have laziness enough to be worth untold millions.

Calvinism in the Bud.

Two little boys who were brothers were busily talking together one Sunday, when they were overheard by their father holding the following dialogue:

"Willie! don't you wish you would walk on the water as Jesus Christ did?"

"Isn't it right, Charley to say Jesus Christ, you wasn't take his name in vain?"

"Yes it is, Willie; right to say Jesus Christ if you only say it with a sorrowful face."

Interesting Letter.

Mr. Giddings to Thos. H. Benton.

Hon. THOMAS H. BENTON.—Sir: In the report of your lecture on "Saving the Union," recently delivered in New England and New York, you are represented as saying:—"The Constitution of the United States acts out with the declaration that 'slaves are property.'" That view of our Constitution is certainly important. If correct it should be understood and admitted by Northern men; if incorrect, it should be promptly met and exposed.

The doctrine that man, bearing the image of his God, immortal in his hopes and aspirations, can be transformed into property, changed from the brute creation, is repugnant to the judgment of mankind; opposed to the teachings of nature and of revelation; in direct contradiction to the intentions and understanding of those who founded our Government; in conflict with the convictions and objects of those who framed our Constitution, and is contradicted in the most emphatic manner by the spirit and letter of that instrument.

It is repugnant to the judgment of mankind. In no age of the world, in no part of creation, has a being existed in the form of man, with the ordinary intellect possessed by our race, who did not feel conscious that no other person could have rightful power over his life, his liberty or his labour. This consciousness was infused into the soul of man at his creation, and constitutes one of the elements of our moral nature. It has never been separated from the soul of man. Neither you, nor the most strenuous advocate of slavery, ever did, or ever will admit that you can be disrobed of your manhood, transferred into a brute and made the property of your brother man. You are conscious that your lungs are inflated by your own inspiration; your limbs move at the instance of your own will, and not at the instance of another; your hands cultivate the earth and gather its fruits under the guidance of your own judgment, and if you fail to feed and nourish your body agreeably to the demands of nature, you die. When you have obtained food for the nourishment of your own body, you will not admit the right of another to take it from you. You are conscious that such robbery would be wrong—an offence against natural justice. Yet these propositions are merely self-evident truths, standing parallel with the absolute right of every man to his own body and the use of his own limbs.

The South Sea cannibals kill and eat the bodies of those whom they conquer; but even the New Zealander denies the right of others to slay and eat him. He is fully conscious of his right to enjoy his own life, liberty and labour; holds that "alliance to the power which gave him the form, requires him to defend the rights of man," and Sheridan spoke truly when, in 1783, he declared that "never yet was this truth dismissed from the human heart; never in any time, in any age—never in any clime where rude man had any social feelings—never was this undistinguishable truth destroyed from the heart of man, placed as it is in the core and centre by his Creator, that man was not made the property of man."

The doctrine that slaves are property is opposed to the teachings of Nature and of Revelation.

In our slave States men are held and treated as property. The owners attach to them the incidents of property. They regard the whole physical and moral being of the slave subservient to the interest of his owner. They seek to prolong the lives of their slaves so far as will be profitable to the master, and no longer. They drive him so hard as to produce death at that period which the owners believe most conducive to their interests. It is a well ascertained fact that 25,000 murders are thus committed on Southern plantations annually, under the excuse that slaves are property. I need not say that such barbarity is revolting to all the feelings of our nature. Sir, I feel deeply pained when I reflect that a man of your political intelligence charges our Federal Constitution with such heinous barbarity.

Nature teaches us that the design and object of human existence, is to elevate and unfold the intellect, the spirit, the soul of man; that the body is merely the tenement, the habitation of the soul to be nourished and made healthy in order to render it an agreeable dwelling for the moral being. Constitution and laws may direct your body and limbs to obey another man. Slaveholders, and pirates may command them to do their bidding, but they cannot control them until they enslave your mind, degrade it, shut up the windows of the soul, enshroud it in moral darkness, and prevent its expansion, its elevation, its enjoyment. We shudder at the contemplation of such violation of Nature's laws.

Nor is the doctrine less repugnant to revelation. The Scripture informs us that the Creator gave to man dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth. These are properly. The Creator himself drew a very marked distinction between persons and property, and no human law or human constitution can obliterate the line of demarcation which he has drawn. Neither pirates nor slaveholders, nor "piratical" Legislatures, can transform the image of God into that of the brute. True they may call them brutes, or declare them property; but they retain the human form, and the soul, though wronged, degraded and imprisoned in the dark dungeon of slavery, will burn with immortal desire, and will break from its imprisonment, and leave the owner bludgeoned by an offensive, putrefying and a sorrowful fact."

(Continued on Fourth page.)

On the Death of a Father.

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L. A. W.

How every word pierced my heart I waited to hear no more, but seized my hat and hastened to the gloomy abode. On my way the words, "Sir, did you ever know Mary Beechfield?" came fresh to my memory, and the thought rushed across me that it must have been her. No one can imagine my feelings. My hand trembles, and my blood runs chill, when I remember that night. To have spoken unkindly—nay, ordered her from my path; it was too much. I reached the hotel, for I can give it no other name, and there, in the presence of the poor woman, I found my lost Mary. Her poor little body hung over her in speechless grief. Everything about the department spoke of poverty, extreme poverty, and yet such neatness prevailed that you felt you were not away from refinement. Ah! no; her every thought was noble. She was fitted to adorn any station, however exalted, and to be brought to this! When I encountered her in the street, she evidently had intended to reveal herself. But when I spoke in such glowing terms of the Mary of my remembrance, her pride—woman's pride—forbade it. All that day at the office I felt like writing her name upon every check, and Heaven knows, had I thought she needed them, I would have filled them all. Well! well! Such are the changes of fortune. I am becoming weary and must close. My only restitution was to take the boy into my family. He has always been as my child, and no one, not even my wife, knows the reason I take such a deep interest in Harry, or why he has succeeded as head of my affairs.

The Power of Imagination.

Among the thousand serviceable things done by the express companies is the conveyance of corpses. Prior to the establishment of express, (we wonder now, how the world got along without them,) if a husband or son died upon a journey, or while temporarily residing for health or business, at a distance from his kindred, and it was decided by his friends to have his body brought home, it was usually done at heavy expense, if the distance exceeded one or two hundred miles.

At present, the price for conveying a corpse by express, in charge of a messenger, a distance of 200 or 250 miles upon a regular route does not exceed thirty dollars. That we believe to be the price between New York and Boston, for instance.

The work, however is not at all popular with expressmen, and the messengers never meet among their freight with one of those wooden cases in which coffins are usually enclosed, without a wish that they were rid of it. Some of them are very notional upon the subject; not from superstition, but from that insinuating fear of the progress of decay which all feel in the presence of a corpse; especially when there is any suspicion that it has been kept too long.

An instance illustrating what we have said, occurred in this city one morning last week. An express messenger having among his freight in the company's car, one of those ominously oblong boxes, declared confidentially to the conductor of the train, that the body inside "must be very far gone, indeed," and "the smell of it made him as sick as a horse."

In vain he tried to forget it, or salubriously odor, by smoking a magnificent cigar. The smell became more offensive to him every minute during the long night that he was whizzing away with it over the rail track; and before the train arrived in New York it affected him so much that he vomited.

When the driver, with the wagons of the New York office, went to the depot for the express freight, the illness of the unfortunate messenger was obvious, and in answer to inquiries he explained the cause. "All eyes fell on the oblong box, and every man held his nose. It was decided unanimously that it was too far gone to be taken to the office, and as the railroad men swore (through their compressed factories) that they would not suffer it to remain in the depot, the strongest reserved and most accommodating driver present took it to the "dead house" up town.

No one knew where the obnoxious box came from. It was usual to make a special bargain in such cases, but no allusion was made to it on the way bill. In the course of the day, however, the mystery was solved.—A gentleman came into the office in Broadway, and called for the box.

"It has been taken to the dead house," was the reply of the clerk.

"The dead house!" exclaimed the applicant.

"Yes, sir, rejoined the clerk, firmly, "we couldn't stand it, sir. Too far gone, sir. "Too far gone!" was the angry retort.—"I should think so, if you have sent it up to—street. Explain yourself. What do you mean?"

"I mean that the body smelt too bad, sir," retorted the clerk.

"Smelt bad!" cried the visitor, "I have handled it for ten years past, and I never smelt anything but the varnish, and that not unpleasantly. Hang it, sir, that box contains my manikin, an artificial anatomy or model of the human body. I am Mr. Wisjning, the lecturer upon Physiology."

This ridiculous explanation produced an explosion of laughter throughout the office, and it is still the best joke of the season. It is a capital illustration of the power of the imagination.—N. Y. Messenger.

Letter from the West.

The subject of this letter is 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 of our readers.

"DEAR WIFE: I agreed to write to you again soon after our arrival at this place, and I now proceed to fulfill that promise. We arrived here after dark after a hard journey of seven days from Hudson. We found ourselves well with the exception of being pretty well tired out with travel. It has been almost five weeks since we left home and we are now at our journey's end and after a few days of rest shall feel quite well again. We have enjoyed the trip very much notwithstanding our many inconveniences and hardships.—We have not yet heard from home, nor do we expect to for some time, as the mails is carried by half breeds who go and come at their leisure.

I think this is the best country for an industrious man with small means; wages are very high and laborers in great demand. I am referred to a number of men who came here 2 years ago worth nothing, and are now worth their thousands of dollars. But this is no place for idleness, for everything is so high a man must have means to be able to stand it long unless he is in some business to pay expenses. The common price for plasterers and stone and brick masons is three dollars per day; for carpenters and joiners, three dollars, many getting more and some less; and I am told that last winter or teamsters got from seventy-five to ninety dollars per month and found. In fact it is hard to realize this state of things as the prices here exceed those in any of the States, not excepting California. But these things will not last long, for they are making extensive preparations for bringing men in the spring from the south and east, so as to bring wages down to something like a reasonable price. The only reason why wages have been so high is that there have not been enough to do the work that was required, and as the place is some four hundred miles from any railroad or steamboat route, during the winter the laborers that are here have the prices in their own hands, and some of the employers have concluded to suspend work until navigation opens and hands are more plenty.

Society here is as good as in Pennsylvania (with the exception that there is not so much pride,) the inhabitants being mostly eastern people.

Jan. 10.—Last Friday we started out with a gang of men and camped out some twelve miles from here on a line of road. We had for supper (which was dinner too) bread and molasses, the bread being made by mixing the flour with water and nothing else, and baked in a tin oven before a fire built upon the ground and served upon tin plates in our laps instead of a table. After supper we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and laid down before the fire to sleep, but it was too cold to sleep much, although some of the men said they slept well all night. They say one will not mind it much when they get used to it, but I fear it will be with me like it was with the Irishman's horse, when he tried to learn him to live without eating. The next morning we commenced cutting our road and continued till about 4 p. m., when I left the company and started for town, where I arrived after dark and found a perfect hurricane blowing off the lake from the north-east; it was the most terrific storm I ever witnessed. The main body of the lake is not frozen over (nor never is,) the waves run mountain high nearly deafening one with the awful roar; the scene was grand in the extreme, but terrific in its grandeur. The bay and harbor were frozen over and in the morning the ice was broken up for miles by the action of the waves, and where it was not broken it was stripped of snow with which it had been covered, and this snow was piled along the north shore in mountains of from 50 to 60 feet in height. I wished that you could have been here to have witnessed this storm and its effects, for no pen can describe it and nipp can scarcely make the attempt.

Jan. 29.—The weather is very cold here, the mercury stood this morning at 26 degrees below zero. The snow is about two feet deep; the settlers here say the snow has never been known this depth before. The coming week we intend to build a house for a provision depot on the line of road, on a stream called Black River Run, which empties into the Nemadji, or left hand river, and into this lake at Superior. At this point Black River passes through what is called the south range of mountains about 14 miles from the lake. Black River at this point is picturesque in the extreme, having a fall of two miles of near 400 feet. The lower falls three quarters of a mile west have a fall of some 200 feet at an angle of about 45 degrees, and the foaming torrent, agitated by its former leap, goes rushing down this rocky precipice into a yawning gulch, worn by its own ureal, and these hemmed in by huge walls of trap rock hundreds of feet in height, it madly rushes on and leaps from side, till bruised and weary by its own toil it yields itself to the embrace of the ever placid and beautiful Nemadji.—The railroad bridge at Black River will be seventy feet above the water, and will afford the traveller during his transit a hasty glimpse of the delightful scenery which surrounds it. And if I mistake not the citizens of Superior will soon be greeted with the shrill wail of the iron horse, and in less than two years we shall see him hunched at the mouth of the Nemadji, chafing with impatience to start on his journey to bear his messages the compliments of the great lake to the "father of rivers."

This is not the Black River falls mentioned in a former letter, as that empties into the Mississippi at Prairie LaCrosse. The country from the lake to the Range of mountains is an extended plain covered by a dense forest of

On the Death of a Father.

He has gone. That kind and endearing parent has left us. We shall behold his face on earth no more forever. Our fire-side circle is desolate. Oh! our Father, we miss thee. Sadly we encircle the "old hearth stone," upon which sparkles the blazing fire. The storm rages without. Pierce winter blasts sweep around our dwelling. Freezing icicles, hang suspended from the roof, and all nature presents a cheerless and desolate aspect. And we, ourselves, are desolate—there is a vacuum in our hearts. A loved and cherished parent, has left us. His lamp of life has gone out. His loving voice, we shall hear no more, but we love to think and speak of his virtues, and will strive to imitate his example. Faults he had, and who has not? lives there a mortal, under God's bright canopy, that sinneth not I no, and the man that extends his sinful hands toward high Heaven, and exclaims, that he has lived many years without committing any actual or known sin, is I had almost said, a conceited Pharisee. But I spare the epithet and apply it to no one. "Judge not lest ye be judged" be my motto, yet I do know a man, and have often heard him say, that for thirty years, sin, in thought, word or deed, had been a stranger to his heart. And do I believe the man? yes, believe him to be most egregiously in error.

My worthy parent, though a professor of religion was not to appearance, a very zealous one. He possessed a large fund of good humour, and was very fond of relating anecdotes and creating amusement. Indeed, that was his foible or weak point. Oh! how I heard his minister, gently reprimand him for this, as he termed it, his seeming levity and unchristian attribute, but without effect. My father had his joke "till summoned hence to the spirit land. Yet when his physical energies, were prostrated, when disease had laid him low, when called to pay his last great debt, he was ready, yes willing, and quietly, peacefully resigned his soul into the hands of his Great Father.

He has gone. Amid sleet and rain, and howling winds, we bore him to his last resting-place—slowly, sadly, we lowered him into the cold cheerless tomb, and placed the hard frozen sod upon his coffin, yet his bright spirit now rests in the bosom of Jesus, and there oh! our father our much loved father, we leave thee. We shed no tears o'er thy grave—its frowning portals encompass the form of your parent, but we rejoice to believe that no man upon the world's wide waste can point to thy grave and exclaim, there sleeps a man who wronged me.

L. A. W.

Hindoo Widows.

We are told that the removal of the prohibition of Hindoo widows to marry has been taken advantage of; not in a corner, but with considerable pomp and parade, a gathering of Hindoo magnates, and altogether with a look of triumph which appears designed to call public attention to the event. The bridegroom is "described" as a "Koolin of Koolins," and "a man of the very highest sacerdotal rank." The bride, for whom the Hindoo religion designed perpetual widowhood, has just attained the age of twelve. The union of this grave Ecclesiastic with this venerable matron was attended by "hundreds of Brahmins," who are of course prepared to take a similar step themselves under circumstances make it desirable. It is in view perhaps of this novel state of affairs that somebody has perpetrated the following epigram: