THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1857. NO. III.

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, *invariably in advance.* It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp —"Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. 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.

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.*

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, $4 per year.

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1 Square, (14 lines,)	$2 50	$4 50	$6 00
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½ column,	18 00	30 00	40 00
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[From Harper's Weekly.]

"I HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where Misfortune and *Guilt*
Their children have gathered, their city have built
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark den, climb the ricketty stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creatures who writhe on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance, there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness and love,
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

An Awkward Predicament.

I was once engaged to be married (how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still) but an incident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely out of the question. I was a young undergraduate, spending the summer with a reading party at the Irish lake, when I met with—with Lucy Stone, and got, in short to be accepted. She was residing with her mother, in the same hotel in Killarney as ourselves and we all met every day. We boated on the lake together, and fished; and sang, and read. We landed on the wooded islands in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gipsy fashion, and to sketch: but she and I mostly whispered—not about love, at all, as I remember, but of the weather, and the rubric; only it seemed so sweet to sink our voices and speak low and soft.

Once in a party over the moors, while I was leading her pony over some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake instead of her bridle, and she did not snatch it away. It was the heyday and the prime of my life, and that youth of spirit which no power can ever more renew. I knew what she felt and what would please as soon as the feeling and the wish themselves were born. Our thought—my thought at least—*leaped out to wed with thought, ere thought* could wed itself with speech. She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman, and I bought it for her at once, although it was terribly savage, and, (except for Lucy's liking it) not either good or beautiful. Its name, also—the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not to that—was Towser, not a name for a lady's pet at all, and scarcely for a gentleman's. There was a little secluded field hedged in by a coppice, which sloped into the lake, about a mile from the hotel; and there Lucy agreed (for the first time) to meet me alone. I was to be there before breakfast, at eight o'clock in the morning, and you may be sure I was there at six—with Towser.

Perhaps I was never happier than at that particular time. The universal nature seemed *in harmony with my blissful feelings. The* sun shone out bright and clear so that the fresh morning breezes could scarcely cool the pleasant throbbing of my blood, but the blue rippling waves of the lake looked irre*pressibly* tempting, and I could not resist a swim. Just a plunge and out again, thought I; for though I had such plenty of time to spare, I determined to be dressed and ready for the interview at an hour at least before the appointed time. Lucy might, like myself be a little earlier; and at all events, with such an awful consequdnce in possible apprehension. I would not run a shadow of a risk. "Mind my clothes, mind them," said I to Towser (who took his seat thereon, at once, sagaciously enough) for I had heard of such things as clothes being stolen from unconscious dippers before then, with results to be thought of, and in I went. I remember the delight of that bath even to this day the glow, the freshness, the luxurious softness of each particular wave, just as the last view which his eyes rested on, is painted on the memory of one who has been stricken blind, or the last melody is treasured in that of a man stunned deaf by a fall; it was my last perfect pleasure, and succeeded by a shock that I shall never, I think, quite get over.

When I had bathed as long as I judged to be prudent, I landed and advanced towards the spot where my garments and Towser lay; as I did so every individual hair upon his back seemed to bristle with *fury*, his eyes kindled like coals of fire; he gave me notice by a low determined growl that he would spring upon me and tear me into fragments if I approached nearer; it was evident that he did not recognize me at least without any clothes. "Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow," said I pleasantly, "good old Tow, you remember me; but the brute, like the friend whom we have known in a better day, appealed to when in different appearel, and shook his head in a menacing manner, and showed his teeth the more. "Towser, be quiet sir; how dare you—Tow, Tow, Tow—Towser—(here he nearly had a bit of my calf off) you nasty brutal dog, go away, sir—go; ain't you ashamed of yourself?" Drops of foam oozed through the teeth of the ferocious monster as he stood up with his tail erect at these reproving words, but he manifested no sign of remorse or sorrow. My situation became serious in the extreme; what if he chose to sit there on my personal apparel, until—?

At this idea, too terrible to be concluded a profuse perspiration broke out all over me. Presently, feeling little cold, I went back into the lake again to consider what was to be done, and resolved upon the fell design of enticing Towser into the water and there drowning him. Abuse and flattery, being equally thrown away upon him, I tried stones; I heaved at him with all my force the largest pebbles I could select, the majority of which he evaded by leaping from side to side and those which struck him rendered him so furious that I believe that he would have killed and eat me if he could, whether I was dressed or not, but he would not venture into the water after me still.

At last the time drawing on apace for the appointed interview which I had once looked forward to with such delight and expectations, I was fain, in an agony of shame and rage, to hide myself in a dry ditch in the neighboring copse, where I could see what took place without being seen, and there I covered myself over, like the babes in the wood, with leaves.

Presently my Lucy came down, a trifle more carefully dressed than usual, and looking all grace, and modesty; the dog began to howl as she drew near; she saw him and she saw my clothes, and the notion that I was drowned (I could see it in her expressive countenance) flashed upon her at once; for one instant she looked about to faint, and the next she sped off to the hotel with the speed of a deer. Gracious Heavens! I decided upon rescuing a portion of my garments, at least, or upon perishing in the attempt, and rushing out of the thicket for the purpose; but my courage failed me as I heard the savage animal and I found myself—in my dry ditch again, with the sensation of a loss of blood and pain; my retreat had not been effected—perhaps, because there was nothing to cover it—without loss, and the beast had bitten me severely. I protest that, from that moment, frightful as my position was, it did not move me so much as the reflection of the honors that would be showered down upon that vile creature. I knew he would be considered by Lucy and the rest as a sort of dog Montagris, an affectionate and sagacious creature watching patiently at his appointed post for the beloved master that would never again return to him.

Presently they all came back, Lucy and her mother, and all the maid-servants from the inn, besides my fellow students, and fishermen with dray-nets, and a medical man with blankets and brandy (how I envied the blankets and the brandy!) As I expected, neither the men's labor in vain distressed me half so much as the patting and caressing of Towser; I could not repress a groan of horror and indignation. "Hush, hush," said Lucy, and there was a silence through which I could distinctly hear Towser licking his chops. I was desperate by this time, and hallowed out to my friend Sanford—"Sanford and nobody else"—to come into the copse with a blanket.

I remember nothing more distinctly.—Immediately peals of laughter, now smothered, now breaking irrepressibly forth; expressions of thankfulness, of affection, of sympathy beginning—but never finished—burst in upon, as it were, by floods of merriment, and the barking, the eternal barking of that execrable dog. I left Killarney that same evening; Lucy, and the mother of Lucy, and my fellow-students, and the abominable Towser; I left them for good and all, and that was how my engagement was broken off and why there is no Mrs. Peony Flush, concluded the curate, who had turned from rose color to deep caranation, and from that to almost black during the recital.

DISCONTENT.—How universal is it. We never yet knew the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich and poor, the man of competence, or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze round a cask—"ah," sighed he, "mine is a hard lot—forever trotting round, like a dog, driving away at a hoop." "Heighho," sighed a blacksmith, one hot day, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvil—"this is a life with a vengeance!" "Oh that I were a carpenter." ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his *lapstone*, "here I am day after day, wearing out my soul in making soles for others, shut up in this little 7 by 9 room." "I am sick of this out door work," says the carpenter, "broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather—if I were only a tailor!" "Last day of grace—banks won't discount—customers won't pay, what *shall* I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck horse, a dog, anything!" "Happy fellows," groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case or pores over some dry, musty record. And so on through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition, finding fault with their peculiar calling. If I were only this or that, I should be content, is the universal cry—anything but what I am.—So wags the world, so it has wagged, and so it will wag.—*Review & Ex.*

TRUTH.—All truth is from the same source. Hence he who will not receive truth unless he knows what uttered it is like the man who refused to eat bread because he knows not who raised the wheat. As the sun's warmth slowly but surely melts down the icy mountains of the north, so the light of truth will gradually level the custom-bound institutions of man, which are now hoary with the frost of benighted ages.

Arab Horse Stealing.

So adroit are the Arabs at horse-stealing, that they have been known to escape with a horse from the very centre of a camp. These predatory horse-fanciers reject with disdain *bad cattle, and it is always the finest horses* that disappear in so mysterious a manner in spite of sentinels and tethers. Gifted with *the most untiring patience, the Moslem horse-*stealer employs many cunning manœuvres to appropriate such horses as please him. For instance, where there are clumps of brushwood in and about the bivouck, he will transform himself into a walking bush, fastening around his body boughs of bush wood carefully arranged so as to cover him from head to foot; then, as the darkness comes on, he will station himself, watching with the eye of the lynx each movement of the sentinel; he advances inch by inch taking advantage of each change of guard to gain ground. An hour does not advance him more than a few yards. The sentinel sees nothing but a mass of brush wood and confounds it with those scattered around. At last, the coveted horse *is at hand, the crafty Arab quits for an ins*tant his disguise, detaches the foot trap, and attaches in its place a small cord of great length. His leafy cloak again resumed, he commences his retreat, and arrived at a distance, gently tugs his cord. The horse advances a step or two, then grazes; another jerk produces another step or two; and after due perseverance he is at the confines of the camp, mounted, and galloping like lightning. Others will advance in the same stealthy manner upon their belly, merely holding a branch before them. Numerous indeed are the manœuvers thus put in practice by the African horse-stealer, and often he is successful; but woe betide him if he is caught, for the morning sun will shine upon his head, *rolling, bloody and gaping before the French* commander's tent, much to the benefit of him who cut it off. The marshal gives ten francs a head for these nocturnal visitors; and this being a treasure for a poor sentinel, I have often had strong suspicions, though perhaps unjustly, that more than one head was bro't into camp, which, by the phrenological for*mation of it, had never a sufficiency of wit* to have belonged to a horse-stealer, but had probably wagged on the shoulders of some unfortunate, led by curiosity within the purlieus of the camp too early in the morning for his personal safety.—*Borrer's Campaign.*

Life by Death.

An oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts. It is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall. It holds fast and grows—seemingly alone. What is the use of all this sturdiness, this strength, to itself? Why am I to stand here, of no use? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks. No herds can lie down under my shadow. I am above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves. I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me. My fruit is serviceable for no appetite. It had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred year oak—good for nothing. While he yet spake, the axe was hewing its base. It died in sadness, saying as it fell—"Many ages for nothing have I lived."

The axe completed its work. By-and-by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship, bearing the country's flag around the world; other parts form keel and rib of merchantmen; and having defied mountain storms, it now equally resists the thunder of the waves, and the murky threat of scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of age. Thus the tree in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginnig, of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to posts of temples and dwellings. It held upon its surface the soft feet of children, and tottering, frail patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle, and swayed the crippled limbs of age by the chimney-corner, and head secured within the roar of those old unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long uselessness, its cruel prostration, it became universally useful, and did by its death what it could never do by its life. For so long as it was a tree, and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless. But when it gave *up its own life, and became related to others,* then its true life began!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A BAD "CASE."—Dobbs rushed to the doctor's office with terror depicted upon his visage in unmistakable characters. He looked pale; his nostrils were dilated, and there was an uneasy look in his eyes. The doctor noticed it instantly, and inquired, with as little exhibition of excitement as the nature of the case would admit:—"Why what's the matter, Dobbs!" Dobbs dropped into a chair in an all-gone-a-tive-ness manner peculiarly touching. "I don't know," he replied; "I b'lieve I'm going to have the small pox. I've got the symptoms, sure." "Why, how do you feel?" said the doctor. "O, I do' know, hardly," said Dobbs; "I feel a great reluctance to do anything." The doctor inquired how long he had had the symptoms.—"W-e-l-l," said Dobbs, "*Ive always had 'em!*" The doctor was sold. Dobbs' "case" was evidently past all surgery.

At a recent meeting of one of the cemetery companies the chairman very gravely stated that he had great pleasure in announcing to the meeting the gratifying fact that the burials in the cemetery for the last year were double the number of those of the year preceeding.

HOW RAIN IS FORMED.—To understand the philosophy of this phenomenon, essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have hail, rain or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.—The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity is proportionably greater in warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere.—Hence the perpetual snow on every high mountain in the hottest climates. Now, when from continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor—though it be invisible—if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from higher to lower lattitudes, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, is such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S OPINION OF GENIUS.—"I don't know what you mean by genius, said Mrs. Partington with animation, while speaking of the merits of a tyro, who had just given evidence of wondurful ability by improvising ostensibly, a poem before the institute of which he was a member. "I don't know what you mean by genius if he hasn't got it, for didn't he impoverish poetry before the literary destitute, I should like to know, and receive lots of roprobation for it from people who know what good poetry is!" There was triumph in the tone of her voice, and though her antagonist smiled, she evidently had him, because he made no farther remark, except to request her to compel Ike to discontinue blowing beas at him, as several had come in rather close proximity to his nose. Ike said he was blowing them at Lion. —*Evening Gazette.*

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.—Forty years ago a mother stood on the hill of Vermont, holding by her right hand, a son sixteen years old, mad with love for the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate a sunny morning, she said: Edwin, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink. I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hill-side of Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor.

There is a good story told about the people of a certain village, who assembled to see the first locomotive pass by on the rails. Not one of them had the slightest idea what sort of an animal it was, and they were busy with all kinds of conjectures. A smoking and roaring monster was seen in the distance, with an unaccountably long tail behind it.—Nobody supposed this to be a traveling invention, and as it approached, the good people were confounded and desperately puzzled.—Fortunately there was a "John Podgers" in the village, and he was called upon to explain it. John wiped his glasses, and looked over his nose with a profound, all-knowing gaze. After due observation, "Oh!" said he, "yes, that's it at last, gentlemen; that is the thing that has kept the Congress of these United States in such a h--l of a squabble for the last three months. That is *the Tariff!*"

REVOLVERING.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, who claimed the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him. "I should like to know, friend," said he, "your secret of ready husband making with success." "Pooh!" said the other, no secret at all. I make it a rule, after a young man has paid attention to one of my girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and civilly ask him to choose between death and matrimony! You may imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred." Very civil question, indeed, and no mittens at all in the case.

DOMESTIC PRIVACIES.—Preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, built your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Review the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding day, known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are.

Not long since, a youth older in wit than years after being catechised concerning the power of Nature, replied:—

"Ma, I think there's one thing Nature can't do."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother.

"She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

Our Correspondence.

MADISON, WIS., JULY 28, 1857.

Trip to Madison—The City—Prof. Butler's Lecture—Ride over the prairie—Return.

FRIEND COBB: The West, with its broad prairies, its abundant harvests, its extensive railroads, its newly built cities and its flourishing schools, is a subject worthy the attention of every inquiring mind. Whatever shall be the destiny of this Nation, the boundless west must exercise a commanding influence. It is with pleasure we commence the task of writing another letter upon such a theme.

I started from Janesville on Wednesday night at 3 o'clock P. M.; went eight miles up to Milton on the Mississippi and Milwaukie Railroad. Milton is a pleasant little town, situated in the midst of a rich farming country and contains a flourishing Academy.—We were here "switched off" on to the Prairie du Chien Road, and moved on toward Madison, enjoying the rich prospect of approaching harvest as it was spread out before us upon either side. How restless the eye—how restless the thought, as the body is carried along at Railroad speed over these prairies. The "wigwam" is gone, the rude cabin is nowhere to be seen. The barbarities of savage life have been supplanted by a more advanced civilization. Bancroft is indeed a philosopher—"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

We reached Madison about half past four, being a distance of forty-seven miles from Janesville. I stopped at the American and after supper walked about the city for an hour. This place is noted for its beauty.—But I will reserve the description until the last part of my letter, which I shall finish on my return. During the day the people of Madison had been delighted by listening to the orations of the students of the University. This I think is the third commencement of this flourishing Institution. In the evening we listened to an interesting lecture from Professor Butler of Indiana. His subject was "Rome and the Basilica"—a grand theme to call out the genius of the scholar. It was indeed interesting to listen to a description of St. Peters—that "wonder of the world," by an eye witness and one who boasts of having sat upon the Pope's throne. That stupendous structure will long be impressed upon the memory. The inquisition, the sculptured marble, the statues of Constantine and Charlemagne, the nave, the long vistas, the mighty dome resembling the arch of the sky, the splendid success of Michael Angelo, and the myriads of associations which cluster around Rome and the Basilica—one by one these pictures were brought before the mind's eye by the skill of the orator. Prof. Butler is evidently a man of learning but he lacks that original fire which makes one feel that he is in the presence of greatness.

The next morning at 7 o'clock I took the stage for Baraboo, a distance of forty miles. The sky was clear and beautiful. A gentle breeze was moving over the prairie. I was charmed with the thought of having a ride over these native meadows—not in a railroad car but behind a span of horses. An eastern person seldom gets a true idea of what a *prairie* is, until with his own eyes he beholds one spread out before him with all its beauty. They are not (at least what I have seen in this State and northern Illinois) "level like a broad lake with nothing to rest the eye upon," but the scene is ever changing and yet no mountains are to be seen. Now we pass through a thick bunch of woods, now through an "oak opening," now around the edge of a prairie bluff, now in the midst of a rolling meadow, now down the side of a gentle slope, now upon the level for half a mile with a bold "bluff" in front with rocks cropping out of the sides, now we near a beautiful lake surrounded by its beautiful scenery, now we are gazing upon a little "shanty" where some one is just commencing a home, now upon the splendid edifice of an old farmer surrounded by his wealth, now we look away for miles upon some houseless prairie until the vision is obstructed by some verdant bluff standing out against the sky. Thus the scene is continually changing and continually exciting one's curiosity. You are not satisfied by a single view, but again and again you survey the same prospect. Thoughts, strange and curious chase each other through the mind. These broad prairies—was the forest never taken from them by the hand of man? Have not these fields been cultivated? Are there no marks of a former civilization? Are these meadows just as they were when they came from the hand of the Creator?—Alas! the world is full of mystery. The past—the present—the future of this wonderful country has never yet been comprehended by man. Who was here a thousand years ago? What shall be the nature of the institutions which shall flourish here a thousand years hence? Where is the prophet to unravel these mysteries? But why speculate when speculation is vain? I turn to a more agreeable task—that of simple narration.

We took dinner at Lodi, a small town on the route. The afternoon was hot and I took a seat inside to escape the burning rays of the sun, but was poorly paid for my trouble. I soon found that my situation was worse than Falstaff's in the "basket of foul linen." More than "villanous smells" invaded my nostrils. An inveterate smoker had taken his seat in front of me. I stood the first charge with christian patience; but he commenced loading again, and about the same time a cloud of dust came rolling up from the wheels, so I seized my handkerchief and *hallooed to the driver in order to get quarters* in a more "congenial clime." I bid adieu to the smoker, and after wishing him and the whole tobacco tribe a "pleasant situation" in Ethiopia or some other delectable region, took "quarters" on the "upper deck," and ordered the driver to go ahead.

During the afternoon we crossed the Wisconsin in a ferry boat. This is a large and beautiful river flowing to the south-west. It could not have been far from this spot where, one hundred and eighty-four years ago, the "illustrious Marquette, with Joliet for his associate, five Frenchmen as companions, and two Algonquins as guides," came with their two bark canoes to this river. They floated along down on the boson of this broad stream to the Mississippi; and were the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa. Marquette and his comrades were then surrounded by indians, now there are but few indians and they are surrounded by the whites. The lowing buffalo and the wild game of the forest have disappeared with the red men who followed upon their trails; and free institutions and social life are now enjoyed upon the prairies which were then the wonder of Marquette.

We reached Baraboo at 6 o'clock. I here found Howard H. Potter, a well known resident of Tioga County. Baraboo is the County seat of Sauk county. It is pleasantly situated on a bluff and contains 2500 inhabitants. We rose on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock and started for Devil's lake (two miles distant) on a fishing excursion. We *should have risen at two, but Morpheus would* not permit. The fiery orb had already made its appearance above the horizon. The lake is in the midst of a forest, surrounded on three sides by hills covered with loose rocks. The Indians had good grounds for supposing this the home of "evil spirits," hence the name—"Devil's lake." We found the boat in readiness on our arrival. We went aboard. Potter at the hook and I at the oars. We rowed about for an hour and a half. The lake was rough and one fish was all we had caught. Potter became impatient and ordered me to pull for shore. I thought of *breakfast* and obeyed the command. Ours was indeed, "fishermen's luck," although there are thousands of the "finny tribe" in this secluded lake. Our horse had broken loose and gone. Well! Beecher was right when he said: "the sport of fishing is not always the *fishing.*"

I left Baraboo on Monday morning at 4 o'clock A. M. We came by a more westerly route, but the day was rainy and I looked out of the stage only occasionally to get the contour of the country. We crossed the Wisconsin and reached Meza Manie on the Madison and Prairie du Chien Railroad about noon. This is a new town but seems to be growing. We took dinner and reached the Capitol at 1½ o'clock. I walked from the depot up to the business part of the City. It is about three fourths of a mile and all the way rising ground. It is a beautiful spot. Here on the top of bluff stands the capitol. Third Lake comes up to the City on the south-east, and Fourth Lake on the north-west. A little to the west of the main part of the town on an adjoining bluff stand the two University buildings. The capital grounds comprise, I should think, about twenty acres; the building is in the centre. The grounds are surrounded by an iron fence. Entrance is made by eight different gates—one on each side and one at each angle. The ground is thus cut by the walks into eight right angle triangles. This whole field is covered with beautiful shade trees, affording an opportunity for governors and legislators, judges and lawyers to muse and "grow fat." But although this is a beautiful town to live in, yet there are others in the West of far more life and business. This ends my story of the west. I have endeavored to give your readers a sketch of the country, and also make them acquainted with the impressions which these prospects make upon the mind of a person. I know I have but faintly done this, but it is all I expected. I shall start to-night at 10 o'clock for Janesville. Yours truly, J. B. C.

LOOK TO YOUR HOMES.—Try to make them happy. Each home is a little State—a sovereignty by itself. Each father of a family should hold himself the paternal monarch there, ruling and caring for all things with a gentle but firm hand. Look to your homes, and keep them ever the pure retreats for every member of the household from the temptations of the world. Look to your influence at your homes, to the practices set before your children. Remember how readily they learn by seeing and hearing. What you utter as precept will do but little good, if the practice comes not in to aid it. Look to your homes for the best means of doing good and being happy.

A celebrated lecturer on natural philosophy was one evening dilating upon the powers of the magnet—defying any one to name or show anything surpassing its powers. An old gentleman accepted the challenge, much to the lecturer's surprise, but he nevertheless invited him on to the platform, when he told the lecturer that women was the magnet of magnets—for, if the loadstone on the table could attract a piece of iron for a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attract him *thirteen miles every Sunday to chat with her!*"

SINGING.—A New York paper says:—A few Sundays ago, at one of our fashionable churches the choir sang a hymn to an opera tune which goes as follows;—"My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted head." Another line received the following:—"And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights." And still another was sung:—"And take the pil—and take the pil—and take the pilgrim home."—*Ex.*

Prayer is a sovereign remedy for sadness, for it lifteth up the soul to God, who is our only joy and consolation.