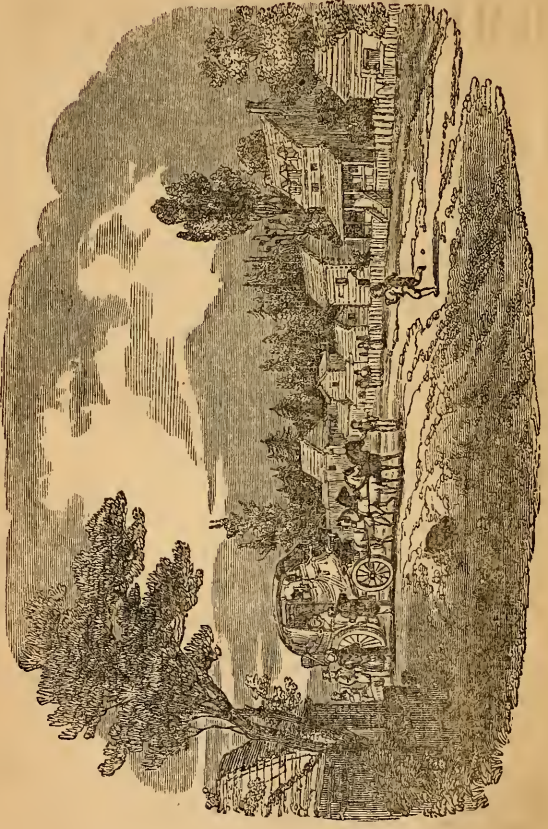


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BACKWOODS VILLAGE.

THE
EMIGRANT'S GUIDE

TO

THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA;

OR,

BACKWOODS AND PRAIRIES:

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE STATEMENT OF THE ADVANTAGES AND CAPACITIES OF THE
PRAIRIE LANDS—FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR EMIGRANTS IN FITTING
OUT; AND IN SELECTING, PURCHASING, AND SETTLING ON,
LAND—WITH PARTICULARS OF FARMING AND OTHER
BUSINESS OPERATIONS, PICTURES OF THE
HOME MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE,
SUCCESSSES OF EMIGRANTS,
&c., &c.

BY

JOHN REGAN,

FORMERLY TEACHER, AYRSHIRE; NOW OF PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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P R E F A C E .

AMERICA is the land of freedom, notwithstanding her Negro Slavery! Freed from the antiquated and absurd traditions of European States, which weigh like an incubus upon the energies of their peoples, and in the enjoyment of an unencumbered energy, she stands forth the most favoured land under the broad heavens. Hitherto she has enjoyed her freedom to some purpose, and has shown the world that "in order to be free, a man is not now-a-days obliged to repel the arts and sciences, to have nails like claws, and a filthy beard."*

The great Emigration Field in the Mississippi Valley, consisting of the States of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana, embraces a territory of 360,000 square miles, or three times the extent of Great Britain and Ireland, of surpassing fertility, watered by a system of rivers unequalled in the world. To this fine country would I direct the attention of Emigrants. These States all contain Prairie or Cleared Land, with suitable alternations of Forest. A picture of any one of them gives a fair representation of all the rest, and in this work my object is to convey distinct ideas of the people and country.

There is all the difference in the world between the American seaboard and the interior, in the manners of the people. On the coast, the manners of older countries in some measure prevail, and a just estimate of the true character of the people cannot be formed from that source.

* Chateaubriand.

SIUC
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1889

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From the firm woof, not the ravelled edge, of American society, I have culled my pictures of Western manners, and they are taken from the life.

The incidents of this work are true. Of course, I have availed myself of an author's privilege to dress them up in a suitable and readable form. While the painter adheres to nature, it is not forbidden to cast around his groupings the peculiar resources of his art.

As in all new, well-watered countries, with a warm summer temperature, there is in the Western States a large mass of rank vegetation annually springing up and annually decaying. By temperance, by due care in his habits of life, the emigrant may escape the effects of this, and when the country is once fairly brought under the dominion of man, such causes of sickness will eventually disappear. If I have drawn fair pictures, I have not failed to exhibit a few shades. In America, as in all other tracts of earth, unalloyed good is not found; though the ratios of good and evil are not so fiercely mixed.

In the United States an industrious man has a tenfold better opportunity of improving his condition than here. How few working men in this country are laying up anything for old age and infirmity? Do they not find that all their weekly earnings are barely sufficient to meet their weekly wants? What must they expect when sickness and old age come upon them? I am one who believes in the absolute necessity of putting past something against the evil day, and if I cannot do so here I must go to where I can. With the help of God, neither myself nor any of mine shall ever claim a pauper's allowance. "That's flat."

During the progress of this work, I have received letters and visits from many persons, exhibiting much anxiety to find out a resting-place for themselves and families—a refuge from the want and desolation which, in spite of all their honest thrift, threaten to overtake them. There was

once a time when one might have said, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and relied upon it under all circumstances. We have come to a poor pass, indeed, when, in our native land, such an axiomatic proverb as that must be taken with many exceptions. To all inquirers I would say, being myself actuated by the same motive—He who will not arise, if he can, and make the proverb good deserves the fate that awaits him.

The most of the books we possess on the United States are either the cursory remarks of travellers who have made no great stay in any one place, and who judge more from first impressions than deliberate study of the manners of the people;—or consist of mere compilations by persons who have never been *in* the country and cannot possibly know the value of their own or others' statements.

In this Book I give MY OWN experiences, in so far as they might conduce to the instruction of the reader; and, as logicians tell us not to generalize from one or two cases, but from wide-spread facts, I have made it a point to submit the experiences of a great variety of individuals, from all which the reader will learn these important points, viz. :—

1. That America being such an extensive country, to purchase land there is as easy as to rent it here, and in many cases, more so.

2. That the country is everywhere well watered; that search the world over, and we cannot point to such another great extent of country similarly well watered as the United States.

3. That being well watered, it follows, as a matter of course, that the country should be fertile, which it is, to a very remarkable extent.

4. That, as a necessary consequence of the two former conditions, bilious diseases in the newer districts prevail to some extent. In fact, wherever the intending emigrant

hears of a very healthy new country, having the same latitude as the United States, he may be sure that it is wanting in that essential condition of fertility—**MOISTURE**. In our own country we have the moisture too often suspended over-head, and coming down about our ears in the form of fogs and rains. In the States the air is dry, the sky clear, seasonable rains fall, and the vast net work of rivers and lakes, more than compensates for a humid air and an unceasing drip.

5. That the people are essentially Democratic, like their Institutions: that they are an educated people, without which a democracy could not subsist for ten years, but supported by which it may last to the end of time.

6. That work!—**WORK!!—WORK!!!** must be the order of the day with all who emigrate to better their fortunes. To honest and prudent industry every thing will be conceded, to indolence and imprudent movements—**NOTHING BUT DISAPPOINTMENT**. The roughnesses of first appearances must not be minded, but a vigorous and resolute hand put forth, and all discouraging appearances will melt as the mists of the morning before the rising sun.

While in the middle of this nineteenth century, up and down the Old World, there is a strong yearning among the people for self-government, and on the contrary part a tenacious clinging to absolutism;—while the fear of anarchy on the one hand, and the hatred of despotism on the other, appear to justify the opposition of the two parties, it is pleasing to think, that in the United States the experiment is going on, of, whether released from all restraints but those of its own choice, a people may not progress more happily, more rapidly, more honourably, than it can possibly do under the will of one man; and that that experiment justifies all the longings of the people for self-government and free institutions. The good influence of a rising people

under such auspices cannot but be felt on the eastern shores of the Atlantic; and as the mighty Gulf Stream which traverses the same ocean and precipitates itself upon the Old World, only for good—to elevate its temperature and bless its people—so shall the rays which emanate from the Land of Washington, elevate the hopes, and aid the coming of the happy time, when man universally shall own no restraints but those of REASON and RELIGION—no Superior but GOD and the LAWS.

Finally.—It has been said, and truly, that “the American Continent, or New World, supplies territory, while the Old World supplies people.” Here, then, are the people—there is the territory. To all who feel themselves pinched and straitened in this Old World, from no fault of their own, I would say—WESTWARD, HO!—“GET THEE OUT OF THY COUNTRY, AND FROM THY KINDRED, AND FROM THY FATHER’S HOUSE, AND GO UNTO THE LAND WHICH I WILL SHOW THEE!”

J. R.

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BACKWOODS AND PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER I.

HOPE's starry eye is glancing o'er
The Western plains which lie before—
The PRAIRIE LANDS, where gleaming stray
A thousand matchless streams at play;
Where fields, reclaimed from forests dun,
Smile in the ray of Summer's sun.

LEADING EVENT—PREPARATORY MOVEMENTS—SUBSTANCE OF THIS NARRATIVE—THOUGHTS ON LEAVING HOME—LEAVE GLASGOW FOR LIVERPOOL—ACCOMMODATION ON BOARD THE STEAMER—ON WOOLSACKS—HEAVY SEA AND HEAD WIND—DESCENT INTO THE LOWER REGIONS—A TAILOR A TEA-KETTLE, AND A TURN-OVER.

AS I was walking up street one day, I observed a small object lying between the stones of the pavement, shining in the sun. I picked it up. It was a cobbler's awl-blade, and had doubtless been dropped by some worthy member of the fraternity, bent on purposes of amendment and reparation anent the soles of the honest lieges.

Reader, I am not much of a lecturing moralist, else here is a fine opportunity for entering upon a long digression on the nature of cause and effect—what great results may be attributed to apparently trivial and incidental occurrences; in short, that

“There's a Divinity who shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will,”

and all that sort of thing. It will perhaps be enough for you to know, and for me to say, that this simple event proved the moving cause of my emigration to the wilds of America.

The awl called to my remembrance an old acquaintance

himself a professor of the gentle craft, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in bookish researches. I called, and had not been long seated till an old woman entered, bearing a letter from her son in America, and which she wished to have read. The highly-coloured picture the emigrant drew of his success in America—of the richness and fertility of the soil—and above all, its cheapness—finishing with telling us that he himself, though a poor man, had purchased one hundred acres of the choicest land, on which he had built a log-house, and was living happily—produced such an effect upon my mind, that from that moment the desire to cross the Atlantic haunted me like a passion. Years passed away. I had chosen a calling and learnt it. Time and change had produced their natural results around me; but still I looked forward with a longing solicitude to the day when I should bid farewell to the shores of Britain, and bound towards the setting sun—to that land of which I had so often thought that the feeling became a part of my very being. Books descriptive of the promised land were eagerly pored over. The fortunes of emigrants—the habits of the people—the productions of the soil—formed fruitful subjects of research; and the great valley of the Mississippi was the region I fixed upon as the field of my future adventures.

The period at last arrived when all the intense longings of my heart were to be gratified. I chose for a partner in life, a wise and virtuous Scottish maiden; and we both determined, that on our union we should set out to seek fortune and a home in the “Far West.”

We had a small sum of money to begin the world with when we should arrive out. We were both young and healthy—ardent and affectionate. I had learnt to take the world, rough and smooth, as it came.

For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
I found myself still rich enough,
In the joys of an humble state!

My partner, I felt assured, would perform her part; and I was not mistaken. With the bounding and buoyant hopes peculiar to youth, we entered upon our arrangements. Our hopes, however, were not so extravagant as to lead us to suppose that our success in life would depend on some wondrous good luck, rather than upon strong and decided action towards that end. They were of that more rational kind which produces in the mind a pleasing assurance that all

would be well as regards the future, under the influence of earnest endeavours in the right direction, in a part of the world where, we were assured, industry never failed to obtain its just reward, and where sloth and irresolution would also produce *their* natural results.

And now, kind reader, my little narrative is based upon the following leading circumstances. It was my wish to purchase, with the small sum of money I possessed, a few acres of good land, erect a cottage, and labour diligently for a living—a project unambitious enough, you will say. And as the experience of one or two persons is not sufficient to give a general view of “Settler Life,” I shall introduce accounts of various other individuals, who, though situated differently from myself—some having superior advantages at starting—had all to struggle for the same end, making a settlement for themselves and families. The experiences of others may prove more suitable to the emigrant, in the way of instruction, than any formal directions otherwise conveyed. I have no “travelers’ tales” to tell, although I have abundance of curious incidents to relate; and I will relate nothing as fact but what I can vouch for. Having premised so much, let us accompany each other on the voyage out.

A great deal has been said and written on the emigrant’s leaving his native land, and many sentimental sighs heaved over the last sight of the shores which enclose the homes and graves of our fathers. This may be very natural for him who has fared well in his own country, and is at a loss for a more serious subject for thought. But to him who has experienced little else than an unceasing round of vexatious conflicts to satisfy the vulgar animal wants—who feels that in the land of his birth, as a Malthusian would say, “The tables are all occupied”—that there is neither knife, fork, nor wooden spoon to spare for *him*—the love of home is smothered in his heart, and a removal from the scene of so much perplexity, to say the least of it, cannot bring the same feeling of regret as may justly be entertained by those in more favourable situations. If there is one feeling more predominant than another, it is a satisfaction to find the friendly breeze wafting us away towards the promised blessings of a distant region.

On the 8th of March, 1842, we started for Liverpool in a Glasgow steamer, the *Royal Sovereign*, which left the Broomielaw at six o’clock in the evening. The passage

lasted a day and two nights. The first night was calm and pleasant enough, but towards morning the weather got rather stormy, and we had a high wind all day a-head, driving the spray over the vessel's bows, and drenching everything upon deck. My wife had a berth in the ladies' cabin, but I was stowed away among the *canaille* in the steerage. Here I found a congregation of the most choice materials for a person of taste. Men half drunk, shouting, dancing, and smoking. Women sick, children squalling, baskets, bundles, and shawls, tumbling about in most admired confusion—the scene enlivened at short intervals by sundry exclamations and shrieks, as a wave more lop-sided than its fellows thundered against the bows, and then followed WHISH-SH-SH-SH, as it strewed a copious shower upon deck, to the signal discouragement of some luckless wight who might have ventured "up" to note appearances—the atmosphere below being dreadful. Choosing rather to suffer affliction amid the beggarly inconveniences of a parcel of woolsacks, under a flapping tarpauling, than endure the villanous accommodation down stairs, I buttoned my peacoat and thrust myself in among chains and tarred ropes, under the lee of the woolsacks, having on the other side of me the engine-house with the whole possé of clink-hammers rattling at my ear. Added to this, there was a pretty stiff breeze setting into the hole into which I had thrust myself, so that I had not to complain of any want of fresh air. Nevertheless I fell asleep—not having slept during the fore part of the night—and slept for about two hours, when the barking of a dog aroused me. The animal had thrust himself in beside me and was expressing alarm at the intrusion of a stranger, who wanted to dislodge him, and occupy his place. My sensations on awakening were not of the most agreeable kind. I was wet, cold, oppressed with nausea. Talk of the hard fate of Jacob with his earthen bed and stoney pillow in the desert:—the fate of the Prophet was nothing to this. Did the salt spray of the sea get at him?—had he not infinite space to stretch himself—had he not to smooth his pillow an agreeable dream, without any squeamishness at his stomach when he awoke? Prophet and all as he was, he never had the pleasure of an ocean trip in a steam-boat. A notable circumstance, to be sure, which ushered in such an agreeable train of thoughts on the onward tendencies of the age, that I forgot for the time my own petty annoyances in the pride and pleasure

inspired by a consideration of the happy destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race in particular. About noon the wind moderated somewhat, and I had an opportunity of sitting on deck at peace. The space between the funnel and the quarter-deck was occupied by about a dozen cows, some of which had calved during the morning, so that there was no shelter available anywhere on deck except among the said woollacks, of which I had already got more than enough.

As the ordinary time of steaming the distance from Glasgow to Liverpool is from fifteen to eighteen hours, we should have been at the latter place between two or three o'clock in the afternoon, had the wind been at all favourable; but we had the disagreeable prospect of another night at sea before landing; and about dark we found ourselves driving head foremost against heavy surges, with a strong wind as before, dead a-head. This night, being unable to bear the cold and damp any longer, I determined to do what the previous night I could not endure—to go down to the steerage den, and brave the worst features of the place. It was not without sundry rueful forebodings of what yet lay before us in the longer voyage, that I submitted to my fate. Down I dived, therefore, with the desperate resolve of one who has no alternative, and seated myself on one of the benches ranged round the miserable place. I was not long here, however, till I became sick, and determining to brave it out, my sickness relieved me considerably, and I bore it pretty well during the rest of the night. Below I found two elderly maiden sisters with a nephew and niece—the first a tailor, the other a widow—emigrating to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, to their relatives who resided there. They had got coffee made in a tea-kettle, and in the confusion the tailor was endeavouring to pour it out into tin porringers placed for security on the floor; but the continual heaving of the vessel, and the unsteady arm of the half-sick tailor, made it a nice affair. In the midst of the operation a wave broke with a thundering crash on the starboard bow. The tailor took a run to leeward, kicking the porringers before him—the spilt coffee made the boards so slippery, that he fell with his feet projecting before him—these coming in full force against the ribs of a lusty Irishman already prostrate, away they went downhill. There they both sat in the spilt coffee, while the hot kettle with its hotter contents having kept

close company, diligently distilled the soothing beverage, which proved anything but soothing under the circumstances. A second wave more tremendous than the previous, sent the most of those on the weather side in the same direction, and there they all lay tumbling pell-mell, the Irishman and tailor lowermost. The shriek which arose from the women was terrific, as the vessel lay upon her beam; but as she righted again, the prostrate passengers righted also, but jokes and coffee were rather scarce the rest of the night; for every one had to hold himself at a moment's warning, so fearfully did the steamer plunge and toss.

CHAPTER II.

“ Now westward ho!—in legions, boys,
 Fair freedom's star
 Points to the sunset regions, boys,
 Aha!

Throw care to the winds
 Like chaff, boys, ha!
 And join in the laugh, boys,
 Hah! hah! hah!”—*Morris.*

ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL—EXCISEMEN—LOOK OUT FOR RASCALS—JOHN ADAMS—NARROW ESCAPE FROM ROBBERY—DISPUTE WITH DRAYMAN—SMALL PURCHASES—SET SAIL—SEA SICKNESS—GALE AND ACCOMPANIMENTS—HOLYHEAD—CLEAR THE BRITISH SEAS—FINE SAILING—OBJECTS OBSERVABLE AT SEA—WATERSPOUTS—CALMS AND STORMS—ADAM PILKINGTON OF “OURS”—SORTS OF PROVISIONS.

We arrived in the Mersey about day-break, and had to drop anchor in the river till the tide should flow. About eleven o'clock we got alongside of the quay wall, and had scarcely touched, when we were boarded by a host of porters and “runners” from lodging-houses. The porters had brass-plates on their arms, and, as they are the authorised ones, should be preferred to any others. Presently an exciseman came, demanding to see the inside of our packages. Here was a fine business. Our luggage, which had been carefully nailed up and properly roped at Glasgow, had now to be opened up, and no immediate convenience to fasten it up properly again. There was no help for it, however, for the more reluctance you show to open your luggage, the more importunate are these officials. The search was for Scotch whisky, as that article is subject to

an additional duty on its introduction into England. While this was going on, I could observe sundry suspicious-looking characters casting villanous looks at our several articles, as they were turned over. I warn all emigrants to keep a sharp look-out for rascals in Liverpool, and beware of all strange persons professing friendship. The search over, John Adams, a lad who had accompanied me from Glasgow, came to say that a porter was about to carry off his trunk whether he would or not. "John, there's a policeman on the quay; he'll help you to dismiss your assistant." This settled the matter.

I took the opportunity of warning him of the danger of trusting himself or his trunk to the guidance of strangers, as there were a thousand sharpers about, eager to lay hold upon any one simple enough to submit to their thievish officiousness. I then got a porter to take a few loose things in his hand, and accompany us to a boarding house, to which I had been directed by a Glasgow friend. John I left in charge, strictly warning him not to give anything to any person till my return, which would be in a short time. It was a needful precaution; for while I was away, a fellow came to him and said, that as I was tired, I had determined to remain in my lodgings, and had given him orders to carry up my luggage. "Verra weel," said John, "you're maybe like the fallow that was gaun to rin aff wi' my trunk. There's sae mony vagabon's gaun about Liverpool, that I'll no' trust ony ane till he comes himsel', for he said he'd be back afore lang, d'ye hear that?" This prudent firmness prevented the loss of all we had.

The ship destined to carry us out was the *Hanover* of Bristol, Capt. Drummond, chartered for New Orleans with passengers, and lay in the Prince's Dock. We got our luggage taken on board at once from the steamer. Even this could not take place without a fresh exhibition of villany. For although another man and I, who hired the dray, made a distinct bargain with the drayman before we gave him our luggage, when we arrived at the ship, the rascal, instead of two shillings, would have three. This imposition we firmly refused, and he as firmly persisted. I then called a policeman, who told us to pay what we had agreed upon, and nothing more; and that if there was any farther dispute, a magistrate lived close by, who would settle between us. This ended the matter. The policeman took a note of the number of the fellow's dray, and told him

to "Beware." Let all emigrants make a distinct bargain with their drayman, and keep by that, calling in the Police if necessary.

It was Thursday when we took our luggage aboard, and the ship did not sail till the Tuesday following, although the Friday before was the appointed day. Waiting in Liverpool for the sailing of a vessel after her time, was a source of no small expense, especially to such as had families; and although there were no fires or other lights allowed in dock, and this the month of March, many slept aboard and took their meals in town.

At that time there were no Government Emigration Agents to look to the interests of passengers, and enforce the sailing of ships at their appointed time, as it is now.

Our passage money was £3 15s. a-head, provisions to be supplied by the chartering company. We had therefore few purchases to make. A *flock* mattress, a tin jar holding two gallons (for water), a lantern and candles, some tin plates, a small pot to hook to the front of a grate, and a frying-pan with a handle standing out on one side, were our chief necessaries. A pot and tea-kettle we had already. To these I added a hand-saw, plane, chisel, axe, spade, and rake, to commence operations in the Backwoods.

On the morning of the 18th, at flood tide, the dock gates were thrown open, and the reality now began to press upon us that we were indeed about to bid—it might be—a very long farewell to our native island; and this along with the exhilarating feelings inspired by the beauty of the morning—the bustle of passengers—the merry laugh here, the cheerful call there—the cordial shake of the hand—the affectionate "God bless you"—the whispered parting words—the gallant bearing of the noble ship—the seamen's chorus as they warped the ship towards the dock gates to the favourite ditty of "My Dandies O,"—all this had an effect upon the mind such as none can appreciate but those who have experienced it. There was a large concourse of spectators on the quay. Some had friends or relatives on board, others were gazing on from mere curiosity, no doubt balancing in their own minds the probable advantages of emigration and the pinched and precise state of things in their own "tight little island"—"tight," indeed, in more ways than one. When we approached the dock gate, about two dozen men and women—friends and co-religionists of some of the passengers—had formed themselves into a circle

around a pall, on the top of which stood a wiry hard-featured little fellow in fustians, who like another Jullien led his compeers in a parting song, which, swelling on the air, and surmounting the noise and bustle on board, had a peculiarly striking effect. On clearing the dock one or two of our laggard passengers nearly missed their passage. One man in particular had to be drawn on board by the aid of a rope, to the tune of "Tally hey ho." Outside a small towing steamer was in readiness to take us out to sea. With three cheers we bade farewell to our countrymen on shore, and they returned the compliment with interest. The black cook (Charley) now struck up a fire in his galley, and every one began to turn his regards upon his own more immediate concerns. The first care of the Englishmen was to "beet fire" and make "some'at nice for dinner." The Scotch and Irish passengers, while they could not forbear looking with admiration at the intrepidity of the "Southrons," were in no such haste to minister to the inner man, and quietly enjoyed themselves in watching the receding shores of the Mersey, and the diminishing form of the great British port. A more engrossing object of attention, however, soon presented, and that was an Englishwoman who ran about frantically from stem to stern of the ship looking for her husband who was nowhere to be found.

"Oh Captain, dear!" she cried, in an ecstasy of excitement, "stop the ship while I find my husband!"

The captain shook his head, and said something to her which only threw her into a greater agony. She tossed about her arms wildly, now calling to one, now to another. Some laughed at first at the oddity of the incident; others indignantly blamed the stupidity or design of the absent benedict. "Oh, the rascal," exclaimed the women, "to treat the poor woman so." "Why didn't she keep closer by him?" said the men. "True," said a stout, sharp-eyed woman, "wouldn't *I* have watched him." "Indeed, indeed," said an Irishwoman, "he's not worth it, the villain." While every one was canvassing the merits of the case, the poor woman herself was so overcome with a sense of her forlorn and deserted state that she was carried down below in a state of insensibility, and the ship held on her course. By and bye a small boat, pulled with four oars, made its appearance from among the crowds of vessels which thronged the river, and a man, standing in front, waved his hat frantically. "Yonder he comes," cried the

second mate, and directly all eyes were fixed on the distant object. It now became apparent that this was the truant husband, and by one common impulse every one ran to carry the news to the unhappy wife, who sank down in a fainting fit at the intelligence. The tug steamer now slackened her pace, and in twenty minutes the veritable husband was alongside, as badly frightened as his wife. He was lugged in head foremost, and fifty female fists were, half in earnest, half playfully, brought in contact with the bewildered man, who was now restored to his weeping wife, all the dearer for the fright.

This excitement once allayed, our shipping agent had us all called upon the quarter-deck, and a rope was stretched across. Our names were then called over, and each person as named "crossed the line." We numbered in all 250 persons.

We had now got into deep water: the seamen shook out the canvass sheets, and the towing steamer cast us off to our own resources. Three hearty English cheers were given and returned as the steamer left us; and now we were "upon the moving lap of ocean blue" in right earnest. Our good ship, by her uneasy and wincing motion, proved exceedingly uncomfortable to numbers, and it was pretty evident from the rueful looks of many that the matter was not at all relished. As usual, all who felt the "nausea in their throat" stoutly protested, this once over, they should never venture on sea more. Many remedies have been named for sea-sickness, but I believe the only remedy is patience and a good walk on shore. My wife had bottled up for use a decoction of green tea, which only served to aggravate, rather than cure, the distressing ailment.

About sunset we had a pretty high wind and heavy sea, and during the night such a racket below of all things capable of producing noise;—pots, pans, and kettles dancing about in every direction—the creaking and straining of the ship as she rolled about in the gale—the loud rush and whistle of the winds through the cordage—the busy tramp of the seamen on deck—their peculiar lays to cheer themselves in the midst of their arduous and fatiguing duties—with the rude surging of the sea against the prow, causing the ship every few minutes to tremble like an aspen leaf; for a moment she would pause, as if to take breath, then give way to the mighty element;—these all formed an assemblage of novelties which produced strange feelings on

all our minds. Many a prayer was pattered that night by lips little accustomed to the exercise, and many a sigh escaped, not of remembrance, but of longing for a safe and speedy deliverance from the perils of the deep.

Who sailing up or down Channel has not heard of Holyhead? Day after day, from Tuesday to Saturday, there was no land seen but Holyhead. Some one would go upon deck, and return to bring intelligence of the appearances. "Well, how do things look above, Mr. Fyfe." "Oh we're just in sight of Holyhead." In the morning, "We must have gone well last night, for the ship heaved most awfully," and sundry inquiries if we were not yet out of sight of land. The ship had moved, but not forward—Holyhead was still provokingly "in sight." It continued so till Saturday, when we had a fine spanking breeze from the north-east, and on Sunday morning we could see Cape Clear, the southernmost point of Ireland, from the deck, on our starboard beam. In the gale we had sprung our foremast about five feet below the "top," and the men during Sunday were busy in getting a spar lashed to it, and all things set in sea trim again.

The remainder of the voyage was exceedingly pleasant. In eight or nine days we got into the trade winds, and our progress till we sighted the island of Montserrat, one of the Leeward Islands, and the first land we saw, was the most agreeable that could be wished. To mention the porpoises which played about the prow of the ship, leaping out of the water and chasing each other in every direction—the flying fish, which were ever and anon shooting from the deep and skimming along for about a hundred yards before dipping their pinion fins in the sea for a renewed flight—the pearly pink of the nautilus, as he navigated his little bark along the becalmed waters, rising and falling on the smooth swell of the intense blue ocean—and the pathway of seeming liquid fire which stretched far behind from our ship by night,—would be to reiterate what has been told by a hundred travellers.

I have to confess that, as a lover of fine scenery, celestial or terrestrial, I felt somewhat disappointed when, after a careful watch morning and evening in the most lovely weather I ever beheld, I could not discover anything superior in the *sunrises* and *sunsets* at sea, extolled so much by some travellers, to the same phenomena on shore. I strongly suspect such travellers scarcely ever *saw* the sun rise or set

on shore, except over the tops of brick chimneys or through an atmosphere strongly tinged with smoke.

We ran in to the south of Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and Cuba, by what is called the "south passage." The trade winds, which had been steady before we neared the islands, after we got in among them became rather uncertain, and we were several times becalmed—once for two days within sight of Jamaica. On rounding Cape St. Antonia, the western point of Cuba, we saw a waterspout straight a-head, and another the next morning. Having got into the Gulf of Mexico, we encountered a furious storm of thunder, wind, and rain, which drove with it several small birds, which were readily caught by the hand as they alighted upon the ship.

Our passage was now drawing to a close. We expected that in three or four days we should take on board a pilot; and we already observed the waters of the Gulf to be tinged of a whitish hue, owing to the admixture of the waters of the Mississippi. We had had no sickness in all our company but sea-sickness; and no stormy weather but what we experienced in St. George's Channel. Our studding sails were out the most of the time; and the best feeling subsisted between all on board. When we started we made arrangements with a Lancashire man, Adam Pilkington by name, who was to superintend the cooking arrangements and the fires. The articles to be cooked were brought, and Adam, faithful to his trust, placed each in rotation on the fire. In a few days he learnt our names, and could call each one's name by his cooking utensil. He was indeed a perfect genius in his way; and performed his labours with such a sober gravity and manly disinterestedness as was truly delightful. "Now, then, Roper or Toper, either! hyve off (carry off) this pon o' thine." "Jack Robison! Jack *Robison!* John Robison! *Mr.* Robison!"—this last brings the required individual from his hiding-place, to be informed that "these prates o' thine's enoof." "Mrs Wamsley, bring hither thy pon cakes afore I beet fire." "Now, then, you Middleton, what an' you doin' with thy pon on afore your turn? Just hyve it off again now, an' wait your time;" and such like unimaginative appeals to oblige the orderly and check the impatient, may give an idea of Adam's usefulness. With all his rough bluntness, he had enough of the talent to command; and I remember no case where his authoritative remonstrance was gainsaid.

On Saturday night he would go forward to the fore-castle, produce a razor like a butcher's cleaver, and proceed to remove his beard—the growth of the week. On Sabbath morning he would make the fire, but the rest of the day he was absent; nor could anything induce him to take up his post on that day. Accordingly, things did not go on as smoothly as usual; but the good habits of regularity we had been trained to during the week helped to mitigate the disposition to disorder when our head was absent.

Our provisions were served out at regular intervals, and were not wanting in variety. We had wheat flour, oat-meal, rice, potatoes, peas, beef, pork, butter, tea, coffee, sugar, treacle, raisins, and currants. These were all taken out of bond at Liverpool, and of course were obtained for the passengers at a cheaper rate than we could have provided them ourselves. They were all of tolerable quality except the beef, which was remarkably tough.

CHAPTER III.

“ When we've wood and Prairie land
 Won by our toil,
 We'll reign like kings in fairly land—
 Lords of the soil.”—*Morris*.

VICINITY OF LAND—ARRANGEMENTS FOR LANDING—SARAH WAMSLEY—
 SPOKE A SHIP—A PILOT—A TOWING STEAMER—THE MISSISSIPPI AT SEA
 —LOW COAST—THE BALIZE—INSPECTING SURGEON COMES ABOARD—
 SLAVES—UP STREAM—APPEARANCES—NEW ORLEANS.

ON the morning of the 28th April we were informed that we should (all things going well) see American soil on the following day. It would not be easy to describe the excitement this announcement created among us. Although our voyage had been most agreeable, so far as favourable weather could contribute to it, there was still a feeling of uneasiness common to all travellers by sea—a desire to be again at large upon solid ground, where there is ample room for the free scope of all the physical powers, without that sickening odour peculiar to shipboard, which still operates to check the exhilaration which must at times be felt on a beautiful day upon the waters.

The rest of the day was spent in arranging matters for

our landing—settling on future lines of procedure—and the formation of alliances, liable of course to be broken by the first unforeseen incident. I found that a great many had come out entirely trusting to circumstances for their future guidance when they should land. We had cotton-spinners, calico-printers, tailors, shoemakers, joiners, masons, potters from Staffordshire, letter-press printers, some discontented Chartists, and a host of day-labourers. Add to these a few adventurous women, who had boldly set out alone with a part of their families, leaving a part with their husbands at home, to come out with them as soon as they could save as much as would pay the passage. One of these women, named Sarah Wamsley, had with her four children, two boys and two girls. The eldest, a girl, was about twelve. Her husband, who was a silk weaver in Leek, Staffordshire, had, by the united earnings of himself and her, been enabled, after a long struggle, to amass as much as would pay his wife and children's passage out; and she, with a fortitude truly heroic, had ventured forth with her little flock, to seek a home in the wilds of America, leaving him to follow, as soon as he could obtain the means. She was a little woman, but the spirit which had induced her to set out on this, to her, huge adventure, was visible in everything she said and did. I felt an unusual admiration for the little heroine, and we soon got acquainted.

“Mr. —,” she would say, “America has long been the subject of my day-dreams, and now when I am about to enter upon the reality, I feel a joy and satisfaction, in spite of my poverty, which atones for all my past trials and troubles.”

“Well, Madam, I must say that I feel certain your satisfaction is not groundless, and if your husband possesses such a spirit as his wife, you cannot fail in a country like America to live comfortably, and bring up your children respectably.”

“There is one drawback to our progress, Sir, which I am afraid will not be easily overcome.”

“What is that?”

“My husband being a silk weaver, I doubt whether he will readily find employment?”

“Has he no knowledge of any other trade?”

“Yes, Sir, I think he once told me he had been for two years a carpenter, but you know he could not learn much in that time.”

“His knowledge will be useful to him in the woods, if he is handy.”

“Oh, as to that, Sir, he is remarkably so, and takes a great pleasure in making little nick-nacks when his day’s work is over.”

“You seem much concerned about your progress when your husband is with you: how do you feel about it while you are alone?”

“Ah, Sir, I am inclined, when I think on that, to shut my eyes upon it, and trust to God and my best endeavours for the consequences. I have suffered much at home, and I am willing to suffer again for my little family; and you know, Sir, I will have the prospect to look to, of making by and bye a better provision for them than I could at home.”

A very undefined and precarious hope, this, the prudent and calculating will say. I will not say it was the worst alternative. Read my story, and you will see.

The morning of the 29th came, and having had a fair wind during the night, every eye was directed forward in search of the land promised the day before. The water around had a still more decided yellow tinge, indicating the neighbourhood of a vast river. On the larboard tack we spoke the *Tombigbee*, Captain Cade, a large ship from Mobile to New Orleans; and, about noon, we observed a neat little cutter making towards us. “A Pilot! a Pilot!” was the joyful exclamation of all on board, and a pilot it was. In about an hour after this important personage came on board, one of those strange looking steamers peculiar to the western waters made her appearance, emitting smoke from two funnels and snorting like a railway locomotive. She drew near, and made a graceful sweep to turn in the same direction as ourselves. A light rope to which a hawser was attached was presently thrown on board, and in another half hour we were towed into the stream, which was well defined, muddy, and broad; bordered with long lines of withered leaves and driftwood, to which the dirty greenish waters of the gulf on each side offered a marked contrast. With all these decided indications of proximity to land, the wonder of all was that there was none to be seen by the most sharp-sighted among us. By and bye, as if it had suddenly arisen from the sea, we descried near at hand low lines of reeds stretching in front of us to the east and west. This, then, was the American land. We had

been looking for a high and mountainous country, and had literally overlooked this singularly low and marshy line of coast. We immediately crossed the bar, and entered one of the several mouths of the river, and let go our anchor in eighteen fathoms in the stream, opposite the Balize, a small pilot station, and residence of an inspecting surgeon, who shortly after came on board. He was rowed by two negroes in light printed cotton clothes, with broad-brimmed palm-leaf hats. One of them came on board, and was sprightly enough; but the other, who appeared to be an old man, sat still in the boat—his arms crossed, and his head leaning over on his breast. Now for the first time, thought I, I behold a slave; and that old greyheaded negro, in whom the curiosity and buoyancy of his youthful yoke-fellow seem utterly extinguished, may be, like the dying gladiator, calling to remembrance the scenes of his youth—his wife and children, it may be, far removed from him for ever. His children's children may this moment be gambolling by the banks of the Tennessee or Cumberland rivers, unconscious of the fate that awaits them. The thought cast a solemnity over the feelings, and I was going to say—

“ Arise, ye Goths ! and glut your ire ! ”

but I turned away to more pleasing contemplations.

This, then, was the Mississippi, which disputes priority of magnitude with the Amazons itself. At this place it has anything but an imposing appearance; for, though it is about a mile and a-half wide, the banks are so low and straggling, and the country on each side so flat and swampy, overgrown with nothing but long reeds, with the exception of a low line of bushes on the immediate river banks, that fevers and agues, with wild geese, ducks, and water rats, would seem to be the only possible tenants. It cannot truly be said by any one approaching America by the Mississippi, that his first impressions are very vivid.

Here we were assailed by myriads of sand-flies, an insect about the size of the common midge, which bit most wickedly. The evening was beautiful. The sun declined amongst a net-work of clouds of the most gorgeous kind. The atmosphere had a warm purple tinge, and felt soft and balmy. Our towing steamer, the *Prairie*, went over to a French ship, which lay about half-a-mile from us, and brought her away lashed to her right side. We were speedily made fast to the other, and the anchor weighed

once more, away we went up stream for New Orleans, distant from the mouth of the river 112 miles.

We were two nights and a day steaming the distance. The current was strong, and three vessels abreast offered no small resistance. As we proceeded, the country began to improve in appearance; but although the surface had a drier aspect, there was still the same monotonous dead level, interspersed here and there with sugar, tobacco, and cotton plantations. Now and then a clearing with its log-cabin would present itself on the banks. I must confess the children had a pale, solemn look, though the cows and pigs seemed to thrive amazingly. In the fields we could see bands of negroes at work. In some places they appeared much at their ease; in others, the whip was seen in the hands of the overseer, and an occasional crack intimated that it was necessary to be thrifty. The palm-leaf hat and light cotton shirt and trousers were the common apparel of these people; and, in spite of their position, they could afford to be gay. The thought struck me often,—whether is there more slavery in the fear of the lash, than in the continual fear of starvation in an over-crowded country? The reader may weigh it, and decide for himself, as I did.

Be this as it may, the whites seem here to enjoy the most unbounded liberty and abundance. The soil, from the mouth of the river to New Orleans, a gentleman on shore, at one of the places at which we stopped to take in wood, told me, was of the most luxurious description. So far as it had been penetrated, it was one uniform mass of the richest vegetable mould, interspersed with logs to the depth of fifty feet and more. The whole is, in fact, a vast accumulation of mud, brought down by the river from the upper country. Its fertility is the only temptation to individuals to settle upon it, as it must prove a most pestilential tract in the hot season, actually "killing with kindness."

When I saw several of our passengers about dinner time gnawing a huge piece of beef off a square biscuit, it struck me that our black cook had been making rather free with the ship's provisions; but upon asking John Adams how he obtained his share, he told me he had got it from the men in the steamboat, who had more of it than they could consume, and were much amused to see with what a good appetite the emigrants demolished the remains of their kit of beef, which they were in the habit of throwing overboard at the end of meals.

A Frenchman from the other ship had got armed with a copy of an English Grammar for French Students, and he and I scratched up an acquaintance directly. We would take our station upon the windlass, and I would give him the English names of the various objects which came under our notice, and he in exchange announced their French names. In this way Monsieur got on cleverly, he took such a delight in the study. Whenever I would tell him anything, he would say, with an up and down motion of the head—*remercie! remercie!* Pointing to any object he would interrogate “*Le nom ?*” Upon receiving answers, as “shoe,” or “dog,” or “child ;” he would repeat the French, *soulier*, or *chien*, or *enfant*, followed by *mercie! mercie!* Coming to the English numerals in his grammar, he began, “own.” “No, no,” I would say, o-n-e—*won*” “O-n e—*won ?*” he would echo in astonishment ; then, with an air of incredulity, repeat with emphasis, “Non, Monsieur, o-n-e—*own.*” On being again set right, or rather set wrong, with a despairing shake of the head, soliloquising, he would mutter “o-n-e—*won ; sacre! sacre! o-n-e—own !*” This damped his ardour for a time, but the thing took such an impression on his mind that the first words with which he would afterwards accost me on meeting were, “o-n-e—*own ;*” then he would show his superior knowledge of our very anomalous pronunciation by adding, “Non, non, o-n-e—*won ;*” he could not forbear, however, to mutter bitterly, “*sacre !*” in protest.

On Saturday, the 30th April, we were informed that we should be up at New Orleans by twelve o'clock at night, and by ten we observed the lights of the city reflected from the clouds, and in an hour after saw the lights themselves, and got alongside the wharf by midnight. As the night was dark, and the hour late, we had no opportunity of forming any proper idea of the place, but next morning (Sunday) by five o'clock, my wife and I took a walk up the town to take a look, among other things, at the vegetable market, which is more plentifully supplied on that day than on any other during the week. The slaves were bringing to it the produce of their little gardens, in small skiffs, from all points on the river. The Sunday is allowed them to cultivate and dispose of the produce of these gardens, and they are upon the river betimes to have their marketing over by nine or ten o'clock, and return to cultivate their ground the rest of the day, as all they obtain from this source they

are allowed to retain as their own. I watched narrowly to see if I could catch any innate instinctive longings after the personal liberty of the white man, expressed in word or deed. I saw nothing of the kind. I believe their natural wants are amply supplied; they appeared in general good bodily condition, and their clothing, that of both males and females, infinitely superior in quality to that of the British day-labourer. I am quite certain, too, that the feeling that they were slaves was not at all so much uppermost in their minds as it was in mine.

The market was supplied with all the fruits of the season, so abundant in a tropical climate. Hot coffee and cakes were presided over by jet black sultanas attired in the most approved fashion of Negro taste. An olive-branch, or, at least, a branch, waving in their hands, brushed away the flies; and my wife, not having tasted the luxury in its approved style of preparation for the last six weeks, partook of the hospitality with new relish, while I stepped over a little way to read an advertisement of a sale of negroes, in which the advertiser alleged he was about to sell about a dozen, not from any fault in them, but purely that "he needed the money." Close by was the slave mart, having one or two long marble-topped tables running along the centre, on which I was told the man or woman to be sold was mounted, and required to show off his or her good points. All this was sufficiently horrifying to a stranger, but custom, which smoothes down the rough appearances of things, has doubtless made it all long since a matter of the slightest possible note to the people themselves; and in this way an enormity of the deepest dye, *per se*, having engrafted itself among them, has lost all its native hideousness of aspect, and the man who raises a doubt about its propriety is, in such circumstances, alone looked upon as an anomaly. Slavery, and any or every thing which looks like slavery, as a freeborn Briton, I must ever detest, as the most loathsome of all traffic.

CHAPTER IV.

“ All ye woods, and trees, and bowers ;
 All ye virtues and ye powers,
 That inhabit in the lakes,
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,
 Move your feet
 To our sound,
 Whilst we greet
 All this ground.”—*Fletcher.*

DESCRIPTION OF NEW ORLEANS—EXCISEMEN—UP STREAM—ST. LOUIS—ARRIVAL AT THE DESMOINS RAPIDS—FIRST EXCURSION IN THE WOODS OF IOWA—DEER STALKING EXTRAORDINARY—PICK-NICKING BY THE MISSISSIPPI—A DESERTER—STEAMBOAT ON THE ROCKS—A REGULAR “FIX”—COLLISION.

NEW ORLEANS is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi—112 miles above its mouth—960 miles below the mouth of the Ohio—1920 below Pittsburg—and 1200 below the mouth of the Missouri. It is built on a bend of the river, on the concave side of the bend, and is hence sometimes called “The Crescent City.” The extent of steamboat navigation by the Mississippi and its tributaries, is estimated at 20,000 miles. The river before the town is about a mile wide, and fifty fathoms deep ; its extensive harbour is, especially during the winter and spring months, crowded with every description of foreign vessels and river craft, steamboats, keelboats, flatboats, broad horns or arks, timber rafts, &c., which bring down an amazing amount of produce from all points of the great valley above. Here may be seen flatboats which have floated down from the upper waters of the Ohio, Missouri, Arkansas, Red River, Illinois, Desmoins, and the Mississippi Proper—some of them upwards of 2000 miles—laden with wheat, flour, maize, beef, pork, lard, whisky, hemp, bagging, tobacco, cotton, bale-ropes, peltries and lead, apples and potatoes in barrels, cider and cider-royal (or cider that has been strengthened by boiling or freezing), cattle, hogs, and poultry ; and, in short, large samples of the industry and ingenuity of the agriculturist and artizan of the whole upper country of the West.

There have been counted in the harbour at one time no less than 1500 flatboats. Steamers are moving about in all directions, leaving for, and arriving from, places up the country almost every hour. In the amount and value of its exports, the city is second only to New York, and very

little inferior to it. Its exports have been estimated at from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 dollars a-year. Situated at the sea level in 30 deg. N. latitude, the climate is hot, and unhealthy to strangers, and on this account all intercourse with the city is abandoned as soon as the hot weather sets in, and the greater number of its more wealthy citizens remove to the various watering-places in the Northern States. In the end of the fall, the winter, and the spring months, when the business is greatest, the population is estimated at 100,000, including a floating population of 20,000. The yellow fever visits the city nearly every year, and the deaths from the disease vary from 100 to 700 in the season.

The ground on which the city stands is lower than the surface of the river, which is confined within its channel by a raised embankment called "The Levee," which cost a great expense, and extends about fifty miles. As the ground is soft and spongy, the houses are without cellars, and even the graves, shortly after being dug, are filled with water, and the coffins have to be sunk by placing stones or other heavy bodies upon them. Those who are averse to this mode of interment, may enclose their dead in structures above ground, in which, with the excessive heat of the summer, the bodies are soon dried to a crisp. Such is New Orleans, a city of the first importance to the Western Settler, as communications are held with it from all portions of the great valley above, and it offers a ready market for every species of marketable commodity.

On Monday we had the excisemen on board. They would open one or two of our chests, and the rest were marked "searched," without opening. We experienced the greatest civility from these functionaries, who performed their duties in the least annoying manner possible, cracking jokes with all and sundry, and communicating such little hints as might prove useful in our voyage up the river, and final settlement.

But the reader, like myself, will be impatient to get to the end of the journey. Well, then, on Wednesday, having got all things arranged to our satisfaction, we set sail up the river in the *General Pratt* steamer, Capt. M'Guire, one of the largest size, for St. Louis, 1200 miles up. This distance we accomplished in eight days. The journey up was of the most animating and splendid description. Day by day the moving scene was passing before our eyes with

all the splendid array of a gorgeous panorama. The huge and resistless river under-foot—the towns and villages upon the river banks—the various and infinite craft floating upon its bosom—the millions of clearings breaking in upon the ancient forest shades—and the sound of the English tongue on every hand—while the loud bellowings of the breathing engine resounded through the primeval forest in a tone which promised to carry the dominion of man through all its recesses;—all these combined to fill the soul with such feelings as make one rejoice that he also is one of that vast fellowship whose mission it is to fill up these western plains with the arts, industries, and improvements of eastern lands—that himself and his children may engage with heart and energy in remunerating labour—not as the mere beasts of burden, doomed to labour and drudge, that all but the bare necessities which labour demands to prolong existence may be sacrificed to the fierce competitions of an over-crowded people.

Our passage money from New Orleans to St. Louis, 1100 miles, was four dollars exclusive of provisions. When we got to the latter place several persons came aboard from the town making inquiries for workmen.

“Look hyar—hev ye got any bricklayers or stonemasons in this crowd,” says one.

“Gentlemen, I’m in search of carpenters, if you’ve got any here let him speak out,” said another.

A decent-looking man accosted me, and wished to engage me in the house and sign painting business. During the voyage I had been engaged for a few days in painting a sextant, a telescope, compasses, parallel ruler, &c., on a chart box of the captain’s, &c., and the passengers thereafter took me for a painter by profession. I told him I did a little for amusement, but was quite ignorant of the art and mystery of wall and door daubing, though I did not doubt but that I could paint a sign.

“Come right along” said he, “an’ I’ll get a feller to tote your plunder, an’ I’ll give you a job. I’m horrid badly off for hands.”

“I thought so” said I, “or you would not be so fond of taking one who knows nothing about the business. I believe I’ll not stay, I’m bound farther.”

“You may go farther and fare worse,” said he, “I’d give you decent wages.”

“How much do you give to a regular hand?”

"Twelve dollars a week and board."

"What's the board worth?"

"Three dollars. You'll not go with me then, Mister. See here, if you don't succeed where you're a-going, come right back and I'll engage you." So saying, he went off.

At this place we had to take a small steamer for the Upper Mississippi. We embarked, accordingly, on board the *Indian Queen*, and on Saturday evening stopped for the night at the small village of Keokuk, on the Iowa side of the river, at the foot of the Desmoines rapids. Here the greater part of the vessel's lading, including our more heavy chests, had to be removed into keelboats, to allow the steamer to pass up the rapids, as the water in the principal channel was not over four feet deep, though the river here, at 1500 miles up, is as wide as at its mouth. The rapids are caused by the river flowing at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour over a continuous bed of limestone rock, extending twelve miles to Montrose. On Sunday morning, all things being ready, before we got breakfast, the captain requested the men passengers, of whom there were about fifty, to take a short walk round the bend along the river side, as the river being at a low stage, his vessel would be so much lightened. This we were willing enough to do, but urged we had not yet got breakfast. "Oh, you'll have the better appetite; you'll be on board again in an hour." We sprung on shore, and set off through the Iowa woods. This was my first excursion in the American forest, and I was highly pleased. The portion we were now passing over belonged to the Sac and Fox Indians, and has been purchased from them lately by the Government, although the Indians had not yet removed West. We passed several log cabins, and surprised more than one drove of hogs.

Five or six of our party, armed with guns, having gone before the rest to have a shot at whatever might turn up, presently we heard all the guns discharged in a running fire, and immediately after a herd of twenty-five or thirty deer came bounding among us through the hazel brush—the brush being thick and in full leaf—they were in such trepidation, we were not seen till they were fairly upon us. A huge buck jumped within a yard of where I stood. It would be hard to say which of us felt the more amazed. A moment he stood panting in almost breathless wonder, then giving his head a majestic toss, vanished into the depths of the forest. "The deer! the deer!—track the wounded deer!"

was heard resounding through the wood. "I have him! all right!" was heard in reply. In an open space, clear of brushwood, under a stately cotton-wood tree, two men had got their knees planted upon a prostrate deer, while the rest of the party were crowding in to the death. The shot had taken effect only in the fleshy part of the thigh, and the animal showed full signs of life. An Irishman, named Pat Flynn, claimed the honour of having brought him down. Pat boasted of having killed more than one in his day, and entered with great minuteness upon the manner of taking aim, though some of us thought he had shut his eyes. "Anyhow," said Pat, "there he is, and we'll have a fair divide." A clasp-knife performed the offices of bleeding and skinning, and as there was no appearance of the steamer we determined to have our breakfast at a little village called Nashville, about half-way up the rapids. As we entered the village, the people turned out to have a look at us. We were truly a motley group of invaders, each carrying a piece of venison in his hand, impatient to have it cooked. As there were but eight or nine houses in the place, we determined to start three or four fires by the river side, while we deputed some of our number to make search for bread among the houses. The good lieges had not been quite prepared for this descent upon their means; but in about an hour, we had got together about half-a-dozen Indian corn cakes, shaped like cheeses, about 7lbs. weight each, called, by way of eminence, "Corn Dodgers;" several piles of buckwheat cakes, dough nuts, pancakes, wheaten bread in twenty various forms, and skim and buttermilk in four good sizeable water pails. We roasted our venison upon hazel switches, and ate heartily. This noble repast, all of which we could not consume, cost us less than a picayune* a piece. We had certainly arrived in a land of plenty, and this was the first sterling evidence of the fact.

But all this time what had become of the steamer? By dint of listening, we could at intervals hear her puffing off her steam below the bend; and being satisfied she was there, and could not pass without our knowledge, the greater number continued on in the direction of Montrose, at the head of the rapids, while others lingered about the village. John Adams, Thomas Sugden, a young Englishman, and I, went

* Pronounced *Picky-oon*—value 6½ cents., or 3½d.

on towards Montrose by ourselves. As we were proceeding, Sugden, who carried a gun, which he had obtained from another passenger for a pair of boots, let us understand that he was fully acquainted with the manual and platoon exercise. He had, in fact, deserted his regiment shortly before emigrating, and said that we must no longer call him Tom Sugden, but Tom Verity—the former being only an assumed name till he should get upon American soil.

As we passed along we gathered some wild gooseberries, very small and sour; but of course they were not yet ripe. A little farther on, we saw a steamer lying dismantled within a few yards of the river bank. A plank reached to her from the shore, and we stepped aboard. A considerable quantity of water lay in the hull, and the most of her fittings had been removed. A countryman passing informed us she had run in here in the early part of the previous spring in a high freshet, at night, and the river falling soon after, she could not be got off.

Arrived at Montrose, which might contain about 200 inhabitants, we loitered about the place for two hours, but still no appearance of the steamer. Here we were informed that it was quite likely she had got fast on the rocks, and might have to remain there for a day or two. This was rather unlooked-for information, and we at once set off down the river, to ascertain her position. About a mile below Nashville, there she was, hard and fast upon the rocks, sure enough, toward the Illinois side of the river. We immediately hired a skiff and got on board. She had got fast by the head, and the men had out beams on each side in front, standing perpendicularly on the rock; to the upper end tackles were made fast, and these connected with strong timbers on deck. Sometimes the men hauled upon the ropes, and sometimes a turn was taken round the engine shaft. Two anchors were out about fifty yards a-head, to hold against the stream, if the beams should succeed in lifting her off. The "deck hands," as they were called, seemed to take the business very coolly—never at any time making a very desperate struggle—whether from incapacity or laziness, I will not say; but they kept humbugging at it till Wednesday. On the morning of that day we saw a steamer coming down with lead from Galena. Her own speed, and that of the current united, brought her down at a fearful rate. She appeared to be bearing right down upon us. The channel

where we were was doubtless narrow, and her velocity, if she swerved to the shallow water, would have fixed her immoveably on the rocks till the next spring freshets. Down came the vast moving structure, menacing destruction to the helpless *Indian Queen*. Every soul held his breath in intense suspense. No word arose from either vessel. Down! down! escape was inevitable! The blow was struck! Our starboard keelboat, about 100 feet long, and strongly made, received the full force of the collision! It was the work of a moment. A tremendous crash! and the huge mass swept past apparently unscathed.

CHAPTER V.

“ Thus long they traced and traversed to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach.”—*Spenser*.

FRESH TROUBLE—MAN OVERBOARD—STEAMER EXTRICATED—CAMP BY THE RIVER—THE RAPIDS SURMOUNTED—LAND AT BURLINGTON—OUR HOST'S ADVICE—THE DICKENS TO PAY—TOUR OF EXPLORATION.

THE keelboat, fortunately, was about level with the “guard”* of the *Queen*, and being driven under it the force of the stroke was somewhat broken. The violence, however, with which the steamer herself was shaken showed that this had not entirely obviated the crushing effects of the stroke. In gushed the waters by numerous breaches, and the entire boat had a fair prospect of soon going down. I had three heavy chests in it, and I determined they should not go down without a struggle. John Adams was at my side in a moment. While every one was scrambling for his own, in an incredibly short space of time we succeeded in getting two of them upon the guard. We wrought with desperation. I then set John to dragging those two on to the inner deck, while I should get the third, which was the smallest, up to the gunwale of the keelboat. I had just got it up, and was holding it by the ear rope to balance it upon the gunwale, when, in the horrible confusion, a passenger leaped upon it from the steamboat, and immediately both passenger and chest were in the Mississippi. The fall sunk

* The “guard” is a projecting part of the deck, running forward from the paddle-boxes, narrowing towards the vessel's head.

the man sufficiently to carry him clear beneath the paddle-wheel. He rose, however, immediately after, and, being a swimmer, struck boldly up the stream. No living man could make way against that desperate current. The small boat, which was made fast at the stern, was immediately manned, and went off in pursuit. The poor fellow, by wisely swimming with the stream, had managed to support himself till he was picked up. He had received no injuries by the accident, but seemed to suffer considerably from fright and exhaustion. My chest got entangled in the paddle-wheel, and, after some exertion, was rescued. By the aid of a few blankets and three or four pounds of tallow candles the leaks were stopped, and willing hands soon baled out the water which had got in.

As the concussion had removed the steamer somewhat off her former bed, and all were impatient to get away, ten or twelve tons of salt in bags were taken out of the hold that evening, and put into the keelboat. Our luggage was again put in, and the boat and all the passengers towed over to the Illinois bank, distant about fifty yards. The steamer was then at dusk got once more into the channel, and ready for starting in the morning. We got our chests ashore, and encamped for the night on the banks. Reader, do you wish to know how *we* did it? Well, then: I had a large chest and two smaller ones; these two I placed side by side, with their ends abutting against the side of the large one. This formed a sleeping platform. A few bundles of grass served to smooth the descent from the big chest to its smaller neighbours: the mattress then was laid on. But still we were in the open air—we must have some protection from the dews. A piece of driftwood, five feet long, was now set up at the centre of the bed head, and another at the foot. A large bed quilt was stretched over all, and at the gable ends other soft wares were exhibited. Thus defended on all sides, our bed was comfortable enough. But after we had got fairly in, we were unable to sleep, from the noise of our fellow-passengers. The women objected to lie on the ground, for fear of snakes—for they had not all three chests at their disposal. At last, as sleep became more urgent, they sunk minor differences, and by and bye we were all at peace. During the night a few cows and a drove of hogs paid us a visit, which caused some little commotion, from the dangerous exposure of the provision baskets, &c. This new annoyance was tided over also; and

in the morning—the dew having fallen heavily during the night, our sheltering quilt was saturated with moisture. “Well, well,” thought we, “there are fortunes in wayfaring as well as in war, and they who cannot manifest a little fortitude in the midst of the evil should not set out.”

By sun-up we were again on board the steamer, and, without anything peculiar happening, landed at Burlington, Desmoins County, on the Iowa shore, twenty-two miles above the rapids.

We had now got as far as 41 deg. N. latitude, as far north as I thought would be agreeable in the winters, and here I left my wife in company with Mrs. Wamsley, who still kept with us (although at St. Louis she had an offer of employment as a schoolmistress in Tennessee), and set out, with my faithful John Adams in company, in search of “a location.” This was about the middle of May, and although it was only the beginning of summer, it seemed as if a summer had already passed over us that year, we had had such a long succession of good weather.

The night before we started, our little party were busily engaged poring over the maps of Iowa and Illinois. Our landlord strongly recommended us to turn our attention to Iowa. “I tell ye what, strangers,” said he, “there aint no State in all this western country can begin to compare with Iowa for nat’ral advantages, for either wood, water, or prairie, not by a long chalk. Illinoy’s little better than a blamed ma’sh from en’ to en.’ Fever and ague by gauly’s all the go for more’n one half of the year, and it takes t’other half to recruit and do up the chores.* Iowa’s the word, I say. You’ll find here the neatest timber, either for lumber or rails, in all creation. As for the water, there aint no describing the beauty and number of rivers and cricks, and you’ll hardly see a slough in a day’s travel. Talk of land! why now, strangers, it’s a’most too good to be named on the same day with your Illinoy, Indiana, and Wisconsin flats, and if it wa’nt what I say you wouldn’t ketch me hyar now, I tell you. See hyar, wife, hand me down Plumbe’s book. Listen, men, what this says about the State.”

He then read—“It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The recent troubles in Canada induced many of the peaceably inclined and intelligent residents of the provinces

* *Chores*—Little odd jobs of household or farming economy, such as may be performed in odds and ends of time.

to look out for a spot where they could enjoy life with less interruption. Accordingly, an association has been formed, styled the Mississippi Emigration Company, said to contain upwards of fifty thousand members. They appointed a delegation to visit Iowa, and the Toronto (Upper Canada) *Mirror* thus refers to the subject:—

“‘The Iowa Delegation went on a special mission to the ‘Far West,’ and have returned after the accomplishment of the design for which they had been sent. They found a country on the west side of the Mississippi which, for beauty and fertility, surpassed all their expectations; a country consisting chiefly of high *rolling prairie*, which implies an elevated country with an undulating surface, easily cultivated; a country abounding with navigable rivers, running far into the interior, and interspersed with numbers of tributaries, affording abundance of mill power—while in almost every part of the country there existed an abundance of the finest springs of the purest water; a country which not only from its natural features might at once be inferred to be salubrious, but which the *uniform testimony of the settlers*, from the ‘Great River’ to the remote interior, pronounced to be so; a country, the character of whose inhabitants, so far from being *licentious, poor, and miserable*, would bear a comparison with, and would stand higher in the scale of intelligence and morals than would the same class in Upper Canada. The Eastern and Middle States, from which the population of Iowa chiefly came, have never produced a race of young men that will be poor and miserable in a country presenting every incitement to sobriety, to industry, and to enterprise, and which affords a much larger reward to the cultivator of the soil than any of the older States or the Canadas.’”

Notwithstanding all this I had made up my mind not to settle west of the Mississippi.

Those who have read Dickens’ “American Notes,” will doubtless remember what that great sketcher, whose genius appears to have stayed at home at Cockaigne, when he set out on his travels, has said of the Mississippi. The passage is short, but characteristic of a certain class of travellers.

“But what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him. An enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud, six miles an hour its strong and frothing current choked and obstructed every

where by huge logs and whole forest trees; now twining themselves together in great rafts, from the interstices of which a sedgy lazy foam works up to float upon the water's top; now rolling past like monstrous bodies, their tangled roots showing like matted hair; now glancing singly by like giant leeches; and now writhing round and round in the vortex of some small whirlpool, like wounded snakes. The banks low, the trees dwarfish, the marshes swarming with frogs, the wretched cabins few and far between, their inmates hollow cheeked, and pale, the weather very hot, mosquitoes penetrating into every crack and crevice of the boat, mud and slime everywhere, and on everything; nothing pleasant in its aspect but the harmless lightning which flickers every night upon the dark horizon.

“For two days we toiled up this foul stream, striking constantly against the floating timber, or stopping to avoid those more dangerous obstacles the snags or sawyers, which are the hidden trunks of trees that have their roots below the tide. When the nights are very dark, the look-out stationed in the head of the boat knows by the ripple of the water if any great impediment is near at hand, and rings a bell beside him, which is the signal for the engine to be stopped; but always in the night this bell has work to do, and after every ring there comes a blow which renders it no easy matter to remain in bed.

“We drank the muddy water of this river while we were upon it. It is considered wholesome by the natives, and is something more opaque than gruel. I have seen water like it at the filter shops, but nowhere else.”

When a dandy sets out on his travels, a man of such importance generally takes considerable baggage. With a portentous trunk or two surfeited with creature comforts, a writing-case with the due supply, and a head crammed with bright ideas, all having a homeward tendency, he rushes forth like a jolly tar on shore, to “take possession of all lubberland.” Some unthinking and outlandish object pushes hard on his attention. He is offended, in fact disgusted—he never, no he NEVER saw the like before. ’Tis most shocking—intolerable. He is determined the world shall know of it—that those interested in the matter shall smart. Every one else smiles at the man’s afflictions, but he is not going to be “put down” in that way. If his *compagnons du voyage* will not sympathize with him, he shall write of it, and let an indignant world know the true

state of affairs. So once upon a time Charles Dickens paid a visit to the "Great Mississippi," deemed by everybody the most extraordinary river in the world, as also the most important and grand. What everybody else believed, Boz would not, not he. As another traveller in a hurricane on the greatest ocean in the world cried out to his shipmates, "By the powers do ye call *this* the Pacific?" so our western traveller would show a noble independence of mind by tabling his protest against the greatness of the greatest river. The vast spring floods were at the time sweeping down from the Ozark and Rocky Mountains. The snows of the Chippawau were no doubt pure enough, but there were vast and fertile savannahs to traverse before the Missouri debouched into the Mississippi, twenty miles above St. Louis. If the plain had been a desert of bare rocks and barren sands, there is no doubt the flood would have been clear enough of every unsightly object. He who for the first time sails up the Thames, will, to be sure, encounter many a dead dog and cat—

"With mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name would be unlawfu'."

Well, I suppose, a man of ordinary shrewdness would say "these are the products of the upper country. They do a good deal in the dog and cat line up there, as well as other things." When, therefore, Boz saw the great trunks of trees and whole trees tossing about in the tumultuous waters, if common sense had been anywhere within call, it might have suggested the idea in such an inventive head. "These, with the mud too, showed the character of the upper country—they were so many messages sent down from the plains of the Platte, the Yellowstone, the Kansas, the Kaskaskia, the Illinois, the Iowa, and hundreds of others, to proclaim to the great human family, whose vast tide was surging upon the central river, that there were fields and forests far away to the north and west, as fertile as any, and here are the proofs!" But, no;—in his bilious attack upon the river, the very foam, the mosquitoes, the temperature, the mud and slime, must be duly catalogued to swell the peck of troubles.

After all he swallows the camel; for he "drank of the muddy waters of the river," which the *natives* assured him was wholesome enough. This statement of the "natives" must have been very "astonishing," indeed, to the fretful patient. The "oldest inhabitant," that very credible in-

formant, must have been certainly present to have made the assurance go down before the water.

I will return to this witty novelist on the subject of the United States. Meantime I will say in summary:—The Mississippi possesses all the attributes of a great and noble stream. Receiving contributions from such a variety of large and far-reaching branches, it is not to be wondered at that its waters are not of the most limpid description. Flowing through a champaign country, unequalled in point of beauty and fertility in the universe—through forests dusk with the lapse of centuries, and which yet resound with the yell of the aboriginal Indian;—under every variety of climate, from the snows and wild rice lakes of the north, it traverses the whole of the temperate zone, till it heaves forth its amazing volume of waters at the line. The primeval forest, the fairy islet, the hoar and castellated crag, the silent prairie, the mysterious sepulchral mounds of a shadowy race long since passed away, the dwellings and works of civilization, the advancing wave of an energetic people, destined to go forth from the first meridian and encompass the world;—these are features worthy of a river such as the Mississippi. And while its wild luxuriance remains unchecked and unmodified by the hand of man, it is not strange that its occasionally erratic waters should, under a burning sun, send forth pestilential exhalations, destructive, in some instances, to life itself. Such evils will disappear before the improvements of the white man. His industry will behold one of its rewards in the subjection of those undoubted hindrances to many, who, these things apart, would rejoice to fill up a region which offers so many decided advantages to themselves and their offspring.

I should have at once determined to settle down on the river, had it not been that on this and on all the western streams, fever and ague more or less prevail, while at a distance of three or four miles, that disease is comparatively less common.

I allowed myself a week to take a survey of the neighbouring counties of Henderson, Warren, Macdonough, Fulton, and Knox. These all lie between the Mississippi and Spoon river, a tributary of the Illinois.

On a Saturday morning we set out on this exploring expedition. Two lads ferried us over the river in a skiff, which was nothing more than a square-bottomed box narrowing to a point in front. We preferred this to a “Dug

out," (that is, a log hollowed out in the manner of a canoe) which was placed at our service. The river at this place was about a mile and a half wide, and quite clear and sparkling, which is the general character of the stream above its confluence with the Missouri, that huge and turbulent rival.

"Now, then, Johnny Adams, here we are upon free American soil. I suppose we may settle it in our minds that here we are to make our home; and since it is so, let us make ourselves as much at home as possible. The people appear to be friendly; let us show the same disposition."

Johnny was little more than seventeen years of age, fair-haired, and stoutly made, though not tall. A chubby face, blunt manners, and a cheerful disposition, added to a rather dry style of address, made up a whole which could not fail to please.

Away we set eastward through the woods that fringe the Mississippi, with light hearts and vigorous limbs. What a fresh and invigorating coolness pervades these gorgeous forest scenes. Hush! what singular noise is that coming from the pond, resembling the clang of ten thousand tiny bells? Why, it is only the frogs holding holiday. What large bird is that, majestically sailing round and round? 'Tis the great turkey buzzard, scrutinizing the earth below, in search of the carcass of some dead animal; a useful bird is he in such a climate as this—injure him not! Our old familiar friends, the trees common to old Scotland, are strangers here. We look around to try if we can discover among the many sylvan lords any straggling ash, beech, birch, or even fir. We look in vain. That lofty and umbrageous tree, whose upper branches have the appearance of the bark being stripped off, and of being bleached white in the hot sun, is the sycamore, delighting in the cool moist places of the forest. That stately tree with the dark corrugated and Herculean trunk, is the black walnut; that other with a wooden trough at its foot, the sugar maple. Then there are the black, white, and red, oaks, and jack and scrub oaks; the white, red, and slippery elms, hackberry, buck-eye, the towering cotton-wood tree, and smooth and shell bark hickory, mulberry, peccan, and honey locust, bass wood, or Linden, butternut, and an occasional cedar. Here we behold grape vines hanging in festoons from the lofty trees, wild plums, crab-apples, cherries, gooseberries, black mulberry, hickory, hazle, and walnuts; with wild

strawberries and blackberries in great profusion. Multitudes of parasitical plants, but no woodbine or ivy. Our

“Wee modest crimson-tipped flower,”

the daisy, is unknown here—so is its steady companion, the butter-cup; but then there are thousands of other floral beauties strewed about the forest and woodland, mostly unknown, but all beautiful. How the thoughts of home waft across the mind! The voyage and its many and moving incidents look like a strange dream; but here, in the depths of the unsubdued wilderness, surely is reality. The brown squirrel scampers up the tree, looking at us over his shoulder as he goes, and chattering among the branches—the woodpecker taps upon the decayed limb—the blue-bird flits from tree to tree—the dew trickles—the frogs in the distant ponds hold loud concert—the cow-bell tinkles on the neck of its wearer;—all these sights and sounds break in agreeably upon the fearful silence, but still there is the feeling of solitude and loneliness gushing into the heart from every object around. Hope and freedom make the heart bound nevertheless. Everything around has a pleasing aspect—everything invites to rest and security. To be lord of one of these forest domains, would be no difficult matter—a moderately light purse could command the privilege;

“And I thought, if there’s peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here.”

By and bye the forest began to thin, and we emerged upon the “Prairie.” We ascended a rising ground to the right, to take a survey of this celebrated feature of the western landscape. Before us, far far to the east, lay one vast plain of verdure and flowers, without house or home, or anything to break in upon the uniformity of the scene, except the shadow of a passing cloud. To the right and left long points of timber, like capes and headlands, stretched in the blue distance—the light breeze of the morning brushing along the young grass and blue and pink flowers—the strong sun-light pouring down every where—and the singular silence which pervaded the scene—produced a striking effect upon the mind. My feelings, indeed, were of the most elated and enraptured description. I had heard of Eden and Elysium. Was it possible that their beauties could surpass these? The light breeze wafted perfumes—the air was balmy and invigorating—the resplendent

hues of myriads of flowers spread effulgence far and wide—the shadows chased each other across the plain—the butterfly flaunted—the bee hummed—and it would have required but a slight effort of the imagination to have supposed ourselves looking upon a world fresh from the hands of its Maker, before sin had cast its withering blight to mar the surpassing beauty of the glorious creation of God.

This prairie extended eastward for about twelve miles. We then entered upon a strip of woodland, through which a small river or creek ran. We suffered from thirst in crossing the prairie, and drank heartily of the waters of the brook. We called at a cabin in the timber, to rest, and make inquiries. The goodman of the house was busy before the door making shingles (wooden substitutes for slate). “Good morning, gentlemen, how do you do?—have you come fur this morning?” “Only from Burlington.” “Wal, I guess that’s pretty considerable of a walk this warm weather; please to walk into the house.” He accompanied us in-doors, set chairs for us, and then turning to the good woman, who was spinning wool—“Wife, I cale’late it’s pretty well on for noon; these gentlemen came all the way from Burlington this morning, an’ I reckon they’d *ought* to have some dinner.” The wife immediately set about preparations for the noon-day meal. The landlord then took a chair, set it about a foot and a-half distant from the log wall, seated himself, then leaning the back against the wall, planted his feet upon the front rails, and thus established himself for a chat. A boy of thirteen or so, was seated in one corner shelling Indian corn—that is, stripping it off the cob or stalk that runs through the centre of the ear. Two girls sat near their mother’s wheel, knitting, while one or two of the more juvenile members clung by their father’s chair, casting sundry inquiring glances at us from under their eyebrows. A buffalo robe* hung upon a peg near the door. A couple of rifles, with powder-horns to match, rested upon pegs in the vicinity of the fire, to keep them in good condition. A badger’s skin with the claws on was nailed upon the door. A tame squirrel scampered about the floor, and upon every one; and a huge cat reposed in undisturbed possession of the bed. The furniture was plain and substantial, and everything indicated comfort and abundance.

* The dried hide with the hair on.

“How fur may you be going this way?” began the backwoodsman, catching at a chip, and beginning to whittle with his knife.

“We are immigrants, who have lately come up the river, and are out in search of a place to settle in.”

“I want to know! * well I can tell you, you could not have come to a better part of the state than this, an’ if I can be of any service to you, I’ll be happy to serve you—you’ve only to say the word.”

“We are certainly obliged to you, Sir, but we have no intentions of settling for a little, till we have seen some more of the country. How long have you been settled in these parts?”

“Wal, about six years next fall.”

“Where did you reside before you came here, may I ask?”

“Wal I guess I came from Ohio.”

“Do you find this to be a better country than that?”

“Yes, *Sir*, no two ways about that. In Ohio a feller has to fight hard for every inch o’ ground he gets, and when the ground is once cleared off, it can’t begin to compare with this soil, all clear and slick to your hand.”

“Perhaps, Sir, you may think us rather inquisitive?”

“Why, no, strangers; it’s just what I did myself when I first came out. I’m happy to see you; and, if you aint pa’ticular minding about going further to-day, I’d be glad to have you stay with us over Sunday. After dinner, you can have a look at my little improvements.”

We thanked him for his kind offer; but, as we had promised to our people to be back in a week, we wished to make the most of our time, and get over, at least, other twelve miles before dark. Since he seemed willing to be communicative, we requested him to give us a short account of his removal to this State, and progress since he came. He gave us the following statement:—

“My wife and I are natives of Old Connecticut. We set out for the State of Ohio twenty years ago. We bought a small farm there, wrought hard, and got along pretty smart. The young folks began to increase upon our hands mighty fast, and as many of our neighbours were inclined to try the West—cleared land could be had so cheap for their children—we took the notion we would come out too.

* This is a common exclamation of surprise with the New Englanders.

I bought a section * of land here; more'n I had ought to bought at once. Indeed, this was the foolishest thing ever I did, for it left me without means to carry on business for many a day. I built this log-cabin when I came, and I haint been able till within the last year to get up a decent house for my old woman and the young uns. I have now got one nearly finished, all to a couple of dozen of shingles, and we expect to move in next week. I've got two yoke of oxen, and a span of horses, half-a-dozen cows, forty sheep, and I don't know how many hogs. Besides I have this year about 100 acres under crop, and I guess now we'll git along after a fashion."

Dinner was announced. We had Indian corn bread and wheaten bread, smoked ham, and abundance of fresh eggs, apple, pumpkin, and peach sauce, pickled cucumbers; parched wheat, ground, served for coffee, as the stock was done, and none nearer than Burlington. Every thing was both excellent and abundant, and we ate with a good appetite. Our kind host would accept of no remuneration for his hospitality. He said he would be glad to see us on our return; and still more so, if we should, after we had looked round, think of settling near him. The kindness of Lyman Baldwin neither of us will soon forget. With many good wishes, we bade this unostentatious but generous family adieu.

CHAPTER VI.

"A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
That in the adventure went his half;
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind."—*Hudibras*.

FORWARD MARCH—WASTE LANDS—A HINT TO PAROCHIAL BOARDS—A THUNDERSTORM ON THE PRAIRIE, AND A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

OUR road lay for about a mile through the forest, when we again emerged upon the prairie. The words of our Iowa landlord prepared me to expect a swampy tract of country, at least at intervals, as we passed along. So far we had seen nothing of this nature. The last prairie we had crossed,

* A section is a square mile, or 640 acres.

though apparently quite level when viewed from the borders of the forest, had in reality a gently undulating or "rolling" surface, well fitting it for farming purposes. The prairie on which we had just entered was of a more level description, but still sufficiently dry and firm to render it suitable for any agricultural purpose. The grass reached to the knee, and the immense multitudes of wild and gay flowers, waving in the light breeze, communicated a cheerfulness to the mind, in spite of the silence and solitude. Here lay thousands and tens of thousands of acres of the most choice land in the world, untouched by the hand of man since the Creation, still lying "waste without an inhabitant," while the toiling and starving millions of Britain, lie down and die despairing, without any hope of their children after them sharing a better fate. The blooming prairies of Illinois, "the Western Paradise," as the French called it, lie at the distance of eight or ten weeks' travel from these miserable starvelings. This distance, however, cannot be overcome without money, and how are they who are driven to the most strange and painful shifts to obtain for themselves and families the passing meal, to save money for this undertaking. The means to enable a large portion to emigrate *must* come from some quarter. Poverty, pauperism, and profligacy will increase and fester; and gnaw the vitals of the country more and more, if some outlet be not opened up, to remove those who are both able and willing to labour, to portions of the earth where they will have full scope for the exercise of all their energies.

We had got about four miles out upon the prairie. The sun's rays shot fiercely down upon the verdant plain. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we could see no appearance of "timber" a-head. A dark blue stripe, of a singular aspect, appeared upon the western horizon—the upper edge was tinged with white. As we gazed, the blue stripe began to widen and look darker and more ominous. The rest of the sky was perfectly cloudless, and might vie with Italian skies at any season, in clearness of tone and intensity of tint. Suddenly a deep booming sound came rolling over the plain, and vivid momentary pencillings of light shot athwart the dense and darkening bank of clouds. It was a thunder-storm! Coming up the river we had observed at nights the distant flickering of lightning, but we had never yet, since we came to the country, experienced what these storms actually were. On came the fear-

ful procession of "Cimmerian gloom." It was still many miles off, but the tremendous peals which burst forth almost every few minutes were astounding. We really could not form any conception of the danger we were in, out upon the open plain, no means of fleeing to shelter, and our imaginations conjuring up the worst consequences of exposure to the fury of the tempest. "John, we're in for it now; if we get off with wet jackets, we mustn't complain." John, with a sort of forlorn toss of the head, replied, "What maun be, maun be." Our first impulse was to take to our heels, and accordingly off we set. Presently the wide-spreading mass of cloud had mounted high enough to hide the sun, and we felt a sort of undefinable dread as we entered into the shade of the pursuing fury. The air was still as death, and we almost feared to look over our shoulders to note the progress of the desolation which hurried onward on its wrathful wing. The progress of the shadow over the prairie before us intimated that our best efforts could avail us nothing in fleeing before the storm. Coming to a more elevated part of the prairie, we looked far before us, but no timber was to be seen, and no shelter of any kind, not even a bush, to break the uniformity of the scene. We ran on, however, and reaching a lower part of the prairie, came to a dead halt. To run farther would only be to weary ourselves uselessly, and we even determined to wait, and abide the worst. Luckily my wife had insisted on my carrying my pilot-coat with me when I set out, and although during the former part of the day it proved a sad bore in such hot weather, it was considered very opportune on the present occasion. John was dressed in corduroy jacket and trousers, and blue bonnet of Kilmarnock make, an equipment not at all suited for the present emergency, without a superior garment. He appeared resigned to his fate, however, and we both stood boldly watching the onward march of the warring elements. There is a point at which fear and trepidation give place to valour and even temerity. Our minds had reached that point. Not a breath of air moved the smallest spire of grass. The whole western heavens, almost to the zenith, were covered with "blackness and darkness and tempest." The forked lightning shot frantically from heaven to earth—the thunders uttered their most tremendous roarings, rattling and quivering in a very awe-inspiring manner. I never till then stood up in the presence of anything half so sublime as on this occa-

sion, before that vast array of celestial grandeurs! Onward came the tossing and tortuous masses of cloud!—first came a long stately breast-work of cloud, reaching from north to south in a continuous line, like the advanced guard of a destroying army, and all at once, as if the four winds of heaven had burst their restraining bonds, the storm was upon us. In a moment we were prostrate with the earth. The fury of that air current who can describe? The sulphurous and drenching tempest was yet to come. We looked. The descending torrent actually seemed green to our astonished vision. Not long had we to wait. We crouched low together—the pea-coat we held over us both, and we turned our backs to the coming wrath, whatever it might be. A sharp stroke like that of a cane upon the pea-coat, and immediately after such a battering of hailstones mixed with rain as we never before experienced. Such a rattling as they made upon my hat, I verily thought it would have been riddled through. A dazzling flash of forked lightning seemed to strike the earth close by, and simultaneously a peal of thunder louder than ten thousand cannons shook the solid earth, and so stunned our ears that we put our fingers to them to ascertain if they had not really got stopped up. I was never frightened with thunder, but I must confess I felt rather solemn on the present occasion. We, low as we were, were still the most prominent objects on the prairie, and what was to prevent our being struck by the electric fluid as soon as our coat was thoroughly wet? After the hail, the rain poured down in absolute torrents—the lightnings glared, the thunders bellowed, crackled, ripped, and rattled, and reverberated along the level prairie in fearful grandeur. This lasted for about half an hour, when we observed the clear western sky beginning to appear through the remaining clouds which still continued to rain briskly. Shortly the rain ceased, the sun broke forth, the storm had passed to the eastward, and we got up from our confined position. We had escaped with a slight drenching. Our friendly covering now became doubly troublesome to carry. We wrapped it up lengthways—one of us held it by the top, the other by the bottom, and in this plight we continued our journey.

The roads are nothing more than wagon tracks upon the bare soil, and the rain had made ours so soft and sticky, that we had to walk upon the grass, choosing rather to get

completely wet up to the knees, than walk through a continuous mud puddle.

It was nearly sundown when we approached the timber. This prairie was sixteen miles across, and worthy of being remembered.

To any one who has travelled over the wild heaths of Scotland, and perhaps lost his way, it may appear strange that, in traversing a sixteen mile prairie, we did not wander. This is easily explained. We were travelling east; a slight wagon-track marked our road, and, except during the storm, the sun was visible. Had our road forked, it was of little consequence which path we took, provided we held east, as we were merely out on a tour of exploration. We should have found plenty of settlements on the skirts of the forest, where we could have been set right. Had the climate been anything similar to the Scottish, it is true, we might have got enveloped in a dense vapour; but we had to thank our stars that there were no Scotch mists in Illinois. There the air is so dry and clear that iron will not soon rust in the open air. On this same journey I met an emigrant with his wagon, making for Oregon. "How far," said he, "is it to the next settlement?" "You'll see it when you get to the rising ground," said I. "Then it may be ten miles off," said he, "for that matter, for you can see a horrid ways in this western country." When we reached the settlements we could always tell the points of the compass, as the fences run either north and south or east and west. When we came to a south-running fence near mid-day, we could tell whether it was forenoon or afternoon, by observing the position of the sun and the line of the fence.

CHAPTER VII.

"Under boughs of mistletoe
 Log hnts we'll rear,
 And over hills and valleys go
 Chasing the deer."—*Morris*.

"BRISTO'S" OF MUDDY LANE—WHAT A "CRITTER" IS—WHAT A "PROTRACTED MEETIN'" IS—PREACHERS—BITTERS—SUNDAY MORNING—LOG CHURCH—NEW MODE OF THROWING LIGHT ON A SUBJECT—MONDAY MORNING—BAGLY'S.

ABOUT half a mile in the timber we arrived at the house of — Bristo, of Muddy Lane (and a muddy lane it cer-

tainly was that evening). When we came up to the gate, a couple of huge cur dogs came out from the house, making such a din as if they would have eaten us. We never minded these obstreperous varlets, but pushed boldly up to the house.

“Git out, dogs,” said a young man chopping wood; and “git out, dogs,” it was, for they both slunk off into a corner.

The young man, after the usual “How d’ye do?” ushered us into a room of the principal building, where a cheerful wood fire blazed upon the hearth. The storm had cooled down the fervid heat of the atmosphere, and a fire felt comfortable even if we had not been wet.

In a few minutes Mr. Bristo himself came in, and, saluting us, asked if we had got supper; then calling his wife, gave orders for something to eat. He was a thin middle-aged man, pale-faced and sharp-featured. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, and his trouser legs below were thrust into his boots. In his hand he carried a butcher’s knife, which he had lately been using.

“Gentlemen, I’ve just been skinning one o’ my critters that was killed by the lightning this afternoon. Were you out in the rain?”

“Yes, Sir. What kind of creature was it?”

“Why, a cow,” said the man, casting an inquiring glance at us, as if he doubted our ignorance of his phraseology.

“How fur be you goin’ this way, gentlemen,” continued he.

“As far as Spoon river. Can you give us lodging for the night?”

“Wal, I guess so; but wont you stay over Sunday with us? We’re goin’ to hev a protracted meetin’ to-morrow, an’ I’d be glad to hev you stay all day.”

“We hope, Sir, you’ll excuse us, but as we are strangers we have to confess our ignorance of some of the most common expressions used in this country. Pray what is a protracted meeting?”

“Lately come up the river, eh? from the old country?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Wal, then, a protracted meetin’ is a preaching an’ prayer meetin’, got up for a reformation in the neighbourhood, an’ continued for days. I’ve known them last over two weeks; and five times they were, now I *tell* you.”

The barking of dogs here intimated the arrival of

strangers, and the landlord ran out to welcome his new guests. They consisted of two men with their wives, and as many boys and girls as a two-horse wagon would hold.

The two men were Methodist preachers—Brother Bowman and Brother Allbright. Brother Bowman was a low, thick set man, bald-headed, bustling, and burly. A sort of queer expression played about his mouth, half smile and half smirk, which intimated that he was well pleased with himself, and wished to take a sunny look at all around. Brother Allbright, on the contrary, was a tall, lanky, thin-faced, solemn-looking personage. Byron's line on the archfiend rose to my mind in a moment—

“Where'er he looked a gloom pervaded space.”

Although we were utter strangers both to landlord and guests, formal introductions passed between us, and after a pretty lengthy conversation in which religion and politics, farming and fiddling, small talk and potatoes, were intermixed, we turned in to most luxurious feather beds, in high spirits for to-morrow's proceedings.

Next morning, when all of them had got up and washed in the same water in a large tub (I preferred making my ablutions in a creek which ran by the foot of the garden), Bristo called us into the kitchen to get our “bitters,” that is, rye whisky in which a quantity of garden tansy was steeped, with a small portion of “*yaller pariller*,” said to be a positive preventive of ague, “an' all them 'ere kin' o' disorders.” The two-gallon jar in which these ingredients were mixed, and a tumbler, were handed to each to take “his pleasure.”

“Brother Allbright, you'll take a leetle of these here fixins.”

Brother A. takes the jar.

“Well, Brother Bristo, how does Brother Bagly get along these times?”

“Wal, I guess as well as common. I expect him an' the women folks here after breakfast.”

When John and I tasted the singular compound, the taste was enough.

The morning rose warm and pleasant. The various sounds of sylvan and rural life broke agreeably upon the ear, and I sauntered about till the hour of starting, to see how they managed things about a Backwoods Farmery. The stable consisted of a clumsy log building, on the top of

which a vast mass of straw was thrown, to make up the deficiencies of the shakey roof. A manure swamp lay in front of the entrance, bridged by a 3-inch plank to save the shoes; and inside, the dry manure had actually accumulated so much that the withers of the horses, in going in or out, rubbed against the joists above.

"Why don't you remove this stuff out of doors?" said I to Mr. Bristo.

"The fact is, Sir, I hain't got time," returned he.

"But you'll *have* to find time shortly, or be turned out of doors yourself."

"Oh, *I* don't much care for this old thing *anyhow*. I'm calc'latin' to build me a new stable shortly, an' burn *up* this old thing."

"Don't you need the manure for your land?"

"We did in Pennsylvaney, not here."

"How long have you been out here?"

"Twelve years."

"And you have never used any manure during all that time?"

"Yes, for a trial; and the ground that was manured didn't do a whit better than t'other; so what's the use on't?"

"You'll have to manure sometime."

"Wal, let it come; I'm ready. I'll have more time than when I first opened here. The rough of my work's by now, I expect.

A plentiful breakfast, and the necessary preparations being over, we all started in four two-horse wagons, Brother Bagly's included, through the woods to Perkins' school-house, four miles distant, and arrived at eleven o'clock. It was situated on the edge of the timber, among a thick growth of brushwood, and consisted of a great rugged log-house, devoid of windows, and the door off the hinges. The light was partially admitted by a large crack or chink left between two logs, which had in the bad weather been covered with writing paper to keep out the rain.

The people streamed to this central point on foot, on horseback, and in wagons. The men mostly in their shirt sleeves, *sine tunica*, and the women and girls in the most fantastic style. Neighbour recognised neighbour by a friendly "how-do-you-do," and shake of the hand, and I could distinguish few or no *airs* put on by any except the little vanities of the young ladies, who certainly in face and

figure might vie with the best in more ostentatious circles.

The arrangements were all of the most primitive description, and such of the congregation as could not obtain places within the house were quite contented, and perhaps even preferred, to sit outside on benches ranged round. The motley array of vehicles formed an outer circle, while a liberal sprinkling of curs exchanged mutual greetings, and seemed to be on as good terms as their masters.

Brother Bowman began the exercises by giving out hymn—

“ Am I a soldier of the Cross—
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While thousands fought to gain the prize,
And swam through bloody seas.” &c.

Brother Bagly started the tune in a harsh, snivelling, but apparently popular style. The whole assemblage chimed in with might and main, and I have no doubt worshipped God with devout hearts and much enjoyment. After an appropriate and truly fervent prayer—the responses to which were equally fervent—the preacher, casting a look at the luminous points of the building, turned his regards to the roof. The hint was enough, and two young men arose and went out. In a few minutes one of the “shakes,” or shingles, about the centre of the roof, left its place, and then another and another, till a space of about four feet square was opened to let out the darkness. John nudged me, and only wanted the signal to laugh outright, but I felt quite obtuse, and supported as long a face as possible.

The proceedings of this meeting were similar to many which I attended afterwards, and which I will describe in another part of this work. They are revival meetings preparatory to the more important Camp Meetings, of which more also hereafter. On this occasion, no excitement having been got up, the meetings were not continued past the Sabbath.

Next morning we were up betimes, and as breakfast is the first business after rising, we set out well prepared for a long tramp. Bristo charged us half a dollar each for our accommodation and meals since Saturday night.

Two miles through the woods, and we arrived at Bagly's

house, on the eastern side of a small creek. He received us cordially, and expressed a hope we were edified by our yesterday's attendance. He is very deaf—a native of Ireland—but has been in the States since boyhood. His place showed much neatness and judicious arrangement. A large drove of hogs of about a hundred, howled their morning salutation at his gate. Poultry of all kinds swarmed around. His girls were out milking the cows, and the boys were setting out to plant Indian corn. He possesses here a quarter section of land or 160 acres, and seems contented with his lot. The old lady of the house was churning in a barrel churn. We set to and finished the business for her, having an eye to the butter-milk. Of this we drank copiously, after Bristo's abundant ham and eggs. The rest of the butter-milk was thrown to the hogs. Bagly walked with us to the end of the land, telling us we would find no better land any where than in that vicinity.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ And since I speak of travel, let me say—
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigour springs in every part.”—*Pope.*

SATISFACTORY APPEARANCES—A PIONEER AND VIRTUOSO—SCARCITY OF BOLTS AND BARS—ARRIVAL AT THE VILLAGE OF VIRGIL—JOSEPH SCOFFIELD—ELLISVILLE, ON SPOON RIVER—CHOOSING A LOCATION.

WE had now proceeded about thirty miles to the eastward of the Mississippi, and had seen nothing but what was calculated to reconcile us to our voluntary exile from the land of our fathers. We had experienced the generous hospitality of the people, admired their simple and contented manners, and we now longed to come to a decision as to what part of the country we should settle down in. It appeared to us that we could scarcely fix upon an unfavourable spot in all that we had yet seen; but in order that we might become acquainted with a greater breadth of country, we determined, before deciding, to push on as far as Spoon river, as at first resolved upon.

The prairie on which we now entered was similar to the last we had crossed on Saturday, and extended twelve miles

to timber. We took dinner in the house of one James Terwilleger, a blacksmith, whose wife was busy washing clothes when we approached. This was at the distance of sixteen miles from Muddy Lane.

We paid ten cents each for dinner, and as we wished to make a good day's journey, our stay was short here. We, therefore, continued on through five or six miles of barrens (ground on which is a thin and scattering growth of timber), making inquiries of all and sundry, and calling at every house in our route. We found none of the farmers men of extensive means; but all seemed to be comfortable, and increasing in substance. Although living was in itself so cheap, there was no room for idleness or sloth, and we saw none. Men and women seemed busily occupied wherever we went. The Indian corn crop was almost all in the ground, and by the beginning of July the wheat harvest would be setting in. There was wood to haul, cattle to tend, grist to be taken to mill often ten or twelve miles off, or even thirty in a dry season, together with a hundred minor claims upon the farmer's attention, which left little time for indulgence in indolent habits.

Crossing two five-mile prairies, we put up for the night at Abel Walker's. The goodwife had got "*mush*" (porridge made of Indian meal), made in a large pot upon the hearth, which being served up with milk new from the cow, and followed by bread, cheese, and pumpkin pie, made an excellent supper for hungry travellers.

Mr. Walker has set up here a kind of deer-park of nine or ten acres extent, enclosed with piles fourteen feet high, and a zigzag or worm fence of the same altitude. In this he has enclosed about two dozen of the native deer, which he said are thriving well with him. He showed us also a young prairie or grey wolf, which he keeps in a hencoop, — a sulky, ill-natured, and ill-looking "*varmint*" it was. Our host seemed indeed to be quite a virtuoso in his way. He had guinea hens, peacocks, wild turkeys, and wild geese and ducks tamed, two squirrels in cages, a badger, a rattlesnake, and, save the mark, a skunk. This is not all. In his barn he had a turkey buzzard, a hawk, redheaded woodpeckers, blue birds, cat birds, and a few of a species of ground squirrel called "*chipmuck*." He is a man of between fifty and sixty, a pioneer, at last settled down and determined to enjoy the good of the land. He amused us till bedtime with stories of his many strange adventures;

but I shall pass over these at present. The acquaintance thus begun I improved on future occasions, and Abel Walker will by and bye figure in my narrative.

It was arranged that we should sleep in the kitchen, while the rest of the family retired to a back room. I had got a hold of "Audubon's American Ornithology," and was told I might go to bed whenever I chose. A lard-oil lamp, which was allowed to burn all night, hung by the capacious chimney. The night was warm and oppressive, and the doors and windows were wide open. On going to bed I shut these, but on feeling for a lock or bar on the door, I could find nothing but a latch. I called on Mr. Walker to know how he fastened the door.

"Th'aint no use, stranger, in shettin' the door a night like this: you aint skeered for musketeers, be you?"

"Why no, landlord; but are you not afraid of thieves?"

"Thieves! Lord bless you, man, th'aint no thieves about these *parts*. Don't it look kyn' o' un hospitable to hev the door barricaded, if some poor critter should come along when we're asleep? No! no! old Abe' never yet fastened his door on anythin' that could lift the latch. That's the univarsel rule about these diggins.* My father afore me had the same."

I lay down pleased enough with my latest discovery.

"Old Abe' charged us a picayune a piece, but as he could not give us change for half a dollar, he deputed us to bring him from Ellisville, on our return, a bit's † worth of gun-flints."

Ellisville is situated upon Spoon river, within eighteen miles of Mr. Walker's. We crossed a rolling prairie, thirteen miles, when we came upon a portion of country the finest we had yet seen. The most beautiful swells, interspersed with groves and "openings," resembled a gentleman's park, waving in all the rich luxuriance of summer. We ascended a mound by the roadside, and looked across the gay plain, variegated with settlements, and dotted with cattle—the village of Virgil lying along the roadside at hand. The houses were considerably apart, indicating a farming population.

We called at the house of Mr. Joseph Scofield, and determined to go no farther that day. I had at last come to a part of the country superior in appearance to anything we

* Neighbourhood.

† 12½ cents.—6d

had yet seen, and I was anxious to make enquiries. Mr. Scofield received us with great urbanity, and offered to assist us in any way we might require his aid. He was engaged thrashing out wheat by means of two horses treading upon it in a circle, in his barn; and said, as he was going down to mill at Ellisville, with his wagon that afternoon, we might accompany him. This we agreed to, and set off after a substantial dinner, served up by one of the daughters, Maryann. We found the five miles from Virgil to Ellisville agreeably diversified with timber and prairie, and altogether such as suited our ideas of beauty exactly. Ellisville itself is situated on the farther side of a singular-looking flat or bottom, about a mile and a half in diameter, encircled with high land, covered with timber. As we descended into this flat, and neared the town, the north and south points began to open up, and we found ourselves upon an extensive haugh, extending north and south in the direction of the river. The village stands upon the banks of the Spoon, which is here about the size of the Clyde at Glasgow. A wooden bridge crosses the stream, of no mean construction. There were two shops or stores, a post-office and tavern, a grist and saw-mill, blacksmiths, wagon-makers, tailors, but no shoemakers. In the spring two flat-boats, of sixty tons capacity each, had been despatched down the river for New Orleans, laden with grain, beef, and pork, and altogether the place, though small, had an important look, and I was told might have been much more populous, but that the estate of Mr. Ellis, the proprietor, was at law, and persons desirous of coming in to settle, were thereby hindered.

We returned with Mr. Scofield in the evening. He informed us there were several forty-acre lots of Congress or Government land in the neighbourhood, to be had for fifty dollars a lot, or a dollar and a quarter an acre. "The best land," said he, "has been appropriated, but a person like you, who does not mean to farm extensively, and can't lay out much money at first, may find a forty-acre lot quite sufficient for all purposes." By "the best land," I understood the ordinary rolling prairie land—by refuse or rejected lots, such as might have a considerable share of level ground, but in general "broken" by streams flowing through them, yet equally as fertile as the more level portions. "A Select Farm," with the Western farmers, consists of as much cleared and tillable ground as possible, as

much timber, and no more, as may be necessary for fencing and fuel, and running water for cattle. This constitutes real beauty in their eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

“And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar, with a senate at his heels.—*Pope.*”

CHOOSING LAND—COAL DISCOVERED—FAVOURABLE SITUATION IN RESPECT
TO MARKET AND SOCIETY—PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

NEXT morning we set out, accompanied by Mr. Scofield, to look at a forty-acre lot adjoining his own land. “This,” said he, “I have often been thinking of taking to myself, but I believe I have enough, and the more settlers come in here, the more valuable, you know, it will make my property.”

The latter sentiment is indeed the true cause of the anxiety felt by individuals to have others settle down beside them, and they have no reason to be ashamed of avowing it.

The lot consisted of about twenty acres of level ground ready for the plough. The remainder lay along the side of a creek, and was mostly covered with timber, consisting of black and white oak, a few walnuts, with a fine undergrowth of young hickory, about twelve feet high. Mr. Scofield directed my attention to a number of sugar maples, which he said might supply me with a little sugar in the spring of the year.

I was peeping about in various quarters, making discoveries in this delightful little spot, when upon coming to a part where the creek approached close to the bank forming the descent from the upper level, what was my surprise to discover a bed of coal protruding from the precipitous bank, apparently untouched by the hand of man. Mr. Scofield said he had plenty on his land also, but preferred wood, although no doubt he might have to draw upon it some day. There was some sulphur in it, but it burnt well, and would no doubt be valuable on a small farm. The brook was a feeder of Spoon river, distant two miles. On the banks of the latter, coal might be dug with little trouble, but none in all the neighbourhood availed themselves of the pri-

vilege, except Mr. Anson Smith, the postmaster of Ellisville, and Messrs. Hand and Shearer, storekeepers, of the same place. Touching this forty-acre lot on the N.E. corner, was another "Congress forty," similar to it, which had never been "entered" by any purchaser, and on this there were about ten acres of black and white oak trees, averaging eighteen inches in diameter. The land in the direction of Spoon river was altogether unoccupied, and offered favourable pasturage for cattle or sheep. The district off from the river was reported healthy—the people were respectable and religious—and the distance from Copperas Creek, on the Illinois river, forty miles. At this place, and at Canton, thirty-five miles, produce might be shipped for any part of the country. At Ellisville, Hand and Shearer were willing to receive the most of the produce in the near neighbourhood, on favourable terms; and, all things considered, I felt that a better choice I could not make, and accordingly I settled that this should be the land of my adoption. My wife and Mrs. Wamsley and children, I brought out, therefore, and had the satisfaction of finding my choice approved of. Let it not be supposed that this latter woman and her children clung to us from any desire to take advantage of the sympathy I expressed for her. At Burlington, while I was absent, she had busied herself to good purpose, with her needle, for some of the neighbouring farmers' wives, and steadily declined any pecuniary assistance we offered her. She had come to see that her services would be useful in the country, and she clung to our acquaintanceship with all the peculiar feelings of a lone woman among strangers, whose very commonest home manners were altogether different from anything she was ever acquainted with before. John Adams meant to remain with us also, till something favourable should turn up for him, and till he should get better acquainted with the ways of the people.

CHAPTER X.

"Sweet Auburn loveliest village of the plain."—*Goldsmith*.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRGIL.

THE village of Virgil is situated on the high prairie along the main State road from Canton, near the Illinois river, to

Fort Madison, on the Mississippi, and consists of a single street or road running due east and west, with a cross road little travelled upon except by the villagers and their wagons, in their intercourse with the neighbouring woods for fuel. Here we had Mr. William Hendryx, an Ohio man, with a family of ten children; Charles Alden, shoemaker and landholder, with three children; Enos Curtis, with seven children—all their names beginning with the letter L—(Lyman, Lois, Levi, Luther, Leonard, Louisa, and Lydia); Thomas Parrish, blacksmith; a log school-house wanting a teacher; another vacant log house; Joseph Scofield, with three children; widow Tainter, three boys; Elijah Hoyt, five children; Mrs. Simmons, a boy; and Squire Smith, five children. To the dwelling houses of these were added more ancient log tenements, once the principal dwellings, barns, sheds, corn cribs, &c. These were all scattered along the road over the distance of half-a-mile—the straight line of the road variegated by occasional shade trees and small groves of black locust. A rude bridge of logs carried the road over a small creek about the centre of the village, the favourite resort of frogs innumerable. Lastly, to the north of the village, in one of Mr. Scofield's fields, lay the village grave-yard, divided into its little plots of graves, sacred to the most hallowed feelings of the inhabitants, and of the population for six or ten miles around. Altogether, "Our Village," though not possessed of that antiquated and picturesque contour which characterizes our home villages, was yet free from many of those disgusting features, in the presence of which our perceptions of picturesque beauty receive a decided shock.

"While every prospect pleases,
Only man is vile."

Here there were no ragged unwashed urchins issuing out of filthy and squalid hovels—inheritors of the indolence, poverty, and moral degradation of their unworthy parents. All was peaceful and sedate. The children played, the cocks crowed in the barn-yards, the geese and ducks "gabbled by the pool"—the quail whistled his simple whoo-who-t in the locust tree; the cat-bird warbled his melodious note on the grassy bank; the bee hummed; the cow-bell tinkled; the sheep reposed in the shady corners of the log or worm fence. All who were able for labour were diligently employed in household or field duties. To complete

the picture—the flower-spangled prairies gazed up in their green gratitude into the pure and cloudless sky—the sun shone out in unmitigated glory and filled the atmosphere with a flood of intense light, the dazzling lustre of which was at first painful to our unaccustomed eyes;—while among the simple inhabitants there was no grandeur, neither was there any want. All had ample employment—all had “bread enough and to spare.” The proceeds of their labour were subject to little diminution by the visits of the landowner, the taxgatherer, or the exciseman, for every man was both landlord and tenant, and a tax of one cent an acre for his land was what no one ever complained of for the enjoyment of just and equal laws, for the maintainance of which every man held himself responsible. Wherever the government of the country obtruded itself upon the view, it was as a blessing, the burden of which none felt; for, paternal in its nature, it abstracted from no man his natural rights, but the rather confirmed him in his possessions, and acknowledged and recognized no claims to superior advantages other than those to which any or all of the people might raise themselves by the force of industry, prudence, or natural gifts.

CHAPTER XI.

“Through various toils th’ adventurous muse has past,
But half the toil and more than half remains.”—*Armstrong.*

FIRST DWELLING-HOUSE AND FIRST LABOURS—VISITS OF CEREMONY—MRS. WAMSLEY SETTLED—PIGS AND PUPPIES—START FOR THE LAND OFFICE, AT QUINCY—CITY OF MONTICELLO—LAND SPECULATORS—NIGGER SINGING—QUINCY—PAT MURPHY—THE MEANING OF “CHICKEN FIXIN’S” AND “COMMON DOIN’S”—A WALKING STICK, AND A LITTLE OF THE PATHETIC—A PLEASANT LITTLE STORY UNDER A TREE.

MR. SCOFIELD’S vacant log-house was rented for half a dollar a week, till we should get arrangements made for erecting one for ourselves. It was situated in the centre of the village, on the south side of the road, and having been long uninhabited, was sadly out of repair—the “chinking” or stuffing of wood splinters between the logs was mostly all out. The floor was laid with “puncheons” or planks split out by the axe. The loft resting upon the joists above was laid with sawn black walnut “lumber” or boards—the

cracks being overlaid by others. The fireplace, which nearly occupied one-third of the inside space, was clumsily built of stone and mud—an unsightly pile. A window space there was, but no sash, and a door without hinges. The roof, upon examination, was in pretty good condition, and so to work we went, to throw our temporary abode into something like habitable order. We proceeded to Ellisville, where we obtained 200 feet of oak and walnut lumber for two dollars, and a dollar's worth of odd pieces; with a pair of window sashes (upper and under sashes) for another dollar, and nails for eight cents (4d.) a pound. Thus provided, we lifted our puncheon floor, and in the cellar or hole in the ground, below the sleepers, we dug some clay, and made a sort of daubing for filling up the interstices between the logs. Pieces of firewood split into lengths of three feet we jammed in lengthways between the logs. Chips filled up the small vacancies, and mud liberally applied by hand finished the business. In two days we were able to light our domestic fire, and in this sort of unambitious crow's nest, we were content to open our "Prairie Life," nothing daunted at the simplicity of our primary arrangements.

These matters completed, my house became the scene of a peculiar species of visits of hospitality paid by all the goodwives of the neighbourhood, and peculiar to the country, upon the coming in of a new settler to a neighbourhood. Mrs. Scofield, with her two grown daughters, Maryann and Harriet, and little Patty, a smart girl of nine or ten years old, brought their knitting work and stayed to tea, hoping my wife would not make herself strange among them, but "call often;" and if she wanted anything she had only to let them know. Milk she might have at any time, and she "reckoned little Patty, when once learned the way down to the house, would be able to find out and carry us as many eggs as would suit our turn during the summer." Mrs. Smith, from the east end of the village, with Pluma Adaliza, a girl of nine, and little Villeroy, a lively boy of six, "would be delighted to have us both call and take tea, and make ourselves acquainted." Her husband sent word, that if he or any of the boys could aid me in any way, I had only to say so, and they would do all they could "to help me to get along." Mr. and Mrs. Hendryx, with the whole family—a formidable party—appeared at our door one fine morning on a visit of ceremony. Besides the father and mother, there were Eliza-

beth, Laura, Nancy, Anne, Alsina, Margaret, Benjamin, and Cordon. Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Tainter, Mrs. Hoyt, and Mrs. Simmons, with Mrs. Alden, followed. Then Mrs. Reuben Bates and Mrs. Warren, from the "Shaw Timber," six miles. Old Mrs. Gorham and Mrs. Williams, from the "High Prairie;" and Miss Lucinda Butler and Mrs. Bodkin, from half-way on the Ellisville road. What made these calls doubly interesting was the undoubted fact that, as well as being formal and customary, they were also sincere—each person's asseverations of friendly feelings we found to be, on trial, genuine;—though I would advise all persons never to avail themselves to the full amount of the proffered assistance of any, in which case friendly feelings will not be put to too severe a test.

Mrs. Wamsley got established in a small log house of Mr. Ezra Smith's, and was immediately engaged as school-mistress at eight dollars a month, to begin the following week.

On going up to Mr. Scofield's to make inquiry about a few young pigs, what was my surprise to find that pigs in that neighbourhood were to be had on the same terms as kittens or puppies at home—for nothing. I selected six, and gave him a dollar, which he did not refuse;—went home and built a piggery, and, as it was not yet too late, set to planting about two acres of Indian corn in a plot belonging to Scofield beside my house, to feed my pigs during the winter. He agreed to plough it up, and give me the use of the ground for my crop, for four dollars. Having got this business performed, and a few garden vegetables planted about the door, I prepared to set out to the Land Office in Quincy, eighty miles distant, to purchase my land; and so set about actively to get erected a permanent place of abode—A HOME.

On the 20th of May I set out for Quincy, accompanied by John Adams, my honest Sancho. The morning was beautiful, and promised a sultry day. Striking through the woods in a south-west direction, we arrived on the second day at the city of Monticello, on the Mississippi. This was one of which we had never heard before, and we were somewhat curious to see a Western city. Coming along the road, which by this time lay by the banks of the river, to a house and barn by the road side, we called to rest and inquire about our road and the city. "How far may it be to the city of Monticello?" said we to the land-

lord, who was feeding the hogs at his gate with Indian corn. "You're right *in* the city, I expect," said our worthy farmer, without looking at us. "I reckon you'd better walk into the house."

At first we supposed the man was joking about the city, and meant to make farther inquiry in the house.

True enough, however, we "were right *in* the city," which consisted of this one house.

During the palmy days of Land Speculation in Illinois, it was customary to project a city in some favourable looking spot on the banks of some river or creek, without any specific or distinct title. Call the river "Tiber," "Thames," "Tay," or whatever other name appeared most taking. Lay off the ground into streets, blocks, and building lots, and throw the whole into the market, by the name of "Mount Vernon," "Troy," "Palmyra," "Bagdad," "Thebes," "Paris," or whatever suited the fancy of the projector. In many instances, a saw and grist-mill, established upon one of these classic streams, induced a few emigrants to settle near, but in a still greater number of instances, little or no progress was made in these enterprises; and in travelling over the Western Prairies, it is no uncommon thing to see an extensive crop of stakes marking out the site and streets of a city or village, not even so far advanced as to possess, like Monticello, a single house and barn.

About dark a steamer from Galena going down, called at the landing-place to take in grain, and we got on board to vary the journey and ease our limbs. The night was exceedingly hot and oppressive, and we stretched ourselves upon deck, hard by the windlass. The fires, as is usual, were upon this lower deck, served by negroes. As we lay with our hats drawn over our faces in a half doze, the firemen struck up one of those singularly wild and impressive glees which negroes alone can sing effectively. By turns the singer would break out into measured tones of laughter, followed by an outburst of musical salvos, very singular and very commanding, coming as they did from the lungs of half a dozen or more. This would be succeeded by a sharp, piercing, "desolate howl," and this again by the full chorus of negro voices, aided by the black cook, who, captivated by the strains, would lean his breast up against his galley door, and grin out his satisfaction in true character. To describe in writing, however, the singu-

lar effect of this strange medley of sounds, would be impossible. To say that, neither in theory nor practice, Johnny nor I was possessed of any great musical talent, but that the lays of that night, combined with the time and circumstances, produced an effect upon our minds never to be effaced, is as much as need be mentioned upon the subject.

By daybreak we drew up alongside the beach at Quincy.

Quincy is the capital or shire town of Adams county, and contains a population of about 2000 persons. A spacious square, railed in and planted with shrubs, occupies the centre of the town, and round this are situated the County Buildings, a large six-storey brick tavern of imposing dimensions, called the "Quincy House," and the principal shops of the place. At 12 o'clock we found the government Land Agent in his office, described our land to him, found it had never been "entered" or taken up by any one, and received a "Congress" deed, signed by John Tyler, the President, himself.*

Next day, for the sake of seeing the country, we meant to start home on foot, and pick up all the information we could by the way. Our course lay through a series of nice little prairies, and groves of good-looking timber. The corn was now almost all planted, and in many places was five or six inches high. Farm houses were abundant, and everything betokened a rich soil and a diligent population.

At twelve miles from Quincy we called at the tavern of Mr. Patrick Murphy, in the neighbourhood of a village called "Ursa," and made inquiries for dinner. The old gentleman was smoking his pipe on the door step, and kindly bade us welcome. On being ushered into the house, we found that dinner was just newly over. In true Connemara fashion, a large pot stood in the centre of the floor; on the mouth of the pot sat a rough willow basket, half full of boiled potatoes and potato parings. The hens and ducks were roving at will over the kitchen floor. The old wife, proudly independent of chair or stool, was squatted on her haunches by the hearth, inhaling the "sweet solace" of a tobacco pipe, made of the stem of a common clay pipe, and

* The "Numbers," as they are called, ran thus:—"The North-east 40 of the South-east quarter of the 3d Section of Township 7 North, Range 1 East of the 4th principal Meridian, in the County of Fulton, and State of Illinois."—Land Hunters, during the "Speculation times," were often set upon the wrong scent, by being given designedly the wrong Numbers of a piece of land upon which they had set their hearts.

a corn cob scooped out for the head. A huge negro was luxuriously rolling himself upon a pile of bed quilts doubled up, and lying on a broad bench by the wall; while a youth of about sixteen was seated on a three-legged stool, making a lamentable attempt at "Yankee Doodle" on a rude fife, formed of a piece of the sumach tree; and a cur dog, curled up in a corner, would every now and then howl forth his displeasure at the unmusical nuisance. Our entrance did not much disturb the worthy inmates; for a moment they looked at us, and then we were as if we had not been. We sat down, however, and waited patiently till the old wife had got to the bottom of her pipe. The first words she spoke were addressed to the man of colour. "Manasseh, you lazy nigger, git up out of thar, an' go to seein' after that wheat. Why, Laws-a-massy, I do believe we'll not be able to start that flat this year yet. Go 'long Jeph, and chop a few sticks o' wood; these strangers have been travelling, and (looking at us from top to toe) will be wanting a leetle so'thin' to eat. What'll you hev, strangers? Chicken fixin's or common doin's?"

After apologizing for our ignorance of the scope and tenor of this question, we at last came to the understanding that it would be preferable to have the "chicken fixin's," by which is to be understood extra things cooked in an extra style.

The landlord who had been called off to some out-door affairs, now returned, and entered into conversation. About forty years ago, when twenty years old, he had come over from Ireland—moved into the State of Ohio—married a native woman—moved thence into this State—and now possessed 640 acres, or one square mile of land, situated on both sides of Bear Creek—150 acres of which on the immediate banks of the creek were timbered—the remainder fit for the plough. This year he had 200 acres under crop, and was just on the point of despatching a flat-boat down the river to New Orleans with the remainder of his last year's stock of grain.

The old man, who retains a great portion of his native form of speech, complained of the difficulty of getting hands to work his ark down the river. He offered Johnny Adams twelve dollars a month to help down to New Orleans; but as this was a kind of labour with which he had no acquaintance, he declined. The time required to float down stream from Bear Creek was six weeks, or it might be two months,

and the return voyage in a steamer would occupy ten or twelve days.

Mrs. Murphy began to improve vastly in our estimation, when we saw her produce a snow-white table cloth, and proceed to give us a fair specimen of all the delicacies of the season, by garnishing our table with such eatables as were certainly far from being, in this house at least, "common doin's." The charge for this entertainment was only 20 cents, or 10d. The lesson we learned by it was worth ten dollars.

It is a common practice in the Backwoods, for persons, even strangers, to ask freely of each other questions, which, if asked in Britain by any but an intimate acquaintance, would be deemed rather impertinent. In the Backwoods, however, as no offence is meant, none is taken. After we had satisfied our host in all his inquiries, I began to make reprisals by asking freely such questions as I felt it would be useful for us to be informed on. Among other things, as we were accompanied by the landlord along the road for a mile or two, I asked the reason, why, a man who possessed a section of land, and appeared to have abundance of this world's goods, could be content to live on such fare as we observed on our entrance into the house.

Mr. Murphy, who had been eyeing my black-thorn stick for some minutes, all at once broke out into this apostrophe:—

"May God bless the stick, and may Heaven bless the poor ould country, for I'll never see it more."

At the conclusion of this ejaculation, I thought I could see a tear start to the eye of this hale and simple old man, as all the associations of his youthful days were recalled to his memory by the sight of a plain walking-stick, which, if it did not grow in Ireland, *might* have grown there, and ever is associated in the mind of the natives with

"The shamrock so green."

To ease my mind in such an awkward predicament, I might have "moved the previous question," had that question been of any common order. The old man had heard me perfectly, however, and thus began, as we got to the banks of a small stream, a tributary of Bear Creek:—

"Sit down, men, on this hack-berry log, an' I'll answer your question."

We sat down under the shade of a noble black oak.

“On the banks of this ‘run,’ and all along upon Bear Creek, when I came to Illinois twenty years ago, there was nobody to be seen but Indians. They were called Potowatomies; and whatever people may say against Indians, an angry or an unfriendly word never passed between *us*. I have sat by their camp-fires at night—slept in their wick-ups—lost my way in the woods, and been befriended and conducted home; and I have made such returns as I could for their kindness. But the most sorrowful day I have seen in the last twenty years, was the day when the last of them crossed over that big river down there. Well, but what I was going to say was this, that when I first came to the West, like all other new-comers, I wasn’t careful enough of my health, and ate every sort of dainty thing that came in my way. I wasn’t long settled till I had the bilious fever, and fever and ague too. Indeed, I was always complaining of some trouble or other. An old Medicine Chief, named Naugh-a-choo-ma, happening to call at dinner time, when I was just recovering from sickness, looked at the table, covered with all the fine things of the season, and five or six different kinds of preserves. He kept looking at the table and then at me, for about ten minutes, without speaking, and then broke out—

“White man, have you been sick?”

“Yes, very.”

“Have your children been sick?”

“Yes, we have *all* been very bad.”

“The white man complains—let him blame himself.”

“How so? True for you. I have wrought hard since I came West, and I know that the night dews and the bad airs from the damp grounds are hurtful; but what could I do?”

“The white man has a warm heart. He works hard for his squaw and children. The Great Spirit sees it, and is pleased. But the things which harm him most are now upon that table.”

“Go on, Naugh-a-choo-ma; tell me what’s wrong.”

Approaching the table, and pointing to some bread and meat, he said, “Let the white man eat of that and that, and be filled.” Then pointing to some potatoes, and again to the meat, he continued, “Eat of that and that, and be well.”

“But what must I do with the rest?”

“The Great Spirit has given his children many things to

eat and be thankful for. Let them choose two, or at most three for daily food, and their hearts will be glad."

"From that day to this I remembered the lesson, and by eating only of one or two things at a time, and keeping my skin clean, and working moderately (for I learnt all that from the same old Chief), I am now strong and hearty, and hope to live many a day yet."

We arose from the log, pleased and instructed with the old man's narrative, and determined to stick by "common doin's" for the time to come.

At parting, I presented the old gentleman my walking-stick as a memento of "the poor ould country."

"If you ever happen into this part o' the world again," said he, "*be sure to call*. Your entertainment wont cost you anything. God bless you."

"Amen!" exclaimed we, and set forth.

CHAPTER XII.

"Fair play: he cared na deils a bodle."—*Burns*.

A NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS—A SPLENDID GHOST STORY SPOILED BY A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

We continued our course over a fine country, adding as we could to our stock of knowledge by question and observation. As we wished to get over as much ground as possible, we kept walking on till dark, hoping to find a house in which we might get accommodation for the night, when we could see our road no longer. At sundown we passed some settlements on the skirts of a dense forest, but we pushed on, hoping, as natural, that we would find a house in the woods, or at least on the other side of the wood. We had got about three miles, and still no house presented itself, and the wood continued as dense as ever. Night drew on apace—the wind was rising, and blew in heavy gusts through the wilderness, wild enough in all conscience.

"John, what do you think of having to sleep out in the woods all night?"

"Weel, to tell you the truth, I wouldna like. I'll tell ye what I'll do, if ye choose. I'll gang aff to the right

about a mile, an' see if I can fa' in wi' a house, and ye may gang the ither way." So saying he set off.

"Stop, stop, John, that will not do. We have a better chance of finding a house along the road than to the right or left. If you want a race, to make the most of the daylight, let us have it along the beaten road."

The twilight is much shorter in that part of the world than in Britain, and we had no time to lose. Off we set, therefore, and had got about a mile, when we had the good fortune to see a log cabin.

"Hurrah!" cried we, as we came up to the house, "we're safe yet."

Upon knocking at the door, however, we received no answer, and upon a little farther examination, we found that the house was deserted. What was now to be done? The new house, we considered, could not be far away, and as the road was still discernible, off we set. Our way was now considerably down hill, indicating a stream. As we descended into the valley we could scarcely make out our road. We were indeed completely benighted.

Being unwilling, however, to give entirely up, we stumbled on over stumps and fallen trees, and through tangled brushwood, till we came to the banks of a good sizeable stream, both deep and broad. Here was an end to our journey for the day, and we had no alternative but to sleep, or at least abide all night in the woods.

The night winds sighed through the thick leafage—the frogs in the little pools by the side of the river croaked, whirred, thrilled, and thrummed, showing that they at least were quite at home in this inhospitable wild. Here were two poor wanderers enveloped in midnight darkness, and unable to see each other's faces, in as miserable a plight as need be. All the alarming accounts we had read or heard of bears, wolves, and rattlesnakes, arose to our memories, and rendered the darkness of the night tenfold more dismal.

We groped about for long sticks to feel for a tree with low branches, as a roosting place for the night. Having found one to our minds, we ascended, and felt some little consolation in being out of the way at least of rattlesnakes and wolves, though not of bears. The last we were reminded by the names of Ursa and Bear Creek, might not unreasonably be looked for in that vicinity.

Reader, did you ever pass the night in a tree? There is

nothing more evident than that the genus *homo* is altogether unallied to the family of the perchers. Wood-peckers, wood-larks, and owls, all disclaim the connexion. I cannot say I have any objection myself to being shut out from the *high* claim—have you?

The tree on which we had mounted consisted of two principal branches. I got myself jammed into position at the junction of three small branches on one of these divisions, and John managed as well as he could on the other. We had travelled, as nearly as I could guess, that day, about thirty miles in a north-easterly direction. We had eaten nothing since dinner time, at Murphy's, and there was small prospect of a supper at our present roosting place, if *place* it might be called, which was neither on nor under the earth. We, therefore, felt a good deal fatigued and exhausted, and were likely, notwithstanding our novel position, to fall asleep. With our teeth and right hands we tied our handkerchiefs round our left arms, and to the branch behind each, as a small security against falling. Our places of rest, or rather of probation, were about six yards apart, and, having got ourselves settled, then came a period of quiet thought and solemn discourse. John's mind was evidently ill at ease, however; but by making light of the matter, I tried to support his courage, and to direct his thoughts to other subjects. The voyage by the ocean, and the river—our land travels, and our future prospects—with intermingling thoughts of home—passed in review before us. The mosquitoes which surrounded us, and settled upon our faces and hands, helped to vary the theme, and keep us from sleeping, till it was well on for midnight. Our conversation now began to slacken, and every few minutes we would catch ourselves napping. The winds had gone down—the air, though moist, was not cold—and the frog concerts—the ripple of the river—and the near sharp trumping of the gnats—relieved the solitude, and conveyed to us the impression that the great Father of all had not forgotten nor abandoned any of his creatures. We committed ourselves to his gracious care, and resigned ourselves to our drowsy feelings.

I had been dozing about two hours, when I was awakened by John exclaiming, in a voice of terror and alarm—

“Lord bless us, what's yon?”

“What is the matter?” said I, calmly.

“Hearken!” said he.

We both listened intently, but no uncommon sound was heard. I then began to rally him upon his ungrounded fears, and recommended him to compose himself to rest.

Suddenly, and close to us, a horrid and unearthly sound broke forth. As nearly as I can express it in writing, it resembled the words WAH-HO. Then followed a shriek of maniac laughter, which caused John to roar out with fear.

"Oh, what is that?" said he, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "I'll no' stop here;—I'll gae owre aside ye (loosening his handkerchief)."

"Come away, then," said I; "take care you don't fall."

All John's superstitious fears were up in arms. He would insist that it was a veritable ghost.

"Well, John, I never saw or heard a ghost yet, and I don't think I ever will. Let us be calm, and I have no doubt we'll find out what yon is before long, if it should trouble us any more. Let us be manly, and I think there is nothing to fear."

In ten minutes more we could see a pair of glaring eyes approaching us, and louder and more near than ever—"Wah-Ho—Wah-Ho—ha—ha—ha—ha."

"Why, John, that's an owl; though I must say he is making rather free with people who are giving him no annoyance. I wish I had a stick; if he comes as close as that next time, I have a strong notion to give him a rap, by way of admonition to stand off."

"I'll soon get you a stick," said Johnny, and descending he brought a piece of a limb about five feet long.

We could see the grey dawn beginning to show along the stream, and our owl troubled us no more for the present.*

* Wilson, in his "American Ornithology," thus describes the Virginian Horned Owl:—"His favourite residence is in the dark solitudes of deep swamps, covered with a growth of gigantic timber; and here, as soon as the evening draws on, and mankind retire to rest, he sends forth such sounds as seem scarcely to belong to this world. . . . Along the mountain shores of the Ohio, and amidst the deep forests of Indiana, alone and reposing in the woods, this ghostly watchman has frequently warned me of the approach of morning, and amused me with his singular exclamations. Sometimes sweeping down and around my fire—uttering a loud and sudden "Waugh O! Waugh O!" sufficient to have alarmed a whole garrison. He has other nocturnal solos, one of which very strikingly resembles the half-suppressed scream of a person suffocating or throttled."

"In the 'Fauna Boreali Americana,' a story is told, on the authority of Dr. Richardson, of a party of Scotch Highlanders who had made their bivouac in the recesses of a North American forest, and inadvertently fed their fire with a part of an Indian tomb, which had been placed in this secluded spot. The startling notes of the Virginian Horned Owl broke upon their ears, and they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed."—*Museum of Animated Nature*.

As day began to break, we had an opportunity of scurting our situation from our perch. We were on the banks of a stream of respectable dimensions. The ruins of a log bridge stretched across the stream about 200 yards from us, and no appearance of any habitation. We got down, stiff and tired, and with some difficulty managed to get across this unlucky bridge. When we got fairly out on our road again, we could not help smiling at the singular run of fortune we had experienced since we left the shores of Great Britain. Shortly we heard the tinkling of cow-bells, the barking of dogs, and the bleating of sheep, and about five o'clock reached the settlement of Ichabod Davis, a substantial farmer, on the skirts of the timber.

CHAPTER XIII.

“How came you so?”—*Old Play.*

ICHABOD DAVIS AND HIS SETTLEMENT—GRACE—REMARKS A-LA-PAT MURPHY—AN UNTHRIFTY BACKWOODSMAN—THOMPSONIANISM—A KNOCKDOWN ARGUMENT—SOUND MAXIMS FOR HEALTH—VILLAGE OF BERNADOTTE—SNAKE STORY—END OF THE JOURNEY, AND END OF THE CHAPTER.

EARLY though it was, the good folks were all up, and the women busy making breakfast. Unlike our sensible friend, Pat Murphy, the people here were determined to eat of the good of the land. A large oven, built of bricks, and supported by four stout wooden legs, stood opposite the kitchen door, in full operation; the brick hearth in the kitchen was crowded with pots and “skillets,” each having an independent fire of hot embers beneath. Half-a-dozen of young men and girls were milking the cows. The landlord, who wore spectacles, was a man of gigantic dimensions, being fully seven feet high, and as stout built and fleshy as a prize ox. He carried about a walking stick, fully two inches in diameter. Holding up his head, to get a good look at us through his spectacles, he advanced towards us majestically, with his left thumb in his waistcoat armhole.

“Good mornin’; how are you? Why, whar on ’arth did you come from this morning? You must hev been mighty early out. Sit down. Hev you been huntin’ stray hosses? You look kind o’ as if you had been out all night. Let’s hear what you hev got to say.”

"We've been *up* more ways than one," said I; "we got benighted, and had to take to a tree for it."

"Out in the timber all night, eh? Lord save us, strangers, you're in for the ague as sure as sin!"

We explained that, being strangers in the country, and anxious to get as far as possible on our way the day before, we had got overtaken by night in the woods.

"I see; so yov've left old George's land for the West. They tell me it's gettin' to be an almighty tight country that for a poor man. You done right men to leave it: but keep in mind this is a new country; take care of your health, or you'll soon get used up, and then you'll be wishing you hadn't come. When you travel late, ask at the last settlement how far it is to the next, and you'll never be ketched in sich a snarl agin. Hev you been down at the land office? You'll be cal'ating to settle down somewhar hyar abouts. Whar's your location?"

"Out on Spoon river, in the neighbourhood of Ellisville. What do you think of that part of the country?"

"Wal, I reckon it's a pretty fair section of country out thar. I am right sorry you hev fixed on going thar, though. We hev plenty of room for settlers in hyar. Some Scotch families moved in within a mile of hyar this spring, and they have bought up almost a whole township of land."*

"What part of Scotland are they from?"

"Wal, I expect they came from near Edinburg. We'll hev breakfast after a little. I must go and look after my boys hyar. You see we are all busy."

As this noble specimen of a backwoodsman stalked off, I could not help admiring his stately proportions, and simplicity of manners. The whole of this settlement, in its arrangements and general appearance, proved at once the superintendence of a superior mind. There appeared to be a place for everything, and everything not in use was in its place. The gates were all well hung—the various offices and out houses had a neat and trim appearance—there was no useless rubbish lying about, overgrown with weeds five or six feet high. No manure-swamp surrounded the stables, as we had seen elsewhere. The establishment, moreover, was extensive. One of the lads informed us the property consisted of 1500 acres of prairie and woodland.

* A Township is 6 miles square, or 36 square miles of land, containing 23,040 acres.

“That man (said I to the lad) does not seem to take ill with life in the woods. I suppose he is never sick.”

“He haint been since I came here, anyhow, and that’s about five years ago. He’s a Thompsonian.”

“What is a Thompsonian?”

“Wal, I believe it’s one that don’t believe in mineral doctors.”

He was, in short, a believer in the universal efficacy of vegetable medicines, and the utter hurtfulness of calomel, bleeding, and blistering.

Breakfast was announced. About twenty individuals sat down to the table; at the head, with the noble bearing of a duke, sat the Squire, as he is called (being justice of peace for the district). Every one had a tumbler of water beside him, and the Squire thus began:—

“Strangers, I may inform you that I hev always made it a custom in this house when we sit down to eat, to take a little water the first thing.”

He then took a hearty draught, and was followed by the rest. After which he offered up the following words as grace, which were uttered in a singularly firm tone of voice:—

“King of Zion—who was born to rule, and died to save—bless us—bless our food—bless our labours this day—and receive our thanks. Amen.”

Amen followed in response round the table, and we began. The Squire was not a great eater, neither did he taste of all the fine things spread out before him.

Being desirous of gaining every information on the matter of health in this new country, I began—“Squire, are you much subject to sickness in this neighbourhood during the fall?”

“Wal, about common for that. I reckon we’d have less if the folks about would mind my advice. I advise *my* folks to eat less trash, and do as I do—eat their bread with the bran in; but they’ve got sich a notion of fine eating that they’d think I was ill using them if I should insist on’t. Men, I let every one take his own way hyar. This is a free country.”

“Good mornin’, Squar; how are you?” said a rough-looking backwoodsman, who now entered, leaning against the room door. “I’ve jist come over to get a leetle o’ that ’ere good water o’ yourn. Our well this mornin’s full o’ frogs.”

‘I see, Tom, you haint got that filtering apparatus set up yet. Wal, you see how it is, as long as you delay you suffer. When’ll you git it started?—say.’

“O, darn the apparatus. My old ’oman was out o’ wood yesterday mornin’, an’ burnt the big half on’t makin’ breakfast. I reckon you’ll be able to let me take a yoke o’ your oxen to-day. I’ve got a job at breakin’ prairie for a Scotch family out on the Big Prairie, an’ I haint enough o’ cattle to make a good team: there’s a heap o’ hazle brush. I’ll gin young Lark thar a quarter if he’ll come an’ shout to the cattle all day.”

“You may do your own shoutin’, Tom,” said young Lark. “I aint a-going anyhow.”

“Dave,” said the Squire to an English lad about twenty years of age, who served with him, “you may let him have the oxen.” Whereupon David arose and went out.

“Good mornin’, gentlemen. Thankee, Squar,” said Tom, as he made his exit.

“Thar’s a man,” said the Squire, “that does nothing well, but breakin’ prairie and taking the ague. I got my carpenter to make him a set o’ boards for a tank and filter box, and you see how he acts. Men, there’s some folks in this world that *wont* git along. They’ll hang out on the lazy track in spite of all you can do to help them.”

“And thar’s another man (speaking of the English lad) that I can’t understand for the life o’ me. I didn’t mean him to leave his breakfast for that worthless fellow; none of my natives would do it, sartin. He’s more obedient than any nigger ever I saw. You’ve only to speak, and he’s right at work, and sticks to it till it’s done. He’s worth the half more wages than any one I have about me. But I can’t understand how he looks so ashamed and skeered like whenever I speak to him. I won’t sneak to any feller in God’s world, and I don’t want to hev any man sneak to me. That’s a fact.”

“In the country he came from,” said I, “he has been well instructed in the necessity of submissiveness.”

“Oh I don’t doubt but that though you all over thar keep up sich a shouting about our system of slavery, you treat white men as bad as we do our slaves. Wal, it’s human natur’ all out. He that can get the upper hand is right apt to abuse his power, and, whether it be over white men or black, to crush the spirit within them.”

“Exactly; and I think it is Alison the historian who

says it takes three generations to raise one of the common people to the feelings of a gentleman—that is, to remove the servile and rear the haughty spirit.”

“Wal now, don’t you think you done right to leave sich a country as that?”

“Since we came here we have not seen anything to make us regret it. Every country has its own peculiarities. All British travellers complain bitterly of *your* want of respect for them: in short, you make too free with them, and that does not suit their ideas of the respect due to gentlemen like them. If you don’t take off your hat in their presence—swallow your spittle—chatter away at dinner, as we are doing now, and so forth, you are an uncultivated people, and your pretensions all brag.”

“Wal, wal, let it go; they’ll come to know us better some day. Every living thing has a good growth in it, in general, and the British will come round yet.”

“Squire,” said I, “what kind of *doctors* have you in this district?”

“Th’aint *no* doctors here, Sir, except it be myself; and what little I do is in the vegetable line entirely, after the manner of old Sam Thompson. My firm belief is, that the old mineralists are a parcel of humbugs. Calomel, sir, is a greater curse to this western country than the worst disease in it.”

“Does your objection to the use of calomel rest upon its being a mineral?”

“Partly so, and partly on its own account. My doctrine is this exactly. The metals and minerals are in the earth, and, being extracted from the bowels of the earth, have a tendency to carry all down *into* the earth, or, in other words, into the grave, who use them. Now, on the other hand, the tendency of all vegetables is to spring up *from* the earth—their tendency is upwards—their tendency is to invigorate and fructify, and uphold mankind from the earth, that is to say, from the grave.”

“Well, Squire, I must own, that, according to that way of reasoning, vegetables have the best of the argument—though I think it is a good thing not to be prejudiced against mineral medicines on the mere ground of their *being* minerals.”

“I give you my views, gentlemen, (said the Squire); I have acted upon them since I was born, for my father held the same. But don’t be alarmed. I aint so green as to

jump into every weed patch for health and sober senses. I have got another maxim which beats Sam Thompson all to nothing. Here it is, and (thumping his huge fist upon the table) bear witness, Ichabod Davis. The first duty a man owes to himself is to take means to keep himself in health. He cannot do it unless he has some little knowledge of his own frame, and that knowledge is better to him than Greek or Latin, and sich like trash. If he *does* get bad, natur' has means and appliances at hand for righting the wrong. Let him go hungry, exercise, drink and wash in filtered water, and let drugs of all names alone—animal, vegetable, and mineral. I warrant you he will come round. If people won't attend to these things, I don't see anything else for them but sickness; and, when a man is downright sick, I won't deny but a leetle medicine may be useful. A leetle wild cherry bark, mullein, and so forth, is useful."

"Do you make use of these simples yourself, when sick?"

"Me sick! NO, SIR. The full of that spoon of medicine never went into my stomach yet, since I first opened my mouth. I admit it takes some trouble to keep well in these woods; but there would be more trouble the other way. God in heaven works by means, men, and so must we, if we mean to flourish on the footstool."

"I thank you, Mr. Davis, for your just remarks. I am sorry myself that I did not happen to purchase in your locality. You will have no objection that one should come to see you occasionally?"

"Come whenever you have a mind to; you will find me here, all right, on the edge of the timber."

We rose from breakfast pleased and even delighted with our good fortune in falling in with this excellent man. All the learning, indeed, of all the schools, was nothing to the man in his present position, with the few just and sturdy views he possessed on the subject of health and disease—so all-important to the emigrant on his entrance into a new country?

"Do you know Mr. Murphy of Ursa?" said I to him.

"Right well, Sir. He is a fine old fellow, Pat."

"He acts on the plain diet principle too."

"Wal I believe so. Every man has his own way of getting along. The right thinking will always carry the day."

"You filter all the water you use here, I suppose?"

"Every drop we use in or on our bodies. Without good pure water, Sir, we could not exist in this western country."

Almost everybody here says a deal of the sickness comes from bad water; and yet they won't take the trouble to have it good."

Mrs. Davis charged us a bit for breakfast,* and we set out, refreshed and invigorated for a long tramp.

After various calls at the settlements on our way, we came at night to the village of Bernadotte, twelve miles from our home. A lecturer was holding forth in the school-house, and we went in to hear. The speaker thus began—

"Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm found in various parts of this State, which conveys a poison of so deadly a nature that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is as nothing."

At this point of the proceedings, an old gray backwoodsman, who had been leaning up against the door, as if it were hardly worth while to formally take a seat, began to sidle in, and, interrupting the speaker, began—

"Wal now, stranger, I swar you haint been long in this State nohow. *I've* been out hyar these six and twenty yearn, and I tell yè th'aint no sich snake as that 'ere you're bothering about."

"Daddy Perry (cries a bald-headed authoritative-looking man with a stick leg), let the man go on. I reckon (and he looked at the lecturer) he will gin us a chance to ask him a question or two at the close. *You* know better than any feller what is in this State, and what aint, jest keep cool till the man is done."

"Wal, but I kyn o' *hate* to hear a man say what aint so, when I know better. You may go on though, Mister."

The lecturer promised that they would all agree with him, after they had heard what he had to say.

"Not all, for I wont," added Daddy Perry.

"This worm (continued the lecturer) varies much in size; it is frequently an inch in diameter; but as it is rarely seen except when it is coiled, its length can hardly be con-

* It may seem strange why, when such petty charges were made, any charge was made at all. As the West is strictly an agricultural country, and all manufactures come from the Eastern States, cash has a tendency to flow in that direction, and a little of it is consequently prized. I have known farmers of 1000 acres who at times could not command a dollar of ready money. A meal is what no western man grudges to a stranger, but the temptation to charge is great on the above account. Some farmers, indeed, by the wayside, set up a sign, and lodge and entertain travellers for the very purpose of catching a little ready money, being not otherwise necessitated.

jectured. (An incredulous shake of the head from old Dad.) It is of a dull leaden colour, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals to shun the deadly Coya."

Here a murmur of dissent ran through the auditory. Old Daddy Perry faced up again, and began by a protesting motion of his withered hand:—

"I'm sayin', stranger, you're a-going it a leetle too mighty strong for this meetin'; we're neither green horns nor smooth faces about this settlement. I've seen a man afore now, taken and ridden on a rail, for less imposition. I aint a-going to stand hyar and listen to what *I know* aint trew, no not by a jug-full."

"Go it, Dad," proceeded from different parts of the house.

"I'd change the subject," said one.

"I'd hold my tongue," said another.

"I'd adjourn the meeting," said a third.

Up rose the village schoolmaster to calm the troubled elements. On his rising, peace was at once restored, and he began:—

"Gentlemen, Father Perry is an honest man. I know he likes the truth, and dont feel easy when any thing contrary to truth is brought forward; but, Father Perry, you have had some experience among the Indians—have you not?"

"Wal, I have that, sartin. Out among the Kickapoos, I've hed many a gran' b'ar hunt."

"When a Kickapoo got up to speak, did any one interrupt him?"

"Wal, no; but they didn't tell lies."

"Very well, I think this meeting should give the lecturer time to say what he has got to express, and then, if any one has anything to object to, we'll all listen to him. Let us be Kickapoos for once."

A round of applause greeted the words of the teacher.

"He's a raal smart man that (said a woman beside me). My Cynthia's comin' on horrid fast at school—she's learned a heap this last half year."

The lecturer proceeded. "Several of these reptiles infest this part of the State (Dad expresses evident uneasiness),

to the misery and destruction of several of our beloved fellow citizens; and I have had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses."

"The symptoms of its bite are terrible. (The audience stare at each other.) The eyes of the patient become red and fiery. His tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance; and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes in his madness he attempts the destruction of his nearest and dearest friends. (Here old Perry fidgets about, twists his mouth, and shakes his head knowingly, as if to say, "I'll be at you just now.")

"If the sufferer has a family (the lecturer raises his voice), his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are locked that no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer for the purpose of being bitten again."

The feelings of the auditory were now wound up to an intense pitch of excitement. Curiosity, incredulity, and a desire of hearing how the business should end, all combined to excite. The attention was divided between the speaker and old Daddy. The smiles of curiosity to see how *he* was taking it were most amusing. The old veteran would have made a study for Cruikshank. I made a sketch at the time, but my pencil was unequal to the task. Reader, your imagination must fill up the deficiencies in this comical scene, from the imperfect way I describe it. The lecturer continued:—

"I have seen a good old father—his locks as white as snow—his steps slow and trembling—beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away in despair, for I knew the thought—the fond hope, that his son would be the staff of his declining years—had supported and cheered him through many a sorrow!

"Men and women of Bernadotte! would you know the name of this reptile—this destroyer of our race. It is called the

WORM OF THE STILL."

Hurrah!! three cheers for the lecturer! cried a dozen voices; and three cheers accordingly made

“Roof an’ rafters a’ to dirl.”

When the excitement and the laughter, provoked by this strange way of beginning a lecture, had somewhat subsided, Father Perry was called on to “Squar up his reckoning.”

“Wal, men, I haint much to say anyhow. I felt kyn o’ wolfish hearing this stranger talking about snakes in this State that *I* never saw. I’ve seen, and so have you, neighbours, the rattlesnake and copperhead. *They’re* tarnal critters about a settlement, you know; but the black snake and garter snake aint o’ no account. The mocassin down on the Mississippi, I cal’late’s raythur bad; but now I give in, Mister, that the Worm o’ the Still *is* as bad as you say, and I’ll have to beg off. Wal, now, stranger, you’re a hoss* anyhow. See hyar—if you go up to Hebard’s, *I’ll* treat; I’m boun’ to *do it*. I’ll let you hev the best glass o’ brandy in this burg.”

Shouts of laughter followed this winding up of the old pioneer, in which the lecturer joined, but declined the offer.

At the close of the lecture, a society of Washingtonian Teetotallers was formed, and the worm, whose poison

“Outvenoms all the worms of Nile,”

foresworn for all time coming.

Next day we got home foot-sore and wearied out with our peregrinations, but so much the wiser for our trip.

* A great fellow.

CHAPTER XIV.

Here 'neath the Western Star and purpled skies
 Of Vesper's hallowed ray, a glorious land
 Unfolds the noblest scenes, and justly vies
 With fairest realms of earth. Here may expand
 The patriot's breast, as on the echoing strand
 Old Ocean's billows thunder to the shore ;—
 Here freedom's flag by the free tempest fanned,
 May shadow half the world, and proudly soar
 Above a lordlier race than earth hath ever bore.

“GETTING ALONG”—HELP YOURSELF—BILL HENDRYX, AND ALL SORTS OF
 A SHAVING STORY.

I HAD now become a landowner—the possessor—the rightful lord of a wedge of earth reaching to the centre of the globe—forty acres on the surface, for £10 sterling! In six months after coming into the State, I would be a citizen, entitled to vote at all elections—might serve on a jury, or be elected justice of the peace, or representative to the State Legislature. I have known persons who possessed less real estate, elected to these last offices. The expences of living in the meantime, while I built my house, ploughed and fenced my land, and made my other preliminary arrangements, were not much. A barrel of flour, 196 pounds, I bought for 12s., or three dollars; smoked bacon hams at 8 cents per pound; butter from 3d. to 6d.; milk and eggs we got free—(eggs at the time were selling at Ellisville at 3 cents a dozen); fowls were to be had for 6d. a pair. In the midst of such abundance, we had ample opportunity for entering upon our labours, without being hurried.

My Indian corn was now above ground. My pigs were thriving finely, and my first care was to get about twelve acres of my land *broken*, as it is called, that is, ploughed for the first time. This is performed by the labour of three yoke of oxen, and a huge plough, which cuts the turf to the depth of four inches, and eighteen inches wide, and lays it completely over—the overturned lines of turf thus lie edge to edge without overlapping, and in this state remaining till the autumn or *fall*, are then cross-ploughed, and wheat sown for the next year's crop. I employed Cordon Day, an Ohio man, to *break* for me at the rate of two dollars a day. He finished the job in a workman-like style in five days and a-half, and was thankful for the ready money.

While this was going on, I busied myself in getting an idea

of the mode of building a frame-house. By making drawings and measurements of several in the neighbourhood, in the process of building, I got such an idea of the mode of construction, as would enable me to perform the operation myself, with a little assistance in the hewing of the more heavy timbers. In that western country a man who feels himself unable or disinclined to strike in boldly with his own hands, and *help himself*, will find himself continually behind. If he has a shallow purse and no invention, he will infallibly get discouraged the first year, if his object in going out has been to live on land, and simply to oversee, expecting to hire minor labour for a few coppers. Here he will find few loose boys and girls to run on errands or perform odd jobs, as at home, happy if they may earn a half-penny in the business. In short, the immigrant must be a man of action—be first and last in every thing. If he cannot do a thing well, let him do it nevertheless, and wait on no one for aid, if aid be scarce. This will be a saving to both purse and patience.

The reader will here permit me to introduce to his notice Mr. William Hendryx, a farmer at the west end of our village—a man expert in the use of the axe—a regular backwoodsman in word and thought. I have mentioned before, he was a man of large family. His property consisted of 160 acres of prairie land, and twenty of timber, and he was in all respects comfortably settled. He was a sort of a droll in his way—light-hearted and unburdened with care. Wherever he was, gloom and despondency were fain to take flight, as darkness before the light of the sun. In detailing some of his funny sallies, the manner in tone and gesture will necessarily be wanting, and all who have laughed at a droll, must be aware that there is as much in the manner to divert, as in the matter. He had a drawling but firm tone of voice, which had a comical effect of itself. Mr. Hendryx I employed to do me two days' hewing on my little plantation.

“Mr. Hendryx,” said I one morning, “I am going to get up a frame house. Can you give me a hand at hewing for a couple of days?”

“I beg your pardon, Sir; they dont call me Mister about hyar; the handle o' my jug broke off about ten years ago, an' I haint got it tinkered yet. But if you want a leetle hewin' done, I'm your man for that. I guess I'll knock you off a couple of chips or so with much pleasure. How

are you likin' this section o' country, friend? If you want anythin' done in a neighbourly way, I'm boun' to help in your need. It's more than likely that I'll be asking a favour off you in my turn."

"Well, William, what are your terms?"

"Wal, they *used* to allow me a dollar a day; but I guess seventy-five cents will be enough *these* hard times."

We cut down twelve white oaks on the banks of my little stream, which I named the Lune, being the name of the stream on which I was born. Four were for sills or bottom timbers, two eighteen feet long, and two fourteen feet—both a foot on the square; four for top plates resting on the corner plates—the plates eight and six inches on the square—the posts eight feet high, and a foot square. John Adams and I *scored* the timber—that is, cut in diagonally with our axes to the depth of the hewer's chalk lines, each stroke of the axe about four inches distant. "Bill," as he chose to be called, followed and smoothed off with his broad axe. He was an inveterate talker, and to keep him in play, and lighten our labours, I set him to giving us an account of his emigration to the West:—

"Boys, I've been a kind o' unlucky feller in my day, but I guess I'm goin' to git along at last. I owe it more tho' to the good country than to any good luck o' my own. I was bred and born in Ohio, on the banks o' the Sandusky river. Thar I 'tended school—whipp'd my way for seven winters—cyphered every winter through Daboll's 'Rithmetic—tore up Sam. Kirkham's Grammar, and hid it in a bee gum [hollow log.] It's an all-sufficient piece o' nonsense that grammar—I never could git into the *hang* of it. While old Jabez Schwapp was lecturing away about moods and tenses, I was coaxin' the gals, and makin' as many faces at the boys as would hev scared the bark off a pine log. My father hed a large family, and we all hed to go to work as soon as school days ended, and hard work we hed. It's an easy thing, men, to start a farm and keep along out on these prairies, besides opening up a farm in the Ohio woods. Every thing must be done with the axe, all to paring a man's corns, and then after all, this hyar soil goes far ahead of anything you'll git there. It's a pretty good wheat soil, I allow, in Ohio; but for common purposes this is the best. By and bye, after a spell, I got a wife like other folks, and started West. I had got mightily tired o' log-rolling, so I told the old folks I was a-goin' to quit.

'I'm content,' said the old man, 'I reckon you'll hev a better chance West than hyar; but Bill, says he, you're a leetle too kind-hearted—in fact, you're a leetle soft. Keep your heart an' han' shut up once in a while, and you'll git along!' What the old folks said, I knew was all for the best—so I put the advice in my pocket, an' leaned for the West, with a couple o' hundred dollars in company. We got into a one-horse buggy, and made tracks. As old Daddy told me I was raythur kind-hearted. The fact is, my bump of benevolence, as the phrenologers say, might have done for a hat peg, but now, I guess, I've got to be one o' the flat-heads, sartin. You know it goes a leetle against a man's grain to call himself soft; but now *I'll* allow I *was* soft—as soft as a boiled cabbage, an' as green as a goslin', an' the worst of it was, that I didn't realize the fact till I got sich a lesson as I wont forgit in a hurry. Wal, to go on, however, my two hundred dollars consisted of ten twenty dollar bills of the Geuga Bank of Zanesville, payable to a cent, an' good at that, when I started. Wal, I had got as fur on my Western way as Paulding, on the Maumee, when, by gosh! the tavern keeper gave me notice that the Bank was down, an' my paper only good for half. I got a look at the Detector,* an' there it was, sure enough. You may be sartin I got quit of the darned thing as quick as possible. He gave me a hundred dollars in Shawneetown, Illinois money, and I went on. You may easily guess I felt mighty wrath. My dander was so much up I couldn't speak a civil word to any body for more'n a week. Going along one day soon after, in the State of Indiana, a man asked me some questions about the country I had travelled over.

"Dont speak to me, man," said I, "I'm vexed."

* Bank Note Detectors are published regularly in the States once a month. The object of these publications is to give a regular statement of the fluctuations in value of the various Bank issues throughout the Union—to describe and detect counterfeit notes—and to give the general probabilities of the rise or fall in value of the immense mass of paper money in circulation. Every shopkeeper is necessitated to be regularly supplied with one or more of these Detectors, as the money which is good one month may suffer depreciation the next, and new counterfeits are continually appearing. We give below a specimen of "Clark's Counterfeit Detector, and Bank Note List," published in St. Louis, for July, 1846. The No. ($\frac{1}{2}$) denotes that the Bank is good, being subject to a nominal discount of half a cent on the dollar. The Nos. (5's, 10's, &c., &c.) at the beginning of the lines, show the number of dollars the notes represent:—

Suffolk Bank of Boston,.....Boston $\frac{1}{2}$

5's, The former Cashier's name, which was Lyman, is altered to "Wyman;" and the initials, which the counterfeiters could not extract, they have attempted to cover with a large blot.

10's, Purporting to be of Perkins' stereotype steel plate. Half an-inch shorter than the genuine notes. The engraving is faint and indistinct.

“ Why, what’s the matter, stranger ?”

“ I’ve got such a shave down thar in Ohio, I’ll not git over it this ten years. Don’t trouble me—ask your questions off the next man you meet. I’m sick; *I am.*”

“ Wal, it’s a vexatious thing, sartin—a hard case; but remember what the big Book says—‘ Riches take to themselves wings and flee towards heaven.’ ”


“ Mine didn’t go *thar* nohow—they went t’other way, I expect. Go ’long, and tell that to the rascals that cheated me. May I be chawed if you aint mighty like a feller that robbed our henroosts last winter. You’ve made your way into Indiana, hev you ?”

“ Wal, now, I see you *are* vexed, neighbour; I was only passing a word of consolation. Cheer up, man; you’ll git over it yet. You’ve got a smart-looking gal beside you thar. I’d be ashamed to complain so bad before the like o’ her.”

“ Wal, I did feel a little all-overish at this remark, and started off, mad at myself for being so faint-hearted. So I began to think I *hed* acted a leetle raythur too much in that strain; but I hed not, for listen—I hed got on through Indiana, and had come into Juliet, up in Will county thar, when going into a store I hears a feller saying to the store-keeper, ‘ Did you hear that about the Shawneetown Bank ?’ ‘ What’s that you’re saying ?’ says I. ‘ I’m saying,’ says he, ‘ that the Shawneetown Bank’s bu’st, an’ whoever holds any of its paper, had better let it off small, or he’ll git nothing at all in a week or two.’ ”

“ Wal, I tell you, men, I have a hundred dollars on that ’ere, and if that’s trew, I’m a gone-er any how.”

“ Wal, they all began a laughing; but I *tell* you, I felt as savage as a meat axe. ‘ I’m saying,’ says the feller that

- Farmers’ Bank,.....Orwell $\frac{1}{2}$
 10’s, Letter A, previously filled up. Signature of the President, “ D. Denny,” rather stiff. The “ T ” in “ Hamilton ” is larger than the other letters, and crooked.  Hold up the bill to the light, and you will see that the word “ Hamilton ” is of a different shade.
- Hancock Bank,.....Boston...broke
- Merchants’ Exchange Bank,New York...par
 20’s, Altered from 3’s: remarkably well done. They can be easily detected, from the fact of having a single figure of Mercury in the centre, like the genuine 3’s, while the genuine 20’s have a figure at each end.
- Greenwich Bank,.....New York...par
 10’s, Spurious; may be detected by the vignette, “ Declaration of Independence,” which is not on the genuine notes. On the right end, Pat. Lyon at his forge; left end, sailor holding the American flag.
- State Bank of Illinois,.....Springfield 37
 (Winding up—Norman H. Purple, agent)

gave us the news, 'I'm a-going down to that section o' country next week, and I'll maybe hev a chance to git it off for ye. I'll give ye twenty dollars for your paper. Will ye take it?'"

"No, I wont," says I; "keep your twenty dollars to yourself."

"Wal, they kept telling me, that though it *was* a mighty bad shave, I'd better take it than lose all. So I said, Let's have specie then. I'll have no more o' the darned shin-plasters. *I'm* pretty finely used up anyhow."

"Whar did ye come from," said one.

"From Sandusky in Ohio."

"Wal, I thought as much; ye look kyn o' as if ye *hed* been raised in the woods—the hair's worn short at the back o' your head with looking up at the crows, *I* reckon."

"Wal, as soon as he said this he cleared out. I was jest in the humour for a brush at some feller, but I kept under for the sake o' the woman. What's that you're bringing out?" says I to the other feller.

"It's an Indiana twenty," says he; "Indiana paper's good for the cash any day."

"Wal, I knew it had always had a good character where I lived, and I says to the storekeeper, 'Look at that, Mister, and see if it's all right.'"

"You're one man and he's another," says he, "and I aint going to catch the toothache atween ye."

"But will ye not give me your opinion?"

"Not except you pay me for it," says he.

"You'll show me the Bicknell* then. I guess I can manage it myself. You're a mighty mean set about hyar. I thought I was going to git along in the West, but it's a false start, I calculate."

"Wal, I was so vexed, I didn't look much *at* the Bicknell, but gave the feller up the Shawneetown money, and took the Indiana twenty, and put out. When I was leaving, at the door step, I heerd them giggling and laughing, I was a'most discouraged. I had now got about 400 miles from home, with a decent gal on my hands, and my money about gone. I told her how I had been used. Says I, 'we're about cleaned out; but—by thunder! I have an axe, and I'll cut myself a lane through this western wilderness, till I see daylight on t'other side. I can dew it.' She said

* Bicknell's Counterfeit Detector.

little. We pushed on. I had some idea of going over to Iowa. When I got to Ellisville I was pleased with the looks o' things about hyar, and I took a notion I'd try how I could make out. I knocked up a shanty, for I could not afford to pay rent, and commenced wood-chopping at fifty cents a cord.* One day my wife says to me, 'William, if you hed sixty or seventy dollars, what would you do with it?' 'Do with it' said I; 'I'd buy a wagon and a span o' hosses, and then we'd git along. But what's the use o' talking. Nobody hyar would lend *me* that.' My wife don't talk much, but she *does* a broad chalk. She went off, and handed me out of her chest seven gold eagles,† which, she said, her mother hed given her when she left home, with strict orders not to use them but in time o' need. I tell you, boys, I never was more pleased in my life. This was the time o' need, sartin. With eighty dollars I bought a wagon and team, and teamed it out and in to Copperas Creek and Ellisville, and in six years I had bought my land in Virgil, and got it all into good trim. I've been gittin' on finely ever since.

"Well, William, what do you think you have learned from all this experience."

"I'll tell you. Never to keep much paper of any *one* bank on hands; and that old Solomon hit the thing exactly, when he said that 'A virtuous woman will do her husband good and not evil all the days of her life.' I guess I haint been much cheated since."

"Did the Juliet man's twenty dollar bill turn out good? I was suspicious about it."

"Wal, when I offered it to a store in Hennepin, I was told it looked mighty like a counterfeit; but the man said he'd risk it for half a dollar discount, and I agreed. I don't much like paper ever since. There's nothing, men, like the silver dollars."

Reader, if your fortunes should ever lead you to the Western world, don't forget the simple but valuable lesson here given you by William Hendryx.

In two days we got our timbers hewn for the principal building, and enough also for a small room off, with sleepers for the floors, and 100 rails, ten feet long, for fencing round the building. Bill hauled them up to the upper level,

* A cord is a pile of wood 8 feet long, 4 feet high, and 4 feet wide, or 128 cubic feet.

† An eagle is worth ten dollars.

where I meant to build, and I set to, with the aid of Johnny Adams, to prepare them for putting together by tenon and mortice.

CHAPTER XV.

The white man hies to Western shores—
 For House and Home his heart implores ;
 He wields the axe, and plies the arts
 Of industry, and soon imparts
 New beauties to the scene.
 When this fair world from chaos sprung—
 When morning stars together sung—
 When woodland choirs, with harps new-strung,
 And sons of God between
 Each tuneful burst made heaven resound,
 And rocks and hills caught up the sound ;
 One mournful voice arose.
 'Twas earth's green plains and shady bowers,
 Blent and entwined with twinkling flowers,
 Whence the sad murmur flows ;
 For lo! no fostering hand doth stray
 Among their gorgeous hues,
 To gather up their loose array,
 Or prune their useless growth away :
 And fields which heavenly dews
 Enrich with blessings, ask a guide
 Who shall to their safe trust confide
 The precious seed—evolving there
 His future harvests—meed of care.
 Then man to being sprung—
 And woman rose to foster man,
 To cheer his heart, and strengthen hand—
 The fairest thought in Nature's plan.
 Then Earth's great planet swung,
 Chiming harmonious with the spheres,
 To bask in light through endless years!

DESCRIPTION OF ILLINOIS.

THE State of Illinois extends north and south from 37 deg. to 42 deg., 30 min., north latitude ; and east and west, from 10 deg., 32 min., to 14 deg., 33 min., west longitude, from Washington city. Its entire length is 380 miles—its greatest breadth, 220 miles. The area of the State is 59,000 square miles, or 37,760,000 acres, of which 50,000 square miles, or 32,000,000 acres are capable of cultivation. The outline or circumference of the State is about 1160 miles ; the whole of which, except 305 miles, is formed by navigable rivers. The lower angle or southern point of Illinois, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, is 340 feet above tide water, in the Gulf of Mexico.

The people of Britain, in general, have very indistinct notions of the great extent of the United States. In the first place, the State of Illinois alone is 28,762 square miles larger than Scotland*; Wisconsin, Iowa, Florida, Minnesota, Utah, Missouri, Maine, and Virginia, are still larger; Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, are as large as Illinois; thirteen others are smaller.

SURFACE OF THE STATE.

Illinois is in general a very level State. A small tract in the southern part is hilly. There is also some high land in the north, and bluff land on the Mississippi banks. The traveller may journey for days along the prairies, without meeting with an elevation worth calling a hill. The term *rolling* or undulating, fitly expresses the general aspect of the surface. Throughout the whole State, beautiful rivers and creeks abound, flashing forth their glories upon the eye of the delighted wanderer, in the gorgeous sunlight, as he emerges from the woods, and beholds them for the first time. Along the western border, 400 miles, flows the mightiest and most important river in the world. On the south, 100 miles, flows the beautiful Ohio, "*La Belle Riviere*" of the French, 2000 miles long; on the south-east is the Wabash, 200 miles long; and on the east the lovely savannahs of Indiana, and 50 miles of the head waters of Lake Michigan. On the north lies the rising and extensive State of Wisconsin. The most important river in the State is the Illinois, 400 miles long. From the head navigable waters of this river to Lake Michigan, a canal has lately been completed, at a cost of 9,000,000 dollars. This important work, which connects the Gulf and the Mississippi with the great northern lakes, the Grand Western Canal, and the Hudson River to the ocean, is 70 miles long, 60 feet wide at the top on the water-line, 36 at the bottom, and 6 deep. The tributaries of the Illinois are—Sangamon, 190 miles; Spoon, 200; Fox, 250; Iroquois, 150; Kankakee, 160; Du Page, 100; Somonauk, 50; Cedar Creek, 50; with forty or fifty smaller branches watering a large territory. Then the Rock River, a branch of the Upper Mississippi, flows 400 miles—half in Wisconsin, and half in Illinois. Fever River, 60 miles, with numerous.

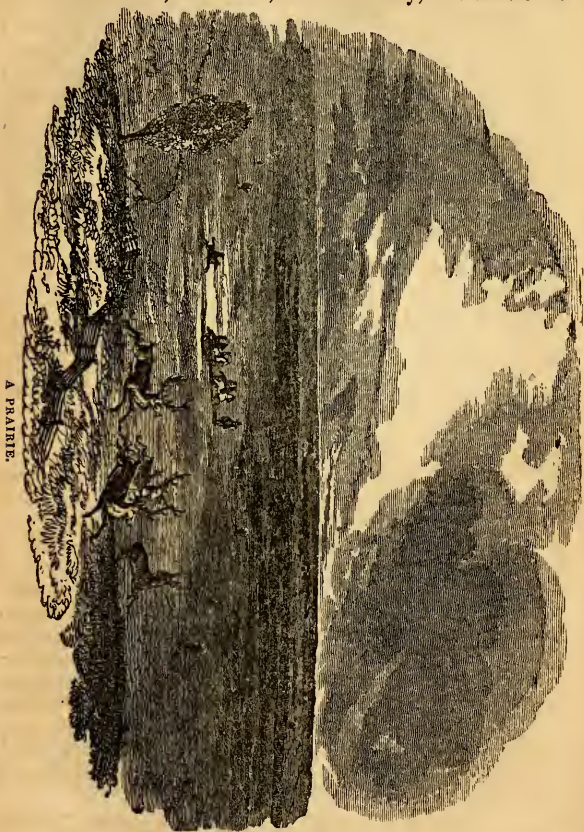
*The State of Illinois contains 50,000 square miles; Scotland, with all its islands, only 30,238.

other tributaries of all these, and of the Ohio and Wabash. All these rivers and creeks are skirted by woods often several miles wide, affording shelter from the cold of winter and the heats of summer, to the numerous animals from the contiguous prairies, which there take refuge. Here and there neat groves of oak, elm, and walnut, may be seen, half-shading, half-concealing, beautiful little lakes, that mirror back the waving branches, sparkling and glancing in the intense sunlight, and giving forth with added beauty, from the surrounding verdure, the clear, cool azure of an unclouded heaven. Along the edges of the forest, the log cabins and neat brick or framed buildings of the settlers are ranged, with their fields stretching far into the prairies, rustling with Indian corn, often fifteen feet high, or waving with the smaller grains. Flocks and herds roam at will over these verdant plains.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent—its carpet of verdure and flowers—its undulating surface—its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the forest is the most expressive feature. It is that which gives character to the landscape—which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake indented with deep vistas, like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like promontories and capes. Occasionally these points approach so closely on each hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, when the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then again he emerges into another prairie. When the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering any object between him and the distant horizon, save the wide waving wilderness of grass and flowers. While at another time the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or by the solitary tree standing alone in this blooming desert.

If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a mantle of green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer are grazing quietly upon

the young herbage—the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert, with the felon-tread of one who is conscious that he disturbs the peace of nature—the cocks crow loud, and shrill, and cheerfully, around the dis-



A PRAIRIE.

tant settlement—and the grouse, feeding in flocks or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the ground in multitudes—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the

peacock, and uttering a loud prolonged mournful note, "boom—boom—bay!—boom—boom—bay!" The number of these birds is astonishing. They do not retire before the march of civilization, but settle in tens of thousands upon the corn fields, and prove a serious tax upon the farmer, whom necessity or carelessness has caused to allow a portion of his Indian corn to remain out in the fields during the winter. They are of the size of the common hen, and may easily be shot or trapped, and prove good food. In the autumn months, the woodcocks are in fine order, and may be "bagged" without any infringement of the Game Laws, or imputation of poaching. The young pheasants and prairie hens are also well grown, and in prime condition. Partridges, quails, pigeons, and turkeys, bring up the rear.

The *Bottom Lands*, as they are called, along the rivers and creeks, extend from the streams a quarter of a mile to a mile, to what are called bluffs (which are rising grounds, from 50 to 150 feet high), sometimes by a gradual ascent, often more abrupt. Upon these bluffs are groves of timber, varying in width from half a mile to two miles, upon the back of which is the prairie.

SOIL AND PRODUCTIONS.

The soil on the surface consists of a black friable and sandy loam of from one to five feet in depth. Underlying this is a stratum of red clay, mixed with fine sand, from five to ten feet in depth. Below this is a hard blue clay of a beautiful appearance and greasy feeling, mixed with pebbles. No stones, not even pebbles, are to be seen scattered over the surface, except an occasional granite boulder of from a hundred weight to twenty tons.* No manure is required for years to come. The rich vegetable mould, the accumulation of centuries, throws out in great perfection, without any aid, luxuriant crops. As soon as timber and orchards are planted on the prairie, they grow with unexampled luxuriance. Locusts sown on prairie land near Quincy attained in four years a height of twenty-five feet, and their trunks a diameter of four to five inches. When the sod is being

* Various theories exist as to the appearance of these *Lost Rocks*, as they are called, upon these level plains, thousands of miles from any granitic mountains. In travelling from the centre of the State to Chicago, at the head of Lake Michigan, I have observed many thousands of them, all more or less rounded, showing the action of water. I believe the most correct theory is, that the prairies having been at one time submerged, these boulders were floated along enclosed in ice, and dropped down as the ice melted.

turned up for the first time by the shear plough, Indian corn is dropped along the edge of every fourth row. This is called Sod Corn. No after ploughing or working is necessary the first season. Pumpkins, water-melons, and squashes, are sown between the rows of corn. The sod is then left lying for the grass to decay; and after the next winter's frost, it crumbles, and becomes light and friable. The sod corn does not make more than half a crop, and is cut up stalk and all together, and stacked up on end as food for stock. The next year the crop of corn is most abundant, averaging 50 bushels an acre—the bottom lands in a good season will give 100). Well cultivated wheat 25 to 35, and oats 40 to 60 bushels an acre. Potatoes, Timothy hay, clover, and all the different garden vegetables, thrive abundantly. The wild natural grass of the prairie, when young, is sweet and succulent, and by cattle is preferred to young wheat. In the bottom lands this grass will grow as tall as a man on horseback, but on the plains the common height is from two to three feet. The settlers cut down this grass for hay, producing from one to three tons to the acre. A person may thus keep as many cattle as he pleases; they may roam with freedom in the summer, and he has boundless acres of natural grass to supply him with hay for winter feeding. In the middle of the prairies is the best soil, and in years of drought the high prairies do best.

A description of country called *Barrens*, or *Oak Openings*, prevails to some extent in Illinois. This term is used to designate a species of land which partakes of the nature of both forest and prairie. The surface is generally dry, and more uneven than the prairie, and is covered with scattered oaks, interspersed at times with pine and hiccory, mostly of stunted and dwarfish size, but which spring from a rich vegetable soil, admirably adapted for the purposes of agriculture. They rise from a grassy turf, seldom encumbered with brushwood, but not unfrequently broken by jungles of rich and gaudy flowering plants—the sun flower, red bud, dog wood, and wild rose, snake-weed, rosin-weed, and dwarf sumach. Among the oak openings, you find some of the most lovely landscapes of the West, and travel for miles and miles through varied park scenery of natural growth, with all the diversity of gently swelling hill and dale. Here, trees grouped or standing singly, and there arranged in long avenues as though by human hands, with enchanting strips of green meadow between. Millions of acres in Illinois lie

unoccupied and uncared for. What is called the "Military Tract," runs through the centre of the State, east and west, and consists of grants of land to the soldiers of the Revolution, and of the war with Great Britain in the early part of the present century. The greater proportion of the land remains unclaimed—many of the old heroes dying without heirs; and many persons "squat" down, or settle on these lands. Some, to my own knowledge, have been in possession for ten or twelve years, without purchase or any title whatever. The central and best parts of the prairies are also unoccupied on account of the distance (five or six miles) from timber for fuel. This will appear a small impediment to the people of Britain, but in that country the people's time is so much occupied with other concerns, that frequent journeyings of five or six miles for wood are much grudged, and are avoided by settling in the vicinity of fuel.

GEOLOGY.

First, vegetable mould from one to five feet in depth. On the great American bottom, in the south of the State, which contains an area of 288,000 acres, the average depth of soil is from twenty to twenty-five feet. Logs are found at that depth. The soil dug from wells in these bottoms produces luxuriantly. Second, pure yellow clay, with admixture of sand, five to ten feet deep. Third, gravelly clay mixed with larger pebbles, four to ten feet deep. Fourth, gray limestone rock, two to twelve feet deep. Fifth, shale covering a stratum of bituminous coal, generally four to five feet thick. Sixth, soapstone, then sandstone. The bed of limestone seems to be universal in this region—it having been discovered in all the wells dug sufficiently deep, and on all the banks of water-courses of any magnitude.

MINERALS.

Coal, salt, lime, lead, iron, and copper, are found in Illinois. Lead is found in the north-west part of the State in vast quantities. The lead "diggings" extend from the Wisconsin to the vicinity of Rock River, on both sides of the Mississippi. Iron ore has been found both in the southern and northern parts of the State. Native copper is found in large quantities in the north. Salt springs are common. There are also sulphur and chalybeate springs.

CHAPTER XVI.

"L—A—W, Law; L—A—W, Law!
 If you're fond of pure vexation,
 And long procrastination,
 And a deal of botheration,
 I'd advise you go to Law."

—*Popular Song.*

ON LAW SUITS AND NON-SUITS—SHOWING HOW THEY DO IT UP "SLICK" ON THE BANKS OF THE SWEET WINDING SPOON.

YES, SIR-EE! that's a fact—though it aint so about these "diggins." Law in this State is a thing into which every man in this Western Country may reasonably expect to get his finger. But law in the West partakes of the simplicity of all other usages. I mean, then, to devote this chapter to a leetle "OCCIDENTAL FORENSIC PRACTICE," as Jake Cornwall, the Ellisville lawyer, denominated it.

It was a fine morning in the latter end of June, when we set out for Ellisville in Mr. Scofield's wagon, for a grand field-day in the law courts of said "burg."

Reader, like Daddy Perry, "I kyn o' hate" to be obliged to cross your path, on being about to enter upon a day's pleasantry; but

"Justice demands it, and the Law allows it,"

that I should, like a faithful pioneer, clear up your way to a proper appreciation of the subject in hand. When about to enter the "Inns of Court," there is surely no impertinence in thrusting a friendly Guide Book into your hand—that you may thread your way knowingly and pleasantly through the mazes of this civilized species of "War Dance." To begin—

Illinois, like all other places on the "Footstool," is subject to the disease of Borrowing and Lending—in other words, of giving and getting credit; and as men are but men everywhere, and as nothing but cash is a legal tender in payment of a debt, and as cash is somewhat scarce in a new country, and therefore the more desirable—the desirableness operates in two ways, to incite the lender to have the cash, and the borrower to keep a hold of it—the upshot of all is a nice little suit at law.

Paul says, the law is not made for a righteous man. In this State the Law of Debtor and Creditor has evidently a

friendly leaning to the debtor, whether he be a righteous man or no, "provided always, and be it hereby understood," that he be a married man. For the unfortunate bachelor there is no mercy. The winds of law and justice are freely permitted to whistle through his estate, without let or hindrance. The constable may take, on an execution, whatever the unlucky wight has not upon his back. Not so, however, with the benedict or married man. Oh, double-blessedness! (single-blessedness is here "all in my eye")—how shall I extol thee, O wife! who callest down upon thy chosen helpmate the choicest blessings of Law (not to speak of Gospel); how shall I utter forth thy praises! thou Palladium of Man! thou flourisher of the *para-sol*, art here to thy grateful husband a *para-lex*. Don't you believe it, reader? Hear ye then what saith the Law upon this important point—after reading and carefully digesting which, if you are not ready to say with Solomon and Bill Hendryx, of woman, that "she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of his life," I will begin to have serious misgivings as to thy powers of ratiocination:

An Act to exempt certain Articles from execution,

Sec. 1—Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in General Assembly, That the wearing apparel of each and every person shall be exempt from levy or sale on execution, writ of attachment or distress for rent.

Sec. 2—That the following property, when owned by any person being the head of a family and residing with the same, shall be exempt from levy and sale on any execution, writ of attachment, or distress for rent; and such articles of property shall continue so exempt while the family of such person, or any of them, are removing from one place of residence to another in this State, viz., first, necessary beds and bedsteads and bedding, the necessary utensils for cooking, necessary household furniture, not exceeding in value fifteen dollars, one pair of cards, two spinning wheels, one weaver's loom and appendages, one stove and the necessary pipe therefor, provided the same shall be in use, or put up for ready use in any house occupied by such family. Second, one milch cow and calf, two sheep for each member of the family, and the fleeces of two sheep for each member of a family, which may have been purchased by any debtor not owning sheep, and the yarn and cloth that may be manufactured from the same, and sixty dollars' worth of property, suited to his or her condition or occupation in life, to be selected by the debtor. Third, necessary provisions and fuel for the use of the family for three months, and necessary food for the stock hereinbefore exempted from sale, or that may be held under the provisions of this Act. Provided, that any person being the head of a family and residing with it, who shall be taken before a justice of the peace on a *ca. sa.* and shall take the benefit of the insolvent laws of this State, shall be allowed the same amount of property exempt from the provisions of said Act as is provided for by the provisions of this Act; and it shall be the duty of said probate justice of the peace to set apart to such person the same amount and kind of property as is or may hereafter be exempt from execution.

Sec. 3—If any officer by virtue of any execution or other process, or any other person, by any right of distress, shall take or seize any of the articles of property hereinbefore exempted from levy and sale, such officer or person shall be liable to the party injured for three times the value of the property illegally taken or seized, to be recovered by action of trespass and costs of suit.

Sec. 4—For the purpose of recovering the damages provided for in the third section of this Act, justices of the peace shall have jurisdiction to the amount of one hundred dollars.

Sec. 5.—All laws exempting property from execution, and all Acts and parts of Acts coming in conflict with the provisions of this Act be, and the same are hereby repealed. This Act to take effect from and after its passage. Provided, should any disagreement arise between any officer and defendant in execution about, and concerning the value of any species of property allowed by this Act, it shall be the duty of said officer forthwith to summon two disinterested householders, who, after being duly sworn by some justice of the peace, shall proceed to appraise such property as said defendant shall select.

Sec. 6—Nothing in this Act shall be so construed as to prevent landlords from holding a lien on the crop growing or grown on land, for rent due for the same.

On our way to the village, Mr. Scofield gave us a slight sketch of some of the magnates of the forthcoming Law Court. There was Mr. Levi Ellis, the founder of the village, and Squire for the time being. He had been out in the State for twenty-four years, and was a quiet, respectable old man, who at one time owned much property, but had got into difficulties through the bad conduct of his sons. He was now in reduced circumstances, and was fain to earn a livelihood as a cooper. Then there was our own Squire, Mr. Ezra Smith, who was the second settler in Virgil—the first being Mr. Scofield himself. Mr. Smith, in his odd hours, busied himself at shoemaking and mending, mostly for his own family. He was a man of sterling honesty, quiet in his demeanour, and possessed much influence in the neighbourhood. Next came Squire Piersoll, of Shaw Timber Precinct, six miles south of Virgil, and Philip Ailsworth, Squire, founder and owner of the village of Babylon, four miles below Ellisville, on Spoon River. These formed the quorum of justices. Were there any lawyers? Just keep cool, and you'll hear such a rendering of the law by able attorneys as will "split the ears of the groundlings," and not "make the judicious grieve" overmuch either. "As for the lawyers," says Mr. Scofield, "I haven't got much to say for them—they can talk enough for themselves. We have Jacob Cornwall, commonly called Jake, and a rough sort of a fellow called Ben Brink. Jake comes from down east, and I believe had been educated at some little College in Connecticut; but his learning has only spoiled him. He is such a vain creature, the Justices have continually to keep him in check. He wanders so far from the subject in hand, at times pouring out such a torrent of language as rather tends to mystify than elucidate. He has his admirers, however, and makes a pretty good living by his tongue. Ben Brink, on the other hand, is a plain, though rather coarse sort of a fellow. He gives his services gratuitously, being a farmer near Babylon, and officiates entirely for the pleasure it gives him. He knows nothing of

scholarship, but is the favourite with the plainer sort of people."

By this time we had entered the village, and at once drove up to the dwelling-house of Mr. Ellis, in the large room of which the Court was to be held. From the number of people about it, it was pretty evident there were deep interests at stake. After being introduced to about a score of farmers and others by Mr. Scofield, I took my seat on a comfortable looking wool-pack, under a little different auspices from those in which I found myself the last time I made acquaintance with the same species of merchandise,—took out my note-book, and began, till business should commence, to jot down some few reminiscences of the past. In about half-an-hour, Mr. Augustus Cæsar Warner, the constable, drew himself up to his full length at the front door, and began—

"O yes! O yes!! O yes!!!—in name of the people of Illinois, I advertise all and sundry the inhabitants of this precinct, and all others interested, that the Justice of Peace Court to be holden this day, at ten of the clock forenoon, is now about to commence its sitting!" and, by way of rounding off the period, added—"Do ye hear that, ye sinners!"

Reader, a little formality is suitable to the nature of man. But this last interpolation of the constable completely knocked his salutary piece of formality on the head, and entirely dispelled from my mind any little feelings of awe I might have entertained for the majesty of the law and its administrators. But what was I?—"An atom in the mighty throng." So I reconciled myself to the *mauvais pas*, by the consideration that it was a characteristic of all the Cæsars to exceed their orders, and I thought no more of it.

Presently the Court-room was filled with the auditory, and when all had got settled in their places, in came the four Justices, and seated themselves on as many chairs behind a deal table, covered for the occasion with a patch-work bed-quilt of blue and white. Afterwards came the lawyers—the able exponents of law "in this section." Their appearance, added to Mr. Scofield's description, gave me good grounds for expecting a treat: and a treat it certainly was, though I fear I may not be able to do it justice to the reader.

Jake, as for shortness I shall call him, was a thin, long-

nosed, 'cute-looking blade, about forty, and might be five feet six inches in height, finely dressed out in his "go-to-meetins," with his best dickey put on in "jam-up" style. His hair, which was of a jet black, and worn long over his coat collar, was sparkling with the unctuous appliances of a diligent toilette. He carried a volume of the State Laws under his arm, and a bundle of loose papers besides, which he deposited with much importance on one end of the table, and, after smirking and bowing to all his acquaintances, took his seat.

Ben Brink—Oh venerated shades of Coke, Littleton, and Blackstone, how shall I describe the "lofty Ben?" He was a stout built man, about six feet high. On his head he wore a straw hat, the brim of which, in some rude encounter with the rough rubs of this "onfriendly world," had got torn across, and a little from the side also, so that it hung down slanting across his brow—the inner angle touched the phrenological organ of Number at the outside of his right eye, and shaded like a penthouse his good-humoured face, which was, however, sadly encumbered with a black beard, the growth at least of a week. He wore pants and vest of blue Kentucky jeans, but I suppose he had left his coat at the last place he was wood-chopping. He cast a sort of "How-do-ye-do" glance around upon the assembly, and then, looking at Jake, gave a shrug with the right shoulder, as much as to say, "Who's afraid," and sat down at the other end of the table.

"What's the first case on the books?" said Squire Ellis to Mr. Smith.

"Thomas Commons and Lot Bloomfield," answered Mr. Smith, addressing the constable who stood at the door.

Upon this, Augustus Cæsar steps out upon the wooden platform in front of the door, and calls the name of each person three times, as much, perhaps, for the sake of announcing what case is coming on, as for any other purpose.

The parties thus summoned, being in the room, stood forward, and the case having been stated, the parties were asked if they wished a jury. Both were content to leave it to two of the Justices, and evidence was accordingly led. The case stood thus:—

Thomas Commons, the pursuer, about six months before, had sold Lot Bloomfield a score of hogs. They were killed, and weighed forty-nine hundred weight, valued at sixty dollars. The half of this was to be paid in cash four

months after the transaction; for the other thirty he was to receive, one month later, three cows, which he had specified. In the meantime, pursuer went off into Indiana to see his friends, and returning about the time the cash was due, was paid in due course. When the time for receiving the cows came, however, defendant sent to pursuer's farm three cows very inferior to the three bargained for. It turned out that the defendant had sold the cows; and pursuer refusing to accept of inferior cattle, now claimed, since the specified cows were sold, to be paid in cash.

On the other side, it was shown by the note of hand given to pursuer, "that for the remaining thirty dollars he (pursuer) is to receive from me (defendant) three cows five calendar months after date," no particular kind of cows being specified in it.

Jake was employed as agent for Lot Bloomfield, the defendant, and Ben for Tom Commons, the pursuer.

After the witnesses had been examined, Mr. Ellis, addressing the Counsel, said, "Well gentlemen, we're ready to hear what you've got to say in this case."

Up starts Jake, full to overflowing with his subject, and thus began to expatiate:—

"I don't know, gentlemen, what kind o' judgment you're a-going to give us here; but I know right well what I could expect down in the eastern country where I came from; and—

"Hold on thar! (breaks in Ben); Jake, I aint agoin' to stan' that 'ere. I don't care whar ye come from,—down east—up north—out west—or away south,—it's all one to this hon'able court. Don't be tellin' us what's away yonder. We don't want any *log-rollin'* in this case. It's as plain as the nose on a man's face—so go right a-head. *Mind* now!"

The wrath of the little lawyer, at being thus suddenly snubbed by a rough backwoodsman, was evidently beginning to arise. In high dudgeon at the unmannerly rustic, who thus unceremoniously attributed evil motives, he resumed in a proud haughty tone, looking round the audience with the air of a man who felt they were all on his side.

"Gentlemen, I owe you an apology for this man. You may see by his appearance that he has never seen good company. I beg to inform him that there's a great lack of good breeding on the part of a certain person near this table."

“Go right a-head now, Jake—no nonsense.”

The justices here motioned to Ben to be quiet, and Jake went on.

“I stand up here, gentlemen, to assert the dignity and respect due to cultivated minds. What right has any man who never studied jurisprudence, or indeed any other kind of prudence, to stand across the path of one who is himself a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers—the honourable men of antiquity, who imperilled their lives and sacred honours by sea and land, to buy up freedom for this nation? Gentlemen, that man there knows nothing—how should he—of forensic practice, neither oriental nor occidental. The collegiate halls of the East—the bench—the bar—the pulpit, and the camp, must be respected in this Western land; and the man who leaves the ease and society of the east for the rough usage and coarse society of the west, *must* be respected. My client has shown by his note of hand to the pursuer, that no particular cows of the bovine species were promised, implemented, or to be donated. On that account he is at liberty to present to pursuer any kind of cows he may choose himself. Indeed, it would be an easy matter to prove that they don't need to be even full grown cows, for calves come within the category. Thus you see, gentlemen, the wise and liberal framers of our common law, gave full space, scope, and freedom to its honourable practitioners to interpret it to the nation according to equity. Oh, the glory of learning in these last days!—The Thracian wit, the Macedonian courage, the Hellenic taste, the Mithradatic patriotism, and the Pantheonic wisdom necessary for a right practice in our glorious arena of law and equity! I say my client has won the day. I know the justices now presiding at this Court have an appreciation of what I say. I know the law, gentlemen, and not another word need be said on the matter. I'd call the next case.”

Reader, I am an indifferent hand at reporting an unmeaning speech. The above is all that I have thought it necessary to retain of an address which occupied more than an hour.

“Hello thar, you down-easter, don't be so all-fired quick. I reckon you know me. Wal, then, leetle Ben has got to foller up—so don't go to runnin' down my steamboat. I'm good, Jake, for a speech three lengths o' my axe helve an' a han' breadth over at the least. Stan' roun', men, an' let me git a fair sweep at the subject. [The speaker here, in

a stooping posture, sweeps his hands and moves his body from side to side, as if going to mow hay.] I aint no scholar, neighbours, but I guess I know a thing or two as well as other folks, about right and wrong."

Phrenologically considered, Ben's head was decidedly good. Destructiveness and Combativeness were large, while the mental organs were very respectably developed. Benevolence and Firmness were prominent, though the region of Veneration was visibly deficient. He continued—

"I don't know nothin' about Mathera Datic nor Tom Datic neither, or any other o' them 'ere down-easters wi' the ugly names, that you've heerd about. Wal now, Jake, you're a hoss anyhow. How ye'd like to tuck a bib under our chins, and feed us with a wooden spoon made out of a beech saplin' from the banks o' the Conne'ticut. You can't come it—nohow you can fix it. We've lived too long on corn dodgers, hog an' homminy, cat fish, and suckers, and sich like notions, to gape for Yankee* fixin's like as you mention. Oh!—horn gunflints and wooden nutmegs! but I'll put ye down the law an' the equity on this 'ere case. Did ye hear him, men and neighbours, babblin' about givin' Tom Commons three calves, an' how he could prove that a calf was a cow, an' a cow a calf. Whar's your equity thar, Jake;—by gauly, I'll never say agin you wouldn't do anything, except bite your own nose off. Here am I, Ben Brink, a poor man, but I hope an honest one, and I tell ye I would not be guilty of sich a piece of knavery as that 'ere *for* a livin'. No, I'll stick to the old farm like pitch to a pine board, an' men when ye want me, hyar I be, oncorrupted, ondefiled. I'll plead the honest side against the world; but I aint a-goin' to speak against justice—not for money—so dont ax me. I say, and so must the Justices—for I know every one of 'em's an honest man—that Tom Commons havin' shown by his witnesses that Lot Bloomfield promised to give him sich an' sich cows, he's bound to give 'em, or put down the money. All that Tom Commons wants is the worth of his money; for I tell ye, boys, it aint every cow that's *worth* ten dollars *these* times. Why now see hyar, I'll give any man hyar *two* cows for ten dollars, an' they aint bad either. I'll bet ye any liquor on it, they're a darned sight better than Bloomfield's cattle. I don't care what's on the face o' the note o' hand. If it don't

* New Englanders are called *par excellence*, Yankees.

say Tom Commons is to git sich an' sich cattle, naythur does it say you're to give him less than the worth of his money. He don't object to them three critters, because they aint exactly the same as was promised, but because they aint half as good. Jake, you beat all creation for gittin' on to the wrong side of a subject. It's a mean, sneak-in', cowardly, onprincipled business you've taken up, an' I've told ye that afore now. I'd go on to a farm if I was you, and work like Sam Hill*—chatter my teeth down my throat with the aguer—or make as many turns as a worm fence (so bein' they're honest) afore I'd scratch up a livin' by sich a business. Whisht! — I thought I'd hev hed more to say, but I guess I've said enough for this spell. I'm content now to leave the case with the Justices. So be it."

Up rose Mr. Cornwall choking with indignation at the rude personal attack made upon him by big Ben. With deep emphasis he began—

"I hope this honourable Court will excuse that man, and I excuse him, for the unwarrantable liberties he has seen fit to take with the character and profession of a member of this Court. I have said before, and I now repeat, that it is the bounden duty of every citizen, and more especially of the illiterate—some of whom are near us—to respect the law and its professors, of whom I have the honour to be one. I do not expect—nay, it is the farthest possible from my thoughts to suppose—that the cogency and reasonableness of my argumentation should be appreciated by some near me. Reason, gentlemen, falls as unimpressible on the ears of some—and you know them—as the water of Bellows Falls upon the solid and enduring granite at its foot."

Mr. Ellis over-ruled, that as lawyers were a sort of *privileged class* in matters of talk, no notice should be taken of what had happened.

"Wal now, Jake (adds Ben), you needn't look so ugly at a man that tells you the truth. I don't know much about *law*, but if it's justice you want between man and man, I'm the feller that'll put it on to ye like *forty*. Go 'long wi' that 'ere nasty imposition ye call Law, if it's agoin' to put justice out o' Court! Tom Commons, you're safe in the hands of Uncle Piersoll and Phil. Ailsworth. They both live near me, and I promise ye they'll see that

* "Like Sam Hill," is a popular phrase for doing a thing earnestly.

justice is done to a shavin'. Go on, men, and do your duty. I've done."

Here the two Justices retired, and, in their absence, every one began an independent address to his neighbour.

"Daddy Ellis (said a tall thin checked man to the Squire), how did ye make out wi' that 'ere leetle trade you and me had?"

"Oh, pretty fair. Do you know where I'll get four or five thousand hoop-poles this fall?"

"Wal, I reckon I can get ye a few down towards Bernadotte. How many staves will ye be wanting?"

"Clear the tracks thar!" cries Ben, "thar's the decision coming!"

The Squires re-entered, and took their seats. Mr. Ailsworth arose and said—

"Gentlemen, our decision is, that Mr. Bloomfield shall give Mr. Commons three cows, each of them worth ten dollars, according to the appraisalment of two householders chosen by themselves."

"Ah! ——" said Ben, "that's what I call doing it up in a rag."

"Wal, let it go at that," said the defendant. "I'm obleeged to you, men, for your trouble. What's to pay?"

"Six dollars, sixty-two and a-half cents," answered Augustus Cæsar Warner.

Defendant paid down the money, and, after a short consultation with his attorney, "made tracks."

As the day was warm, and the Court-room much crowded, I now went out to take the air for a little, and note appearances in and about town. On the farther side of Spoon river, the primeval forest reposes in solemn grandeur. Alone, and fresh from the din and petty contentions of man, I descended into the depths of the forest, which offered a cool retreat from the intense heat of the noonday sun, and thus began to moralize:—Amidst Arcadian scenes, and more than Arcadian abundance—where the earth brought forth in handfuls—where the heavens smiled benignantly, and the broad sun gazed forth in unclouded grandeur and unreserved fervour—where the tall forests invite to quiet and repose—where the streams glide placidly, watering all the land as the garden of God;—here was man. Into this Lycaonian retreat he had brought with him all his gods, all his idols, all his passions: the passions which more properly belong to the headlong haste and fierce competitions

of older and more corrupt states, were here also: though there was comparatively small temptation to cheat and over-reach, here, nevertheless, it was practised in the sight of the sun. Where was the fond dream of the perfectability and simplicity of man to find a realization, if not here? but, alas!

“As the fair line uniting earth and skies,
Allures from far, and, as we follow, flies;”

here it was not. All that I had heard in the distant land of my childhood of the foul leprosy of sin which rested upon and corrupted the soul of man, was concentrated into one overwhelming and impassable conviction, as I wandered along the beautiful banks of this lovely stream, the Macon-
sippi or Hicory River of the Indians. How appropriate the words of the seer—“Let favour be shown to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness: in the land of uprightness he will deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the LORD.”

While this conviction is allowed to settle down in our minds, are we therefore to cease taking a part in the affairs of the world, or to bewail our evil fate in being cast in such a despicable mould ourselves? Let us arise, and perform *our* parts. Let us take the world as we find it, and endeavour to mitigate, if we may not remove, the ills we find in circulation there.

Ellisville is a bustling little place. Although there were not more than a hundred and fifty houses in it, and none of them very large, there was yet a respectable amount of business going on. In one workshop five or six coopers were rattling away with might and main, making up barrels for transporting the wheat of the approaching harvest to Chicago,* New York, and New Orleans. The saw and grist mills on the river banks, close by the wooden bridge, were going a-head right merrily. The wagon-makers and blacksmiths were laying about them lustily. Mr. Isaac Sawins and his men were actively engaged hewing timber and building a flat boat an hundred and twenty feet long and twenty-five wide, on the dam side, bound for New Orleans next spring with a cargo of grain, beef, pork, lard, and hides. The farmers' wives were shopping and gossiping about. The men were examining and trying the *hang*

* This important export city, pronounced She-caw-go, is situated at the head of Lake Michigan (Mish-igan), in Illinois.

of cradle scythes for harvest times—detailing the incidents of their last *horse swap*—or arguing upon the comparative merits of Jake and Ben.

“ I’ll tell ye now (says one), Brink’s the man to suit for my turn. He walks right straight up to a subject, and lets a feller see right squar how a thing hed ought to stand. Now aint that a fact ?”

“ Oh, I guess Ben’s a screamer, anyhow. If he jist hed the edication Jake’s got, he’d go a-head of all creation !”

“ Wal now, *I* don’t much like Brink. Why, boys, he haint got no manners, like Jake. Did ye notice how gentlemanly *he* touched up Ben on the raw, without namin’ him like, in Tom Commons’s case ?”

“ Lord bless you, Naphtali,* that’s the *fashion* wi’ them ’ere down easters ; but out hyar in this western country I raythur think it’s out o’ place. Jake’s learning don’t do, boys, among the bushes. But don’t you think Ben was on the right side ?”

“ Wal I must say he made it look mighty *like* the right way ; though *I* wouldn’t take him for *my* man o’ business. He’s so independent like, he’ll not say for ye what ye want him to—if it aint squar an’ chuck up to the truth. He once lost a case for me with his tarnal *justice*, as he keeps a mouthing an’ chawing about. He aint a man to my mind, nohow.”

On looking into the Court again, I found the Justices

* Almost everybody has remarked upon the peculiarity of the Western people in calling their children by out-of-the-way names. George Washington, Christopher Columbus, Andrew Jackson, Lafayette, and similar names, are as plenty as blackberries. The old-fashioned mode of calling after kindred, is generally discarded, and I have heard persons say they have made search for a name to their child which should be like that of no other person. In this spirit Mr. Ezra Smith called one of his boys Laertes Starr, another Villeroy, and one of his girls Pluma Adaliza. I have heard of a farmer of the name of Job New, in Iowa, who called his first child Something, and his second Nothing, as a standing joke upon his family increase. An eccentric auctioneer at New Orleans christened his twin daughters Ibid and Ditto ; and a gentleman on the banks of the Miami, of the name of Stickney, designated his children in numerical order, commencing with the first born—One Stickney, Two Stickney, and so on down to the infant, who is called Five Stickney. As a sample of Christian names of men, there are—

Shann	Lyne	Dewey	Orin
Leroy	Spafford	Azel	Shephard
Parmenio	Mahlon	Gershom	Cordon
Dorsey	Imri	Onslow	Lany
Chauncey	Selah	Levin	Albion.
Of women, we may mention the names of			
Manda	Pernicia	Honora	Selia
Mahala	Harmonia	Clementine	Emerline
Cynthia	Prudence	Essay	Florida
Maine Augusta	Almira	Gustava	Alida
Luana	Livonia	Orange	Lena.

occupied examining witnesses in a suit brought by Hand & Shearer against a man who owed them fifty dollars for store goods. Ben Brink was absent, and I did not care much about listening to the withered eloquence of Jake Cornwall, who had now the field to himself. On making inquiry, I was told that Ben was under the necessity of going as a witness to Lewiston, the county town, that afternoon, on a case before the Circuit Court. As I had frequent opportunities of hearing the noble fellow standing up to maintain the claims of justice with a fearless front, I shall, in a future chapter give some more specimens of his original and lucid style of address.

Before closing the chapter, I may make a remark upon the respect paid by the people to the Justices in their official capacity. During all the time I lived in the West, I remarked nothing else than a willingness on the part of the people to submit to the law. Whatever might be their unwillingness to act properly or fairly in their dealings, when once the decision of the Law Court went against them, they uniformly gave way. The President of the Court might have been a cooper, like Mr. Ellis, who sat down in judgment in his shirt sleeves, with his apron wrapped round his waist, or a shoemaker newly risen from the last and stool;—it mattered not how humble or unpretending, he sat there, clothed in the power and majesty of the sovereign people; and they cheerfully submitted to him, however displeased they might be with the man who originated the suit. They themselves had made the laws—they had elected the magistrate—and, consistently enough, they saw that they had no other course than submission.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend—
A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend.”—POMFRET.

HOW TO “GIT ALONG” IN A NEW COUNTRY—DISCOURAGEMENTS, VERSUS PLEASANT PROSPECTS—BRICKS A CIRCULATING MEDIUM—AND DAVID CRAWFORD'S CRACK ABOUT THE WEST.

READER, it is my firm faith that every man and woman in this world of ours has genius—a genius for something—

the which he or she can perform as well as any other genius, if not a little better; and that the reason why we see so many bunglers in the various walks of life, is, that said dun-derheads, botches, &c., have been compelled to perform some drudgery altogether foreign to the scope of their talents, and denied the practice of that labour in which they might be shining lights. Sir Walter Scott once poked as many questions in literature, science, and the fine arts, as would have puzzled an encyclopædist, at a fellow traveller who proving "invulnerable still" provoked the magician to exclaim, "What *do* you know then?" "Try me," said his companion, with all the quiet assurance of one who knew his own strength, "Try me on ben leather." And the event showed that the honest man was actually GREAT upon that subject. Now, there are some, and their number is great, who have a GENIUS FOR EMIGRATION; by which I mean that they have that peculiar turn of mind which fits them for taking advantage of the facilities thrown in their way in the country to which they emigrate—who look upon the difficulties which surround the movement as so many whets to invention, which invention they possess. Ask every one you meet in a thirty mile journey if he would like to know Greek. Of course every one would; but only those who look beyond the difficulty—despising the trouble for the sake of the advantage, will actually know Greek after all. In like manner, ask twenty farmers, forty shopkeepers, eighty tradesmen, and an hundred labourers, if they would like to have an estate of 160 acres, half cleared fields, and half plantation, neatly fenced, well watered, with substantial and commodious buildings all theirs, and their children's for ever. Of course, every one of them would like that. The men among them who possess the emigration genius will say, "Tell us how we may accomplish that, and we are your men." The tarry-at-home genii, however, will exclaim, "Oh, yes, all very well, BUT Tom Stick-in-the-mud, a near neighbour of ours, went out there and came home with the most doleful account of the state of affairs." It was but the other day he sent the following statement:—

"My dear Sup-Squash—I have just arrived in my native village after being absent from my friends a year and a half.

"I am thankful to Providence that I have escaped safe and sound from one of the most stupid expeditions any sane man could possibly engage in.

“ I have been in the Backwoods as they are called, and certainly they are far enough *back* and behind to dissatisfy any person who has got the smallest relish for civilized society.

“ Our troubles began in the ship, and never ended till we reached home again.

“ Think of two hundred passengers all having to cook at one fire-place, the range only five feet long.

“ Think of being imposed upon by draymen at landing ; —of being perched up nine feet high in a sort of penitentiary room—the great paddle-wheel flap-flapping on the one side of you, and the great lumbering engine on the other, without even a board on the side next the engine to break the din. Think of that on the Mississippi.

“ Think of the woods being so thick and matted together, that a squirrel could scarcely go a mile ‘in a coon’s age.’

“ Think of a business in which, if you wanted a side of bacon, you would be presented with a bag of cut nails ; if you wanted a barrel of flour, there was nothing but bricks or saddles ; if a dozen of eggs, no eggs but plenty of castor oil ; if three yards of calico, there was nothing nearer it than window glass or shoe pegs.

“ I found money scarce and labour dear.

“ Would you believe it ? I had to wait three days for a carpenter to put a new helve in my axe, and three days again to have a pane of glass put into a window.

“ I had some swine to kill, but every one was so busy himself that I could get no one to do it. I was impertinently told to do it myself. Think of a person brought up as I have been, turning pig-butcher.

“ In short, my dear Sir, I was not settled more than a week, before I found that there was a world of absolute ‘botheration’ before me, and that I could not get sticking to my own business, but had to turn joiner, painter, and glazier, cobbler, butcher, labourer, wagoner, and pedlar—all to enable me to ‘git along,’ as the people say.

“ I am at last returned to a land of civilization, where, it is true, I cannot purchase land, and own an estate, but where I can get everything done to my hand, and anything from a darning needle to a ninety-gun ship, if so be that I but have the money to pay for it.

“ Yours, truly,

THOMAS S——.”

“ P.S.—I have not yet got into work since my return. Perhaps you could recommend me to your brother’s nephew, who might make interest for me with the foreman of the Monopoly Company’s Works. It took so much money to bring me home, that I am rather short of cash, and cannot be idle much longer. T. S.”

Now, such clever persons as Tom, I would, by all means, advise to stay at home, and follow that *one* occupation for which they are fitted; for their genius, certainly, does not extend to a new country.

When a man or a family leaves the shores of Britain for the American land, it is like beginning life anew. Going among a people and into a country altogether different from the people and country left behind, a man is continually apt to make comparisons, and judge of every thing according to the British standard. It is ten to one, also, that he will give his decision in favour of the custom to which he has been habituated; and though there is every ground for being satisfied with the change, imaginary evils are conjured up, and it is more than likely, that before the first year is out, he will wish himself safe home again. I have known men go to the city of New York, stay eight days, get discouraged, and having still enough to pay their passage back, turn on their heel and go home again. Such men should never have set out. It is my intention, in this chapter, to take a look at the discouragements an emigrant is apt to encounter on his first landing, and for the first few months afterwards; after which, I dare say, the reader will be ready for another Backwoods’ story.

When you leave the shores of Britain for the land where the people “expect,” “calculate,” “reckon,” and “guess,” it is time for you to begin also to “guess,” “reckon,” “calculate,” and “expect,” to meet with some things you cannot at first understand, and would rather you had not to face. While it is quite true you have gone out of the Old World into the New, you are still in *the* world, and there is no place that I know of, under the sun, exempt from a little trouble and annoyance.

It is related of Alexander Selkirk—better known as Robinson Crusoe—that on being brought home by a British ship from the solitary isle on which he spent about four years, he used to walk or rather mope about through the streets of his native village, mourning and lamenting for

his "dear island," to which four years had reconciled him, notwithstanding the absence of human beings, and the thousand advantages of civilized life. Such is the force of custom upon the mind of man. The writer of this little work can testify, that the last year of *his* residence in America was to him the most pleasant of all. In fact, the longer he lived there, the better he liked it. He considers himself only sojourning here for a time. The glorious land towards the setting sun is to him the home and desire of his heart. He feels that *there* a man can labour to some purpose, and there accordingly he means to end his days, satisfied that he has nothing to hope for in this country, but hard labour and little for it.

It is customary for emigrants to the States to sail for New York, on account of that route being the cheapest. It only appears so, but is not in reality. When you land in that city, on looking about you, you see every one driving business with all his might. Splendid houses and filthy and squalid poverty-stricken dwellings—rich men and poor men—purple and fine linen—rags and rascals enow. Your first thought is—"I need not have left home for this. We have enough of this sort of thing there." To get away from this state of things, you require to sail up the Hudson 180 miles—on the grand Western Canal, 364 miles—on the great lakes (nine days), 1200 miles—and then you have left pride and poverty both, far, far behind. Then you are in a position to appreciate, in some degree, the advantages for which you have left

"That sea-girt isle, begirt with many a prayer,"

but in passing over that distance, it will require more money than you paid for your passage across, not to speak of the annoyance and chances of getting what little property you may have with you, wet and destroyed by the way.

The difference in the passage-money to New Orleans is trifling, and to that port accordingly I would advise all emigrants for the West to steer. Up the Mississippi—1200 miles to St. Louis, for, at the most, five dollars, or one pound sterling, and you are then within a day's sail of the most choice regions of the West. Let no man that has a pair of hands, and is willing to use them, fear for a moment about getting something to do. Let him not be too choice at first, but strike into anything, anywhere, till he gets 'a little acquainted with the ways of the people. Suppose he gets

a little cheated out of some of his earnings at first—what of that—it is so much more knowledge gained, and he has not gone into debt for it.

The first important advice I would give to an emigrant after he has resolved on trying the West, is one which has been too much overlooked. Let him be satisfied with moderate advantages, and not grasp at too much, else he will loose all. I shall illustrate what I mean by a case:—

John Thomson has resolved on emigration, and accordingly sets out. He has been told before he started, by Hand-Books, Circulars, and the prospectuses of Emigration Societies (which are plain impositions), that Iowa and Wisconsin* are now the great emigration fields—Illinois and Indiana are occupied, he is told; all the good land being taken up; while in these other States, the choicest land may be had at five shillings an acre. He settles either in Iowa or Wisconsin—it may be on the confines or in advance of civilization—where the track of a white man is hardly to be seen; or in some far off county where a few other settlements have been congregated. A navigable river is near by, and he sees that he is not so far from market after all. Presently he is taken sick—(the ague comes upon him, and is like to chatter his teeth out),—he has made some little progress in his improvements—and as soon as he begins to recover, he cannot bear to see every thing going to the bad, without putting to his hand; and as surely as he begins to work before he gets fairly recovered, he is down again as bad as before. If that is not enough to discourage any man I wonder what is. What is the cause of this? It is all to be accounted for on natural principles. The waste and festering soil which has imbibed the rains, and is overshadowed by jungles of grass and weeds, retains the moisture till the vegetation begins to decay; the moisture of the earth below, long retained, hastens the process, and the whole country combining to exhale such deadly miasmata in the fall of the year, all who inhale the poison are down sick, as well they may be. Of what benefit now is his “fine location” to him? He has taken a false position—instead of the simple settler, he has become a pioneer. The nature of his former habits and pursuits ill fits him for a successful struggle with the difficulties of the unsubdued wilds. While a regular pioneer would lop

* Pronounced Eye-o-way and Wis-conn-sin.

down an oak of two feet diameter in fifteen minutes, he who knows nothing of the use of the axe will take two hours. His strength and vigour are lost in making false strokes, while every blow of the other *tells*.

I have been told by an Englishman, who purchased land in Wisconsin, that the very *hogs* there take the ague. Without vouching for the truth of this statement, I may mention a case that came under my own knowledge. A Scotchman residing for some time in Knoxville, twenty miles north of Ellisville, took a notion he would go to Iowa. While in Knox County he had no sickness, but upon his going to Muscatine County, Iowa, he was taken sick of the ague, and lay for nine months—sometimes better, sometimes worse. Shattered and discouraged, he made his way back to Illinois—a melancholy proof of the indiscretion of allowing the great advantages held out by the newest country to allure from the paths of safety.

To the emigrant from Britain I would say, rather “hang back” in the rear of the advanced wave of emigration, and you have less risk to run. It is but natural to suppose that a country which has been partly broken up by the plough, large strips of the woods felled, the rank herbage cropped, and the soft soil trampled down under the tread of the cattle of the settlers, is more apt to have its moisture dissipated shortly after heavy rains, than a country where there are comparatively few settlers, and a rank vegetation. I would say also, keep away from sluggish rivers. However charming the situation—however picturesque the scenery—that is forbidden ground. Furthermore, strive rather to purchase, if possible, improved land, with fences built, houses up—however humble at first—and you will save yourself far more than the difference in purse, peace of mind, health of body, and pleasing society. I can have no interest in advising you to this course, except the satisfaction of thinking that, upon trial, you will see the benefit. Give your money to no person or society. No one is better able to judge what a man would like than himself. After delivering up your money to land speculators, if, on your arrival, you should find yourself in the possession of some “splendid swamp,” or in the vicinity of one, or on the outskirts of “woods, and wilds, and melancholy glooms,” you will only be served as you might have foreseen; therefore keep your money till you see what you are to get for it.

I now proceed to show you how a man who is merely a

day-labourer may get along without money, having nothing to start with but his two hands, and a firm resolution to go a-head.

HOW DAVID CRAWFORD "GOT ALONG" ON A CLEAR CAPITAL OF NOTHING!

I became acquainted with Crawford four years after my entrance into the country. He was then upwards of sixty years of age—had been in the country five years—had married the second time—and had a young wife of about thirty years of age, and two little children. They were both natives of Scotland. He came from Linlithgowshire, and she from Glasgow. I will give his story in his own words. He was then too far advanced in life to conform much to the language and mode of speech of the Americans, and, especially to me, related his story in his native Doric:—

"I sailed frae Glasgow to Quebec in 1841, and pushed on to Iowaw, whar ane o' my dochters is leevin'; but I didna like that bit, sae I jist cam' my wa's back to Knoxville. When I cam' here, if ye believe me, Sir, I hadna a fardin to begin the worl' wi'. But I had aye been used to sair wark, and I took a job wi' a man in a brick-yard, and wrought wi' him for a season. He allowed me twal dollars a month, and boarding forbye. At the end o' my time wi' him, he says to me ae morning, 'Dawvit, I canna gie ye a bawbee, but I'll tell ye what I'll do—I'll jist pay ye in bricks for your saxty dollars.' Weel, I took the bricks frae him, at the rate o' sax dollars a thousand, and begood to 'mak' turns,' as the folk talks about hereawa'. I gaed to Mr. Leighton, the storekeeper in the toon there (he's frae Aberdeen), and he gied me ten Due Bills,* as he ca'd them, six dollars the piece, for my bricks. Weel gaed I down to Mr. Rae's mill o'er bye, and says I to the miller, could ye gie me twa barrels o' flour. I hae nae money to pay ye, but I'll gie ye a sax dollar due Bill on Mr. Leighton's store. "Well I reckon ye may get them," (says he) sae that did me till the next Spring for makin' scones. Weel, I wrought awa' at quarryin' stane, houkin' wells, and sick like, till ae day I took a notion I'd begin brickmakin'

* Here is a specimen of a "Due Bill":—"Due the bearer the sum of Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents, payable in goods on demand at my Store.

THOMAS MARELEY."

mysel'. Fegs, thinks I, bricks 'ill get ye ony thing about here. Weel I took a day wi' my spade o'er my shouther, and searched a' round among the woods for clay to mak' wi'. Down at the fit o' the brae there, whar' I now leeve, I fell in wi' an extraordinar' gude kin' o't. Weel I soon fun' out wha it belang'd to. It belang'd to Dr. Hansford in the toon there. Says I to him, 'Sir, I'm gaun to mak' a when bricks, an' I'd like you'd sell me a bit o' your grun.' 'Weel,' says he, 'I'll jist gie ye twenty acres at twa dollars an acre.' 'That'll do brawly, man,' says I; 'but I hae nae money to pay ye. Ye'll hae to wait till I get my first kiln aff.' 'Ye'll need to allow me a little mair then,' says he; 'if ye gie me bricks at five dollars a thousan', it's a bargain.' 'Weel, a bargain be't,' quo' I; 'an' I set to work. Sae ye see I got a man to gie me a haun, an' we baith wrought hard an' sair for three months. We then gaed into the woods an' cut down hiccory—for that wood, ye ken, burns best green—brunt our bricks, an' paid the lan', and had a gie twa three left to sell. Thinks I, there's a gie dacent Scotch hissie o'er by in Canada. I'll just send her a letter, and see gin she'll no come yont and take pot luck in the woods. She was a heap younger nor me, ye ken; but then, thinks I, Dawvit in Scripture got a sonsie young hissie to keep him cozie, and whatfor no Dawvit in the woods, wi' a' reverence be it spoken, as auld Mr. Boyd, our minister, used to say. Weel she came her wa's like a leddy, and that's her there; and, though I say it mysel', I couldna hae got a better at pick and wale. After I paid my grun' and my man's wages, I had saxty thousand left, and I'll jist tell ye how I got on. When I wanted a pickle flour, or a bit pork, or maybe a wee hue tea and sugar, I just paid it wi' bricks, and ne'er fashed my thum'. Now ye see I was wanting to get up a bit house. Sae I steps owre to a man the name o' Thomas Fox, and quo' I, Mr. Fox, what'll ye take to make ready the timmers for a frame house. Twenty dollars, quo' he. What kind o' pay will ye be asking? Are you the Scotchman that makes the bricks? says he. Ye're right there, quo' I. Weel if you hae ony to spare, said he, I'd like a when. Sae that was a' very weel. Then I gaed to the saw mill. I've been wanting to see you, Mr. Crawford, quo Mr. Rae. I'm gaun to pit up a bit brick house on the Peoria road. I'll be wanting twal thousand—can ye let me hae't? I was gay blythe to hear't, for ye ken Mr. Rae has a gie pickle siller among his hands. Surely, said

I; an' I'm wanting a thousand feet o' lumber—can ye supply me? Weel the lumber was ten dollars, and my bricks was seventy-twa. I threw aff the odds, and he paid me down dacently saxty siller dollars. I was beginning to get quite crouse. We put the siller by though, for ye ken when a man gets a grup o' a little here, the plan is to keep a haud o't. Weel I got on, and got on, and now, Sir, you see how I am."

"Well, Mr. Crawford," said I, "I am going to Scotland for a while; would ye not like to go too?"

"Atweel I would like weel enough to see the auld kintra again; but I wouldna stop there now if ye were to *pay* me for't."

"Why so?"

"Because I ken brawly if I was gaun, what I might expect. They would keep me working in a dike sheugh till the day o' my daith, or if I wasna able to work, I might gang and beg. Now I'm gay weel up in years, and yet I can do a thousand times better here, though *I am* an auld man, than I could do the brawest day ever I saw at hame. But whatfor are *ye* leaving this gran' kintra."

"Family matters, Mr. Crawford."

"Yes, yes. Weel I'm glad to hear it's nae *fae't* ye hae to the place, for I hae nane."

"I have no fault to find with the country. My decided opinion is, that it is the best for a poor man, and your story confirms me in that opinion. Of course you have had difficulties to encounter like all others."

"Diffeequities!—surely—but they're just naething ava when ane sees they can owercome them. Naebody maun come hereawa' that means to act the gentleman, or winna dirty his finger-taps, my certy."

"How have you enjoyed your health since you settled?"

"Fine, mon—I never was better in my life. In fact I have better health here than ever I had at hame."

Before I came away, the old man gave me an inventory of his worldly goods for the information of his friends in Glasgow, who were meditating emigration. Here it is. I can assure the reader it is genuine:—

Twenty acres of good land.
 A good substantial framed house.
 Two horses and a wagon.
 Six cows, three heifers, and four calves.
 Thirty sheep and more in prospect.
 Thirty hogs, with several litters of young ones.
 Poultry—Turkeys, geese, ducks, and heus in swarms.
 And a little *CASH* in a quiet corner, for a rainy day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND yet the "Great Republic" holds that "Man
 Is born to rights inalienable and free—
 LIFE, LIBERTY, AND HAPPINESS"—the plan
 Of his ennobling Birthright. Earth and sea
 And Heaven above in unison agree
 With the undying truth. Who doth not know
 This is man's creed in every land, where he
 Finds his *own* interest lies. But here 'tis so,
 That white men claim the boon—none else have rights below !
 Go ask the trembling African, condemned
 To everlasting bondage—limb and soul.
 Go ask the exiled Indian who hath stemm'd
 With dauntless arm, in vain, th' invading shoal.
 Each drop of sweat which down to earth doth roll
 From bondmen's cheeks, shall emulate the skies,
 And join with vapours from each stormy pole,
 To thunder in thine ears the fate which lies
 In store for all who live, and human rights despise.

CHARLES WILLIAMS—"ANTI-SLAVERY" AND "PRO-SLAVERY" MEETINGS.

ABOUT the beginning of the month of July, I became acquainted with a schoolmaster in our neighbourhood of the name of Charles Williams. He was an ardent admirer of Scotland and things Scotch. I lent him Carrick's *Life of Sir William Wallace*, which he read with enthusiasm, and was ever after asking questions about the various localities mentioned in the *Life*. He had read all Scott's and Burns' writings, and was continually quoting some of their sayings. Our romantic and peculiar Scottish dialect had a singular sound in the mouth of a foreigner living in 90 degrees west longitude; but so it is, that

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

I have seldom known a man who appeared so delighted to hear the poems of Burns recited in the true Scottish style as Williams. Many and many a time has he brought a friend to my house, to hear one or two of Burns' happy hits in the broad Westland dialect. None of all whom he brought, however, expressed such frantic delight as himself in listening to the "Address to a Haggis," "Auld Mare Maggie," "Tam o' Shanter," "Captain Grose," &c., &c. With this gentleman, who might be about thirty years of age, I took a journey up into Knox county, to attend a meeting on the Slavery question, held under the following circumstances:—The section of the Christian community in the United States, called the Methodist Episcopal Church,

being the most numerous body in the States, approves of the institution of slavery, and holds more slaves than any other of the churches. A portion of her members had long disapproved of the practice, but were hopeful, that under the influence of better views, the Church to which they were sincerely attached would by and bye come to see her error, and cast off the iniquity. In consequence, however, of some recent action on the question by the said church, in which they not only expressed their disinclination to meddle with Slavery, but even affirmed it justifiable, a portion of the Abolition party had seceded, and formed themselves into a body, under the title of "TRUE WESLEYANS." Our meeting, then, was to be held in connection with this movement, and a decided stand was to be taken against slavery in every form.

Travelling in a northerly direction, we came first, in six miles, to the picturesquely-situated village of Troy, on Cedar Creek, a tributary of Spoon river. The ground on which this village stands, belongs to Mark and William Moore, two brothers, who, Mr. Williams informed me, had not five dollars when they came into the country nine years before, from the Eastern States. Here we found an immense saw and grist-mill, and a distillery and store, all carried on by these enterprising brothers. They take in the produce of the farmers, and give them store-goods, &c., in exchange. This produce, consisting of beef, pork, Indian corn and wheat, wool and hides, is sent to New York or New Orleans, and a handsome profit realized.

Passing on, over a beautiful country of frequent patches of forest and prairie, with numerous settlements, we came, at four miles from Troy, to the nice little village of St. Augustine, where is a wooden Roman Catholic Church, dedicated to the saint after whom the town is named. The cottages of this village are neatly constructed, and being scattered over a space of ten acres, interspersed by several burr-oaks of great age and large proportions, has a pleasing appearance as you approach it. Here several wagons were in readiness to start for the meeting, and we got in, and continued on. Various and conflicting were the opinions entertained by the villagers on the merits of the much-vexed question of Slavery. Every one, however, would listen patiently to his neighbour's arguments, and give his opinions, in turn, without passion; for in this State, at least, no private interests swayed the minds of the people.

We arrived at the village of Abingdon at noon, and found a great congregation of farmers and others, from the surrounding country, who took a deep interest in the business of the day. We were informed that a Methodist preacher, himself a slave-holder, from Missouri, was to be present at the meeting, and was likely to offer some opposition. At half-past twelve all began to wend their way towards a vast barn by the side of a grove, belonging to one Dr. Burder, the principal promoter of the movement in that neighbourhood, and an uncle of Mr. Williams. Forty or fifty wagons drove up, filled with young and old of both sexes, while cavaliers and pedestrians kept pouring in from all points of the compass. The day was oppressively hot—the thermometer stood at 87 degrees in the shade; and by the appearances of things, we were going to have an exciting day. Most of the barns in that country are made large enough to hold the bulk of the farmer's grain crop, and this was one of the largest. The seats were formed of rough sawn boards or *lumber*, resting on chairs, and on logs sawn across for the occasion. A group of a dozen or so of plain-looking men, some dressed in brown, some in grey, and others in blue, whom, I was told, were itinerant preachers belonging to the body, sat on one side of the barn on a raised platform.

Dr. Burder was called with acclamations to the chair. He immediately began:—

“Christian Brethren,—On the 4th of July, 1776, our fathers issued what is called the Declaration of Independence of the Thirteen United States of America, beginning with these words:—‘We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.’ In opposition to this noble beginning of the noble document, in celebrating the issue of which we soon expect to be engaged, how stands the Church of God in this land, where all men are created equal. I blush for my country when I think on the horrid and foul

stain that rests upon it, making it the scorn and derision of all lands. The Methodist Episcopal Church, of which I am a member—but of which I shall be a member no longer than this day—has no less a number of slaves, owned by her members and her very ministers, than 204,000; the Baptists have 200,000; the Campbellites, 100,000; the Episcopal Church, 80,000; Presbyterians, 75,000; and minor denominations, 25,000!! Well, indeed, may our star-spangled banner be scoffingly termed—

‘The fustian flag that proudly waves,
In solemn mockery o’er a land of slaves.’

Petitions and remonstrances have been again and again sent in to the General Conferences, but all to no purpose. At the last General Conference it was declared by a vast majority that ‘slavery was not a moral evil,’ and that there was no necessity for interfering with it. By the North Carolina Conference it was decided that ‘Slavery being quite a worldly concern, could not be meddled with by the Church.’ By the General Conference held at Cincinnati, in a free State, the Church disclaimed any intention to interfere with the relations of master and slave. The vote stood for the motion—130 against, and 14 in favour of freedom. Again, in 1840, the General Conference met at Baltimore, passed a resolution, ‘That it is highly inexpedient and unjustifiable for any preacher to allow the testimony of coloured members against a white member in Church trials, when the laws of the State or Territory do not allow them that privilege in civil courts of justice;’ and there are sixteen States and Territories where coloured persons are not admitted to give testimony as witnesses in courts of law against whites. Seeing, then, that our Church is making no advances whatever in the right direction, but is the rather retrograding, a portion of her most honourable sons are under the necessity of leaving her communion, and washing their hands of any farther participation in this ‘sum of all villainies,’ as the great and good Wesley justly called it. This day, my brethren, we have met to say what we shall do in this matter. *I have come to the decision—go with me who may—that I will not henceforth hold fellowship with a Church which sanctions or winks at the detestable vice any longer.”*

Up jumped a low thick-set man called Alonzo Stillman, and grasped the Doctor by the hand.

“Doctor, you’re the right stuff, and I honour you for your noble stand this day. Friends and fellow-Christians, I have been a Methodist preacher for the last ten years, and all that time I have been a stout Abolitionist. I know there’s a law in this free State of Illinois, which says, ‘That any person or persons found guilty of aiding or abetting a slave to run away from his master, or who shall harbour him in his house, or give him food or drink while running away from his master, shall be fined in 500 dollars.’ That’s one of the laws made by this State to be broken. Many a poor wayworn Negro, shaped in the image of his Maker, have I lodged and befriended while passing over into Canada, out of the land of bondage ; and I aint afraid to acknowledge it, and I don’t care who knows it. (Great applause.) If the State goes to fining me, it may go a-head—I haint got 500 dollars in the world, and if they should put me in jail, I declare to you I’ll just do the same the moment I’m out. An Abolitionist I am, and one I mean to be till the day of my death, through the help of God. Brother Burder, I’ll join you. Before I sit down I may tell this meeting, that the good work of the Abolitionists is going on gloriously. The Vigilance Committee at Albany, in the State of New York, have published a full report of the aid they have given to runaway slaves during the last year. They have aided about three hundred and fifty runaway Negroes since the opening of navigation in last spring. Of these about one hundred and fifty were men, one hundred and fifty women, and fifty children. Most of them came from Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and nearly quite a hundred from Washington and Georgetown. They have gone chiefly to Canada, and the sum of five hundred dollars has been expended for their board, passage, and other expenses. (Cheers and hisses.) Hiss who may, the abomination of slavery must lie down in the dust. The free sons of America will not permit it to exist much longer. And they utterly despise all laws made for its protection, and glory in violating them.” (Much confusion.)

Rev. Arkley Horner, the Missouri man, here rose and said —“Brethren, I have come all the way from Missouri to hear what you have got to say on this subject. Why should you allow yourselves to speak unadvisedly, or so fiercely on this question. Abolitionists are too often so carried away with their feelings, that they are sure to speak

foolishly. I have heard nothing yet to show that the servitude of niggers is wrong—nothing but empty talk. Beware, my brethren, of being led away by foolish, unstable men, from the Church of your fathers—the pillar and ground of the truth. The two persons that have just spoken are no doubt violent men, and would delight in seeing you act violently; but beware of following such men. They—

“Violent men, indeed!” interrupted Alonzo, “I wonder who’s most violent. You rascally slave-owners steal men formed in the image of God, and compel them to labour for your ease and profit, and then if free men object or show themselves earnest about their delivery, you come here and coolly tell us we are *violent, unstable, foolish*. You do the wrong, and object to be found fault with. But I’ll show you before I sit down that Abolitionists are not so violent as you are, you whited sepulchres. The *Rev. R. Anderson*, speaking in the Presbytery of West Hanover, Virginia, discourses in this gentle way:—‘If there be any stray goat of a minister among us, tainted with the bloodhound principles of Abolitionism, let him be ferreted out, silenced, excommunicated, and left to the public to dispose of him in other respects.’ Another gentle minister, *W. Plummer, D.D., Virginia*, softly whispers—‘If Abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair that they should have the first warming at the fire. Let them understand that they *will be caught* if they come among us, and they will take good heed to keep out of our way.’ Again, *Rev. A. Witherspoon, of Alabama*, says—‘If any of your scamps of Abolitionists come into this State with their strife-provoking doctrines, I cannot promise them a better fate than that of Haman.’ But, men of the State of Illinois, I will not insult you with farther examples of the fierce spirit of the slave-holders. They can come here, and meekly and lovingly cry out, ‘Hush! peace be still!’ while at the same time they are fattening and glorying over their abominable trade. This man now before you, I am told, has a gang of no less than eighteen slaves. Is there any wonder, then, that *he* should bid us be quiet?”

“I rise to make a motion,” said a man in the body of the meeting, “that Brother Arkley Horner be allowed to walk out, and I’ll give him a hand if he aint pretty smart.”

Here the confusion began. The whole assembly rose to their feet, and Horner, at the top of his voice, cried out—

“I beg to announce that I mean to deliver a lecture this afternoon, at three o'clock, on the Slavery question, in the Methodist meeting-house.” “Turn him out! Turn him out!” was heard from every quarter; during which, some of his friends accompanied him to the door, amidst the hisses and execrations of the meeting.

When order was again restored, the meeting was addressed by several other speakers, among whom were Abel Dale and Asa Main, two clever backwoodsmen, who promised they would interrogate the slaveholder in the afternoon. Forty-eight persons, formerly members of the Old Church, gave in their adhesion to the new movement, and the meeting dispersed without farther incident for remark.

As the appointed hour for the pro-slavery meeting drew on, the people began to flock in crowds to the church. Although Illinois is a free State, and the general convictions of the people are in favour of freedom to all, there is yet a large portion who, though they would not take active measures to promote slavery, consider it a duty they owe to slaveholders, and to the integrity and peace of the Union, to let things remain as they are. Their connection with churches who hold slaves is favourable to this feeling also, and it must not be supposed then, that all, or more than one-half of those who now streamed to the church were animated by hostile feelings to the slaveholder, who, strangely enough, was about to lecture in advocacy of the institution of Slavery!

There were even more persons present at this meeting, than at the other in the barn, and the greatest curiosity seemed to pervade all present as to the issue of the business, in which there was to be some sparring, if the Missouri man would stand fire.

Slowly and deliberately—with the air of one who felt that, if not in earnest, he ought to be—the lecturer began by laying down his premises as follows:—

1. Slaveholding is not contrary to Scripture.
2. It is not contrary to our Constitution.
3. It is the best for the Negro.
4. His nature and disposition show he is destined for Servitude.
5. Abolitionism is unjustifiable as an interference with Private Rights.

6. If Slavery were abolished, an Amalgamation of the races would take place, which would deteriorate the Whites.

Lastly. The matter is one which should be left entirely to the Slaveholder.

Reader, a British audience would not have submitted to more than this, but nations differ as well as individuals.

Up jumps Abel Dale, a determined-looking little fellow, in his shirt sleeves, and, addressing the speaker, began—

“Wal, now Capt’n, I hope you’re agoin’ to give a feller a chance to reply to them ’ere heads o’ yourn. Your discourse is like a dandy’s whiskers, pretty extensively laid out, but I expect it won’t be very thickly settled—”

“With arguments,” added another.

“That’s a fact,” continued Abel, nodding his head knowingly. “Now, gentlemen, I aint agoin’ to interrupt, but I want to know when I’m to stan’ in with a leetle opposition or so.”

“I shall be ready,” replied the lecturer, “to answer any reasonable question at the close of my address.”

“Wal, I expect that’s enough—go ahead.”

“Christian Brethren,—As the relative duties of master and slave are taught in the Scriptures in the same manner as those of parent and child, husband and wife, the existence of slavery itself is not opposed to the will of God. The Son of God came to this world—found slavery in existence—and instead of abolishing it, gave laws for its guidance. The Jews were permitted to enslave the heathen, but not their own brethren. Paul says, ‘Servants obey your masters in all things, for this is right.’ Whoever then has a conscience too tender to approve of, or recognise slaveholding, is, in the words of one of our late Church resolutions, ‘righteous overmuch’—is ‘wise above what is written,’ and has submitted his neck to the yoke of man—sacrificed his Christian liberty of conscience—and leaves the infallible Word of God for the fancies and traditions of men. When, then, in any country, Slavery has become a part of its settled policy, the inhabitants—even Christians—may hold slaves without crime.

“Secondly,—The glorious constitution of these United States is silent upon the subject of slavery, although it was in full operation when the Constitution was drawn up. Slavery, my Christian brethren, is a matter of private enterprise, and those who do not choose to engage in it, have

no rights granted them by the Constitution to interfere with those who do.

“Thirdly,—It is best for the Negro himself. Just consider for a moment my Christian brethren, what would be the consequence to our coloured population, if they were thrown loose to the mercy of the world. They know little or nothing—they are ignorant of the common usages of commerce and business in trade. Like the caged bird let loose, they would be imposed upon and devoured by their more knowing fellows. I tremble to think of the sad privations to which our misplaced humanity would expose them. On the other hand, look at them in their present condition. All that you have heard of the hard usage of the nigger, my Christian brethren, is unreasonable and false; and why? because you must see yourselves, that a stout young man or woman, worth from three hundred to one thousand dollars or so, won't be ill-used, if it was for no other reason but the expense. You don't ill-use your best horse or your best cow. The more care you take of them, the better is it for yourselves. I tell you what it is, my Christian brethren, the slave is a man well to do in the world, every way you take it; for see—he gets up in the morning, the first thing is to get a good substantial breakfast of wholesome viands. He eats till he is satisfied. He then goes out to his work—that's surely no curse to any man more than another. Going to work, I have seen more mirth and gaiety—whistling, singing, jumping, snapping of fingers, whooping, and crowing—than I ever saw among free men. Why?—because ‘out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.’ They are full to overflowing of gladness: they have no cares—no fears and uncertainties for the morrow. Markets may rise or fall—banks may fail—manufactures may prosper or decline—kings may be dethroned—empires may cease—it's all one to them—they are well provided for. They rise and lie down without a care—without a thought for any of those things.

“Fourthly,—The nature of the Negro shows that he is destined by God to be a servant, and surely no one will quarrel with those who are fulfilling the Prophecies. ‘A servant of servants’ was he to be to men, and a good servant he makes, because his nature fits him for it. You cannot get the Indian to bow his neck like the nigger. You never saw an Indian a slave, but you may have seen niggers slaves to Indians. Christian brethren, it does seem to

me to be a Special Providence that servitude should exist in this country. How else could our rice, cotton, and sugar fields be cultivated. You could not get white men to work in such a climate as the nigger can work in with ease, and with advantage to the general country. Abolish Slavery, and our great trade in cotton, tobacco, sugar, and rice must cease, and what a spectacle would we then present to the world! Away, then, with your nonsense about Abolition! They are not the true lovers of their country who favour or hold such doctrines. I am thinking you never saw the thing in *this* light before, my Christian brethren.

“Fifthly,—There can be no possible excuse for an interference with the Slaveholder and his property; for what saith the Scripture, ‘Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s man-servant, nor his maid-servant,’ any more than his ox or his ass. The villains, then, who make a business of going into the Slave States, and stealing or decoying away the slave from his lawful owner, are expressly infringing both the spirit and letter of the Tenth Commandment. Hear, again, what the Scripture saith on this subject, my Christian brethren—‘He that stealeth a man (mark that, my brethren) and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.’ Is there any wonder, then, that our lawgivers, following up the spirit of this injunction, have passed laws, making it a high offence to decoy a slave from the service of his master. The man who steals from me my man-servant or my maid-servant, might as well steal from me the money in my bureau, or the horse which I ride. They are my property, and no man has any right to them, or to say to me what I shall or shall not do with them. Every reasonable man—and I know there are many here—must see the reasonableness of this. Ah! my Christian brethren, beware of those dangerous men who this day have been trying to ‘beguile unstable souls.’ Beware! Beware!! Beware!!! Oh, Beware!!!!

“Sixthly,—The greatest evil of all remains to be spoken of—AMALGAMATION—an evil the bare mention of which is enough to make us shudder with affright. My Christian brethren, there are three millions of coloured men in this country, and twenty millions of whites. It is impossible to send away three millions of niggers to Liberia, and should the time come when they should be liberated, there will be such a mania for freedom in all matters, that it will doubtless be argued by victorious Abolitionists, that we have no

right to pretend to send them away out of the land of their birth, where they have as good a right to be as ourselves. There will be no choice for us but amalgamation, or a mixing of the despicable race with the noblest people in God's world. Expect, then, to see every man, woman, and child in this fair land with woolly hair, blubber lips, nigger heels, and thick head. Stupid and debased, our nation, once the most happy and prosperous in the universe, will then be trodden down of men, and the servile blood of base Helots stoop to the earth before third and fourth-rate nations! Then shall just retribution overtake us for our simplicity in giving way to the mad cry of Abolition—of unthinking simpletons who 'know not what they ask.' No—let a seventh part of our people be smitten by the sword—flee before their enemies—be overtaken by the pestilence that walketh in darkness—be sunk in the boiling waves of the Atlantic—or engulfed by an earthquake; but may the God of Jacob defend the seventh portion of our blood from being defiled by the dark—the deathful—the worse than deathful blood of the God-accursed race of HAM."

Reader, there is a force—a subduing power in the eloquent strains of the human voice, against which the mind of man is not proof. It is related of Warren Hastings that, under the masterly eloquence of Burke, he could not refrain from looking upon himself, though not guilty, as the most despicable creature in existence. Judge, then, what must have been the effect of the Missouri Slaveholder's falsely eloquent appeal to an audience of simple settlers, in a far off portion of the earth, unaccustomed to such special pleading as this. The audience arose as one man. There was nothing said. Their thoughts were "too deep" for words. The speaker saw his advantage, and embraced it.

He continued:—"I see, my Christian brethren, the light is illuminating your souls. I had more to say, but I spare you. Go home, and ponder well upon what you have heard this day; and may the God of peace go with you. Amen."

Every man who had come to gainsay what might be advanced, felt that the moment was inappropriate for saying one word more upon the question. Dr. Burder, however, intimated that on Sabbath evening next, he would take up all the arguments advanced by Mr. Horner, and negative every one.

"You're a darned smart coon anyhow," said Abel; "they

say the very corn in Missouri, whar you were raised, grows so tall, it takes a man on ho'seback to reach up to the ears ; and *they* only grow a fourth o' the way up. It would take two common men to hold your *hat*, I expect. Boys, let's be goin'. I'm badly skeer'd myself."

Reader, you are sorry, and so am I, for this unexpected termination. I am doubly sorry I cannot help you. Of course I have not given all the address, but I have given its spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Wake snakes."

V A R I E T I E S .

"PLEASE, Sir, mother wants to know if ye can't come over to our house. Father aint to hum, an' there's a big snake in the house!" Such were the words of little Harriet Alden, a child of our nearest neighbour, as she entered one morning, in much alarm. I immediately went over, and found the mother in a state of great affright at the unwelcome intrusion of a rattlesnake, which had got itself entrenched below a chest, and resisted all her attempts to dislodge it. "Well, my man," says I, "you'll have to start out of that pretty smart, I guess." So saying, I pushed the end of a five-foot hiccory pole, used as a poke-stick or poker, into the fire, and reddened it a little. With this I explored a "leetle" under the chest; whereupon the intruder immediately made his appearance upon the floor, coiled himself up, and shook his rattle right valiantly, daring to the combat. It was the first snake of the kind I had encountered, and I was uncertain how he might act. I gave him a few smart punches, however, with the burnt end, which vexed him sorely. The people of the house were now standing outside of the door, watching with much excitement the progress of the game. Mr. Snake presently let fall his rattle, and began to consider it most prudent to "make tracks" towards the door, which movement was what I wanted. "Oh, run, mother! there it's coming arter us!" "Don't hurry, folks, he'll not go much farther." Once clear of the door, and a few thrashes discouraged him considerably. A

stroke on the head then finished the business, and there he lay. He made no effort at throwing himself forward, as I supposed he would have done. When stretched out, he measured about a yard in length, and was as thick as a good-sized walking stick. If he had bitten any of the children, the consequences might have been serious. The house was an old log one, and the fellow might have been long settled about the under logs before he made "his first appearance on those boards," which proved also to be his last.

When a man goes into a new country, and means to spend the remainder of his days there, it is but natural that he should wish to pick up as much knowledge as possible about his neighbours—their feelings and views on certain points on which they may be supposed to entertain opinions, and their general manner of conducting their affairs. In all my intercourse with the natives, I made it a rule never to draw comparisons in their hearing between Britain and America, except I was asked, in which case, if I gave offence, the blame was as much theirs who inquired as mine. As I was busily engaged with Johnny Adams at my house timbers, Charles Cain, a joiner in Ellisville, who was out taking a little amusement with his gun, came along, and, sitting down beside us, began:—

"I see, Mister, you can do a leetle in that line. Are you a carpenter?"

"No, Sir; I don't know much about it, but I fancy I can knock together a small room or two that will please myself at least, till I get time to arrange matters."

"Wal, now, aint you the man from Scotland that's come in hyar lately up to Virgil?"

"Yes."

"You don't speak Scotch, tho'—how's that?"

"There would be no use in speaking Scotch to you. You would not understand me."

"Let's hear a leetle touch on't anyhow."

I began and gave him the first sentence of one of Burns' letters to William Nicol, Edinburgh:—

"Kind honest-hearted Willie,

"I'm setten down here, after seven and forty miles ridin', e'en as forjesket and forinaw'd as a fourfoughten cock, to gi'e you some notion o' my land-louper like stravagin' sin' the sorrowfu' hour that I sheuck hands and parted wi' auld Reekie."

“Wal, wal, that beats all. It must be a queer country whar they use sich talk as that 'ere. But, tell me, how do you like this country?”

“Oh, very well.”

“They're a horrid tyrannical set o' fellers in Britain, aint they?”

“There are good and bad there as in every place else.”

“They'd like to rule this country, I'm thinkin'.”

“No.”

“Why now, see hyar—don't you know the British send over lots o' gold to influence our Presidential elections.”

“I don't believe it. Those who say so are unprincipled men, who wish themselves, by lies, to influence your elections with those silly enough to believe them. The British have more honour than that. They would like to see this country doing well though.”

“Now, don't they favour the Whig party? Say.”

“Some do and some do not.”

“They're Abolitionists, too.”

“You're right there, Mr. Cain; so is every man of right judgment.”

“Wal, now, I differ. I believe, Sir, that the Abolitionists are doing us a heap o' harm. They've made the masters ten times more severe to their slaves than before, they run them off so to Canada thar.”

“They may act imprudently in the means they take to liberate the negroes, but their principle is just.”

“Wal, I wont say but it is kyn o' just too, but the rascally way the Abolitionists take to gain their ends, turns a heap against them. What do you think about our Democrats and Whigs in this country?”

“I have not thought anything about them. I am more concerned about my house and land.”

“Wal, I reckon you're about right. I'd like to hev a talk with you about the Tariff, though, some time. I'm a Democrat myself. I'll acknowledge I was one o' the blamed fools that used to sing wi' the rest—

“There's Tippicanoe,* an' Tyler too;—
Hurrah for Tip.—hurrah for Ty.,
For them we go it—hip and thigh.”

but I've seen reason to change my mind since. The Whigs aint the right ginger.”

* President Harrison.

“ Have you got a shot since you came out this morning ? ”

“ I haint been looking for one. I'm a-going up towards Troy. I've some business up anyhow, and I thought I'd take my rifle along. There's plenty to shoot at though.”

“ How does fishing go in Spoon river ? ”

“ Seine or line ? ”

“ Both.”

“ Wal, I cal'late there's a right smart chance o' fish down thar. We've got pike twenty pound weight with the seine net. Old Uncle Ellis, and Shearer, the store-keeper, does a little at the line once in a while. I haint patience. I like the gun best. I must go though. Good morning.”

While we were busied framing, the weather was very delightful. The sun poured down his hot rays in lustrous splendour. As the mornings advanced, a cooling and refreshing breeze swept over the prairies, and we went on with our work, rejoicing in the full flow of animal spirits. Whenever a shower came, it was accompanied with thunder, and we at last rejoiced to see the thunder cloud approaching to moderate the intense heat. A musical throated little cat-bird that had its nest in the grass, about twenty yards from where we were at work, cheered us the live-long day with its melodious warblings. I never think of those pleasant days and agreeable associations without a bounding of the heart, though perhaps at the time they communicated less pleasure than they do in being recalled to memory. Shakspeare has a line for it :

“ Past and to come seem best, things present, worst.”

But I must not forget Mrs. Wamsley. Besides giving the youngsters of the village lessons in reading, she taught the girls sewing and knitting; made up caps and gowns for the farmers' wives; got a wheel for spinning flax, and learnt the art and mystery of that operation. For these little services, she got beef, pork, flour, candles, soap, wood, and sundry other “ notions,” useful to her family. At the approach of winter, she would have to surrender her place in school to a male teacher, as then the bigger lads would attend, and required to learn such branches as a woman could not be expected to teach. Next summer, however, she would be in request again; and, like the bees, she might make enough honey while the fair weather lasted, to keep her in doors for the winter.

We had not got into Paradise either. The wives of our village held the usual amount of gossippings—the husbands had their little strifes, jealousies, and envyings. A cross word or look, now and then, would set the village by the ears. Every one knew what every one else was doing, or meant to do. Jef. Louk had killed somebody's hog with a bill-hook, by "jabbing it right into him." That created a sensation for two weeks. Enos Curtis's and Jo. Scofield's sheep had got together by the attraction of the natural laws, and they were to be "dogged" the next time the aggressive party "didn't keep his fence up." Maryann Scofield had given Charles Nickerson the "mitten," that is, *the go by*. Clara Louk had told Cord. Day he needn't come back—he teased her so at the last "quilting frolic." Tom Waters, the local preacher, had been warning the folks about Ellisville not to cut down timber in the "stump quarter," for that was stealing. George Smith was talking of moving off to Iowa; and Seth Griffin, out on the prairie, was calculating to go to Oregon next April.

Such were some of the topics which agitated our little community in the absence of more weighty matters. At times the monotony was broken in upon by the *debut* of some itinerating lecturer on Phrenology—on a New System of Tuition—on Cutting Coats, Vests, and Trousers—or by a Yankee Pedlar of Clocks and other *notions*. Sometimes a series of Protracted Meetings was got up, and a prayer meeting of all the more sedate neighbours was held in the schoolhouse once a week. A travelling Methodist, and a Presbyterian preacher visited us in turns on Sundays, and preached either in the schoolhouse or in Mr. Smith's barn. A newspaper all the way from Philadelphia gave us an account of how things had been getting along in the great world without, a month before, while of local papers there was no lack. Was there any wonder, then, that small things moved us, shut out as we were from the great hubbub of men? To compensate for these wants, we had the most glorious weather—boundless forests—matchless rivers—far-stretching plains. Whenever we were worn out with the demands of labour, there was the whole scene before us for enjoyment. The gun—the rod—the net—the horse—the sketch-book—had "ample scope and verge enough," for satisfying all demands. No impertinent inquiries, "What do you want here?"—No insulting notices stuck up on white boards, telling you you "Will be prosecuted"

for doing what has scarcely yet entered your head. Truly

“No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless Continent is ours,”

might be justly recited by the happy fellows who lived in those Backwoods and Prairies.

During the long summer, we had some of the very hottest of days, and of nights too. A continuation of dry weather is very trying to shingles, as well as to other things, and in many cases they curl up and crack down the centre in a line with the nail which holds them on. Poor Richard enumerates the ascending steps to a sad catastrophe, thus:—“For want of a nail the shoe was lost—for want of a shoe the horse was lost—for want of a horse the rider was lost; and all for the want of a horse-shoe nail.” Well, there had been a dry *spell*—the shingles on our hired house were none of the best, and began to crack and splinter with the heat of the summer sun. The day had been sultry, and we retired to bed in timid hours. We had not yet learned to trust ourselves to the keeping of a simple latch alone. A stout nail run into the door immediately above the latch, gave a little more assurance of safety. About midnight—that witching hour when all things unearthly are said to enjoy a roving commission—we heard from afar the well-known booming sound of approaching thunder, increasing in intensity every moment. In the dead hour of night, when every other sound is hushed, and all nature sleeps, the boisterous revelling of an approaching thunder-storm had a solemn effect even on us who had now got somewhat accustomed to the sound. In twenty minutes the storm was overhead. The air blast made the old log-house rock like a cradle, and I could hear some of the shingles torn off, and whirled away into the murky night. “The rains descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not;” but listen. Through the sundry cracks and chinks of that unhandsome roof, the rain, even though it was dark, found its way, and we could hear through the noise and strife of the elements without, a constant drop-drop-dropping upon the floor. Next came a more soft and gentle tap upon the bed-quilt, and immediately after the rain came down upon our faces as we lay in bed. This was rather too much of a good thing; and, to save the bed clothes beneath, we covered up

our heads; all the while, however, the impertinent fluid kept diligently tapping above head. My feelings may be best described by saying I felt half like singing "Who's dat knocking at de door," and "Call again to-morrow;" and half like reciting "Donder and blitzen, stand away!" or "Avaunt ye Caitiffs." Thoughts were one thing, and deeds were another, however, and deeds carried the day, or rather the night, in this case. By and bye the rain began to roll down the pillow, determined to scratch up an acquaintance somehow. "Let's try the umbrella," said I. No sooner said than done. The friendly shade was accordingly called into requisition, and there we sat! in bed!! under an umbrella!!! Verily, "truth is strange—stranger than fiction." Who with the most fertile and daring imagination, in detailing the thousand probable adventures of doubtful heroes, would have ever thought of introducing an umbrella into bed. Here it was, however, in right down earnest. By leaning it towards the head of the bed, it directed the drops to that quarter, and they then fell to the floor.

Reader, after this be prepared for encountering all sorts of unheard-of adventures in the Western World, if ever you should go thither.

The thunder-showers fortunately do not last long, and this one soon passed away, and left us subject for merriment for many a day after.

CHAPTER XX.

"Let loose the dogs of war!"

QUIDNUNCS AND QUIDDITIES; OR, "A PEERT COME OUT" IN HONOUR OF SPOON RIVER CHARACTER—HOW THEY DID IT.

THE people of Ellisville are pretty strongly tinged with the Abolitionist spirit. Some of them had been up to Abingdon, and related in the village how simply the northern folks had let off "that 'ere Horner"—no man venturing to oppose him so long as he was within hearing. A meeting was called by "tuck of drum," to be held in the school-house, without delay, to take the matter into most serious consideration, and show that Fulton county was "up to the mark, if Knox wa'n't."

On the afternoon of meeting, the school-house was filled to overflowing with the villagers and settlers for several miles round.

Jake Cornwall arose, and proposed "That Mr. James Harper, of the firm of Hurd and Harper, do take the chair."

Mr. Harper began:—I suppose you all know the object of our meeting. It seems that a meeting has been lately held up at Abingdon, to express dissatisfaction with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that some forty members have withdrawn on the Slavery question. At the back of this meeting a slave-holding minister who, it seems, is sent about through the country to attend to such business, got up a counter-meeting, and carried everything his own way.

"They're pretty slow goers up thar anyhow," said Bill Hendryx.

"Oh, wrath!" cried Ben Brink, "but I'm achin' to hev a word or two wi' that 'ere feller. Can't we git him down hyar. We'll not do him any bodily injury, but the way we'll make him stan' roun' will be a caution to Crockett, *I'm* thinkin'."

"Now," continued Mr. Harper, "this meeting has been called to take into consideration what is best to be done—seeing the Abingdon people are inclined to keep quiet, to show that we have no sympathy with slaveholders, and that their arguments have no effect upon us.

Mr. Levi Bent said that he had been at the Abingdon meeting, and that he entirely concurred with all that the dissenting party had done, and was ready to follow their example. Mr. Horner is employed to attend such meetings, and such only, as are got up by the dissatisfied members of the Church, in order to counteract the excitement. There was no doubt but that he would attend this meeting, if invited by a Church member.

"That's the idea," said William Holmes, "we'll git up a Church meeting, and that'll bring him."

"Well, men," said Mr Harper, "talk over the matter, and let us hear who's willing to take a part in this business. They say Horner's a smart man, so think before you decide; don't be making fools of yourselves."

"Wal, I've a notion leetle Ben's agoin' to take up a couple o' shares in this hyar speculation," said Ben Brink. "That 'ere Missouri chap aint agoin' to hev it all his own

way among these bushes, I raythur think. Come, Mr. Cornwall, you'll exhibit a leetle, won't you, now? Stan' about, boys; I thought I saw Bill Hendryx."

"Hyar I be, old hoss," sings out Bill.

"Bill, you'll toe the mark, wont you?"

"Oh, I'm on hand, so bein' I'm wanted."

"Well, Ben," said the Chairman, "will you and Bill undertake to meet this Horner?—we'll all engage to stand up to you. Wont *you*, Mr. Cornwall?"

Jake arose. Every portion of his dress was as nicely adjusted as if it were a crime to be otherwise. His hair was glistening as usual—his twinkling eyes and sharp nose looked sharper and more keen than ever; and he began—

"Gentlemen,—It would be strange, indeed, if one who is a direct descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, who surrendered their homes and hearths for liberty—who ventured across the wide waste of waters, and planted the tree of Liberty on the American seaboard—who loved their country, their adopted country, to the death—who endured the privations of the waste howling wilderness—who surrendered, gave up, and parted with, all that it was possible for men to surrender, give up, or part with;—it would be passing strange, I say, if a lineal descendant of such men could so far forget the claims of justice and humanity, as to refuse to befriend, succour, aid, or help, in a cause of this nature, kind, and description."

"Uncle Harper," says Ben, "you're askin' if Bill thar an' me's content to meet that 'ere Horner. Come over hyar, Bill, an' let's see about it. I reckon we can keep him in talk, anyhow."

After ten minutes' consultation, Ben continued—"Wal, men, we don't car' who he is, or whar he comes from—we're good for him."

"Ay," added Bill, "so bein' he'll meet us in our own way. We mean to hev a friendly talk, neighbours. We don't want long speeches. I can't git a hold o' the plaguy things. I've a bad memory. We'll jist take it kyn o' question and answer ways."

The Chairman promised to write the Missouri man, who, it seemed, was up at Rock Island, "quelling the tumults of the people" in that quarter. The meeting then dispersed, fully resolved to uphold the honour of Fulton county in general, and of Ellisville in particular.

CHAPTER XXI.

“Caesar multum conturbavit indigenas.”

“Caesar much astonished the natives.”

DEBATE ON SLAVERY.

THE Western people in general lead such a quiet sort of life, that whenever anything uncommon comes up to vary the scene, a great excitement is produced, and all the country for a score of miles round hears of it without the aid of newspapers. On this occasion, Arkley Horner having consented to attend and give his views on Slavery, there was to be a great concourse, and the school-house being considered too small for the occasion, a new store, which was recently put up for Mr. Thomas Turner, who was prospering in the world, was seated up for the occasion.

The meeting was to be held at three in the afternoon, to allow strangers to get home in good time.

One and two horse wagons, buggys, and dearborns, with horsemen and footmen, poured into the little place in crowds. The men and lads tidily dressed in homespun, and the wives and “gals” in the most gaudy colours produced “by art or man’s device.” Here was a sack of wheat for milling—there half a dozen for the store; here a cow tied by the horn trotted along after a wagon, while the calf galloped behind with tail erect; here a thrifty housewife had a basket of butter and eggs, to exchange for some thread, needles, tape, and such like *notions*; there chickens and ducks, tied by the heels, were driving headlong to their destiny; while a two-gallon stone jar here and there peeped out of the corner of a wagon, to carry home a “leetle liquor to kill the insects in the water” drunk by the harvesters. Green veils or “bonnet curtings,” as they are called, predominated with the young ladies; while stout pegged shoes, and substantial woollen stockings, showed a sensible notion of warding off colds and damps in this hot weather. The wagons were seated with chairs with bark bottoms, from the farmers’ firesides. Some had feather pillows—others had a buffalo robe spread across two, to moderate the jolting of the springless wagon box. A sheep-skin with the wool half clipped, spread over the saddles as well, showed that our backwoods friends had some ideas of

comfort even when travelling; besides, it showed plainly enough to any one curious in such matters that the active habits of the people gave them little opportunities of sitting, and that they required a go-between to induce them to "keep their seats."

"How do ye come it, Coon?" says Luther Curtis to Conrad Markley.

"First-rate. How do you flourish, Lute?—how's the folks?"

"Oh, about right. I see you've brought your gal along.

The young lady thus alluded to held down her pretty face, and blushed gently. Then recovering her presence of mind, pertly addressed honest Lute:

"Now, Lute, *you* might a brought Cinthy Louk along as well as not; but I reckon she'd be too cumbersome on your hands. You're like a heap more o' the young sparks, mighty perlite at times; but you don't want to be troubled, I reckon."

"Now shut up, Polly—you're not up to the secret, Cinthy's agoin' to have a candy-pullin' to-night, and she can't git away if she wanted to."

"Oh, do tell me! Wall, now, it's a'most too bad that I didn't know that before. She'll be sendin' word over to our house, an' I'll not be home till five or six. What *shall* I do, Coon?"

The meeting now began to assemble. Mr. Horner had been in town since morning, and had been visiting some of the brethren, ascertaining the general character of the locality, and what he might expect. He had with him a tall, lathy-looking gentleman, on whose features was visibly impressed the mark of the "seventh portion of the blood of the accursed race of Ham." This gentleman, it appears, was his steward, and a bondman besides. Their travelling equipage consisted of a double-seated smart-looking buggy, and a tall high-mettled sorrel mare. Mr. Horner, accompanied by the Rev. Benjamin Hobbs, of Maryetta, three miles south-west from Babylon, Rev. Erastus Barnes, of Farmington, Fulton county, and Rev. Isaac Swartz, of Lewiston—all Methodist ministers—took his seat in the place appropriated for the speakers, while his steward sat at a respectful distance to the left. Ben and Bill, who had been driving a brisk conversation with some of the audience, drew up in battle array also. Ben, who had got a clean shave and a clean shirt, was still coatless, and laid

down on the table a well-thumbed copy of the Scriptures. As he laid it down, he looked round at the Missouri man, and giving it a triumphant and flourishing touch with his fist, turned his regards to the steward, and, rolling his tongue about in his mouth, kept looking at him and his master alternately, in a half meditating, half observant style, which had a rather comical effect. Bill Hendryx kept looking around with his mouth open, all the while stroking round it with his forefinger and thumb—nodding now to this acquaintance, then to that. Horner kept up a constant chat with his brother ministers, and seemed to look upon the whole business as a July morning sun upon the benighted world, in the complacent feeling that light was to go forth at his behest, and scatter the delusions and mis-shapen phantoms of the night. The room was well filled in every part, and might contain about five hundred persons.

Mr. Benjamin Hobbs arose and said—"Christian friends, and fellow-citizens,—We have met together this day to speak on a most important and deeply-interesting subject—important to us as a nation, and doubly so to us as members of Christian Churches. Let us consider the subject calmly, and with a fervent desire to remove error from the minds of those who may have mistaken views on this subject. I beg to propose Mr. Harper as chairman of this meeting.

Mr. Harper, who is an Abolitionist, is a man of sound judgment, and much respected by all parties. He took the chair by acclamation, and then called upon Mr. Swartz to open the meeting by praise and prayer. The hymn, which began—

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;—
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue," &c.,

was sung to the well-known air of "Ye banks and braes." The effect upon my mind was peculiar. None but those who have been placed in the situation can fully enter into the feelings of him who hears, under imposing circumstances, the glorious lays of his own far-distant land chanted by strangers. Perhaps not one in all that assembly thought of the feelings awakened in the bosom of one who now felt himself wafted to the unequalled Banks of Doon, where, in his school-boy days he had often wandered,

poring over the picturesque pages of old Izaak Walton, sitting upon the primrose-bank—the lays and pleasant chat of the simple-minded old man, mingled the while, with the sweet converse of the dallying and communicative stream. So it is with our human life. Occasionally, and at more or less distant periods, sweet memories, like pleasant odours, are wafted across the spirit in the midst of the dull routine of life, absorb and enrapt for a moment or two, and then pass away on their airy wing, leaving us on earth like Elisha following Elijah with his eyes, while the admiring exclamation goes forth—“My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!” And all this, thought I, is to preface an absurd discussion on the right one man has, or fancies he has, to buy, sell, and “exact the sweat” of his neighbour. The whole business was an insult to a civilized people. The triumph of selfishness and avarice, that any one should presume, before a republican people, to maintain the desolating doctrines of Slavery, unabashed, and in many instances even unrebuked. I could not but entertain some doubts as to the ability of the persons chosen to administer a just castigation to this nefarious scamp: but the reader will see whether my fears were well or ill grounded.

The Chairman having called upon Arkley Horner to open the business, Bill Hendryx got up and said—

“Neighbour, I’m troubled with a bad memory ever since I slept one night in a tobaccar field over thar in Missouri—I don’t know but you were the owner on’t. On that account I’d like right well if you’d give us it in verses, like, so as we mightn’t forgit; for I’ve a notion we’ll git some leetle sense knocked into us right off.” *

At this point of the proceedings Jake made his appearance, as neat and precise in costume and manner as before. In his looks you could read that now, having taken his seat, the meeting, which was not so before, was *quite complete*, and things might go on unreservedly.

Mr. Horner arose, much at his ease, and said:—Mr Chairman and gentlemen,—I am happy at having another opportunity, in this State, of meeting together with such a respectable audience of my Christian brethren, “whom I love in the truth.” I shall be most happy if what I shall say this day may have the effect of removing from your

* “Right off,” “Right away,” i.e., Immediately.

minds the errors and mistakes in judgment into which unthinking men are apt to lead you. I am happy to say that the truth is spreading among the people, and I am equally pleased to think that this meeting will also participate in the benefits of the truth, when it is presented to them. As to the proposition now made, while it would have been more pleasant to me to have gone right on, I am quite willing to let the matter stand as yourselves may decide. The truth will bear handling in any form—the result is sure.

“Wal now,” said Ben, “that’s clever, Mr. Horner. I see though, you’ve a pretty slick tongue in your head. I’ve heerd o’ snakes that lick over what they calc’late to make victuals of, so as to make it go the easier. I don’t mean any insinuations though. Start your wagon, Mister.”

“What I mean to affirm before this meeting,” said the slaveholder, “is—

1. That what is called Slavery is a wise dispensation of Providence.
2. That no more fault can be found with keeping a Slave than keeping a hired servant.
3. That the Old Testament allows Slavery, and the New does not forbid it.
4. That the laws anent Slavery are not more severe than necessary for the good of all parties.
5. That by interference with the matter, the peace and stability of the Union are endangered.
6. That the meetings now held through what are called the Free States, are founded in ignorance of the true nature of Slavery.
7. That the Church is acting wisely in affirming that Slavery must not be interfered with, not being a moral evil, but rather a blessing.
8. That it is the duty of all true sons of the Church to listen diligently and obediently to her counsels, and refrain from strife and vain-glorying in this matter.

“If any man has anything to object to these self-evident truths, I am ready to hear him now, seeing I am not to go straight ahead.”

BILL.—“Wal, being that it’s me that has made this jar in your discourse, neighbour, I’ll begin by sayin’ that that ’ere’s pretty fair for one breath. You take all-fired big mouthfuls, friend—‘If any man has anything to object to!’”

Why, sir, I object to every word on't. They're 'self-evident truths,' be they? All but that, honest man—they're self-evident falsehoods—down-right LIES—and that's plain Dutch. As old Jabez Schwapp used to say, you'll hev to 'parse' them sentences o' yourn—so I'll hang on a leetle till so'thin' better comes. Take it easy, now; and then you'll not choke. Will any loose feller thar bring us a pail o' water? I'm dry myself—I'm blessed if I aint."

HORNER.—"I have met with the like of you before, my friend. I am not now going to speak for your satisfaction, but for that of this respectable and Christian audience. I say, then, that the institution commonly called Slavery is a wise dispensation of Providence, for the benefit and support of this great Republic. The North is continually snarling at the South, without ever once thinking on the difference in geographical position and climate of the two. In the North the climate is comparatively cool—the great staples of the South—cotton, rice, sugar—cannot be raised to the north of the Potomac, and, consequently, north of that river there are no slaves; but south of Mason and Dixon's line we have a climate well calculated for raising all those products. In the rice swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas—in many cases some of them below the level of the sea—the heat of the sun is excessive; but not more than is necessary for the successful operations of a rice plantation. In summer all the planters and their families have to betake themselves to the heights, while the niggers descend into those valuable plains, and evoke from the fertile tracts those important commodities which, forming part and parcel of our commerce, swell the prosperity of this great nation, and help to make us what we are. Now the northern men make a mighty fuss in favour of a protective Tariff—to protect what?—to protect, very often, some petty cotton mill situated on some mountain torrent, away in Vermont or New Hampshire, which is dried up one-half of the year and frozen up the other, while here is a *real* national interest, for which the northern men would give the eyes out of their heads to have the pleasure of pulling it to pieces. The negro constitution is well fitted for bearing the fatigues and trying heat of the sunny South; and negroes we must have, or resign the whole district to ruin and unproductiveness. Whatever Providence orders, is well ordered and opportune; and this institution is well ordered, as I have now shown you, and therefore the ordination of

Superior Wisdom for the good and advantage of this great American land. Nowhere in the Scripture is it forbidden; therefore, let no man be wise above what is written, lest he bring down upon himself swift destruction from the presence of the Almighty."

BEN.—"Wal now, stranger, you're spreading yourself out pretty considerable wide thar. I shouldn't think you came from a mighty warm section o' country, you take the thing so horrid cool. I'd thank you though, if you wouldn't make sich a free use o' your Maker's name on your side o' the question. I once had an old boss* something like you about the upper part o' the face; and one day he broke his nose in the dark entry, so he told every feller that came along into the shop that day, how he'd met with a Special Providence in the entry; but, like you, he had a great fancy to git the Special Providences on his side. So he got old Tom Bennet one day to open a winder into the dark entry, to let in the light, and let out Providence. Wal I have a notion that as we let in the light upon you, we'll let out Providence to go and help better men. Don't you know it, man?—I'm an old Kentucky half-hoss half-alligator sort of a feller. I was down with my old daddy at New Orleans when Old Hicory† made the Britishers bite their thumb nails off. I know the niggers a darned sight better than you do. I've lived among them for forty years. I've hunted b'ar wi' Davy Crockett—could tell the crack of Old Betsy‡ 600 rods off—and walk up the slickest pole in the forest. But more'n that, I've come to set you right, which will be a Special Providence in your behalf, for which you ought to be thankful. I aint no religious man, that is, I aint a member o' any Church, but I pull out the old Book thar, and read a spell once in a while. I find it very plain, an' better than all, it don't tell me to cheat my neighbour, and call that a Special Providence. Whisht! Jesus Christ lays down a fine old rule. It used to hang up on a chunk o' white paper in our old log school on the banks o' the Licking river. Old Tom Pepper, the schoolmaster, made us all read it over every day before he started the spelling class. I haint forgot it yet, boys, and hyar it is: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.' I reckon that 'ere Missouri man never heerd that afore, I'll

* "Boss,"—Master. † President Jackson. ‡ Colonel Crockett's rifle.

bet liquor on't. I'll advise him to git it hung up right away in all the school-houses in his State. It'll save any more fellers coming along hyar a-talking about Special Providences, till they're as tired as a drayman's dead donkey. It's enough, my *Christian* brethren—for it seems that's the fashion—to give a tadpole the toothache, to listen to sich trash. What do I care or you aythur about Georgia or the Carolinas. If Providence can't take care of us unless we must hev slavery—must rob our fellow men of their liberty—an' use them like the wild beasts o' the forest—why, then, let us slide. Let us be hung up to dry as still as a dead lamb's tail from the crotch of an apple tree, and as miserable as a monkey with his hands tied. Justice, I say, will carry the day anyhow, an' if it can't, nothin' else can;—That's a fact. Now, stranger, if you think it's worth while saying another word, hyar I be—I'll put it on to ye like all wrath. If ye aint yet skeered stan' up to the rack an' Bill thar an' I'll throw in the fodder. So be it. Whew!"

"Wal now," said Bill, "I'll be chawed up, Ben, if that aint a leetle about the nicest way o' doin' up the business I've come across yet. Hurrah for our burg! Clear the tracks thar, will ye! Stranger I needn't say nothin' this spell. Ben I see don't need crutches. Go ahead."

How the Abolitionist party chuckled and crowed over Ben. He was the pet man of the day. Had he asked the use of a hundred dollars that evening, there were more than a hundred men present who would have been happy to have served him, so well pleased were the audience with the happy and effective manner of his outset. Arkley Horner pretended to despise the whole affair. With much apparent nonchalance he arose and continued—

"Secondly,—My Christian brethren, I now proceed to show you in the second place, that there is as little blame to be attached to the keeping or holding of a slave, as to the holding of an ordinary hired servant. It is a common thing to hear men argue in this way:—'You have no more right to deprive any man of his liberty, than of his life. If you do either, you are sinning against God.' Now how do these very men act? They abhor to deprive any man of his liberty, they tell you, without giving him the reward of his labours. They have no objection to making any man their slave, provided they can come to terms with him—can get him to become a party in the bargain. This once accomplished, he is then their slave to all intents and purposes,

and a worse used slave he is, my Christian brethren, than the nigger. Now just look for a moment at the British people across the Atlantic there. Although they first introduced slavery amongst us, they are continually calling out, Shame, Shame ; but let them look at home. Their hired slaves, it is true, have the pleasure of making the bargain with the masters ; but do they make a better bargain, with all this great advantage, than the nigger that is allowed no choice in the matter. Nay, nay, my beloved brethren. All their earnings aint sufficient to keep them in good food, and decently clothed. They get, you may say, nothing for their labour but that, poor as it is ; and tell me if the niggers don't get that too. More than that, if *they are* sick or in ill health, they get the best of care—the best of doctors to attend to them. But what happens to your free men when they are sick or in bad health ? Nobody cares for them. They may die in an empty room, without food, fire, or clothing, and yet who pleads for them. My brethren, you are hunting after shadows, when you undertake to meddle with the institution of Slavery in this land. Both the Northern States and the British are fooling themselves—they are shutting their eyes to greater evils among themselves than the Slavery in the Southern States.”

BEN.—“Wal now, brother Horner, I see you're a pretty nice sort of feller after all. I haint seen a nicer in a coon's age. It's jist about as easy though as falling off a log, to turn them 'ere arguments of yourn inside out, and make them chatter for fear, like a weaver's web in an earthquake. I tell ye, men, if ye take justice as I do for a lantern, it'll show ye your way in the darkest night through all kinds of slough holes and prevarications. I see you haint given us any Special Providences this time. You'll learn yet. If we hed ye down hyar for a couple of months, we'd let the light through you like a pound of saltpetre through a side o' pork at Christmas. Then you'd begin to come out pretty peert. Wal now I tell this meeting afore your face, you haint shown one good reason for slaveholding yet. What hev you said last but a bundle of nonsense about free slaves, and nigger slaves ? I'll throw your statements naked like a slippery elm, and spread them out to dry like a tobacco leaf in Indian Summer, an' what'll they amount to ? Listen, men. We're informed that nigger slavery aint any worse than white slavery—that if you only give a white man enough to live on, and keep him to work all the time,

he's in about as bad a fix as the nigger. Wal, now, men and neighbours, aint that a fact! Th'aint no white man hyar that'll deny that! Whar are ye now then, Brother Horner? Is that your justification? Why, man, I thought you hed *some* leetle sense. You're barking up the wrong tree, sartin, if you mean to help yourself out of difficulty by sich talk as that. You'll get the deeper bemired, and founder right off, if you don't make off for a neater road nor that 'ere. If you're agoing to justify one wrong by another, it may save you a leetle trouble to tell you *we* aint, and you're only exposing your ignorance. You aint skeered yet though I see. You'll run against a snag in about three shakes of a lamb's tail. I can see it. Stand on then. Bill don't shout. He's winding himself up about right."

HORNER.—"I wish, gentleman, you had brought forward a sensible man to meet me on this occasion. If I had known you were to bring forward such an illiterate fellow as that, I certainly would not have come so far for so little. There is no use in proceeding."

BILL.—"Wal now stranger I see you're badly vexed too. He's a wise feller that sees when he's beat, as my old daddy used to say. Ben, you're a rip-staver, by thunder! Thar's more in you than that stranger thought for. He's beginning to look as blue about the bridge o' the nose as a Nova Scotian at hog-killin'."

"Mr. Horner," said the Chairman, "you have been listened to patiently while you brought forth your arguments, and no doubt will be listened to as patiently to the end. You have *your* way of arguing, and my friends here have another. There has been no interruption. If you now give up, your cause will sustain more damage than if you had'nt come at all. You had better go on."

HORNER.—"Well, Sir, at your entreaty, and for the satisfaction of this Christian assembly, I proceed. I see, my Christian brethren, that my reasoning is not appreciated by those whom you have so unwisely brought forward, to interrupt our otherwise harmonious meeting. My third head, then, is—that the Old Testament permits and enjoins slavery, and the New Testament does not forbid it. In the wise Providence of God, the Jews were allowed to take to themselves slaves or bondmen of the heathen round about them, and in no part of the Scriptures is this permission revoked. In all the arguments of all the most admired Abolitionists, there is nothing to set aside this assertion ;

and why? because it is impossible to deny the fact. It would be an easy task to enter into an instructive consideration of the reasons for this permission, but I have no wish to prolong the meeting unduly, as it is at present constituted."

Abel Dale, the Abingdon man, here pushed his way forward and conferred a short time with Ben and Bill. He then sat down on the floor beside them, for want of a smaller seat, amidst the laughter of the audience.

BEN.—"I'm thinkin' stranger, you'll be calc'latin' you're gettin' into pretty strong ground now. You've got your case shoved in between the lids o' the Bible pretty chirk.* I reckon I'll hev to bring it out for you agin. Wal now, see hyar. What *is* slavery? It aint holdin' a man as a servant, an' usin' him well. The very *word* means *injustice*, an' injustice I'm boun' to stan' against as long as my name's Ben Brink. Wal now, folks, I'm agoin' to give ye a discourse under eight heads too, an' if I don't show you that *that* man was born in the dark, and haint got the blessed light o' common sense about him yet;—I'll treat. The Bible approves of Slavery—does it? Oh, gunflints; but that's vexatious babblin' anyhow! The Book thar disapproves tee-totally an' onresarvedly of every thing that makes slavery abominable. FIRST—Slavers separate families, and divide them that God has joined together!—The Bible's against that, and so are we! SECOND—Slavers forbid their niggers to learn readin' and writin', and morn' that, they'll fine and imprison any one they ketch learnin' them. The Bible's against that too, I'm thinkin'—for it goes in for promotin' all kinds o' light. THIRD—You lar-rup your niggers a'most to death, or cut their ears, fingers, and toes off, as I've seen in Kentucky, whar the slavers are a mighty heap better men than any in Missouri. I reckon the Bible don't approve much o' that 'ere. FOURTH—Slavers, or any other white fellers, may kill a nigger, an' if nobody sees it but the niggers themselves, *their* evidence wont be taken against the murderer. I'd like to know, my *Christian Brother*, whar the Bible allows that? FIFTH—(Bill, tell me when I've come to the eighth—cry Wo-o-o.) You steal men away out o' their own country, and steal away free niggers in this country too—I've seen it. Listen to the words o' the Bible thar. 'He that steals a man, and sells him, shall surely be put to death.' You don't

* An untranslatable word, nearly resembling and partaking of the meaning of *finely, snugly, well, happily*.

know nothin' about that part o' the old Book, I reckon. SIXTH—You make distinctions atween God's critters whar you have no right to. SEVENTH—You justify slavery for your own advantage—because it's beneficial to you, it's a Special Providence. You never take into account the sufferin' o' the nigger—I guess it aint much of a Special Providence to him. EIGHTH—(Wo-o-o thar! cried Bill.) Oh, I see it, Bill. EIGHTH—You're a parcel o' darned scoundrels, and the Church that suffers you aint anything else. Every thing that makes Slavery bad's forbidden in the Bible, and yet you'll hev the presumption to hold up your jaw, an' whine like a sick coon about your '*Christian Brethren that ye love in the truth*;' and all that 'ere kyn o' hypocritical slaver. It's enough to make a monkey puke, or give a 'possum the yaller jaundice, to listen to sich catawampous bay-hay-in'.—I'm sayin', friend, is that 'ere pukey lookin' feller thar, in the calico suit, your son? You favour one another mightily."

HORNER.—“I don't choose to answer your question. What if he is? That's no concern of yours, I hope.”

BEN.—“Because this hyar friend o' mine (pointing to Abel) tells me that you were going it against amalgamation up north, like a frog-pond in the prospect o' rain—chirruping most wrathy. I was maybe thinking that you hed been tryin' your hand a little in the amalgamation line yourself.”

BILL.—It's as plain as a pewter dollar in a mud-hole, men; and that's the reason why he haint stuck amalgamation into his eight heads. I say, darkey (addressing the mulatto), aint Horner thar your pappy? (Roars of laughter.)

Upon this Horner arose foaming with indignation. Trembling with nervous excitement, he exclaimed—“You are a parcel of unfeeling savages. You have no feelings of hospitality for strangers coming among you. Come, come, Tasman (addressing the mulatto, his son), let us get out of this infernal place. Didn't I say we were wrong in coming.”

The efforts of the Chairman to preserve order were now useless—everybody had an opprobrious epithet to hurl at the unlucky slave-holder.

“Hospitality!” said one; “they don't allow any to runaway niggers, and runaway slavers aint agoing to be used any better.”

"Wal, now," said another, "I wouldn't have missed this for ten dollars. What's yon, boys?"

In the direction in which the slaver was going, accompanied by his son, the audience had crowded together, and hats and caps were flying about over head like feathers. "Keep off my corns!" "Go it, darkey!" "Whew!" "You're a hoss!" "Git out, dogs!" "Ha—ha—ha—that's good!" Yelping, crowing, screeching, nigger laughter—"yah—yah—yah"—&c. &c., proceeded from the conglomerated mass of human beings. The advocates for thralldom got off with a few scratches, and made for their buggy and horse, which had been put up behind Mr. Ellis's workshop, under an open shed. Presently, on looking in the direction, we observed some of the people who had accompanied the strangers, slapping their thighs and laughing as if they would have died. Every one, of course, was curious to know what was "up" now, and a race was made in that direction. The cause of the laughter soon became apparent. While Mr. Horner was holding forth diligently in the meeting, the claims of slaveholding, some mischievous fellow had taken a notion of trimming the bouncing sorrel mare's tail. The high prancing steed that that morning had flourished a handsome caudel appendage, a least a Scotch ell in length, had it now cropt down to a stump. There was not a hair on it more than an inch long, so neatly had the work been performed. The Missouri man looked blank enough. Every one else was convulsed with laughter. It might truly be said there wasn't a dry eye among them all that stood looking on. "Oh dear, I'll die!" says one, recovering from a fit of cacchination, which might have made a horse laugh to listen to. "It's a Special Providence," said Abel. "It's a pity o' the poor beast," said another. "Oh, it'll grow agin, I expect—Horner can lie by till then," drawled out a third. "I'll advise him to make a straight shirt tail for Missouri." "Wal that saws my leg off," screamed Bill Hendryx. "It must a-been done, stranger, that time you were talking about backin' out. I should think you and your nag and your amalgamation thar'll look pretty peert teamin' it along to Missouri. I'd git a blanket an' throw it over the critter's hind en', to keep both flies an' eyes off, but let every man do as seemeth to him best. I'm sorry myself you didn't finish that lectur': You were comin' on finely. When 'ill we hev you back?—say."

All this time the two were harnessing up. Horner looked mad, but said nothing. When all was right, they bade good bye to their reverend friends, who could ill smother the laughter provoked in them by the sad plight of the discomfited party. The spruce mare cocked up the stump jauntly, shook it to the right and left, and then set forward amidst the screeches, shouts, and jeers of the triumphant bystanders. They were escorted out of town by a score of boys and cur dogs.

So ended the first and last meeting held on the subject of Slavery in Ellisville, in my time. Four years after, on making a call at the place, the last words addressed to me were—"Do you mind Horner's mare?" I never heard of him more.

Before I left the village I attended an auction of cows sold on an execution. Two, which were small animals, sold at three and four dollars respectively; the third I bought for seven and a half dollars, or thirty shillings. I paid an additional dollar for the calf, about a month old. It was a bull calf, but useful as an inducement to the cow to come home in the evenings. This cow I kept all the time I was in the country.

CHAPTER XXII.

'O, Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in;
'Twill do to whistle, play, or sing,
And just the thing for fightin'.

O, Yankee Doodle is the tune
That always comes right handy;
There's nought will make a Briton run
Like Yankee Doodle Dandy.'—YANKEE DOODLE.

FOURTH OF JULY—DINNER AT SQUIRE SMITH'S—GAME LAWS—BABYLON AND THE BABYLONIANS—BEN BRINK—INTERVIEW WITH A PIONEER.

THE Fourth of July, or "Independence Day," is the great *gala* day in the States. Business and care are alike on that day thrown to the winds. Guns, gowns, go-to-meet-in's, gunpowder, and gingerbread; flags, flutes, fifes, and flummery; speeches, songs, shouts, and salutations; dinners, dances, dumplings, delicacies;—rule the day and night, sacred to the memory of the "glorious Declaration

of Independence," in 1776, signed by the immortal fifty-six patriots who thus imperilled their "lives, fortunes, and sacred honours" for the greatness of the nation. This has been declared to be the most weighty "FIFTY-SIX" that ever was;—momentous at the time, and momentous as respects the destiny of the nation for *all* time. "What, (say the popular School Geographies of the country), is the most free and happy nation in the world?" Answer. "The United States of North America." If this be so, it is with much good reason that the day on which the nation declared itself free and independent of foreign rule should be commemorated with suitable distinctions; and so it is. On the morning of the Fourth, then, when the gray daylight was peering into mansion and cot, our ears were saluted by the distant wailings of a cracked fife, and the sturdy rat-tat of a small drum, to the universal and business-like tune of "Yankee Doodle," and then followed the report of a rifle, with three cheers, a farther whiffle of the fife, and an imposing roll of the drum. The scene was then given up to silence and Somnus. This was a company of three young patriots—Almon Tainter, Cordon Day, and Charles Nickerson—all Virgilians—up at Mr. Scofield's, who bestowed their services to make a circuit of the settlements, and "usher in the day" to each householder in this harmonious manner. In a short time we could hear the *bars* at our gateway letting down, and then burst forth the grand symphony. Otway has said—

"Music hath charms to move the savage breast—
To melt the rock, and bend the knotty oak."

There were neither savage breasts nor rocks about, to test the truth of the saying, but there were in the walls of the old tenement some pretty considerable knotty oaks, and I kept a suspicious eye upon them, lest danger might ensue. I am happy to say they disappointed my fears, and proved one of two things—that either that was no "MUSIC," or Otway was using poetic license. When the shot, however, was fired off, and the three huzzas broke forth as a grand finale to the imposing ceremonial, our black cat jumped upon the bed, erected her back and feathers—I mean fur—and exhibited a laudable apprehension for the consequences. Such was the first incident of the day. At intervals during the morning we could hear the thunders of a six-pounder at Ellisville awakening the echoes of the

slumbering forests around. There was to be no celebration at Ellisville this year, but the inhabitants vowed that next year they would make up for their past lukewarmth, both at Virgil and Ellisville. On the evening before, Mr. Smith's boys, Laertes Starr, and Walter, had brought to our house three yards of fi'penny calico, on which were to be sewed the red strips of the Union, to be cut from a worn out red flannel shirt, a spread eagle copied from a half-dollar, and thirteen stars, all cut from the periphery of a woman's blue gown. All this was to be given to the winds from the top of a tall, peeled, hickory, Liberty Pole, fifty feet high, set up that morning on the "Big Mound," a mysterious eminence at the west end of the village. Disposed as we may be to laugh at the unvarnished simplicity of all these proceedings, there is yet to be gathered from the whole the pleasing reflection, that the people were satisfied with the form of government under which they embraced the periodical return of times and seasons for showing forth, in their own way—simple though it might be—the satisfaction of their hearts. Despots and their flatterers may affect to sneer at the "Model Republic," as it is scoffingly termed; but after they have had their scoff and their jeer out, the truth yet remains to be told, that that nation contains within itself the elements of happiness and durability, more abundantly than any other—which has its form of government and constitution, founded in the hearts and convictions of an enlightened people. This feeling is now uppermost in my mind, from all that I have seen in the United States. When any national pageantry, celebration, or solemnity, was to be gone through, here, at least in the West, were no glittering bayonets—no "playing at soldiers," while the people were thrust outside as passive spectators. No. There were men and women of forty years in this "Model Republic" who never saw a soldier, and better still, did not need them. Whenever anything of the kind I have mentioned required to be done, the people did it from patriotism, not for pay. Here was no pompous knot of hereditary great men, with swollen paunch and cumbrous dignity, looking down from their high estate upon the simple widgeons below, and directing and influencing all rural national affairs—exceedingly affable to one another, but down to zero in their intercourse with the simple plebeians around. Travellers of all professions are apt to look upon the United States through the medium of British spectacles.

Before I left that, I bought a pair of Yankee "pebbles," and I confess I am inclined to use them a little on this side of the water, which may account for the above unimaginative observations.

Where public dinners are not given on the "Fourth," it is customary for the neighbours to invite each other to little parties, for the purpose of cultivating friendly relations, and the amenities of life. We had been invited a week before to dine at Squire Smith's. Invitations also came in from Mr. Scofield's—Mr. Gorham's half a mile to the north of the village—and from Mr. Shearer's of Ellisville. We could not go to all, and we accordingly went to the party to which we were bidden first.

At Mr. Smith's we found Mr. Isaac Chase a farmer, and his wife, from near Troy; Mr. Charles Davis, a school-master, who possesses land near Babylon, and had been employed the last winter in the village as teacher. William Hendryx had been invited, but he had such a formidable horde of children, that he preferred staying at home, and holding a little party of his own. Johnny Adams, Mrs. Wamsley and a few other women, completed the party.

After mutual introductions, we entered into general conversation. I found Mr. Davis and Mr. Chase men of superior minds, and much intelligence. Mr. Chase, who was a middle-aged man, held some curious views on morals and religion, which I forbear to introduce, as not tending to profit. He was a great admirer of the writings of Solomon, and had a quotation ready for almost every observation he made on common matters. As the Americans say, "It takes all sorts of people to make a world;" and this was another variety of our strange race. The American soil seems favourable to the growth of original characters. I have met with more oddities there, in that way, than ever I have fallen in with at home.

Mr. Smith called together his two eldest lads, and his daughter, Pluma Adaliza, and thus exercised them in the History of the United States. The answers were given with great precision, and showed a good knowledge of the national history:—

"Q. When was Independence declared?"

"A. On the 4th of July, 1776."

"Q. How many States or Colonies were there then?"

"A. Thirteen."

"Q. What were they declared to be?"

“ A. They were declared to be FREE, SOVEREIGN, AND INDEPENDENT STATES ; thus the political union between Great Britain and her Colonies was for ever cut asunder.”

“ Q. By whom was the motion made and seconded ?”

“ A. It was made by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts.”

“ Q. Where was Congress then assembled ?”

“ A. At Philadelphia.”

“ Q. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence ?”

“ A. Thomas Jefferson.”

“ Q. Who was then President of Congress ?”

“ A. John Hancock.”

“ Q. In what were the Americans deficient ?”

“ A. In almost everything necessary for carrying on a war.”

“ Q. On what did they rely ?”

“ A. On the justice of their cause, with a strong confidence in the over-ruling Providence of God, &c., &c.”

In this manner the history of the country is impressed upon the minds of the people in youth. They dwell with evident delight upon the heroism of the revolutionary fathers—their self-denial—their devotion to the cause of their country—their incorruptible patriotism. When the rigours of winter gather around, when cold chilling blasts sweep from the Rocky Mountains across the cheerless plains, and the air is filled with drifting snows, the cheerful family circles comfortably seated round the high piled wood fires of many a home in that western land, engage in the recital (in preference to the romance and the fiction) of their country's struggles. The father or mother will begin the story—the elder branches of the family will take it up—the younger members of nine and ten years will relate the easier and simpler portions—the more advanced catching up the thread of the narrative where the knowledge of the others fails. If all are at a stand, the “ History ” itself is referred to ; and that portion is thus indelibly fixed on the memories of all. In all this, of course, Great Britain is often introduced, and always to her disadvantage. At her instance the war was sustained—against her arms the exertions, the struggles of the patriots were directed ; and just in proportion as these last were admired and sympathized with, in like proportion was our common country sure to fall in their estimation. It is not to be concealed, then, neither is it to be wondered at, that there exists in the

inmost hearts of the American people—I will not say a HATRED—they are too intelligent for that—but a secret DISTRUST of Great Britain, which will amply account for all that we have heard or read on that subject. The tone of defiance which we often see taken up in the newspapers of the States, may be referred as much to the reminiscences of the early tuition of the writers, as to any other cause.

Dinner was announced, and consisted of all the delicacies of the country. Notwithstanding the lessons we had received from Mr. Murphy and Squire Davis, it was really a difficult task to abide by “common doin’s”—everything was urged upon one with such ungrudging hospitality, and everything itself looked so enticing.

“How do you like this country?” said Mr. Chase to me.

“For what I have yet seen, I like it very well.”

“Would you be kind enough to tell us a little about Britain? We’d like to hear about the way of getting along there.”

“Ask me questions on whatever point you please.”

“I believe the land is all occupied.”

“It is all owned by parties, and what is not used for agriculture and ornament, is devoted to pasturage and the rearing of game.”

“Is the Government land all sold?”

“A portion is still retained under the name of Crown Lands, which is not intended to be sold.”

“Do you say there is still a good portion devoted to the rearing of game? How can they spare it, when the country is so thickly settled?”

“The game in England is principally reared in plantations and pleasure grounds. In Scotland, where there is a large portion of unproductive and high-lying land of little value, game have a wider range, and a more extensive field is afforded to sportsmen.”

“I believe every one’s not allowed to shoot at game?”

“None but landowners and licensed persons. The common people and even farmers whose crops often suffer by the inroads of game, are forbidden to meddle with them.”

“I wouldn’t live in such a country, where they make such laws. How do the people amuse themselves? Are the fish in the rivers forbidden to them also?”

“Yes; but there are a thousand ways of seeking amusement besides. There are musical entertainments, vocal

and instrumental—exhibitions of various kinds—pleasant walks on the highways and commons, and the like.”

“ Are those entertainments all free ?”

“ Oh, no. When entertainments are provided by others, a charge is of course made.”

“ So the people are hemmed in on every side. They must neither go a fishing nor hunting, but keep on the dusty streets and beaten highways ; and if they want entertainments, they must pay for them. But how do the poor do who cannot pay ?”

“ Stay at home, and be content with what they can see free of expense.”

“ I don't wonder, Sir, there is so much discontent—that we hear of plots and conspiracies against men in high places. Solomon has said truly, ‘ Mercy and truth preserve the king, and his throne is upholden by mercy ;’ but mercy and truth seem scarce in that country.”

“ Why, Sir, the two countries differ materially in the relative proportions of their populations and superficial extent. In this Western land you can permit the people to hunt over all the lands, and fish in all the waters, and small praise is due for the permission. The wonder would be, if it were otherwise. In densely populated districts, however, in the Eastern States, I believe you have game laws as well as in Britain. It is the disposition of every proprietor to claim to himself all that his land produces or harbours ; and if the whole of this country were as densely peopled as Britain, the prohibitions would likely be the same.”

“ Well, I believe, Sir, you are pretty correct after all. I consider all the evils which the rich bring down upon the poor the fruits of wickedness, which infects all. What sayeth Solomon—‘ The righteous considereth the cause of the poor, but the wicked regardeth not to know it.’ The nature of man is the same everywhere.”

When dinner was over, all took a stroll into the orchard, which consisted of three acres of fine land, well laid out, and planted with apple, peach, plum, and cherry trees, grapes, gooseberries, and currants. On the west and north Mr. Smith has lately planted a screen of locust trees, as a protection against the chilling winds from those quarters, which, in some years, blast the hopes of the husbandman, and lay whole tracts waste. Here Mr. Smith enjoys himself, perhaps, as much as any man can. Beneath his own

vine and fig-tree, he may trust to enjoy as much of worldly happiness as this earth can give. He is a diligent worker himself, and his children are all in the most happy state of subordination, obeying at a word. His wife spins, dyes, weaves flax and wool for the clothing of the family, and the undoubted consequence of all is, that the man is increasing in worldly goods every day.

With pleasant chat and merry sallies we spent the rest of the afternoon till six o'clock, when Mr. Smith ordered his two wagons to be brought out, and we got in, and had a pleasant drive through the woods to Babylon Mills.

Babylon is situated on a lovely little plateau or terrace overlooking Spoon river, and an extensive holm or bottom land of great beauty on the opposite side of the stream. The village consists of a dozen houses, the principal of which belongs to Squire Ailsworth, who owns the most of the land around. Every one was holding holiday in this sequestered nook, with hearts as expansive and patriotic as if the safety and well-being of the Republic rested upon their shoulders alone. Down by the river side a group of boys of from nine to fourteen years, were collected around one who had a gun, and was every now and then firing it off to the intense delight of the party. "Let us go," said I to Mr. Smith, "and interrogate these youths about the 4th of July."

"Well, boys, what day's this?"

"Independence, Sir."

"What do you mean by Independence?"

One looked at another for an answer. At last the gunner replied, "Wal I reckon, Sir, it was on the 4th the Declaration was signed by John Hancock an' them others. We've got it up to our house, right up thar."

"Name some of the 'others.'"

"Wal, I forgit now. I know John Hancock's the first (shaking his head knowingly); his name's written *right big*, bigger'n any o' the rest. That's what makes *me min'*."

True enough—the brave Hancock was the first to inscribe his name on the immortal document, and he did it with a full pen and a fearless heart—a suitable act in any leader.

"What are you shooting for?"

"For fun."

"Why do people shoot more on this day than on others?"

"Because it's Independence."

"Why shoot on Independence?"

“ I don’t know, Sir.”

“ Because,” said another, “ they feel happy for whippin’ the British.”

“ And why should they whip the British, and be happy for it ?”

None of them, however, could answer this ; as one of them said, “ they had never thought clear down to that.”

Notable lads these, thought I, and as notably employed. In my own British land, with all its historical associations, there is not a day in all the year on which, as on this 4th of July, the *people* and their children may meet to cherish the patriotic flame in a national spirit. Although the British constitution has proved itself better than any other European one, there is not a man or boy amongst us, who feels within him the smallest atom of *enthusiasm* on the subject. In fact, an Englishman is apt to look upon the Yankee for these very 4th of July’s proceedings, as a most unaccountable fellow indeed,

Squire Ailsworth had had a party at his house also, among whom were Ben Brink and his family, which consisted of his wife, three boys, and two girls—the youngest twelve years of age. I wished to get acquainted with the honest fellow, and accosting him, “ How are you, Mr Brink ?” he began—

“ Oh, don’t, man, there’s no Mist’ers hyar—I’m plain Ben. Pretty well. Now, aint you the man I’ve seen at some of our meetin’s lately, writing away like sixty ? What was you for ?”

“ When I attend meetings which appear interesting, I like to note down a few things for my own amusement. And if I hear a good thing now and then, I think it a pity to let it be lost.”

“ Oh, I reckon you’ll be exhibiting a leetle in the newspapers once in a while. Wal I don’t car’, providing you put me on the right side ; for you wont ketch me any whar else. Don’t you live up at Virgil.”

“ Yes.”

“ Hev you down Horner’s eight heads ?”

“ No doubt.”

“ I’m thinkin’ he hed to cut it short in righteousness—hedn’t he ? That was an ugly trick they played him. Don’t be sayin’ I had any hand in it, now ; for though I put on the screws pretty tight at the meetin’, I aint the man to do

sich a thing to no feller. I say it was too bad. I wouldn't like to have been used so myself."

"How long have you been in this part of the country, Mr. Brink?"

"Now don't—I'm *Ben*, if you please. Oh, I've been out hyar for the last ten years. I'm a Kentucky Corn-cracker. I've lived some in Ohio, and some in Indiana too; but this is the best State I've seen yet."

"I see you do a little in the law way too?"

"Wal I like to see things going right wharever I be; and if I can help to make things go smooth, I'd like well enough to do it. I never go to law with any man myself. Whatever I can't pay for down on the spot, I do without, and whoever deals with me, has got to pay down too—so I never have any difficulty."

"Do you play on the fiddle?"

"Oh, I was scratching a leetle to please Uncle Ailsworth's young folks hyar. I don't know much about it. Are *you* a Scotchman?" (addressing John Adams).

"Atweel am I."

"What's that he says? 'Tweelama!' is that Scotch?"

"Yes; 'Atweel am I,' means 'Indeed I am.'"

"I see. Wal now, what's to hinder you both to exhibit a leetle in Scotch. I'd be mightily pleased if ye would."

It was voted all round the house that we should hold a conversation in Scotch, for the special gratification of Ben Brink and the Babylonians.

John was a native of Pollokshaws.

"Weel, Jock, what'll they be doing in the Shaws eenoo?"

"Supping their parritch."

"Is that what the mill anes get at nights?"

"Atweel is't, and maybe a daud o' tatie scone, or a farl to haud it doon."

"Ay, mon, I see you're gie weel acquaint wi' the contents o' the awmrie. Whar was *your* ane?"

"Jist in the neuk ayont the arm chair."

"It was gay convaynient, I'm thinking?"

"It would thole, for we were a' gay eident at the wark, and there was aye something comin' in to uphaud it."

"Ay, and ye likeit your parritch?"

"Oh, but keep min', on the Sabbath days we got tea twicet, and a whauk o' sheep-head broth, or maybe mutton or beef thing. Ca' ye that naething?"

"Did the folks like a toothfu' o' yon, Jock?"

“ Oh, ye need’na be speirin’ that. Ye ken weel eneugh a’ mill anes like a wee drappie noo an’ than, whan they can get a hand o’t.”

“ Weel, Jock, what way do the folks ca’ your toon the ‘ Clatterin’ Shaws ? ”

“ I’ll soon tell ye that. Ye see there’s Peggy Neil, Nanny Murdoch, Eppy Wilson, auld blin’-e’et Susey M’Taggart, an’ a whole lot mae o’ them that keeps clashin’, an’ clatterin’, an’ haverin’, an’ clypin’ in ane anither’s houses frae morn till nicht. Whyles they’re flytein’, whyles they’re greein’, an’ whyles the mutches is fleein’, like snaw. The verra day afore I left that, they had a haud, an’ their tongues was clatterin’ like policemen’s rattles when they cry ‘ Fire in the Gallowgate.’ ‘ Gae wa’ ye blear-eyed wunner, (quo Nanny) *ye thocht I was gaun to keep your secret, ye ill-fa’urt tawpie—a bonny ane to keep secrets to. Ye limmer, if ye come into my hoose, I’ll jaw a stoup o’ cauld water on ye*”——

“ Whisht, whisht, Jock ; the folk’s glowrin’ at ye as if ye were daft ; it’s jist as weel they dinna ken what ye’re sayin’, for it’s no an honour to the Shaws.”

“ Lord bless us, boys,” says Ben, “ an’ is that white folks’ talk anyhow. *I don’t know what on arth you’re talkin’ about more’n nothin’.* I’ve seen some songs in the Scotch language. Would it be asking too much to give us one.”

Johnny could sing one song, “ *Johnny Coup,*” and he gave it in classic style to the infinite amusement of these Backwoods’ patriots. After “ Yankee Doodle,” and “ Hail, Columbia,” from Ben on the fiddle, we set off home by a little valley, along which ran a pleasant brook. On the banks in several places we could see the coal standing out untouched, in most places from three to four feet in depth.

When we had got about half way home, Mr. Smith asked me if I would like to see a genuine Pioneer. Having expressed my assent, we both jumped out, and the wagons drove on. The bluffs on every side of this pleasant little valley were crowned with picturesque clumps of tall oak and hiccory trees. The steep declivities were ornamented with natural shrubbery of the brightest green—with waving strips of tall grass between—affording a fine cover for deer, and deer I was told had often been killed in the neat little dell. Coming to a part of the steep bluff into which was a deep semi-circular bay evidently scooped out by the abrasion

of the little stream, we saw about four or five acres of nice level meadow land, encircled by the sweeping and overhanging bluff on all sides but one, which faced the stream. This was laid out with considerable neatness and care, and in the centre stood a rude log hut, surrounded by a few shade trees of the black locust. The sun was now about half an hour high, and the shadows of the tall forest on the western heights were climbing up the opposite declivity, and left the little plain below in deep shade. We both sat down on a fallen tree, with this little gem of a landscape before us, and Mr. Smith gave me the following account of the man who here dwelt by himself, apart from all mankind.

Jeremiah Putman was among the first white men that passed into the territory of Illinois, to open up a way for the great tide of civilization, destined to cover its lovely plains. The pioneer is animated with much of the Indian's spirit—impatient of restraint—and delighting in the adventurous and hardy scenes of the wilderness, he pushes on, driven forward by the influx of settlers, and his own uncongenial disposition for the tame scenes of ordinary life. Jerry, as he was called, had penetrated his way as far through the wilds as Spoon River, and there by some misunderstanding with the Sac and Fox Indians, during the Black Hawk war, his wife and children were all murdered, and himself left alone in the world. He gathered up their remains, floated them down the river in his canoe to near this place, and has them interred under the hearthstone of his little hut. He is a quiet inoffensive man, and seems to take pleasure in living by himself.

The old veteran was seated on a log on the *stoop* or rude verandah of his humble cottage, whetting his axe, when we approached. His gray hairs hung down and rested on his coat collar behind, and on each side; his venerable beard gave him a truly patriarchal air, and altogether he had a wild and melancholy aspect.

“ Well Jerry, said Squire Smith, how do you get along—don't you know this is Independence ?”

The old hermit spake in a half whispering under-tone, like what we might expect from one who was more in the habit of communing with himself than with others. He slowly drawled out—

“ Wal I thought so—I heerd the boys at Ellisville and Babylon thar firing a good deal to-day.”

“ Have you not had a shot yourself to-day ?”

"No. I haint had any powder for a month past. Come in and sit down."

The inside of the cottage was very neatly arranged, though humbly furnished. A huge black and white cat reposed on the hearth on an old rag. A trusty rifle which had no doubt seen long service, was suspended overhead. The old man seemed to have no other companion than his cat.

"This gentleman, Jerry, has lately come to settle in our neighbourhood, and he would like to get acquainted with you."

"There's not many cares for me now," said the old man, kindling up. "I'll be glad to see you, Sir, if it's worth your while to walk down my way. Hev ye come from the east?"

"From Scotland. Mr. Smith here tells me you have been out in this State pretty early."

"It's fifty yearn last spring sin' I first crossed the Wabash."

"How old were you then?"

"Twenty-five."

"Well, Sir, I shall be certain to call often, and hear you relate some of your experiences in the wilderness. You must have seen a deal in fifty years."

"Jerry, (said Mr. Smith) I'll send you down a little powder with one of the boys to-morrow."

"Thankee, Squar, good evenin'.—Good evenin', Sir."

"Now," said Mr. Smith, "although that man looks so dull and desolate, and has so little to say on common occasions, he is all life and fire when once you get him on to an Indian story. He has seen more of Indian life than any one ever I came across. If you once get into his good graces, you are sure of plenty of amusement; but now, when I mind, never appear to doubt what he says. Whatever doubts you may have as to the likelihood of his story, keep it to yourself or you will get no more out of him."

When we returned to Virgil, Mrs. Smith treated us with apple, peach, and pumpkin pie. The women partook of coffee, but the men preferred a glass of cider of the Squire's own making. It was both abundant and good. The hospitality of these good folks was unostentatious but sincere.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Chase, "I'm a believer in the thousand years' reign of Christ upon the earth, and I'd like you'd come over to my house some day, and let me hear what you could say against it if you don't believe in it."

Reader, if a man believe in the doctrine of the Mil-

lennium, why should I seek to unsettle his faith? If he feels more happy with than without the belief—if through it he is a better husband—a better father—a better man—I have never felt justified or called upon to “to intermeddle with his joy.” I promised to go and see him, but not to dispute with him on any article of his creed.

Such was our first “Fourth” in the West. Though not so noisy, it was perhaps more satisfactory than any I afterwards spent there.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“The body moulded by the clime, endures
 Th’ equator heats, or hyperborean frost;
 Except by habits foreign to its turn
 Unwise you counteract its forming power.
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
 By long acquaintance;—study then your sky:—
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.”—*Armstrong.*

HARVEST TIMES—SUMMER TEMPERATURE—HEALTH AND DISEASE.

WE had now got into the hurry and bustle of harvest. About the beginning of July, the grain begins to come in ripe, and the heat of the sun is so great, that what yet remains to ripen is ready for cutting down in a few days. In an agricultural district such as ours, where almost every one held connection with land, it was often difficult to get hands enough to cut down the crop in good season; and therefore every one had to work with might and main to make up for the deficiency of labourers. Working under a temperature very often of 120 degrees in the sun, must have a serious effect on the constitution; and this is common every year. The “cradle scythe” is in universal use, and a good hand will cut down two acres in a day. John Adams and I were both impressed into the service at a dollar a day each, and hotter weather and work I never before experienced. We had no knowledge whatever of the scythe, but we had to take “spells” at it in turn, and we soon were able to swing it effectively. The swathe cut by the “cradler” is raked up into suitable heaps for sheaves by the person who follows the scythe. He then makes a band for each sheaf, and ties it. A raker will thus rake and bind

for two scythes. A third follows, who sets up the shocks to six scythes.

The produce of wheat to the acre is exceedingly variable in different parts of the State, much being due to the mode of cultivation. To give an idea of the careless way in which the wheat crop is put in, I may mention that it is quite a common thing to cut off the thin crop of sod corn (maize), scatter the wheat over the unploughed ground, and harrow it in with a clumsy, ill-adapted, three-cornered harrow, made from the fork of a tree;—the driver sometimes standing upon it to hold it down in the ground. No further attention is paid to it till it is ready to cut down. Of course no manure is at any time added to the ground, and many farmers have no idea of a rotation of crops. I have seen heavy crops of maize, wheat, and oats, raised from the same fields for successive years without any change, and the last crop looked as good as the first. This is of course doing injustice to the land, and the time will certainly come when this must all be changed. In the meantime, while the population is rather sparse, and entirely given to agriculture, produce must sell low on the spot, and the cost of transport to distant markets, where a better price is obtained, being great, the farmer is somewhat necessitated to raise as much grain as possible, with the least possible labour. His only consideration, in general, is—"if I sow so much grain—fifty—a hundred—two hundred acres—will I be able to get it harvested in good order;" in short, "will I be able to employ or get enough hands to cut it down before it goes into the ground again, without paying out more than the returns will warrant." The price of wheat varies from a quarter of a dollar or a shilling, to seventy five cents., or three shillings a bushel. The farmers being in general men of small capital, an immense amount of grain is thrown into the market, immediately after harvest; and then, as a necessary result, the price rules low. A shilling for wheat, sixpence for oats, fourpence for Indian corn, are common then; whereas in the months of October, February, March, April, May, and June, when navigation is open, the prices invariably rise, and those who have been able to hold on till then, are sure to obtain a good return for their stock.

A common custom with the farmers is to open an account with the shopkeepers or *store-keepers*, as they are called, for two or three months previous to the harvest, to be paid in wheat as soon after harvesting as may be required; and

as a little speculation is exciting, it is not uncommon for the bargain to run in this way :—

STOREKEEPER'S GUARANTEE.

“From this date to harvest, I agree to allow David Johnston, farmer, near Ellisville, the sum of one hundred dollars in goods, at my Store, on demand, for which he is to pay me as soon as he has got his grain crop all secured, a quantity of wheat in good order and condition, delivered at my store. Whatever may be the rate of markets at the time, I hereby bind myself to allow him for his wheat, to the amount of said hundred dollars, the sum of thirty-one and a fourth cents. per bushel.—Witness my hand, &c.,

“ JACOB HURD.

“ 9th April, 1842.”

FARMER'S GUARANTEE.

“I hereby agree to pay Jacob Hurd, storekeeper in Ellisville, a quantity of wheat, to the value of one hundred dollars, at the rate agreed upon by us both, of thirty-one and a fourth cents. per bushel, as soon after harvest as I have got my crop secured and off the ground, whatever the rate of markets may be at the time, in consideration that he is to allow me between this date and then, goods at his Store, on demand, to the value of one hundred dollars as aforesaid.—Witness my hand, &c.,

“ DAVID JOHNSTON.

“ 9th April, 1842.”

This agreement is good in law, and it is specially enacted by the laws of the State, that “no advantage is to be taken of any technical mistake in the wording of a contract, but that all decisions of Justices and others, arbitrators, shall be given in accordance with the spirit and evident purport of the agreement, that justice between man and man may not be perverted.” Stamps for writing contracts on, are unknown since the revolutionary war.

TEMPERATURE.

As might be supposed, we perspired copiously at our harvest labours, and drank as freely of cold water from the living spring, which was preferred by all hands to any other kind of drink. The heat and hard labour of the harvest are indeed the most trying to the constitution of any other thing during the year. As I am writing this book especi-

ally for the information of intending Emigrants, and those who may be inquiring on the subject, I consider it will not be uninteresting to enter more minutely into the subject of temperature during the hottest season of the year. In the year 1846 I kept a register of the temperature of every day during the months of June, July, and August, taken at four o'clock, P.M. ; also, a note of the appearances, and the direction and force of the wind. This I give entire below, as being a valuable document for the careful consideration of all to whom the subject of health is important. The numbers denote the temperature in the shade, as indicated by Fahrenheit's thermometer, hanging in an open window, having a western aspect :—

JUNE

1.	61 deg.	Heavy clouds flying low ; some rain, wind,	SW
2.	71 "	Clear, Brisk wind	W
3.	67 "	Dull cloudy day, Light wind	SW
4.	63 "	Dull clouds flying low, do.	NW
5.	72 "	Cloudy, do.	W
6.	73 "	Clear, do.	W
7.	71 "	Do. cumulus clouds, do.	W
8.	90 "	Do. do. do.	N
9.	87 "	Do. do. do.	NW
10.	90 "	Do. do. do.	NE
11.	81 "	Do. cloudy evening, lightning in S. do.,	NE
12.	89 "	Do. cumulus clouds. Light wind,	SE
13.	89 "	Do. do.	SE
14.	77 "	Do. do.	SE
15.	78 "	Do. do.	NW
16.	84 "	Do. cumulus clouds, indicating rain, do.,	NW
17.	87 "	Do. do., with showers. Light wind,	N
18.	87 "	Do. and cumulus, thunder shower from SW. Light wind,	SW
19.	77 "	Do. brisk cool wind, evening cool,	W
20.	74 "	Do. Light wind,	W
21.	74 "	Do. do.,	SW
22.	91 "	Do. and cumulus, morning cool, Brisk, wind,	NE
23.	81 "	Smoky do., morn. quite cool. Brisk wind,	NE
24.	75 "	Do. clouds various, dusty. Brisk wind,	SE
25.	87 "	Shower at sunrise, cloudy, thunder and rain in the evening, S—NW—SE	SE

JUNE.

26. 84	deg.	Thunder showers, large masses nimbus.		
		Light wind,		SW
27. 87	"	Clear.	Light wind,	W
28. 83	"	In evening thunder, lightning, rain, do.,		SW
29. 77	"	Rained all day.	Light wind,	W
30. 91	"	Clear and cumulus.	do.,	SW

JULY.

1. 87	"	Clear and cumulus.	do.	NE
2. 94	"	Do. do.	do.	NE
3. 92	"	Do. lightning in the south,	do.	SE
4. 73	"	Do.	Brisk wind	NE
5. 77	"	Do.	do.	S & N
6. 94	"	Heavy thunder, rain all day,	do.	N
7. 90	"	Threatening rain.	do.	SE
8. 83	"	Clear and cumulus.	Light wind	SW
9. 84	"	Do. do.	do.	SE
10. 90	"	Do. do. lightning in NW	do.	W
11. 88	"	Do. do. thunder in even.	do.	N & W
12. 92	"	Do. do.	do.	SE
13. 84	"	Do. do.	do.	SE
14. 86	"	Do. do.	do.	E & SW
15. 87	"	Do. do.	do.	NE
16. 83	"	Do. lightning all night in W	do.	SE
17. 82	"	Do. do.	Brisk wind	SE
18. 82	"	Cloudy, with showers,	do.	W
19. 87	"	Clear and cumulus,	Light wind	NE SW
20. 84	"	Do. do.	do.	SW
21. 85	"	Clear, rain in the evening,	do.	SE
22. 83	"	Cloudy, heavy rain,	do.	E & W
23. 81	"	Heavy rain in the morning,	do.	E
24. 83	"	Cloudy, cirrus, nimbus, cumulus, do.		S
25. 79	"	Cloudy,	Light wind	W
26. 86	"	Clear,	Cool wind	NW
27. 89	"	Clear, thunder in evening,	Light wind	SE
28. 92	"	Clear, oppressive heat,	Little wind	SSE
29. 83	"	Clear and cumulus,	Brisk cool wind	W
30. 89	"	Do. do.	do.	W
31. 83	"	Do. do.	Light wind	NE

AUGUST

1. 87	"	Do.	do.	do.	W
2. 83	"	Do.	do.	do.	W
3. 91	"	Do.	do.	do.	W

AUGUST.

4.	83 deg.	Smoky and cumulus,	Light wind,	SW
5.	83	Do.	do.	SE
6.	83	Do.	do.	SSE
7.	84	Clear and cumulus,	do.	SE
8.	88	Do.	do.	SE
9.	84	Do.	do.	SE
10.	87	Do.	do.	W
11.	83	Do.	do.	SE
12.	91	Do.	do.	W & SW
13.	87	Do.	do.	SW
14.	89	Do.	do. lightning in S	SW
15.	87	Do.	do.	W
16.	86	Do.	do.	SE
17.	87	Do.	do.	SE
18.	80	Thin clouds,	do.	SE
19.	71	Cloudy, refreshing rain,	do.	SW
20.	75	Cloudy,	Brisk wind	W
21.	75	Do.	do.	W
22.	76	Clear and cumulus,	do.	W
23.	80	Do.	do.	SW
24.	81	Smoky	do.	W
25.	75	Do.	do.	SE
26.	73	Do.	do. threat. rain	E
27.	71	Do.	do.	E
28.	76	*Smoky and cumulus,	Light wind	W
29.	77	Do.	do.	W
30.	80	Gentle rains,	do.	W
31.	76	Clear,	Brisk wind	SW

It is to be observed that the summer of 1846 was considered to be more than ordinarily hot. With such a temperature in close districts, where there was little circulation of air, the heat was exceedingly oppressive. But the refreshing breezes which swept across the prairies during the day, had a favourable effect upon the system, and moderated the temperature several degrees. In the streets of New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, many were overcome with the intense heat, and died of *coup de soleil* or sun-stroke. The nights were the most oppressive, as the breeze which prevailed during the day had then gone down. All the houses were constructed so that an agreeable

* The reader is to understand the term Smoky as indicating that unaccountable state of the atmosphere which is sometimes observable in Britain, in which the air appears to be filled with a kind of smoke. This is a characteristic of Indian Summer, to be described hereafter.

draught swept through them, and I never observed any bad effects arising from such currents. During the nights the windows and back doors were all wide open, to admit a little of whatever air might be stirring.

One night during the hot weather, after sitting out in front of the house chatting with a few neighbours in the clear moonlight, at bed-time, the heat was so great (83 degrees), that it was disagreeable to lie on an open tent-bed, and we hustled our bed-tick and clothes into the floor. The front door was shut, but the two front windows had the under sashes thrown up their full height. The back door was wide open, and we placed our bed so that the draught from the two windows as it passed out of the back door could be felt upon our faces. We then lay down within two yards or less of the back door, outside of which was a pent-house for the cooking stove, with its door also wide open. We slept soundly till daybreak when I was awakened by a scream from my wife, who was not a little alarmed at the astonished stare of a huge dog, who stood with his fore feet planted on the door step, and was intently gazing down in our faces. The scream awakened me, but appeared to have little effect upon the great broad-chested brute, who immediately turned tail, however, as soon as I let my boot fly at him. How long he had been looking at us I know not, but ever after, hot or cold, we kept our doors shut, being put in mind practically of the homely Scotch adage—"At open doors dogs gae ben."

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The best time, in regard to health, for Emigrants to land in the west, is undoubtedly the fall months, August, September, and October. The heat of the following year will thus come upon them gradually, and the trying effects upon the system are not so severe. In the months of August, September, and October, sickness to a greater or less extent prevail* ; as the winter advances this wears

* It may be asked "Why recommend the fall months when those very months are the most unhealthy?" This must be explained. Firstly—the fall months are chiefly unhealthy to those who have been exposed to the heats of summer in out-door labours ; and if the emigrant should land, say in September, not having been exposed to the Summer heats, he is less apt to be seized by the epidemics of the season. Secondly—either in the fall or the spring the emigrant *must* set sail, and *not in the winter*, if he intends to go to the interior of the country, as by landing in the winter—November, December, and January—the rivers and canals are all closed up with ice, and transport to the interior is very expensive and trying indeed. "Let not your flight," therefore, be "in the winter," nor yet in the summer ; and the fall for the above reasons, is preferable to the spring.

off, and the spring months are healthy and delightful. My own theory as to the sickly season, and its effects upon the system, is this;—that there are undoubtedly a great deal of miasmatic vapours in circulation during the above named months—that the human system, from exposure to the intense heat during the summer in the harvest field, and in other out-door labours, is rendered more susceptible of the influence, and the evil influence and the susceptibility to contract disease coinciding in point of time, intermittent fevers follow as a matter of course. Add to this, the often impure water used; for the wells in general are from ten to fifteen feet deep, and can only afford at that depth the surface water; and over and above all, the great quantities of trash swallowed at meals. Suppose at the dinner meal there be used six different kinds of food. Let the first be easily digested in two hours, the second in two and a half, the third in three, the fourth in three and a half, the fifth in four and a half, and the sixth in five hours;—what a compound of digested and undigested materials is here to throw the stomach into a state of disorder, and make way for disease. Another and undoubted cause of ill health is the indifference, and indeed ignorance, displayed by the people in that country as well as in our own, with respect to a regular system of washing the whole person. Many indeed have not the most faint idea that such a thing is required, and go on for years without ever bringing water in contact with any other parts of their bodies than their faces, hands, and feet. Of course all these matters must be duly weighed by the intending emigrant as of the deepest moment to himself and family. By due attention to healthiness of location, moderation in diet, and general temperance, cleanliness of person, and the use of good water, my firm opinion is, that a person of ordinary sound constitution may avoid disease in the west, and truly “enjoy the good of the land.”

The more I think upon the subject the more I am persuaded of the justice of Squire Davis's remarks, that a little knowledge of one's own frame, and its physiological capacities and susceptibilities, is of more advantage to common men than a deal of the learning crammed into them at school, while they are allowed to remain as ignorant of the more important knowledge as if they had no concern in the matter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VISIT TO A CAMP MEETING.

VARIOUS have been the definitions proposed to distinguish man from the other animals. One has described him as a "cooking animal;" another as a "bargaining animal;" a third as a "laughing animal,"—none of the other animals being supposed to either cook, bargain, or laugh. In addition to these, I would describe man as a "Religious Animal." The religious feeling exists in the minds of all, however they may try to disguise it. Lives there a man on this earth who either desires the continuance of pleasure, or a greater amount of unmixed pleasure than this earth can give—and such is the wish of all—that man possesses the religious instinct in full perfection. Possessing this feeling, the Deity is revealed to man as the Being by whom all the longings of the human heart may be gratified. That there are "pleasures at his right hand for evermore," and that by pursuing a certain course, these pleasures may be attained to by us, is sufficient to set us in motion; and all the means—whether self-inventions or legally prescribed courses—by which man strives to "enter into rest," proclaim aloud the existence of the religious instinct in every child of Adam.

In giving a description of a Camp Meeting, such as is common in the West, nothing can be farther from my thoughts or wishes than to give offence to any religious party. The religious feelings of all I respect, whatever they may be. My object in introducing the subject is to give a correct picture of things as they are in the Backwoods—the habits of the people—their modes of conduct under peculiar circumstances—and how the religious principle is developed in their minds. Having said so much, I proceed to give an account of what I saw and heard at a Camp Meeting in the woods of Illinois.

"Good evenin', neighbour; hev you any notion o' going over to that 'ere Camp Meetin' over towards Fairview tomorrow? My Missis has taken a notion to go, and there will be room enough in the wagon for a few more," said William Hendryx, one evening about the close of August, the time when Camp Meetings are the most abundant.

"How far is it to be from this?"

"Jist three miles on the other side o' Ellisville, in Wykoff's grove."

“Who is Wykoff?”

“Oh, he’s a Dutchman from the Jarseys, that lives over in Fairview. I’m Dutch myself for that matter. Think about it, an’ I’ll call as I’m going past in the mornin’ about eight o’clock.”

I had heard so much about Camp Meetings, I was anxious to witness one myself. After the celebrated descriptions of Mrs. Trollope, to which so many exceptions were taken, I flattered myself I could look upon one of those meetings at least without prejudice.

Next morning (Sunday) we made ourselves ready, and Bill, according to promise, called. In the wagon he had his wife and his three eldest daughters, Elizabeth, Laura, and Nancy, all tidy young women.

“Their hair of flaxen, and their eyes of blue;”

the true German type, and not a bad type either.

“Are you goin’ too, Adams?” inquired Bill.

“Atweel am I—hae ye ony room for me up there?”

“Oh, I reckon. Sit beside me hyar. I like to hear you talkin’, though I don’t understand the half o’ what you say. You’ll hev to talk mighty hard the whole way, That’s the way you’ll pay your passage. Gee up, Hunter.”

Hunter, the off horse, was the brag horse of the district. Five years old, he was full of life and activity, and, as Bill said, “never stuck in a slough hole in his life. He didn’t much like to get in, but if he once got in, he’d break somethin’ or he’d git out pretty quick.”

As we drove along we could see other wagons coming from different points on the prairie, tending in the same direction as ourselves.

“Wal, Adams, hev you any Camp Meetin’s in your country?”

“Weel, there was a black man that used to preach noo an’ than in Glasgow green in a wooden tent, wi’ firms for the folk to sit on, an’ he ca’t that a Camp Meetin’. Is that the same as what they hae here?”

“I thought they had no niggers in Scotland?”

“I never saw mair than ane or twa.”

“An’ did the nigger preach to white folks?”

“Surely; an’ the folks thocht him gay clever too.”

“Wal, that saws my leg off anyhow. I’m an Abolitionist, but I couldn’t quite go that—that beats all ever I heerd yet. Wal, now, you’re a queer set over thar in Britain, sartin.”

The morning was calm and beautiful, and after a pleasant ride of an hour and a half, we approached the timber in which the famous meeting was to be held. As we drew in sight, we could see an immense congregation of wagons drawn up alongside of the wood, and others arriving every few minutes. White, pink, blue, green, and red gowns and shawls were showing here and there among the bushes, as the wearers moved about, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, the cracking of whips, and the hum of busy voices, revealed to us as we approached, that this was to be no ordinary meeting. Having alighted, we made our way through the labyrinth of vehicles, and through crab-apple and wild plum bushes, to the charmed circle within; and a charmed and charming circle it certainly was. Let the reader imagine a gently sloping piece of cleared ground surrounded by tall trees, the overhanging branches nearly meeting overhead. At the lower side of this cleared space was erected a rough sort of rostrum or pulpit of wood, and behind it a wooden tent for the use of the preachers, who were twelve in number. Immediately in front of the pulpit or *stand*, as it is called, was a square space of about four hundred superficial feet, enclosed with a stout railing; in the centre were three fixed forms or benches, and the ground was liberally strewed over with straw; outside in front and on each side of this space the seats for the audience were ranged, formed of rough planks resting on stout posts driven into the ground. Outside of all were the tents. These were constructed of hickory poles bent into a semi-circle, with the two ends thrust into the ground; with blankets and bed quilts for coverings. The floors were also abundantly spread over with straw. These tents were merely intended for sleeping in, and were perhaps about five feet high. The most singular looking feature of all, however, was a set of raised platforms composed of small branches and twigs resting on four stout forked sticks driven into the ground, and about four feet high. On these platforms were piled a quantity of earth and sods, and on the top of all lay about a bushel of ashes. Of these platforms there were a dozen ranged outside of the seats, and all alike supported their bushel of ashes. I naturally looked about for the sackcloth, but there was none to be seen, except a stray bit doing duty on the roof of a tent. It appears, however, that I had formed too high notions of these appurtenances; for, upon asking Bill as to their use,

he let me down considerably from my fancy-flight, by looking compassionately upon me, and exclaiming with the air of one who knew all about it, "Why, man, them's for night fires! don't you know that the meetin's go on at night as well as by day?" Service was not to commence till half-past ten, and the people were scattered about in groups variously engaged. Here was a company in the front of a tent singing a favourite hymn—there was another party discussing the merits of the different preachers; a third group was listening eagerly to a little Pick-wickian-looking fellow, who was relating with much glee the incidents of a horse *trade* or barter; a fourth party, more profound, had got engulfed in the mysteries of the freedom and the bondage of the will; a fifth was canvassing the relative merits of Slaveholding and Abolitionism; two honest rustics here were seated on a fallen tree enjoying a quiet colloquy; two there were indulging in a hearty laugh at some conceit which they knew best themselves. A lad and lass were bandying compliments; two ancient matrons were gossiping about their neighbours, benevolently throwing in a sigh occasionally at the frailty of human nature. A decent, quiet-looking man with green goggles was silently enjoying a smoke, as he sat with his legs stretched out, his back reclining against a sturdy oak, and his hands in his pockets, thinking on what he would do next; in fact using the world, and not abusing it. Some boys had been making a purchase of gingerbread from a pedlar in such wares, and were peaceably negotiating, though they had never heard of the Peace Congress, for an equitable division. I was curious to see how far the simple light of nature would direct these tiny sticklers for internal improvements to a favourable issue. Numerous were the protocols, the nods of acquiescence, and the touches of remembrance and protest; at last the treaty was ratified by each taking a hearty bite off *his* share, and stuffing the rest in his pocket. After making the circuit of the ground, I drew up alongside of the before-mentioned party of singers. One of their verses struck me as very expressive, and ran thus—

"Methinks I hear some sinner say
 Glory, Glory, Glory!
 I'm bound for Glory—clear the way!
 Sing Glory, Glory, Glory!"

"There's no mystification in that at least," thought I,

these men are wisely keeping near the shore, and I hereby beg to commend their example to the favourable consideration of all my readers, rather than that of the debaters on free will.

The hour for commencing now drew nigh, and was announced by the blast of a long tin trumpet, which made the forest echo again. The people immediately began to take up their places, and the attendance was large and respectable. There certainly were not less than fifteen hundred persons on the ground. This of itself showed that such meetings were popular at least. Whether useful or not, required a different test. After another blast of the trumpet, three of the preachers ascended the stand, and a hymn was given out, beginning

“Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Teach our hearts to sing thy praise;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of endless praise;

and was sung to the air of “Rousseau’s Dream.” The thunderburst of that thrilling hymn I shall never forget. Every one of that great assembly joined in it with heart and spirit. It was refreshing to one who had often listened to the lifeless and indifferent songs of many congregations in the then far distant Scotland, to hear the praises of the Omnipresent God chaunted with such appropriate enthusiasm and earnestness. The old dusky forest, which in the days not far distant, had repeatedly resounded with the revengeful and death presaging yell of the painted savage, now reverberated with the accents of a more exalted purpose, intended not for the intimidation of man, but to enter into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth! They will talk of the majesty of the Niagara—the grandeur of the tempestuous ocean—the sublimity of the thunder-storm—and the immensity of space!—to my mind none of these things presents half such an exalted idea as is inspired by the going forth of the earnest aspirations of a congregated people beneath the blue canopy of heaven, to the God and Father of all! Here the petty differences of sect and creed sink into insignificance, and our human sympathies spurn the factious and divisive tenets of illiberal and ungodlike minds. Like the compassions of the great Father, they encircle all, and look on man in the face of Jesus Christ!

The prayer which followed was offered up by a man who had evidently never been encircled by the walls of a College.

His little mistakes in grammar and composition were unnoticed, or unheeded by that worshipping assembly. Their regards were fixed on other and more momentous things. He called down upon that people the blessings of the Immortal Father—he deprecated his wrath due to sin—he implored forgiveness and a new heart for all—a tractable spirit—an earnest purpose—a right judgment—a happy end. And all this was done with a fervour, an unction, a humility, which was well calculated to beget similar feelings in the breast of all who knelt there on their Father's green earth. He is little to be envied, thought I, who can attend such a meeting as this, without profit, unimpressed, without one good resolve recorded in the ear of our common Father and Benefactor. This was truly an imposing temple to the Most High—the tall oaks lifted up their brawny arms into the azure sky, and, interlacing and interlocking, formed many a pointed and Gothic arch. The glorious sunlight was shivered into a dazzling and shimmering spray reflected from the glassy leaves, while the prayer of faith ascended up on high like the morning oblation!

The text chosen was the familiar one, "Come unto me all ye that labour," &c. And the strong common sense of the preacher bore him out admirably. He succeeded in achieving the first great conquest of the orator, namely, arousing and fixing the attention of the auditory. The discourse was purely argumentative—there was no attempt at declamation—no claptrap trickery to impose upon the feelings, while the understanding got the *go by*. The discourse lasted an hour, and then at noon there was an interval of an hour for refreshment.

So far there was nothing to signalize Camp Meetings, on this occasion, from other meetings; but it afterwards became apparent that this was only so much preliminary work to what was to follow. The Camp is commonly pitched on a Friday afternoon. On Saturday the first services commence, and are only attended by a few of the brethren, who hold numerous prayer meetings, either in full congregation, or in detached portions, in the tents, for an out-pouring of the heavenly influences on the morrow, when the great features of the Camp are to be developed.

At the close of the foundation sermon, our free-will debaters were at it again. This time they were surrounded by a more numerous crowd, and the words, if not the arguments, used on the occasion, were very forcible. The debaters

were two young men about twenty-five years of age. The one was dressed in a blue suit of Kentucky jeans, and had a country air about him; the other, the advocate for the bondage of the will, was a tall, slender, fancily-dressed gent, with long black hair, and a preponderance of black beard under the fore part of his chin. The author of "Festus" has cleverly said—

"Free will is but necessity at play;
The rattling of the golden chain that guides
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun."

And one of the debaters rattled a *brazen* chain at least, with great pertinacity in the face of his adversary.

"Well now," said the slim man in black, "the operations of the mind are so subtle, that ordinary mortals can't perceive the *modus operandi*."

"Wal now," said Blue, "you can't make *me* believe but that I'm a free agent—to do or not to do jist as I've a min' to."

"Oh, I didn't say *you* couldn't do as you've a mind. I said so of man."

"An' aint that all the same?"

"Not quite."

"Why?"

"I spoke of *man*. Whether you're one or not I can't say."

"Oh jiminey! Tom, do you hear him? I would'nt stand it nohow," said a bystander.

"I'll be under the *necessity* of requesting *you* to shut your clam," said Black. "If you think you can supply his place, stand in."

"I can whip you anyhow," said Interruption.

"If you're talking about fighting, I have no doubt but your head and hide are both thicker than mine. If manhood is to be tested by insensibility to shakes or blows, a bull-dog or a badger is a better man than either of us."

At this Interruption began to square up with much importance, when a big shouldered man who stood by and had been a dilligent listener, addressed him—

"What are you goin' to be after now? If you don't clear out o' this pretty spry, you onmannerly pup, I'll pitch you into the hazle ruff. *You* know no more o' what they're talkin' about than my old boots."

"Oh, is that you Judge? It aint safe to be in the same crowd with *you*." So saying, he walked off.

Various little pic-nic parties were strewed about hither and thither through the woods. What a multitude of incidents a person who is bent upon observing, might pick up from such an assemblage. Here was a company of hearers who had got coffee made in a wash-hand basin, and were supping it with a tin laddle or dipper. A passer-by accosts the master of the ceremonies—"Walt, I see you're layin' in the juice anyhow."

"O, I expect its what we hev to be doin' once in a while. Who's to speak in the afternoon, Jim?"

"They say it's Strong from Canton. You know him."

"Wal, I should think I did. He's all sorts of a feller that. Jim, you'll git religion * afore sundown, or I'm mistaken."

"Oh, I aint skeered, though I had ought to reform some too."

The gingerbread and biscuit pedlar was pushing a pretty lively business. Alongside of his cart was a smart little tent erected, in which a few of the less temperance-loving lieges had got entrenched, and were singing a profane song to a hymn tune over a snug dram. One of the Fairview magistrates, who was, like myself, taking an airing, stood by for a little, and getting an idea of what was going on inside, thus accosted the owner of the tent—

"Do you sell liquor in there?"

The other replied in a conciliatory, coaxing tone—"Oh, a leetle, Squire. It's good, I assure you. Come in and taste. I got it from Cincinnati last week. I hope you hev no objection to the people enjoying themselves a leetle."

"Don't you know, Sir, that's against the law."

"Wal now when I min', I believe somebody *did* say something about that; but I really did'nt know."

"You know now, then, so pack up and be off outside the limits."

"Oh, I'm glad you told me. I don't want to run through the law nohow."

"When I come back," said the Squire, "I hope *you'll* be a-missing."

The rum-seller had to gather up his "traps," and move.

"Mister," said one of the bytanders, "you're mighty green, aint you? *You* don't know nothin' about the law—not you."

"Mister" shook his head knowingly, and, looking after

* "Git religion," that is, get converted.

the Justice, said, "No man's required to criminate himself, I reckon."

Upon making inquiry I was informed that, according to a law of the State, any person selling spirituous liquors within a mile of Camp Meetings, except it be in a licensed grocery, is liable to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, and any persons disturbing Religious Meetings, are liable to the same fine. After this information I could the better understand why the rum-seller pled ignorance of the law, and bundled off so quietly.

In other quarters I observed little groups engaged in serious conversation suited to the character of the day, making reflections or remarks on the discourse, or administering instruction to young inquirers. I found a good many of our own villagers, and of Ellisville people, among the attendants. The young ladies exhibited their little vanities, and expected everybody to look at them and admire; the young men felt ill at ease in their uncomfortable "go-to-meetin's", and looked quite abashed as the prim and sprightly "gals" accosted them with true feminine *naivite*. Somebody, I know not who, has remarked, that gentility and a polished manner are a hundred times more easily acquired by the gentle sex than by their awkward, though boastful, lords. Blessings on them, they shed a light about our path, which solaces and supports the spirits in the uphill journey of life, and which all our philosophy would signally fail to supply.

At the blast of the horn from the stand, we proceeded to take our seats. A hymn was sung in the usual hearty style—a prayer was offered up, imploring the awakening and enlightening influences from on high; and everything now indicated that something cheering was expected to happen ere long. One of the preachers got up and told the people he was about to address them on the important concerns of their immortal part, and would take for his subject, "The Love of Jesus." The preacher was rather a young man, and wanted that confidence and ease of address which are requisite, with other things, to influence an assembly. Cleverly and closely, however, did he stand up to his subject, and showed signs of much promise as a speaker. At the close, up rose an old gray headed preacher, one who had studied the secrets of human sympathies, and was well acquainted with the machinery of Camp Meetings. Reader, suppose yourself looking upon that sylvan assembly.

Nature was hushed—the sun shone brightly—the blue sky smiled above—light airs gently rustled the leafage overhead—more than a thousand human beings sat there—some having come thirty miles. More than that—there were men and women who had come from the flashing waters of the Susquehannah, and the hallowed banks of the Connecticut—the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the land of Penn; the dense pine forests of Maine, and the cypress swamps of Louisiana; the fertile plains of the Ohio, and the flowery fields of the hot south; the German “Fatherland,” and my own British home; who had hopefully and heartily thrown themselves and their fortunes into this great Mississippi Valley, bowing down on the green earth to claim a blessing at the hands of Him “whose eyes look to and fro over the whole earth, and who seeth under the whole heaven.” On yonder rude platform stood a withered old man, and what was *his* mission? After what had already been uttered—after so many truths had been spread before that attentive people—what more could *he* do? A great deal. “One against a host,” his mission now was to stir up from the depths the feelings and sleeping sympathies of the congregated throng. From him were to go forth accents of electric power. At his invocation the fire of God was to descend from the heavens to consume the sacrifice and the burnt-offering, and leave its traces upon the rocky altar for ever!

When a man gets up to speak to a people, he either is looked upon with feelings of teachableness, or the opposite, according to his manner and mental abilities. There stood forth an old father, gray in the service of the Sanctuary, and he thus began with an earnestness and fatherly air, which put the audience on a good feeling with him at once:—

“Dear Brothers and Sisters,—I have lived now for seventy years, walking up and down upon this earth. Forty-five of these years I have spent as a minister of that Jesus—that holy and affectionate Jesus, whose love my brother there has so earnestly spoken of in your hearing. At the sound of that holy name, I have seen tens of thousands of immortal souls melted and subdued. I have seen the parent weeping and entreating for his child, and the child for his parent; and I have mingled my tears with theirs, as the obduracy and unwillingness appeared more confirmed in their hearts. While sinners have wept over sin as for an only child, and mourned as for a first-born,

I have seen the Spirit of God descend as a dove, and communicate joy and peace in the belief of the truth. I have now before me a great multitude of my fellow-sinners, and oh, my friends, what shall I be able to say of any of *you*? Have I yet seen a tearful eye looking unto Jesus? After the invitation, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' how many have accepted and are willing to come! Before I go hence, and be no more—before these withered hands and frail limbs are mixed with the clods of the valley—shall mine eyes, like Simeon's, be once more gladdened with the sight of my Saviour visiting this temple in the woods. Shall the Spirit of the living God yet overshadow a poor soul now before me, and under the shadow of his wings shall it find repose? Oh, I am soon going hence, my dear brethren. I am going away into the dark valley of the shadow of death—a dark and a drear valley and shade is that; but I shall fear no evil, for I shall trust to lean on the arm of my Beloved, and rise at last to worship before his throne! How many of you will go with me? How many will I see and hail in the great temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? Jesus is revealed to you this day as a loving and life-giving Saviour—how many will take life and love at his hands? Will you rather venture forth into the cold and cheerless night of death, without one friend or conductor to smooth or cheer your pathway? Oh! I remember, and the remembrance is both bitter and sweet to my soul, visiting lately a fine young lady like many whom I now look upon. She was going the way whence she should not return, till the heavens be no more. She heard, like you, many a time, the name of Jesus. She had attended Camp Meetings, and she had turned away her ear. But ah! when death was looking upon her with fixed and petrifying gaze—when the chills of the grave were creeping over her frame;—then she thought on Jesus—then she sent for me. The doctor told her there was no hope of life for her, and she felt the truth of the assertion—she felt she was soon about to pass away into darkness and gloom—and the thought of going away from all she loved, alone and unfriended, was worse than death. With the fearful earnestness of a terrified soul, she turned to her father, and said, 'Father! Father! I can't go alone!' Her father, with a bursting heart, wept aloud at the distress of his child, but still no aid came. She addressed her mother, brothers, and

sisters, with the same words, 'Oh! I can't go away alone!—will none of you go with me into that dark night that is coming on?' All were alike unable to render her any aid, and mingled their tears with hers; but still she must 'go alone!' I pointed her to Jesus—showed her that he was the only guide through the darkness and the gloom of the deep night of death; and oh! my God! how shall I relate it!—She grasped at the thought with frantic ardour—she called aloud on the Saviour—she screamed with holy earnestness!—and, blessed be God! she shortly after passed away, calling in faith on the name of her Saviour and her Deliverer!"

The interesting old man at this point could no longer contain his feelings, and many of the audience only wanted the signal to express theirs. Rising superior to this weakness, however, he continued:—"You weep, and I weep my dear friends, for one who felt the realities of the eternal world pressing upon her; but ah! how is it with you and with me? Have we ever yet wept for ourselves? If we have not yet given ourselves up to Jesus, let us do so now; let us choose this day our guide and comforter through the dark valley? In surrendering yourselves to Jesus, my dear friends, you obtain a blessing greater than eternity can unfold; and I feel it will be a blessing to me also; and, like the Prophet of old, who struggled with the angel, I am resolved you shall not leave this place till some of you have blessed me. If there be here in this great assembly, any poor, hungry, thirsty, lonely, longing soul, who has this day for the first time resolved to turn his face heavenward, let him now come forward and witness before all men the good confession. I know there are some who have begun to feel the heavenly influence. The people of God and the angels of God are waiting to rejoice over such—we will now give them an opportunity."

A hymn was then given out, and all who were desirous of conversion were invited to kneel down in the open space in front of the stand, while the singing continued, and "receive the prayers of God's people."

The first person who left his seat was a middle-aged man. In the midst of the singing several ejaculated, "God be praised," "Glory to God," &c., &c. He deliberately walked forward, and kneeled down on the straw, leaning his arms and head on the bench before him. Next followed two young women of fifteen or sixteen years of age. This was

the signal for renewed tokens of gratitude. "Glory!" "Joy!" "Praises!" were shouted in all directions. The young women took their places at the centre bench. The singing now became fast and furious, the audience began to press towards the railing which surrounded the "mourners' benches," and six preachers began to call out in the midst of the hymn, "Come along," "You'll never have a better opportunity," "Renounce your sins," &c., &c. The thunders of the song, the roaring of the preachers, the excitement and ejaculations of the people, as every few minutes another and another went forward and knelt down, had a strange effect on an unaccustomed ear. Here stood one rubbing his palms in high satisfaction, and calling out "Glory!" "Glory!" in no measured strains. There stood another, his head upturned in holy rapture, with clasped hands raised to heaven, in grateful thanks for the answer which God was now giving to his last night's prayers. Here knelt one, in silent and wrapt adoration, with his head turned to earth, while many a woman wept aloud for joy as the converts poured into the appointed space. This space was at last filled, and still some pressed forward. "Oh my God!" cried the old minister in a transport of holy ravishment, "I am unworthy! and yet once more mine eyes have beheld thy salvation!" The hymn had now ceased, and there was comparative stilness. The "Mourners" sobbed aloud—the people prayed in low murmurs—while every now and then a bold ejaculation resounded over the area, and showed the intense interest excited. Five of the ministers were appointed to go in among the mourners, and "pray with them, and instruct them in the way of salvation," while a strong-lunged preacher was appointed to pray aloud with all. He began, but nothing more could be heard than his commencement. Every one now began to pour forth his soul—the five preachers within—the great congregation without—the fervour, the earnest expansion of soul, visible in all, was well calculated to move the most stoical onlooker; and yet what was it all but a great Babel of voices, from which nothing distinct could be gathered, save the one overwhelming conviction, that here was a multitude of immortal beings expressing, after their own way, their heart-feelings on the most momentous of human concerns. However much I might have wished that in all this there had been more order, more formality, more reserve, I could not avoid the thought that the great Being who looked down from

the serene heavens upon all, could disentangle the apparently jarring elements, and could accept the service, despite the rough and discordant *manner*.

After the prayer, another hymn was given out, and some of the brethren who stood by were invited to assist in prayer with the "Mourners." These mourners exhibited different aspects, according to their temperaments. Some showed utter prostration and hopelessness of feeling, like the publican in Scripture—unworthy of looking up to heaven for a blessing; others appeared rejoicing in the hopes they entertained as believing in the truth. Some were indeed frantic with excitement, and leaped and bounded, as if impatient to ascend the heavens at once; others felt as if they could not get low enough, and prostrated themselves low down on the earth. Some clapped their hands and screamed with delight, as they felt the conviction of forgiveness, and new views enter their hearts.

This state of things lasted for more than three hours. When one convert left the area, having "got religion," another took his place. The twelve preachers whom I at first thought would have been more than enough for the occasion, were, by five o'clock, completely exhausted, for during the whole time one continued roar of excitement was kept up. Prayers, singing, shouting, screaming, clapping of hands, weeping, and every possible mode of expressing joy and gladness, sorrow and remorse, and strong desire, and deep sympathy, was resorted to on this occasion. Only that I wished to witness the thing for myself, I would have come away long before five o'clock. I stayed, however, though the whole affair had a painful effect on my mind.

And now I come to speak of the appearances of things as they are apt to strike one unaccustomed to such scenes. The man, or woman either, who looks upon such proceedings for the first time, is apt to set down the whole affair as a piece of silly extravagance, and is ready to catch at every thing by which he may persuade either readers or hearers, to entertain the same idea. When the short, quick ejaculation, "Glory," "Glory," is heard proceeding from different portions of the assembly, laughter is more apt to be excited than anything else. When men and women are seen kneeling down together upon a flooring of straw, and frantic and impassioned gestures are exhibited by both sexes in relation to the engrossing business of the day; those who can look on unmoved are exceedingly apt to judge improperly, and

“evil is to him that evil thinketh.” I must candidly confess, that though I saw a great deal of extravagant conduct at this meeting, nothing met my eye but what was easily explained on the grounds of the naturally to be expected, and perhaps harmless, features of a Camp Meeting. I saw no indecencies—no real improprieties. I believe the people were earnest in their endeavours to “get religion;” whether their mode of managing the business was justifiable, or the most suitable, is a matter which they themselves must decide. I condemn them not.

What struck me very forcibly was the composure and matter-of-course look which the elderly men wore in the midst of the greatest noise. While the unaccustomed members of our party were struck dumb with amazement, all the others looked upon the business with the utmost nonchalance. So far as surprise was concerned, they were as much surprised at our surprise, as we were at the cause of all.

“Why do they make so much noise?” inquired I of old Elijah Hoyt, one of our neighbours.

“Oh! I wouldn’t give a straw for a Camp Meeting if they didn’t make noise. If you were only once got into the spirit of the thing, you would enjoy the noise as much as I do.”

“That’s nothing,” said Mrs. Colton of Ellisville, “they hain’t *begun* to make noise yet. If you wait over night, you’ll hear noise.”

“It’s surely not possible they’ll make more ado than at present.”

“Yes they will—the night’s the best time.”

I felt rather uneasy at what I had already heard, and shortly after left the ground in Doctor Gorham’s buggy for Ellisville.

“What surprises me most,” said I to the Doctor, “is, that the people should think convictions impressed in such a whirlwind of excitement, would prove lasting.”

“Well,” said he, “I have seen some pretty bad characters brought up at Camp Meetings; and although, as you suppose, many fall off, a great number are permanently reformed, and prove that the meetings do some good at least.”

“Are the Methodists the only class who hold Camp Meetings?”

“By no means. The Presbyterians and Baptists also

hold them, and their success is just in accordance as they imitate the Methodist system."

On Monday and Tuesday there was heavy rain, and that dispersed the Camp, which might have lasted, with such a favourable beginning, for two weeks.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun—
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets:
Come hither—Come hither—Come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."—*Shakspeare.*

BUILDING AND THE BILL.

I HAD now got my house timbers ready for putting together. When set up the whole had much the appearance of a bird's cage. Along the sides were nailed the *weather boards*, each six or eight inches wide—the lower edge of the upper board overlapping the upper edge of the under one, clinker-fashion. The doors and window frames I made myself also, and the sashes I purchased for a picayune a pane, each pane of the size called "eight by ten." The glass cost four cents a "light," much cheaper than British glass, but not quite so good—being disfigured a good deal by waves and other irregularities. When I had got the whole enclosed—weather boarding, shingling, and flooring performed—I next built a brick chimney, and oven alongside, and having got the whole into a suitable condition for a habitation, we *moved in*, well enough pleased with our first "lodge in the wilderness." When I say that I performed all the work with the assistance of John Adams, I say nothing in the way of boast, though I confess I felt a sort of honest pride in sleeping for the first night in a house of my own building. A good deal of the work was done in a way not quite satisfactory to ourselves, but we did all things as well as we could, and whatever we did was sure to be done with an eye to durability, if not to beauty. Many a stout blast our wooden walls sustained, and I have no doubt they are as staunch and sturdy at the present moment

as ever they were. When I return, it will be a nice little journey to go and see how times go with the pleasant little "house that Jack built."

I will now give a statement of the entire cost of the structure, 18 feet long, 14 feet wide, 8 feet from floor to joists, roof 5 feet pitch, with a nice little garret, and back room eight feet by seven :—

	Dols. Cents.
Two days' hewing,	1.50
Carrying timbers to the ground,	0.50
600 feet studding, 4 in. sq. for sides and rafters,	6.00
200 do. scantling,	2.00
400 do. Oak sheeting for roof,	4.00
2000 Black Walnut shingles, at 5 dols. per 1000,	10.00
1000 feet Black Walnut lumber for siding, ..	10.00
600 feet Cottonwood planking for floors, ..	6.00
2½ pairs window sashes,	1.87½
30 panes of glass, at 4 cents. each,	1.20
Putty,	0.18
Lime for building chimney,	1.00
Nails, (20 lbs.), at 4 cents per lb,	0.80
1500 bricks for chimney and oven,	9.00
2 doors, Black Walnut, inch and a half stuff,	1.00
2 pair hinges, 35 cents—screw nails, 15 cents,	0.50
	55.55½

Add to this, say six dollars for board, and thus for sixty-one and a-half dollars, or about twelve pounds sterling—not counting our labour—we got up a pretty commodious little building. Still it was only a shell, and on the approach of winter required to be lathed and plastered inside, which cost fifteen dollars more.

Having got my house in order, I had a well to dig sixteen feet to water, a cow house to build, prairie grass to cut for hay during the winter, my maize crops to attend to occasionally, and a variety of minor matters to make things comfortable.

With regard to prairie hay, I would set out on a July morning, with my scythe over my shoulder, to the prairies, select a piece of grass clear of weeds, go to work and cut away as long as I chose. The heat of the sun at that time would let me have good hay before night, and the next day I might remove and stack it for the winter. I found it a good plan to lift my hay before it was thoroughly dry, and

in stacking it to sprinkle over every layer of hay of six inches or so, a quantity of salt—say a bushel to two tons. The cattle ate it with added relish.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Then take it, Sir, as it was writ—
To pay respect, and not show wit :
Nor look askew at what it saith ;
There’s no petition in it—faith.”—*Prior.*

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS—“A COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE”
—CONTEMPLATIONS, TOPOGRAPHICAL, PROPRIETARY, INDUSTRIAL, AND
PROSPECTIVE.

BEING now fairly set down on the Prairies, let us look at the appearances around us with a steady eye, and no flinching.

A House eighteen feet by fourteen, with a small chamber on one side, and a lumber garret ;—Forty Acres of good Land, twelve of them ploughed and ready for cropping :—a cow and calf, and a few thriving pigs ;—a few chairs we purchased at five shillings each ;—an arm chair and two tables I made myself ; also, a bedstead, which served till a better appeared on the scene. To arrive even at this progressive stage required a hopeful heart, some invention, and some little cash ; for all these arrangements were no more than necessary to give us a start in life. I had not yet begun to earn any money, and of course if I had not had some little ready cash at commencement, my beginning would have been still humbler, but hopeful. “How much ready cash had you ?” I think I hear the reader ask, “that I may measure my purse with yours.” Well, as I have no secrets to keep in all this business, I may as well say that at starting from home our little stock certainly did not exceed forty pounds—not much of which remained to me by this time. When a man’s money is about to run out, he begins to look serious, whatever pleasure he may have had in spending it. He is then apt to examine his position with a peculiarly critical eye, and at this point of my proceedings, which was a *critical point* in two respects, we both sat down one fine evening as a “committee of ways and means” to estimate the nature of our position. Our

deliberations may be of use to future emigrants, and here they are.

I should mention, however, that as a suitable preface to this, Mrs. Gorham of the High Prairie, sent the same afternoon, a peck basket of ripe Clingstone peaches, with an invitation to tea the next evening.

Here then we were, in the emigration field. We had now gone out and in among the people—had got an idea of the peculiarities of the country—of the exertions requisite “to get along”—the various shifts which had to be made in order to enable one to overcome the difficulties of a western country, where ready cash was not always at command, and where, nevertheless it was essentially necessary to transact business on an extensive scale; and

FIRSTLY—WE DWELT IN OUR OWN HOUSE. No small matter that. We had no landlord to please or fear—no trifle certainly in the possession of a home. With what interest a man looks upon a thing HIS OWN;—It is a guarantee of a certain quantum of happiness:—It is apt to give him a fillip—to send him off in quest of more—to banish indifference, and make him feel that he is somebody—this having “a local habitation,” as well as “a name.”

SECONDLY—WE HAD FORTY ACRES OF GOOD LAND, ALSO OUR OWN FOR EVER. This was a “REAL ESTATE” and a real advantage truly. Our house was subject to many casualties—but our land, a respectable portion of God’s earth, a quarter of a mile long and the same broad—the fire and the storm might pass over it, but there it was, as good as ever, in all its integrity. Our British workmen have a maxim—“a fair day’s wages for a fair day’s work.” Here in this glorious Far West, an honest working man may have a whole acre of land for a day’s work! If that be not voted on all sides, “a fair day’s wages,” it’s a pity. Forty acres of land! Why the man who possesses that, and at the same time suffers the smallest amount of laziness or unthankfulness to rankle in his soul, deserves to be drummed out of creation. There lay twelve acres ploughed, receiving into their bosom the genial airs of heaven in preparation for our next year’s crop. There again were twenty-eight acres, where the babbling pebbled brook went singing on its way—here forming a little waterfall, there hurrying in hot haste, here again collecting in a lovely and dark pool, under the shadow of a clump of ancient oaks bending over their own shadows, or flinging

their sturdy limbs into the air in vigorous growth. There the thick coppice of the leafy walnut and the graceful hickory interwoven with the hazle, the sassafras, the sumach, and the white and purple convolvulus or morning glory, stretched along the brook margin or crowned the height on whose precipitous sides the grey rock and the treasured coal looked out upon the day. There it lay, but was it not still cursed—cursed in this wise, that the labour of the hand was necessary to evoke from the trodden soil the food of man, and the necessaries of life. So

THIRDLY—THE MATERIALS FOR WORK WERE HERE, AND A FAIR OPENING, BUT THEN WE MUST ARISE AND POSSESS THE LAND. Here lay the great sea of troubles, the testing-point of the emigrant's true character. If he have money on landing, it is a trifling affair indeed to buy land, build a house, and write a letter home bragging of the matter, but the work to be done will astonish him, if he gives the thing a hard look, having no more hard cash to back him out. Here then *we* stood—I would have to plough, to dig, to sow, to reap, to thrash, to convey to market, to attend to stock, to cut firewood, to do everything in a farming way, besides having "to trade," which business I will describe shortly. My wife had to knit, to sew, to make all the bread, butter, soap, and candles; spin flax and wool, dye, &c., &c. It may be well supposed that with such a fine prospect of work before us, laziness would have but a small chance. We had both wrought hard since we landed, but the labour-prospect loomed largely before us, and we were straitened for cash—driven up into a corner—*dihed*. I might be willing enough to plough, but where was the plough? To attend to stock, but where were the cattle? To convey to market, but where were the horses and wagons? We rubbed our eyes, stroked our chins, and looked twenty ways at the "faces in the fire," but there we were, pent up to this one conclusion, which began to dawn upon us bluntly enough, namely, that, since we had been in such unadvised haste at starting, a little breathing space would not be amiss, to allow us to cool down, and calculate.

Reader, I am one of those men whose motto is "Never say die;"—a piece of egotism which is surely permissible, even in a poor cat, who, we are told by those learned in such matters, will not succumb till she has been at least eight times in mortal jeopardy—the ninth, however, running hard with poor grimalkin. How much more, then, is a man

better than a cat? My twelve ploughed acres I must have fenced by the Spring. It was no use sowing winter wheat for the cattle to destroy, and I therefore must wait till my fence was up. I had got enough prairie hay cut to do my cow for the winter, and I must now look about me for some sort of productive labour, by which I might get once more upon my feet, and so go a-head again. Well there was the school over at Virgil, which would be in need of a teacher for the winter, and I could get it for a word. This was then decided upon, and our way once clear we breathed freely again. So ended our deliberations for the time.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“The hand of the diligent maketh rich.”—*Solomon.*

SIX STORIES: FIRST, THE MAN IN CLAY COUNTY; SECOND, THOMAS HART; THIRD, BISHOP CHASE'S GARDENER; FOURTH, MR. SHERMAN, THE "BRITISHER"; FIFTH, GEORGE GIFFORD; SIXTH, HARMAN ROGERS.

I.—THE MAN IN CLAY COUNTY.

“Good morning, Mr. Hendryx; how are you getting on?”

“Oh, I reckon you *may* begin a-callin' me Mister now. I'll be takin' the big head shortly.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Why, didn't you know I'm comin' out pretty tall in the sheep line? I've bought no less than ten score o' sheep this fall, the half on 'em Merinoes.”

“What did they cost you?”

“Wal, I paid for the two hundred three hundred an' fifty dollars down, and everybody says they're a bargain. Joe Scofield thar offered me three hundred dollars for the Merinoes by next harvest; but I guess if they're worth that to him, they're worth as much to me. I tell ye what it is, I'm a-going into the wool business. It's far more profitable than wheat raising. The fact is, I've got consid'able stock, an' atween cattle an' sheep I mean to try a leetle how I can make out in that line. I know a man down in Clay County thar that began business with a sow an' a litter o' pigs, an' now he's one o' the richest men in that section o' country.”

“Tell us about him. Have you any acquaintance with him?”

“Why, yes. I’ll jist tell ye how it happened. When I had got my place over thar all paid for, an’ some leetle improvements made, I took a notion one day I’d go an’ look about me for a week. So I jumped upon an old mare I hed, an’ put off’ way down south. Wal, I didn’t see anything for three days that suited my notion any better than what I hed already. One evening as I was a-pokin’ about among the settlements in Clay County, I comes to an all-sufficient big barn. Thar was half-a-dozen o’ niggers to work at a thrashing machine. It was driven by steam, and was going it full blast. The way the chaff flew was a caution. “Boys,” says I, “whar’s the boss?” “Right in de house dar.” Wal, I found him a mighty clever feller to talk to, and I stayed with him over night. His father and mother both died in New York when he was sixteen years old, an’ he was left all alone. Wal, he came along out to this State in hopes to find an uncle o’ his’n. He knew he lived in the State, but whar he lived more’n that he couldn’t tell for his life. He hired out to a farmer, an’ the first thing he got was a sow an’ a litter o’ nine Berkshire pigs. Wal, he built a pen for ’em, and the boss gave ’im enough corn to feed ’em; and he kept on working all the time. He was but a boy, you know, and couldn’t earn much at first: but the first year he got enough to put a decent suit o’ clothes on him; an’ he borrowed a one-horse sleigh in the winter, killed his hogs, and drove off to Chicago, whar he sold the pork to great advantage—put the money past, and began another lot o’ twenty—set to work again, and at the end o’ that year did the same thing. Every year his sarvice was getting to be more valuable, an’ he was savin’ at all hands. Wal, the third year he started a hundred hogs, an’ cleared two hundred an’ fifty dollars by them. Wal he kept along after that fashion, an’ when I saw him he had a whole section an’ a half o’ land (960 acres), a thousand sheep, two hundred head o’ cattle, a dozen o’ hosses, an’ a whole raft o’ hogs, an’ a dwelling-house an’ barn, an’ other out-houses fixed up in the first style. I’ve got a notion I’ll begin wool and stock raisin’ too. I can easily raise as much corn, an’ wheat, an’ oats, as’ll do myself, an’ that’s all I care for.

Four years after, Bill thus expressed himself as to his enterprise. “Wal I haint rued it yet anyhow. I’ve got

more to do than I can attend to. My gals wa'n't o' much use to me afore—now I guess they help a feller some. Makin' cheese an' butter, woolpickin', spinnin', an' weavin', they're of some use. An' although I hev no boys o' my own ready for anythin' but little Ben, I'm gettin' on first rate. I'm only sorry I didn't start in the line sooner than I did.

II.—THOMAS HART, SHOEMAKER.

The next case I will mention is that of Thomas Hart, a shoemaker, who came out from the Eastern States, with his wife and four children—the eldest ten years of age, when he left the Green Mountains of Vermont. He settled in the vicinity of Woodsville, a village four miles to the north-west of Virgil. He shall tell his own story :—

“ I came west in 1836. At Chicago I purchased sixty dollars' worth of shoe-leather, and came right on to Woodsville, whar an acquaintance of mine lived. In the village I rented a house at three dollars a month, and began shoemaking. Money was rather scarce then, as it is still, but I got the folks to give me half cash and half goods for my work, and I had as much to do as I could set my face to. The ready money I got I had to take care of for buying leather, and I wrought away with my other pay in this way : In the first place, I saw it would never do to pay such a high rent (it had to be paid in cash), and I wanted to get up a house of my own. Squire Woods owed me thirty dollars, and I gave his Due Bill to Tom Hastie, for a piece of a building lot, right on the four corners. Then one man would hew and haul me a set of house timbers ; somebody else gave me a few more, till I had enough. In the same way I got lumber, shingles, nails, window-glass—every thing, in fact, that I wanted. With Due Bills I paid for a forty acre lot a mile out of the village—bought a couple of cows, and got my land fenced in. I've got a man living on it now, who pays me for rent the third of the crop. I've always been a hard worker, but it's right pleasant to a man to find that he's prospering in the world, and that his children will be no worse off than other folk's.

III.—JAMES WILSON, GARDENER.

The third case is that of James Wilson, a gardener from Aberdeenshire. It was told me by the Right Rev. Philander Chase, Episcopal Bishop of Illinois. Through Mr.

Leighton, a storekeeper in Knoxville, who was himself an Aberdeen man, he had sent to Scotland for a shepherd and a gardener to assist him on his extensive plantation at Jubilee College, near Peoria. James Wilson, the gardener, having gone to Jubilee under the following contract, might have done well, but "missed it." The Bishop proposed to give him a comfortable house to live in, as much flour as himself and wife (he was childless) would require, with vegetables from the garden as much as he needed, and fourteen dollars a month besides. His principal labour was to oversee and manage the Bishop's large garden, which consists of a few acres of bottom land on Kickapoo Creek. In this garden were to be raised enough of vegetables to supply the Bishop's own family, and the boarding house attached to the college, in which 200 students ordinarily stayed.

When he arrived the Bishop sent his son with him to look at the ground, and report any improvements he thought might be introduced. On returning, the following conversation took place.

"Well," said the Bishop, "what do you think of our mode of gardening?"

"Humph!" said the gardener, "if you hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known it was a garden at all. The fields are better done off at home than your garden."

"Well, let us hear, Sir, what improvements you would suggest?"

"Well, I would begin at the beginning, and first have it drained. Then I would set two dozen of men to spading it all over. And that number of men will be required constantly to attend to it, besides half a dozen of women to take off the weeds. There's more weeds than anything else in it."

"I have no doubt, Sir, but that what you say is all just, and even desirable; but let me tell you how we are situated. We have 200 students attending College for forty weeks of the year. I board them all myself. There are fourteen persons engaged in the boarding house, attending to their wants. About my own house here there are ten persons constantly residing, and making an allowance of ten more for occasional visitors, that will be in all 234 individuals to be supplied from that garden, in whole or in part, as the year may prove good or otherwise. We cannot want at any time, for I have 600 acres constantly cropping, and abun-

dance of all kinds of live stock. We must not talk of draining, nor spading either, except it be in a few particular places. We could not afford it. We must proceed as we have done hitherto—turn in the plough, and use it wherever the horse will have room to turn with it. All these things I will get done to your hand, and give you two men constantly with spades, but I can do no more than that. Your business will be chiefly to direct matters.”

In ten weeks the Scotch gardener got sick of his “clumsy job,” as he called it. His wife besides could not accommodate herself to the ways of the people. The friendly visits of her neighbours she received in sullen coldness, and was continually drawing unfavourable comparisons between the two countries against the new. When the discontent of both had reached its height, they packed up and returned to Scotland. Having got back, the gardener found his former place occupied, and he wrote the Bishop a letter asking his forgiveness for being so silly, and expressed himself willing to be satisfied if he could return. The Bishop very properly let him feel the consequence of his foolishness, by refraining from giving him any encouragement.

IV.—CHARLES SHERMAN, FARMER.

My fourth case is that of an English farmer, Charles Sherman, a man of considerable wealth and proportionate dignity, who settled in Knox county, in the neighbourhood of a little village called Stringtown. He had a wife, one son, and three daughters—all of them unfit for the plain simple manners of the west. The old gentleman had purchased largely in the environs of Stringtown, and vainly imagined he was in a fit position to lord it over the village and its honest dwellers. As it will afford a good example of the independent and sturdy pride of the people, and the foolish notions of purse-proud “Britishers,” I will give a few anecdotes of him as they were related to me by the school-master of the village.

The first exploit which this worthy gentleman proposed to perform of public importance, was to change the name of the village. He accordingly announced that a meeting would be held in the school-house for the important purpose of reversing the decree which had gone forth at the fiat of some unpretending pioneer, who considered one name as good as another, or only preferable as it expressed more exactly the meaning of him who named. The village

had been called Stringtown, because the settlements were strung along the roadside at pretty wide intervals, giving it more the appearance of a thickly settled country than that of a common village. Well, the meeting was held, the great dictator was seated behind the master's desk, not upon the simple three-legged stool of the unpretending pedagogue, but on a mahogany stuffed arm chair brought from the *big house*. His wife, son, and daughters were seated after the same fashion, and all were dressed in dazzling splendour, compared with "the honest rustics circled round."

"The hobject of our meeting, ladies and gentlemen," began the farmer, "is one of much—eh—himportance to—eh—this community. It's a change—eh—that I mean to—eh—make in the name of this—eh—little town of ours. The name Stringtown I consider—im—exceedingly vulgar, and—im—eh—I—understand—that it is common—im—in this country to—eh—call towns hafter the—eh—names of individuals. In short, I 'ave come to the conclusion of—eh—as I'm the principal proprietor in this neighbourhood, to—eh—call it after (moving his hand up and down with pleased assurance) myself—Shermantown, in short—a much better name than the one it now bears. I 'ave, therefore, called you together to hintimate to you my mind—eh—and I 'ave no doubt but that you will at once fall in with this arrangement."

"That'll be sich a nice improvement on the present awkward name of our village," said Mrs. Sherman, smiling to a farmer's wife who sat near her.

"Wal, Judge," said a villager, "*you* may call this hyar burg what *you* please. I reckon th' aint no feller agoin' to gainsay that. Thar was no use callin' a meetin' for that 'ere."

"Oh, but," said another, "that aint daddy's meaning—he wants *us* to call it the same as *he* calls it."

"Wal now, that'll do Judge. I'd like to know whar ye got your commission for that. *We* aint used to that kyn o' swappin' names about these clearin's. I be dog-on't if I'll call Stringtown anything else for any body—not for John Tyler himself. I vote for Stringtown and for nothin' else."

"Has any gentleman anything else to say. I 'ope the the rest of my fellow-subjects 'ave more respectful feelings for the principal proprietor than that person."

“Th’aint no subjects hyar, Judge——”

“MR. SHERMAN, if you please,” interrupted “the principal proprietor.”

“*Th’aint no subjects hyar*, I say. This is a free country, an’ we don’t want any o’ your British ways about hyar. We hev no objections to hev you live among us, but you’ve got to keep quiet, or we’ll not suffer you about. Hurrah for Stringtown. Dirn all Britishers, I say.”

“Do you mean to hintimidate and threaten me, Sir. ’Ave a care o’ w’at you say, or I’ll lay you fast before twenty-four hours. I insist, Sir, that you be quiet, and disturb us no more.”

“I don’t value you that old chaw. I tell you afore this decent meetin’ that *you’ll* hev to be quiet or you’ll not prosper in this section. You hev no right to change the name o’ this village, an’ you can’t come it no how; if we *did* want a change, we would’nt have your ugly name anyhow. Feller citizens, hold up your hands all of you that’s in favours of Sharman’s name to this village. Don’t all be a-holdin’ now.”

Not a hand was held up.

“Gentlemen, I’m glad to see that you ’ave paid no hattention to that himpertinent low-bred fellow. Being the chief landowner about ’ere, I’ve the best right——”

Here a score of voices called out,—“You have *no* right, Sir;” “Go ’long wi’ your British touches;” “We can do without *you*,” &c. &c.; and the impatience of the meeting prevented any farther proceedings. Mr. Sherman was left to shut the doors, not a man remained to contend with him, and next day two white boards were mounted on tall posts, one at each end of the village, with “STRINGTOWN” painted in glaring Capitals, for the information of all and sundry, travellers and others.

By his dictatorial and overbearing manner, Sherman turned all his neighbours against him. His son George was a piece of conceit in his way, and pretended to be somewhat of a jockey. He went about in top boots, sporting a “clay-backed” three-year-old filly, mightily pleased with his own appearance.

“Sharman, how will ye trade hosses?” said a countryman, as George was passing the Stringtown store with his spruce dun.

“Oh, you have nothing about here to put against my hanimal—I know every ’oss about.”

“Wal now you don’t; see hyar, I’ve as nice a little nag in the stable thar as you’ve seen.”

By this time the loungers or loafers, as they are called, gathered about, deeply interested in the forthcoming proceedings.

“Turn him out, then,” said George, “let us see what sort of a carcass he’s got.”

“Oh, I guess he’s a beauty anyhow,” said the man, rising to bring out his animal. “You’ll hev to give me a long ways o’ boot. He’ll do either for a lady or gentleman. He’s gentle or peert, just according to the rider’s notion. Let’s hev another look at that thing o’ yourn though. Maybe it aint worth while to bring out mine.”

After looking attentively at the truly beautiful young creature for ten minutes, he resumed—

“Why, man, I don’t believe, finally, I’ll have much to do with that beast.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Now don’t you see that ’ere bump on her near shoulder. Why, man, that’ll turn to a fist-low [fistula] before six months.”

At this young Sherman began to look rather serious at his dun, and, whistling a few notes, replied, “There’s the old gentleman (his father) coming. We’ll hear ’is opinion.”

When the old man got his eye upon the filly, surrounded by a crowd of villagers, he at first supposed something was wrong, and bustling in, he looked in the face of each bystander as he pushed him to one side, as if to see what sort of company his son had fallen into now.

“Well, George, what’s the matter?”

“Not much. That man says the filly’s going to ’ave fistula on the shoulder there.”

“Pho—pho—what does *he* know?”

“I’m saying, Judge, you’ll better let your ‘clay back go, or you’ll hev her a case before six months’ end. Now mind if you don’t.”

“What does he want, George?”

“He says he has an animal he’d exchange.”

“Wal I hev that. I don’t know but he has a touch o’ English blood in him too.”

“Where is your horsé?”

“Right over thar.”

“Oh, death! (roared out one of the onlookers), Lyman,

are you goin' to trade yon critter?" He then began to whisper to one or two of the rest, who burst out a laughing, and in a few minutes the laugh became general.

"What's the fools laughing at?" observed Sherman.

"Lyman, are you going to trade yon?" inquired half a dozen.

"Wal I be," said Lyman, with a stern business look.

This was followed by another peal of laughter.

"Where did you get that horse?" inquired Sherman.

"Oh, it came this spring from Galena. I've a notion it'll suit you exactly. A man o' your size and appearance ought to hev sich a nice beast."

"Why don't you bring it out then?"

"Wal now, you see it's sich a tender critter, I'm skeered for the thing ketchin' cold. You'd better walk into the stable."

As the door was opened, an imprisoned jack-ass opened also in lusty tones, hailing the approach of his master, and probable freedom.

"Do you keep donkeys 'ere too?"

"Why, man," said the imperturbable Lyman, "that's my *nag* neighin'."

The roar of laughter which followed this announcement, far eclipsed the "neighing" of the poor ass.

"You unmannerly rascal, didn't you tell me you 'ad a 'oss! You deserve to be 'oss-w'ipped. Come, George, that fellow's a fool."

"You'll not trade, then?" continued Lyman, as gravely as before.

"Go 'long, Sir."

"Oh, I'm nearer home nor you be, you darned Englisher. I don't much like you anyhow. I would'nt give that 'ere jack *for* your fist-'low'd filly."

In this way the inhabitants would shew their detestation of the Englishman, and he on his part took no pains to conciliate his republican neighbours. After the British fashion, he put up painted boards, threatening "the utmost rigour of law" against any found trespassing. His boards were pelted with mud and stones, or used as targets for rifle practice, and his lands freely trodden on by his contumacious "fellow subjects." At an election of Justice of Peace for the district, he offered himself as a candidate, but was utterly rejected, and an intelligent joiner chosen for the office. At last he commenced a series of law-suits against some who threatened him. This only made things worse.

His hogs were shot at in the woods: if his cattle strayed, no one knew where they went to. His money, in short, failed to procure him that respect and neighbourly regard which he disdained to seek by simpler means.

I may here remark, that a great deal of the insolence of the Yankees to travellers, is provoked by the overbearing manners of the travellers themselves. Of this I saw a notable example on the Grand Western Canal, in the State of New York, which I will relate in due course.

Mr. Sherman at last sold out, and returned to England, thoroughly imbued with the idea, that the Americans are a parcel of ill-bred, lawless, and revengeful savages.

V.—GEORGE GIFFORD.

George Gifford was a native of London. At the death of a relation he had been left money to the amount of a hundred pounds. He had been long desirous of emigrating, and now that the means was in his power, sailed for the West. During the first year he sent home glowing descriptions of the country, and induced his two brothers-in-law to make arrangements for going out also. At the close of the first year, however, he had got so homesick that he sold out, and returned to Britain. His friends having completed their arrangements, sailed for New York and left him behind. Like every other man, however, who has once had a trial of the West, he could not rest satisfied in Britain, and once more crossed the Atlantic. When I left, his two relations were comfortably settled, while poor George, by his want of decision, had thrown himself ten years behind; but was then in a fair way of recovery, and, being an industrious man, had every prospect of still doing well. From a recent letter I learn that he is now "doing uncommonly well: he is no longer 'poor George.'"

VI.—HERMAN ROGERS—AN ORPHAN.

Herman Rogers began life under humble auspices. He had been left an orphan upon a parish in England. He had a strong desire, when twelve years old, to go to America with a farmer, in whose family he had made himself useful at home. The parish gave him some little assistance in paying his passage, and his friend the farmer did the rest. He accordingly began life in the Canadas, and experienced various fortunes, up to his nineteenth year, when he went south to the States. Being a lad of much perseverance, he

laboured diligently, read a good deal, and from being a farm-labourer turned schoolmaster in the State of Ohio. Going out still farther West, he turned his attention to the study of law, and in the course of four years got an appointment to the office of Sheriff in Lee county, Illinois. At the time of his visit to me he was a Representative to the State Legislature, and was one of five appointed by the Legislature to examine into the condition of School Lands throughout the State. He informed me, with honest pride, that he had not attained to mere empty honours, but had a substantial establishment in the county which he represented in the State Parliament.

How many men are there in this country as excellent as Herman Rogers, who, for want of an opportunity to get along, are "cribbed, cabined, and confined," unwilling to associate with men of vulgar minds, and from the mere fact of their position, shut out from the circle which supposes itself superior, because it enjoys a few superior advantages.

To such men I say—Go forth and possess the good land, where man is respected according to his abilities—where shams and unmeaning formalities are rated at their real value also—and the true dignity of manhood is looked upon through a just medium.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"TRADING" IN GENERAL--AND A HORSE "TRADE" IN PARTICULAR.

AFTER reading the chapter before last, the diligent reader will, of course, have learned the very simple but useful lesson, not to invest his money too soon, but rather to turn into some little side occupation, at which, while he is adding to his stock in hand, he is also learning somewhat of the nature and requirements of that more settled mode of life into which he intends to enter by and bye. I now propose to give a little farther instruction to the brave fellows who are meditating an over-sea migration, as to how they "go it" in the West in the "trading" line.

Every man who has thought ten minutes on a new country, must be aware that one of its evils is a scarcity of ready

cash. Where there are few or no manufactories, cash has a tendency to flow out and goods in. Well, if people can't give cash as pay, they can at least give goods; and this introduces the system of *trading*, a business which has so many ramifications, dexter turns, and sinister bends, that he is a very apt scholar indeed who can acquire proficiency in the art and mystery within the first thirty-six months of his noviciate. I find that the best way of conveying information is by telling a story; so here goes:—

DRIVING A TRADE.

“Once upon a time,” as old stories begin, I wanted to buy a horse. The price of an ordinary nag, for common purposes, might be somewhat about fifty dollars, or ten pounds sterling. The ready cash was not at hand, and yet I must have the horse. Well, in looking over my state of accounts, I found that Martin Luther Sly owed me nine dollars; Jesse Fielding, six; Portman Hoyt, ten; Ishmael Arkins, seven; Philip Ailsworth, twelve; Hurd and Harper, fourteen; and Righteous Mead, eight. Sixty-six dollars in all. They were mostly all good men; but might not all have cash to pay “when the dun came to the door.” So I squared myself out for driving a regular “up and down” *trade*. I knew I would lose a day upon the transaction, but the thing must be done; and if a certain great and necessitous personage could give his “kingdom for a horse,” I could surely give a day. As the business would likely be a circuitous one, I borrowed a smart young mare from my friend, William Hendryx; and early one fine morning in spring, I found myself “goin’ it like a streak” through the woods to Babylon, the residence of Philip Ailsworth, on Spoon River. Well, now, thought I to myself, if I could manage to “turn, convert, or change,” as Jake Cornwall would say, my debts into a spry young critter like that beneath me, it would be somewhat of a successful stroke of policy. But there lay the untrodden field of diplomacy before me, and how I should succeed I knew not. As I shot along, I observed two wild turkies sitting upon the decayed limb of a black oak, looking at me quite coolly, and that within pistol shot. “Is there e’er an old wife in the north countree,” thought I to myself, could tell me if two turkies “sittin’ on a rail” betokened anything in connection with my affairs now in hand. The land of oracular wisdom on the subject of “corbies an’ pyets,” and perhaps turkies too,

was, however, beyond the flood; and I only wished I had had a rifle to bid the pair good morning. But I had nobler game in prospect, and I pushed on, in eager pursuit. Arrived at Spoon river, I found the Squire superintending some repairs on his mill-dam, which was constructed of logs, with piles to keep them steady. "Well, Squire, how do you flourish?"

"Oh, pretty smart; how's all the folks? You're early out this mornin'; what's to pay?"

"Squire, I must have a horse: have you got any on hand?"

"Wal, I *ought* to hev some. What kind of a thing do you want? Hitch your beast, an' we'll go and take a look round."

Proceeding about a quarter of a mile along the bank of the river, in a forty-acre field, we found a whole herd of horses. "Cope-Dolly! Cope-Dickey! Cope-Dickey! Cope-Dolly!" shouted the Squire, and immediately such a *stampedo* ensued, as made the plain resound again with the eager hoofs of the promiscuous throng. On came the hurry-scurry of half-wild horses, with flowing tails and dishevelled manes, leaping and plunging, in the direction of the fence where we stood. Their owner now threw them a few handfuls of salt, which they licked up off the ground with great gusto.

While this was going on, the Squire asked me if there was any among them I could fancy.

"Well, Squire, you are a better judge than I am, and I'll leave it to yourself to say what one would suit me best, I don't want a fancy animal so much as a sound, steady, serviceable thing, of, say five years old, or so."

"There's a beast 'ill suit you exactly," said he, pointing to a stoutly built, sedate looking roan mare, "I rayther calc'late she'll be of some service to you, that critter; she's a leetle over five years old, and sound I promise you."

"What's her price?"

"Wal, I'd ought to git fifty dollars for a thing like that, but I might take less. How are you going to pay me?"

(I may here mention that this is one of the first questions a purchaser is asked as soon as the object he is about to buy appears to suit; except it be in a shop, there called a store.)

"Well, Squire, I can't give you cash. Will you trade?"

"Oh, I reckon; I owe you some leetle anyhow. We

must be obliging in this western country, but you'll hev to allow me fifty dollars in trade. I'd almost take forty in cash, but I s'pose you can't spare it."

"Spare it! As long as I had cash, I used it, and now I'm forced to shift like other people. What sort of pay will you want; I might perhaps give you a *little* cash?"

"Wal, I don't much know *what* I want most. If you could get me a wagon, I guess we could trade. I'd like a new one."

"But a new one would cost seventy dollars instead of fifty."

"I know it. But if you get Charles Cain to make me a right good one, I'll pay you the difference in cash,"

"Agreed! I'll try what can be done. Good morning."

"Stop! Aint you a-goin' to take the mare along?"

"Oh! I thought it would be time enough when we concluded our trade."

"Please yourself; but you may hev her now, if you've a mind to."

"But suppose I can't get the wagon, what then."

"Oh! we'll fix it somehow."

A halter was slipped over the animal's head, and away I set for Ellisville, in good hopes that *trading* would not prove so bad a business after all.

He who has any eye for scenic beauty, must often be struck with the lovely prospects which the western landscape exhibits. As I now wended my way along the bottom lands of Spoon river, the scenery was beyond description beautiful. Being now in half leaf, the majestic forest had a peculiarly pleasing aspect. The young and tender grass of the brightest green, with yellow mosses, and blue, and purple flowers; the blue distance up the valley, the fine rich aerial tints; the picturesque clumps, and velvet sward, the joyous sounds of animal life, the cheerful booming of the grouse on the upper lands, the splashing and hilarious carouse of the flocks of wild ducks on the river, the strings of geese and cranes on their northern migration to the great lakes, Superior, Michigan, Winnipeg, and the Arctic seas, the scampering of squirrels, the sly and earnest gaze of the rabbits, the flitting of the blue bird, the jay, and the red-headed woodpecker, with the near cuck—cuck—cuck, and whirr, of the startled prairie hen; all these sights and sounds might have satisfied the most dull of apprehension, that this was indeed a glorious land, well fitted to supply

the wants of all comers. This beautiful valley, from Babylon to Ellisville, half-a-mile wide, and four miles long, was still unoccupied by man. Ah! thought I, the people about Ayr will scrape, scratch, and toss to and fro, to the third and fourth generation, the barren sands of the sea-shore, in hopes of being able to wring from their flinty breast a small modicum of oats, a foot high at harvest; or a few starved potatoes, to the unjust exclusion of bent, heather, and whins, the rightful occupants, and deem themselves no small proprietors in the possession of three or four poor acres; while here in a land flowing with milk and honey, where nature puts forth all her riches, there was no man to thrust in his spade and reap an abundant reward. The fact is, it is not possible for any man who has once *seen* such a noble land, to forbear calling upon the men of an over-peopled country, in the language of the prophet on a still more important occasion, "Why spend ye money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not!"—But to our tale.

On reaching Ellisville, I rode up at once to the carpenter's door.

"Good morning, Mr. Cain."

"Good mornin', *Sir*, how do you rise?"

"Moderately, are you busy at present?"

"Wal, I be that."

"Have you got any wagons on hand?"

"No, Sir-ee (with emphasis), do you want one?"

"Yes. How will you trade for a good wagon? I suppose you'll have no objections to take some goods, if I can give you what you want most."

"Sorry to say I can't do it. I'm mighty badly off for specie right now. Couldn't make you an axe-helve at present, without the cash down. I've been makin' a gross o' ploughs, an' I owe for iron alone more'n two hundred dollars."

Here was bad news indeed. A rebuff of this kind is very discouraging to a beginner, and well calculated to make one appreciate the benefits of a ready money currency. There was another carpenter in the village, and I forthwith set out to try him. I had not gone more than ten yards when Cain called out—

"I'm sayin', capt'n, will you trade that beast? I don't know but that we might come to terms on the mare."

"The mare's not mine," said I, rather dryly, "I only wish she was."

“Wal, see hyar—don’t be in a hurry, man; the day’s young enough for you to wait a leetle. Come back, an’ we might maybe trade yet. I’m only half jokin’. What trade could you turn me out?”

“What do you most want?”

“Wal, I want a’most everything. Let me see——a wagon will cost——wal, I guess we can make you a right good one now for sixty-eight dollars. You’ll be able to allow me a whole lot o’ trade for that. Let’s see. Wal, I want a good cow badly, an’ a thousand shingles, an’ half-a-dozen sheep, an’ some winder glass, an’—an’—an’ some smith work, maybe two days, an’ some teamin’, three days, an’ three days’ ploughin’, an’ a ton o’ Timothy, an’ some things at the store, sich as leather, nails, an’ a whole *lot* o’ notions. An’ see hyar—couldn’t you scare me up a barrel o’ flour, an’ about a dozen o’ pork barrels? If you can turn me out sich things as these, I don’t know but we *may* make a trade on’t yet.

When a Yankee is fairly absorbed in the delights of a good “trade,” his eyes sparkle with an unwonted keenness, the tobacco juice flies round, and hands, feet, and features are all on the alert. When you come before him in somewhat of the manner of a suppliant, he is exceeding apt, because the temptation is great, to take advantage of your necessity. But in all things there is a reaction, even in a stone wall; and by and bye, when he has once fairly set his heart on what you have to give him, he is then in *your* hands somewhat, and so the temptation is at your own door. This is *the evil* of “trading,” and not the mere trouble of the business. A disposition to overreach is imperceptibly acquired, at which the emigrant must not be too much astonished at first, but live on in hopes that the course of time will remove or abate the evil as the country fills up.

By this time I had ceased to wonder at many things which would have raised a new comer’s eyebrows three inches; so I took a minute of the wagon-maker’s multitudinous wants, and set forth.

Hurd & Harper’s Due-bill would supply the store goods, and Dr. Gorham, who had a shingle machine, could give me a thousand shingles of oak, cottonwood, or walnut—the three kinds of wood used in the manufacture—also, a day’s teaming on behalf of Ishmael Arkins; so that here was thirty-three dollars’ worth certain. I was getting on swim-

mingly, The day was passing, and I now left the village, not, however, without five or six offers to "trade for that mare." "She must surely be a good one," thought I, "when so many are coveting her." It was only a peculiarity of the people: but I pass on. I now made my way to Jesse Fielding's, which lay north-west from my own place. The young grass on the lately burnt prairies was two inches high, and the cattle were eating it with eagerness. Jesse was an Englishman from "Ouldham," and had been in the country for a considerable time. When he landed, he had nothing to start on but a good constitution and industrial habits—a fair inheritance, to be sure, but which will not always avail in some countries. He was now the owner of a snug little farm, with good buildings, and was increasing his comforts with a steady hand. His story is so amusing that we will leave trading for five minutes to rehearse it.

Jesse Fielding resided last in the flourishing town of Oldham, in England, where he followed the reputable calling of a moleskin or fustian weaver. He loved and married a handsome girl of that town, and for four years they lived on love and a few potatoes, in the fond hope that "after a bit" times would mend. Well, the cobbler who was to perform the mending, like all other cobblers, was a little tedious in his work, and our honest pair set themselves to calculating, as a husband and wife will do, the chances of the future, and the probable fortunes of war. For four years they had been striving to put past a small sum for the time of need; but no sooner had they got thirty poor shillings scraped together, than a clamorous necessity swallowed up the whole. The wife needed a gown, or the husband a coat or hat, for they had not entirely lost taste of themselves, and here was the price of their indulgence. Jesse was a man of some spirit. Some of his neighbours were emigrating, and sending home letters of gladness to the poor drudges in Oldham, who saw nothing before them in the land of their birth, but hard work, and the poor-house, when strength failed them. "I won't stand it!" cried he in a loud voice. "Mary, will you let me go?" Mary gave her consent; and, by the most severe self-denial, practised for a whole year, our hero made up £4 10s. Poor Mary, with that fortitude with which her sex is blessed, went to work in a factory, and supported herself and her little boy, who spent the day under the eye of a neighbour woman. Jesse

made his appearance one fine morning in a western farmer's field, ready for a day's ploughing. "Now," said he to his master, "I never had my hand on a plough before." "Never mind," said the farmer, "you'll learn, I reckon. There's a forty-acre stubble field. It's now white; make it black by turning it upside down." Our weaver set to work; but he tugged and pulled so much at the horses, at cross purposes, that the dumb brutes were completely confounded. When he wanted "Gee," he pulled for "Haw;" and when he wanted "Haw" he pulled for "Gee." Here he was going "into the bowels of the land"—there he was "going large" on the surface. Sometimes he swung the plough—sometimes the plough swung him; and, by the time he had got to the end of his first "streak" and back, the two furrows had crossed so often, that the whole had a very striking resemblance to a vast chain, with gigantic links. When poor Jesse contemplated his out-goings and in-comings, at the end of the land, he was sick at heart. The farmer laughed, but encouraged him on. "You'll live and learn yet," said he; "go a-head!" A-head he went; and by noon the lines were drawn a good deal closer, and the *crosses* became fewer and fewer every streak, till by night he could plough "well enough for a western country." The next day he went over his first labours; and he learnt from this experience not to be discouraged at trifles, but to "Go a-head," in the good hope that what is imperfect, may by time and patience, be mended. In the course of time he had his Mary and little Tommy removed to the West, to share in his good fortune—a thing generally to be attributed to the facilities afforded by the country to an industrious man. While he was alone in the country, he said that, whenever a difficulty arose to dismay him, he imagined that he saw his wife and child looking up beseechingly into his face, and so he took fresh courage and generally conquered.

"Well, Jesse, can you and I do anything in a trading way to-day?"

"Oh, very like; what can I let you 'ave?"

"Have you got any good sheep to spare?"

"No. I've just been buying some lately. I would rather buy than sell. What else?"

"Well, have you any credit at the cooper's. Could you let me have a few pork barrels?"

"Well, I think I can make a turn to let you 'ave them."

(By "making a turn" is to be understood that he would,

by trading with some one else, get what was wanted ; that other person coming at it, perhaps by trading with a third or fourth.)

Alas, poor Jesse !—he was always honest, and always industrious. He had a dash of the poetical feeling about him too, and would often, with the simplicity of a child, indulge in an outburst of enthusiasm, which his neighbours could not well understand. Alas for the instability of our earthly tenure ! A letter which I have just received (Dec. 1851), informs me that he has, since I left the West, “ been drowned on Cedar creek, near Blood’s mill, and his widow is married again.”

Such is our human life—away ! away !
By the rude chances of a moment flung.

Off I set in the direction of home having now got thirty-nine dollars of the beast’s price made sure. On the bank of a nice little brook on my way, surrounded with locust trees, stood the house of Martin Luther Sly, an off-hand Yankee ; one of those hard-headed men who will speak out their minds if the sky should fall. He was busily engaged helping his “ old ’oman ” to make soap, as I approached.

“ Good morning, Scotchman, how be ye ? ”

“ How do you do, Sir ? ”

“ Never was better in my life. I’m as rugged as a b’ar, the Maker be praised. Now you’re out on some express, I’ll warrant.”

“ Settling up some small accounts, Mr. Sly.”

“ Then, you’ll be comin’ on me too. Do you want cash ? if you do I can’t let you hev it nohow. That’s about the way to talk. That’s a hardy, tough lookin’ mare. Whar did ye git that ? How ’ill you trade against two colts ? ”

“ If you can’t give me cash, Mr. Sly, I’m willing to take such trade as I need.”

“ Do you want any soap ? ”

“ No ; not at present.”

“ Or haulin’ done ? ”

“ Could you give me a good cow ? ”

“ By my body, but I can give you about one of the snug-gest critters along on these prairies.”

“ Is she a good milker ? ”

“ Wal, now, she gives a right smart chance of milk, I’ll warrant ye. Don’t she, wife ? ”

The wife smiled, and nodded assent.

“Is she anywhere near?”

“She’s right along the crick thar; will ye hev her? Say the word.”

“Of course I’d like to see her first.”

“Hyar, Amanda! Take the man down to the crick bottom, an’ let him see Stub-tail.”

“Stub-tail! Does she want the tail?”

“Wal, she wants it, and she don’t want it—that is, th’ aint more’n a foot an’ a-half off it, an’ ’taint off it aythur, for she never had more. But she’s sich a spry thing *she* don’t want a tail like other cattle. Go ’long, gal, an’ show him the critter.”

I stood and looked at the man, who, all the time, maintained the utmost gravity of countenance. At last he broke out into a loud laugh, saying—“Wal, I’m only jokin’; come along with me an’ I’ll show you a *good* cow.”

As we were going along among the bushes I kept rehearsing to myself the lines which enumerate the good qualities of a good cow, thus :—

“She’s long in her face, she’s fine in her horn,
She’ll quickly get fat without cake or corn;
She’s clean in her jaws, and full in her chine,
She’s heavy in flank, and wide in her loin.

She’s broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, without e’er a hump;—
She’s wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,
She’s fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs.

She’s light in her neck, and small in her TAIL,
She’s wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She’s fine in her bone, and silky of skin—
She’s a grazier’s without, and a butcher’s within.”

Among the rest, Stub-tail showed her bright proportions. She was the very anti-climax of all this fine description, while her tail was about six inches long.

I picked out a good looking mild animal, for which the charge was nine dollars, the amount of my claim.

The next man in my order of march was Portman Hoyt, on the open prairie. This man’s house (a framed one) displayed a remarkable degree of indifference to the common comforts of life. The building, which showed some taste in its original plan, was still unfinished; several of the windows were filled up with clap-boards to exclude the weather. Inside it was not yet plastered, but was hung round, in the neighbourhood of the bed and fireplace, with bed-quilts and old sacks, to fend off the fresh breezes on a cold night. In this shell they had hybernated the past

winter, nothing but their quilts and a half-inch board between them and an external atmosphere, at times more than twenty degrees below zero! It made one shiver to think of it. The children which swarmed around (how is it that lazy people have always swarms of children?) were running about with any sort of a stray garment on. A boy of three years old had on his father's vest, which gave him much the look of a walking carpet bag. The mother, who was not so old, and rather good looking, was fondling her youngest child, while her long brown hair hung like a waterfall over her back; while the father, with a "trust crony," was quietly playing at draughts, and this the busy spring, when every nerve required to be strained "to make things go." Of course the elder branches of this model family ran off and hid themselves as soon as "the schoolmaster" made his appearance.

"Good morning, Gentlemen; warm weather."

"Yes, Sir; sit down, take a chair."

"Mr. Hoyt, have you got your corn planted yet?"

Wal, no, I haint. I'm jest about to begin to-day. I'm waitin' on a neighbour to give me a hand. I guess he aint a-coming. We'll not git beginnin' till to-morrow."

Here the good wife burst into a loud laugh, and I naturally enough supposed it was in derision of the poor man's simple notion of waiting for help when he might be helping himself; but that was not the thing. The mother's risibility had been excited by her little Charley, who had made the very knowing remark—"Mammy, if that's the schoolmaster, where's his whip?"

"Well, Mr. Hoyt, I'm out collecting some school accounts."

"Let's see. How much is this I owe you?"

"Ten dollars."

"Wal, I guess I can't give you nothing at present. The fact is, I don't much care about payin' you at all."

"Why so?"

"Oh! I don't know. I'm a poor man, you see, an' I *can't* pay you; so that's all about it."

"If you're poor and can't pay at present, you might ask time. Even although it should be inconvenient, I might wait."

"See hyar. How much township money hev you got to draw for my children?"

"Five dollars."

“Wal, then you haint taught ’em for nothin’. So I guess you’ll hev to be content wi’ that.”

“Do you consider that you should get your children taught free of charge?”

“Wal, I jest consider that it’s better for you to want your school-money, than for my children to want their edication.”

“And so you won’t make an effort to pay for it?”

“By gauly, you may take it to the Squire’s if you’ve a mind to. I haint got a red cent’s worth more than what the law allows me, an’ now you can’t help yourself: can you?”

I could not help admiring the cool effrontery of the man, who without any provocation could calmly talk so to one, who had laboured in season and out of season to remove the ignorance of his children. Let the emigrant expect to fall in with such character, but let him not set it down as a national characteristic.

“Mr. Hoyt, I don’t mean to quarrel with you, but if I saw you willing to make some little exertion, it would be satisfactory. If you want time, I will wait on you, but be honest.”

“Wal, then we’ll see about it. Good mornin’. That’s a good lookin’ mare.”

He never saw about it, the ten dollars are yet to pay.

Arrived at home, I put up my mare, and after dinner set out to finish my trading operations.

Righteous Mead was a A MAN, every inch of him—the very opposite of Hoyt in all but physical strength. He was a little man, but an energetic one. His house which in the West is a sure index of character, was situated on a healthy rising ground. A nice avenue of locust trees led up to his door, while, in the low ground behind the house, stood the dense forest which stretches from Spoon river. Industry, independence, intelligence, bore rule—everything wore the marks of a diligent hand and a tasteful supervision. The corn was all planted, the windows were neatly glazed, the bed quilts were in their right places, and no stray blasts could find their way into the interior, save by the lawful entrances. Mr Mead who was a local preacher among the Methodists, was not at home, but his wife was, and being informed of my errand, and the amount due, paid me down the ready cash, in five-frank pieces, each of which rates at ninety-four cents. So true is the observation, that “one extreme follows another.”

I still wanted twelve dollars of the price of the wagon;

and in crossing the plain I fell into a brown study on the ordering of sublunary things in general. Crossing the Ellisville road, some one in a wagon away along the road hailed me. As he drew near, it proved to be my good friend William Hendryx.

“Wal, how does things go? Hev you got your hoss?”

“Yes, but I have not made up my money yet.” I then told him how affairs stood, and the noble fellow at once pulled out his purse, and made up the difference, saying—
“Pay me when you can.”

I now rode off to Aylesworth's, to let him know that his wagon would be forthcoming shortly, and then to Ellisville, to communicate the success of my negociations to Charles Cain. After some farther trouble in squaring up matters, I got the wagon transferred to its destination, was paid the difference in cash, and found my mare a good and serviceable animal.

I have entertained a friendly feeling to turkies ever since.

It is a common remark in the West respecting emigrants, that they never begin to do well till they have got quit of all their British money, by which it is to be understood, that “trading” is considered such a troublesome affair, that a man who has the money will rather cut it short by a cash transaction; and thus he remains ignorant of the real character of the people for a longer period than the man who goes out among them, sees them at home, and takes lessons beneath every roof. I can safely say I never learnt so much in one day before. So much for “TRADING.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

“Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection, half divine,
Expand the blooming soul!”—*Aikenside*.

HOME SICKNESS—REMARKS ON THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA—THEIR ENTERPRISE
—WESTERN STATES—HOW THEY GO AHEAD—SETTLING A COUNTRY IN
ONE NIGHT—“OH, JULIA! DON'T YOU CRY”—SPOON RIVER NOTHING BE-
HIND—LETTER FROM MR. LEIGHTON—TWO LETTERS FROM SOUTHERN
ILLINOIS—THE PATH OF EMPIRE WESTWARD.

MAN is proverbially the creature of CUSTOM. He sets his foot on board ship. There, more than in a penitentiary or tread-mill, he is “cribbed, cabined, and confined.” To get

a bite of meat cooked, he has to stand up in a corner, in a smoky galley, and shed as many tears over a dozen of boiling potatoes, or a mess of water gruel, as would do honour to a far more sentimental subject. The ship gives a sudden lurch, and the next minute he finds himself in the lee scuppers; what with bad air below, and the worse *airs* of the authorities above, who find him continually in their way; the bad water—the contingent dangers, and the whole host of unmentionable grievances, the poor emigrant finds himself certainly in a “regular jam and fix,” and nought but the neverfailing hopefulness of a buoyant heart, can bear him up in his present ebb tide of affairs. Let him, however, spend a month or six weeks in this condition, and the day he gives up his quarters in the good old ship, which has bridged the Atlantic for him, will bring with it certain regrets. For forty days he has conversed, eaten, slept, and waked, in the presence of men, women, and children, most of whom, he will never look upon again in this world. Custom in short, has been performing a work, which, being suddenly demolished, leaves him once more in a state of uneasiness and unquiet.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the same individual, when he has fairly got into a new country, and feels himself among strangers, in the midst of stranger scenes, where he has, in a measure, to learn life anew, should be touched a little with regret, yearn after the land of his birth, and look upon it now, for the first time, in a very new light indeed. Before any other sickness is within hail, home sickness visits him, and, unlike any other disease, is only to be cured by inattention. Every year the settler passes in the new country, he is striking his roots more widely and firmly into the soil, and his attachments to the far-off land wither and decay, till at last he has nothing of regrets to trouble him. His business is to set himself boldly and unreservedly to work, when once he has wisely and deliberately fixed upon a locality—address himself to the task of making himself a home—gather around him the conveniences of life—look up to God for a blessing, and so fulfil his destiny. When at times wandering fancy whispers to him of his native land, that “there the geese are all swans—the coppers all silver—the silver all gold—and the gold, why there’s plenty of it in the bank”—let him treat it as a piece of very “soft sawder” indeed, and mind his lawful business.

The American people being originally sprung from the loins of the Anglo-Saxon race, possess all the energy and unrest of that remarkable stock. Free and affable in their manners—enthusiastically attached to liberty and free institutions—acquisitive and inquisitive, they are also brave and daring. When we read of pistol and rifle duels—encounters with bowie-knives, and other deadly weapons, it may be, in public assemblies, at a moment's notice—our more tame and precise folks on this side of the flood are apt to hold up their hands in utter amaze at the lawless daring of our fiery "cousin;" and some will even lay it to the charge of the republican form of government, as a sure sign of its weakness and insecurity. He who looks below the surface of things, however, will perceive that it is to this daring hardihood—this danger-braving spirit, that the nation owes its forward position as one of the first in the world, ere long to be THE FIRST. The American, when he has an enterprise in view, cares not a whit for the trouble or the danger. The same combativeness which sets him at loggerheads with his fellow gives him the nerve to run full tilt against the opposing forces of surrounding nature. GO A-HEAD is his watch-word and war-cry! He puts forth a bold and energetic hand and the great barriers of nature vanish at his touch! He has laid about him right and left—brought order and beauty out of the "waste howling wilderness"—built cities, towns, and villages, as if by magic—erected piers, wharfs, and harbours—constructed thousands of miles of railways and canals—built fleets unsurpassed by those of any other country—navigated to their sources his unprecedented rivers—sunk mines, nursed manufactures, educated the WHOLE BODY of the people;—and now exhibits to the world the noble spectacle of an intelligent self-governing nation—of a nation not given up into the hands of a few designing and unscrupulous knaves as an heirloom, but to the guidance of men who *must* advance the national interests, and hitherto have done so. When we meet with this race of men our vanity must be on a level with our stupidity if we expect that any man or mother's son of them all, will pay us the smallest respect for anything about us but our really positive worth. In America there are no traditionary great men. In a land of such matter-of-fact people, every man who wants to stand high with the people must "produce his strong reasons" for it. His greatness, too, must consist in something

which they can appreciate, and these conditions fulfilled, their homage is freely accorded. There is no people more willing to "render honour where honour is due," but it must be DUE to their entire satisfaction. We have no patience with the moustached and scented dandies who make the tour of the States, and return, full of wounded vanity, on finding that there they were looked upon as very small potatoes indeed. When they supposed they were going to make a sensation by mere swagger and "great swelling words of vanity," they have found that the sham was very transparent to Brother Jonathan, who is a remarkably unimaginative fellow truly.

In the Western States, where the old world manners and feelings of pride and vanity have not yet obtained much footing, the emigrant observes that the people are much on an equality. Firstly, there are few or no very wealthy persons. As Goldsmith would say, the peasant

" Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

Every man is in a certain degree independent. A maxim with the Western man is this—"I am just as good as the next feller, an' he's as good as me; so that's all about it." The high, artificial style of living, which is confessedly very hollow, is unknown. With abundance of the necessaries of life, the people have in fact no "lower orders" to look down upon—no beggars, no paupers, no whining crew to whet a false conceit upon. There the "swinish multitude" are *bona fide* porkers, destined for the pickling tub at Christmas. When a man goes into a neighbourhood, the capacity of his purse is not first ascertained before any familiar intercourse can be ventured on with him. It is true, that wherever money is valued the possessor may be looked upon with *some* consideration, but the wealthy man *may not* be, and the general rule is, that *he is not*, looked upon as an astounding fellow, to whom all others must bow.

Since the first erection of Illinois into a State, in 1818, its progress has been steadily onward, and that, too, at a rate which would surprise even an *enterprising* Englishman. A Western town presents to the contemplative mind subject for wonder and admiration. It is full to overflowing with enterprise, activity, and resolution. Compared with an old-world town, a Western town is as the Norwegian Mawlstroom to a stagnant frog pond. The throng of immigrants

and travellers—the bustle of speculation—the hurry of moving and removing—the noise of building and rebuilding—the new and original ideas in the way of trade, which arrest the attention everywhere,—give a deep interest to that remarkable people. Agriculture and the mechanical arts are making continual inroads upon the dusky forests and far reaching plains, and commerce stretches out her arms from the Atlantic on the east, to the inland seas of the north, the stupendous water courses of the west, and the Mexican Gulf on the south, to magnify the nation, and consolidate the Union. It is emphatically the poor man's Paradise—the one green spot upon the earth's surface where the prudent and industrious may eat, drink, and be merry, and truly enjoy the fruits of *his own* labour—where the original curse rests lightly—and where

“ A man's a man for a' that.”

To give a more distinct idea of the progress of the West, I here introduce a few matter-of-fact examples of how the people “go to work,” how they prosper, and how much room still remains for new comers.

In the spring of 1843, the general government having purchased a large tract of land from the Sac and Fox Indians, in Iowa, a great flood of emigration set in towards that quarter. On new land, those who first settle or make what is called a pre-emption claim, have the first offer when the land comes to be sold; and on the first day of May, accordingly, the “New Purchase,” as it was called, was to be open to the *claims* of settlers. The claim is held by some improvement made upon a particular portion, say a shanty raised, an acre ploughed, wood hewed for building, &c. These improvements being made, a pre-emption right is conferred, and no one can purchase the land over the claimant's head. The following letter from one who settled there at that time will give an idea of the way in which the Western country is at times settled :—

“ ‘NEW PURCHASE,’ IOWA.

“ DEAR SIR,—I am located in Wappello county, situated in the purchase made lately from the Sac and Fox Indians. This county has just been organised by our Legislature. I came here last May (1843), when the whites were permitted to take possession of the land just then vacated by the Indians. At that time there was not a white settler in all

this region, except those connected with the Indian agency. There was not an improvement, except a few around the agency, and at the Trading Houses. The county was a wilderness, inhabited by savages and wild beasts. One short year has elapsed, and this county contains a comparatively dense population, and the axe and the plough have converted its rich plains into cultivated fields, and the log cabin of the white man has taken the place of the *wik-e-up* of the Indian.

“We all went into claim making. The first day of May last being the time when the whites were permitted to enter upon the land, at twelve o'clock the night preceding that day, every man was stationed on his *claim*, ready to mark it out, and when that solemn hour sounded, such a scene of activity as transpired in the forests and prairies of this county was never before witnessed. A thousand axes resounded—a thousand sturdy arms wielded them—and there was not a nook nor a corner that was not alive with enterprising and determined men, bent upon making for themselves a home. In one night the county was settled. The wand of a magician could not have been more potent; and the teeth sown by old Deucalion did not yield a quicker harvest. The last rays of the setting sun shone upon a wilderness—his earliest light beamed upon a civilized community.

“CHAS. W——s.”

In a letter which I have lately received (Dec. 1851) from Mr. Laertes Starr Smith of Virgil, now in Ellisville, I have the following information:—

“ELLISVILLE, 25th Oct., 1851.

“DEAR SIR,— * * Father has sold his farm, and is now in the mercantile business in Ellisville, in company with James H. Stipp of Canton, and L. Lancaster. We have a building just west of old Father Ellis's house, 99 feet long, where we operate. We shall sell about eighteen thousand dollars' worth of goods this year.

“You will find Ellisville somewhat altered when you return. We have a fine church built in town. * *

“We are wide awake in this part of the country about navigating Spoon river. They are going to make it slack-water navigation. The river has been surveyed, the locks located, and they are now at work on it. Father thinks we

shall have boats up to Ellisville in two years more. They are also building a railroad from Peoria to Burlington, which will pass through Knoxville. Illinois is now going a-head, as a State, very fast. Immigration is now pouring in thick and fast, and our large prairies are being dotted over with cabins, barns, and locust groves. Ours is emphatically a great country. You can now travel from New York to Ellisville in less than five days' time. * * *

"Last spring, a year ago, I concluded to try my luck in California, and accordingly went thither. I stayed about five months; and my health being bad, and the prospects of making money dull, I started on the 5th December for home, which I reached about the first of last March. I went by land and returned by water, by the Panama route. So you see that I have travelled nearly 8000 miles in a year's time. * * * * *

"Your affectionate pupil and servant,

"LAERTES S. SMITH."

Mr. William Leighton of Knoxville, Knox county, Illinois, under date Nov. 12th, 1851, thus writes me:—

"The sheets of your book I did not need [I had sent him a few sheets of the first edition of my book], for I had read your book from end to end, before receiving your letter. A man, by the name of Hamilton, subscribed for it, and having read it, started direct for Knoxville. He inquired for me, but I am now living on my farm, and could not be of much use to him. He is a shoemaker to trade, is at work, and liking the country well. Your book has many truths in it, and much to recommend it, particularly for the comparisons, and recommendations to people to emigrate to the West. * * * * *

"Knoxville is thriving very well. A Railroad is now commenced, and I have no doubt will be finished in two years, connecting the Illinois and Mississippi rivers (100 miles). Peoria, Knoxville, Monmouth, Oquawka, and Burlington, are the principal points. It will be of great advantage to the country north of this, affording facilities for bringing in lumber, &c., and some of our great prairies, now lying waste, will be brought into cultivation.

"I have a large improvement, and a fine stock, and am getting on well.

"You may with safety encourage all kinds of emigrants

out, if they have industrious habits. My wife wishes you to bring girls who will go out to work. They are much needed in this country, and, as you know, secure good wages. Do try and bring her *one*. You need not be particular about her looks, for if she be good-looking, she would be no time with us, as they all get married. If she squints, or wants an eye, no matter—bring a girl.

“My brother Lockhart has prospered well since his return from Iowa (see page 115).

“Capt. Jack has a good deal of land—has a fine grove of timber, and prairie surrounding it; and wishes to sell it out in a body, or to a colony, say 40, 60, or 80 acres prairie, with 10, 15, or 20 acres of timber to each. Try to get twenty or thirty families to come and buy him out.

“Bishop Chase (see page 119) wants you to bring him out a married man and woman—the man to work in the garden, the man’s wife to assist the Bishop’s lady in the house; both to live in the house. A man who has had a little experience, although not a thorough gardener, would suit. This would be a good place for a man and woman without children.

W. LEIGHTON.”

The next letter is from a Scotch farmer in Wayne county, Illinois, about one hundred and fifty miles south of where I settled. It is to be observed that the southern part of the State was first settled, and that while it is now filled with cultivated fields, the north, where I lived, is still open, and offers favourable advantages for new settlers. The letter is addressed to a gentleman near Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

“August 3d, 1850.

“DEAR SIR,—At the request of my man, A—— D——, I sit down to give you some description of Illinois. * *

“I emigrated to Illinois in the spring of 1838, and, by dint of industry and the blessing of God, am now comfortable and happy. * * * *

“After steaming up the Mississippi 1112 miles, you arrive at Chester, Illinois. It is but a small place yet, but is growing rapidly. The difference between towns here and with you is, that with you they are finished, but here it is not uncommon to have large cities spring up in a few years. Where I now write, thirty years ago the red man roamed the prairies, and often swept like a thundergust upon the settlements of Western pioneers. But things are now

changed. Now we have peace and safety on every side ; and where the rude wigwam stood, schools and churches now occupy the ground. The southern part of Illinois is settled mostly by immigrants from the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, North and South Carolina—Germans, French, Irish, English and Scotch. ‘Such a medley,’ you will say. Yes, it is so ; but all things are so arranged, that we all get along in harmony. You would think that at our popular elections, where we all have a vote, there would be rough times ; but such is not the case. There is often far more rowdyism* and intimidation in one of your burgh elections, than I have seen here in twelve years. It is but reasonable to expect, that people who govern themselves are less likely to commit excesses than those who have so long had *the fostering care of kings and queens*, to prevent their longings for liberty to break forth.

“Our district is prairie and timber—about equal parts. Our prairie is about six miles long, by one and a-half wide. Our soil is mostly black and rich. You may have heard of soil four feet deep in America. Such stories are far too big. I have never seen anything of the sort, only on flats contiguous to rivers. The prairies in Illinois are better than the timber land. In this neighbourhood the soil is mostly what is called vegetable mould. You may plough a season and never touch a pebble. In our ploughing we operate very different from you. We do not commence in the spring till the land is dry and firm. We then begin full blast, and turn over from two to three acres per day. Our ploughs are properly adapted for such business. The mould-board, or ‘reist,’ as you call it, stands well out, and the *share* will cut thirteen inches. So, in place of turning it over smooth, and stooping and squeezing, with a continual sound of ‘hup woo’ going on, we set our plough to the land, stand straight up, and go a-head. The reason is this—the time we have to do up our spring business is short, and in most cases the early crop is the best. Harvest work is much the same : hands are scarce and wages high. One dollar per day is common either for cutting or binding. Our harvest tools are nearly perfect. Our grain scythe, or ‘cradle,’ is a formidable weapon—the blade about four feet long, with four wooden teeth of the same length and bend, the under one about three inches from the scythe, and the other three, four

* Blackguard conduct.

inches each above each other, all braced into the snath or 'sneid.' With this we cut from two to three acres of wheat, and three or four of oats. Last week, Sandy [a Scotch farm servant] cut six acres in a day and a-half; however, the oats were light, as we have had an uncommon dry summer. Our hay blades are light, and the snaths are all bent by steaming. Our hay being mostly Timothy, and thin at the bottom, we can wade into it fast. Our rake is a piece of timber three by four inches, and twelve feet long, with teeth an inch and a quarter in diameter, and sixteen inches long. It has two handles behind, and a rope passes through holes at each end to fasten to the plough chains. Such a rake can do the work of six men, and it does not cost 25 cents. Our crops are Indian corn, oats, wheat, hay, flax, and castor-oil beans. Sweet potatoes do fine here, but it is rather uncertain for the common potatoe. Our Indian corn we plant in rows, four feet apart each way. We plough the ground through the summer with small ploughs to keep down the weeds, and gather the corn in October. Our wheat is cut about the end of June; oats, flax, and hay, we attend to in July. Castor beans undergo the same system of cultivation as Indian corn; but in the beginning of August, the pods requiring attention, we have to hitch our gentlest horse into a small sleigh, with a box on it, and go through the field twice a week. We make a smooth floor in the sun, and spread out the pods to burst by the heat. The bean cutting time lasts till they are killed by frost. The beans yield 13 bushels to the acre. Indian corn here will average 40 bushels, oats, perhaps, 35, wheat from 12 to 24, and flax seed 10. 'Why!' you will be ready to exclaim, 'is that all you can do in your boasted America?' Yes, *with our system of farming*, that is all, and at that rate a single man can bring more to market than he can with you, even though you can raise a hundred bushels of 'Tam Finlay' to the acre. My single exertions put in last spring of crop 18 acres Indian corn, 8 of beans, 11 of oats, and 3 of flax. I had 6½ acres of wheat, sowed last fall, 11 acres of grass, and 16 acres of Timothy and red-top grass. I hired Sandy at wheat harvest for three months, and he and I did all the work except one half-day's help. Now, can any two with you turn off as much? We sow a bushel and a-half of wheat to the acre, and two of oats. It is all the imperial acre. The land on the prairies in this part of the State is all taken up. Of course we are thickly settled. Nine years ago, when I built, it was some distance

to neighbours; now it is all fenced up. We have a blacksmith at the corner of my farm, and my nearest neighbour, a quarter of a mile off, has kept a beef market for four summers. He kills a beeve on Thursday night, and sells it off next morning. It costs $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents per lb.

“ You will no doubt be anxious to know how we are situated in regard to religious privileges, and morality in general. To tell you in one sentence, I would say far better than you are. Our community is emphatically a religious one. Our denominations are Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Secession Church, and Covenanter. You may take any of them for orthodoxy and discipline. All are church-going people, and to be a member of a church in this place, you must conform, at least outwardly, to the Christian standard. No rough man can sustain his standing in the church. No getting tipsy, if not drunk. No balls and dancing. No horse racing, betting, or gambling of any kind, never speaking of open profanity, alas, too common among church members in our Fatherland. I will give you one fact that speaks for itself:—For the space of ten years, in neither of the churches I have named, has there been but one case of an illegitimate child, and that case was but anti-nuptial. How many would have been under Scotland’s standard of morals, you may judge. You will hearken in vain for any profanity or obscene jokes at a gathering in our settlement; but unhappily this is not the case in some other portions of our country, for along the rivers in steamboats, and in the large cities, profane speech is too common. Still the most heaven-daring American would blush to be caught uttering an immodest expression in the presence of a female. In Eden, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles off, we have two churches, they are about 60 feet by 50. One of the ministers is an Irishman, and the other is Scotch. In Sparta, four miles off, there is one Associate Reformed, and a Methodist Church. There are three other churches within three and five miles of us; we have a Bible Society for the county, in Sparta. Our church has a Home Mission, and a Foreign Mission in Northern India. So you see our Christian benevolence is often called into action. We have also two members of our church who are colporteurs for the American Tract Society, who are daily going through the country, selling and giving away those books that make wise unto salvation. I have dwelt on this subject as I consider it of primary importance to an intending emigrant.

“ So much for morals ; now for climate, farms, &c. The climate of Southern Illinois is very different from that of Scotland. Our latitude here is about 38 deg. north—yet our winters are cold ; not much snow, scarcely ever a foot falls at a time, and it is dissipated by the sun in a few days. Still, it freezes at night so keenly as to bind everything tight. We have never very cold weather long at a time. Our winters are very changeable ; and between the frost and thaws it is disagreeably muddy, as we have no metted roads. We have not much rain in winter. Spring opens in the month of March, and generally we have delightful weather. By the beginning of June, our warm days are ushered in. Crops of all sorts are then ‘ walking straight up ;’ and by the first of July the thermometer is sometimes as high as 90 deg. in the shade. This will give in the sun nearly 120 deg. You will be ready to exclaim—‘ Too hot that for me.’ At these rates, we who have stood it for twelve years look as fresh as our new-come Scotch. Our Government land in this quarter is all taken up. Still, improvements can be bought, well worth the money, according to the improvements. Land with us ranges from 5 to 15 dollars per acre. The farm adjoining me can be bought for 1600 dollars. I think there are 200 acres, including about 60 acres under fence, and a good house. Other farms can be had in the prairie. The Oregon and Californian gold fever has unsettled a good many, and they are willing to sell cheap to get away.

Our markets of late have been high for most articles :—

	dols.	cents.		cent
Wheat, per bush., .	1	0	Eggs, per doz., . . .	8
Oats, do., . . .	0	40	Sugar, per lb., . . .	6
Castor Beans, do., .	1	50	Coffee, do., . . .	10
Flax Seed, do., . .	1	25	Rice, do., . . .	5
Smoked Bacon, p. lb.,	0	5½	Molasses, per gal., .	30
Butter, do., . . .	0	10	Whisky, do., . . .	25

“ Whisky is almost an obsolete article in this community. No drinking usages here, even of the most temperate sort. A majority of our people are strictly teetotallers, and those who are not are held in check by public opinion,—so much so, that my son of nine years, never saw a man the least touched with liquor.

“ Our school-house is one mile from me. You, perhaps, are aware that our Republic gives one mile square in every

36 for the education of the young. The land is sold, and the proceeds put to interest. The fund is perpetual, and the interest goes for education. That fund pays over one half of our tuition fees, and makes education come cheap. How different this from your much-boasted, but miserable, Parish-School system. Far from that institution being a blessing to the poor, my parents were too poor to send any of their children to such schools.

“ You will be anxious to know something about our privileges in regard to good water. Sandy says he was told that he would never get a drink of good water again: but he says my well is as good and plentiful as any ever he saw.

“ You are likely informed of ague, with all its misery. The western country is troubled with ague, and all the diseases we have are of a bilious character. The stories about ague are more bugbears than anything else. It is not considered of any consequence here. I had three different sprees of it this summer. The last was an attack of three days, before wheat harvest. I broke it the fourth day, and cut wheat the fifth, and have been a good harvest hand ever since.

“ Our farm wages are from 60 to 80 dollars per half year, with board and washing. I give Sandy 36 dollars for 3 months, more than he could have got from you in 8 months. Mechanics' wages are:—Carpenters in St. Louis, one dollar and fifty cents per day. Blacksmiths, from eight to ten dollars per week. Ship Carpenters one dollar seventy-five cents per day, &c. Now, what do you think of Illinois? I came here 12 years ago, without money or friends. Now I have 160 acres of land, 60 in cultivation, 30 head of cattle big and little, 6 horses, 20 sheep, and 20 hogs; a good house to live in, and am raising four fine children. If you intend coming, the sooner the better.

“ B——— C———.”

The statements of this letter, in so far as relating to general matters, I can vouch for as being substantially correct. With respect to potatoes, I may say that in my neighbourhood they did remarkably well, and that too when there was little or no attention paid to them. Two degrees of difference in latitude may, however, make a considerable difference in the potato, as it seems to do on the winters, for in my locality the winters, at least those I experienced,

were very steady. There were continued frosts with pleasant sunshine during the day. The "changes" consisted of slight and severe frosts, with occasional snows.

Our next is a letter from the "Sandy" referred to in the preceding letter. Observe the date.

" FAIRFIELD, Nov. 10th, 1851.

"DEAR SIR,—I take the opportunity of writing to you to inform you about Illinois. I will state to you about our markets. The crop has been very good this summer, and the grain is plenty, and the markets are low. Wheat, is 60 cents per bushel; Rye, 40; Indian Corn, 25; Oats, 20; Castor Beans, 50; Potatoes, 25; Sweet Potatoes, 100 to 150; Flour two dollars and fifty cents per cwt.; Peas one dollar per bushel; Indian Corn Meal thirty-five cents, and those that live in towns have to pay a dollar a cord for fire wood.

* * * I know that a man will do more here with nothing than with you. I have travelled in this country, and the most I ever paid for my night's quarters was twenty-five cents, and fifteen for my dinner. This was with my horse. A man on foot does not pay any more than for one meal in the day, in the country. It is a common thing to give a man eating and drinking free. It is not the case that some poor boy will come and ask for a piece of bread. He is too much worth to be in that way. A boy of twelve is worth eight dollars a month. A man will get for farming, ten or twelve; and for inside work, fifteen to twenty. I had twenty offered me to work in the factory, but it is so hot that I could not stand it; and I got fourteen for working on Mr C.'s farm, and did not need to be hard run [overwrought]. The half of my time I was riding out on business of my boss [master]. I had men at my call. It was a very good place for me. They were good people, and very kind. I went to meeting every Sunday, and heard a good man speak. * * Mr C. was very kind to me, and learned me the ways of the country. He was wanting me back; but he could not give me the big wages that I wanted. John C. is doing well. He has bought a farm of eighty acres, and gave 350 dollars for it, and sold it for 500 dollars; and now he has got another eighty, and gave 600 dollars for it, with a two-storey house, a well, and stables on it. It is a very pretty place, and worth the money. He likes this country very well, and says, 'The man that cannot live here can live no place.' His old wife is the same. She is

as fat and hearty as ever; and his daughter Janet is married to a young man who came out two years before them. His son James has almost made a fortune this summer. He rented a peach orchard, and the fruit around him was killed, but his was not hurt, and he had about 1000 bushels, and he sold them in St. Louis at one to two dollars per bushel. It is the best shift ever they made in their lives. They are the kind of people for this country; they are not for fine things. I live in Fairfield. This is a very fine place. It is young and improving very fast. It is the county seat of Wayne Co. We have all things that we can wish for. I have had the ague a time or two now, but I am over it. I did not know what it was at first. It begins with a kind of cold chilliness, running throughout the body, and shaking so, that you cannot stand steady if it was to save you, and as soon as that leaves the fever comes on. It has no pain, but a soreness in the brow. There are some that it never stops from work. I could be out all the time that I had it. It is very easy to stop it if taken in time. It comes every third day, and does so all the time as long as we have it. It is very hateful.

“I may let you know where I am and what I am doing now, I am in Fairfield Flour Mill. The man that I was working with last winter, and another of our townsmen went in company, and put up a steam-mill. I left this in spring and went to Sparta, and the men sent after me to come and run the mill, as they knew nothing about it, and I went, and I am getting along fine. I am master over it all, my time is easy, all I have to do is to see that she is running all right. The grinding is wheat, Indian corn, and rye. We take a part of the grain for our pay, I take a fifth of wheat and a fourth of Indian corn. The money is scarce here, but the place is mending very fast, and it will get better. The people have all plenty of stock, and that is as good as the cash at any time, but that would not do so well with you. We have good laws in our country, and a man is allowed 1000 dollars worth of real estate. No man can touch your farm stock or anything that is yours, if you are not worth 1000 dollars. I would like very well to have you here. A man can do just as he pleases. There is no old landlord to look down on you. I can take my gun and go out in the morning and kill a deer if I want to. I have been out hunting four days this week. I kill deer, turkey, and squirrels. I sometimes kill fifty in a week. Our guns

are good—of the rifle kind. They will kill 200 yards out. I like them well.

“There is no kind of wild beast here but the wolf, and I don’t want better fun than to get after a drove of them. They will turn and fight when mad, but that’s the time I slay them. They do not come close to you, but stand and bark and growl at you. The deer will fight you when wounded. That is all the beasts that will injure in this state.

“I know you would like this country better than Scotland.

“Yours most faithfully,

“Alex. D——.”

The various invitations which settlers send home to their friends and others, to “come over and help them,” are truly, though prompted, in the first place, by a desire to see their country-men and country-women near them, worthy of attention, for the sterling advantage to be gained; and every man who fixes himself down upon the prairies—turns up the soil—and sets out his cattle to the plains, is rendering, by these means, the State more healthy and more inviting to others: and five years will produce a greater revolution on the flower-spangled prairies than fifty would do at home. What a noble destiny is in store for the land of Washington. It is surely not without some fair show of reason that Mackay, in his “Western World,” exclaims, “It is the consideration, that America will yet exhibit, in magnified proportions, all that has tended to make England great, that leads one irresistibly, however reluctantly, to the conclusion, that the power of England must yet succumb to that of her offspring. There is, however, this consolation left us, that the predominant influence in the world will still be in the hands of our own race. That influence will not pass to a different race, but simply to a different scene of action.

* * * The powers which are destined to overshadow her are springing up elsewhere, and are of her own planting. Of these, the American Republic, or Republics, as the case may be, will both politically and commercially take the lead, when England, having fulfilled her glorious mission, shall have abdicated her supremacy, and the sceptre of empire shall have passed from her for ever!” The reader will perhaps pardon me, if here, to round off my subject, I insert three stanzas of a long poem which I wrote on the

prairies to while away the time. They will at least prove that the author is no poet:—

“ Westward the course of empire bends its way”—

Oh! wherefore loved Britannia should it be
That the bright excellence of thy living day
Should fade, to travel westward o'er the sea!
Is it thy God's irrevocable decree—

Decay shall pale the lustre of thine eye,
And the young nations of the westward, free
From Time's entangling errors, yet outvie
All that the East hath known, and what thou lack'st supply?

May God avert from thee the day of doom,
And cast the leavening zest into thy soul,
Which shall expand thy bosom, and make room
Therein to embrace the world, and control
Its destinies for good! Even now, enrol

The nations of the earth beneath thy power!
This is the act of God. Shall ye extol
Thine own wise counsels for it?—No!—The hour
Wherein ye bless the world shall yield to all a dower

As precious as thine own wherein to joy—
If pride exalt thine heart, oh! let it rise
Subject to His approval, whose employ
Hath made thy skill availing. Nor despise
The feeble—nor oppress,—but exercise

Your wisdom for the profit of mankind;
So shall the Immortal Powers not devise
Thy downfall—well awarded if ye bind
With an unlawful bond. Such are the bounds assigned.

CHAPTER XXX.

“ In order to dispel the vapour and dislodge the frost, our ancestors felled the forest, drained the marsh, and cultivated the waste; and we now breathe in the purified air and the chastened climate; the result of the labour of generations, and the progress of art.”—*Bulwer*.

A CHAPTER, IN WHICH THERE IS NO JOKE, NOR ROOM FOR JOKING.

READER, I give my experiences, in the hope that they may be of some small use to you; and I now proceed to lay before you the results of a very “hard experience,” indeed. Like all young and ardent adventures, it will be seen that I rushed headlong, on my entrance into the country, into labour very different from any to which I had been before accustomed. Arriving in the month of May, for successive weeks I exposed myself to the fierce rays of the hot sun, working at my house. In harvest, I was draughted into the harvest field, where the wheat was higher than a man's head, and being blessed with a healthy constitution, I never

once imagined that my good health would fail me, with plenty of exercise in the open air. This plentiful exercise in the open air, however, was just the thing which brought me into trouble. Away along in Indian summer, in the beginning of October of the same year in which I emigrated, I was busily engaged housing some of my Indian corn, then ripe, when I began to experience a curious languor creeping over me, and a certain feverishness, accompanied with a bitter taste in the mouth. I went home, and sat down, but presently a lie on the bed appeared still more desirable. The feverishness increased as the night advanced, and towards morning a perspiration came on which produced great relief. For the first two days I supposed the thing was nothing more than the effects of a bad cold; but as I rapidly got worse, on the fourth day I sent for one Dr. Weld, who pronounced my disease to be bilious fever, of the very worst type.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "I wasn't called in earlier. All the diseases of this country are much easier managed when taken early, before they have got established in the system. However, I guess we'll get along yet. You'll require some drastic medicine." So saying, he poured out nearly a table spoonful of calomel, which was to be given to me in one dose, "mixed with a leetle molasses," and promised to call next day.

Like all other confiding patients, I swallowed the nostrum, and then came the tug of war. Of all the hearty go-ahead medicines calomel takes the lead. The way that "drastic" operated "was a caution." The fact is, I actually thought that from vomiting and purging I was really about to be turned inside out. The enormous quantity of bitter bile thrown up from the stomach was enough to have procured the death of any man with whom it might be permitted to remain. Desperate diseases they say require desperate cures, and this was desperate enough. The fever was fairly frightened off, and the next day I lay apparently more dead than alive, in a state of the most extreme prostration. That day nor the next the doctor did not call, but on the third day he made his appearance.

"How be ye all?" inquired he with subdued accents. "Did he take all the medicine at once?"

"Why didn't you call as you promised?" said I.

"Wal, the fact is I didn't think there was much use in callin'—I thought you'd have been dead."

“Why?”

“Why jest because—I gev you as much calomel yonder, as would hev killed or cured a hoss. There wa’n’t anything else for you. It was either kill or cure, an’ you’re a mighty tough feller that stood it, now I tell you; but I guess you’ll git along now.”

For eight weeks I was unable, from the weakness and debility produced by that horrid dose, to even attempt to cross the floor of my cottage. By degrees, I “got along,” however, thoroughly impressed with the most expansive ideas on the subject of “drastic medicines” in general, and of CALOMEL in particular. While I was sick, I received many kind attentions from my neighbours.

From all this, the intelligent reader will gather the important lesson, especially if he be a person previously unaccustomed to out-door labour, that it is unsafe, however tempting the situation, to expose himself to the rigours of a climate new to him. If he has but a slender capital to begin with, and must do everything himself, better far is it to betake himself to some in-door employment, and let his ulterior designs stand in abeyance for the time. Every day he is learning more of the character of the people and country, knowledge essential to his future right settlement. His system is being brought gradually to suit itself to the change of climate, that is to say, he is getting ACCLIMATED or seasoned, a process which they say requires three years. Let it never be forgotten that bilious fever is as much to be attributed to injudicious exposure as to any other cause. My own conclusions on the matter, after considerable observation, I will enunciate in seven sentences:—

1. Let the emigrant, on his arrival, expose himself as little as possible to great fatigues, night dews, wettings, and the hot sunshine.

2. Let him daily wash his *whole* person, as a duty which he owes to himself and family.

3. Let him be content with simple and wholesome diet; despise and eschew the whole host of “pickles,” “preserves,” and “*notions*;” also, hot, new-made bread of every name.

4. Let him erect as early as possible a filtering apparatus (to be described hereafter), and let his well be dug at least twenty-five feet deep.

5. Let his dwelling be removed from all mirey or swampy ground, and away from flats along streams.

6. Should he, by care, escape the diseases of the country for the three first years, his constitution will then have got used to the changes of climate; and, with ordinary care, good health may be counted upon afterwards.

7. It is of the utmost importance to ward off such diseases as, if once permitted to fasten on the system, return from very slight causes. Therefore, care will save calomel; and calomel is not to be trifled with.

The doctor's charge for three visits was only SEVEN dollars!

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought—
"To teach the young idea how to shoot."—*Thomson*

ON SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL MATTERS.

ONE of the first inquiries made by people in the Eastern States, when contemplating a removal to the West, is, "What provision is made for Education?" In every State of the Union, ample provision is made for the proper education of the young. Public grants of money and lands, with laws regulating their appropriation for the furtherance of instruction, under proper guarantees, are in universal prevalence. George Washington, the highest authority known in America, has said truly, "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness." "No other foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness," says Thomas Jefferson. "It is universally admitted that a well instructed people alone can be a permanently free people," says James Madison. And these men have not contented themselves in announcing general principles, but have busied themselves in reducing to practice the great doctrines they entertained.

In the spirit of these views, while the great rulers and the philosophic minds of European States have been moving heaven and earth to increase the boundaries of empire and of science—while the sectaries are pertin-

aciously standing in the way of education, except it shall embody their own peculiar dogmas, the apparently less aspiring but much more sensible legislators and philosophers of the New World have been addressing themselves to the simple but all-important task of educating the **WHOLE BODY** of the people. Great Britain is at the present moment neglecting her true interests in this matter. An overwhelming mass—a great host of her children, are growing up in a state of the most savage ignorance—shut out by the conventional rules of society from the intercourse of the educated—having the most depraved appetites for evil courses—the most hostile feelings to order and right conduct,—they grow up a horde of savages in the midst of a civilized people.

As a small mitigation of this accumulating evil, a species of schools has lately sprung up among us denominated “Ragged Schools,” at once an honour to their immediate supporters, and a burning disgrace to our nation. The object of these Schools is to take up a few of the miserable juvenile outcasts of society—to communicate to their darkened understandings some ideas of a humanizing tendency, and even to set them out in the world in an honest way of doing for themselves. All this is well, and yet the disgrace to our common country is not the less. When at an examination of one of these schools we behold the rude stones out of a ruder quarry polished somewhat “after the similitude of a palace,” we are the more inclined to cry out Shame! Shame! to those who have the direction of our national affairs, for the feeble way in which the education of the people is looked after. Have the promoters of such schools so concentrated their regards for the education of the poor upon the Ragged School, as not to see that it is a poor business after all to allow the unhappy children to become sufficiently “qualified” for reception. Shame, that we should make utter destitution the condition of public instruction or support, neither of which can be given till a depth of misery and degradation is reached, which is a strange anomaly in the midst of this nineteenth century. Why should we stand at the bottom of the scale, and there, after vice and ignorance have done their work, receive the products, and seek to mitigate the evil after it has done its worst? This will never do. The equatorial fields which have been parched and baked by a tropical sun, will not yield their abundance at the call of an April shower. The

tropic land requires the tropic rain, and the fierce necessities of humanity demand the justice which Heaven allows, as well as all the benevolence which man can spare. A few sturdy strokes at the root of the evil would be of more worth than all our enterprise directed at the wrong end. The giant evils of our nation—ignorance, crime, and pauperism—coolly maintain their ground, and spread in spite of all our benevolence. We throw our pound of flesh to the famished tiger, and his appetite is not appeased, neither the ferocity of his nature subdued. We have written—we have speculated—we have mastered many subjects of practical importance to man—we have heaped invention upon discovery—raised the shout of victory upon the green earth and the blue ocean—planted colonies, and converted heathen men—abolished slavery—explored the earth—mapped out the heavens—simplified religion—and at last become the wonder of the world! All these things we have bravely done; and in the midst of our intoxication at the applause of an admiring world, we would even give away our last sixpence as a finishing touch to the grand ovation. When the poetry of all this has subsided, and we have returned to our homes, the fire is out, and the cupboard is empty—"the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." The plain facts of our degraded condition reveal themselves to our sobered senses in a way that almost leads us to execrate the fate which implanted side by side in the same individual such lofty aspiration with such vulgar wants.

The evils of our country and age are to be remedied by nothing but education. In the presence of an ignorant and semi-barbarous people, the despots of Europe maintain a position which they could do on no other condition. Ever and anon, the Spirit of the Lord moves upon the face of the deep, and man longs to become a LIVING soul. The imprisoned Samson hooted, mocked, and spit upon—the sport and derision of his wily captors—has often bowed himself upon the pillars which support the despotic and crooked systems of heartless rulers, and spread dismay and alarm among his oppressors! But alas for him, he is still BLIND. Communicate light to his vacant and now sightless eyeballs, and "woe to those who have made him grind at their mill." Physically he is the strongest in the State—in mental capacity he is equal to any—in mental development he is a child. Herein we have the cause of

all the opposition to instruction of former times, and the indifference of men in place and power even now, to do anything in earnest for the people. It was and is seen, that once gave enlightenment to all, and the corruptions—the usurpations—and the chicanery of self-styled superiors are at an end. “To this complexion must we come at last.” Our crime and pauperism—our immense outlay to meet the one and support the other—are more eloquent advocates for a wise policy, than all the pleadings of benevolence—all the petitions of the people.

The Illinois State School Law enacts, “That one square mile in every township, which consists of thirty-six square miles, shall be appropriated for the support of schools in the township.” That this land, if not sold, shall be rented out, and the proceeds, whether of sale or rent, to form a fund to be put out to interest, which interest shall be applied in aid of the schools. The capital remains untouched. The School Law goes on to say:—

“The terms of selling common school lands shall be to the highest bidder for cash, with the privilege of each purchaser to borrow the amount of his bid for any period not less than one, nor more than five years, upon his paying interest, and giving security as in case of money loaned.”*

To superintend all school matters, a School Commissioner is appointed to each county once every two years, who shall give security to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. He shall examine teachers, distribute school funds, execute land sales, &c. &c., and

“It shall be the duty of the legal voters within each school district, to meet at the school-house or other suitable place, on the first Saturday of October biennially, and elect three persons, householders within the district, to be styled School Directors, who shall continue in office for the term of two years, and until their successors are elected. A majority of the said directors shall constitute a quorum to do business, and the board, when convened, shall have power to select building places, and to provide for the building of schoolhouses, to furnish them with the necessary accommodations, to employ teachers and fix upon their compensation, to visit schools from time to time, and

* In our township, several persons who had not capital to purchase at once, held school lands on the above terms. Suppose they had purchased a hundred dollars worth of school land, by paying eight per cent. interest, which is in fact eight dollars rent per year for the 100 acres, they had five years to make up the principal.

to make all such rules and regulations as may be necessary and proper, and not contrary to the laws of this State. Said directors shall attend the school taught in their district from time to time, and see that the same is properly conducted ; that the teacher keeps regular hours, that the schoolhouse is properly supplied with fuel, and with such furniture as may be necessary to the accommodation of the scholars. Teachers shall make schedules of the names of all scholars under twenty-one years of age attending their schools, in the form prescribed by this act, showing the name of the teacher, the number attending the school, and the total number of days taught, and the interest and profits arising from the township funds, and the interest arising from the school, college, and seminary funds, shall be apportioned among the teachers, according to the number of white children sent to school, and the number of days' attendance of each under the age of twenty-one years.

“ On the first Saturday of May, annually, the inhabitants, legal voters of the different school districts of this State, may meet together at some central place in their respective districts, for the purpose of voting for or against levying a tax for the support of schools, for building and repairing school-houses, or other school purposes, or to pay existing debts, contracted for other school purposes before that time in said districts. The directors shall give ten days' notice of such meeting by posting up notices in four public places in the district, setting forth therein the time, place, and object of such meeting. And if the meeting be not convened on that day, it may be held upon any other day before the first day of June, upon like notice being first given, if the inhabitants or directors think proper. The inhabitants, when convened as above provided, shall organise by appointing one of their number, chairman, and another, secretary. They shall then determine by vote, in such manner as they may choose, first whether they will tax themselves for the support of school and other purposes before named, in the district, or not. If two-thirds shall vote for a tax, they shall agree upon the amount to be raised for the current year, not exceeding fifteen cents on the one hundred dollars, for school purposes. The secretary shall keep a true record of the proceedings of such meeting, which shall be certified and signed by the chairman and secretary, and filed and preserved by the treasurer of the township. The treasurer shall make and certify to

the clerk of the county commissioners' court of the county, by the first day of June next thereafter, a correct abstract of the votes, and the amount of money voted to be raised; and said clerk shall compute each man's tax in said district, taking as a basis the total amount of taxable property returned for said district by the county assessor for that year, and cause the same to be set upon the tax-book to be delivered to the county collector for that year, in a separate column, against each man's name, or a parcel of taxable property, as it appears on said collector's book, to be collected in the same manner as State and county taxes; and when collected, to be paid over to the treasurer of the township, and credited in the separate account on his book.

"All persons proposing to teach a common school in any township in the State, shall undergo an examination before the School Commissioner of his or her county, or before the Trustees of Schools in townships, touching his or her qualifications properly to teach Orthography, Reading in English, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Modern Geography, and the History of the United States; and if the examiner or examiners shall find such person qualified, he or they shall, on being satisfied of his or her good moral character, give such person a certificate of qualification; and no person who shall teach a school without first having obtained such certificate, shall be entitled to receive any portion of the public fund."

Early in the month of December, Mr Smith came to my house, and told me the village was likely to be without a schoolmaster for the winter, as none could be got, and asked if I would be able, now that I had got over my sickness, to engage with it.

"What are your terms?"

"Well, we will allow you fifteen dollars a month, with a house and fuel."

"What will be the probable attendance?"

"Oh, you know the school-house is not large. You'll have the full of it. All the big boys about go to school in the winter."

I agreed on these terms, and opened my first school in December, 1842.

According to the School Act, I had to undergo an examination to qualify for obtaining the county school funds; and as the winter schools were then about to commence, it was given out that there was to be a grand convocation of

all the teachers of the township for a display of scholarship. Well, on the day appointed, I set off down to the house of David Luper, who occupied a portion of the township land, near the centre of the township, south of the village about two miles. There I found five individuals—two young women, two lads, and a man about forty, all ready to open winter schools. The *savans* employed to examine us were Jake Cornwall, our old friend, and Jonas Bell, a farmer near Babylon, formerly a schoolmaster. The forty-year teacher was named Tolman Parrish, a farmer near Shaw Timber. He had a sort of comical manner about him which promised some little amusement in the ensuing examination.

“I tell you what it is,” said he, as he diligently whittled a stick, “it’s a piece of great nonsense this inspection. I see boys and gals you’re a little skeered, but I aint. I don’t keer for Jake Cornwall, not three chips from that knife (*looking out of the window*). Thar they’re comin’ anyhow. Now—wake snakes!”

The younger teachers had each a copy of Noah Webster’s Spelling Book in hand, and were diligently conning over the long words, knowing right well that a knowledge of orthography is considered of the first importance in “Occidental” learning.

He who acts a part will sometimes be caught off his guard napping. Not so, however, with him to whom the feeling is natural. We found our friend Jake on this occasion, as on all others, the same consequential, self-important personage. He had alighted among a people, however, who knew right well how to appreciate things, namely, by their real worth.

“How be you, Jake,” said Tol., on the entrance of the learned Theban. “I reckon you’ve come to wake us up a leetle. You’ll hev to be gentle wi’ them gals at least. I reckon they’re shakin’ like a quagmire for fear o’ you and Jonas thar.” (*Whittles away.*)

Jake took no notice of this address, and began:—“Ladies and Gentlemen,—Mr. Bell and myself (*rising on tiptoe*) have been deputed and delegated by the school trustees of this township to examine all parties who intend to teach schools in the same. I presume you are all acquainted with the School Act—that you are to be examined in orthography, &c. Now, to expediate, hasten, and simplify this process, we shall examine you in a class form, and our first subject, according to the letter of the law, is Orthography.

TOL.—“Wal, I used to could spell some (*whittles away with much vehemence*). Come, boys an’ gals, toe the mark. Let the Scotchman up duxt. I’m content to take a pre-emption at the bottom.”

The sounds of letters were first gone into. Tol. was asked the names of the labials as he diligently kept cutting his stick.

“Wal now, Jake, you beat me thar. Take us into clear spellin’, an’ am your feller. None o’ that silly nonsense. It aint o’ no account. I never teach it. It’s jest like askin’ a man to dinner, an’ requirin’ him to tell you how many teeth he has got in his head afore you let him set to. Its folly to ask a toothless man to play you a tune on the Jew’s harp. So go a-head, an’ push it through.”

They were all much amused at my way of spelling the words straight forward without dividing them into syllables, which latter is the universal practice there, and much better than our method.

“Mr. Parrish, spell INCONVERTIBILITY.”

“Wal, now, that’ll do, Jake—that’s the kyn o’ thing that I like. See hyar—i-n in, c-o-n con, incon, v-e-r-t vert, invert, i, inconverti, b-i-l bil, inconvertibil, i, inconvertibili, t-y ty, inconvertibility—aint that he? Oh, I’m thinkin’ I can soap it off about right.”

READING followed. Tol. read Irving on the Absurdity of Human Warfare. The lection ran thus:—“The first conflict between man and man was the exertion of phy—phis—*what’s that, anyhow*—yes, physical force, unaided by—*wal, now, what’s the use o’ such barbarous words as them?*—auxiliary—*exactly*—weapons; his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace—*what’s the sense o’ mace*—and a broken head the—the—the—*thar now agin, aint that provokin’—catastrophe—I see*—of his encounters, &c., &c.”

Penmanship was next in order, and all had to write a line or two on whatever he chose.

Arithmetic was then introduced, and here Tolman came to a dead stand.

“I tell ye what it is, men, I never was much to school in my life. I cyphered as fur as Division, an’ it wa’n’t long till I forgot it all. I don’t pertend to much school larnin’ nohow. The neighbours about whar I live haint got no school within three or four miles, an’ they wanted me to give them a leetle touch as fur as the New Testament—so I agreed. I’ll profess no more.”

Poor Tolman being a farmer, was no wise in need of eking out a subsistence by keeping school, so, in consideration of the wants of the people to whom he had volunteered his services, he passed muster, and I believe instructed the children in the initiatory way well enough, all things considered. I have not heard whether he whittled any before his classes; but I may remark, that the New Englanders are a people noted for this practice, and I have heard of a gentleman who, having invited a party of them to dinner, ordered a shingle to be given to each of his guests to exercise their knives on, and to prevent the carving of his mahogany furniture.

Good schoolmasters are in much request in Illinois. The terms are these:—

Firstly—We will suppose a married man goes into a district where a teacher is wanted. He applies to a member of the school committee, and a meeting is called. They agree with him for from twelve to twenty dollars a month, according to the populousness of the district, and the probable attendance. Out of the township school funds he may receive forty dollars a quarter—the remainder has then to be made up by the parties who send to school. In some townships, where the school section has sold well, education is entirely free. The teacher should contract with the committee to collect for him the entire fees, as in many cases the parents are very remiss in paying up the small amount which is left them to pay by the school fund.

Secondly—If a young unmarried man should go into the same district, he will be asked whether he will remain in one place or “board round,” and a charge of from a dollar and a half to two dollars is made for his board.

“Wal, Mr. Savage, whether will you remain or board round?”

“Oh, I cale’late to remain.”

“I’ll board him” says Job Cole “for two dollars, an’ give him everything nice.”

“Wal now,” says Amaziah Jenkins, “you ought to let me hev ’im. I’ve more children nor you, an’ the master might be o’ some use to hum o’ nights to help’ em on wi’ their larnin’. I’ll board him for a dollar seventy-five.”

“Jink, I’ve as many as you, an’ I’ll board him for a dollar an’ a half,” says Tom Rogers.

Honest Mr. Savage, who sees hard work before him in his ordinary school labours, looks with an evil eye at the

proposal of worrying him to death, at nights, with additional annoyance; and being desirous besides of prosecuting private studies, gives his vote in favour of him who has the least or no children. This will sometimes create dissatisfaction; and the only alternative is to "board round," that is, remaining a week in the house of each of the parents who patronize the school, and this conciliates all parties. The learned man is of course a great favourite with all the good housewives, and a more than favourite with the young Misses—Cynthia, Polly, Amanda, and the rest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The broad, the bright, the glorious West
 Is spread before me now!
 Where the grey mists of morning rest
 Beneath the mountain's brow.
 The bound is past—the goal is won—
 The region of the setting sun
 Is open to my view.
 Land of the valiant and the free—
 Mine own, my British land—to thee
 And thine—a long adieu!"—*Anonymous.*

A SEVEN DAYS' TOUR OF EXPLORATION ON THE PRAIRIES.

IT was Indian Summer. The heat of summer had moderated, and the air was filled with that smoky haze which some simply enough suppose is caused by the burning of the great western prairies which lie between the Mississippi, and Rocky or Chippawan Mountains, by the Indians: a time which would satisfy the painter to his heart's content, in the matter of aerial perspective at least. Away, as we were, about the centre of the wide continent, we were not at that period of the year subject to so many changes of weather, as in ocean-bordered districts, and a "tract of good weather" could, therefore, be depended upon for a number of weeks. It was at such a time that I took it into my head to perform a journey on horseback, into some of the counties north of Fulton, to look about me, and pick up information as to the condition of the people in Northern Illinois, and to return by a different route, as was my custom when I went out for information. The particulars of this tour I am now about to lay before the reader; and if, from the various incidents and scenes I de-

scribe, I should give still more distinct views of the people and the country, the perusal will not be altogether useless.

My sturdy mare Snap—the mare for which I made my famous trade with Squire Ailsworth and others, was in good heart, having lived on the best of pasture, Indian corn, and oats. She had good teeth, and good teeth in a horse make a glossy hide. She was a wise, and altogether a notable creature. The name *Snap* had been conferred upon her, from a curious habit she had, as she trudged along, and hung her head somewhat from fatigue, of chopping her teeth together. Whenever Snap began to chop, I understood “there was a screw loose somewhere,” or in plain language, that she wasn’t satisfied; and as a merciful man shows it towards his beast, I sought out the cause, and remedied the defect if possible. On a fine morning, then, in the month of October we set out; that is, the mare and I, for a regular “flat-footed” exploration of men and scenes in the hyperborean regions of this western Paradise. I determined to let no opportunity slip me of making the most of my journey, and accordingly I took in the first place a westerly course for twelve miles in the direction of old Abel Walker’s, of whom I have spoken on page 56. The fine old fellow had wrought considerably upon my imagination since first I fell in with him, and I longed to visit him again, when I would have more leisure. By the time I reached the old man’s, I was about knocked up from the clumsy paces of Snap, whose legs appeared to be all of a piece, for she set down her foot as sturdily and firmly as the end of a fence rail, without the slightest elasticity about it. Well, well, she had a genius for pulling, if not for riding, and her rather clumsy head and great shoulders were no disadvantage to her as a beast of draught, so I forgave her.

I found old Abe all right among his animals. A lot of guinea fowls were making the most discordant noises about the premises. If the reader never heard the fowl itself, let him suppose himself listening to a grindstone revolving on its rusty gudgeons, every time it turns to a particular point screeching most piteously for oil, and he has an exact counterpart of the notes of these creatures,

“Good morning Mr Walker, how are you?”

“Oh th’ ’aint nothin’ wrong wi’ me; hitch up your hoss an’ walk in. Hev you ever been about these parts afore?”

“Yes, don’t you mind the gun-flints? I want to put my

horse in the stable. I'm going to stay with you all night, if you're agreeable."

"Why sartin—stay as long as you've a min' to. 'The flints did right well. You haint got any about you?"

"No, I'm not much given to gunning."

"Not much given to gunnin'!—why you're only half a man if so be that you aint a sportsman.—Oh snakes an' sally bushes!—I wouldn't give, d'ye believe it, the bad en' of a broken ramrod for you, if that's your kar-aktur. Wal, wal, never min', tie up your beast. Thar's oats in the bin without measure, an' hay as good as the best. Let the mare recruit, an' we'll hev a talk. It's more'n three days an' nights too, sin' the last traveller pulled up hyar, an' he warn't much of a man to talk to.

Going into the house, the good wife set before me a pile of dough-nuts (a species of "chicken fixin's," which the reader will find appropriately described in the chapter devoted to such matters), and a cold fowl, with pickled cucumbers and peach, wild plum, crab-apple, and blackberry, preserves. By this time I had learnt the propriety of being on my guard against such temptations, and acted accordingly. This was only a check, and by and bye supper was served up in regular form.

Old Abe's dwelling was what is called a double log-house, consisting of an apartment at each end, with a wide entrance in front, sufficient to run a wagon into. On each side of this *shed* were the smaller entrance-doors of each apartment, right and left. The whole was rude enough, but comfortable to people of few wants. The chinks were well filled up with lime. There was a good shingle roof, with brick chimneys, well laid plank floors, and turned posted bedsteads. The family consisted of the pioneer and his wife, a stout son, and two thrifty and good-looking daughters, one of whom, Abe told me, had been "three years in York State finishing her edication, an' could now talk French, paint flowers, an' play on the piano," which instrument they had in the house. "I don't want to be better off," said he, "I'm all right to a shingle nail. When I was a young man I was always reaching for'ard to something out o' reach, but now I've come to see that it's only foolishness, and right down vexation o' spirit. Whenever a place come to be some settled up about me, I couldn't stan' it, an' cleared out for a newer country, whar game abounded; but it's all bother I see. A man may fool away

his life just so, an' never hev a comfortable bite, or bed to lay him down on. This log-house is jest my fit. I like to see the rough ends o' the logs stickin' out. I was born in the woods, an' like to see things homely about me. I must hev a look once in a while at the animals I used to resort with, an' if they won't stay about the settlements, I must hold 'em. I can't do without 'em—that's it."

As for the fare of this log dwelling, and its way of being served up, I may mention that it is a characteristic of the western people, that even in the most unpromising places, she is a remarkable housewife, indeed, who cannot produce at meals a snow-white tablecloth, half-a-dozen good plates, and as many smart knives and forks, while the viands are not to be excelled in quality and cookery anywhere. Cookery and housewifery is indeed in the West AN ART, which requires some previous study and practice to attain to. The creature comforts of eating and drinking are so cheap and abundant, that the people will not be satisfied with that simplicity of diet which a healthful policy would dictate—but more of this in a future chapter.

Of course old Abe had to display his menagerie of animals. We bent our steps towards the deer park, wherein were some splendid animals, and Abe thus began:—

"You'd better believe it, stranger—I never did anywhar see sich a fine break of animals [deer], as used to be out on these Illinoy prairies, when I was in my prime. Thar's more'n a few yet; but I'm gittin' rusted up now, an' can't do the thing as I used to could. Lord help us, I *must* hev a sight of 'em somehow, an' thar they be, an' yet th' aint the same sort o' pleasure lookin' at a pa'cel o' tame animals, as at the raal natur' out an' out. You want a description of 'em, do ye? Wal, if I can't tell you somethin' about 'em, it's a pity. Yes, they're all bred in the park. I couldn't keep a wild one nohow. When I first started my park, I wanted to get some wild old fellers, an' I set myself to plannin' out how I could ketch 'em. Some fools told me to lay snares for 'em. Lord help their wit! they didn't know a deer as well as old Abe. The snares might possibly hev ketched some poor man's hog or calf; but ah—ah—you don't fool a deer so, now I tell you. Wal, I set out with Vanransellaer [his son] one moony night, an' we wounded one badly, an' the dogs brought him down. We got him home; an', as there wa'n't any bones broken, he got round; but, by gauly, you couldn't come within a hun-

dred yards of him. As soon as his wound got cleverly whole, he hadn't the smallest notion of stayin' in that enclosure; an' leaped so at the fence, that one day he broke his leg in two places, an' I hed to butcher him. Wal, I got another without any trouble, for one night he jumped right over the fence into the enclosure, to some fawns I hed got. Next day I was as proud as a coon wi' two tails, at my good luck; but when I thought on't, it wa'n't nothin', for the animal that could clear that ten-foot fence one way could do it 'tother—an' so he did; for when he came to know that he was fenced round, he threw up his heels, an' away to the woods. So I don't want wild deer in hyar: they'd only larn my tame fellers a bad habit. But, bless your body! don't you know it?—I've got a b'ar from Wisconsin. I tell you, Sir, I gin half a dozen sheep, an' two five-franc pieces for him, an' hed to carry him along from Rock Island. Thar he's over thar; let's go an, see him.—Git up, Bub (and he punched the surly fellow with the end of a six foot hiccory pole); thar's a critter worth lookin' out o' your face at. He was cotched young, an' haint much o' the venomous natur' to show; but he's a beauty, aint he? Why man, look at his nozzle. It's as neat a snout that, as you'd see in a month's hunt (hangs his head to one side, and looks at Bruin admiringly). Thar's a coat o' fur worth four silver dollars, any week day atween this an' to-morrer next year. You want his description? Wal:—The b'ar—tha. is, the black b'ar, is a raal native American; he's not a vicious thing—not he; he don't want to meddle a man if he's let be; but now I *tell* ye, you'd better let him be, or he'll squarm* like his mother's own son—that's a fact. He's more of a vegetable eater than not, but he'll not spit out meat, I'm guessin'. Along in the fall, he takes to a hole in a tree—that is, if he's in good condition—an' goes to sleep till spring. When he wakes up, he's boun' for eatin'—that's sartin'; an' then stan' clear. You ought to see him goin' up a tree. I raythur think it takes him to do it. He aint slow on ground aythur, I'm thinkin'. I'd hate to be badly off wi' corned toes or flat feet, if I'd to take the lead afore him over a five mile prairie. The she-b'ar hes two or three whelps at a litter, an' I guess *my* left fool knows what kind o' grit *she* shows when her young ones is about han'. Away out on the Massissippa, I was strollin' about once among the bluffs and knubs with my rifle. I sees

* Rebel—wince.

a pair o' turkeys away off on a tree down in a holler, an' I sets off to prospect a leetle closer. Running up a leetle ravine, I gets within reach of 'em, an' away goes Sall. By snakes! the piece had no sooner spoken than out staggers a b'ar whelp from below a holler bank an' some bushes. Wal, I knew the old beast couldn't be fur off, but I gave the whelp a punch wi' the muzzle o' Sall anyhow, when—by Sodom and Gomorrah! out jumps the mother. She picked up her brat, an' ran back to her den with it, an' now I concluded my time was about up; so I threw down Sall, an' made a clear break for the river bottom. It wa'n't long till the black devil was on my trail, an' I saw I hed no chance. Thinks I—'I aint ready to cave in yet, an' I'll give you fight for it.' Comin' to a suitable tree, I kicked off my boots, an' up went Abe. Out went my knife, an' I set to cuttin' off a stout piece of a limb to beat back the vicious thing, but, Sir, before I had got my stick fairly cut through she was up half-way, an' comin' at me like evermore. I hadn't a hate but my stockin's on, but, as she shot up her nose within reach, I let fly sich a kick at her as ought to have scared her, but no! she ketched the two leetle toes o' my left foot an' bit them clean aff. Wal, I twisted off the limb, an' jist as she had laid hold of me by the leg, I hit her sich a rap across the snout as made her shut her eyes an' open her jaws like a jackass agoin' to holler. Wal I hit her agin, in the same fashion, an' she couldn't stan' it nohow; so she slid back'ards down the tree, an' took a rest at the bottom, looking up sweet at Abe, every once in a while pawing her snout, wondering what was the matter with it. Wal she wa'n't discouraged yet, so she come right up agin. I was beginning to get faint from loss of blood, but life was precious, an' I hit her another rap as often as she came in reach, for she clung on snapping her teeth at me. Wal I saw I hed the upper han' an' I wa'u't agoin' to miss my advantage, so I let her feel the stick oftener than suited her notion of comfort. Comin' on a kind o' finishing blow the stick flew out o' my han' an' thar I was,—about tuckered out—an' the savage beast hingin' on ready to use me up. Wal I out wi' my knife an' jabbed it right into her eye. 'An eye for an eye an' a tooth for a tooth,' says I as the varmint let go her hold an' fell down at the foot of the tree. Wal the blood flew from the wound mighty sassy. 'Take that for my two toes,' says I, but it looked as if every minute it would heve been *my* turn to

fall next. I looks away off in the direction of the river, an' thar I sees Vanransellaer loafin' roun', 'Hello, boy,' shouts I, 'come this way.' Wal he neither heerd nor seen me for a considerable spell, at last he came along, an' made a slat at the b'ar, but she didn't let on, she was so badly hurt in the eye. 'Run over, boy,' says I, 'an' bring down Sall out o' yon holler an' finish her.' Wal we might hev hed b'ar meat, hed it not been that we couldn't stomach the idee that the brute hed swallered my two toes, so Van. skinned her, an' let her lay."

In this style the fine old fellow went over the contents of his menagerie, each 'possums, kunk, and badger, having a story illustrative of its history; but want of space forbids that I should enter more largely upon the subject.

Speaking of rattlesnakes, he told me that at one time he was in the habit of nipping their rattles off, after killing the snakes, and putting them into his waistcoat pocket. One day, being in a hurry, he put his hand into his pocket for a "chaw," and, before he was aware, found himself crunching a rattle under his teeth. This cured him of his bad habit.

Next morning (Tuesday) I set forth betimes. The weather was delightful, and both Snap and her master were in the best humour. From Abel Walker's we struck due north. At first I meant to pay no attention to the poor, shabby, rutty roads, which pretended to lead from one place to another, and struck out boldly across the plain; but Snap, who knew a thing or two as well as some others, disputed the propriety of this decision, and by a sort of knowing, sideling manoeuvre, with her ears down, and an occasional "chop," intimated pretty distinctly her preference for the beaten path. By and bye she had made so much lee-way that she gained the road, and by a snort, a long-drawn sigh, and a brisk step, expressed her relief at the success of her little stratagem. "A knowing nag art thou," thought I, "and independent withal; thy sagacity may be of use to me some day. Go ahead."

The reader must understand, if the idea has not yet been impressed upon his mind, that in the part of the State in which I now travelled, and indeed in the whole of Northern Illinois, the settlements were rather thin, that there were few or none upon the large prairies, and that a traveller, in general, looked for houses only in and on the borders of the forest. As I pushed along, rejoicing in vigorous health, and

perfect freedom, the splendour of the prairies, lighted up by the gorgeous rays of an autumnal sun, were such as to cause a bounding of the heart, and a thrill of joy, as the eye wandered up and down over the enchanting scene. At this moment the words of Boz, depreciatory of a prairie, arose to my memory.

The cynical novellist, to whom the Americans owe more than a grudge, in consideration of the very scurvy way in which he has spoken of them and their country, in exchange for the very liberal hospitality with which they received him, had set out from St. Louis with a party of fourteen, crossed the Mississippi, and embarked in "a light carriage with a very stout axletree; one something on wheels, like an amateur-carrier's cart." In this he went to take a look at the Looking-Glass Prairie. He sets out in a crabbed, moody disposition, as may be easily seen from the commencement of the chapter; and there is no doubt, but the Looking-Glass Prairie will render him back an image of himself—body and sleeves.

At sunset he arrived on the prairie, after a day's adventures, detailed in as splenetic a manner as can well be supposed. And now the prairie is about to catch it:—

"It would be difficult to say why or how—though it was possibly from having heard and read so much about it—but the effect on me was disappointment. Looking towards the setting sun, there lay, stretched out before my eyes, a vast expanse of level ground; unbroken, save by a thin line of trees, which scarcely amounted to a scratch upon the great blank, until it met the glowing sky, wherein it seemed to dip, mingling with its rich colours, and mellowing in its distant blue. There it lay, a tranquil sea or lake without water, if such a simile be admissable, with the day going down upon it, a few birds wheeling here and there, and solitude and silence reigning paramount around. But the grass was not yet high—there were bare black patches on the ground; and the few wild flowers that the eye could see, were few and scanty. Great as the picture was, its very flatness and extent, which left nothing to the imagination, tamed it down and cramped its interest. I felt little of that freedom and exhilaration which a Scottish heath inspires, or even our English downs awaken. It was lonely and wild, but oppressive in its barren monotony. I felt that in traversing the prairies I could never abandon myself to the scene, forgetful of all else—as I should do instinctively, were

the heather underneath my feet, or an iron-bound coast beyond—but should often glance towards the distant and frequently-receding line of the horizon, and wish it gained and passed. It is not a scene to be forgotten; but it is scarcely one, I think (at all events, as I saw it), to remember with much pleasure, or to covet the looking on again, in after life.”

My trusty Rosinante—my faithful Snap—my prairie bird—as we sojourn along these lovely plains, thy master’s imagination is so stirred with the glories of the prairies, that he will even take up this dry-*à*s-dust paragraph and hang a few wild prairie flowers around it. Let us suppose ourselves standing on the Looking Glass Prairie, and see if there be “nothing left to the imagination.”

“Looking towards the setting sun,” in this the land of the setting sun, “there lay stretched out before my view, a vast expanse of level ground, unbroken save by one thin line of trees, which scarcely amounted to a scratch upon the great blank, until it met the glowing sky wherein it seemed to dip, mingling with its rich colours and mellowing into its distant blue.” And I stood upon the one edge of this great disc, “which lay like a tranquil sea or lake without water, with the day going down upon it, a few birds wheeling here and there, and solitude and silence reigning paramount around.” It was spring, the young grass had not yet covered the footsteps of the fire spirit which had the winter before swept across the plain. Blue flowers were here and there beginning to expand among the young herbage, and the coming of the gorgeous summer might be distinctly read in the buddings of the early spring. But there was a COMING whose distant murmur might have been heard by the ear of faith, even now! A few more sunsets and the vast plain which is now overcast with the shades of evening, looking more and more like the great valley of vision—even here a POWER more energetic than the red-winged fire spirit is bearing down! Every evening zephyr, and every morning breeze is wafting the sound across the plain—it is growing more intense. Already I hear them coming—’tis the sound of footsteps—the neighing of the horse—the low of the ox—the bleat of the sheep—the lofty tones of man’s voice—the tender accents of woman—and the merry ringing laugh of childhood! They are coming—the great throng—“to multiply and replenish the earth”—to subdue it—“to make the desert a

fruitful field, and the fruitful field as the garden of the Lord." Here are no rugged rocks nor barren heaths, but a fertile and virgin soil, to gladden the heart of the great coming multitude. A century hence, and thousands and tens of thousands of human beings shall here have come into being, fulfilled their destiny, and been mixed with their mother earth. Yes! the insensate clods on the plain before me are destined to rise up in the form of "fair women and brave men," to take an active part in that great future in store for the land of Washington! Yea, verily, to lift up their voices "as the sound of many waters," to the God of Jacob—to originate new modes of thought and of action—to speak through the press, the pulpit, and the tribune, in those words of educated power which influence the fate of men and nations. Surely if it be so that we are to tread lightly and reverently on the ashes of the illustrious dead, what should his feelings be, who walks upon the mysterious and plastic materials destined to form the bone and muscle, the thews and sinews of many unborn generations!

In eight miles from Abel Walker's, I arrived at the settlement of Tolman Rolfe, situated under the shelter of a heavy and gloomy forest. Mr. Rolfe's house consisted of two stories, built of brick, with a tasteful wooden verandah in front and rear. Taste and tidiness bore rule. The morning was not yet far spent, and I determined to make some stay here, to learn from the owner somewhat of the capacities of the country, of the productions and practical experiences of an apparently practical man.

Mr. Rolfe, who was reading the *New York Herald*, on the wooden platform at his door, bade we welcome; shook me by the hand as heartily as if I had been an old acquaintance, and expressed a hope that I was not "in a hurry."

"I don't," said he, "often get a look at a stranger. The fact is, I'm located on a sort of cross road here, and people's business don't much lie past my doors."

"Then, Mr. Rolfe, you are just the sort of man I wish to encounter, one who appears to be thriving, and yet has a little time to spare to give information on agricultural matters in general."

"You're out making inquiries—eh?"

"Yes. I'm an immigrant. I've been now in this State for two years, but still there is a good deal of information which I have not yet obtained to, and as I have some ideas of returning to Scotland for a year or two, correct informa-

tion would be valuable to any there who might be inquiring, and I am now making a tour for the purpose of learning all I can."

"Right!—right! Well I'm just at present clear handed. I'll have two weeks of empty time, then I go into my winter work, so I'll be particularly happy to give you all information I can. I farm here a hundred and sixty acres, and I have in all a section of land. I moved west for the advantage of the youngsters. I've no less than a clear dozen of 'em. Walk into the house, Sir, and make yourself contented. We've plenty of accommodation here for man and beast."

I was ushered into a comfortable apartment, the floor was painted a bright yellow, the walls were nicely papered, and the furniture was neat and substantial. Mr. Rolfe had at this time about his establishment seven negroes, four men and three women. He informed me that six years ago he was a Virginian tobacco-planter, and "partly from conscientious motives, and partly from the wearing out of the soil on his estate," he had liberated his slaves, seven of whom had got so attached to him that they would not leave him. The Southern men are remarkable for their chivalrous hospitality to strangers, and this gentleman fully supported the Southern character. From him I gleaned many facts in agriculture which will be acceptable to the reader.

With respect to climate throughout the States and Canada, I am enabled to present the following table of the flowering times of the peach, apple, and cherry, as varying over a latitude of fourteen degrees :—

TIMES OF THE FLOWERING OF THE PEACH, CHERRY, AND APPLE TREES, AT DIFFERENT PLACES.

	Lat.	Peach.	Cherry.	Apple.
Montreal, Canada,	45.35	May 19 . . .	May 24	May 25
Brunswick, Me.,	43.53	do. 16	do. 29
Albany, N. Y.,	43.39	do. 12	. . .	do. 15
Boston, Mass.,	42.23	do. 9	do. 9	do. 18
New York, N. Y.,	40.42	April 21—26	April 25—30	do. 4
Philadelphia, Pa.,	39.56	do. 15	do. 20	April 20
Baltimore, Md.,	39.21	do. 9	do. 8	do. 14
Lexington, Ken.,	38. 6	do. 6—15	. . .	do. 10
Richmond, Va.,	37.40	March 26—April 6	do. 4	do. 10—18
Charleston, S. C.,	34.44	do. 6—12	March 24	do. 4
Fort Claiborne, Ala.	31.50	do. 4

Over this extent of territory, the difference is so great that

while in Canada wheat harvest comes on in August, in the State of Mississippi it has been cut down on the 14th of May.

As to wheat, that principal food of man, Mr. Rolfe's conversation ran thus :—

“Wheat is a very variable crop in this country, owing somewhat to a slight difference in the soil, but much more to the difference observable in the mode of cultivation. When I first came to the State I was anxious to ascertain this for myself, but the estimates of producers took such a wide range, that I was very much confounded about the whole matter. The statements varied from eight to thirty-five bushels to the acre. After looking about me for a little I soon came to see a good reason for the difference in the averages. Mr. Isaac Underhill has a farm at Rome on the Illinois river, consisting of 2.330 nearly all of which is under board or rail fence. On one side is a straight line of fence three miles long. One of his fields produces thirty-five bushels to the acre, and the year I visited him he was about to put in seven or eight hundred acres of wheat. But he was what we call in this country, a “Book Farmer,” that is, one who farms on scientific principles—reads books on the subject, and makes experiments. It was his opinion that the virgin soil could not be made to raise more than thirty-five bushels with the best cultivation, but he was about, by ploughing deep, stirring up the subsoil, and manuring well, to see what could be done. I have since tried manuring, deep ploughing, and rolling, and I have no doubt but that by a continued use of these methods of working, the yield may be increased very materially. The system can only be gone into by men of capital. Men of small means however, must be content to turn over their four inches of soil, and to get out from eight to twenty bushels. From the experiments which are now going on over the State, the general fact will no doubt be established, that as the settlers increase in means, and are able to go into a more thorough system of labour, a proportionate award awaits them in a larger yield. Last fall I ploughed in deep, well-rotted manure, on ten acres, sowed early, and rolled with a stone roller, and my produce amounted to twenty-six bushels per acre, while my shallow-ploughed ground gave only twenty-two; and this year, for the sake of seeing what the soil can do, I have the same piece of ground under wheat again, for you are aware I could not get the entire

benefit of the manure the first year. I find a variety of seed called the China wheat, does well, and another kind called the Red Chaff Bald, does about equally well. Yes, I mean to follow the rotation system, and do to a certain extent, but there is a great temptation here to neglect it from the richness of the soil, and the pressing demands of a body of farmers who possess little or no capital. Certainly, I try all sorts of experiments. This year, about the middle of May, I planted in my garden twelve rows of potatoes, each row twelve and a-half rods long, and a trifle less than four feet apart. The different rows were all planted with from four to six eyes in a hill,* and the hills about three feet apart, except three rows of Rohans, which were put, the first row, one eye in a hill, and hills two feet apart; the second, two eyes in a hill, and three feet apart; the third, three or four eyes in a hill, and four feet apart. At the suitable time a plough was passed between the rows, and they were all well hoed. The weeds were pulled out and they stood perfectly clear and clean till they were dug. The produce of the different varieties was as follows :—

		lbs.
One row of	Pink-eyes yielded.....	80
„	„ Irish Greys, or flesh-coloured,.....	68 $\frac{1}{4}$
Two	„ Kidney potatoes, 134 lbs. To the row,	67
One	„ Meshanocks or Mercers,.....	47
„	„ Early Whites (a seedling from the plum of 1839),.....	43 $\frac{1}{2}$
Two	„ Late Whites (seedling), 144 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. To the row,.....	72 $\frac{1}{4}$
One	„ Late Reds (seedling),.....	66 $\frac{1}{2}$
Three	„ Rohans, 145 lbs. To the row,.....	48 $\frac{1}{3}$

“The second row of the Rohans was best, the third poorest, but the difference not great. The early whites were ripe full two weeks sooner than any of the others, the Meshanocks next, then Irish greys, then pink-eyes. Of the other varieties, the vines [stalks] were all slightly and nearly equally green at the time of the first frost. The kinds soonest ripe, of course, must have received least benefit from the little rain which fell in the season; but all suffered so much from drought as not to yield much, if any

* A “hill” of potatoes is the place where a group of “sets” are planted. As they grow up, the earth is drawn up with a hoe from all sides, and this forms a small hillock.

more, I think, than one-third of a good crop. I gave each variety the fairest opportunity I could, to tell its own value; and it seems in this case the Rohans, from some cause or other, have made out a very poor story."

BLUE GRASS.

"Blue grass will grow upon any of the soils of Illinois; but it delights in a moist situation. Hence swails, level or wet prairie, bottom-land, and barrens, are best adapted to its cultivation. It suffers in the heat of summer upon the rolling prairie, unless mixed with clover, which, by its broad leaves, protects the roots of blue grass from the rays of the sun, or unless it is suffered to grow unmolested, in which case it protects itself. Close feeding in the summer will keep it short and stunted until the fall rains set in.

"*Sowing.*—The seed ripens the 1st of July; hence any time after that until October will answer for sowing. It is better that it should get a start in the fall, as it does better the succeeding season. It will not generally make a sward for itself in less than two years; hence it should be sown with other grasses, such as Timothy or clover, or both. Were I to set ten acres in blue grass, I should pursue the following method:—Prepare the ground for wheat and make it smooth; take one peck of timothy, four qts. of clover, and four qts. of blue grass seed, and mix them thoroughly; sow one peck of the mixture about the 1st September, or later. If sowed without fall grain, and the season be at all favourable, a fine crop of Timothy and clover may be cut the succeeding summer. Some prefer to omit the clover until spring; in which case it escapes danger from the winter. The blue grass will hardly show itself the first season, and those unacquainted with it will be apt to suppose that their seed was bad, or that it had not come up. The second season, I would pasture it with cattle or horses. This mode will have a tendency to kill out the clover and Timothy, and in the fall of that season the blue grass will show itself. The *teathe* (as the English call it) of cattle, seems to be necessary to bring them forth thriftily, or it may be that the *mere tramping* the ground has a beneficial effect upon it.

"*Seed.*—What is called stripped seed is the kind commonly found in market. Some sell what is called *cleaned* seed, but it has all the chaff in it, and is only separated from the seed stems. The stripped seed is preferable, as its

elasticity prevents its suffering with dampness, as the cleaned seed sometimes does. Great care is requisite in obtaining the seed, as it frequently loses its vital qualities by storage in damp warehouses. Before using the stripped seed, rub it through a common wire meal sieve. This comminutes it, and permits distribution among the other seeds with which you sow it.

“Blue grass will grow on the unbroken prairie, but will not show itself until the prairie grass has been killed out by pasturing. I presume, in point of fact, that blue grass sowed at any season of the year, in any manner, and upon any kind of soil, will grow and flourish sooner or later, according to circumstances. Tramping the ground at intervals is of prime necessity to bring it out, as far as my observation extends. Blue grass spreads very rapidly *by its roots*, as well as by the annual seed.

“Blue grass pastures, as well as others, will become what is called *hide bound*, in the course of years. In such a case, a sharp harrow, well loaded and dragged over it, so as to tear the sod materially, or a scarifier, which should cut two or three inches in depth, will produce the best effects. In truth, all our grasses are as much improved by *cultivation*, in frequently tearing the roots, as any of our grains or vegetables. The best time for the operation is late in the fall; but the spring will answer, if done early.”

RYE PASTURES—BUCKWHEAT AND RYE.

“For the past two years I have raised about five acres of rye each year, which have produced me abundance of green feed, for at least ten head of calves, colts, and yearlings, with an addition of a mare or cow occasionally, one month earlier, and six weeks later, than I have had any other good green feed. My practice, thus far, has been to pasture it from the time that prairie grass fails in, fall, till the rye begins to joint, which is from the first of May till 1st June, according to the season, and the time of sowing; and each year I have taken a good crop of rye from the ground. The first year I sowed rye and buckwheat on the ground (raw prairie, broken just about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep), in the proportion of three pecks buckwheat, and one peck of rye to the acre, and harrowed it in with a light harrow, about the 20th or 25th of June; harvested ten or twelve bushels of good buckwheat to the acre, about the 10th of September; and about the middle of July ensuing, took off about the

same quantity of first-rate rye, after pasturing till 1st June, as above. The 1st of September last, I ploughed the same ground five or six inches deep, with one span of horses, sowed one bushel of rye to the acre, and harrowed it down; turned in a mare, colt, and calves, as soon as the rye was well up, and prairie grass failed, and kept them on it until severe weather forced them off to be housed. Early in March last I turned on to it my calves, and soon my yearlings, and then a mare and colt, and pastured it until it began to joint, about the 10th of May, and the crop I have taken from it this season is called a very heavy crop, but it is not yet thrashed; and not a spear of buckwheat has ever made its appearance, to my knowledge, amongst the rye. Query—Is not this the way to raise buckwheat? Ground rye mixed with cut straw makes the best kind of horse feed, and is very nutritious for any kind of stock, and good rye bread is doubtless much healthier than wheat bread. I consider also that rye, sown any time during the middle of June and 1st of October, is a certain crop, if there be any. I am disposed to believe, that no farmer who once tries sowing rye for feed for his sheep, calves, and colts, or, in fact, any stock, early and late, will omit it afterwards on any account. Many of the best farmers and cattle-breeders in Ohio, where they have Timothy, clover, and blue grass, will have also the rye pastures, which, early and late in the season, are considered preferable to any other.”

We now took a walk out to look at the improvements. As Mr. Rolfe was a man of capital, he was able to conduct his business with less of an eye to an immediate return for his first labours than many of his neighbours, and, therefore, his first care, in settling on the prairies, was to get things into good order—his house substantially put up—barns, outhouses, fences, and implements of good quality—and his commencement once made, he was ready to go ahead in good earnest. For the information of those interested, I will close with Mr. Rolfe by giving an inventory of his property:—

	Dols.
A section of land—500 acres prairie, 140 timber,	1280
Fencing 160 acres, with 24,000 rails and stakes,	400
Two-storey brick house, with ten rooms,	1000
Barn (framed), 100 feet by 50,	1000
Other out-houses,	450
Farming implements, farming, &c.,	1000

	Dols.
Live stock—horses, neat cattle, sheep, and hogs,	750
Household furniture, sundries,	1000
	6880

Were we to add to this the expense of “breaking” the above 160 acres, of building the fence, making gates, bridges, well, &c., &c., we would find the whole to amount to somewhere about 7500 dollars, or £1500 sterling. Of course, not one man in two thousand, who settle on the prairies, could make such an opening as this.

To dinner we had abundance of good and substantial food, with more delicacies than would have been advisable to indulge in. Mr. Rolfe was a true-hearted Yankee. Like many more of his countrymen, he had a secret distrust of Great Britain, and perhaps somewhat of a grudge too. “I have no hatred, nor the slightest particle of ill-will,” said he, “to a Briton. They are our nearest relations. Our laws are founded upon those of the mother country. We speak the language of Shakspeare, and we have ties in common, which ought to keep us in peace with each other; and yet no American can ever forget, that the bitterest and most unscrupulous enemy of this country has been Great Britain. As an example of the rancorous and barbarian manner in which she has pursued us, I have only to mention the ruthless and Gothic incendiarism which, under the orders of General Ross, burnt up the houses of Congress, and our invaluable public records, in 1814—an act utterly unworthy a civilized nation, and for which there is no atonement.”

Let us hope that the days when such rampant stupidity ruled the world, are gone for ever. There are certain acts of our country towards her colonies, which no sane man will attempt to justify. The wonder is that a nation so noted for its generosity, could *tolerate* such blackguard acts in its statesmen and soldiery, as those which haunted this man’s memory.

By two o’clock in the afternoon, I set forth. Mr. Rolfe expected I would “stay with him for a week,” and would not hear of payment for his hospitality.

My road lay through a vast forest, consisting principally of the different species of oak, elm, walnut, and an occasional cedar, none of the latter of more than nine or ten inches in diameter. This forest possessed a grandeur and magnificence which absorbed and awed the mind. If on the

prairie one is carried away by the expansiveness of the plain, and the equally expansive destiny of its coming population, how much more so in the listening forest with its "long drawn aisles and fretted vaults," its dark and mysterious recesses and blue vistas. The great and massive trunks towered away in majesty and power, their lusty arms thrown about in a vigorous and unstinted growth, while the resplendent hues of autumn on the exuberant foliage, from ruby red to cinnerous grey, completed the glory of the scene.

Passing on, I emerged from the wood, crossed a half mile prairie, and again entered another forest, similar to the last. The sound of a woodman's axe caused me to diverge from the beaten path, and I drew up beside a stout built little man, who was diligently engaged in making sap-troughs for maple sugar-making in the coming spring.

"Good evenin' Sir," said the Backwoodsman, "how are you?"

"Pretty well. You're busy I see."

"I'm boun' to be, Sir."

"Do you live near this?"

"About a hundred rods off, right over thar."

"Have you been long settled here, Sir?"

"Not a great while; I only came in last spring."

"And you have settled in the heart of the forest—I should think you might prefer to purchase cleared land."

"Wal, I guess I haint purchased any. I've settled down right hyar till the owner comes along. I did live in Ohio afore I came out hyar, but I got my house thar burnt up, an' every stick an' rag I hed went to smoke. Do you own land about hyar?"

The last was said in a manner which showed that the poor man had some fears that I might possibly be the owner of the ground on which his house stood. On assuring him that I had no concern in anything thereabout, he felt evidently relieved, and proposed that we should go over to the house. It appeared that when the squatter, whose name was Burke Williams, first arrived with his wife and three children, the eldest of whom was only seven years of age, he was poorly enough equipped. But he shall tell his own story. He was a tight, firm, sturdy little fellow, one of those Yankees of whom it is affirmed—"place one on a desolate rock in the midst of the sea, with nothing but a

jack knife and a shingle, and he will have a patent out in week."

"I brought the old 'oman an' the children along in a Pennsylvaney wagon, an' except that an' a span o' horses, I was clear-handed enough for a western country. Wal I hed been *raised* in the woods, an' I didn't much like the bare prairies, so I pulled up on a stump in this forest, in the month o' May last. The weather was warm, an' I set up a tent till I could turn myself. I knocked up a few sticks, an' whittled away with my axe, till I got this house put together. I've cleared five acres down thar, an' got me in some wheat. This winter I'm calc'latin to clear ten more, or maybe fifteen, an' I guess that'll about do."

"You must have a stout heart to begin on such a narrow foundation."

"Oh, I raythur think Burke Williams was never mightily scared yet. I'll tell you what I want right badly—I want society. It's an almighty lonesome business to work the timber alone; but th'aint any help for it, an' still the work must be done."

"But don't you feel less interest in clearing and making improvements on land not your own, than if you had a title."

"Oh, I aint particular. If the owner *should* come along in a year or two, maybe I'll be able to make a trade with him. I don't much trouble myself about that. If thar's work to be done, I go at it, an' that's all about it."

Reader, did you ever hear of a squatter's mode of catching a chicken? I'm sure you have not—then listen. As supper-time drew on, the goodwife, whose steady thrift was making a very favourable impression on her household, informed "Burke" that she'd "like a chicken to cook." The squatter, with sober gravity, pulling away at a cob-pipe, arose and went to the door where the poultry were congregated. He quietly picked up a stout faggot about two feet long, balanced himself on the right foot—hung his head sideways—shut an eye, and let fly the stick in among "the chickens"—"downed" one—picked it up—caught up his axe, and gullotined it, then threw it down to the Missis—sat down and resumed his chat, "as cool as a cucumber." From this it will be seen that "chicken fixin's" have not entirely lost their interest yet.

As his means were but slender, the squatter was fain to live very temperately till he got his first crop off. Indian

corn, prepared in various ways, was his chief staff, being easiest procured, even in that cheap country.

"How do you use it?" inquired I.

"Wal, we take it in the form of Mush, Bread, and Hominy,* an' I don't want better food than you can scare up out o' corn. It agrees right wal with a man's innards. It'll never give one that works hard, an' depends on it for a livin', the yaller jaundice, I'm sartin."

The good wife kept plenty of "chickens," and had already provided excellent feather beds, without which no Western woman can "git along." She laughed heartily when I told her that in my country there were thousands of families whose ambition was quite content to lie down on a good bed of chaff. Such a bed she had never heard of before. She could understand about cotton, pine tops, straw, and Indian Corn husks for a bed, but chaff was entirely out of the question.

At bed-time, after a long chat, intermingled with many strange adventures, I sunk down into a feather bed, exceedingly soothing to a poor traveller, so cogitating on the comparative merits of an old and a new country—the fortunes of capitalists, and of squatters—chicken fixin's, and the opposite—with the probable adventures of the morrow, I fell asleep, and the cocks and children were crowing, the goodman out chopping wood, and the wife milking the cow, when I again opened my eyes in this lodge in the wilderness.

After breakfast I took a walk out to look at the goodman's labours. He had wrought diligently, certainly. Having had no help in clearing the forest, he was under the necessity of cutting up his trees into short lengths, to attach his logging chains and "snake," or haul them off to one side. The forest was no place for a dandy, truly. The man who looked upon labour only as a curse, would here be cursed indeed—cursed out-doors and in—cursed in the four points of the compass. But to him who could see that man was made not "to mourn" but to work; to work, not as a slave, but as a freeman, that he might ENJOY THE FRUIT OF HIS OWN LABOUR, here was abundance, which would yield an abundant reward. Here lay the sturdy pioneer's five acres, encircled by the tall forest, while the morning sun, which was sending forth millions of golden bars

* For Recipes for cooking these "common doin's," see a future chapter.

of light through among the gorgeous foliage, was rapidly surmounting the tree tops, and pouring in a flood of glory upon this little break in the wilderness, to bless with its beams the labour of man's hand.

When I fell in with the squatter the day before, he was busy making sap troughs for catching the juice of the sugar-maple. The process of sugar making I will now give as taken from an American book, and as with slight modifications I have often seen it performed on the pleasant and picturesque banks of Spoon river, where the farmers erect a rough shed of logs, alongside of which they establish their fires, and set to work. This is called the "Sugar-Bush."

"The process in the new States was very simple, being nothing more than evaporating the sap in iron kettles, usually of about the capacity of fifteen gallons, each suspended over a fire made of logs, in the open air. When the sap is evaporated in the ratio of about ten or twelve gallons into one. The product is taken from the kettles and strained through a flannel bag, which takes from the syrup the leaves, coals, &c., which get into the kettles while over the fire. The syrup is then put into deep vessels, where it remains for two or three days to settle. It is then carefully taken from the vessels, leaving the sediments, and returned to the kettles, with the addition of about a pint of skim milk to a kettle containing eight or nine gallons of syrup. It is then slowly heated, when most of the impurities remaining in it will rise to the surface, and may be taken off with a skimmer. The syrup is then evaporated to the proper consistency, which is ascertained by cooling small quantities in a spoon or in some small vessel. The product is then taken from the fire, and either stirred until it is cool, by which it becomes dry sugar; or more commonly it is put into a tub or trough, and left to cool, without stirring. This is afterwards drained by drawing a plug from the bottom of the tub or trough, thus separating the molasses from the sugar.

"In the early settlements of the State, and even at the present time in new settlements, the above has been the usual mode of making sugar.

"In the older settlements buildings are erected within or near the sugar orchards. In these buildings, large kettles are set in brick furnaces, for the purpose of evaporating the sap. In some of them shallow pans made of sheet iron,

about six inches in depth, and of various dimensions, are also used. These pans are also set in brick furnaces, and are believed to evaporate much faster than deep kettles of the same capacity.

“The common method of extracting the sap from the maple is by boring into the tree about two inches with a three-quarter inch bit or auger. The sap is then conveyed into small tubs holding three or four gallons each, called sap buckets, by spiles slightly inserted into the tree. It takes about four gallons of sap to make one pound of sugar. The season for making sugar in Vermont commences between the middle of March and the first April, as the spring is more or less forward, and lasts about three weeks. One hundred good trees will yield sap sufficient to make from three to five hundred-weight of sugar.”

A farmer who received the New York State Agricultural Society's first premium for the best maple sugar, thus writes :—

“To the Committee on Maple Sugar of the New York state Agricultural Society.

“GENTLEMEN,—I herewith submit to your inspection 40lbs. of my maple sugar. The following is a statement of the manner of making and clarifying the same :—

“In the first place, I make my buckets, tubs, and kettles, all clean. I boil the sap in a potash kettle, set in an arch, in such a manner that the edge of the kettle is defended all round from the fire. I boil through the day; taking care not to have anything in the kettle that will give colour to the sap, and to keep it well skimmed. At night, I leave fire enough under the kettle to boil the sap nearly, or quite to syrup, by the next morning. I then take it out of the kettle, and strain it through a flannel cloth into a tub, if it is sweet enough; if not, I put it into a caldron kettle which I have on a pole in such a manner that I can swing it on and off the fire at pleasure, and boil it until it is sweet enough, and then strain it into the tub, and let it stand till next morning. I then take it and the syrup in the kettle, and put all together into the caldron and sugar it off. I used to clarify, say 100lbs. of sugar with the whites of four or five eggs well beaten, about one quart of new milk, and a spoonful of salæratu, all well mixed with the syrup before it is scalding hot. I then make a moderate fire directly under the caldron, until the scum is all raised. Then skim it off clean, taking care not to let it boil, so, as

to rise in the kettle before I have done skimming it. I then sugar it off, leaving it so damp that it will drain a little, until it is well granulated. I then put it into boxes made smallest at the bottom, that will hold from 50 to 70lbs., having a thin piece of board fitted in, two or three inches above the bottom, which is bored full of small holes to let the molasses drain through, which I keep drawn off by a tap through the bottom. I put on the top of the sugar in the box a clean damp cloth, and over that a board well fitted in, so as to exclude the air from the sugar. After it has done, or nearly done, draining, I dissolve it, and sugar it off again, going through with the same process in clarifying and draining as before.

“ I do certify that the above is a correct statement of my mode of making maple sugar.

“ JOEL WOODWORTH.”

The charge for myself and horse for entertainment, was a quarter dollar; and, after looking round, at ten o'clock I set forth in quest of information and adventures. Before I part with Burke Williams, I may say that his log-house, which was a substantial one, was put up without the aid of a single nail, or other iron fastening, except the panes of glass in the window, which were held in their place by means of little pieces of tin, clipped sharp, and thrust with the finger into the sash in front of the glass all round, in place of putty. Indeed, in this journey I encountered so many amusing inventions as make-shifts for something better, that I often stood and laughed outright, at the oddity and originality of many of them.

Passing over a fine country, with pleasant alternations of forest and prairie, I came in eight miles to a little village named Jonesboro', situated in the environs of a wood, and rode up to the store, which in general is the most public house of the village. Thither the people resort, not only to make purchases, but to discuss the affairs of the place, country, State, and nation. The widest space in the building, which was of one story, and built of logs, was in front of the counters. This was seated with eight or nine hickory chairs, with upright backs and bark bottoms. The quidnuncs were circled round, driving a chat of no small dimensions. Others were seated on a wooden platform in front of the door; some driving a trade, some seeking advice and instruction as to the best modes of doctoring a foun-

dered horse, of grafting fruit trees, of recovering payment for a bad debt, &c., &c. About these stores in every town and village, there is a certain character, he may be a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, or nothing in particular, who devotes his time and talents, having some capital, to "Trading." The store, with its purlieus, is his place of business. Every man who rides or drives up to the store is accosted with, "How will you trade horses?" "See hyar, stranger, haint you got anything to trade to-day?" &c., &c. The profits made by this sort of business suffice to support our worthy in comparative ease and abundance. The "trader" will lend money on usurious interest, take a mortgage, or pay a Due Bill before its time, for a handsome consideration. At horse-trading, great chances offer; one Jemmy Scott, an Irishman, who lived at Ellisville, and kept a wagon and span of horses for teaming out and in to and from the Illinois river, would sometimes have his team reduced to a ricketty old mare, not worth ten dollars, and in the course of a few weeks would have his old nag transformed into a dashing colt; he would trade on till he had got a horse of first-rate quality, which he would then "swap" for a middling span; by trading these again, in the course of time he would come out with "a bu'stin' team," which he would sell for cash, and then run the same round for a new set.

At this place I saw a species of trading which was rather notable.

A countryman drives up in a one-horse wagon, and hitches his horse in front of the store. "How do ye do" passes round with a cordial shake of the hand. The new-comer has on a long pea-green frock coat, made from a blanket obtained from an Indian. A broad black bar, which once ornamented the edge of the blanket, crosses the shoulders, giving the wearer somewhat of the appearance of an ass on his hind legs, but the green instead of grey dispels the illusion at once, aided no doubt by the chip hat. A black-haired, hollow cheeked, blue bearded, tall man, standing by chewing tobacco, accosts Green.

"Ez' you're comin' out like a streak o' flax or a new hatchel. Look 'e thar (extending the breast of his own coat), how 'ill you trade Ez'?"

"Not any tradin' to-day, I guess," replied Ezra.

"See hyar Ez' (taking a scrutinizing grip of the green wrapper), I'll give you two bushels o' wheat to boot wi' this coat o' mine for your'n."

Ez' shakes his head demurringly, at which the other, looking admiringly with his head to one side at the coat, renews his chew, while Green passes into the store, with a whiskey jar in his hand.

Blue Beard, however, is not going "to give it up so," for when Ez' makes his appearance on the platform he renews the attack.

"Wal Ez', hev you concluded to trade yet?"

Ez' shakes his head negatively, whereupon the other walks up and whispers something into the ear of the besieged, which produces a smile and the first look of indecision. The assailant now sees his advantage, and takes Ez' by the shoulder into the store. After a little farther conference Blue Beard exclaims aloud

"Wal, lets liquor on't."

They both now approach the bar. A quart of whisky and two tumblers are freely handed round, at the close of which Ez' turns off the envied garment, the other strips off his, and the exchange is made amid the congratulations of the bystanders.

The weather was of the most glorious description, and I set forth in a north-easterly direction to pick up information. A picayune was in general the charge for hay and a peck of oats for the mare. The surface of the country now began to assume a more undulating appearance than ordinary, the heights and hollows were greater than usually to be met with, and the farmers all appeared to be in a certain measure cast in the same mould. Few had any spare capital; fewer still were dissatisfied with their location; all were thriving, with the exception of an occasional lazy fellow, whose character you might clearly read in every lineament of his "settlement." This country is certainly the paradise of workers. Some wise man has truly said, "An idler is a kind of monster in creation, for all nature around him is busy." Here the broad sun was wheeling his diurnal round; the tall forest, and the expansive prairie, obedient to the heavenly influences, were changing their hues. The "sere and yellow leaf" proclaimed a ceaseless unrest. The great flights of wild geese and cranes overhead, to the warm south, from the Arctic skies, contributed to the proof; and as an inducement to man to be busy, the fertile soil on every side was overshadowed with a dense herbage—the tall annual weed, and the knee deep perennial grasses, instead of the barren sand and the stunted

heath;—a soil on which even the idler received more than his due,—where a day's work would subsist him for a week.

At five miles from the village I drew up at a smart looking log-house near the timber, where a number of neighbours were congregated to assist at the funeral of the mistress of the house. I had been at several funerals before, but for the information of the reader I will detail the particulars of this, for even in funeral obsequies the people of Illinois differ from us.

It is the custom of the western people either at a funeral, or shortly after, to have a funeral sermon preached to improve the circumstance, and on this occasion an address was to be delivered before removing the body. The goodman of the house was a septuagenarian, and the deceased had been two years his senior. Like the most of the western people he had emigrated from the east. Five grown sons and three daughters were about him at this time, most of them married and settled on farms of their own. At the back of the house was a green plot encircled with locust trees, and here the sermon was to be preached. The auditory wore such clothes as would have been considered decent for a Sabbath-day, but there was an absence of black clothing, considered so very necessary in our own country. The day being warm, many of the men appeared in their shirt sleeves, with chip hats; the women with head and shoulders covered with printed calico "sun bonnets," and all more or less in homespun. "Old father Hainey," the preacher, had been fifty years in the country, and as his name indicated, was an Irishman. He dwelt with much earnestness on the necessity of a change of heart, on the fleeting nature of all below, how time and change swept away the ancient landmarks, and was peculiarly affecting as he broke out in an apostrophe to the old bereaved father, thus:—

"Old man, I feel for you. The partner of your bosom and of your lot is gone from you. Long years have you gone together in company. You have laid your plans together; you have striven together for one purpose; you have rejoiced and mourned together; but now the hand of God has separated you! Now you are alone to fight the battle of life by yourself! You are alone; but you do not feel it now as you will. Now you have your sons and daughters, and your kind neighbours, to sit and sympathize with you; but they must go away to their farms and merchandize;

and then, when you have 'buried your dead out of your sight'—when you have returned to your home, and sat down by your fireside—when you call and there is none to answer—when you listen to the quiet ticking of the clock—then you will feel that you are left alone, and 'your house left unto you desolate!' Old man, I pity you, for I have passed through all this myself. May God be your portion now and for ever!"

I have often thought since, that it would be a good thing if something of this kind could be introduced into our Scottish funeral services, which might have an awakening and opportune influence, as a bereaved family are about to have their thoughts concentrated on the grave. In too many cases, the bodies of our poor, at least, are shovelled into the earth "without note or comment." As the funeral procession, which consisted of men, women, and children, surrounded the grave, Father Hainey gave a short address; and, judging from my own feelings, I must aver that there is not a more befitting spot under the sun, than the borders of the narrow house, for a word of admonition. The burying-place was in the woods. The fresh materials, for a neat fence round the grave, were lying on one side; and here and there, through the forest, might be seen a grave, with a rude stick set up at head and foot, to mark the spot. The coffin, composed of black walnut, which has a dull-reddish brown look, retained its natural colour, and was varnished. The form was similar to that common in Britain, with the exception of the lid which was shaped like the roof of a house. Above the head of the corpse one of the sloping sides of the lid opened on a hinge, to allow all who chose, to see the body, before it was consigned to the earth. The grave was dug in the usual manner, except at the bottom, where a portion of the earth, the exact shape of the coffin, was cut away, and in this the coffin was placed. Over the coffin, resting on the earth on each side, were placed pieces of board, crossing, and two feet long, entirely concealing the coffin from view; a truss of straw was next thrown upon the top of the boards, effectually warding off the rude contact of the earth—"the rumbling clod," as Bulwer calls it—the sound of which, upon the bare coffin lid, has saddened anew so many bleeding hearts.

While I am upon this subject I may mention that the western people have very different views from ourselves as

to the places suitable for burial. While it is not uncommon for the people to have a burial place in the vicinity of a village—especially in the woods, if there be a forest near—there are many who bury their dead in the corner of their own fields or gardens. The graves are generally surrounded by neat perpendicular rails—black pickets with white tops.

This day I travelled in all over twenty miles of a splendid agricultural country, into Mercer county. It is the general custom for the farmers to build barns for their unthrashed grain. Many, however, had no barns, and stacked their wheat and oats as we do in Britain, with this exception, that the stacks were not so neatly put up, and never thatched. In the Western States, where there is so little moist weather, I cannot see why stacking in the open air should not do even better than with us. In many places I found, as might be expected even in this fine country, many who appeared to have little or no appreciation of the benefits of thrift. Their homesteads were in a sad state of dilapidation—dwellings and out-houses in a tumble-down condition, and everything lying about at loose ends. Still such persons managed to live—to live, too, better than very many industrious and worthy men in my own country.

I have said in a former part of this book that America seems to favour the growth of strange and original characters, and towards the evening of this day I fell in with a curiosity in that line. My road lying through alternations of prairie and timber, as I passed through a portion of woodland, interspersed at short intervals with clumps of dense underwood, in the subdued and mystic light of the hoary forest I observed a man stepping out of the thicket by the road-side a considerable way before me, and waiting on the road till I should go up. As I drew near I could observe that this was a little old man, dressed in a shabby drab coat, with light pantaloons and vest, and a battered black hat. A grizzly beard, the growth of years, gave him a still more antique look as he rested his left hand and his right elbow on his staff.

“Good evenin’, stranger—peace be with you,” began the old man.

“Good evening,” returned I. “Do you live near?”

“Wal no I don’t, but I’ve jest been a-consultin’ my Master, the Maker of all.” So saying he accompanied me

along the road. It seems he had been in among the bushes praying. He continued:—

“Stranger, do you believe in God?”

“Yes.”

“An’ in his revealed will?”

“Certainly.”

“Hev you ever *seen* God?”

“No, except it be in his works.”

“Wal I hev—I’ve *seen* the Almighty!”

The poor old fellow as he made this assertion, upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands in an attitude of devotion, then broke out into a song thus:—

“O when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?”

When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?”

I felt somewhat at a loss what to make of the singular old fellow, and therefore I let him talk away, which he did, sometimes addressing me, sometimes soliloquizing, and at times singing a snatch of a hymn. In half-an-hour, when about to part, he thus expressed himself:—

“I reckon, traveller, you don’t know me?”

“No,” answered I, musingly.

“Did you ever read the last chapter of Malachi?”

“I have.”

“Did you notice any man named in it?”

“Not that I remember, except it be Elijah the Prophet, who was to be sent “before that great and terrible day of the Lord come.”

“Wal,” said the old man quietly, as he pulled out a handful of duodecimo pamphlets from below the skirt of his coat, “I’m Elijah the prophet!—read that book and then you’ll know me.” So saying, he handed me two copies of his little book, and bidding me a “good evening,” with “peace be with you,” he took off by a side path, and was shortly hidden in the depths of the forest. I had pulled up my horse and looked first at the strange old man and then at his books, till he was out of sight. There was something so romantic in the whole affair that I felt somewhat moved. It was one of those passing realities, at which we are told men rub their eyes, and doubt the evidence of their senses.

The books, however, were abiding witnesses for the man, and I found that the little work consisted of thirty-six pages, with the following title, "An Extract from a Manuscript entitled THE PEACEMAKER; or, the Doctrines of the Millennium, being a treatise on Religion and Jurisprudence; or a new system of Religion and Politics. By Udney Hay Jacob, an Israelite and a shepherd of Israel." On the back of the titlepage was the preface, which begins—

"It is written (Mal. iv. 5, 6), 'Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.' The author of this book professes to be the teacher here foretold. Some may object that John the Baptist was the character there alluded to. But if it was necessary that Christ should have a forerunner when he came to this world as a servant only; not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life for the ransom of the world; how much more requisite is it that he should be thus honoured when he comes in his glory and majesty to be king over all the nations of the earth. Moreover, please to take notice of the character spoken of, 'He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers (*nothing is here said of the mothers*), lest I come and smite the earth with a curse,'" &c., &c.

The rest of this book, which treats on marriage and divorce, was a strange jumble of scripture and balderdash, proving the writer to be one of those not uncommon fanatics of the west who would fain persuade the unthinking of the truth of pretensions founded on, and presented by, the mere word of the originator.

It was getting dark when I approached the skirts of a wood where the settlements are mostly to be found. Riding up to a mud-built house in the grey of the evening, I hitched my horse to the fence, and supposing from the construction of the house, that this must be the habitation of an old-country man, I stepped gently towards the door to catch a word which might confirm my supposition. The first words which fell on my ear were—

"Hoots, mon, we'll get plenty the morn."—

"Gude e'en to a' here," said I, as I entered the dwelling of a Scotch family.

"Gude guide us!" exclaimed an old grandfather in the chimney corner, "wha's that ava?" as he peered at me over

the rim of his spectacles, then raised them to assist his sight.

“ Here land o’ cakes, an’ brither Scots,
 Frae Maiden Kirk to Johnny Groat’s,
 If there’s a hole in a’ your coats
 I’ll rede ye rent it;
 A chiel’s among ye takin’ notes,
 An’ faith he’ll prent it,”

repeated I, as the goodwoman of the house took me by the hand and offered me a chair. Her husband stood gazing at me with a smile on his face, and the old man in the corner wore that sort of expression on his which is best described by the Scotch phrase, “fidging fain.” He began.

“ Gies your haun, mon—’od mon but I’m prood to see ye. Ay mon, an’ ye’re frae auld Scotlan’. Bless my saul, but I’m jist extr’ordinar’ glad to see ye. Hae ye got your supper?—Janet, bring butt a chack till ye get something better pitten out o’ your haun’. Sit doon, Sir, and mak’ yoursel’ com-*fort*-able. Hae ye a beast?—Jamie, gae wa’ an’ pit up the man’s horse.—Gie ye a bed?—Trowth, will we; ye’ll no steer out o’ this the nicht. Lord save’s, man, are ye newly come frae the auld kintra.”

It’s nearly two years since I left it.

“ ’Od, mon, it’s a roun’ dizzen sin’ I left it; a-weel, a-a-weel, we’ll hae a bit dram, an’ a crack, if we should ne’er hae anither.”

To it we went, and Scotland and its affairs got a pretty fair “through-pittin’.” The old enthusiast, whose name was Andrew Kinnear, had spent the best of his days in Lanarkshire; when he was fifty years of age his wife died, and his son-in-law, the goodman of the house, having determined to emigrate, the old worthy gathered up his odds and ends and here he was. Hs had purchased 160 acres, and his son-in-law farmed it.

“ Mr. Kinnear, have you any wish to return to old Scotland?”

“ Man, when I cam’ here first, I couldna get the auld kintra out o’ my min’. I was like to gae cracket i’ the head aboot it; but I’m no sae mindin’ noo. I would like to see the auld frien’ ance mair, too. I’ve just an extr’ord’nar likin’ to a Scotch body. I would weel use a brute beast frae the auld bit, but I canna say I’d like to hae ado wi’ land there noo ava, even supposin’ I was a hantle younger than I am. It was an unco dreigh job to farm there in my time, an’ I’m gay sure it’s no improven

ony sin syne. Gude help us, Mr., I had aye sic a soom [sum] o' rent to mak' up that I couldna get rest i' my bed at nights for considerin' what was best to be done; an' on the very Lord's day, in the hoose o' God, my min' couldna bide aff't. Changin' markets—dour wather—sick cattle—dou'tfu' craps, an' aye the same siller to make up for the rent courts made it a sair faught. But noo, I'm clear o' a' that, an' I'm just as happy as a king's fit to be. Here's to ye, Sir, may ye ne'er hae a toom pouch or a sair heart."

Mr. Kinnear had at this time fifty head of cattle, as many sheep, droves of hogs, and was about next year to put the whole of his farm under crop. The family had enjoyed good health since their settlement in Mercer county, The house, which was comfortably and neatly plastered inside, was built of sun-dried bricks, with an overhanging shingled roof, which the old man told me he was soon about to replace by a thatched one, as being warmer in the winter time. The bricks were made eighteen inches long, a foot wide, and eight inches deep, well incorporated with prairie grass, and dried under cover. The foundation was stone, and was carried up all round a foot from the ground. I urged upon the old man the necessity of rough-casting his mud walls, and he expressed himself willing enough to do it, but he did not know how. For the information of those who may, like him, try sun-dried brick, and yet know not the art of rough casting, I give a recipe in a future chapter which cannot fail to prove serviceable.

Setting forth from this place, I crossed a ten mile prairie, dry and firm under foot, but entirely lying waste. Towards evening I drew bridle at the cabin of an old wizen looking, and crabbed fellow, who was shaving oak shingles on a cooper's horse, at the door.

"Good evening old man."

"Humph—now whar be *you* from?"

"Fulton County. Can you give me quarters for the night?"

"I don't much want to," growled out the old fellow.

"If you have no convenience, Sir, say so, and I pass on—there's no time to be lost."

"An' whar 'ill you pass to? Th' aint another house within ten mile o' me. What's your name? Whar were you raised? Whar be ye goin'?"

"Up as far as Henry County."

"What are you goin' to do thar?"

“ Out taking a look at the country.”

“ Humph—D’ye want to purchase land ?”

“ Not at present.—Am I to understand you can’t let me stay for the night ?”

No answer.

At this point the old wife hobbled to the door, and in a shrill voice called to me to “ walk in,” which I did.

The old fellow resumed his work, and I learnt from the wife that a chief cause of the old man’s soured temper was his having had a good horse stolen the day before, and the son who lived with them was out in search of the thief and his booty. Said thief had lodged in the house, and next morning he was off with the old man’s property, which was certainly enough to make any one dissatisfied with the visits of travellers.

The old woman, with that consideration for which the sex is distinguished, and which is so honourably testified to by travellers, tried to make me as comfortable as possible. The old man all the evening was inconsolable for his horse. To my questions, one and all, he had one invariable answer—“ Humph.” So, despairing of making anything of him, I went out and gave my mare a bundle of hay and ten ears of Indian corn, then retired to rest in an out-house, wherein was a loom and sundry bauks overhead, whereon were perched “ chickens ” not a few. While my candle remained lighted, it was nothing but chuck—chuck here, and chuck—chuck—cur-r-r there. The whole affair had a mighty suspicious look, and before I got into my shake-down, I twenty times wished myself in Elysium, Arcadia, or some other blissful region, where thieves were not, and “ chickens ” fewer. That great moralist, Sam. Johnson, has somewhere said, and the thought arose to my memory as I lay down—“ In this world, there is more to be endured than enjoyed.” It was therefore some consolation to know that I was not the first who had made the discovery. The candle once out, and darkness reigning around, my feathered friends became more orderly, though not entirely quiet, and after running over the incidents of the day, and wondering how the course of events would tend on the morrow, I fell asleep.

If any one wants to awaken at an early hour, I’d recommend him by all means to go to bed betimes in a hen-house. The “ strange companions ” to which misfortune may have introduced him, will not fail to “ wake him up ”

right early. On the following morning, I had the full meaning of "cock-crowing" impressed upon my memory indelibly. Another saying, namely—"as the the old cock crows," &c., came up in all its vividness; for from the puling chick just learning to squeak, to the experienced "rooster," I had it in all forms, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" the hens throwing in a discordant note betimes to vary the theme. As day began to peer through the chinks of the log wall, my noisy companions began to exercise their limbs as well as voices, and flew from bauk to bauk, scattering the feathers in a liberal shower. The morning was pleasant, and I might have taken a walk around the settlement, but I was deterred by the consideration that in the old man's present state of mind, it was not safe; for a person going about at such an early hour might be taken for another robber, and the old man's rifle was dangerous to be trifled with.

As the day became established I could see that the floor of the hen-house and even my bed-quilt were liberally strewed with certain droppings which had not come through the roof. I examined my clothes but they had escaped and I was content.

Being desirous of leaving this miserable place as early as possible, I made ready as soon as the old people were stirring, and after paying three picayunes for myself and beast I crossed a small prairie and buried myself in the depths of the wood.

I now travelled across a most beautiful tract of country, dry and firm beneath my horse's hoof, and affording excellent advantages in natural lie and undoubted fertility for farming. The greater portion of all this was, however, unoccupied—a tale which I felt could not be told in ten years to come. The extensive, but on the whole barren pasture lands of Australia, had diverted the attention of the British somewhat from the claims of this splendid region; but if they would not attend to the call, there were other nations whose ear was open to the invitation. The gay Frenchman, the plodding Scandinavian, and the thoughtful German, had no Australia but this, and many thousands of them were already appearing in the Western field. The Swiss from the shadow of the Alps, has already taken possession in Indiana, and on the pleasant shores of the Ohio, has planted the grape and been rewarded in a more genial clime than his own with an abundant vintage.

Approaching the timber towards evening, I called at the door of a log hut, hitched my horse at the log-fence, and entered. In the chimney corner sat an ugly old woman, who, on my bidding her a good evening, answered me with a grunt. Some of the people in my travels I found were rather deficient in ceremony, and I therefore sat down, but still the aged lady, who was pulling away at a cob-pipe, said nothing. It was, therefore, my duty to begin.

“ You appear to live all alone here, mistress.”

No answer. I began to think I was now falling among a degenerate race, or into bad fortune. As Cæsar would say, “ Hoc unum ad pristinam fortunam Cæsari defuit.” This one thing was a-wanting to the former good fortune of Cæsar.

“ Can you let me stay all night, and give me a place to put up my horse?”

The old crone turning her yellow and puckered face full upon me, gave a scowl and a shake of the head, which plainly indicated that I was not welcome. I would rather at any time travel all night than put up in a place where I had no welcome, so I at once took to my horse and set out. By this time a light rain began to fall, the shadows of evening were beginning to gather round, and with some reluctance I entered the gloom of the great forest before me. Snap herself did not half like it, and once actually turned fairly round on the road and came to a dead halt, as much as to say “ bethink—you’d better go back.” The gloom of the forest was forbidding enough, but unhospitality was worse, so I held on my way. Night gathered around apace, and we were still in the heart of the wood. The rain fell gently like an April shower, and the great hoary forest was silent as the grave. My mare was somewhat of a timorous disposition, and her loud breathings and affrighted looks at times did not materially improve the valour of her master. The road becoming now indistinct, I had to dismount and take the reins to lead the way, but shortly this became impossible, for the night closed so horribly dark that I could not even see my horse’s head at arm’s length. I listened, mounted and listened again, but the deep and painful solitude had nothing to communicate but the overwhelming sense of lonesome and desertion. Bad as it was with me, however, I felt some little reliance on the companionship of my mare, and now if she had any sagacity, I was resolved on putting it to the proof; so giving her a free rein

I urged her on, and on she went, with her head down as if smelling the way. Apparently conscious now of the trust reposed in her, and that in fact "the grey mare was the better horse," she went on with more firmness than usual, and at the rate of about two miles an hour. In half an hour the distant barking of a dog caused us to pause, and take fresh courage. As we drew nearer the notes of the dog became more obstreperous, which led us the more exactly to the settlement, whence the sound proceeded. The goodman of the house came out to the door with a light, and bade me welcome, put up my horse, and conducted me into the house, where a pleasant wood fire, a good supper, and an agreeable family, soon set me to rights again. I explained how I had got benighted, and he explained to me that "old Becky," who had repulsed us on the edge of the forest, was a half idiotic being, and that had the man or woman of the house been in they would have acted very differently. I was glad at this information for the honour of the sex, of whom the famous Ledyard has said that in all his wanderings he never yet addressed a woman in the language of respect, without receiving a considerate answer and a kind reception.

It appeared that I had been travelling more along the edge of the forest, than, as I supposed, in its depths; for this settler, named Luke Crocket, had his farm out on the prairies near by, and had built his house in the wood for the shelter afforded in the winter from the piercing west winds. He had a numerous family, all of whom with himself, he told me, had enjoyed excellent health since his settlement here six years before. He claimed kindred with the famous Davy Crocket, of whose exploits as a bear hunter the reader may perhaps not have heard. To give an idea of bear-hunting in the Mississippi valley twenty years ago, I will present the reader with one of "the great Crockett's" stories:—

"One evening as we were goin' along for home, our pack hosses loaded wi' b'ar meat, an' our dogs trottin' lazily after us, old Whirlwind held up his head, and looked about; then rubbed his nose agin a bush, an' opened. I knew from the way he sung out 'twas an old *he* b'ar. The balance of the dogs buckled in, an' off they went right up a holler. I gave up the hosses to my friend to carry 'em to the tent, which was now about half-a-mile distant, an' set out after the dogs.

"The holler up which the b'ar had gone made a bend, an' I knew he would foller it; so I ran across to head him. The sun was now down; 'twas growing dark mighty fast, an' 'twas cold, so I buttoned my jacket close round me, and ran on. I hedn't gone far before I heerd the dogs tack, an' they come a-tearin' right down the holler. Presently I heerd the old b'ar rattling through the cane, an' the dogs comin' on like lightnin' after him. I dashed on; I felt like I hed wings; my dogs made sich a roarin' cry; they rushed by me, and as they did I harked 'em on; they all broke out, an' the woods echoed back an' back to their voices. It seemed to me they fairly flew, for 'twasn't long before they overhauled him, an' I could hear 'em fightin' not far before me. I ran on, but jist before I got thar, the old b'ar made a break an' got loose; but the dogs kept close up, an' every once in a while they stopped him an' hed a fight. I tried for my life to git up, but jist before I'd git thar he'd break loose. I followed him this way for two or three miles, through briars, cane, an' so forth, an' he devilled me mightily. Once I thought I hed him; I got up in about fifteen or twenty feet, 'twas so dark I couldn't tell the b'ar from a dog, an' started to go to him, but I found out there was a crick between us. How deep it was I didn't know; but it was dark, an' cold, an' too late to turn back, so I held my rifle up and walked right in. Before I got across the old b'ar got loose an' shot for it right through the cane; I was mighty tired, but I scrambled out an' followed on; I knew I was obleeged to keep within hearin' o' my dogs, or get lost.

Wal, I kept on, an' once in a while I could hear 'em fightin' an' bayin' afore me; then I'd run up, but before I'd git thar, the old b'ar would git loose. I sometimes thought 'bout givin' up an' goin' back; but while I'd be thinkin', they'd begin to fight agin, and I'd run on. I followed him this way, 'bout, as near as I could guess, four or five miles, when the old b'ar couldn't stan' it any longer, and took a tree; an' I tell you what, I was mighty glad of it.

"I went up, but at first it was so dark I could see nothing; however, after lookin' about, an' gittin' the tree between me an' a star, I could see a very dark lookin' place, an' I raised up old Betsy an' she lightened. Down came the old b'ar; but he wa'n't much hurt, for of all the fights you ever did see that beat all. I hed six dogs, an' for nearly an hour they kept rolling and tumbling right at my

feet. I couldn't see anything, but one old white dog I hed but every now an' then the b'ar made him sing out right under me. I hed my knife drawn to stick him whenever he should seize me; but, after a while, b'ar, dogs, an' all rolled down a precipice just before me, an' I could hear them fightin' like they were in a hole. I loaded Betsy, laid down, an' felt about in the hole with her, till I got her agin the b'ar, an' I fired, but I didn't kill him, for out of the hole he bounced, an' he an' the dogs fought harder than ever. I laid old Betsy down and drew my knife, but the b'ar and dogs jist formed a lump, rolling about, an' presently they all went down agin into the hole.

"My dogs now began to sing mighty often; they were gettin' tired, for it had been the hardest fight I ever saw. I found out how the b'ar was lyin', an' I looked for old Betsy to shoot him agin, but I had laid her down somewhar an' couldn't find her. I got hold of a stick and began to punch him; he didn't seem to mind it much, so I thought I'd git down into the crack and kill him wi' my knife.

"I considered some time 'bout this; it was ten or eleven o'clock on a cold winter night; I was somewhat like thirty miles from any settlement. There was no livin' soul near me except my friend, who was in the tent, and I didn't know whar that was. I knew my b'ar was in a crack made by the shakes [earthquakes], but how deep it was, an' whether I could get out if I got in, were things I couldn't tell. I was sittin' down right over the b'ar thinkin', and every once in a while some of my dogs would sing out, as if they wanted help, so I got up an' let myself down in the crack behind the b'ar. Whar I landed was about as deep as I am high; I felt mighty ticklish, an' I wished I was out. I couldn't see a thing in the world, but I determined to go through with it. I drew my knife, an' kept feelin' about with my hands an' feet till I touched the b'ar; this I did very gently, then got upon my hands an' knees, an' inched my left hand up his body, with a knife in my right, till I got pretty far up, an' I plunged it into him. He sunk down, an' for a moment there was a great struggle; but by the time I scrambled out everything was gittin' quiet, an' my dogs, one at a time, come out after me an' lay down at my feet, I knew everything was safe."

Considerable rain had fallen during the night, and a fire in the morning was comfortable. As I lay on a bed in the kitchen, and had just opened my eyes, what should I hear

but the backwoodsman's cry of "Gee Buck, go 'long," at the door, and immediately after a huge ox walked deliberately in at the front door, the loose boards of the floor clanking and straining under his feet. The animal wore formidable horns, and my first impulse was to jump out of bed and leave the coast clear; but liking always to take a second look at things, I observed that the animal was drawing something, and shortly I could see him lugging in a massive log about six feet long. The back door was opposite the front one, and the log once in the centre of the floor, the goodman unfastened the chain, and the ox passed out at the back door. This was what is called in Western phrase, "a back log," which was now rolled up into the capacious chimney-place as a "back" to the day's fire. I had never seen the counterpart of this before, but it put me in mind of the saying—"everything in America is on a grand scale."

Having been travelling in a circular line, I was nearing home, and this day (Saturday), I saw nothing but what was suitable, in an agricultural point of view, for the settlement of emigrants. Here and there I fell in with a family from the old country. Though most of them were not quite satisfied with the progress they had already made, all of them, without exception, when asked how they would like to go back to the old country, expressed themselves unfavourable to any such retrograde movement. One old Scotchman in Henry County remarked that since he landed on American soil he "had never known care—his land was his own, and he had no one to please but himself, and in general he was not very hard to please." I found the prairies rather large for their speedy settlement, as the distance to timber is looked upon as a serious matter where such quantities are used for fencing and fuel. Having travelled through portions of Fulton, Knox, Mercer, and Henry counties, on Saturday evening I put up for the Sabbath, at the handsome town of Knoxville, the capital of Knox county. Here I attended service in the New School Presbyterian Church, and heard an excellent discourse, which put me in mind of old Scotland, delivered by the pastor, the Rev. Thomas Cole. On Monday morning I started betimes for home, twenty-two miles south of Knoxville, and immediately thereafter was engaged to teach the winter school at Ellisville.

And now, respecting this tour, I may still say of the

country over which I travelled that it is yet, after the lapse of eight years, thinly settled. Persons who feel that even a few years in America produce a remarkable change on the face of the country, will be pleased to think that as healthy and fertile a district as is to be found in all the West is still open to the enterprise of emigrants. Captain Chas. Jack, a gentleman belonging to Aberdeenshire (to whom reference is made on page 222) thus writes me (Jan. 31st, 1852) from Geneseo, Henry County, Illinois :—

* * “This is a portion of country now less settled than most others, owing principally to a scarcity of timber, the timbered land having nearly all been long since purchased, say in 1835-6, while the prairie land has principally remained vacant or belonging to the Government, until the location of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, which has caused it to be bought up within the last eighteen months, and it is now generally held, and some has been sold at from three to five dollars per acre. A body of timber called Shebane Grove, the greater part belonging to me, is the principal source from which the supply of timber necessary for the settlement of a large extent of excellent prairie land can be obtained. Heretofore I have not been disposed to sell it, which has been the principal cause preventing settlement.

“When the railroad comes into operation it is contemplated that a much less quantity of timber will be required to support a farm, as thin boards for fencing can be brought by it from the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, at a less cost than fencing with rails in the old fashion of the country, and five acres of good timber may be considered sufficient for a farm of eighty acres. Under these circumstances the timbered land will, of course, command a much higher price than the prairie, and I ask now for the best forest land fifty dollars per acre, and for prairie from three to five.

“Lately, that is, since cold weather came on, I took a notion of selling out in order to go to a warmer climate. I would be happy to sell to honest, industrious, and respectable emigrants, that are likely to be good neighbours, about 5000 acres of land in Henry county, which joins Knox county on the north. To induce speculators to purchase, I offered the above 5000 for 25,000 dollars. If sold out in lots to suit purchasers, I think it would bring double. Owing to the scarcity of money in this country I did not find a purchaser, but should one offer before another winter I

would be disposed to seize the opportunity. Besides the above, I have several thousand acres in other parts of the same, and some other countries, all for sale.

“You inquire if any of my land is fenced, the additional price of fenced land, and the expence of putting up a log cabin. There are some hundred acres of my land fenced and in cultivation. As to the cost I may mention that I recently bought a small farm of forty acres, with about thirty acres fenced and in cultivation, with a log-house on it, for which I gave eight dollars per acre; my only reason for purchasing being, that I thought it cheap enough, expecting that I could either rent it out for sixty dollars per annum, or sell it again at ten dollars an acre. The price of improved land depends much upon the improvements on it. For the eighty acres on which I live, having a frame-house, barn, and other buildings, and divided into fields, an orchard, &c., I would not take, separately from my other land, less than twenty dollars an acre, as it must have cost that at least. I may mention that log cabins are not so commonly built in this section of country, as frame-houses costing from one hundred to five hundred dollars.

“Although I am very sensible that to the labouring class generally, and the agriculturist of small capital particularly, emigration to this country presents great advantages, and that they will become much more independent, and with industry and good management improve their circumstances; yet I have always avoided making any representations to induce persons to emigrate, knowing that causes for complaints can always be found, which the complainants will charge on others rather than themselves. I am satisfied that no part of the country presents greater advantages than this, and my lands allow of the formation of a real Scotch settlement. If you see a prospect of forming such a one, let me know without delay.

CHAS. JACK.”

I will now bring the chapter to a close by adding to the foregoing a few notes additional to my running narrative.

This was the fall of the year, and the time when bilious attacks were most common, but I observed little or no sickness in the districts through which I travelled. The characteristics of the country were excellent for agricultural purposes, dry and rolling. I fell in indeed with one man who had had a quotidian, or daily ague upon him for more than

a month—the consequence of imprudence. There was nothing else in this line of a note-worthy description.

I again repeat what I have said before, that the general run of the farmers were men of moderate means. There were few *monied* men among them.

On this journey I was asked for information on quarrying stone, rough-casting, and thatching. On these points I had nothing to say, for I had never paid any attention to such matters. Since, I have not considered these pursuits below my notice, and my advice to emigrants is to pick up as much information on such matters as possible. It will certainly be of use to them sometime, should they settle in an agricultural district.

Finally, the people were remarkably friendly wherever I went. They were free and communicative, and one would even sometimes think, rather *too* free. I would fall in with a traveller, whose second or third address to me would be—“Where are you goin’?” This would be followed up by—“What are you goin’ to do thar?”—“How do you calc’late to git along in that business,” &c., &c. But then I might turn round and ask as minutely into *his* affairs, or he might volunteer the information gratuitously. No offence was meant, and none was taken. So ends the present chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“A life on my own free soil,
 A home in a farmer’s cot,
 I’ll never at labour recoil,
 Nor ask for a happier lot.
 The city has not a charm,
 With its turmoil, noise, and strife;
 O give me a snug little farm,
 With a kind and notable wife.
 A life on my own free soil,
 A home in a farmer’s cot,
 In my rustic labour I’ll toil,
 And ask for no happier lot.”

PRACTICAL HINTS ON SETTLING—PROPORTION OF FOREST AND PRAIRIE IN ILLINOIS—STATE SURVEYS—PLANS OF TOWNSHIP AND SECTION OF LAND—MODES OF OBTAINING LAND—PRE-EMPTION RIGHTS—GOVERNMENT LAND—WARRANTY DEED—SCHOOL LAND—TAX TITLES.

In this and the three following chapters I mean to enter practically into the subject of settlement; and, before giving my calculations for men of various means, it will be

necessary to take a look at some of the more important matters on which we are about to calculate, such as land, building, stock, produce, and general management ; and

FIRSTLY—OF LAND.

It has already been stated, I think, to the satisfaction of the reader, that the State of Illinois presents rather a level surface, and that the soil is in every part fertile—remarkably so ; that, as a general rule, manuring is not necessary for a number of years to come ; that the State consists of a suitable alternation of forest and prairie, that is, of wooded districts for the purposes of building, fencing, and fuel, and of clear, open land, with a gentle undulation or swell, ready for turning in the plough—the difficulty of breaking up for the first time being not much, if any more, than the breaking up of old meadow lands in the old country.

With respect to the proportion which the forest and prairie bear to each other, I may here state the matter in this way. Let us suppose the reader to take a moderately sized uncoloured map of Illinois, and provide himself with a camel hair pencil, and a suitable quantity of green water paint. Let him now begin at the head waters of any of the streams flowing through the state, and draw along the line of the stream a green line twenty times the breadth of the river line. Let this be done upon all the river lines in the State, and then observe the effect. The part now coloured green will be a correct representation of the forest lines, the uncoloured part, or the portions lying between streams will represent the prairies, great and small. At a rough estimate we might say that the extent of the forest is to the prairie as one to twenty. The man, therefore, who possesses 100 acres, should only have five acres of natural forest as his proportion. Instead of that, however, he generally holds twenty or thirty, while the central parts of the prairies are unoccupied. The prairies lie high, and there is a descent of from twenty to fifty or more feet to the bottom lands. Sometimes these bottom lands are open, or clear of timber. As often they are covered with heavy forest and underwood, which ascend the sides of the declivities, and often extend a mile or two on the prairie land.

All the rivers of Illinois, of any importance, have a southern direction.

Seasonable rains fall during the spring, summer, and

fall, and the winter snows are not more than a few inches on an average.

Irrigation is nowhere needed, and where drainage is needed, the land at present lies untouched. Where so much good land is to be had the people have neither leisure nor inclination to work up the comparatively bad. Pipe tile-making is, therefore, a bad business in Illinois, but brick-makers there are men of some importance.

The various counties, of which there are about one hundred in the State, are mostly bounded by straight lines, except where a river forms a dividing line. The counties are divided into townships, each consisting of a square of land six miles in length, and the same in breadth, containing thirty-six square miles, or 24,040 acres.

By a look at the following diagram, the arrangement into Townships will be understood at once.

For the sake of easy reference, a line is first run due north and south, called *the meridian*. Another is then run due east and west, crossing it at right angles. This is called *the base line*. Other lines are then run parallel to these two, dividing the land into Townships, thus:—

							C NORTH.														
							4	4	4	4	4	4	4								
							2	1	1	2	3	4	5								
							3	3	3	3	3	3	3								
							2	1	1	2	3	4	5								
WEST.								2	2	2	2	2	2	2	EAST.						
							2	1	1	2	3	4	5								
							1	1	1	1	1	1	1								
							2	1	1	2	3	4	5								
A														B							
							D SOUTH.														

Here A B, is the base line—C D, the meridian, or *principal* meridian. The squares represent Townships. The Township on right hand, upper corner of the diagram, is Township 4 North, Range 5 East of the principal meridian—that is, it is the fourth north of the base line A B, and fifth east of the principal meridian C D. Again, the upper

Township on the left hand side of the diagram, is read Township 4 North, Range 2 West, of the (first, second, or third, as the case may be,) principal meridian in the county of _____, and State of Illinois.

The subdivisions of Townships will be understood by the following diagram :—

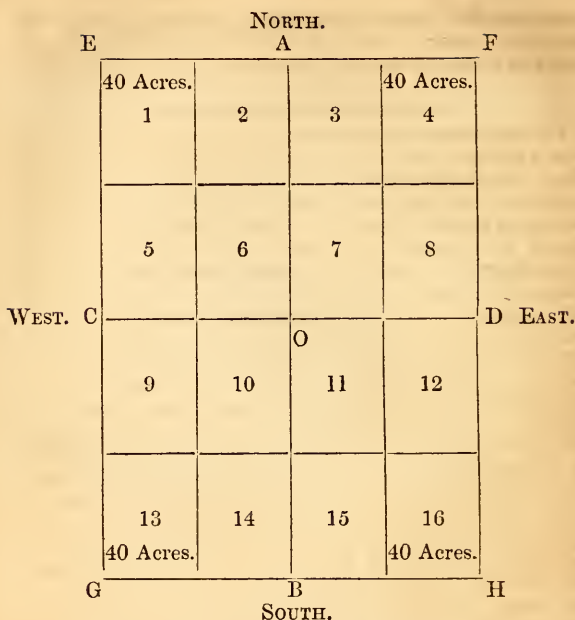
NORTH.

	6	5	4	3	2	1	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	
	18	17	16 School Section.	15	14	13	
WEST.	19	20	21	22	23	24	EAST.
	30	29	28	27	26	25	
	31	32	33	34	35	36	

SOUTH.

PLAN OF A TOWNSHIP.

In this plan, section No. 1 commences on the north-east corner, and the next five lie due west; the seventh section lies immediately south of the sixth, and the following five lie due east; the thirteenth section lies due south of twelve, and the following five due west, and so on in this manner running numerically from right to left, and from left to right, alternately. Section 16 being one of four which lie in the centre of the township, is appropriated for the support of schools. I will now present a diagram of a Section or square mile of land :—



PLAN OF SECTION, OR SQUARE MILE, OF LAND.

The section is firstly divided into halves, E A B G, and A F H B, consisting each of 320 acres. These into halves of halves or quarter sections E A O C,—O D H B,—C O B G, and A F D O, of 160 acres each. These last are again divided into quarters, of 40 acres each, and this is the smallest quantity of land purchasable from Government. On the state and county surveys, according to this arrangement, any forty acre lot can be pointed out with the utmost ease. Suppose we want to designate the forty acres numbered 7 on the above diagram, we would proceed thus, suppose the section to be the 9th of the Township:—"The southwest forty of the north-east quarter of the ninth section of Township 4 North, Range 2 East of the 4th Principal Meridian, in the county of _____, state of Illinois," Were it the forty numbered 16 on the diagram, we would say, "The

south-east forty of the south-east quarter," &c. Were it the eighty acres numbered 2 and 6, we would say, "The east half of the north-west quarter," &c.

MODES OF OBTAINING LAND.

The statesmen and public journalists of Britain look upon it as a strange anomaly in transatlantic politics that Henry Clay, who is perhaps the most clear-headed and thorough politician of the day, on the other side of the water, should have been so often rejected in his candidature for the Presidency, while men far his inferiors in all respects, have triumphantly mounted into power. When an American boasts of the respect paid by his countrymen to undisputed talent, rather than to wealth and family, he is apt to be snubbed by the reproach that his greatest and most experienced Statesman has been so often ostracised by those who should best appreciate his worth. "This," says the *Times*, "shows the influence of mere party clamour, to the exclusion of really great and capable men." The *Times*, however, has not got to the root of the matter, which is simply this, that Henry Clay, in one of his great speeches on the Public Lands, in Congress, thought fit to stigmatize the Pioneers of the West—the squatters and claimants for pre-emption rights, as "LAND PIRATES." This one expression has sealed for ever the fate of Henry Clay as a public man. The Western States, though not so populous or wealthy as the South and East, yet hold the balance of power, and they will not permit any man to occupy the Presidential chair who will treat them in this manner, or who will not look with a friendly eye to the great rising States of the North-west, which are yearly expanding towards the great Buffalo plains, which lie between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. During the Presidential election of 1844, a notable instance of this occurred in Tazewell county, Illinois.

In one of the precincts or electoral divisions of a township, party politics ran high, as they do everywhere at such a time. The dogged determined men of each party would no doubt have voted for any man the party might have brought forward, as an exponent of its views; but it must not be forgotten that there exists a large body of honest men who look upon the party spirit with a very doubtful eye, and who will vote dispassionately for the man, be he Whig or Democrat, who appears most likely, from his talent

and "antecedents" as the phrase now is, to benefit the nation. A wagon filled with electors, drove up to the polling booth. One of the most conspicuous who waved a flag, shouted out—

"Hurrah for Clay and Freelinghuysen :

None o' your Polk and Dallas pisen !"

The general attention of the occupants of the wagon was directed to a large painting alongside of the polling booth, executed by a local artist, of a forest with a dozen backwoodsmen at work, some were blazing,* some girdling, some felling the trees and clearing the ground, others erecting log huts ; and above all, in bold letters, were these words—

HENRY CLAY CALLS THE INDUSTRIOUS AND
HARD-WORKING PIONEERS "LAND PIRATES!"

"Henry Clay don't say that, sartin," says one.

"Yes he does," affirms another who stood by. "They've got it in black an' white over in the booth thar, in the *Globe*."

The *Congressional Globe* was a newspaper, which gave at full length the speeches of the Members of Congress ; and sure enough, in Clay's speech, displayed as an electioneering adjunct in the enemy's camp, were the objectionable words, which every one might read for himself. The result was, that every one in the wagon, eight in all, gave his vote against Clay. Perhaps not one of them all was a squatter ; but with the migratory notions of that people, every one of them felt that he might be one some time, and self-love or self-preservation, or whatever it may be called, gave in adherence to "Pork and Dollars," as Polk and Dallas were jocosely termed, in preference to Clay and Freelinghuysen.

Not to speak of the indiscretion of reviling the men who open up the way for the influx of population, there is a manifest injustice in seeking to deny to them the short tenures by which they seek to hold portions of the subdued wilds. As a body, the Western Pioneers have never claimed more than a Pre-emption right to their lands, that is, the privilege of holding them till they come into the market,

* By "blazing," is meant the pioneers' mode of marking out a road through the woods, by a conspicuous notch cut with the axe into the trees along the line of road. The traveller can thus find out his way by observing the *blazed* trees.

and that then they shall be admitted as purchasers, in preference to any others; in short, that they shall have the first offer. In the new States, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Texas, there are still large tracts of country open to claims, in terms of the Pre-emption Act, which I present here :—

AN ACT TO GRANT PRE-EMPTION RIGHTS.

*Sect. 10.—And be it further enacted—*That, from and after the passage of this Act, every person being the head of a family, or widow, or single man, over the age of twenty-one years, and being a citizen of the United States, or having filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen, as required by the Naturalization Laws, who, since the first day of June A.D. eighteen-hundred and forty, has made, or shall hereafter make, a settlement, in person, on the public lands to which the Indian title had been, at the time of such settlement, extinguished, and which has been, or shall have been, surveyed prior thereto, and who shall inhabit and improve the same, and who has erected or shall erect a dwelling thereon, shall be, and is hereby authorized to enter with the Register of the Land Office for the district in which such land may lie, by legal subdivisions, any number of acres not exceeding one hundred and sixty, or a quarter section of land, to include the residence of such claimant, upon paying the United States the minimum price of such land, subject however to the following limitations and exceptions :—No person shall be entitled to more than one pre-emptive right, by virtue of this act,—No person who is the proprietor of three hundred and twenty acres of land in any State or Territory of the United States, and no person who shall quit or abandon his residence on his own land to reside on the public land in the same State or Territory, shall acquire any right of Pre-emption under this act,—No lands included under any reservation by any treaty, law, or proclamation, of the President of the United States, or reserved for Salines, or for other purposes; no lands reserved for the support of Schools, nor the lands acquired by either of the two last treaties with the Miami tribe of Indians, in the State of Indiana, or which may be acquired of the Wyandot tribe of Indians, in the State of Ohio, or other Indian reservation to which the title has been, or may be, extinguished by the United States, at any time during the operation of this act; no sections of land reserved to the United States, alternate to other sections granted to any of the States for the construction of any canal, railroad, or other public improvement; no sections or fractions of sections included within the limits of an incorporated town; no portions of the public lands which have been selected as the site for a city or town; no parcel or lot of land

actually settled and occupied for the purposes of trade and not agriculture; and no lands on which are situated any known salines or mines, shall be liable to entry under, and by virtue of the provisions of this act. And so much of the proviso of the act of twenty-second of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, or any order of the President of the United States, as directs certain reservations to be made in favour of certain claims, under the treaty of Dancing-Rabbit Creek, be, and the same is hereby repealed: *Provided*, that such repeal shall not affect any title to any tract of land secured in virtue of said treaty.

Sect. 11.—And be it further enacted—That, when two or more persons shall have settled on the same quarter section of land, the right of pre-emption shall be in him or her who made the first settlement, provided such persons shall conform to the other provisions of this act; and all questions as to the right of pre-emption, arising between different settlers, shall be settled by the Register and Receiver of the district within which the land is situated, subject to an appeal to, and a revision by, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

Sect. 12.—And be it further enacted—That, prior to any entries being made under and by virtue of the provisions of this act, proof of the settlement and improvement thereby required shall be made to the satisfaction of the Register and Receiver of the land district in which such lands may lie, agreeably to such rules as shall be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury; who shall each be entitled to receive fifty cents from each applicant for his services to be rendered as aforesaid; and all assignments and transfers of the right hereby secured prior to the issuing of the patent, shall be null and void.

Sect. 13.—And be it further enacted.—That before any person claiming the benefit of this act shall be allowed to enter such lands, he or she shall make oath before the Receiver or Register of the land district in which the land is situated, (who are hereby authorised to administer the same,) that he or she has never had the benefit of any right of pre-emption under this act; that he or she is not the owner of three hundred and twenty acres of land in any State or Territory of the United States, nor hath he or she settled upon and improved said land, to sell the same on speculation, but in good faith, to appropriate it to his or her own exclusive use or benefit; and that he or she has not directly or indirectly made any agreement or contract in any way or manner, with any person or persons whatever, by which the title which he or she might acquire from the Government of the United States should enure in whole or in part to the benefit of any person, except himself or herself; and if any person taking such oath shall swear falsely in the premises, he or she shall be subject to all the pains and penalties of perjury, and

shall forfeit the money which he or she may have paid for said land, and all right and title to the same; and any grant or conveyance which he or she may have made, except in the hands of *bona fide* purchasers, for a valuable consideration, shall be null and void. And it shall be the duty of the officer administering such oath to file a certificate thereof in the public land office of such district, and to transmit a duplicate copy to the General Land Office, either of which shall be good and sufficient evidence that such oath was administered according to law.

Sec. 14.—*And be it further enacted.* That this act shall not delay the sale of any of the public lands of the United States, beyond the time which has been, or may be appointed by the proclamation of the President; nor shall the provisions of this Act be available to any person or persons who shall fail to make the proof and payments, and file the affidavit required before the day appointed for the commencement of the sales as aforesaid.

Sec. 15.—*And be it further enacted.* That whenever any person has settled, or shall settle and improve a tract of land, subject at the time of settlement to private entry, and shall intend to purchase the same under the provisions of this Act, such person shall in the first case, within three months after the passage of the same, and in the last within thirty days next after the date of such settlement, file with the Register of the proper district, a written statement describing the land settled upon, and declaring the intention of such person to claim the same under the provisions of this act; and shall, where such settlement is already made, within twelve months after the passage of this act, and where it shall hereafter be made within the same period after the date of such settlement, make the proof affidavit, and payment herein required; and if he or she shall fail to file such written statement as aforesaid, or shall fail to make such affidavit proof, and payment within the twelve months aforesaid, the tract of land so settled and improved shall be subject to the entry of any purchaser.

APPROVED, *September 4th*, 1841.

As a general rule it is not advisable for an emigrant to purchase land immediately on his arrival, even although it should be his intention to devote himself entirely to farming.

FIRSTLY.—Because, however good a judge he may be of land in the general, there are considerations which forbid his choice till he has mastered the necessary knowledge of the country—its climate, capacities, society, roads, conveyances, markets, prices, &c., &c. SECONDLY.—Because, if

soon brought into straits, and he is then apt to attribute to the country the disadvantages which are rightly attributable to his own want of foresight. He is indeed often found to relinquish his land for a time as I was, for some other labour which shall bring in a more immediate return. So that if he will not wait at the commencement of his career he will have to do so at a future period. To a man who means to farm, I would say—wait for one year after landing before purchasing. If you have but a small capital, wait longer, or till you have enough to give you a fair start. In one year, you will have learned to estimate the nature and requirements of your new position, and then you may purchase.

In Illinois, especially towards the northern part, there is still some good land to be had at the original government price of a dollar and a quarter, or five shillings an acre, and throughout the State there are scattered forty and eighty acres, lots which have not been considered worth purchasing on account of the irregularity of the ground. For all Government land there are land offices at convenient distances throughout the state for effecting a sale. Each Land Office is under the control of a Register, aided by a Receiver. These several Land Offices fall under the jurisdiction of General Land Offices, embracing one or more States, each having a Surveyor General at its head, who appoints Deputy Surveyors, for surveying public lands within the bounds of District Land Offices; and whose fees for dividing lands are fixed by Laws of Congress. In Illinois, the emigrant will find a Land Office at each of the following places, Kaskaskia, Shawneetown, Cowardsville, Vandalia, Palestine, Springfield, Dixon, Chicago, and Quincy. When he goes to the Land Office, by giving the "numbers" of the piece which he means to purchase, (which numbers he will obtain from some one living near the ground), he will be informed whether the ground is still open for sale, in which case he receives a deed at once. This deed is contained on a piece of parchment not much larger than a page of this book. It describes the land, transfers it to the purchaser, his heirs and assigns for ever, and is signed by the President of the Republic, and countersigned by the local Land Agent. This deed is given free of expense, and there is no need for the intervention of a lawyer. In the United States, the Government has not yet been under the neces-

sity of raising a revenue by a Stamp Duty, so that "Stamps" to render an agreement good in law, are unknown.

The best course for a British emigrant to pursue, is to purchase improved lands from individuals, rather than enter upon the wild land, except, indeed, the family consists of a number of stout members—father, mother, sons and daughters, all determined to pull together. Such a company may begin any where, if the locality be healthy. But persons who are not so situated—who have wives and young children, must never think of entering upon new land, however tempting the prospect. Improved land, on which all the *very* heavy labour is accomplished, houses up, fences made, and ground broken, will suit them best, even though they should pay ten times as much for it as for government land. There is no locality into which a man can go where he will not find persons willing to sell out. The Americans are a restless people, and they will go into a neighbourhood, work with might and main for a time in "opening up a farm;" and when they have got it in good trim, fences and houses up, land broke and cropped, and an apple and peach orchard planted; sell out, at from five to fifteen dollars an acre, and settle down again on new land, to repeat the same process.

In purchasing from individuals the emigrant must be on his guard, lest he should awaken some fine morning and find himself holding a deed from some one who never had any right to the ground he has sold. The process of "investigating the title" of lands, therefore, is what must not be omitted by any one purchasing from a private individual. In the west there are lawyers who will do this for a consideration, but should the emigrant have enough confidence in himself, to conduct the search, I will show him how to proceed.

Thomas Purchase wants to buy a piece of land of John Sale.

"Well, Mr Sale, I'm much enamoured of your farm and improvements, will you sell out?"

"I will that, Mr. Purchase, if you give me a fair price."

"Name your price."

"Ten dollars an acre, all over head—that is, including a good four-roomed framed house, a large barn, hog pens, corn cribs, and wagon shed, with three miles of stake and rider fence."

"Show me your Title Mr. Sale, how did you purchase?"

"I purchased from an Eastern Company. There's my Deed. The witnesses whose names are on it, live within sight of me."

Away goes Mr. Purchase to call upon the witnesses, who both affirm that they saw the deed executed, and the purchase money paid down. So far this is satisfactory; but still there might be a private understanding between the parties, and the matter must be placed beyond the reach of doubt. Accordingly, Purchase sets off, not to the Land Office, but to the capital of the county where the land is situated. He calls at the office of the County Clerk, and makes inquiry respecting said lands. He finds that the present proprietor, at the time of his purchase "recorded" the same in the manner required by law. The Eastern Company had previously "recorded" *their* purchase from the general government, and shown their "title." No more is wanted. The legal guarantees for a safe transfer are all forthcoming, and Purchase may return to make as favourable terms with Sale as he can.

But while Purchase is engaged with the County Clerk, in comes another who makes similar inquiries. The man from whom he is about to purchase has never "recorded" the land he proposes to sell to this man. "There is no such name on the books. The land proposed to be sold is still Congress land," and the County Clerk warns the inquirer to beware of imposition. The latter is now set upon the right road, and proceeds to the nearest Land Office, "enters" or purchases the land, returns and makes a "record" of it in the County Clerk's Office, and proceeds to improve his purchase, to the no small surprise and confusion of him who was about to "do" him, but could not.

"A Warranty Deed," or transfer of real estate from man to man, runs as follows, after executing which, the purchaser should lose no time in "recording" the transaction in the County Clerk's Office, as this is necessary to legalize the transfer :—

WARRANTY DEED.

This Indenture, made the fifth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, between Lot Hume and Sarah Hume, his wife, of the county of Knox, and State of Illinois, parties on the first part; and Thomas Miller and Mary Miller, his wife, of the County and State afore-said, parties on the second part.

Witnesseth, that the said parties of the first part, for, and in consideration of the sum of two hundred dollars, to them in hand paid, by the said parties of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged, have given, granted, bargained, sold, remised, released, aliened and confirmed, and by these presents do give, grant, bargain, sell, remise, release, alien and confirm unto the said parties of the second part, and to their heirs and assigns for ever, the following piece or parcel of land, being and lying in the county of Knox and State of Illinois; and more particularly known and described as being the south-west quarter, and the north half of the south-east quarter of Section No. 28, in township No. 13, north, of Range, No. 11 east, containing One Hundred Acres of Land, more or less, according to the original survey, together with all and singular, the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining; and all the estate, right, title, interest, claim, or demand whatsoever, of the said parties of the first part, either in law, or equity, either in possession or expectancy of, in, and to the above bargained premises, and their hereditaments, and appurtenances.

To have and to hold the premises above described, with the hereditaments and appurtenances, unto the said parties of the second part, and to their heirs and assigns **FOR EVER**. And the said parties of the first part, for themselves, their heirs, executors, and administrators, do covenant, grant, bargain, and agree to and with the said party of the second part, their heirs and assigns, that at the time of the enscaling and delivering of these presents, they are well seized of the premises above described, as of good, sure, perfect, absolute, and indefeasible estate of inheritance in the law, in **FEE SIMPLE**, and that the same are free and clear from all incumbrances whatever, and that the above bargained premises are in the quiet and peaceable possession of the said parties of the second part, their heirs, and assigns, against all and every person or persons lawfully claiming the whole or any part thereof they will **FOR EVER WARRANT AND DEFEND**.

In Witness Whereof, the said parties of the first part have hereunto set their hands and seals, the day and year first above written. .

LOT HUME (Seal.)
SARAH HUME (Seal.)

Signed, Sealed, and Delivered,
in Presence of

ISAAC RANDALL, }
THOMAS BROWN, } *Witnesses.*

Besides purchasing from the general government and
NO. XIX. U

from individuals, School lands may be obtained according to the following terms of the School Act.

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

Sec. 15.—In subdividing common School Lands for sale, no lot shall contain more than eighty acres. * *

Sec. 16.—The terms of selling common School Lands, shall be, to the highest bidder for cash, with the privilege of each purchaser, to borrow the amount of his bid for any period not less than one, nor more than five years, upon his paying interest and giving security as in case of money loaned.

Sec. 18.—The order of public sale shall be, to begin at the lowest number of lots, and proceed regularly to the highest, till all are sold or offered. No lot shall be sold for less than its valuation by the trustees. Sales shall be made between the hours of ten o'clock A.M., and six o'clock P.M., and may continue from day to day. The lots shall be cried separately, and each lot cried long enough to enable any one to bid who desires it.

Sec. 19.—Upon the close of the sales each day, the purchasers shall each pay, or secure the payment of the purchase money, according to the terms of sale, or in case of his failure to do so by ten o'clock the succeeding day, the lot purchased shall be again offered at public sale. * * *

Sec. 20.—All lands not sold at public sale, as herein provided for, shall be subject to sale at any time thereafter at the valuation; and commissioners are authorized and required to sell all such lands at private sale upon the terms at which they were offered at public sale.

Sec. 22.—Upon the completion of every sale by the purchaser, the school commissioner shall enter the same on his sale book, and shall deliver to the purchaser, a certificate of purchase, stating therein the name and residence of the purchaser, describing the land and the price paid therefor, which certificate shall be evidence of the facts therein stated.

Sec. 25.—Every purchaser of common School Land shall be entitled to a Patent from the State, conveying and assuring the title. Patents shall be made out by the Auditor, from returns made to him by the School Commissioner. They shall contain a description of the land granted—shall be in the name of, and signed by, the Governor of the State, countersigned by the Auditor, with the great seal of State affixed thereto by the Secretary of State, and shall operate to vest in the purchaser a perfect title in fee simple.

TAX TITLES.

All Congress land is exempt from the payment of taxes

for five years after being purchased from the Government. Thereafter, it is subject like all other land, non-resident or otherwise, to a tax of from one to three cents an acre, according to the quality of the land. If this tax is not paid, as is often the case with non-resident land, the whole (say 80 acres) is exposed for sale, to pay the taxes on the same, at the Court-house door of the county wherein the land is situated. The whole eighty acres may at this sale be struck off to one who bids seven or eight dollars. The purchaser then holds nominal possession. But if the original owner of the land comes forward within one year after the sale, and refunds the taxes and costs to the tax-purchaser, with one hundred per cent interest, he reclaims his land. If no one comes forward in this way, the tax-purchaser is required to advertise in the county newspapers, or in the nearest newspapers, if none are published in the county, in the following manner:—

“ Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that on the 10th day of June, 1850, I purchased at the Court-House in the County of Knox, and State of Illinois, the following tract of land for the taxes, cost, and interest due thereon for the year 1849, to wit : 160 acres, south-west qr. Section 12, township 12 north, range 2 east, of the 4th principal meridian ; and that the time of redemption of said tract of land will expire on the 10th day of June, 1852.

“ JOHN FOSMIRE.

“ *Jan. 20, 1852.*”

If the time of redemption (two years) expires before any one comes forward to claim the land, the tax-purchaser obtains a Tax Deed for the land, which secures it to him.

From all this, the emigrant will see that while there are various modes of acquiring land, a few precautions are necessary. In the Old World and in the New, in spite of all our preaching, there are large bodies of men who give themselves up to the villanous practice of cheating and over-reaching in innumerable ways. They are sure if they can, to fasten themselves upon the poor emigrant, presuming upon his simplicity and want of business habits. Let him make himself acquainted with, and keep within the line marked out by law, and he is comparatively safe. In every community too, he will find honest men, whose advice is worth having. By a wise prudence he may get himself comfort-

ably settled on an estate of his own, where, with industry and the blessing of Heaven, he may enjoy life, and transmit a fair inheritance to his children after him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In the flower-spangled prairie, or deep forest shade,
 Ye seek for a home on a Western shore—
 A neat quiet cot, which by virtue is made
 The home of the heart till your warfare is o'er.

BUILDINGS.

IN Illinois I have seen houses built of stone, of brick, burnt and sun-dried, of mud, of sods, of logs, and of framed timbers, boarded outside. All these materials are to be had in profusion, and it depends entirely upon the taste and condition of the settler, which of them he shall select for the construction of a dwelling. As a general rule, applicable to all who purchase new land, or land without buildings erected, the choice must rest upon the simplest modes of building, till time and opportunity are presented for putting up more elegant structures, suited to the wants of a family,—which wants will be best learnt after a year or two's settlement on the lands. By this means, also, less money is sunk in what cannot be expected to yield a return, and a man's capital may be employed in forwarding such arrangements as will the sooner enable him to make his estate productive.

SOD HOUSE.

I have seen some very snug sod houses, which were constructed by Englishmen. The mode of proceeding is the following:—

Dig a trench for your foundation quite through, and remove the black soil. Out on the prairie the depth of soil will vary from nine inches to a foot and a-half. Lay down a foundation of stone or brick, running to the height of six inches or a foot above the level of the ground. Then commence to lay on your sods, cut fresh from the prairie. The sods should not be more than four inches thick, of a convenient length, say two feet, or thereby, and as wide as you desire

for the thickness of your walls; from sixteen to eighteen or twenty inches will suffice, as your house will of course be only one story high. Lay on a row of sods, end to end, quite round the building, carefully observing that the centre of each upper sod in the rows shall be over the joinings of two sods below, as in building with stone or brick. You must have your door and window frames ready to set in their places, that you may build close up to them as you proceed. Care must be taken, in cutting the sods, that they be not thicker in the centre than at the edges. Let them be rather hollow in the centre than otherwise; and in every second layer, as you proceed, drive in plenty of wooden pegs, to pin your work together. Have your sods as firm, clean, and square as possible, that there be no bolstering up, or putting in of small pieces, which soon fall out and render the work insecure. Having built your walls to the height of the door and window frames, let the whole stand for a week or two, that it may have time to settle. Then lay on four or five layers more, leaving the spaces above the door and window frames vacant, as the weight of the roof will cause the walls to settle still more. Now proceed to frame together a wooden frame, the length and breadth of the building, which is to rest upon the top of the walls to give support to the roof. Set up your rafters, and fill in your gables with sods as before. Then thatch or shingle as you see fit. By making one of the gables thicker than the ordinary walls, you may carry up a flue, as in stone work, but it will be much better if you can run up one of brick against the sod wall. By lathing and plastering this building inside, the settler will have a warm and commodious house, which will last for years.

PISE, UNBURNT BRICK HOUSES.

The following, translated from the French, may prove of eminent service to the new settler, should he settle in parts where good lumber or boarding is scarce or dear.

“In many of the northern departments of France, particularly in Champagne, the name of *pisè* is often improperly given to a kind of unburnt brick or artificial stone, made with the mud of streets or roads, with which is (almost always) incorporated a little straw; this mixture is then pressed in wooden moulds, then taken out to be dried in the sun or shade. This pretended *pisè* is used for want of other materials suitable for building, and by

this means are obtained the most miserable constructions possible, incapable of supporting the lightest roof, which consequently require a frame-work to be raised from the foundation to the roof, in order to support it. Besides, the repairs to this kind of building, render it really the most expensive of all, for this kind of brick soon cracks, warps, separates from the wooden frame, and falls upon the slightest shock, either outside or within the house. In other countries farther south, as Artois and Flanders, where stone buildings are very expensive, another kind of *pisè* or unburnt brick is used; although made in the same way, they are very good, on account of the quality of the earth, which is chalky and compact, and which, even without straw, does not crack in the sun. These bricks cement so well with mortar, that when an old wall or chimney is pulled down, it is not uncommon to see it broken into only three or four pieces by its fall. These buildings can therefore be solid and economical, for the only remarkable expense is in the foundations, which ought to be rubble-work, brick, or tabbey, raised at least one foot above the earth around. As to the true *pisè* which we derive from the Romans, it is still much used at Lyons, and in some of the southern departments—also in Italy, Spain, &c. It differs essentially from the bricks or artificial stones that have just been described. It also, however, is only an unburnt earth, not tempered, but slightly moistened; rendered very fine, then squeezed and well beaten in large or small moulds, or between two boards strongly fastened to each other, by which means can be constructed enclosures, walls, and houses of several stories, of no greater thickness than is common in masonry. ‘It would appear almost incredible’ says Mr Rosier, ‘if experience did not support the assertion, that walls of earth could last many centuries, provided they are well plastered with mortar, protected from the rain, and secured against moisture by foundations in masonry raised above the level of the earth.’

“As to the kinds of earth, there are very few which are not suitable for *pisè*, except pure clay, because it cracks in drying, and pure sand, because it admits of no adhesion. Where there is a choice, the preference is to be given to that which is stiff—that which sets or clods easiest—which is known by its retaining the shape given to it by the hand, without sticking to the fingers. Such generally is the untried earth of gardens. Stiff earth mixed with gravel,

provided it is not too coarse, is employed with equal success. It ought, also, to contain no admixture of roots or manures, which, by rotting, would allow the air to penetrate, and injure the wall. As to the moisture that this earth ought to have, it ought to be the same that it usually has in a natural state at two or three feet below the surface. When it is well pulverised, it is put into the moulds, or between two boards, and well rammed or beaten with rammers, which will reduce its volume, and allow more earth to be added, which must be beaten in the same manner, until the moulds or boards are exactly filled. Previously to adding more earth, the last layer ought to be scratched with a sharp iron or small mattock, in order that the two layers may join exactly, and form but one body. At Lyons, where this style of building is very common, they have large cases or boxes without bottoms, which are supported by pieces of boards laid across the walls. The pieces are moveable, and can be placed in succession. As they are filled with pisè, the short boards are drawn from their original places, and carried farther on to support them again, and so on in succession. In the adjustment of one round to another, mark or scratch the work as above, or put a little mortar to serve as a cement. Also, from one story to another, it is necessary to put some bits of rough board, flat and in different positions at the corners, to prevent the walls from separating. The partitions are done in the same way. Spaces are always kept open for windows and doors by placing the frames for them beforehand, or they are set in brick or stone where either is convenient.

“By either method of making the pisè in a little time and at small expense, can be constructed houses and other rural buildings, covering them like brick or stone houses. Both these methods have, however, an essential defect, which is, that the ramming of the earth, and consequently the hardness and solidity of the pisè, vary from one box to another, and from morning to afternoon. This solidity depends, in fact, upon the expertness and strength of the rammers, which are not always in the same degree. In the morning, for instance, the work is always well rammed, but toward night fatigue necessarily causes some diminution; hence a sort of imperfection in the work. Again, as the work must be done in the open air (which suits warm countries very well where it rains at long intervals), it is often exposed to rains in our mild climate (France), and

rain is a great obstacle, which occasions almost always a good deal of imperfection in the making of pisè. It was for this reason that Cointereau, architect from the city of Lyons, having settled at Paris toward the end of his career, conceived the idea of making his pisè beforehand, under sheds, in small moulds, where it was easier to press them always equally, and to allow them to dry beforehand, sheltered from the rains and other vicissitudes of the seasons; which produced in the end true bricks or artificial stones of great hardness, and consequently excellent materials for building. It must be understood that in working them, as in using hewn stone, a little thin mortar or quick lime will be required. In some places stiff earth makes an excellent mortar for this kind of pisè. The size and shape of the moulds can be varied in such a way as to answer in all cases, and for all purposes. In this way can be made beforehand, not only artificial stone, ready cut for the corners and angles of the windows and doors, but also for pilasters, columns—circular, elliptic, and Gothic arches, &c.; for experience has proved, that with the exception of the key, which can be of wood as well as hewn stone, pisè can be used for the vaults of cellars, provided it is protected from moisture. However, for the brick, and even for every other purpose, it would be as well to prepare moulds of only moderate dimensions, so that each brick shall not weigh more than twenty-five or thirty pounds, then one man can easily handle and place them: otherwise it would be necessary to employ more men, more time, and tools which necessarily wear off the corners of these stones or bricks, and injure them. It will be seen in the sequel, how economical is this style of building, even in countries where wood, stone, and lime, are more abundant. It is the true rural construction—cool in summer, warm in winter; and is besides, susceptible, at a small expense, of the handsomest decorations by means of fresco paintings, which are easily put on, and resist the vicissitudes of the seasons; it will be seen also that they can be of very great solidity.

The rich proprietors and merchants of Lyons, who have delightful villas in the environs of this city, build them exclusively of pisè, plastered over, and painted in fresco, in the best taste, and at very moderate expense.

This plastering ought not to be put on until the pisè is completely dry, unless it be done in quick lime, or lime very freshly slaked.

A pisè house has the double advantage of being soon finished, and habitable, and of costing much less than another. It also furnishes, when it is pulled down, an excellent manure for moist soils. I repeat, it is the true rural and rustic building for the rich as well as for the poor, and that can be adopted in every country. It can also last centuries, if it be well done. Not only many modern authors, and among others, Rosier, affirm these advantages, but all the ancients have proved it; and Pliny the younger mentions, that Hannibal had built in Spain lanterns and towers upon the summits of mountains, which still were in existence in his day—which supposes at least three hundred years' preservation. There is neither cement nor mortar, says he, which is harder than this earth, which resists rain, wind, and fire. Cadet de Vaux mentions that the younger Baily, a French physician, who went into Spain to study the yellow fever, visited some years since the ruins of Saguntum, dismantled more than two thousand years since, and could not detach a small sample of the pisè, of which they were originally formed, without the assistance of a chisel and mallet: and in our days, the siege of Lyons has proved the solidity of this species of construction, in resisting the efforts of the most formidable artillery: in truth, the balls passed easily through the walls of pisè, but did not shake them, while it upset easily, and with a great crash, those walls in round or hewn stone. At any rate, if, as it has been said in the beginning, it is desired like Cointereau to make pisè beforehand, under sheds, in small moulds, as well for greater facility as to secure greater hardness, and a more equal compression, and to avoid the irregularities of the seasons, &c., this is what we have first to consider. Experience has generally proved that fine earth, being pressed to half its volume, as is necessary for greater solidity, weighs always from 120 to 160 pounds the cubic foot, according to the nature of the elements which it contains. Now a cubic foot contains 1728 cubic inches—thus, an artificial stone or brick of pisè, the fourth of a cubic foot, will weigh 30 to 40 pounds, which would still be a great deal to be handled easily by one person, as it would often be necessary. Besides, experience has equally proved that a person could do more work with small hewn stones than with too large, in a given time; wherefore it would be well to reduce ours to the fifth or even the sixth of a cubic foot; they will still weigh 20 to 25 pounds. Now, if we are

satisfied with a wall 18 inches thick, which is suitable for many circumstances, we can content ourselves with artificial stones of six inches wide, four inches thick and twelve inches long, making 288 cubic inches, or one-sixth of a cubic foot; in short, one of these stones lengthwise, and another across, and so on alternately in the construction of the wall, would enable us to keep exactly and always this thickness of 18 inches; and if we wished to extend this thickness to two feet or reduce it to one, as partition walls would probably require, nothing would be easier, since, in the first place, it would be enough to put two stones end to end, and in the second, it would only be necessary to put them one after the other, in order to obtain the desired thickness. In any other case, it would be equally easy to arrange the lengths, breadths, and thickness of this kind of stone. Thus, a stone ten inches long, could be only five wide, and five inches thick, to make up, and if it was 14 inches by 7, 3 inches thickness would be enough, in order not to exceed too much the prescribed weight of 20 to 25 pounds. For partition walls, small pisè stones, of four inches thickness, by such length and breadth as would suit. Now that the size and weight of our pisè stones are settled, we will go to work in the following way, viz. :—We will first make strong moulds, having the prescribed lengths and breadths in the clear, and a height at least double the thickness the stones are to have; these moulds ought to be of good wood, well made, and well morticed in the same way as moulds for bricks. They must be filled with suitable fine earth, and struck off smooth without pressing it even with the upper surface of the mould. Next, press the earth tightly, then with a block fitting exactly the inside of the mould, compressing it to half its size, either by means of a level press, mall, or other process that may be convenient. Such are the means pointed out by Cointereau, which are very easy to be understood and executed. What is more difficult is, after having pressed the block down sufficiently to reduce the brick of pisè to the desired thickness, to take out the brick easily, as it often sticks very hard in consequence of the great compression. In order to accomplish this, recourse must be had to all the means employed in brick yards in similar cases; sand or earth, very fine or very dry, must be used. Before putting the earth into the moulds, inside of the mould, the table upon which it is pressed, and the bottom of the block, must be well sprinkled with

dry sand, &c.; the brick will then come out easily, by bearing upon the block and raising the mould, and provided that the mould is very little larger and longer below. When the mould is taken off, the brick must be taken in both hands with great care, and put upon a board to dry, as is done with bricks. If, after having employed all the means mentioned above, there should still be difficulty in getting the brick out of the mould, it will be necessary to heat the mould, and grease the inside, and there will be no further trouble.

At the end of a few days, care must be taken to turn these bricks upon their side, and upon the other sides in succession, in order that the drying may be complete. When they are very hard or very dry, they can be piled carefully against the wall, to remain until wanted for use; then it will be the work of a few days only to raise the intended buildings, and nothing will remain but to cover them.

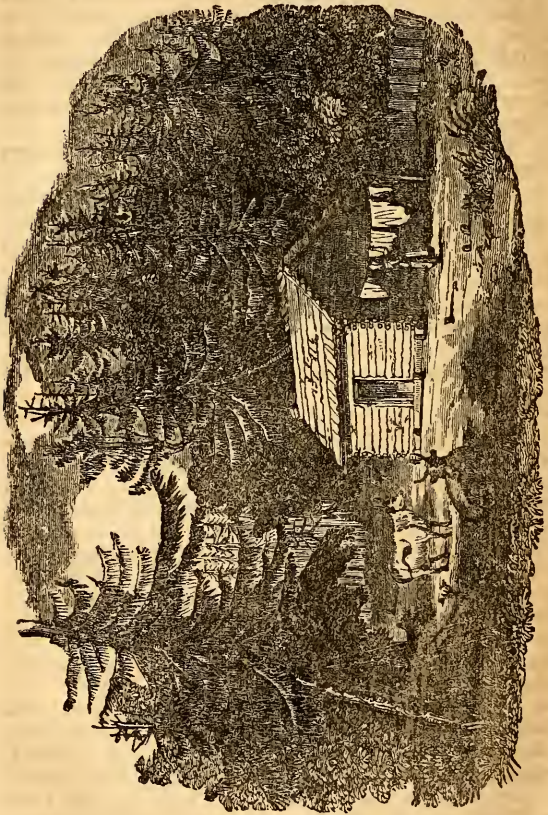
It must be understood that, for the angles of the windows and doors, suitable moulds and bricks of *pisè* must be prepared; and if need be, they may be cut with the saw like true hewn stones."

LOG HOUSE.

Your regular "fair and squar" backwoodsman never builds anything but a log dwelling. Being an adept at the use of the axe, and but a poor hand at a spade, he has no inclination to work in any other material than wood. Besides, every tree which he fells for his log hut, is so much "clearing" his ground, for the reception of grain and other crops. A well-built log house is one of the most warm and comfortable which can be constructed of wood; and its construction has this qualification, that it may be *entirely* built of wood, without a nail or other iron fastening, no small consideration for a solitary squatter or pioneer, whose purse and social advantages are so limited.

The settler desirous of building a log cabin, first takes his axe over his shoulder, and having chosen his building ground, selects his trees to be felled for laying in the walls. White oak, which is very abundant in Illinois, he will find a straight growing and suitable tree for his purpose. He must select forty logs of about a foot in diameter, eighteen feet long, or more, according to the dimensions of the proposed building. For the roughest sort of building these round logs are simply laid in the walls as they are, but it

will be found much more advantageous to have the two opposite sides of each log hewn, reducing the thickness from a foot to nine or ten inches, then remove the bark from the other



BACKWOODS LOG HOUSE.

parts, as it hastens the decomposition of the logs, and harbours insects. Having performed this operation on the spot where the logs were felled, the settler goes among his

neighbours and requests their attendance, say at twelve o'clock on a given day, to aid him in his "raising." His neighbours, except he be a *very unpopular* man indeed, will not fail to attend, for it is use and wont with them. Some will take with them one or more yokes of oxen, with logging chains, to "snake" or haul the logs on to the building ground; some will carry an augur, and all will take their axes. These "raising bees," as they are called, have the salutary effect of bringing the people together, for the cultivation of friendly feelings, and as large numbers turn out, the work is light to each. This sort of dry description, however, will not do—I must give a story about

TOM RANDALL'S RAISING BEE.

Thomas Randall was originally a muslin weaver from the rising town of Belfast, in Ireland. He had a wife and two children at the time of his emigration, and had had the good fortune to enjoy the confidence of the weaving agent for whom he wrought, who lent him enough money to carry him to Illinois. I believe the sum was twelve pounds sterling. This fact showed that Tom possessed those qualities of industry and integrity which would stand him in good stead in the emigration field. Once in Illinois, he bade farewell to wretchedness and hunger, but (mark it well) not to hard work. In Illinois, muslin weaving is entirely unknown; but Tom Randall found that in almost every farmer's house or outhouse there was a loom for working homespun, and this was enough. He hired an old log shanty at half-a-dollar a week, and a neighbouring farmer's wife hired him out to work off a web of half-breadth blanketing. Another farmer's wife, who had been "worried to death" with work, and could not "git a chance" to do up her weaving, heard of Tom, employed him, and in this way his fame spread, till in a short time he had as many suitors as a village belle, or a Master in Chancery. He had been long used to the flying shuttle, and now the hand shuttle, with the numerous calls for "the weaver," was rather slow going; besides, having to go to the farmers' houses to work the pieces off on looms sadly "out of fettle," he saw that some more expeditious mode of operation must be devised, and accordingly he purchased a reed or two, and went to an ingenious mechanic, who constructed him a loom with a "laye," on the flying shuttle plan." He now had warp and weft, or, as the people there term it, "chain

an' fillin'," brought to his door, and the man soon found himself able to purchase ten acres of land at Shaw Timber, six miles south of Virgil, and this was his "raising bee" which was now about to come off.

If any honest and industrious Scotch weaver should happen to read this narrative, I may tell him, for his encouragement that there is still room for him and a thousand more in the same line, in Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin at the present time.

On the day appointed Tom was stationed on his building lot at twelve of the clock; he had got his foundation logs laid, and had a thousand pieces of shingle stuff at hand to cover in his house. All around stood the solemn forest. The clear space where the house was to stand consisted of about four acres, having the stumps still in the ground. The merry cracking of whips—"Haw Buck! Haw Bright!" sounds through among the bushes as the ox teams approach the rendezvous. The cheerful whistle—the loud laugh—and the sharp ring of the rifle, resound through the woods, as the neighbours congregate, some on foot, some on horseback, and some in wagons. I could notice in Tom's eye a feeling of pride and importance as the thought was uppermost that all this gathering was on his account. In old Ireland, Scotland, or England, it would have been plainly impossible "for a man like him" to have created such a stir, except, indeed, he had committed murder, or some unheard-of crime at which all men would stare.

Neighbour greeted neighbour as they assembled at head quarters. Salute, joke, and banter was the order of the day. Cord. Day and Reuben Bates joined their ox teams, and away through the woods for logs—two others did the same—and yet again two others. Some set to squaring small timbers for rafters and sleepers, others set off for a shot till the logs arrived, here a group was gossiping on the raising of hogs.

"Boys, I've got three hogs," says Bill Hendryx as he lifted his head from an examination of Tom's bundle of shingles, "that's got the blin' staggers badly, how can I cure 'em?"

"I'll tell you Bill," say Tom Warren, "how you'll do.—Take a knife and raise up a piece of skin from their foreheads a leetle above the eyes an' fill it up wi' salt, then sew it up agin,' an' I go bail ye that 'ill cure 'em."

"A pretty good plan," chimed in half-a-dozen.

"Dave—how'll you trade for that black colt?" says Charley Wright to David Sanburn.

"Charley, I'll tell you what I'll take—your old Bett an' ten dollars at the store or seven in han'."

In this way the neighbours would get on, making the most of their meeting. When the logs were hauled on to the ground two of the most expert would superintend the "cornering," in which a notch was cut out of the end of one log a foot from the extremity, and the end of the next which was to lie in this notch was shaped to fit it. In this way the logs were carried up, crossing or resting on each other at the corners of the building, and the weight of the superstructure pinning the whole down. In two hours the walls were up, at which point it was agreed that all hands should "liquor on't." Whereupon Tom went off to a small hay-rick of his, near by, and slyly produced a two gallon jar of whisky. This was carried by some of the youngsters shoulder high to the building. A basket of dough-nuts brought up the rear, and now it was voted on all hands, that the owner or his substitute should mount upon the walls of the building and give a speech. Tom who was a quiet unassuming sort of a man, blushinglly declined the honour, when the neighbours who, I might say with truth know no such blushing fears of each other, voted Ben Brink the orator of the day. Ben who was in a merry key hitched up his pants, gave a look up to the wall head, and turning the quid in his cheek, spat it out. Then applying the jar to his mouth took as kindly to the suction as a six-month-old babe, as with eyes half shut and rapt attention he held sweet converse with the "spirit within," and now, "stan' clear for a speech." With three cheers Ben mounted the breach:—"Men an' neighbours—Feller Citizens—I reckon you all know who I be—though may be you don't much know what I *hev* been. I sarved in the late war at New Orleans, whar we piled it on to old Pakenham a'most mounta'niously, an' Johnny Bull had to absquatulate like a chunk of ice in a brandy cocktail—disappear like the small end o' nothin' whittled down to a point. That's about all the warrin' I've done. But maybe I haint done yet, for if the British aint agoin to cave in, an' let uncle Sam hev fifty-four forty,* I guess I've got a rifle to home,

* The degree of latitude which the Americans claimed in Oregon.

an' I calc'late I can use it some^e if I'm called out. Wal, wal, let that go, I come now to the arts o' peace—I've played first fiddle at a corn-huskin' in old Kentuck, kissed the gals, an' loved 'em all harder than a mule can kick, an' that aint slow. In the dancin' line I go my death, it takes me to *weed corn, kixer taters, double shuffle*;—if it wa'n't that you've mounted me up on this corn-crib whar I haint scarcely rest for the sole o' my foot, I might by hard coaxin' give you a leetle touch on't right now, but I forbear. You all know I've boated some on the Massissippa, whar a snag haint got any chance with a feller like me. —

“Come, come, Ben,” cries Bill Hendryx, “give us a story while the liquor's coolin'.

“Give you a story!—I *haint* got a story to my name, but I'll give you one o' Dan Marble's—Whisht, will ye.”

“Gre-e-e-at Jee-e-hosaphat! but aint I hungry!—Thin as a ra-a-il. Could pitch me clean *through* a flute! Cedunt my ribs with yeour fingers! Ne'er a saw-mill 'tween here an' Bangor could chaw faster than I could jest neow. Consarn that feller that stole my *bril* (umbrella!) ef I ever ketch him down our way, he'll smell leather, or my name aint Nat. Perkins. Ketch me in Noo Yeork agin, I reckon.

“Yeou see, arter I had hunted reound for about six hours, and asked every darned feller that I met, if he'd seen anything of a blue cotton '*bril*' and a bran new valise I'd lost, I got tired on it, and bein' purty near night, I 'gun to think I'd better gin it up, and look out for a place to roost.

“Wal, I met a feller, who took me into a heouse 'cross the road, and said I could git lodging thar, and somethin' to eat. Arter I'd been in the heouse, which was jest about as big as twelve meetin' heouses all crowded into one, I heerd a racket louder than seventeen tons o' re-al gen-oo-ine thunder! warn't I in a swither. But I held on and stood my greound, and finding the racket died off, and all hands made a streak through the back door, I follered 'em, 'specting thar was going to be an orful time on't. But blast 'em, they kicked up all this furse to get their supper! Arter supper, I started eout to look abeout, thinkin' perhaps I'd git a sight at the fellers that had my '*bril*' and valise.

“Arter I'd walked reound a purty good spell, and seein' nothin' of my valise and '*bril*', I 'gun to think it was better to make tracks back to the big heouse I got my supper in.

But, Je-hossafat! when I'd walked up one street and down another, I guv it up, an' pitched inter the fust tavern I cum to. An' when I cum to think how I'd got clear pay-in' for my supper, I really sniggered right eout. But blast them fellers what got my valise an' 'bril, I haint forgot 'em, an' ef ever I clap my eyes on 'em, I reckon they'll be ready for the land of promise soon arter; they will, or I'm no pumpkins.

"Next day, bright and early, I started out to find the fellers what had them sitoovations for clarks and shop-keepers, and sich like. Wal, 'twarn't long afore I feound eout the place, and inter the shop I bolted.

"'Heow deou?' says I to a smart lookin' feller, all slicked up and fixed eout fine as lamb's wool. The old feller had a monstrous nice big desk, heaps of letters, an' drawers, an' acceount books enough to keep the hull affairs of creation in single entry. And thar was the cheers, and benches, and maps, and bills stuck areound 'Farms for sale,' 'Money to loan,' and all that sort o' thing; by Je-hossafat! I begun to think the old feller was doin' a big business, and no mistake.

"'Heow deou?' says I.

"'Good mornin', says he, 'jest as perlite as a minister at a weddin'. 'Sit deown,' says he, and deown I sot.

"'Squire,' says I, 'I see yeou've advertised for a clark and a feller to tend store for yeou, so I cum deown to see if I couldn't trade with yeou for one of them sitoovations.'

"'Me! want a clark?' said he, jest as though he'd knowed nothin' at all about it.

"'Yes,' says I, 'and here's the advertisement,' says I, pulling eout my wallet, and partly showin' the old feller my fifty dollars, jest to let the darned critter see I war'nt exactly flat broke, yeou know, darn him. Wal, when I showed him the paper, I read it eout loud as Deacon Smith does his hymns on Sabbath:—

"**YOUNG MEN WANTED.**—Young men furnished with places in all kinds of respectable business, such as clerks for stores, salesmen, book-keepers; omnibus, private carriage, and express wagon drivers; a partner wanted in the grocery business, with a small capital; one in the broker's business. Inquire of Mr Skinem, No. 50, Greenhorn Lane, up stairs."

"'Thar,' says I, 'guess this is the place, aint it?'

"'Ah!' says he, 'neow yeou're right; I do want to git

a fust-rate smart young man for a friend of mine, a hull-sale merchant. But he's a mighty partikeler man,' says he, 'and I have had a good deal o' trouble to git him the right kind o' person. Have yeou got fust-rate recommendations?' says he.

" 'I reckon I have,' says I, so I pulled eout the sartificate of my character, and the old feller took a long and keerful look over it.

" 'Wal,' says he, 'I think yeou'll suit fust-rate; but,' says he, 'I spose yeou'll have no objection of my asking yeou a few questions?' An' I told him to go a-head fast as he'd a minter.

" 'Wal, and I s'pose yeou belong to meetin'?' says he.

" 'I do,' says I; 'j'ined a debatin' society last fall.'

" 'Umph, all right,' says he, an' he 'gun to lectur' me on them things until I 'gun to get all-fired tired on't.

" 'Wal,' says I, 'Squire, if yeou'll jest gin the directions to the man what wants the clark, I'll gin him a call any how.'

" 'Wal,' says he, 'young man, I charge five dollars to git yeou the sitoovation.' I squarmed at this some time, but the old feller hung cont—would'n't 'bate a shillin', not even fourpence, so I was obliged to shell ri-i-e-ght eout. I asked for a reecat, but he said it warn't necessary, as he was too well known round thar to have it dreamed that he'd ever charge me over agin; so I jest took the marchant's directions, and off I put to git the sitoovation. Goin' along, I jest cast my eyes into a shop, and thar was my identical bran new valise setting on a counter, nateral as life, and in I went and nabbed it.

" 'Good licks,' says I, 'Jee-hossafat, I've got yeou again, hurrah!' But before yeou could say pumpkins, a feller laid hold on my coat, and hollered out for another feller, and swore I war stealin'. Jeems' cousins? didn't my blood bile. But it warn't no use, they hauled me up to the coort, and fined me ten dollars, smash!

" I told the Squire heow the valise belonged to me, and it war taken from me, and all the partikelars; but the other feller swore clean through thick and thin, that he'd lent a feller ten shillings, and took the valise for security. Wal, I paid off the Squire and Constable, and rest on 'em, and felt glad to git out o' the scrape, and away I went to hunt up the merchant I was goin' to tend store for. 'But

arter trampin' reound a good spell, I found myself on the wharf.

" 'Helloo,' says I to a feller standin' thar, 'can't yeou tell me where Mr. Confed's store is about hyar?' 'I reckon I can,' says the feller; so he took me along, up one alley, and down another, until we both got lost, slick as a whistle. 'Have yeou got the directions?' says he. 'I have,' says I. And so I jest took eout my wallet to get the direction to Mr. Confed's, and before yeou could say beans, the feller hit my hat a smash! Over my eyes it went, and 'way went my wallet same time. I hollored 'Stop that feller!' but it warn't no use, for he cleared himself qu cker than lightnin'. I'll be darned if I didn't like to beller eout a crying; but I concluded it warn't worth while. So off I put to hunt up the man's store again. I found it at last; but, by jingo, he was jest supplied; some feller had got in afore me, and I was too late. Then I was fixed, sleek a-a-s fat!

"Wal, I went back to the feller that kept the Intelligence Office, as he called it. I told him my case; and, says I, if yeou'll just give me my five dollars agin, I'll break for hum quicker than squashes. But the darned feller swore worse than an old soger, and said he'd see me darned first, and ordered me eout of his Intelligence Office, and swore if I didn't *put* he'd take me before the coort in five minutes, for raisin' a reow in his office. And by Je-hossafat, if he did'nt swear he'd never seen me afore!

"Wal, by thunder, he put eout to fetch a constable. I tied my overcoat in my handkerchief and the way I did break for hum, was a caution to steamboats, I tell you. I never stopped to feed or water until I fetched up hyar; and if ever I'm kotchted huntin' up a sitoovation in that Sodom and Gomorry again, may I be fed on hoss tails and drenched in a frog pond the rest of my nateral life. That's all."

"An' now" continued Ben, "Tom Randal you've at last concluded to make your pile hyar, to *dig down* right in the stump quarter. Wal, so be it—men an neighbours, we're boun' to help every feller who's honest to make him a home. An' Tom, I hope you'll find yourself comfortable in this wood from June to January, an' so roun' the year. Han' me up the liquor, will ye, an' I'll gin 'im a toast; an' the man that don't honour my toast may walk straight home to his mother's an' ask her what she raised him for, for he

don't know what he was sent into this wide creation *for*. Be ready boys wi' them three cheers—if I see a feller that don't open his mouth an' let the air up his throat, he'll better stan' from under, I fore-warn him—Hyar's to Tom Randal—Tom Randal an' his wife—Tom Randal an' his wife an' children—Tom Randal an' his wife an' children an' house—Tom Randal, an' his wife, an' children, an' house, an' plenty in it.—Finally, hyar's to Tom Randal, out an' in. Tom's wife everywhere, Tom's children all over creation, an' Tom's property in han' or prospect!—Hu-raw!—Hu-raw!—Shout, will ye—Hu-raw-w-w.”—(*Jumps down*).

To work all hands went again. Reuben Bates, a quiet obliging man, and Lyman Curtis, had been shaving the shingle stuff—that is, reducing the pieces to the same thickness throughout, then thinning one end. Rafters up, cross pieces on—in two hours more the house was covered in—a doorway, and window hole alongside, sawn out, and a chimney built of sticks and clay at one end of the house. To make the house tenantable, Tom had next day to get a man to lay his floors, hang his door, and adjust his window sash. The logs next required to have the chinks between filled up, first with splinters and chips, then with clay—a brick hearth laid, and here was a lodge in the wilderness such as many a proud man has first seen the light of day in.

PISE HOUSES.

In addition to what has already been presented on Pisé buildings, I will here give what Mr Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents at Washington, writes on this subject:—

After selecting a suitable spot of ground, as near the place of building as practicable, let a circle of ten feet or more be described. Let the loam be removed, and the clay dug up one foot thick; or if clay is not found on the spot, let it be carted in to that depth. Any ordinary clay will answer. Tread this clay over with cattle, and add some straw, cut six or eight inches long. After the clay is well tempered by working it with cattle, the material is duly prepared for making the brick. A mould is then formed of plank, of the size of the brick desired. In England, they are usually made eighteen inches long, one foot wide, and nine inches thick. I have found the more convenient size to be one foot long, seven inches wide, and five inches thick. The mould should have a bottom. The clay is

then placed in the mould in the same manner that brick moulds are ordinarily filled. A wire or piece of iron hoop, will answer very well for striking off the top. One man will mould about as fast as another can carry away, two moulds being used by him. The bricks are placed upon the level ground, where they are suffered to dry two days, turning them up edgeways the second day; and then packed in a pile, protected from the rain and left to dry ten or twelve days, during which time the foundation of the building can be prepared. If a cellar is desired this must be formed of stone or brick, one foot above the surface of the ground. For cheap buildings on the prairie, wood sills, twelve or fourteen inches wide, may be laid on piles or stones. This will form a good superstructure. Where lime and small stones abound, grout made of those materials (lime and stones), will answer very well.

In all cases, however, before commencing the walls for the first storey, it is very desirable, as well in this case as in walls of brick, to lay a course of slate. This will intercept the dampness so often rising in the walls of brick houses. The wall is laid by placing the brick lengthwise, thus making the wall one foot thick. Ordinary clay, such as is used for clay mortar, will suffice, though a weak mortar of sand and lime, when these articles are cheap, is recommended as affording a more adhesive material for the plaster. The wall may be safely carried up one story, or two or three stories; the division walls may be seven inches, just the width of a brick. The door and window frames being inserted as the wall proceeds, the building is soon raised. The roof may be shingles or thatch. In either case, it should project over the sides of the house, and also over the ends, at least two feet, to guard the walls from vertical rains. The exterior wall is plastered with good lime mortar, and then with a second coat, pebble-dashed. The inside is plastered without dashing. The floors may be laid with oak boards, slit five or six inches wide, and laid down without jointing or planing, if they are rubbed over with a rough stone after the rooms are finished. Doors of a cheap and neat appearance may be made by taking two single boards of the length and width of the doors, placing these vertically, they will fill the space. Put a wide batten on the bottom, and a narrow one on the top with strips on the side, and a strip in the middle. This door will be a batten door, but presenting two long pannels

on one side and a smooth surface on the other. If a porch or veranda is wanted, it may be roofed with boards laid with light joints and covered with a thick paper dipped in tar, and then adding a good coat, after sprinkling it with sand, from a sand box, or other dish with small holes.

Houses built in this way are dry, warm in winter and cool in summer, and furnish no retreats for vermin. Such houses can be made by common labourers—if a little carpenter's work is excepted—in a very short time, with a small outlay for materials, exclusive of floors, windows, doors, and roof.

The question will naturally arise, will the wall stand against the rain and frost? I answer, they have stood well in Europe, and the Hon. Mr. Poinsett remarked to me that he had seen them in South America after having been erected 300 years. Whoever has noticed the rapid absorption of water by a brick that has been burned, will not wonder why brick walls are damp. The burning makes the brick porous, while the unburnt brick is less absorbent; but it is not proposed to present the unburnt brick to the weather. Whoever has erected a building with merchantable brick, will at once perceive the large number of soft and yellow brick, partially burned that it contains—brick that would soon yield to the mouldering influence of frost and storms. Such brick are however placed within, beyond the reach of rain and always kept dry.

A good cabin is made by a single room twenty feet square. A better one is eighteen feet wide and twenty-four long, cutting off eight feet on one end for two small rooms, eight by eight feet each.

How easily could a settler erect such a cabin on the western prairies, where clay is usually found about fifteen inches below the surface, and where stone and lime are often both very cheap. The article of brick for chimneys is found to be a considerable item of expense in wood houses. In these mud houses no brick are needed except for the top of the chimney, the oven, and casing of the fireplace—though this last might be well dispensed with. A cement to put around the chimneys or to fill any other crack, is easily made by a mixture of one part of sand, two of ashes, and three of clay. This soon hardens and will resist the weather. A little lard or oil may be added to make the composition still harder."

We will close the subject by presenting two more ex-

tracts on the subject of mud-houses, after which the reader will perceive that pisé, or unburnt bricks, are far from being a despicable material in building. Loudon, in his *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*, observes :—

“The great art in building an economical cottage is to employ the kind of materials and labour which are cheapest in the given locality. In almost every part of the world, the cheapest article of which the walls can be made will be found to be the earth on which the cottage stands ; and to make good walls from the earth, is the principal art of the rustic or primitive builder. Soils, with reference to building, may be divided into two classes—clays, loams, and all such soils as can neither be called sands nor gravels, and sands and gravels. The former, whether they are stiff or free, rich or poor, mixed with stones, or free from stones, may be formed into walls in one of these modes, viz., in the pisé manner, by lumps moulded in boxes, and by compressed blocks. Sandy and gravelly soils may always be made into excellent walls, by forming a frame of boards, leaving a space between the boards of the intended thickness of the walls, and filling this with gravel mixed with thick lime mortar, or if this cannot be got, with mortar made of clay and straw. In all cases where walls, either of this class or the former are built, the foundations should be of stone or brick, and they should be carried up at least a foot above the surface of the ground.”

Mr. Denison, Cambridgeshire, author of “*The Peasant’s Voice*,” built his own cottage in the manner described below :—

“*Mode of building the mud walls of Cottages in Cambridgeshire.*—After a man has dug a sufficient quantity of clay for his purpose, he works it up with straw ; he is then provided with a frame eighteen inches in length, six deep, and from nine to twelve wide. In this frame, he forms his lumps in the same manner that a brick-maker forms his bricks. They are then packed up to dry by the weather ; that done, they are fit for use, as a substitute for bricks. On laying the foundation of a cottage, a few layers of brick are necessary to prevent the lumps from contracting a damp from the earth. The fire-place is lined, and the oven is built with bricks. I have known cottages, where they could get the grant of a piece of ground to build on for themselves, erect a cottage of this description at a cost of from £15 to £30. I examined one that was nearly com-

pleted, of a superior order; it contained two good lower rooms and a chamber, and was neatly thatched with straw. It is a warm, firm, and comfortable building, and my opinion is, that it will last for centuries. The lumps are laid with mortar. They are then plastered, and on the outside once rough-cast, which is done by throwing a mixture of water, lime, and small stones, against the walls before the plaster is dry, which gives them a very handsome appearance. The cottage I examined cost £33, and took nearly one thousand lumps to complete it. A labourer will make that number in two days."

BRICK AND STONE HOUSES.

With respect to brick and stone houses, there is no doubt but that after all they prove, when the materials are good, the most satisfactory and elegant structures. Clay for brick is very abundant in Illinois, and as for stone it is to be found everywhere through the State, exposed along the banks of streams. Limestone and white freestone or sandstone are the common varieties, and grey marble has been found in some places. Stone houses are in Illinois rarely seen, from the greater facilities of obtaining brick and wood, and the want of a proper knowledge of quarrying stone.

OUTHOUSES.

Barns.—The principal are barns, which are generally built of large dimensions: so large indeed, as to far eclipse in size and appearance the settler's dwelling-house. The following reasons for having sheds and large barns would appear to sound better in a country where agriculture was more studied as an "exact science," than in the Mississippi valley:—

"1. Crops are preserved in better condition in barns than they can be in stacks.

"2. Hay or grain when deposited in stacks, is always in an unsafe condition until the stack is completed, which frequently cannot be on the day when commenced, and sometimes several days will unavoidably elapse between the commencement and completion. This inconvenience and loss are obviated by the use of barns, for each load when deposited is considered safe.

"3. All forage for domestic animals can be more conveniently and economically fed from barns than it can be

from stacks; for when the stack is opened, a certain portion is always exposed to injury from storms, and a considerable portion, when fed to animals, is blown away or trodden under foot. The animals, while consuming the feed, are exposed to cold sleet and chilling blasts, from which they would gladly retreat, did not stern necessity compel them to eat thus exposed or starve. No animals thus exposed can be expected to thrive; and it is certain they will not, unless they consume a much greater quantity of food than would be required if kept dry, comfortable, and not compelled to fight the whirlwind.

“4. When animals are fed in stables or sheds well littered, a larger quantity of manure may be made—a large proportion, if not all of which can be kept under shelter, and thus preserved from the great loss which exposure to storms occasions.”

Whatever may be thought of the necessity of constructing large barns, there can be no doubt as to the necessity of sheds for the shelter and retreat of cattle, where the winters are so severe; and yet strange to say, while such attention is paid to the housing of grain there is little or none, in many instances, to the shelter of live stock. Many new settlers have no barns from want of means to build them of the suitable size to store the grain crop. Such persons stack their wheat and oats as it is done in Britain, and I should think that in that dry climate, if stacking be properly performed in a dry situation, grain would keep as well as with us, at least; and small barns might be erected for storing loose grain, and for thrashing in.

Corn Cribs.—These buildings are generally block-houses, with the chinks between the logs left open for the ventilation of the Indian corn, which is stored with the husks on, or off, as the farmer may choose; but as a general rule the corn is never *shelled* or taken off the *cob* till wanted for use.

Cattle Sheds.—It is the common custom, even in the intense frosts of winter, to allow all kinds of stock, horses only excepted, to stand out in the open air. The farmers erect an enclosure of rails, five or six feet high, around their barns, and in this cattle and sheep are penned for the night. In the villages, almost every one has a cow, and these are allowed in the coldest weather to wander about the streets, or lie at night in the lee of the houses without other shelter. Calves, colts, and hogs, except the latter are

shut up to fatten, share no better fate. That animals thus maltreated in their youth should prove inferior to better cared-for animals, is not to be wondered at, and the consequence is that where such a barbarous custom prevails the most degenerate races of cattle are common. All farmers, however, are not so insensible to the claims of their live stock, and I have seen a half-moon of thrashed wheat straw, ten or twelve feet high, and perhaps fifty yards long, delivered up to the cattle as a shelter from the fierce west winds. In other cases, I have seen sheds closed on the west side, and open on the other, with brushwood covered with loose straw for a roof, which offered some protection from the inclement wintry blast.

EXPENSE OF OUTHOUSES.

A large barn suitable for an eighty acre farm will not cost much less than from three to five hundred dollars, and so on, up to twelve hundred, according to the extent of the farm. In speaking of the expense, I must not omit to mention the risk incurred from lightning. At the roofs of large barns, large quantities of gas accumulate, from the masses of vegetable matter contained in such buildings. These gases, escaping through the cracks of the roof, attract the electric fluid, and the result is that barns, more than any other species of buildings, are burnt down by lightning, in the summer months.

Where a settler lives in the vicinity of a forest or a saw-mill, the materials for a corn-crib are very inexpensive. The same may be said of cow-houses, sheep-sheds, &c. Rough logs, roofed with straw, which latter may be had in unlimited abundance, will make good buildings at first, and until more substantial erections can be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FARM STOCK—SHEEP AND WOOL-GROWING—PORK AND LARD BUSINESS—
BEEF—WHEAT—INDIAN CORN—INDIAN CORN SUGAR—OATS, BARLEY—
FENCING.

LIVE FARM STOCK.

LOCKED upon whether as an agricultural or a pastoral country, the State of Illinois presents advantages equally

great. In Australia, possessing a comparatively poor soil, the settlers are driven to sheep farming, as the best mode of developing the resources of the country. Not so here. Though the yield be small compared with that of stiff and highly cultivated soils, the tith is easy, and a man, by his own unaided efforts, can grow more grain than he could possibly do where fifty bushels of wheat to the acre is a common return. The people then are not *driven* to stock farming, and where it is practised is conjoined with more or less of grain culture.

NEAT CATTLE.

In general the breed of cattle is rather inferior from the want of due care, as noticed above. Another cause of the inferiority of stock is the circumstance that the calves, whether good or bad, are kept to induce the cows to come home at night from the woods and plains. On the principle that more care and scientific knowledge are brought to bear in bringing forward agricultural products, where a high price is obtainable, cattle also are improved. On the contrary, however, where a cow varies in price from thirty shillings to three pounds, and beef sells at from three farthings to two-pence halfpenny, the inducements to cultivate the breed are certainly not very great. More than this, the farmer has no uncompromising landlord to push him up for his half-yearly rent—does not feel himself under the dire necessity of exerting all his wits to make the most of everything. These things combined, are unfavourable to much improvement in the meantime; but as the country settles up, and all kinds of farm produce bring a higher price, things will take a turn in the right direction.

Where the farmer settles in the neighbourhood of the open prairie, or the wild forest he enjoys opportunities for the rearing of stock to an unprecedented extent. His droves of cattle go off in the morning, circle through the woods, or over the prairie, and return in the evening to rest at the home-stead, where they will always prefer to be at night, if they obtain a dainty bit now and then, and a little salt. In this way they require but little care, till the prairie grass begins to get tough and brown. In the mouths of June and July prairie grass may be cut to unlimited extent, and stored for winter food. This added to a little Timothy, pumpkins, bran, oat straw, and Indian corn, will give excellent rations for the winter season.

It will be asked, "after raising so much stock, can you get a ready market for it?" I answer, "Yes,"—there are two ways of disposing of cattle thus raised. Not to speak of the opportunities of selling milk cows to settlers, I may observe that there are persons who go over the State to purchase cattle for the eastern markets. These they drive off in droves of hundreds and thousands, through the states of Indiana, and into Ohio, or beyond, and in this way, beef cattle may be disposed of in the summer. If kept till the winter slaughtering season, which commences about Christmas, the beef commands as ready a sale as pork or lard. In January of the present year (1852), beef sold at three dollars and fifty cents, per 100 pounds, that is 1½¢d per pound.

SHEEP, AND WOOL-GROWING.

Advantages of the Prairies for Wool-growing.—The following remarks upon the facilities which Illinois affords for the growing of wool, cannot fail to be interesting to intending emigrants:—

In the Lowell Courier of September 15, 1843, the following article appeared:—

"The farmers of Vermont, New Hampshire, New York, and Pennsylvania, have found a lucrative occupation, in the growth of fine wool. By the introduction of choice flocks upon the lands of little worth, much money has been made, and the improvement incident to all successful businesses, has enhanced the value of the lands themselves.

"The high price that wool maintained for many years, allowed of its successful cultivation upon land worth fifty and seventy dollars, per acre.—The experience of the farmers in Dutchess county, New York, sufficiently attests this fact. Circumstances are now changed; land in the Eastern States has doubled and quadrupled its price, and wool has fallen forty and fifty per cent. Fine wool can therefore no longer be grown to a profit in the States east of the Mountains.—In Dutchess county and in many other places it is now grown at a decided loss. In the Western part of New York State, it scarcely yields a profit; and in Ohio, where land has attained to the value of 20 to 30 dols. per acre, wool gives place to wheat. Even in the new parts of that State, where the expense of clearing land is added to its first cost, the sum total expended upon an acre before it is cleared of timber and laid down in grass, is consider-

able, and the delay and toil are very great. We must look to the Prairie States of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, and the great Buffalo Prairies lying back of Missouri and Arkansas, for the pastures upon which the fine flocks of the Union, are to be kept to high advantage, and an unlimited extent.

“The first and nearest of these inviting regions and the one which is at present the best prepared for the reception of numerous flocks, is the State of Illinois. In that State alone, full fifteen millions of acres of prairie land exist. This vast region interspersed as it is by clumps, groves, and belts of timber, invites the flocks of the Union, and is alone capable of their entire support. In the extent of its natural pastures, it is equalled and exceeded by the regions beyond it. Corn, hay, and oats are cheaper in that State than in any other part of the Union. Wild animals, lessened in number and subdued, are much less audacious in their attacks upon flocks and herds, than in entirely new countries. Animals so completely defenceless and dependant on man for support and protection as sheep, are a stock scarcely adapted to countries completely new, and entirely without inhabitants. The numerous settlers in Illinois afford a protection, and yield an abundant supply of winter food for newly arrived flocks.

“To remove the fine flocks of the East to a distant region, a various climate, and to a soil and pasturage of different qualities from those to which they have been accustomed, might at first sight seem to be a hazardous undertaking. But an experiment has been silently continued and successfully terminated in that region for a quarter of a century, so encouraging and decisive in its character, as to deserve a record in the History of American wool.”

IMPROVED MERINOS.

“In the year 1812, Mr. George Flower imported from Spain into England some sheep of the Escuriel and Migretto breeds, and in 1817 he brought some of each kind to this country, and established himself upon the Southern prairies of Illinois. Mr. Flower has this year brought his wool to Lowell, and it has been stapled by the Middlesex Company, who allowed him fixed prices for the different sorts, and this too at a time when wool is lower in price than ever before known in this country. This proves the quality of a very high order, and that the prairies are adapted to the

growth of this important staple. The sorter pronounces the wool to be like the Saxony wool of Germany. We understand that this flock has propagated without any admixture from the flock of the Eastern States, and has for twenty-five years been pastured for seven months in the year, on the wild grasses of the prairie. To sort a lot of wool so peculiarly native in its character, and brought so far from the interior, was a circumstance to the manufacturer. To the farmers of Illinois, the existence of this flock within their State, the manner in which it has been kept, and the ascertained quality of the wool, are circumstances of peculiar interest and importance. Illinois is soon destined to be a second Arcadia.

“The knowledge of this successful experiment, ascertained at a time when many of the Eastern flocks are about to be removed to the West, cannot fail of being attended by beneficial and important results. It gives assurance where there might have been doubt, as to the suitability of the soil and climate to the growth of fine wool. This flock of Mr. Flower's, kept apart and bred in the West for a quarter of a century, is now a distinct branch of the fine woolled family of sheep. A cross from them with some of the fine flocks that will be taken to Illinois, as well as with the coarse native sheep already there, is an unexpected resource in breeding, that cannot fail to impart improved qualities to the fleece, likely to continue many years.

“A simple good quality of wool urged beyond a given point, at the expense of other qualities, becomes a fault, and the breed is then said to run out. A fault early perceived in the Saxony fleece, has increased in some of our finest flocks to an alarming extent. The wool grows too thin upon the pelt, and the fibre, though extremely fine, has a silky rather than a woolly appearance. The cross between the old Merino and the Saxony, corrects this quality, but is liable to one objection. The Merino fleece has too much gum. The fleeces from the finest of Mr Flower's bucks, although a shade less fine in fibre than the finest fleeces of some of our Eastern flocks, have retained to a singular degree a peculiar softness and woolly quality of fleece so desirable in every description of wool. It has been a question with some breeders for some time, where to find a new family of sheep, with which to improve the breeds already here. It is now found, and is in the right place.

“The high quality of the wool of our flocks, and of this

single flock, which has been kept under circumstances so dissimilar to any of the Eastern flocks, gives great assurance to the third and greatest experiment now about to be tried—that of covering the great prairies and plains of the West with extensive flocks of fine woolled sheep. The magnitude to which this business may be carried, can scarcely be imagined. Allowing but two sheep to the acre on the prairies of Illinois, that State alone can send out thirty millions of fleeces annually, worth at least as many dollars.

“The additional amount from Wisconsin, Iowa, and the Buffalo plains, when those regions are also covered with flocks, is past all calculation.—Data are now ascertained at all points. The quality of the wool, the keeping of the sheep, and the price of transportation for the fleeces from Illinois to Lowell, by inland navigation, is 2 dols. 12½ cents per hundred pounds.

“As the fine woolled flocks depart, their places will be supplied by those kept for their mutton. Their coarse fleeces will supply a material better adapted for the lower woollens, than the material formerly imported from South America.

“In Iowa, Illinois, &c., full grown sheep yield fleeces weighing from three to four pounds. But both the quantity and quality of the wool will no doubt be increased and improved when the new settlers pay greater attention to the improvement of breeds, &c.

“Sheep are fed in winter on salted Prairie grass or hay, with some oats, Indian corn, turnips, &c. They subsist remarkably well on Indian corn, mixed occasionally with other articles. This grain is usually fed to them whole, being deposited in troughs or dropped in small parcels on the ground in clean places.”

The following additional particulars I gather from agricultural journals and newspapers of Illinois of the present time.

James M'Connell, Esq., of Sangamon County, Illinois, having increased his flocks to between 2000 to 3000 sheep, the Sangamon “State Register,” speaking of his purchase, says:—

“The enterprise of Mr. M'Connell in this behalf is worthy of the highest commendation. But little attention has hitherto been paid to the improvement of sheep in this State, nor, indeed, in any of the Western States; consequently our flocks are characterised by light and coarse

fleeces vastly inferior to the wool produced in Pennsylvania, New York, and New England.

“This is doubtless owing, to a great extent, to the very general belief that has hitherto almost universally prevailed, that our western prairies and western climate were not adapted to the raising of fine qualities of sheep; that the western rains, and wind, and heat, would kill them, &c.

“Wherever flocks have been introduced upon the prairies of this State, they have been more easily taken care of than in any of the eastern States we have named, at less than half the cost; and as to diseases, and losses by rains, winds, heat, and cold, we venture to say that if the statistics could be gathered they would show a very large per cent. in our favour.”

From the “Keokuk Farmer and Artisan.”

“Just in proportion as the prairies become heavily stocked with sheep and other domestic animals, will the prairie grasses give way to white clover, and the finer quality of June grasses, all of which appear indigenous to the country, requiring only the destruction of the coarser grasses to afford a spontaneous and abundant growth, which for sheep especially, are superior to the cultivated varieties. This is a remarkable feature in the business of sheep husbandry in the west, and its importance is not sufficiently appreciated by those who have given attention to the subject. To those who may engage largely in growing wool on the western prairies, is of the greatest moment to know that an abundant supply of summer herbage, suited to their flocks, may be had free of cost. When the fact is taken into account, that the inferior grasses die out as cultivation advances, and in their place spring up an almost inexhaustible supply of the superior grasses, such as all good farmers delight to see in abundance growing upon their pasture fields; and also that their flocks range at will upon the public domain, the advantages that the great West affords for the rearing and sustaining of sheep may be appreciated. In nearly all the oldest settled counties of Illinois and Iowa, large unenclosed prairies are found of a suitable quality for the summer pasture of sheep, most of which belong to speculators, and will be in commons for many years to come, or at least sufficient for all practical purpose will remain unenclosed.

“To those who may be disposed to employ capital in this

department of agriculture, the fact is worth knowing, that none whatever need be invested in the purchase of lands for summer pasturage; that prairie grasses are adapted to impart a strong and vigorous growth to their flocks; and that suitable locations may be found in nearly all the countries of those states, without making it necessary to occupy an isolated position, nor requiring much expenditure to get the wool, mutton, and tallow to market. The cost of producing wool on the western prairies, where an active capital of from 2,000 dols. to 5,000 dols. is invested, and skilfully employed, need not exceed 12 cents per pound. This would require a strict supervision on the part of the shepherd, and could only be done by a careful selection of the most profitable and healthy flocks. Sheep become exceedingly fat during summer on the prairies; so much so, that by good management the business of raising them for the pelt and tallow would pay, on a careful investment, a very high per centage.

From the "Wool Grower."

"**FOOT ROT.**—This disease has been the dread and scourge of farmers everywhere, and has been the means of discouraging a great many from growing wool. It has also been the fruitful source of any quantity of quackery. We will engage to cure every sheep in the Union, and warrant them, for twenty-five cents per head.—And we will tell our readers how to do it without any humbug about it.

"Take about four ounces of the *sulphate of copper*, or as it is known at the shops, blue vitriol, dissolve in a quart of rain water. Cuttle your affected sheep, pare the hoof away from all the part affected; be sure of that, even if it takes it all off. Then apply the solution to every part of the foot, carefully and thoroughly. If well done, the cure is perfected. About a week after examine the foot, lest you may not have thoroughly pared off all the hoof from the affected part. The sheep ought to be kept in a dry pasture for a week or so after the application. If any subscriber wishes to go into the humbugging business, he can take the above solution, costing about six cents, put in a little wine, and a little tobacco, just enough to disguise the colour of the liquor, look very wise and use some very long hard names, and he will find no difficulty in getting plenty of customers, especially among those who do not take the Wool-Grower."

The following statement appeared in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, for 1851, on the wool trade of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa,

MANUFACTURES OF WOOL.

Capital, quantity, and value of material.

	Capital invested.	lbs. of wool used.	Value of raw material.
Illinois,	£154,500	396,964	115,367
Michigan,	94,000	162,250	43,402
Wisconsin,	31,225	184,200	32,630
Iowa,	10,000	14,500	3,500

WORKERS AND WAGES.

	No. of hands employed.		Entire wages per month.		Average wages per month.	
	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.
Illinois,	124	54	2728	676	22.00	12.52
Michigan,	78	51	1689	585	21.65	11.47
Wisconsin,	25	—	562	—	22.45	—
Iowa,	7	—	78	—	11.42	—

VALUE AND ENTIRE PRODUCT OF WOOLLEN GOODS.

	Value of entire products.	Yards of cloth manufactured.	Sundries.
Illinois,	206,572 dols.	306,995	1370 lbs. yarn.
Michigan,	90,242 "	141,570	—
Wisconsin,	87,992 "	36,000	74,350 do.
Iowa,	13,000 "	14,000	—

Wool Trade of Ohio.—It is estimated that eight millions of pounds of wool will this year be sent out of the State of Ohio to the Eastern markets. The average price of the year's clip is thirty-eight cents per lb. The quality of the Ohio wool is fast improving, and for manufacturing purposes, it is preferred to any other wool in the market. This wool goes to New York, Boston, and Providence. The great mass of it is used in the de laine factories of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. One man has purchased over three hundred thousand pounds this season, in Franklin County and its vicinity, and has paid to the farmers about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. The highest price he paid for any one lot was fifty-seven cents per pound."

REARING OF HOGS—PORK AND LARD BUSINESS.

Next to the culture of wheat, the rearing and fattening of hogs is the most important of a western farmer's pursuits. Over all the Western States the pork business extends, and from the time that the winter frost fairly sets in to the end of January "hog-killin'" prevails over all the land. For the details of this important item, in the calculations of a Backwoods settler, I present the following:—

"*Pork and Lard.*—Of all the new manufactures introduced into the country, there is none which has gone a-head with such a 'perfect rush' (to use a favourite Western phrase), as the production of oil from lard, and we know of none which promises more immediately beneficial results. In the great western valley, manufactories are springing up at all the principal points, such as Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, &c., and two have already been established at Rochester in this state. Already the principal manufacturers count their barrels of oil by tens of thousands, and there is quite as much truth as poetry in the sign of a manufacturer at Pittsburg, over whose door is the representation of two mammoth porkers in the act of devouring a whale.

"During the present year (1849) about 245,000 hogs have been killed at Cincinnati; and the number slaughtered at other places has considerably increased. Of the number killed in Cincinnati, about 80,000, according to the most authentic information, have, with the exception of hams, which are pickled and preserved, been converted into lard at once. Formerly it was very difficult to fry hogs in bulk without burning or otherwise injuring the lard so as to make it an inferior article; but now steam has been called to the aid of the manufacturer, and every particle of fat is separated from the meat and the bones, with perfect certainty and ease. A large tub with a double bottom is prepared, the upper one some inches above the other. Into the tub the hog, with the exception of the hams, is put, the cover secured, and the steam let in. The fat and the meat fall from the bones, and the lard pours through small holes in the upper bottom, into the space between them, from whence it is drawn for straining and packing. The quantity of lard yielded, where the whole hog is treated for it, will, of course, depend on the fatness of the animal. It is found, by experience, that hogs weighing from 300 to 400 lbs. are the best for frying; the quantity of lard, when

well fed, considerably exceeding in proportion that of smaller ones. The per cent., where the hog, with the exception of the hams, is used, varies from 55 to 65, and some very well fed, and of the China and Berkshire breed, having reached 70. It has been ascertained that where the whole hog is used, the lard contains more oil and less stearine than that made from the leaf or rough fat, and it was not so well adapted for keeping or for transportation as that. This obstacle has been removed by taking from the lard made in this way, about 40 per cent. of oil, which leaves the lard of the proper consistency for packing, and of a superior quality.

“Some of the manufacturers of lard from the hog have adopted the practice of skinning the animal before rendering into lard. In this method there is no waste of lard, as all the fat adhering to the skin is separated from it by a steel scraper easily. It is then converted into leather, which is excellent for various purposes, such as saddle and harness making, bookbinding, &c. Where the lard is made by steam, the bones are left in a fine condition for conversion into animal charcoal, which is worth some two or three cents. per pound. It is probable that this substance will prove of as much service, and be in as great demand, for the clarification of corn stalk sugar in the West, as is the same material in France for the making of beet sugar.”

With respect to the business done in Illinois, along the line of the Illinois river, during the present and last year, the *St. Louis Intelligencer*, of the 9th January, gives the following statement:—

“From very reliable sources we have obtained the following statistical information, in regard to the number of hogs slaughtered on, and adjacent to, the Illinois river, for packing purposes, this and the previous season:—

The work has about drawn to a close at all the principal points for the season; and although the list is not entirely complete or authentic, still with a fair allowance for errors, and small lots at points not enumerated, the total, we are convinced, will not be varied 10,000 head.

The table has been compiled partially from letters to merchants here, our own correspondence, and verbal statements made to us by parties direct from the points named.

It will be observed that round numbers have been generally used. This is in accordance with the custom in

gathering statistical matter of this sort, it being very rarely that the precise figures are given. It, however, varies the total but little, and upon the whole may be deemed as correct as if the precise figures were used. The gain at one point, by adding the fractional parts of hundreds, being made to balance by throwing them off at others.

It will be seen from the statement below, that we give returns from thirty different points, including Alton, Springfield, and several others not located immediately on the Illinois river, but in making a statement for that section of country, they have been necessarily included. The total number packed during the session of 1850 '51 is made by this statement to have been 210,050 head, against 149,000 for 1851 and '52, showing a deficiency the present season of 61,050.

We commence with Beardstown, the principal packing point, the past as well as the present season:—

	1852.	1851.
Beardstown, - - -	21,500	35,000
Alton, - - - -	21,500	16,000
Peoria, - - - -	18,000	25,000
Pekin, - - - -	16,000	26,500
Lacon, - - - -	9,500	13,500
Canton, - - - -	8,500	16,000
Springfield, - - -	9,000	7,500
Meredosia, - - -	4,500	10,000
Naples, - - - -	3,700	4,700
Macomb, - - - -	3,500	4,500
Peru, - - - -	5,000	2,500
Rushville, - - - -	2,600	3,500
Griggsville - - - -	4,900	7,000
Farmington, - - -	2,500	8,000
Lagrange, - - - -	1,900	2,850
Pittsfield, - - - -	1,500	1,300
Florence, - - - -	800	1,300
Lewiston, - - - -	1,500	2,000
Hennepin, - - - -	800	2,000
Frederick, - - - -	—	4,000
Perry, - - - -	2,000	2,500
Linville, - - - -	800	1,500
Winchester, - - -	3,500	4,000
Vermont, - - - -	1,000	2,900
Knoxville,)		
Victoria,)	1,500	2,500
Galesburg,)		

Princeton, - - -	2,000	3,500
Total, - - -	149,000	210,050
		149,000
Deficiency, - - - -		61,050

“We hear the entire deficiency on the Illinois, Mississippi, and Missouri, including this city, stated at 170,000 head. This we believe to be above the true estimate, but nevertheless think it will not fall short of 150,000. Say 60,000 on the Illinois river, 40,000 on the Upper Mississippi, 10,000 to 15,000 on the Missouri, and 40,000 in this city, and we have 150,000 to 155,000 head, which, taken from the highest estimate of last year, 480,000—the entire packing on the three rivers—and we have a decrease in numbers full one-third, or thirty-three per cent. As to difference in weight, we cannot speak advisedly at present, but believe the increase over last season to be full ten per cent.”

Mr T. C. Peters, of Genesee county, New York, gives the following as the result of his observations on the subject of the pork and beef business:—

“Foreseeing that at no distant day the provision business must become the great business of this country, while I was in Europe last winter I endeavoured to make myself perfectly acquainted with everything connected with the provision trade. I visited the curing and packing establishments in Ireland, and made myself master of the whole subject of curing and packing provisions. I then visited the great markets of Europe—Liverpool and London—and under the instruction of some of the oldest and most respectable provision merchants of those cities, endeavoured to make myself thoroughly acquainted with everything relating to the wants and peculiar shades of the different markets. I now give you, in as condensed a form as possible, the best method of curing and preparing for the English market, pork and beef, which I hope will not be without interest to producers, especially in the west and south-west.

PORK.

“There are various kinds or divisions of pork, depending upon the size and quality of the hog, and the market for which it is intended. There is bacon singed and scalded, which is divided into whole-side bacon, or middles. Barrel

pork is divided into prime and bacon mess, and is put up into barrels and tierces.

“In some parts of England they will not purchase or use scalded bacon; in others they make no difference. In this country, the market requires but one kind, and there is but one kind that can be shipped with any profit, and that is known as tierce middles.

“Whole-side bacon is prepared by cutting out the chine or backbone, cutting the head off as close to the ears as possible, and the legs at the knee-joint. The ribs are broken by passing a fine saw across them two or three times, the shoulder-blade taken out, and the whole side trimmed and made to look smooth and sightly. If it is from a heavy hog, the knife is run into the ham so as to enable the salt to penetrate readily to the knuckle joint, and sometimes about the fore-shoulder as well. From the cutting-block it is passed to the rubbing-table. Here all the holes are filled with salt, and salt is spread freely over it, and rubbed in by men with a kind of iron glove on their hands. After the salt has been well rubbed in, the sides are piled up on the floor in layers of from six to ten deep, flesh side up, salt being freely put between each side. During the process of curing, the sides are repacked several times, depending upon the weather—sometimes every other day. In about ten days the meat is sufficiently cured for market. The salt is brushed off clean with a twig broom; the side again carefully trimmed, scraped, and smoothed down, by beating it with a flat board, and then it is passed to the baling or packing room. Five sides are put together, and a thin layer of salt between each, and then sewed up in a coarse kind of a bagging, manufactured for the purpose. In this condition it is shipped for the London market, and with a little care will keep in good order for months. Hams and shoulders are cured in the same manner, except that some use saltpetre with the salt when first rubbed in. Many prefer their bacon and hams dried rather than smoked; hut, when smoked, great care is taken to keep the meat as white a colour as possible. To do this well the meat should be quite dry when hung up in the smoke. Competition is very keen among the Irish and continental provision curers, and great skill is used to make the best article. Hence the utmost pains are taken in putting up their bacon, hams, and dried beef; and many of the most intelligent men in the country are among the

provision merchants of Ireland and Hamburg. Tierce middles are the middle or broadside of the hog, between the ham and shoulder. They are cured in the same manner as the whole side, but in preparing for the English market, I should recommend to put it up clear of all bone, and should therefore take out not only the chine but all the ribs. It is put up in tierces holding about three hundred pounds, and treated the same as salted pork.

“Pork is cut into four or six-pound pieces, according to the size of the hog. When the carcase weighs two hundred and fifty and under, it is cut into four-pound pieces. The hog is first split through the backbone in half, then passed to the trimming block, where the half head and legs are cut off. The leaf and tender loins are taken out, and the whole side split lengthwise through both the shoulder and ham, and as near the centre as is consistent with the proper shape and size of the different pieces. From the trimming block the strips pass to the scales, where the weight is ascertained, and called out to the man at the cutting-block, who divides each strip into the requisite sized pieces. Both the splitting and piercing require skill and judgment, as much depends upon having the pieces well and sizably cut. Thence it goes to the rubbing-table, where each piece is thoroughly rubbed in salt. After the salt has been well rubbed in, it is put into pickling tubs, holding from three to five hundred pounds, well covered with salt, but no water or brine on it. Here they remain from eight to ten days. It is then taken to the washing-trough, or vat, where each piece is thoroughly washed in clean brine, trimmed, and *tormented*, as the process of trying is called. The tormenter is an instrument of wood or metal, the size of a small dish, and is thrust into the lean parts of each piece, to ascertain that it is properly cured and free from taint. It is then messed and weighed, so that the requisite number of pieces shall weigh exactly the number of pounds for the barrel or tierce. It is then put up in the proper package, and freely salted while packing, and saltpetre added at the rate of a common wine-glassful to the one hundred pounds. The last layer of pork is pounded in by a heavy iron weight, and capped with coarse salt. It is then passed to the cooper, who puts in the head, and puts on the barrel one, and on the tierce at least three, iron hoops at each end. The package is then filled with clean, strong brine, bunged tight, branded, and is then ready for market.

“The great utility of this method of curing consists in the certainty of the meat keeping in good condition for years in any climate. The blood gets all drained out of the meat before it is barrelled, and hence one great cause of injury is avoided. I saw pork and beef which had been two years in the barrel, which was as sweet as when first put up, and the brine was perfectly clear. A friend in London unpacked several packages of Irish and Hamburgh cured provisions by the side of American. The contrast was anything but flattering to our taste or skill. I could very readily see why our beef and pork bore so bad a name in the market, and was so much of a drug. The meat was not inferior, but it was badly messed, worse cut and cured, and the brine nearly as red as blood, and presenting, by side of the other, not a very palatable appearance. The large hogs, or heavy pork which is uniformly cut in six-pound pieces, is packed in tierces, and is then called India or navy pork. The four-pound pieces are put in barrels.

“A barrel of prime pork should contain from twenty-five to thirty pieces cut from the ribs, loins, chins, and belly pieces—all lying between the ham and shoulders, forming what is called the broadside or middle—three hands and two-hind leg pieces, or three hind leg pieces and two hands, and fifteen or twenty pieces from other parts of the hog. The meat must be of prime quality, firm, and well fattened—cut into four-pound pieces, exactly fifty to the barrel, and weigh not less than two hundred pounds, nett, and must have a good capping of St. Ube’s, or other coarse salt. This is indispensable. *Bacon mess pork* is so called, when the full proportion of prime pieces in *prime mess* is withheld; there are, therefore, various classes of bacon pork. Tierces contain the same number—that is, fifty pieces of six pounds, and the same rules as to messing are to be observed as in the barrel. The tierce must have not less than three hundred pounds, and well capped with salt. It is usual to put in fifty-two pieces. In *bacon mess*, the number of prime mess pieces should be marked upon the head. No part of the hog’s head is allowed in any instance.

BEEF

Is uniformly cut into eight-pound pieces, and cured in all particulars precisely as pork, except a larger proportion of saltpetre is used in packing. Beef is almost entirely

packed in tierces. For export, tierces only should be used.

“*A tierce of prime India beef* should contain forty-two pieces, eight pounds each, and weigh not less than three hundred and thirty-six pounds, nett. It should be made from well-fed bullocks, and contain thirty-two pieces of loins, flanks, rumps, plates, buttocks, and briskets; ten pieces, consisting of four chines, two mouse buttocks, two shells of rumps, two pieces cut close up to the neck, with bone taken out; no shins, thigh bones, or necks. To be well salted, and capped with St. Ube’s or other coarse salt.

“*A tierce of prime mess beef* should contain thirty-eight pieces of eight pounds, and weigh not less three hundred and four pounds nett. It should be made from prime fat cows or heifers, twenty-eight pieces of prime, from loins and chines, with one rib in each; flanks, plates, briskets, and buttocks; with ten coarse pieces, consisting of two neck pieces, (not the scrag); two thighs or buttock bones, with some meat to them; two shells of rumps; two or even four chines, not cut too close to the neck; and two shoulder pieces, with part of blade bone in them, well salted and capped with St. Ube’s or other coarse salt. The tierces, whether for beef or pork, must be made of well-seasoned oak, with eight wooden and three iron hoops on each end.

“No pains to be spared in preparing or putting up, as the neat and tasty appearance of the packages will ensure a more ready sale than if put up in a slovenly manner.

“There is much that one cannot well make intelligible upon paper, and can only be learned by personal observation. I have endeavoured to communicate enough to enable any experienced butcher or packer to prepare provisions for a foreign market, if desirous to do so; and the method described is the one in general use in Europe, and, if adopted in America, will enable us to enter the English market in successful competition with the continent. I trust the season will not pass, without finding several establishments preparing and curing provisions according to the Irish method.

“T. C. PETERS.

“Darien, Genesee Co., New York.”

AGRICULTURE AND PRODUCE.

Wheat.—Of this grain I have already spoken in previous

chapters; but I may here add a few more particulars. I have been told, and I do not doubt the fact, that in many instances a single crop of wheat will pay for the land, breaking, fencing, cultivating, harvesting, thrashing, and taking to market. In the next chapter, the reader will find a calculation on this point which may satisfy him as to the possibility of this.

Near New Carthage, Illinois, in 1847, one hundred acres of new prairie land were broken, finishing about the first of August. This was sown with wheat, completing the sowing by the fifteenth September. From these hundred acres, there were secured 2,300 bushels of good wheat, losing enough through inability to harvest it in season to have made the whole average thirty bushels to the acre. From this crop, the owner realized in 1848, £500. The breaking of the ground cost him six shillings per acre, or £40 on the whole, without enclosing and laying the fence.

A bushel and a-half of wheat is the usual quantity used for sowing an acre.

It is recommended to wash the seed thoroughly in brine strong enough to bear an egg. One of the best farmers in Will county, Mr Burrell of Plainfield, says he uses chamber lye, and then sprinkles on lime enough to dry the wheat after it has been drained. The object of washing is to free it from all impurities, bad seed, smut, &c.

In the vicinity of Aurora, north-eastern Illinois, they cultivate the China wheat, which is considered an excellent milling article. The red-chaff bald is again very much liked by those who have raised it, though the bearded is considered by many the most likely to produce a crop.

Plough deep, if for no other reason than to bring the lime to the surface. Lime must be had to produce a good crop of wheat; and if it exist in the subsoil, as is generally the case in the West, deep ploughing will bring it up. By this means also the ground will withstand wet better, for the water will sooner settle away. It also enables vegetation better to withstand drought, by permitting the roots to strike deeper.

Time of Sowing.—For at least two good and sufficient reasons, early sowing is best on the prairies. The greater growth will afford protection to the roots, so that the soil will not be blown from around them, as is frequently the case, and then left to freeze uncovered. The snow will also be kept from blowing away, thereby preventing early

thawing in the spring. The early starting of vegetation in the spring, and subsequent freezing, as appears to me, is what is usually called winter-killing—spring-killing I think more proper.

Again, our wheat being so peculiarly liable to rust, it is desirable to have it mature as early in the summer as possible, so as to be out of danger from the hot, damp, murky days, so common in midsummer, and which unquestionably are the cause of rust. For this reason it should be sown as early as possible, and not have the head so far advanced as to be injured by the frosts of winter. The proper season will of course vary with the latitude.

Cover with the Plough.—I have never seen a farmer who ploughed in his wheat who did not say it was much better than harrowing. The chief advantage seems to be, it roots so much deeper, that it is not thrown out by the early spring thaws, and then frozen.

Roll it with a heavy roller immediately after sowing; again late in the fall; and again as soon in the spring as the ground is dry enough so as not to adhere to the roller, and pull up the wheat.

Time of Cutting.—The following experiments were conducted by Mr. Marcus Ranstead, Udina, Kane county Ills, for the purpose of determining the degree of maturity at which wheat should be cut, for the information of a farmers' club:—

“1st. I cut a portion of wheat early in the milk, which weighed 55lbs. to the bushel. 2d, Cut when the milk had become thick, and before the grain was hard, which weighed 58lbs. to the bushel. The third and last was cut when I commenced harvesting, say before it was ripe enough to shell by handling. It weighed 60lbs. to the bushel. The first and second portions cut were very much shrunk, and I was disappointed to find they approximated so near the full weight of a bushel. My opinion is, from the above experiment, that every farmer should stand ready with his forces, as soon as ripe, to cut it down, bind and stook it, and cap every stook. It will then stand a long while, through heavy storms, by occasionally setting up a few stooks that may be blown down.

“From the appearance of my winter wheat this spring, I found it would be a very doubtful crop, and I sowed on to the ground spring wheat, which I harrowed in pretty thoroughly with an iron-toothed harrow. I have harvested

it, and it will yield an average crop of nearly, or quite, thirty bushels per acre. I sowed Italian bald, which makes nearly as good flour as the best winter wheat."

INDIAN CORN.

One of the best crops which can be cultivated by the new settler, is that of Indian Corn (*Zea Maize*)—whether considered as a bread stuff for family use, or as a cheap and fattening food for cattle of all kinds. Fortunately for the emigrant, the whole valley of the Mississippi, between the latitudes 33 and 43 degrees, is admirably adapted to its productive growth. As this valuable article has lately become one of increased export, as well as of domestic use, it may prove useful and interesting to the emigrant to know something of its mode of culture, which is extremely simple. Several kinds of this grain are cultivated in the United States. The usual commercial distinctions are known as *white*, *yellow*, and *mixed*. In the first variety the grains are of a pure white colour. In the second a pure yellow, or reddish yellow, and in the third, white and yellow are mingled together, with occasional grains of pure red. The *mixed* corn of commerce may be accidental, or it may result from the nature of the corn planted. If a field be planted exclusively with white seed, the yield will be white; but if the field be sown with both white and red seed-corn, the yield will be mixed. The varieties thus distinguished again differ in quality and appearance, according to whether they are grown *north*, *south*, or *west*. On the lands of the south, and on the rich soil of the valley of the Mississippi, Indian corn has large ears, with larger and softer grain, which is well adapted for bread, stock or cattle raising, and for distillation. That grown in high latitudes, between 40 degrees and 43 degrees, especially in the Atlantic states, consists of a more hardy description.

The northern grown corn is heavier, and preferred by distillers. All kinds are sold by weight of 46 lbs. to the bushel. The stalk attains a height of three or four feet. Owing to the shortness of the summer season, it ripens, also, much earlier in the autumn. That grown on the rich lands of the south and west attains to seven, eight, ten, or twelve feet in height; a single stalk producing most commonly two or three ears of large size, say six to nine inches long, by three inches in diameter, including the cob. Indian corn yields on good soils and in favourable seasons about 500

grains for each one planted. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, &c., on the best lands, as much as 100 bushels to the acre are often produced, and the average may be considered at least 50 bushels to the acre. On old land in the Atlantic States, the yield varies from 15 to 25 and 30 bushels to the acre. The only injury to the crop arises from droughts, late and early frosts, &c. With careful culture in keeping down weeds and grass, combined with seasonable weather, it is a crop which never fails rewarding the labour of the farmer.

The land intended to be planted with Indian corn is first "broken up," or turned "fallow," as in Prairie wild land. This may be done during autumn, or early in the spring. It is then, at the time of planting, (which is between the 15th of April and the 10th or 15th of May, in Illinois or Iowa), cross-ploughed; then harrowed. A piece of timber twelve feet long, and four or five inches square, and shaped exactly like the head of a hay-rake having teeth six inches long and four feet apart, is then taken, and the ground marked off with this, say from east to west, then the scores or lines drawn are crossed north and south, at right angles with the former. The grain is usually dropped by hand, four or five grains together, at the points of crossing. A second person follows and with a hoe pulls over the seed so deposited a quantity of the earth lying near. One stroke of the hoe suffices. With the head of the hoe, in a dry time, a slight pressure is generally applied and this completes the planting. If the weather is genial the young corn will appear in four days or a week; sooner if the seed be first steeped. The young corn is carefully weeded, and thinned out where too thick, and the intervening space between the rows cultivated by ploughing. When the plants have acquired sufficient strength the earth is drawn to them by the hoe, or turned against them by the plough. In the month of July the stalks attain such height and strength as to require no further cultivation, and the crop is then said to be "laid by."

On the prairies it is a general remark that if the corn crop attains to a size sufficient to overshadow the ground on which it grows, it will do without rain till ripe. Still seasonable rains are necessary to bring forward the grain to a good yield.

The young ears or shoots usually appear about midway up the stalks, or three parts of the way from the roots to the

tops. The stalks are usually from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, tapering gradually to the top, being divided into several joints like the sugar cane. Indeed, sugar has been made to some extent from the young stalks of Indian corn. At the point of the young shoots is seen a silky mass of vegetable fibres, which constitutes the female part of the plant. They are hollow tubes which convey the pollen of the "tassels" (the male part of the plant,) to the cob, which constitutes the germ of the grain, each row of grain being provided with fibres. The whole ear is enclosed by an envelope or "shuck," which is gathered with the ears when ripe, and afterwards separated. The "tassels" appear at the extreme top of the plants, terminating their stalks, and are well supplied with light pollen. This matter is supposed by Botanists to consist of hollow vesicles, filled with *hydrogen* (light air,) which causes them to be wafted about the field, and to impregnate the ears by falling on the silky extremities, or the grain tubes, which conveys them to the point of fruition on the cob, where the sap of the stalk matures them by nourishment derived from the earth. If only a few stalks be scattered about a field on which is grown potatoes, or other crops, the ears, from a deficient supply of pollen, only partially fill the cob with grain, which will appear at random, and much scattered. Again, if the red and white corn be planted in the same field, though at some distance apart, ears will appear, having both red and grain on the same cob. The corn is then termed "*mixed*."

From the last of August to the 5th of October, in Illinois and Iowa, the corn ripens, changing the colour of its "shucks" to a yellowish white. Its grain, at the same time become hard, losing its milky softness. It is a crop which will remain in the field to a late period in the autumn, ungathered, without injury. During their green state in summer, the ears, gathered, stripped of shucks and boiled, form delightful food for table use.

Almost every part of the plant is found useful on a farm. The long blades of the stalks, if stripped with green, at the period of maturity, and cured without rain, form a most valuable fodder for cattle—which, with the grain, composes the most fattening and nourishing food. Pure corn, unless fed with fodder, oats, or straw, the latter mixed with rye meal, as a change, is sometimes considered too heating.

The "*shucks*" which surround the ears of corn are also

preserved, and when salted make excellent fodder for horned cattle, fed with portions of pure corn. Indeed, they will exist tolerably well on "*shucks*" alone. They are also usefully employed, when hackled, for under beds.

In districts of the west where Indian corn is relied upon as the chief crop, the mode of its application for stock raising is very different. When the stalks and ears are so far matured as to render the whole plant more or less available as "*feed*," while it is yet green, they cut the whole off, near the ground, and stack the stalks at convenient places. They are then fed to horned cattle, hogs, and horses, gathered within the same enclosure. The cattle will fatten rapidly on the fodder, stalks, and portions of grain, while the hogs will grow fat on the grain trampled under foot by the cattle. As a fattening food for hogs, Indian corn has been found the most valuable. They thrive remarkably well on it at all times, and the pork fattened with it is always considered (if well handled) of the best quality. It is also an excellent food for sheep, poultry, &c.

It is a valuable grain for distilling into whisky. This liquor may be produced directly from Indian corn, or from being mixed with rye. One bushel of Indian corn is capable of producing two gallons of whisky, and sufficient "*still slop*" or "*wash*" to fatten hogs enough to pay all expenses of distillation.

As a food for man, Indian corn is considered a grain of the greatest value. The total annual crop in the United States for a year or two past has been estimated at between five and six hundred millions of bushels per annum. Although long estimated in America as a wholesome and nutritious bread stuff, it has only been the failure of the crop in Great Britain of late years, combined with the reduction of duty on corn, which has caused its value to become appreciated abroad, causing vastly increased exports.

INDIAN CORN STALK SUGAR.

The attention of the Western farmers has been for some time directed to the production of sugar from the expressed juice of the corn stalk, and I have known several who have successfully engaged in it. The following remarks by Mr Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents at Washington, will give a fair statement of the whole matter:—

“ But a more important object in the production of Indian corn, is doubtless the manufacture of sugar from the stalk. In this point of view, it possesses some very striking advantages over the cane. The juice of the corn stalk, by Beam's saccharometer, reaches to 10 degrees of saccharine matter, which in quality is more than three times that of beet, five times that of maple, and fully equals, if it does not exceed, the ordinary sugar cane of the United States. By plucking off the ears of corn as they begin to form, the saccharine matter, which usually goes to the production of the ear, is retained in the stalk; so that the quantity it yields is thus greatly increased. One thousand lbs. of sugar, it is believed, can easily be produced from an acre of corn. Should this fact seem incredible, reference need only be made to the weight of fifty bushels of corn in the ear, which the juice so retained in the stalk would have ripened, had not the ear, when just forming been plucked away. Sixty pounds may be considered a fair estimate of the weight of a bushel of ripened corn; and at this rate, 3000 pounds of corn will be the weight of the produce of one acre. Nearly the whole of the saccharine part of this remains in the stalk, besides what would have existed there without such a removal of the ear. It is plain, therefore, that the sanguine conclusions of experimenters during the past year, have not been drawn from insufficient data. Besides, it has been ascertained, by trial, that corn sown broadcast (and so requiring, comparatively, but little labour in its cultivation) will produce 5 lbs. to the square foot, equal to 108 tons to the acre of fodder in a green state. And it is highly probable that, when subjected to the treatment necessary to prepare the stalk, as described above, in the best manner for the manufacture of sugar, a not less amount of crop may be produced. Should this prove to be the case, 1000 lbs. of sugar per acre might be far too low an estimate. Experiments on a small scale have proved that six quarts of the juice obtained from the corn stalk, sown broad-cast, yielded one quart of crystalized syrup, while for one quart of syrup it takes thirty-two quarts of the sap of the maple.

“ Again, the corn stalk requires only one-fifth of the pressure of the sugar cane, and the mill or press for the purpose is very simple and cheap in its construction, so that quite an article of expense will be thereby saved, as the cost of machinery in the manufacture of sugar from

the cane is great. Only a small portion of the cane in this country, where it is an exotic, ordinarily yields saccharine matter, while the whole of the corn stalk, the very top only excepted, can be used.

“Farther, while cane requires at least 18 months and sedulous cultivation, and much hard labour to bring it to maturity, the sowing and ripening of the corn stalk for the purpose of producing sugar, may be performed with ease in 70 to 90 days; thus allowing not less than two crops in a season in many parts of our country. The stalk remaining after being pressed, furnishes a valuable feeding for cattle, enough, it is said, with the leaves to pay the whole expense of its culture. Should it be proved, by farther experiments, that the stalk, after being dried and laid up, can, by steaming, be subjected to the press without any essential loss of the saccharine matter, as is the case with the beet in France, so that the manufacture of sugar can be reserved till late in the autumn; this will still more enhance the value of this product for the purpose. It may also be true that, as in the case of the beet, no animal carbon may be needed, but that a little lime water will answer for the purpose of clarification—after which the juice may be boiled in a common kettle, though the improved method of using vacuum pans will prove more profitable when the sugar is made on a large scale.”

“Corn, too, is indigenous, and can be raised in all the States of the Union, while the cane is almost confined to one, and even in that, the average amount of sugar produced, in ordinary crops, is about 900 to 1000 pounds to the acre; not much beyond one-third of the product of Cuba and other tropical situations, where it is indigenous to the soil. The investment in the sugar manufactories from the cane in this country has, it is believed, paid a poorer return than almost any other agricultural product. The laudable enterprize of introducing into the United States the culture of the cane, and the manufacture of sugar from the same, has probably been hardly remunerating, though individual planters on some locations, have occasionally enriched themselves. The amount of power required, with the cost of machinery and the means of cultivation, will ever place this branch of industry beyond the reach of persons of moderate resources, while the apparatus and means necessary for the production of corn and other crops, lie within the ability of many.

“ Should the manufacture of sugar from the corn stalk prove as successful as it now promises, enough might soon be produced to supply our whole consumption, toward which, as has been mentioned, at least 120,000,000lbs. of foreign sugars are annually imported, and a surplus might be had for exportation. In Europe already more than 150,000,000 pounds of sugar are annually manufactured from the beet, which possesses but one-third more of saccharine matter than the corn stalk does; and there are not less than five hundred beet sugar manufactories in France alone. By this manufacture of sugar at the West, the whole amount of freight and cost of transportation on imported sugar might also be saved—a sum nearly equal, it is probable, to the first cost of the article at the seaport; so that the price of the sugar is at least doubled, if not almost trebled, to the consumer at a distance, when so imported. Not less than 6,000,000 pounds of sugar, it is said, are annually imported for home consumption into the single city of Cincinnati.”

OATS, BARLEY.

Oats should be sown early to secure a good crop. Late sowing generally produces a large growth of straw, but the grain is as generally light. A farmer thus writes me:—“ I sowed my barley and oats on the 10th and 11th of April. It came up finely about four inches, when a frost came and cut it all down. I thought it was all killed, and should have ploughed it up, if I could have got seed to sow it again. In a few days, the crops began to sprout again, and I never saw such a growth of barley and oats. While the cold kept the grain down, it must have been sprouting all the time in the ground, for there are from four to eleven sprouts on almost every grain.”

The ordinary yield of oats is from forty to seventy bushels per acre. Fifty bushels are common.

Barley, at a moderate calculation, will produce thirty bushels to the acre. I have known it sell at $62\frac{1}{2}$ cents a bushel, which is at the rate of £1 0s. 10d. per quarter. The bushel of barley weighs 48lbs.

FENCING.

The fences common in Illinois, and throughout the west generally, are the Virginian zigzag or worm fence, sod-fence, sod and rail fence united, and in the centre of the

prairies, where timber is distant, the board and picket fence. For the Virginian fence, the timber is cut in the winter, when the sap is somewhat frozen. The trees are cut in lengths of ten or twelve feet. These lengths are split up into rails nearly the thickness of a man's thigh. The rails are then taken, and a zigzag line is laid down, the end of one rail lying over that of another. Let the reader interlock, or clasp, his fingers at the first joint, and keep the hands at an angle of ninety degrees from each other, he will then have a good idea of how the rails rest upon each other. They are commonly built seven rails high, which, allowing for the irregularity in thickness of the wood, will commonly stand about five feet. Two posts are set in the ground at the junction of the rail ends, and leaning towards each other from opposite sides of the fence, cross above it. On the fork formed by this crossing, single heavy rails are laid in the manner of the lower ones, and help to bind the whole together. This is called a stake and rider fence, and is put up entirely without nails or other fastenings. The waste of wood is, of course, great. The expenses of splitting rails and making fences of this kind will be given in the next chapter.

Sod fences are made by digging a ditch, throwing up the earth on the side next the field to be fenced, and facing the mound with sods, laid flat on each other, having a slope to the field. The wooden fence, however, is the only really efficient defence against the hogs, which are a privileged class in the States, being allowed to run at large, even in the streets of New York. Where a rail or board is added along the tops of sod fences, or where they are surmounted by two or three, Mr. Hog finds himself somewhat shut out; but this kind of fence, altogether, from the looseness of the material, is very liable to get out of repair, and requires continual cobbling.

A board fence consists of stakes driven into the ground at short distances from each other, and boards nailed along. For the picket fence, posts are driven into the ground at ten or twelve feet distant, a top and bottom rail connects these, and the pickets or thin slips of wood, four and-a-half feet long, are nailed up and down on the horizontal rails, and will last, with a little repairs, for ten years. The farmers have, however, been making experiments in hedge raising, and so far as these experiments have been tried, it is found that hedge fencing is quite practicable, though not

with the British white thorn, which droops under the heat of the summer sun. There is, however, a wild thorn, called the Osage Orange, with spines an inch-and-a-half long, which would keep out any large animals, but *no* hedge will suffice to turn hogs; those land pikes, and voracious sharks which run their noses into every opening. A proposal has been made to fence in enough for the cattle and farm the prairie without fences. Another plan is to fence in the hogs alone. I fear this is rather impracticable. I have frequently seen crops of Indian corn, grown by new comers, on the prairie, without any fences. During the days the boys kept the stray cattle off, and at night the crop took its chance.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of use in the woods:—

Wheat,	sixty pounds.
Shelled corn,	fifty-six pounds.
Corn and cob,	seventy pounds.
Rye,	fifty-six pounds.
Oats,	thirty-five pounds.
Barley,	forty-eight pounds.
Potatoes,	sixty pounds.
Bran,	twenty pounds.
Clover seed,	sixty pounds.
Timothy seed,	forty-five pounds.
Flax seed,	forty-five pounds.
Hemp seed,	forty-four pounds.
Buckwheat,	fifty-two pounds.
Blue grass seed,	fourteen pounds.
Castor Beans,	forty-six pounds.
Dried peaches,	thirty-three pounds.
Dried apples,	twenty-four pounds.
Onions,	fifty-seven pounds.
Salt,	fifty pounds.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“ The West! the West! on every breeze
 Is borne an echo from the west
 The tide of human destinies
 Is flowing to that region blest.
 Land of the west—beneath the heaven
 There’s not a fairer, lovelier clime,
 Nor one to which was ever given
 A destiny more grand, sublime!

ESTIMATES FOR MEN OF LARGE AND OF SMALL CAPITAL, BEING A COMPLETE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE PROBABLE OUTLAY REQUISITE FOR ESTABLISHING A MAN OR FAMILY UPON A FARM—WITH NOTICES OF DIFFERENT MODES OF MAKING A LIVING—THE PRICES OF STOCK, LABOUR, AND ALL KINDS OF GOODS IN ILLINOIS IN 1852.

MONEY is the sinews of war. Without it civilized man cannot get along conveniently, even admitting him to have that which money represents, property. In the commencement of the present chapter I mean to begin low down—to show the humble labouring man what he may expect, should he try his fortunes in the Far West. And, first of all, he must have the wherewithal to carry him out—must have from six to seven pounds to take him to New York or New Orleans, and thence to the interior. When he arrives in the State of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin or Michigan, even although he should have little or nothing left, save a few necessaries, a pair of blankets, a stout pair of shoes, and plain serviceable clothes, with health and a spirit of industry, HE IS SURE to do well. He need not have the smallest fears of getting employment: that is a feeling which he may safely leave behind him in his own country. The western field is not overstocked with labourers yet, nor will it be for a long time to come. On the contrary, labouring men get now as high as sixteen dollars a month, with board; while five years ago, twelve was the highest. From this it will be seen that so far from labour being a drug in the market, it is every year becoming more scarce and valuable. At such a rate of remuneration as this, the labourer cannot but save money, and so he is fairly on the road to enable him to purchase land, and make himself a home for life.

If, again, a poor man, be he labourer or tradesman, has a family, if by any possibility he can accumulate the sum necessary for removing them to a better country, every child he has will there be of advantage to him, while here it is a heavy burden. The expenses of living are so cheap, and

there are so many ways in which the children can be useful, that the many-childed are the richest men in the long run.

But a Labouring Man will ask for information as to how many different things he might turn his attention to; and now I must tell him. Some labouring men will open a quarry along the banks of a stream, and get out freestone for building cellars, and foundations to brick and framed houses; and this pays them very well. Others will engage on farms, others with brickmakers, or at brickmaking on their own account. Some will dig out coal. A man writes me this winter—"I dug out 3000 bushels of coal, and took them to Galesburg, where I got 6½ cents per bushel for them." On the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which is 90 miles long, boatmen get 14 to 18 dollars per month; labourers in foundries get a dollar a day; and there are now several railways in progress, at which a labourer may get from 12 to 14 dollars per month. At Galena, Illinois; and Dubuque, Iowa, there are extensive lead mines; and if a man can command as much capital as will get him a two-horse wagon and a span of horses, he may make a very good living by hauling fire-wood and carrying goods from the Mississippi or Illinois rivers to the inland towns, and taking back grain and other produce to the rivers for shipment. I have known men go about occupying their time in digging wells. They would contract to dig the well to water, and wall it up, for from ten dollars or two pounds, to twenty-five dollars or five pounds—the man who employs providing materials. In general the charge is a dollar for every foot in depth. If a man has a wagon and horses he may rent a piece of land on the following terms:—The owner will provide seed, implements, and a house, also horses, indeed; and then claims two-thirds of the crop; or he will let the land, and let the occupant provide everything, and then he claims one-third. A man may also quarry limestone and burn it, and for the burnt lime he will get 8d. per bushel. With all these chances before a labouring man, he has no chance whatever of being a day out of work, if he *will* work. Let him, however, and let every man who means to emigrate observe how things are done at home: how to perform the art of thatching, lime-burning, brick making, hedging and ditching, draining, roughcasting, blasting and quarrying rocks, well-digging and boring, mining, and a hundred other minor matters, as he does

not know how soon or how often he may need the knowledge; and one thing is certain, that it will be needed sometime. The labouring man must not be in haste to purchase land, even if he can command a hundred dollars or so. Farther on in this chapter he will see more on this subject, and I dismiss him for the present with one word more, and it is this—avoid spirits and ale *now*, that you may do *entirely* without them in the land of your adoption. It will only be giving up a momentary pleasure for a lasting good.—Don't forget this.

And now I come to Tradesmen. There are some trades which do not flourish as yet to any great extent in the west, and such are mostly the more ornamental ones, as upholsterers, carvers and gilders, jewellers, workers in muslin of all kinds, coach painters, potters, engravers, lithographers, &c.

Such artizans must, if they mean to stick to their trades, seek the larger cities, but bricklayers; * plasterers, joiners, millwrights, cabinet-makers, printers, bookbinders, house-painters, shoemakers, watchmakers, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, founders, tailors, coopers, gardeners, butchers, linen and woollen weavers, tanners, saddlers, millers, farm servants, labourers, will always find abundant employment. As a specimen of the wages of different trades, I here subjoin the rates prevalent at Peoria, on the Illinois river, this spring:—

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
Bricklayers, per day,	2	00	to 2	50
Plasterers, do.	2	00	3	00
House painters do.	1	75	2	50
Joiners, per month,	36	00	00	00
Wagon-makers, per day (piece work),	1	25	1	50
Cabinet-makers, do. do. do.	1	25	0	00
Blacksmiths, per month,	25	00	40	00
Founders (moulders), do.	40	00	50	00
Coopers, do.	18	00	00	00
Shopmen, per year,	360	00	800	00
Steamboat engineers, per month,	60	00	00	00
Steamboat hands, do.	18	00	22	00
Canal men, do.	14	00	18	00
Farm servants, do.	14	00	16	00

* Stone-masons and hewers are not in request, from the simple fact that stone, though abundant, is considered too intractable a material to work, and is therefore excluded; but, why should not a mason learn so much of bricklaying and plastering as would start him for a western country.

In addition to this, I may remark that ready money is getting much more plentiful than it was, and that in many places where, six years ago, a dollar in cash was a scarce article, wages are hardly ever, now, paid in anything else.

And now I come to speak of Settlement on land. We will suppose the intending farmer has carefully looked about him, made inquiries, and satisfactorily ascertained these particulars:—1. Whether the land he is about to purchase is situated in a healthy locality; 2. If there is good society; 3. If it be convenient to market; 4. If there are saw and grist mills at short distances; and 5. If churches and schools are convenient. Having made a wise choice of such locality, the next consideration is the condition of the land, as to its being in a wild or improved state. My own opinion is, that it is best for a British settler to purchase improved land at from ten to twelve dollars an acre, than to get upon wild land; but, of course, this requires a considerable capital, and we must begin our calculations for men of small means.

It has been said that a western farmer should never have less than eighty acres. I hold, however, that forty acres of good rolling land, with an acre or two of forest, is a good estate, and may support a family well, if well cultivated. Our first estimate, then, will consist of a statement of the purchase and stocking of a forty-acre farm of wild land, with nothing on it but grass and bushes:—

	Dols.
Cost of forty acres of land,	50
Fencing with 8000 rails,	100
Log cabin,	20
House furniture,	50
Two cows, 30 dols.; two heifers, 15 dols.,...	45
Six sheep, 9 dols.; six pigs, 6 dols.,.....	15
Span of horses,* 80 dols.; wagon, 70 dols.,	150
Horse harness, and chains, complete,	23
Plough, 10 dols.; harness (home-made), 2 dols.,	12
Spades, hoes, scythes, rakes, axe, and augers,	15
Food for four in family, for six months,.....	50
Seed-corn, wheat, and sundries,.....	20
Total,	550 dols.

* Some beginners, instead of horses, use oxen; but except a man has been accustomed to work them, they prove very clumsy, and at best are rather apt to retard business than otherwise. A good yoke will cost from thirty to forty dollars.

Thus, for 550 dollars, or about £110 sterling, may a man make a promising beginning, and not for less. Those who cannot command this small capital must not think of commencing to operate with land, except indeed it be as renters, in which case a man who has been accustomed to farming may make a beginning on almost nothing; and even with the aforesaid small capital, a man must have some ingenuity to carry him through the difficulties of a beginner. In the instructions offered to emigrants, I have repeatedly seen in guide books the sum of £100 set down as sufficient to establish a man on 80 acres either in Illinois, Iowa, or Wisconsin. This might do were the settler to begin with oxen, and fence but a few acres at first. Mr. Newhall, who is considered no mean authority, says, indeed, that the cost of a house, implements, stock, and eighty acres of land may be set down at £80! * An estimate in which I am unable to concur, because I would rather not incur the responsibility of misleading any one.

Let us now take a look at the state of our Settler's affairs at the close of a year, supposing him to have cropped the entire forty acres.

	Dols.
25 acres Indian corn, 1250 bushels, at 50 cents,	625
10 do. wheat, 200 do., at 75 "	150
1 do. potatoes, 150 do., at 30 "	45
4 do. oats, and Ruta-Baga turnips for stock,	00
	<hr/> 820

EXPENSES.

Store Bill,	100
Clothing,	100
Corn and grain for stock and family, ..	75
Newspapers and books,	10
Schooling for children,	10
Taxes,	5
Sundries,	30
	<hr/> 330
Gain for the first year,	490

or nearly a hundred per cent. on the capital. With this 490 dollars the settler may now materially add to his stock. He enjoys the blessing of sitting rent free—he has cut down enough prairie hay to fodder his cattle through the

winter, and now the second year he may add to his possessions the following:—

	Dols.
3 Good Cows,	45
3 Two-year-old Heifers,	21
12 Half-year-old Hogs,	12
12 Sheep,	18
One Fan Mill,	40
Sundries,	54

190

leaving 300 dollars for any little enterprize or contingencies which may turn up. Every year will now find our adventurer increasing in substance; and with prudence and well-directed industry, always accompanied with a blessing from on high, he may enjoy life to its close without those overburdening cares and anxieties which perplex the minds of many farmers in our own country, whose high rents and precarious returns make their lives from year to year a continual riddle to themselves.

It will be seen from the foregoing estimate that the man who started with £110 made a tight enough beginning, but still with a firm hand and patient continuance, might arrive at a favourable issue at the close of his first year. The man, however, who has £200 at command may consider himself a happy man, for he can purchase eighty acres at the first, and may erect a better house, with barn and out-houses, sufficient to serve his purpose for the first five years at least.

Where the emigrant's capital exceeds £200, and up to £1000, the mere difficulties of settlement are nothing whatever. With the increased capital, of course, a man will naturally desire a greater extent of land, and if he purchase as much as five hundred acres, he can improve gradually as he may choose.

A man who has a family willing and able to help him, possesses in that an advantage of no ordinary kind. If the family consists of young members, or of girls, the advantages are not so great, but they will in a few years be of signal use in various ways. Boys of twelve and fourteen, can make themselves useful at ploughing, harrowing, looking after stock. Girls can spin flax and wool, milk the cows, and make up clothing, knit, and keep things tidy, under the eye of their mother. Where the family is young, the settler

will require to keep a man-servant to assist him in out-door labours, for it is an exceedingly irksome business to labour the prairies alone. The companionship itself will be worth half the wages given.

Where the capital is large it is not advisable to invest it all, but to keep a contingent fund; and of course the possessor will say—What will I get for it from a banker? I beg to tell him that he must not go to a banker at all. Banking in Britain and in the States are quite different things; and, especially in the West, a man may lend out his money on good security, and for a fixed time, but he must not think of putting it in the bank. If no opportunity offers of loaning it favourably, he must just lock it past, and be content that he has it at hand when wanted.

But we have been making out an estimate for a man who enters upon government land, while in a former part of this book we have recommended the emigrant rather to purchase improved land with buildings and fences up. It is not our part to dictate to any, but simply to give advice and opinion. And we would here say, once for all, that we can easily conceive the circumstances which might determine a man to purchase government land, or at least unimproved land, and they are these:—Should a man sit down with two or three stout sons, a thrifty wife, and a handy daughter or two, he would be well justified in opening a farm for himself; for the labour thus expended would be so much money reserved in his own hands. Again should a colony of emigrants go into a locality, and obtain an opportunity of purchasing unimproved land, every colonist, by helping forward the general work, will be helped in turn, and thus enjoy the benefit of cheap land and co-operation. But on the other hand, should a man enter the country single-handed, with some little capital, say £200, while it is not advisable for him to purchase immediately, still he will find it in general best to buy up an improvement; and I am confident that in Fulton, Knox, Maedonough, Adams, Mercer, Henry, Stark, and Peoria counties, as well as in many more northern counties, he can purchase improvements at from six to fifteen dollars an acre. We will ground our estimate on 10 dollars an acre, and so—

40 acres at 10 dols.,	-	-	-	-	400
5 acres timber at 20 dols.,	-	-	-	-	100
House furniture,	-	-	-	-	100

2 cows and 2 heifers, - - - -	45
6 sheep and 5 pigs, - - - -	15
Span of horses and wagon, - - - -	150
Harness and chains, - - - -	23
Plough and harrow, - - - -	12
Spades, hoes, &c., as before, - - - -	15
Food for four, or six months, - - - -	50
Seed corn, wheat, and sundries, - - - -	20

930

Say in all 1000 dollars, or £200 sterling, which would make a very handsome beginning. In the improvements would be included, fencing, house, and outhouses (perhaps a barn), a well, gates, bridges, an orchard, in fact all the rude and rough labour performed, so that the settler would have nothing further to do but to thrust in his plough, and crop his land.

Above all things, let a man avoid purchasing land on credit. I have known many, who, anxious to catch at 160 acres or so, as a boon for their children, involve themselves in debt, which it took years of anxiety and privation to discharge. If you must wait to enjoy advantages, rather do so a free man than a debtor.

Where the emigrant possesses over £300 of capital he does not require minute instruction here. All that need be said in such a case is, that such a capitalist can command the most splendid advantages, if he will only use common prudence. All the difficulties incident to a poor settler have no existence to him. If he means to farm, he will be able to purchase as fine lands with improvements as his heart can desire. I should say that with £500 a man can settle down on the prairies, on 160 acres of land, with every convenience which he can desire, to his hand—good society—ready markets—churches and schools—a productive and free soil—a clear sky—handsome buildings—handsome returns. These are benefits which make a man sleep well at night and give him a manly heart all the day. Labour to such a man is no curse. He freely takes on the yoke, and “bows his shoulder to bear,” for he has to half his profits with none.

WHAT MAY BE PURCHASED FOR £500.

The following letter was lately received by a gentleman in Ireland:—

“Lockport, Illinois, 29th December, 1850.

“Dear ——,—I suppose you will have begun to think that I am like many of those who leave Ireland for America, and that I have forgotten the promise I made to write to you and let you know what I think of this country. You are, I suppose, aware that I did not leave Liverpool until last March, and when there I delayed writing until I had seen sufficient to enable me to form an adequate opinion of the country, and until having purchased such a property as suited me, and having actually commenced farming in America, I could speak positively as to the prices of land, labour, grain, and stock. First of all, in order to put you out of suspense, let me say I have never, for a single moment, had reason for ought but thankfulness to God for having led me—if even somewhat later in life than might have been desirable—to this peaceful, prosperous, and happy country.

“I will proceed at once to tell you what I have done on my own account, and then I will mention those particulars which may be useful in assisting you to judge how far it may be judicious for you to come over. After having spent the summer in visiting the districts which offered most advantages, I have, I hope, for life ended my rambles, by purchasing the property from which this is dated. I am situated about a mile and a quarter from Lockport; a busy town on the Michigan and Illinois canal, which latter unites the waters of Lake Michigan and the great Mississippi river. In Lockport are to be found all the arrangements and conveniences which are to be met with in such towns as Wexford or Waterford. My farm contains exactly 200 acres, of which 150 are arable and pasture, the remainder woodland, consisting of many sorts of trees whose names are unknown to me, but chiefly of the finest oak, and of a size that would astonish you, as you will understand when I mention that having caused a single tree to be cut down, and cut into fit lengths for burning, I found it to yield seven two-horse wagon loads of the finest fuel; the whole farm is well fenced and divided, and has a stream of water running through it. The surface is not more uneven than is necessary to carry off the water, and it consists of perfectly black mould, ranging in depth from one foot to five, and resting on a loose and porous subsoil, under which is the limestone rock. In neither soil nor subsoil is there a single particle of sand, nor one solitary pebble of the smallest size. The house, which is about as good as Mr. ——’s, of ——, is situated in an orchard stocked with the choicest fruit trees, and outside the sitting-room windows is an excellent garden, and a well of delicious water. There is a vast barn capable of containing 200 barrels of wheat in the

straw—neither grain nor hay is stacked out here, the dryness of the climate admits of all being housed without danger of damp. I have also stables, cowhouses, &c. In the purchase were included two good horses, eight cows, five fat pigs, a sow with young ones, and some poultry.

“I also received as much good hay as is calculated to feed the said stock, for the winter, and about 40 barrels of oats. For all this I have paid 2,500 dollars, or about £500. The expense of investigating title and other payments to lawyers was about seven dollars, or £1 10s. I have a perfect title direct from the President, and I am done with rent, tithes, and rent-charge for life. My annual taxes will be about £2 10., and there are no thieves. So much for what I had done.

“My lands may be taken as a sample of the whole State of Illinois, or indeed of any of the Western States. Their uniformity of surface and quality is what most strikes the observer. They consist most of *prairie*—that is, land free from either trees or bushes, and covered with grass, which grows to the height of five or six feet. They yield immense crops of wheat, Indian corn, oats, or potatoes, and being literally as loose as garden mould—as I have mentioned in describing my own farm—they are cultivated with very little labour, and for many years require no manure—on my own farm not a load of dung has been put out since the land was first broken—about twenty years ago—and the accumulation of it about the farm yard is immense. In some places I have seen dung set fire to in to save labour; and it is, I am sorry to say, common to burn all the straw, as soon as the grain has been thrashed out in the field by machinery—the flail is never used.

“Land of the quality described may be had in every direction direct from the Government for 5s. 2d. an acre, free of rent or any charge, except taxes, which are trifling. But to get land for this low price, you must go seven or eight miles from a town. Understand fully, that, except this greater distance from a town, the lands labour under no other disadvantage whatever, they are fully as fertile, indeed they are, as I already observed, perfectly alike, go where you will, and in a state of nature yield the finest pasture, on which cattle rapidly fatten. As you approach the towns land rises in value. Labourers are not paid so high as is generally thought in Ireland. I have a few excellent men engaged for the winter months at £1 10. per month each; in summer they will be worth £2 10s. A girl receives a dollar and a quarter, or about 5s. 2d. a week all the year round. Wheat is now worth 17s. a barrel, oats 5s., Indian corn meal 7d. a stone; first quality flour one penny a pound; a good horse about £18; a good milch cow £8, a fat sheep 5s; wool 1s. 4d. a pound; all sorts of farming implements are as

cheap as in Ireland, and fully as good ; cloths of all kinds, boots, and shoes, quite as cheap ; good tea 2s. per lb. ; tobacco 7d : whiskey 11d. per gallon, and very little drunk except by our own countrymen."

In descending to the particulars of settlement, I cannot do better than present the intending emigrant with a simple but correct statement of procedure, as drawn up by Mr. Solon Robinson of Indiana :—

"Having arrived, you may purchase ploughs at prices from six to fifteen dollars ; wagons from sixty to eighty dollars ; double harness fourteen to twenty dollars ; log chains ten to twelve cents. a pound ; scythe and snath, a dollar and a-half ; rakes, eighteen cents ; pitchforks, fifty to seventy-five cents. ; shovels and spades, seventy-five cents. to a dollar and a-half ; axes, a dollar, and a dollar and a-half ; hoes, thirty-seven to seventy-five cents. ; and other farming tools in proportion.

"We will now suppose you possessed of your team and a few of the most necessary farming tools, household furniture, and just money enough to keep the wolf away from the door ; with a part of this you must purchase a cow and some provisions to begin with, and of course rent an improved place for a year or two, which you can do for a third of the crop, or for about one dollar an acre for the tillable land. After putting in a crop of wheat the first fall, you will find employment for yourself and team during the winter. And upon the prairie soil you would soon grow rich raising wheat, even at fifty cents. a-bushel, if it were a certain crop ; but as we are intending to write truth, we must say that we do not think it is. It is liable to winter-kill by heaving, and to rust. There are also the Hessian fly and the army worm, which do much damage. Spring wheat, buckwheat, oats, barley, potatoes, turnips, peas, and grass, and garden vegetables generally, may be counted upon as certain and good crops. Cattle and sheep fatten and winter well upon prairie hay, and cows are profitable for butter and cheese. The prices of good common farm horses, say in Illinois and Indiana, is about fifty to sixty dollars ; four year old working oxen, thirty-five dollars a yoke ; cows, ten to sixteen dollars ; yearlings, three to five dollars ; two year-olds, six to eight dollars ; sheep, a dollar to a dollar and a-half ; hogs plenty and cheap.

"Again, we will suppose you arrive with 200 dollars (£40), exclusive of the other necessaries above mentioned. A small capital, you say, with which to buy a new farm, and commence farming in a new country. True : but many a man in the West is now comparatively rich who commenced with a less sum. All that is wanted is courage and industry—some will say *luck*

—but luck almost always follows industry. Well, you wish to know how to begin in this small way. We will tell you. United States public land is a dollar and a quarter an acre, and thousands of acres are subject to entry upon all the western prairies, of a most excellent soil. You arrive the first of July, and are determined to become an owner of the land you cultivate. You find a region of country, the appearance of which suits you. First get your family temporarily into some vacant house, and then try to buy a small improved place, *within your means*, which you can often do, as all new countries are first improved by an uneasy roving class, ever ready to 'sell out' and go to some other part of the country 'a little farther west,' or perhaps 'begin a new place' in the same neighbourhood, and which in turn will be again for sale. In fact this is the common way of settling in a new country. So you need not be surprised to find the whole population ready to sell their new homes, before a long residence attaches them to them. The 'selling-out fever' is a mania, but a very harmless one, you need not fear it. But if you cannot buy an old place then you must make a new one. 'What!' you exclaim, 'buy land, build a house, fence and plough a farm with 200 dollars!—Pray tell me how.' We will.

"First, then, you cannot buy less than forty acres of public land. Let this be dry clean prairie, which will be, perhaps, from one to three miles to timber. This will cost fifty dollars, besides a little expense to the land office, which may be a hundred miles off. Now, you must have some timbered land. The price of this will vary in different sections of the country, it being in the hands of private individuals generally; but where timber is plenty enough to make it advisable to settle, it may be bought for five dollars an acre. Five acres of good white oak timber will be sufficient for the forty acres of prairie, and will take up twenty-five dollars more of the capital.

"Now for a house. Forty logs, eighteen feet long, ten inches diameter, slightly hewed on two sides, notched or hewed together at the corners, will form the walls. Seven smaller sticks, hewed on one side, will make the sleepers of the floor, and the same number for the joists of the chamber floor; as ten logs high will allow of having a low chamber that will answer for beds. The rafters can be made of straight rails, and may be boarded and shingled, or, with less expense, have smaller rails nailed on for ribs and covered with split clap-boards or strakes, three feet long and six or eight inches wide: four hundred will make the roof, and they are worth, if bought, not over two and a half dollars. The gable end may be studded and sided up with boards. A front and back door, and two twelve pane 8 by 10 glass windows are to be cut out of the logs, and a space for the

chimney, the whole of which will be built on the outside to save room. The ends of the logs, when cut off, are secured in their places by a board or piece of split stuff pinned or nailed on. If the country is new, and destitute of brick or stone for a chimney, yet one must be built. This is done by first making a round frame of split stuff on the outside of the fireplace, which is to remain, and on the inside a temporary frame of boards is put up, just the size of the contemplated fireplace. Then this space is crammed full of slightly moistened clay, and a wooden mantle laid across, and the funnel of the chimney built out with sticks and clay; then the inside boarding of the fireplace is taken out, and the hearth made of pounded clay, and it is ready for use, and will last many years.

“If, in a country of saw-mills, you will procure boards for the floors and doors, otherwise they must be made of split stuff.

“The spaces between the logs are filled with ‘chinking,’ that is, pieces of rails and blocks, and split stuff, and then the whole well daubed with clay mortar in all the cracks, outside and in. A small shed should be built over the back door, to keep the pots and kettles dry. This house can be built, finished and ready to move into for the following expense:—

Cutting, hewing, and hauling timber, - - -	4	days' work.
Raising, (mostly done by neighbours,) - - -	1	do.
Putting on roof and gable ends, - - - - -	2	do.
Cutting out doors, windows, and place for fireplace, casing doors and windows and making doors, - - - - -	4	do.
Laying floors, and making a ladder to chamber, - - - - -	3	do.
Chinking and daubing, - - - - -	3	do.
Building chimney, - - - - -	3	do.
	20	days.

	Dols.	Cents.
Now, the cash out will be, for 10 days' work hired,	5	00
1000 feet of timber, for floors, &c., - - - - -	10	00
20 lbs. of nails, - - - - -	1	00
30 panes and 3 sashes (1 six-pane sash for chamber),	1	87
2 pair butts and screws (use wooden latches), - -	0	25
400 split clap-boards for roof, - - - - -	2	50
	20	62
But we will add for contingencies, - - - - -	4	38
	25	00
Making - - - - -	25	00

“Some of the packing-boxes, in which come your things, with

the lid hinged with bits of leather, and some shelves put in, will make good closets for a corner of the new house—and if you have a jack plane and augers, which every emigrant should have, you can make some coarse bedsteads, upon which you will sleep more soundly, and a table or two, upon which you will eat with a better appetite, than those do who eat from a table that costs more than yours, house and all.

“We have allowed ten days after you have fixed upon your location to build your house and move into it; but it would be better to have more hands and complete it in less time. In the meantime, if not too late in the season, which should not be later at any rate than the middle of August, you may hire 20 acres of prairie, broken up, which will cost from a dollar and a half to two dollars an acre, owing to the different prices in different parts of the country, rather than to a difference in the quality of the breaking, though the best of it cannot be done to good advantage with less than three stout yoke of oxen, and generally four yoke are used—so that it is generally better for the poor settler to hire his breaking done by the acre than to attempt it with an inefficient team. The depth of breaking varies from two to eight inches; and it is still a mooted point what depth is the best—our own opinion is four inches. The breaking of this twenty acres, put down at thirty dollars, and fifteen bushels of wheat, with which to sow ten acres, at fifty cents a bushel, $7\frac{1}{2}$ dollars. This will take about a week to put in as it should be, for the sod is very hard, and needs a great deal of harrowing: and as you have been on the prairie so short a time that you have not been able to get a harrow of your own, we will excuse you for borrowing one—though an eternal borrower is but little better than a thief in a neighbourhood.

“Having sowed the wheat, you have necessarily to trust it to Providence, unfenced, as you cannot fence it at present, and we have known a first-rate crop raised in the same way, even in thick settled neighbourhoods.

“Your next step is to cut a good supply of hay for the cow and team for a five months' winter. And then a temporary stable you can build in this manner:—Lay up a pen of rails double, that is, two courses all round, except a doorway at one corner, where the ends of the rails are secured in their places by short cross ties, and fill in the space between the two courses of rails—which should be at least a foot—with the wet hay, and dirt, and sods, and trash, that will make a perfect tight warm wall; and on the top lay poles, and build a small stack of hay of the coarsest grass, which will serve you for a good stable a couple of years. There should, however, be a little ditch dug around the outside to take off the water; the dirt being thrown inside will raise the ground, so as always to keep a dry and

better floor than a plank one. All this, you see, is done with your own labour, or by exchanging a day or two of work with a neighbour.

“ You will, of course, extend the size or number of the pens, to suit the number of animals to be stabled, and also an extra room to hold the harness, grain, tools, &c., &c.

“ You will see the necessity, also, of putting up as soon as possible, a small room adjoining the house, which may be made of straight rails, and covered with strakes, all of which can be done with three days' work, and will serve for a very good store-room for flour, meal, meat, potatoes, &c., except the latter, which must be holed up for winter; a few bushels, however, can be kept under the floor next the hearth, for daily use during cold weather, and in some winters they will keep in a bag in the same room where you live. We have now brought you step by step into winter quarters. You will observe that we have used up $137\frac{1}{2}$ dollars of your 200 dollars, cash capital, and as it is desirable that you keep entirely free of debt, we will leave the balance for your support until your land produces something for you, and right well must you husband it. Perhaps you had better give the purse to your wife, for if she is the right sort of a woman she will housewife it better than you will husband it—and above all things don't let a soul know how much money you have got: and as you pay cash for everything you buy, people will imagine that you have an abundance, and will practice upon the principle, that to him that has, more shall be given; and from him that has not, or but little, that little shall be taken away.

“ You will now proceed to fence the twenty acres you have broken up, counting two panels of ten feet rails to the rod, which is hardly crooked enough, but will answer; it will take four thousand eight hundred, say five thousand rails and stakes, and an addition of sixteen hundred more, will fence the whole forty acres, making six thousand four hundred; and about six hundred more for the necessary yards around the house and stable, making seven thousand in all, which, if you will get out in the course of the winter, and get up a good supply of wood, besides your other necessary work, you may be set down for an industrious man. But by exchanging your team work for manual labour, you can accomplish it, so that the spring finds you in possession of forty acres of prairie land, well fenced, ten of it in wheat, and ten ready for a spring crop, a comfortable dwelling, and stable and yards, &c. Now let us proceed. It is possible your wheat is winter-killed, then sow the whole with spring wheat, and harrow it in as early as possible; but if not killed, then sow two acres of the other ten in spring wheat, seven in oats, and the other acre for a “truck patch”—the spot intended for a garden being planted in potatoes this year, as best calou-

ated to mellow the ground. Previous to the tenth of June, get two acres or more broken and sow it in buckwheat, and if you find yourself able, get eight acres more broken up for wheat this year, not more. Do not undertake too much, remember that: but keep doing, and in time you will accomplish wonders.

“This fall you will be able to plough the old ground for a spring crop of wheat, oats, and corn. Put all the manure on the garden spot. Cut more hay, and get a few calves, and half-a-dozen sheep, and in time you will have a large stock, and a large farm, and build a new house, and be very glad to have us call in some winter evening and talk over all these scenes of the new settlement on the western prairie.”

Should a capitalist wish to commence a mercantile business, he must take the advice tendered to others, as to the necessity of waiting some time before he embarks in business. He must settle in some town, and employ six months or more, if necessary, in doing nothing but frequenting the stores, and talking with this man and that, till he get perfectly acquainted with the nature of the new position he means to occupy, and then he may commence.

I will now close the chapter by presenting a table of the prices of the various kinds of provisions, grain, live stock, clothing, and other merchandise, as prevailing in the State of Illinois this spring (1852). The reader may rely upon the correctness of the prices, as they have been expressly sent over by respectable persons living in Illinois, at the present time, for the purpose of being inserted in this work, I may further mention that the following are the *retail* prices, and that taken in quantities the articles may be had at a reduction of from ten to twenty per cent. Let the reader count a cent worth a halfpenny, and a dollar at 4s. 2d.

PROVISIONS.

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
Beef, per lb.,	0	3 to	0	5
Pork, per 100lbs.,	3	75	4	25
Lard, per lb.,	0	6	0	8
Superfine flour, per barrel of 194lbs., ...	3	75	0	0
Indian corn meal, per bushel,	0	30	0	40
Buckwheat do., per lb.	0	2	0	0
Butter, per lb., Summer, 10 to 12 cents.				
in Winter,	0	12	0	18
Cheese, per lb.,	0	7	0	10
Eggs, per dozen, in Summer, 5 cents.,				
in Winter,	0	15	0	0

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
Smoked bacon ham, per lb.	0	7	0	10
Tea, do.,	0	25	1	0
Sugar, do.,	0	7	0	8
Coffee, do.,	0	9	0	10
Molasses, per gallon,	0	40	0	45
Dried apples, per bushel,	2	50	0	0
" peaches, do.,	3	0	0	0
Potatoes, do.,	0	25	0	0
Salt, do.,	35	0	50	0

GRAIN.

Wheat (Jan. 1852), per bushel	0	55	0	60
Indian corn, do.,	0	26	0	30
Oats, do.,	0	16	0	0
Barley, do.,	0	55	0	60
Rye, do.,	0	45	0	50
Timothy Hay, per ton,	6	0	8	0
Charge for grinding wheat,	1-8th of the grain.			
Do. do., Indian corn,	1-6th do.			

LIVE STOCK.

Horse,	40	0	100	0
Cow,	15	0	0	0
Sheep (if shorn),	1	0	1	25

CLOTHING.

Making a broadcloth dress coat, ...	6	0	9	0
do. wearing coat,	5	0	0	0
Price of ready made trowsers,	1	25	12	0
Do. do. vest,	1	25	5	0
Wool, per lb.,	0	30	0	40
Blankets (good),	4	0	6	0
White cotton shirting, per 30 yards, ...	0	75	3	0
Good prints for gowns, per yard ...	0	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	0	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Boots,	1	50	4	0
Shoes,	1	50	2	0
Stocking yarn, per lb.,	0	75	0	85
Good black hat,	1	25	5	0
Woman's straw bonnet,	1	25	3	0
Do. shawls,	4	0	7	0
Upper leather, per lb.,	0	25	0	0
Sole do., do.,	0	17	0	0

MISCELLANEOUS.

First quality clear lumber, per 1000 feet,	27	0	0	0
Second, do. do.,	22	0	0	0
Common, do. do.,	14	0	0	0

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
Siding, per 1000 feet,	14	0	17	0
Flooring, do.,	22	0	25	0
Fencing, do.,	14	0	0	0
Shingles, per thousand,	3	0	3	75
Lath, do.,	3	0	0	0
Fence Pickets, do.,	15	0	0	0
Scantling and joist, per 100 feet. ...	14	0	16	0
Window sashes, per pane,	0	3½	0	0
Window glass, per pane, size 10 by 13 in.,	0	5	0	0
Nails, per lb,	0	5	0	0
Firewood, per cord,	1	50	0	0
Barrel staves, per 1000	9	0	10	0
Hoop Poles, do.,	10	0	0	0
Bricks, do,	4	0	4	50
Bricks, per 1000, laid in wall,	17	50	0	0
Good two-horse wagon,	80	0	0	0
Double harness, for do,	14	0	20	0
Good saddle and bridle,	8	0	10	0
Burnt lime, per bushel,	0	16	0	20
Good rifle,	15	0	20	0
Powder for do., 40 cents, Shot, per lb..	0	8	0	0
Turned posted bedstead (7 feet post),	3	0	7	0
Windsor chairs, per set,	3	60	6	0
Cane-bottomed, do., do.,	8	0	14	0
Chest of drawers,	10	0	50	0
Cooking stove—with tea kettle and coppers.	10	0	0	0
Wine, per gal.,	2	0	4	0
Brandy, do.,	2	0	4	0
Rum, do.,	1	25	2	50
Whisky, do.,	0	20	0	25
Cider, do.,	0	25	0	0
Tobacco, per lb.,	0	25	0	0
Yankee Clock, (wooden)	2	0	3	0
Do. do. (brass)	0	88	50	0
Plough,	7	0	11	0
Pork Barrel,	0	50	0	0
Flour do.,	0	25	0	0
Common School Fees, per Quarter, ...	2	50	3	0
Academy do., do.,	4	0	6	0
Iron—Common bar, per lb,	0	3½	0	0
" Sligo, bar, do.	0	5	0	0
" Hoop, do.	0	8	0	0
" Band, do.	0	3	0	6
Steel—Spring, do,	0	8	0	0

				Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
Steel—Cast, per lb.,	0	23	0	25
Seeds—Timothy, per bushel,	1	50	2	0
" Clover, do.	5	0	0	0
" Blue Grass, do.	1	50	0	0
" Flax, do.	0	75	1	0

CHAPTER XXXVII.

“ Shiver—shiver—by the river;—
Shiver by the stone!
Cold and raw, frost an’ snow
Pinch us to the bone.”

WINTER SKETCHES.

THE winter of 1842 was the coldest experienced for many years. On the 20th day of November, a “cold snap” came on, and in two nights the Mississippi was frozen over. The cold wind, which blew coldest from the West, chilled to the bone, and all the water and milk in the houses were turned into ice. If the tea-kettle happened to be left on the hearth at night, full of water, the contents were frozen, and the kettle burst with the expansion of the ice. Whatever was intended to remain untouched by the stern breath of winter, had to be kept underground in a cellar, or where Democritus says he found truth, at the bottom of a well.

For two or three days at a time, on several occasions, the thermometer fell below zero. On one occasion, I well remember, after a fall of snow, the wind blew very briskly—the air for a height of ten or twelve feet was filled with drift, sparkling and glancing in minute particles in the cold sunlight, and the thermometer in the open air stood at 20 degrees below zero! We had to dispense with school for that day, and I attempted to occupy my time in writing. A large wood fire burned briskly upon the hearth, and every hole by which the cold and searching blast could enter (we were then in a log-house of Mr. Smith’s) was carefully closed. There was no use in attempting to write, however, for the ink actually froze in the pen! I will not say it would have done so in a lathed and plastered house. Having gone to the door to chop some wood for fuel, I got

the great toe of my right foot frozen. By rubbing it with snow, the circulation was restored, but that toe is still more sensible to the effects of cold than any of its fellows. When we awoke in the morning, the first thing was to feel for our noses, as the cold air had chilled them so, that that was the only way of telling whether they were yet "to the fore." On another occasion, the fine snow drift had found its way into the house, and when we awoke the bed-quilt was covered in places an inch deep with snow! Of course I don't blame the snow for that, but the house.

When winter comes, it's winter, and there's an end on't. There is no dull, wet, plashy weather as in this dismal November of ours in Britain. If anything comes down it is white, and the fall once over, the sun shines out bright and joyously. If there is little wind, the weather is even warm, but the cold blasts that sweep over the prairies are enough to "skin a rat," as the phrase goes. Indeed I was credibly informed that some persons in a neighbouring county had that year been frozen to death in crossing the prairies. I have myself travelled sixty miles across the prairies about Christmas. On setting out I was met by a horseman who had come four or five miles, and was shivering with the cold raw air which blew in his back.

"Mornin," stranger, aint you scared to face sich a mornin' as that?—Why, man, you'll freeze."

"No fear, I'll be much warmer than you on horseback." The snow lay about three inches deep, and was crusted on the surface, the foot broke through this crust at every step, and the exertion required to go a-head, kept me warm enough. I had, however, to tie a handkerchief under my chin and over my ears to prevent them from being frost-bitten. My coat collar, which was turned up, was loaded on each side with ice formed from the condensed breath, and the road could only be distinguished from the prairie on each side by there being less spears of grass standing up through the snow there than in other places. Although I had a pretty honest looking walking-stick, I got "badly skeered" on that same journey, and I may as well tell you how it happened.

There was I out on the lone prairie, with not a stone, a bush, or any prominent object under the lee of which I might rest for ten minutes my weary limbs. All was silent as the grave. Not a bird flitted across the heavens—not

any living being was near! The sun shone in its wonted lustre—the sky was of the deepest blue—the desolate plain of the most dazzling white. Here am I, thought I, a stranger in a strange land, and without any effective weapons. What if a pack of wolves or a bear should come along and make a meal of me?—So meditating, I brandished my stick “to keep my courage up”—looked with a suspicious eye all around, and held on. Every now and then, however, I kept a sharp look out “fore and aft,” lest evil might be abroad, and evil is always the better of being watched. As the man said on board of ship “I’d hate to be drowned in the dark—I’d like to see myself dying,” so with me, I wanted to see the danger, if any there were, afoot or afloat. Not long after I *did* see something—(reader I’m living yet)—away far along the road behind me like a black speck on the horizon. That’s either good or bad company, thought I, and I waited a little to get a nearer view of the coming object. As it drew nearer, the appearance was so singular that I felt like cutting my stick. It was not a man, for it was widest below, neither was it a woman, for it was making rapid headway, much greater than any woman could effect. I could distinguish no marks of feet, but the head was wagging and bobbing up and down in a way that promised, if that was a bear, to dress me off “about right.” I was pretty well tired already, and I did not quite like to set off on a false alarm. So to test the truth of my fears, I set off at a brisk pace along a hog track, at right angles with the road, rightly thinking that if the object had any evil intentions my way, it would strike off the road also. It kept the “even tenor of its way,” however, and presently from the side view I obtained, my fears were somewhat dispelled by seeing the strange object assume the appearance of a single horse drawing a sleigh, after the fashion of a Lapland reindeer. I’m safe yet, thought I, as I turned my erring footsteps towards the road, making sage reflections to the effect, that most frightful objects, when anatomized, prove as little worthy of our fears as a one-horse sleigh. The sleigh was occupied by a youngish man and woman who had been settling in Iowa, and were now on their way to see their friends in Indiana. The man was dressed in a shaggy great-coat of buffalo hide tied in front with blue ribbon, and a hairy cap made of the skin of the musk rat.

In the front of the sleigh, at the woman’s feet, sat a flat-

bottomed pot or *bake-kettle*, in which was a little fire of dry bark, and the "Missis," who might be about twenty-two or three, and good-looking too, was quietly smoking a pipe, taking things easy. The goodman jumped out, and I jumped in, and took the reins. Bidding me "take care o' the old 'oman," he set off in front on a bear dance, leaping and flinging his limbs about to create a little warmth.

In a severe time the wolves venture near the settlements, and will run off with a lamb or pig, or cut the throat of a full-grown sheep. At times the farmers will join together, and have a wolf-hunt, in which they mount their horses, and encircle the district which they are supposed to frequent. The circle gradually narrows, and whatever wolves appear, are brought down by the unerring rifle. In 1840 premiums were given on wolf scalps in Illinois to the amount of 12,037 dollars.*

The provident settler will go into the woods before the

* *An act authorizing Counties to give a bounty on wolf scalps.*

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, &c., That the county commissioners of any county in this State, may hereafter allow such bounty on the big wolf and prairie wolf of six months and upwards, as said court may deem reasonable; said bounty to be paid out of the treasury of the county wherein said wolf or wolves may be taken and killed, upon the certificate of the county commissioners' court, and said certificate shall be receivable by the collector of the county wherein such allowance of bounty may have been made for any taxes due said county.

Sec 2. Whenever the county commissioners of any county shall determine upon allowing a bounty on wolf scalps for any one year, they shall at their March term of said year, enter an order on their records setting forth the amount of such allowance.

Sec. 3. The person claiming a bounty shall produce the scalp or scalps with the ears thereon, and within ninety days after the same shall have been taken, to the county commissioners' court of the county wherein such wolf or wolves may have been taken or killed, whereupon the clerk of said court shall administer to said person the following oath or affirmation, to wit—You do solemnly swear or affirm (as the case may be) that the scalp or scalps here produced by you, was taken from a wolf or wolves killed by yourself within the limits of this county, and within the ninety days last passed, and that you believe the wolf or wolves was or were six months old or upwards.

winter sets in, and cut a liberal supply of wood for winter use—pile it away in a convenient place, and thus he is saved the dire necessity of setting off in the midst of a snow storm to the forest for fuel to make dinner. A wagon load of wood, or half a cord, in very cold weather, will be burnt in a week. The sap being somewhat frozen, the winter is the best time for splitting logs into rails. A man may be hired to split for fifty cents a day. Give him a hearty breakfast at daybreak, roll up in a newspaper a couple of pounds of raw pork, four inches deep with fat, and a clumsy lump of corn dodger, for dinner, and he will split you from two to three hundred rails a day.

On a calm sunny day in December or January, I have taken many a pleasant stroll along the water courses and picturesque haughs of Spoon river—now chopping off a few geological specimens—searching for walking-sticks—examining the Indian burying-places or mounds, mostly crowning the commanding bluffs within sight of the river, or making sketches of the beautiful river and park scenery. Those who are given to gunning may then enjoy excellent sport, as game is abundant. Wild turkeys, prairie hens, quails, partridges, rabbits, squirrels, &c., afford excellent sport. For my own part, I preferred fishing, which of course could not be practised in winter; and never shot more than once or twice all the time I was there.

As long as any snow remains on the ground, the sledge or sleigh is in universal use. The riding sleighs or *cutters* are very tastefully made with iron runners, and *sleigh riding* is a fashionable amusement in the winter season. The horses' necks are decorated with a collar stuck full of two-inch bronze globes, in the centres of which are little balls, which make a right merry tinkling as the steeds trot along the soft snowy pathwáy. The merry laugh, the witty sally, and the choral song, which accompany these sleighing excursions, show that winter, though dreary, has yet some delights.

Christmas is given up to joy and gladness throughout the land. On Christmas eve the juveniles hang up their stockings, some on the crane, some on the rail of a chair, some along the skirting boards of the room, in humble expectation of a stray gratuity "in money or goods," from Santa

Claus, St. Nicholas, or any other benevolent saint in all the calendar.

Of St. Nicholas, *alias* Santa Claus, who is the patron of all good boys and girls, tradition sayeth, that on Christmas nights he descends the chimney; and furthermore, one who professed to have seen him, affirms—

“ A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.”

In the month of February the winter generally breaks up—warm weather, as warm as any of our summer days, will follow immediately on the heels of winter—the young grass springs up rapidly—the foilage bursts forth on the trees. The wild geese, swans, and cranes are seen high in the heavens winging their way from the south—the martins and other swallows appear—the prairies assume their wonted verdure, “and all nature laughs again.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“Ob, wonderful! wonderful!! and most wonderful!!!—wonderful, and yet again wonderful!—and after that out of all whooping!”—*Shakespeare*.

SIX DAYS' “ABANDON” ON THE BANKS OF THE ILLINOIS RIVER AND PEORIA LAKE, OR A NEW VERSION OF “CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVAS;” SHOWING HOW SEVEN WISE MEN GAVE THEIR WITS AN AIRING—HOW THE FEATHERS FLEW—THE GILLS GASPED—THE FROGS FRATERNIZED—THE TABLES WERE TURNED—THE SKUNKS SQUEALED—HOW BILL “RIPPED AND TORE—HOW BEN “SPREAD HIMSELF OUT”—HOW AL. “WENT IT STRONG”—AND ALL GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO FUN AND FROLIC—AND HOW THEY MADE IT, AND HOW THEY DIDN'T—WITH MORE THAN THAT, NOT ENUMERATED IN THE TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE wisest of men have at times given themselves up to a little relaxation and folly. Dismissing the ordinary and routine engagements of life, it is health to the spirits to throw cares and anxieties and the selfish calculations of business to the dogs, and mount the stalking horse of freedom and foolishness, provided always, you do not ride off into mischief and repentance.

Indian Summer, that most delightful season of the year, when the gorgeous hues of autumn—the calm and smoky air—and mellow hues of the landscape, administer the most lively pleasures to the lover of fine scenery—had fairly set in; and I felt a longing desire to burst away from the dullness and silence of the prairies, and enjoy a little excitement somewhere and somehow. I accordingly set off on a Thursday afternoon over to my friend Charles Williams, the schoolmaster, to take counsel on the matter.

“Well, Mr. Williams, don’t you feel it rather a dull sort of life, keeping school in this sequestered nook (his schoolhouse was fully a mile from any house), couldn’t we originate some sort of expedition to rub the rust off us both?”

“Oh, I’ve got used to it now. Well, I don’t know but that’s a good idea. What were you thinking on trying?”

“Any sort of stirring amusement.”

“Well, I don’t know anything better for that than a fishing party out to the Illinois.”

“Done—a fishing party let it be; but who will we get to go? We must get a few funny fellows along with us.”

“The common way is to get a party of six or eight together—to take fishing lines and a seine net, with a couple of wagons, and barrels and salt to cure the fish.”

“What! you don’t mean to say we’d get any more fish than we’d use on the spot.”

“Oh, pshaw! if we fish any way diligently, we’ll get a barrel a-piece easily.”

“Bravo! Who would you suggest as good hearty fellows to join us?”

“What do you think of Bill Hendryx for one?”

“Excellent.”

“And Almon Tainter?”

“Good also; and John Adams will make with ourselves five. Do you know who has a seine net?”

“Squire Ellis will give his for a word. Well, then, there’s Cordon Day.”

“A good fellow; that’s six. Could we not get Ben Brink?”

“You’ll need to go and see him soon then. It’s likely he’ll go, and bring his wagon with him, and a few barrels. We’ll get salt at Peoria cheaper than here.”

“If Ben consents, I suppose seven will be enough.”

“Oh, yes! and if we mean to start within a week, we’ll

need to go on Saturday morning right early. It's a good day's drive to Peoria."

All our Virgil men expressed their willingness to go, and on Friday evening I rode down to Babylon in Bill's wagon, to see Ben. His settlement is situated on the skirts of Shaw Timber. The house is a log one, snugly entrenched in the timber, while the grounds extend into the neighbouring prairie. I found him sawing away on his fiddle when I entered.

"How are you, Sir? take a seat. How are you gettin' long these times?"

"Very well, Sir;—are you pretty busy at present?"

"Wal, no—not very. I've just got in the last o' my seed wheat into the ground to-day."

"Will you be busy for a week or two?"

"No, I expect not. Why do you ask?"

"Because there's a party of six of us over at Virgil there, going to start to-morrow for Peoria lake, on a fishing excursion, and we would like if we could get you with us. Perhaps it's rather short notice."

"Wal now it *is* rather short notice too—but—wife, don't you wish you hed a leetle fish anyhow?"

"Oh, I guess I would," said the wife, "I reckon you'd better go with the men."

"How long do you mean to be away?"

"About a week."

"Wal that'll do. I believe it'll do a feller good to shake the ashes off himself afore the cold weather comes along. Hev you got a seine?"

"Yes, Mr. Ellis has promised us his."

"I reckon I'll hev to take my wagon an' some things?"

"Yes, and Bill Hendryx will take his too."

"Then I'll see you at Ellisville to-morrow mornin' by six o'clock—don't be later, we hev a good ways to go."

On the Saturday morning we mustered in full force, and found Ben at Ellisville waiting on us. He had got the net stowed into his wagon, and having nothing else to detain us, we set off in high glee, expecting "great things a-head."

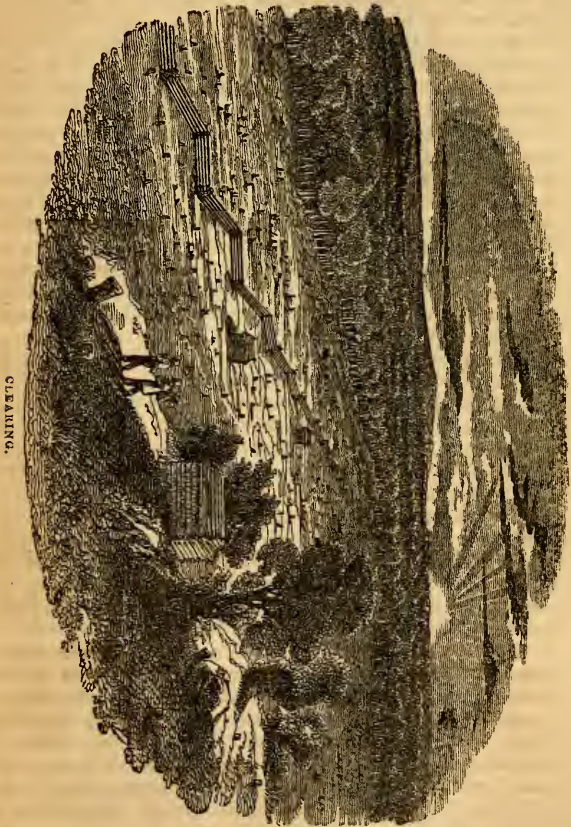
We struck north for Troy along the bottom lands of Spoon river. The soil here is of the richest description, and the bottom extends in width from the river to the bluffs about half a mile—forming a lovely valley as fertile as ever poet dreamed; and yet in all this glorious district there was not a man to till the ground. As we passed along

this fine tract, I was struck with amazement at the tall grass which waved to the morning breeze. We had to stand up in the wagon to look over the tops of this natural herbage, interspersed with the tall sunflower, and numerous other gaudy flowering plants. This showed the capability of the soil. Were any monied man to take hold of this valley, run a few trenches through it, and thus let off the waste waters which lie about, what a splendid return he would have for his money. Where this is required to be done, however, men of small means cannot incur the trouble and expense, and yet it is only by such means as this, that the district will be rendered healthy. Nature, indeed, holds out to the inhabitants a twofold premium here. By draining the splendid holms, the cultivator is rewarded with a double return, and the whole country is rendered more healthy. The boasted healthiness of Australia arises from her almost entire want of rivers. I should say that health is there purchased at rather a dear price. While drainage is all that is required in the States to make the land healthy, in Australia it has been proposed to erect tanks and reservoirs to save as much water as possible, and let none go to waste.

As I have so much to relate of exploits on the fishing ground, I shall not take up time in detailing the trifling incidents of the road. We had left all our cares behind us. There was indeed little to damp the ardour of any of us, and we could well afford to be gay. None had to calculate the prospects of making up his half year's rent, or how he was to get along for the next half year. With merry chat, song, and sentiment, we whiled away the time, and after crossing a beautiful country in dashing style, having good teams, we came about five o'clock in sight of the Illinois river.

Being 400 miles long, the Illinois has a good right to wear somewhat of a stately look. As we wended our way along the high bluffs which border it on the west, the great expanse of the waters could be viewed to good advantage; and the majestic river—the high limestone cliffs—the numerous green islands—the sombre forest through which we travelled—and the hazy and wide-stretching wilderness on the farther side of the flood,—all combined to fill the mind with reverential feelings,—even as the grandeur of a temple erected to the worship of the Most High—the thrilling organ peals—the fretted vault—the towering shaft

—the fair perspective, and the marble pavements, are supposed to give intensity to the religious feeling, and awaken the pleasing reflection, that he who looks on is one of the great host for whom all this was created.



Looking away to the westward from the high bluffs by the river, the eye rested upon a densely timbered country,

broken in upon by numerous "clearings." The hand of man was mowing down the ancient forest, and making way for the great coming host. A CLEARING! I never yet looked upon the scene without a glow of enthusiasm. In the one now before me the rude cabin of the settler stands under the shoulder of the bluff, surrounded by a few "spared" trees for summer shade. A goodly portion of ground has been reclaimed from the wilderness. The bare and blackened stumps still remain in the ground. The zigzag, or worm-fence may be seen stretching away towards the setting sun, whose parting beams cast a magic loveliness over the scene. Throughout the field corncribs for the convenient housing of maize, are seen standing, so far a stratagem for diminishing labour at a busy time of the year when labour is scarce. The gloomy forest reposes beyond awaiting its doom.

"Wal, men," said Ben, "I reckon to-morrow's Sunday. We can't fish on Sunday, can we? Hello thar, Bill, let's stop down at the foot o' the hill hyar, an' talk over it, what we mean to do."

Having descended the hill to the bottom lands, we drew up in sight of Peoria, and held a council of war as to how we should arrange.

All agreed that it would be best to camp by the river at once, and we accordingly set forth for the fishing ground, upwards of two miles beyond Peoria, on the shores of the lake.

PEORIA, the capital of Peoria county, is situated on the right or western bank of the Illinois, on a declivity which extends backwards for a mile and a half, to the high prairies beyond. As the woods are all cut down around it, it has a bare and business look. In the front of the town lies the southern extremity of Peoria lake, which is nothing more than a widening of the river, being here three miles broad, and extends north for twelve or fourteen miles. Here, at fifteen hundred miles from the ocean, were smacks, wherries, and an infinity of smaller craft, entirely used for fishing or pleasure on the lake. Several steamers of from a hundred and fifty to four hundred tons burthen, trade on the river, from St. Louis to La Salle, seventy miles north of Peoria, at the entrance of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. The town itself, though not more than twenty years old, contains about 7000 inhabitants, and business in this apparently out-of-the-world place is carried on to

an extent hardly credible to our old-world friends. The produce of the surrounding country for at least fifty miles, is shipped here for different places down the Mississippi, and on the opening of the canal a large share of what is intended for the eastern market will be shipped here also. There is, indeed, some talk of making this ere long the Capital of the State. Besides a newspaper* and a printing office, there is an extensive foundry, tin, copper, and sheet-iron manufactory, shingle factory, several blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, and joiners, with bakers, painters, and a host of general dealers.

We made no stay here, but pushed right a-head along the shores of the lake in the direction of the forest, which we could see standing out boldly to the water's edge, two miles north of the town. A number of handsome villas crown the heights towards the edge of the prairie, overlooking the lake and town. Almost all were built of wood in the most fanciful styles of architecture. Pushing on, we penetrated the deep shades of the wood after sundown, and came to a dead halt—despatched scouts in search of a location—drew up in a clear space at the foot of a nice little grassy bank, surmounted by tall cotton-wood and hack-berry trees, about forty yards from the lake shore, on as pleasant an evening as ever Adam enjoyed in Eden; and now came the time for displaying a little strategy in the marshalling of our tents, and the right ordering of matters and things in general.

Bill set to chopping up wood for a fire, while the rest of us busied ourselves in setting up the tents, attending to the horses, &c. We set one of the wagons with its hind end to the bank, and the other in a similar position, with room for the tents between. The tents, which were three in number, were constructed similar to those in use at Camp Meetings.

BILL.—“ Hello, thar, it takes me to make a fire, don't it? Bring out that ere coffee kittle, Cord., an' let's fix outsomethin' to eat. I feel sort o' wolfish about the head an' ears.”

* At the present time (1852), there are published in Peoria one daily and two weekly newspapers. The place has increased to more than three times its size five years ago. Since the opening of the canal, which unites the Illinois with Lake Michigan, the town has increased even beyond the usual rate of Western towns. On account of the influx of people, rents are at present, six, and seven dollars a month for small houses, and for a store-room or shop along the wharf, from 250 to 500 dollars a-year.

BEN.—“That’s right, Bill; I feel a leetle lean about the middle myself. If I don’t git something soon, I’ll break in two, an’ hurt some o’ these fellers, if I should happen to fall on ’em.”

BILL.—“Hev you given the hosses enough to eat now, Cord. Lord bless us, what queer critters we be. Old Hunt’, thar, stan’s right squar into his vittals, an’ makes no bother about it, while it takes a nation o’ trouble afore *we* can set our teeth agoin’. Come, Al, fix up our tent decently, now; an’ Cord. an’ me’ll cook for the whole generation o’ vipers. Adams, did you ever camp out?”

John began, and gave him a recital of his notable night’s quarters on the tree; leaving out, of course, the owl and the fright.

Bill’s tent—thanks to his girls who had supplied him with a whole sack of bed quilts and coarse linen sheets—was by far the largest; and it was agreed that our provisions should be stowed away in the one end of it.

BEN.—“Hello, Bill, what’s this you’ve got in the bottom o’ the barrel?”

BILL.—“You don’t hear nothin’, do you?”

BEN.—“No. What is it?”

BILL.—“They haint begun to crow yet, then. They’re a lot of eggs my gals gathered up about the barn. I’ll go bail there’s chickens in some of ’em. Come to supper, boys. Thar’s the moon risin’, too.”

For supper we had coffee, wheat bread, and an abundance of smoked bacon ham.

BEN.—“Wal now, men, hyar we be on the banks of the Illinoy. Let’s see how we’re goin’ to fix it. Bill, I’m agoin’ to put up my hosses in town to-morrow, an’ keep ’em thar till we’re ready to start home.”

BILL.—“I’m on the same trail, Ben. We’ll need a boat, wont we?”

BEN.—“We’ll hire one down town. Darn the muskeeters, they’ll be in a feller’s mouth next.”

BILL.—“Oh, never let on, th’aint no muskeeters hyar to talk about. Cord, do you min’ down at Merridocia? by gauly, there was mor’n a few down thar, wa’nt there! I was mightily tickled to see Cord pattin’ his for’head, cheeks, and chin, like a French Canadian blessin’ himself, to kill the gnats.”

BEN.—“Was there many, Bill?”

BILL.—“Many!—by thunder, they were that thick,

boys, that if you hed stuck your arm in among 'em so—and pulled it back agin—you'd hev seen a hole the shape o' your arm!—aint that so, Cord!"

CORD.—“Bill, if you want to subpœna me as a witness, you'll hev to pay me mileage.”

BEN.—“Wal now, boys, I feel some tired, bein' up at four this mornin'. I don't like to sit out much in the night air—let's hobble our hosses, Bill, an' turn 'em loose, an' then we'll get under cover.”

It was arranged that Charley, Bill, and I, should sleep in the largest tent, which stood in the centre—Ben, and Al., and Cord, and Johnny, in the other two. In our tent we had the net below us for a mattress, with some straw scattered above, and each rolled himself up in a separate blanket and quilt, and disposed of himself as he pleased.

“Wal, boys, I mean to git under the shadow of this plunder,” said Bill, as he rolled himself up, and took up his station under the lee of the baggage.

We had all got ourselves composed to sleep, and were enjoying as comfortable a snooze as if we had reposed “under a canopy of gorgeous state,” when in the midst of our delighted dreams of bass, catfish, and suckers, we were awakened by Bill starting up and roaring out—“Hiss—s—s—st; git out o' thar—go long!” and immediately after, some wild animal scampered over both Charley and me.

“What's the matter, Bill?” cried we in trepidation.

“Oh, boys, I'm poisoned—that's a tarnation skunk—he's been in the barrel suckin' eggs—an' the horrid critter hes let go his stink bag right squar on the top o' me—don't you smell it! Oh, men an' angels!—let's git into the open air!”

The intolerable stench which now assailed us was perfectly sickening, and although we were like to split our sides with laughter at the strange announcement of Bill, we were right glad like him to seek refuge outside the tent.*

* The Skunk (*Mephitis Americana*) is of a genus intermediate between the polecats and the badgers. This animal is notorious for the intolerable odour of its glandular pouch, which neither man nor dog can endure. The head is small, the nose pointed, the body robust, and covered with long coarse hair, the tail nearly as long as the body, and rather bushy. The whole length is eighteen inches. The general colour of the upper surface is white, interrupted by a stripe more or less broad, of black along the spine. The limbs and under surface are black. According to Kalm, the Skunk of North America “brings forth its young in the hollows of trees, and burrows; it is not confined to the ground, but

“Boys,” said Bill, after listening for a little, “all the rest appear to be fast asleep. Don’t let on anything about it, and I’ll put on my fishing clothes, an’ chuck these into the Illinoy. It’s no use keeping them. They’ll be polluted with stink for ever after.”

The moon was riding high in the heavens while this strange episode was transacting. Having again entered the tent, we found it impossible to remain, and we removed some of the quilts to let in the air. Charley and I then having got something to cover us, went and lay down in one of the wagons. It was impossible to sleep, however. Every now and then one or other of us would break out into an immoderate fit of laughter, while Bill would rebuke us in a whisper—“Hush up thar, boys—you’ll hev the men up. Th’aint nothin’ to laugh at—by gauly, I wish the tarnal eggs had been in Tophet. You don’t catch me carryin’ such abominations wi’ me agin I go bail ye.”

After lying a while, and laughing till we were both sick, we got up and set off up the lake shore. The light airs of the morning were gently moving the foliage, and the silver moon “walking in brightness,” shed a calm and peaceful light over lake and shore. The frogs kept up an unceasing whirr, and the crickets were chirp-chirping about our path.

“Mr. Williams, don’t you believe every man has somewhat of the poetic sentiment about him, which, when time and place are suitable, rises to the surface?”

“No doubt of that, Sir; it is my idea that ‘the vision and the faculty divine’ exists in all breasts, and when any individual possesses in conjunction with this the power of expressing thought forcibly, or, as Wordsworth has it, ‘the faculty of verse,’ then we have the poet.

climbs trees; it is an enemy to birds; it destroys their eggs, and also devours their young; and when it can enter the poultry roost, it makes great destruction. When it is chased, either by men or dogs, it runs as fast as it can, or climbs a tree: but when it finds itself hard pressed, it ejects its fluid against its pursuers. The odour of this is so strong as to suffocate; if a drop of this pestilential secretion falls in the eyes, it is at the risk of losing sight; and when it falls on the clothes, it communicates an odour so powerful, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get rid of it; most dogs fear to attack it, and flee when touched by a drop.” The animal has the power of ejecting its fluid to the distance of more than four feet. The odour produces nausea, a sense of suffocation, and not unfrequently fainting.—*Museum of Animated Nature*. [To this I may add, that the prevailing smell in the effluvia of the Skunk is that of coal-tar, aggravated a thousand fold by an odour so despicable, that it requires to be smelt in order to be appreciated. By the smell, the farmers can tell when a Skunk has made its way to their barns, and wage a war of extermination forthwith. Many a fine brood of chickens and ducklings is “nipt in the bud” by this contemptible “varmint.”]

"Have you ever written verses?"

"Often; but I never yet wrote a stave to please myself, but one little thing—an Acrostic—to a sweet girl, the only one ever I loved, and she's now dead."

"Why, man, Burns, whom you so much admire, first had evoked within him the 'suspiria de profundis,' by the charms of a bonny lass in the harvest field. Let us hear your acrostic."

"I will let you hear it, on condition that you let that part of the subject drop for the present?"

"Agreed."

"E ach floweret blooming in the wooded dale,
L ifting its modest head as best it can—
I mpacting odours to the passing gale—
S peaks in sweet tones of love to mortal man;
A nd WOMAN'S gentle bosom doth expand,
B lending with life's rough scenes a friendly ray.
E ven as the flower doth shed its odours bland—
T hy love, sweet maiden, innocent and gay,
H eaven grant may cheer that breast which shall its love repay."

"That's for Elisabeth."

"Yes; Elisabeth Johnston."

"Peace be with her ashes! Did you ever improvise, Charles, or try it?"

"What's that?"

"To improvise is to speak in the impassioned language of poetry without premeditation, in the manner of the Troubadours and Prophets."

"That's a first-rate idea—let us try it."

"Well, I would suggest the Moon there for a subject. Begin, and I will 'foller up,' as Ben Brink says."

"Now, don't laugh."

[Charley had a gravity and sedateness of manner about him which was delightful. Spreading out his arms towards the unclouded orb, he began]—

"Daughter of Hyperion and Terra—(pause)
Queen of the starry host;
Mistress of the night, (pause)
Who lookest abroad
From thy high pavilion (pause)
Upon the works of God:
I stretch forth my hands to thee!
Endowed thou art
With a portion of the omniscience
Of thy Maker! (Pause.)
For at the moment thou lookest upon me,
Thou also lookest upon my father's cottage—
My distant school-house—
My Elisabeth's grave!—

And every portion of this Western Land!
 Thou gladdenest the face of Nature—
 Not with rude laughter—
 But with a gentle smile?
 In thy lovely rays the stream glitters;
 The fairy islet reposes in magic loveliness
 On the crystal flood,
 In which another heaven shines below.
 The dark forest,
 With its triumphant branched arms,
 Lifts up its leafy sprays to thee;
 Thou blessest them
 With the light of thy countenance:
 And they thrill with joy and gladness,
 And twinkle like the Starry Host,
 Far away in the abysses of eternity!"

"Why, man, you must be the descendant of a Welsh bard. Now, when I think on it, WILLIAMS is a genuine Welsh name. That accounts for your lofty strain and brilliant execution. I need not begin after that—you have picked out all the poetry, and left me 'poor indeed.' You need not expect anything but 'common doin's'; so be content with what you get. Here goes then—

Daughter of Hyperion and Terra,
 WAX-ing and waning TAPER of the night,
 To whom the Thessalians in benevolence
 Beat tin cans and loud-tongued cymbals:—
 What hast thou seen with thine observant eye
 Through 'the obscure and blanket of the night,'
 About these diggin's? (*Looks pathetic.*)
 How many unsuspecting henroosts
 Have been invaded by the daring 'Coon?
 How many visits has he made
 To the ferocious snapping turtle?
 Hast thou observed the cunning 'Possum
 Making inroads on the honest Goose,
 Whose patriotism saved the Roman Capitol?
 And oh, thou lovely orb which rose last night,
 Round as the shield of honest Norval,
 Canst thou inform me where that Skunk did run,
 Which in the middle watch did slyly steal
 About the conch of unsuspecting Bill?
 That 'tarnal Skunk,' which undertook to suck
 Our eggs, and leave us widowed of them all;
 While as he scampered off he did distil
 The dolorous essence from a well-stocked ponch,
 Upon the chief proprietor?
 If thou canst tell, I wait for a reply.

(*A pause of two minutes, during which Charley whistles in a low tone, "Sittin' on a Rail."*)

I'm thinkin', Cynthia, thou art mighty green
 You know no more about the things of earth
 Than a dried sheep-skin of the art of war.

"Oh pshaw," said Charley, "you have spoiled the whole affair. Let us go back to the tents."

On our nearing the Camp, we could see our friends stirring about.

"Hello," cried Ben, as he sat upon an upturned water-pail, striking the feet of his stockings against a billet of wood to shake off the dust, "boys, you haint got on your fishin' clothes, like Bill hyar. I reckon this reprobate don't mean to keep Sunday. Whar on 'arth hev you been though. You haint been up the lake setting lines, hev you?"

"No. We were not quite so tired as you, so we got up to enjoy the morning air." As we looked at Bill we could not refrain from laughing anew.

"What are you laughing at boys," said Ben, "Bill, you see's cal'latin' to fish to-day; but I'll be shot if I draw a string till Monday morning for all the fish in the Illinoy. I've been scratchin' up the old farm right hard last week, an' I mean to rest me. I've got the old book along, an' we'll hev a leetle touch out of it, to put us in min' of our duty."

All this time Bill busied himself about making a roaring fire. Al. and Cord. were off bathing in the lake, and Johnny Adams was away to a spring for some good water to make the coffee.

About nine o'clock in the morning a dashing steamer carrying the mails passed up the lake for Peru. She was crowded with passengers.

Bill evidently felt displeased about the loss of his clothes, as well he might. While breakfast was making ready, Ben cried out—

"I'm sayin', Bill, let's have a few o' them eggs o' yourn fixed off for breakfast."

"If you want eggs, Ben," said Bill pettishly, "go an' bring 'em."

The grand discovery was now about to be made, and Charley and I watched with deep interest the progressive steps of the denouement. Away went Ben to the tent, and we followed to enjoy the scene. When he got inside of the tent, he began a snuff-snuffing, and then began—

"Thar's a mighty loud skunky smell hyar, boys. You're a tasty set o' hunters, if that's what ye were out after by the light o' the moon this morning. Whar hev ye got him? Now, couldn't you put him somewhar else than in beside the vittals. Wal I declare that's too bad. Take away the nasty devil wharever you hev him, an' don't poison

us altogether. What are ye laughin' at?—I say, Bill, they've got a skunk stuffed right in among the eatables."

BILL.—"No they haint—bring on your eggs, an' don't bother us."

"Whew!" whistled Ben, as he got his head down to the mouth of the barrel, "you've either got him or his stink-bag among these eggs. I guess I wont eat any eggs this morning."

By this time Cord, Al. and Johnny came round, and the barrel being turned out into the daylight, it was soon seen that the contents of several eggs, or rather of *egg-shells*, had been devoured, and that a skunk had been the performer.

"Oh, I see how it is," said Ben, "the varmint has let go on Bill, an' he's put off his clothes. They're horrid critters for eggs an' chickens. Did it stink you bad, Bill? I thought you looked sort o' vexed all morning'. I don't wonder at it.—Oh, don't laugh, boys.—He'll lose his clothes.—Washin' 'em, an' burryin' them in the earth wont remove the smell. Tell us how it happened?"

Bill was not in the humour to say much, so we got breakfast taken in comparative silence. At the close Ben Legan—

"Bill, them pants o' yourn aint quite fit for Sunday. I've a right good whole pair in the budget thar—you may hev the use on 'em till you git home. Let's hear how it happened, Bill?"

It was not in Bill's nature to remain long silent, and he thus opened—"The mean, sneaking, onsarcumcised abomination—it awoke me by knockin' down Al.'s basket thar. I did'nt much mind that. I thought it might a been done by some of ourselves a-kickin' against the barrels. But in a leetle after I hears so'thin' in the egg-barrel snuffling away like a duck in a mud-puddle, an' I started up, an' spoke to the darned critter—so it jumped out, an' at the same time let fly all over me. That wakened them two fellers thar, an' they haint done nothin' but laugh at it ever since."

"What did you do with your clothes?" inquired Ben.

"They're gone down the river."

"Well," said Charley, "you see, Bill, there's a great variety of creatures in the circle of nature, and the poor skunk is but a link of the great chain."

"Chain, be hanged! I can't for the life in my body see

what in natur's the *use* of such onclean abortions, pokin' about at nights an' squirtin' round their pollution on every thing that comes in their way. By gauly, see hyar, I'll give a bounty myself to any feller present, durin' this fishin' scrape, of half a dollar, that'll bring me in the scalp of a skunk. You hear, that, Adams—so keep your eye skinned, an' don't miss your chance. I'm horrid sorry I didn't bring one o' the old dogs along: I'd give a silver dollar this moment for the satisfaction of crackin' the poisonous varmint on the head. I'm blessed if I wouldn't."

Every body laughed at this explosion but Ben, who supported a face as long as a fiddle. "Wal, men," said he, "let the thing drop thar. Don't anybody say more about it."

"By thunder," continued Bill, "but I'll spit in the eye of any feller that says soap, tar, or feathers about it more; so, hev done wi' your laugh, boys. Come, Ben, let's be lookin' after our hosses, and git 'em put up in town."

"Hev you got a taste o' bitters this morning yet, Bill?"

"Oh, I'm better enough without;—let's try them anyhow."

Ben produced his jar, and such as chose applied mouth to mouth, and took their pleasure. All, then, but Charley and myself set off for town.

"Charles, Ben's very quiet these times—he's letting Bill do all the merry-making himself. How are we to bring him out?"

"Oh, Ben keeps his thunder for state occasions—you'll hear him coming out by and bye."

On the return of our friends from town, Ben produced his "Old Book," and we got ourselves snugly seated on the slope of the green bank overlooking our tents.

BEN.—"Boys, I make it a practice every Sunday when I don't go to meetin', to call all the young folks around me, and we read some snug leetle story or two out o' this hyar book. Talk as you may about your fine farms, an' pleasant homesteads, let me tell ye I never enjoy a walk through my old farm *half* so well as when I start in an afternoon, after hevin' got my min' a leetle spiritualized with that old volume."

"Give us," said I, "the Prodigal Son. Luke xv. 11."

"Oh, I reckon that's about the neatest story in the whole book. That's my favourite—don't you know it?"

There we reclined on the grassy slope, beneath the wide

spreading umbrage on the lake shore. Here lay Bill on his back, his legs drawn up, and his straw-hat over his face ; here Cordon sat with his legs ditto, and his hands clasped in front ; there Almon quietly enjoyed a smoke as he leaned against a stalwart oak ; while John Adams gave a divided attention to what was going on, and the manœuvres of a grey squirrel, which was playing among the branches. The pathetic and simple narrative of the lost son and the forgiving father, fell with peculiar force upon the ear, and awakened a responsive thrill in every heart.

Presently another steamer came puffing up the lake. The American steamers have a very imposing appearance, having first and second stories, with a promenade deck over all.

When this steamer, named *Bolivar*, had got about opposite to where we sat, she slackened her speed, and immediately the small boat was manned, and made towards our encampment.

“ What’s to pay, now,” said Ben, “ thar’s two fellers in the front o’ that boat, out on Constable business, I bet a dollar. Treat them boys accordin’ to their civility. Let’s go an’ meet ’em.”

Pushing the “ Old Book ” into his pocket, Ben rose and led the way. He was truly a majestic looking fellow, bold, and generous as bold.

When the boat came within easy speaking distance, one of the men in the front hailed us in a squeaking tone—

“ Morning, strangers, have you come across the lake lately ?”

“ No,” said Ben, “ Why do you ask ?”

The speaker then turned round to confer with his associate, and in a minute after both stretched out their necks, and looked earnestly towards the tents.

“ Come, look alive,” cried one of the boatmen, as the boat grated on the shore, and the two jumped out.

The two men who were thus conveyed to the land were of the middle stature. The one stout and burly, while the other was an approximation to the Jake Cornwall type—thin and sharp, with eyes like a ferret.

“ I’d like to know, gentlemen, what you’ve got in them tents,” said the stout man, with an air of much assurance.

“ What’s that to you what’s in the tents,” returned Bill, “ th’aint nothin’ o’ yourn, I expect.”

“ Be civil, strangers,” said Ben, looking down from his

'high estate,' upon the group, "what's your business, men?"

"We hev no time to parley," said the thin man, pushing off in the direction of the Camp, while the other followed.

"Come, come," cried Bill, as he arrested the progress of the foremost man, "you'll hev to say what you want. By gauly, but you're a mighty uncivil fellow, to interrupt quiet people so on a Sunday morning. What on arth do you want?"

"I'm angry at ye, myself," said Ben, as he collared the stout man, adding in a gruff tone, "we aint simpletons hyar. What's your business with *our* tents? If you undertake to meddle with a tent thar, but I'll pitch you both into the lake. Now walk off."

At this they both drew out small revolver pistols, and the stout man with much excitement spurned away from the relaxed grip of honest Ben, and presenting his dangerous weapon, roared out—

"I'm on State business, Sir. I'm suspicious that you've got unlawful property in there," pointing to the tents, "and if you interrupt us in the lawful discharge of our duty, it shall be at your peril."

"Keep down your shootin' irons, my honest man," responded Ben—"by thunder and lightning, if you anger me, I'll wring your head off. What do ye want, I say?"

Bill, who had been looking after the other fellow, had taken the pistol from him, and given it in charge to Al. "This feller tells me," said he, "they're hunting runaway niggers."

"An' could ye not hev said that at once," said Ben to both. "Now, niggers or no niggers, you aint agoin' to be allowed to look into our tents nohow, so be off to your skiff."

The strangers here made signs to the boatmen, who were enjoying the scene, to come to their assistance, but they good naturedly declined.

"*You're looking for niggers,*" said Ben, in high scorn, with a derisive drawl, "I'd be right happy to give 'em a hand, if I *hed* seen 'em, to git out of *your* ways, you onmannerly jackasses. Be off, I say—this is free soil. We don't believe in slavery about hyar"—so saying he made a rush at the pistol and captured it, and swinging it over his head, called out, "whoever wants a swim may go and find this;"

then threw it with all the force of his brawny arm into the deep waters of the lake. "Clear off, I say," he continued, "or I'll kick ye into that pond thar, I hev a sort o' pisen feelin' against all nigger drivers, anyhow."

"You'll rue this, my good fellow," said the disarmed men, as they beckoned to the boatmen to return to the steamer without them. "Durfey," said the stout man to the other, "you'll remain here, and watch the movements of these fellows, while I go to Peoria and have them apprehended for resisting the State officers in the discharge of their lawful duty. They must have some one secreted here, or they would not be so unwilling to allow us to examine."

"If you hed'nt been so onmannerly," said Ben, "you might hev seen all we hev, an' got a smell out of our scent barrel besides; but now I wouldn't gratify you that much. Who knows but we hev got a nigger right snug in thar. If he is, he'll be off by the time you come back anyhow. Go an' tell the Sheriff, Ben Brink, the Kentucky Corn-cracker, is hyar, an' that you came mighty near gettin' your head cracked for bein' so saucy. An' you, Durfey, stan' off at a decent distance—you nigger dealers hev a kyn o' onsanctified smell about you that I dont half like."

The two looked sadly foiled in their present awkward predicament. By this time the steamer was pursuing her course up the lake. Durfey sat down upon a drift log which lay on the gravelly beach, and his companion made the best of his way to town, vowing vengeance.

We now retired into one of the tents, and held a consultation what was best to be done.

"Wal now boys," said Ben, "I'm mighty pleased at this leetle scrape. It'll learn them fellers to be a leetle more mannerly after this—wont it?"

"By gauly," said Bill, "but I've got a notion that'll make some sport, anyhow. Cord. you can run, can't you? Wal then git this black silk handkerchief tied over your face, and run. That 'ere feller 'ill think you're the nigger."

"No, no," said Ben, "nothin' o' that kyn; these slavers is horrid wicked fellers, an' it's best not to give 'em any excuse."

In about an hour and a half the Sheriff made his appearance with a possè of six men. Having conferred with Durfey, they made their way towards the tent.

"Who is this," said the Sheriff, "that resists the State officers—show me the men that have done so?"

BEN.—"Bill Hendryx and me's the fellers that resisted that 'ere scoundrel, an' we'll resist him agin, if he comes after the same fashion. Good men must a-been mighty scarce, when them fellers was chosen constables. I know a leetle Illinoy law myself, I reckon."

"Take them prisoners," said the Sheriff to his men.

"No, you wont!" said Ben, running back to his tent, and taking up a rifle about as long as himself. "I haint done nothing wrong; and the best man among you wont take *me*. If you enrage me, I'll make a red lane among you. I'm best let alone," continued he, as he patted his piece.

"Sir," said I to the Sheriff, "I claim to be heard as a witness in this case."

"Have you anything to say against this man," said the Sheriff to Stout.

"Oh, nothing particular."

"Well, then, these two men landed here about two hours ago from the *Bolivar* steamboat, and immediately on landing insisted on seeing what we had in the tents. When asked what was their object, they refused to say, and were resisted. Afterwards, it seems, one of them mentioned their object, but not till they had excited the hostility of our party, and had drawn weapons upon us."

"Is that so?" inquired the Sheriff.

"Well, but what right have they to hinder us in the performance of our duty?"

"Is that *so*, I ask?"

"Oh, I've nothing to say against that."

"Then you have both acted unlawfully. The State law says distinctly, that "No man's premises or place of abode shall be forcibly entered by any State officer without cause shown."

"But we didn't enter the premises," said Durfey in a squeak.

"That wa'n't your fault," said Bill, "you couldn't quite come that."

"Forcibly making your way to do so, without showing cause, was wrong," continued the Sheriff, "and you have no amends."

"Are we to lose our pistols?" said the fellows.

"Oh, you'll better give them up their pistols," said the Sheriff.

One of the pistols was produced. "They'll hev to swim after t'other," said Ben, "it's in the lake."

At this announcement, the Sheriff and his men laughed. Said he, "Since you failed to keep by the letter of the law, you have no reason to complain for being roughly dealt with. If worse had happened you, there was no redress. Watch yourselves the next time. Have you seen any niggers about anyhow. There's six or eight of 'em have been traced as far as this county. They must be somewhere about."

"We're out on a fishing scrape," said Ben, "and don't know nothin' about niggers. If them asses thar had acted civilly, they'd hev saved themselves all this bother."

So the matter ended—a stupid business from beginning to ending.

Nothing more of importance happened till Monday morning, when we got a boat and salt from town, and set to with hearty good will to test the productiveness of the lake.

The Illinois abounds with fish, and the Peoria lake is the most favourable fishing station on the river. The salmon is unknown in the Western waters, being so far distant from the ocean. But then there are some excellent fish peculiar to the country. The catfish varies in weight from one to one hundred pounds. In the Mississippi, I have heard of them being caught of the weight of 400 or 500 pounds. The buffalo fish weighs from five to thirty pounds. The pike from four to fifteen; the sturgeon from four to forty; the perch from three to twelve; the sucker from one to ten pounds; and the shad from one to two pounds. Eels and turtles are also abundant.

About a quarter of a mile above our fishing station we set above a dozen lines in the following manner:—Fastening the one end to a drift log on the shore, we carried out the other to the length of the line, fastened a heavy stone to it, and sunk it. Above the stone the lines were kept near the surface, by being attached to billets of light cottonwood or bass-wood, and we examined them every three hours.

The first day we seined two hours, and caught the full of two barrels of nearly all the kinds mentioned above, omitting the eels and turtle. The most pleasant job was the examination of the lines, for then one had not to floun-

der about through the water, as had to be done with the net. As I was the only one that could swim of the whole company, my services were in continual request; while Ben and Bill by turns led the one end of the net from the boat. As we drew them to the shore how the captured fish splashed, leaped, and dashed against the net to get free. We lost a good many on account of the roughness of the bed of the river. While we supported the upper edge of the seine with our hands, we had one foot to the lower edge, and hopped along the best way we could with the other. When a good sizable cat-fish got entrapped, we required to watch ourselves, as the fierce creature struck right and left with the long spines on each side of his head, and wounded severely.

When we got our fishing over for the day we would enjoy a sail in our boat upon the lake, make a run out into the neighbouring country to note appearances, and take a shot, or fish on a small scale with the rod and line. When evening came, and supper ended, we assembled in one of the tents, and amused ourselves till sleep claimed the ascendancy; some sang, some told stories, Charley read funny passages, and all determined for once in a life-time to make holiday, and "drive dull care away." We were troubled no more with skunks, slave-hunters, or sheriffs, and finished our fishing scrape in gallant fashion.

On Saturday morning we started for home, well enough pleased with our excursion. We had with us eight pork-barrels, and filled them all. One person's share was allowed for the use of the net. Our fish proved an agreeable variety in the winter season, and were of excellent quality. "So ends this strange eventful history."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HEALTH AND DISEASE—CLIMATE.

AND now, kind reader, we approach a subject at which I have often hinted; in itself of the deepest importance to intending emigrants, and respecting which I feel myself under a serious obligation to speak faithfully and unreservedly. I refer to the peculiar diseases of the country.

They are of two kinds, bilious fever, and fever and ague. I never knew any one die of the ague, but many die of bilious fever.

The exhalations or vapours which proceed from stagnant waters, swamps, muddy banks of rivers which have been overflowed, and from decaying vegetation, under a hot sun—all tend to make certain districts of country more unhealthy than others. Cholera morbus and other bowel complaints, arising from an increased secretion of bile, headaches, dyspepsia, and even typhus fever, are all induced by these causes in combination with exposure to the sun, to the night airs, and frequent wettings, not to mention the improper use of spirituous liquors. With regard to the last practice, my advice to all who emigrate is, to set their faces resolutely against ALL alcoholic drinks, as being the most deadly enemy they may have to deal with on a foreign shore.

In Ellisville and the neighbourhood, a large number of the people were "down sick" every year between the months of August and November. All along the line of Spoon river indeed, sickness more or less prevailed every year in the above period. At Virgil, Woodville, St. Augustine, and Fairview, which were distant from the river from four to seven or eight miles, the people were more exempt; and I would observe that the town of Knoxville, which was about twenty-two miles north of Virgil, and ten miles distant from Spoon river, was very healthy. There might have been some cases of ague in the place, but I cannot now remember a case during the twenty months I resided there.

All ages are subject to ague, from the earliest infancy; but I have uniformly observed, that the women are more exempt than the men. This must be owing to their being less exposed to the sun.

"Well, Jake," said Mr. Shearer, the storekeeper, to Jacob Ellis, one day as the latter made his way into the store with his face as pale as ashes, and got perched upon a chair resting half on the hind legs and half against the wall, "what's the matter wi' you to-day—you don't look natural?"

"Oh, I've had a couple o' shakes thar about two hours ago," returned Jake, with a sort of all-is-vanity-and-vexation-of-spirit look. "Shearer you beat all—nothin' affects you—were you ever sick?"

Mr. Shearer was a man of very regular habits. He and his son George were considered the best shots in the whole district, and an occasional run out among the bushes was on the whole favourable to their health, though not to that of the unlucky game which came in their way.

In drops another, William Leech. "I see, Bill, you're on the sick list too. Is this your well day?"

"No, SIR. I was in hopes o' cheatin' the aguer to-day, but I guess I'll hev to give in. I feel it coming (*shudders*), I must be off to bed," (*catches a hold of his coat cuffs with each hand, clenches his teeth, and sets off with a squeamish look.*)

In some families, almost all were sick.

"How does the thing feel?" inquired I.

"Oh, its the meanest kyn of a trouble," said Jake; "after the fit's over, you aint content to lie in bed, an' you're not fit to do anything. First, your fingers begin to feel chilly, an' your whole flesh creeps with the cold feel—then you'd think somebody was pouring cold water down your back—at last you're all like to freeze, an' all the fires in creation wouldn't warm you. After you chatter your teeth for a couple of hours, then the fever comes, and lasts maybe as long. So then, you're by for that day an' the next; but if you aint mighty cautious, it'll turn into a daily aguer, an' oh! (*shudders*) then you ketch it in style."

From all the accounts which I receive from Illinois, it appears that sickness is not nearly so common as it was five or six years ago. This is indeed to be expected. As the country becomes more thickly settled—as the tall natural herbage is kept down, and a greater breadth of country ploughed, the causes of disease will diminish, till, in the course of time, bilious complaints will be comparatively trifling.

The air of the prairies is dry but not arid. On the hottest days in summer, a pleasant and invigorating breeze prevails, which renders a temperature in the sun of 120 degrees not at all so oppressive as might be supposed. Again in the winter months when the temperature is down to 20 degrees below zero, the feeling of cold is not nearly so great as the reading of the thermometer would appear to warrant. Let there be a smart breeze with this temperature, however, and then he who is exposed to it will not forget what is meant by "20 degrees below zero." But

this extreme degree of cold does not continue more than three days at a time, and there may not occur more than three or four of such "cold snaps" during the entire winter. On an ordinary winter day, the sun shining brightly, as it commonly does both winter and summer, I have seen the thermometer at 55 degrees in the shade and 80 degrees in the sun, and this kind of weather might last for three weeks before a severe time would set in.

Having often come in contact with sickness, in almost every form, I have often reflected on the general causes which produce it, and the result of my observations I will now present to the reader in three short paragraphs, promising that I am no doctor, and have no ambition that way.

I. A man born into the world with a healthy constitution may remain so, generally speaking, if he attends to the following requirements of his nature. 1st, Nature will bear to be strained, and at times over-loaded, if shortly afterwards she is compensated for it; that is to say, if he works hard he must rest to repay it—if he breathes an impure atmosphere he must shortly after return to good air—if he engages in sedentary labour he must take suitable vigorous exercise in the open air, and so on in this manner; but should he continue in a certain course, which is not in itself salutary, without applying the antidote, or if sufficient compensation be not given, the powers of nature being unduly taxed, a certain condition of body is induced which we call DISEASE.

II. Regulation in diet, suitable exercise, quiet of mind, are the first remedies to be applied when the body gets out of tone. At all seasons, and more especially in summer, the surface of the whole body requires frequent washings. The food should be simple and well chewed; the drink such as cheers but not excites. The labour such as the mind takes an interest in,—not overpowering, nor continued to undue hours. The delights of social intercourse should not be undervalued nor foregone; and above all, as a Christian, let a man seek his pleasures in those quiet and moderate enjoyments which the Almighty has strewed abundantly around our paths, but which are entirely lost on the uproarious and vulgar minded.

III.—If these conditions upon which good health depends be not attended to—if violence be done to nature—if the passions run riot—if the demands of our physical nature be

disregarded for long periods, the seeds of disease become fixed in the system. Then, possibly, *medicines* may be of some slight benefit, but never can prove of permanent advantage when the springs of life have been poisoned, and the powers weakened by which this wondrous structure the human frame, is continued in a healthy state.

CHAPTER XL.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

KIND READER,—Thus far we have chatted together without ostentation about the Western Land, in which I have spent many laborious and many happy days. Taken all in all, I believe it is the best country for a poor man who will be industrious; for, though I have detailed many incidents which look more like play than work, the emigrant will find that he must labour diligently in order to get himself settled, and then work as hard as ever. He may, indeed, take a run off for a day or two, but when he returns he must work with renewed vigour to pay it up; and, what is satisfactory, he will find that he works to some purpose. If, then, any one from reading this book has picked up the idea that in America he can more readily than in his own country escape from the necessity of work, the sooner he drops it the better.

America is the land of my deliberate choice. I am not satisfied to remain here, neither can any man be, who has spent five years on American soil.

In the latter part of 1847 we set out for Scotland, and, after encountering various fortunes by the way, reached Liverpool on the 10th December.

At the time of our landing, although the Corn Laws had been partially repealed, food sold at starvation prices, and the hungry looking way in which things were doled out in pennyworths, had a chilling effect on people who had but lately left a land of abundance.

The reader will doubtless be curious to hear of Johnny Adams and Mrs. Wamsley. I must satisfy him on these points.

In the Spring of 1843, Mrs. Wamsley's husband arrived

at Virgil, and the neighbours joined in, and put them up a log house. They both now got on very well. She kept school in the summer, taught the children sewing, knitting, &c.; and he was employed by the farmers' wives at their own houses to work off their linen and woollen webs. In the course of time, he started a loom of his own, and had got ten acres of nice ground. He expressed himself grateful for the change, and felt that he was now in the fair way of doing well.

Honest John Adams, after staying with me a year and a half, set out to push his fortune. His mind had been captivated with a boatman's life, and in May, 1844, I received from him the following letter:—

“SIR,—After working for three months in a steam-tug from New Orleans to the sea, I got tired, and went up to Cincinnati, where I made a bargain with a man. He is to learn me the trade of a tanner, and I am to be with him for four years. I am to get my boarding and clothes for the time, and maybe a little siller now and then. I hope you are pleased with my bargain.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN ADAMS.”

APPENDIX.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

SINCE the first number of this book appeared, the author has from time to time received letters containing inquiries, by persons meditating emigration, on matters of general interest. To such inquirers it was replied that their questions, where not answered in the body of the book, would be reserved for answers at the close.

1. Do you prefer the United States to Australia or the Canadas—if so, why?—I do;—and my reasons are these:—Without entering much into any other objections to Australia, a great objection is the distance of the colony, and the much greater expense of removal thither; while the emigrant if once there, has little chance of being able to get back again, if, as is quite possible, he should be dissatisfied or wish to visit any of his friends. The great distinguishing and contrasting feature of the two countries is this:—Australia is a *very* badly watered country, whereas the United States may challenge the world to show a more favoured tract in respect to the immense number of navigable and other streams which intersect its plains in every direction. As to Canada, the fact of its being a colony and not a *country*, is its curse. It is overrun with government officials—the British Lion has laid his paw heavily upon it, and imposed restrictions and hindrances without number. North of the great chain of Lakes, dullness and the drill-sergeant are observable everywhere, while on the south of the same dividing line, “Go A-HEAD” is the order of the day. Sixty per cent. of all who go to Canada, go south to the States, while the “niggers” are the only parties who have any inducement to run away to the Canadas.

2. Describe the difference between a farmer here and there?—As I am not much of a farmer myself, I doubt whether I can answer this satisfactorily. I will try, however. Firstly, the Western farmer, having once paid his land, has no farther exactions to answer, except the slight cent.-an-acre tax on his land, and a small property tax, which on a 600 acre farm will not exceed twelve dollars for State purposes. He may use his land well or ill, he has nobody to please but himself. After paying his labour, the rest is clear gain. He may keep as much stock cattle and sheep as he chooses—the plains are before them; with an active youth to attend on them, and keep his cattle within bounds, he has unbounded pasturage. The only limits to his enterprise are the difficulties of getting labour performed at low prices. He may keep herds of swine of from 500 to 1000. They roam at large through the woods—they all know their owner's house, and will visit him regularly, if he will deign to throw them a few ears of Indian corn as a remembrancer. On the approach of winter, he builds a pen, and shuts them in—he feeds them for six or eight weeks on Indian corn, and swill made of soured bran. He will then get from a dollar and a quarter to three dollars per hundred pounds for his pork—a very good price when we consider the little trouble and expense connected with their rearing. This is not all. He has no manure to purchase, for he does not need it. No tolls to pay. He can lie down and rise up with no one to make him dismayed. In the enjoyment of perfect freedom in all things, where freedom is of any value, he

may think what he pleases—do as he pleases—speak as he pleases—vote as he pleases. If he cannot be happy and is discontented with all this superabundance of earthly advantages—you may “send him to Tophet to pump thunder at three cents a clap.” He aint fit to live on the footstool.

3. I have some thoughts o’ going out to Wisconsin, and I am thinking of joining the Potters’ Society. Do you know anything about it?—The feeling of persons breaking up their little establishments at home is, that now being about to enter upon new scenes, it would be a good thing in the far off country to which they have turned their eyes, to have some sort of introduction, or some kind of faint idea where they are to set themselves down. The promises of Emigration Societies appear to fill up this void in the minds of emigrants, and to this they owe much of their success. I can assure you, however, that there is no need for being afraid of making a proper arrangement without the aid of any such Societies; and my advice to all is, to go forth boldly. Take no Society’s allotment. Your health and life, indeed, may depend upon the place you settle down in. Your allotment may not please you, and yet if you have no more means to expend, you may struggle with it, and the upshot of all your endeavours may be the grave. I have nothing to say against the Potters’ Society, in particular; but this I say, it is the tendency of all such associations to hold out fallacious hopes, and the whole business is exceedingly apt to be mismanaged—whether from design or ignorance, it matters not, so far as the emigrant is concerned. Act for yourselves, and don’t be afraid of shadows.

4. What is the most healthy part of Illinois you are acquainted with?—The town and neighbourhood of Knoxville, the capital of Knox county, in the north-western part of the State. By sailing up the Mississippi to Oquaka, or up the Illinois to Peoria, you are within 40 miles of it. It is by far the most healthy portion of country I have seen there; and that is the place where I mean to settle on my return, should other things suit.

5. Is there much Drunkenness?—No. The common price of common whisky is tenpence a gallon, and yet I have not seen as much drunkenness in five years there as I have seen on the streets of Ayr on one New-year’s-day. I could give my reason for this, but I forbear. The people have learnt to seek their pleasures and excitements in another channel. Making intoxicating drink expensive, will not diminish drunkenness, neither will making it cheap tend to its increase.

6. What kind of game is found in the neighbourhood of Virgil?—The chief game is the pinnated grouse, the *tetrao cupido*, commonly called the prairie hen or prairie chicken. In the winter time especially they congregate in the corn fields in myriads, and the sound of their flight when affrighted is like that of distant thunder. The wild turkey is also pretty abundant in the woods. Quails are very numerous, and are esteemed great delicacies. Wild geese, ducks, and partridges are abundant, and in some years the wild pigeon abounds in myriads. Deers are often killed about the water courses and coppiced dells. Rabbits, squirrels, opossums, and racoons are often hunted; and indeed there is abundant scope for the free exercise of the rifle everywhere. Some persons spend a great deal of time in hunting; but there is not nearly so much of this amusement followed after all, as might be expected, where the people have such fine opportunities.

7. Name the chief kinds of produce raised near Virgil.—Wheat, oats, Indian corn, barley, buckwheat, and rye; potatoes, turnips, beets, pumpkins, squashes, melons, and sweet potatoes; peaches, apples, cherries, grapes, gooseberries, currants, tomatoes, mulberries, &c., &c.

8. Are the inhabitants generally comfortable and contented?—If an abundance of bread and butter—of all kinds o’ fish, flesh, and fowl—of a liberal provision for the education of the young—of personal liberty in all matters, and boundless sources of amusement, can conduce to make men happy and contented, then these are all to be had in the West; and yet it is possible that with all some may contain within their own breasts that which shall turn all these blessings into a curse, and turn away in a silly longing for the pitiful allowance doled out to them in this British land, where they ought to do well, but cannot.

9. A lady asks—How do the women amuse themselves?—Fair lady, the women are not behind in their amusements, I assure you. Firstly, every good

housewife cannot fail to take a positive pleasure in seeing her little domestic arrangements prosper around her. Like the honest rustic in one of Shakspeare's plays, who said, "My greatest pleasure is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck;" every good lady at the head of a household will say, "My chief pleasure is to hear my hens cackle and my ducks quack." There was in times of yore in many of our Scottish households a notable organ with some stops, called a Loom. Some of our fashionable town ladies will perhaps require to turn up their dictionaries to see what that means. There was also a celebrated piano with one string, called a spinning wheel, which hummed a right pleasant roundelay in the chimney corners. In those days there were fewer Delaines, and more Druggets—less crying and mair 'oo—than in these enlightened times; and young ladies were not ashamed to help their mothers. Well, things are ordered a good deal after this fashion still in the West, and the fair workers are treated, or rather treat themselves, with an occasional holiday, having well deserved it. When a nice little coterie of "gals" have got as much patchwork put together as will make, perhaps, half a-dozen bed quilts, their mothers, always properly desirous of encouraging thrift, issue invitations to all the good and true wives and maidens of the locality, to come to the quilting frolic, and a frolicsome time they have of it, I assure you; for after the quilting is over, then the young lads pour in—the fiddle squeaks—the crockery is judiciously laid away, as being unfitted for the occasion—and though I will not say with Davy Crockett, that the next morning you might gather up handfuls of toe-nails, I have no doubt but the fiddler's elbow, and the young folks' heels, and the old folks' sides, are all a little the worse of the wear for the last night's pastime. Add to this, there are Wool-pickings, Candy-pullings, Weddings, Inferrs, Spelling-schools, Sleigh-rides, &c., &c., to describe all of which at present would spoil many a good story, so I forbear. I hope the fair inquirer will now see that her honourable sex has due provision made in the way of amusement. Of course, I have not said anything of the many love-adventures, from which, if we are to believe the poets, more happiness flows than from any other affairs on this side of heaven.

10. What would be the cost of a Wooden House of 16 feet by 16 feet; and also of a Brick house of similar dimensions? State the entire cost.—The cost of a one-storey house of the above dimensions, whether of brick or wood, would be the same, and might amount to a hundred dollars, or twenty pounds, plainly constructed. A log house is of course much cheaper, and might be put up till other arrangements could be made.

11. I have an intention of going to Iowa—what do you think of that?—I will not say, don't go; but I will tell you why I would not go. It is a new State, and the most beautiful land may be had to pick and choose from. Still I would not go. In Illinois the best land, except the Reserves, which I have mentioned before, is held by parties on the spot, or by Eastern men and companies. If you want a piece of real nice land, therefore, you may require to pay a higher price for it than in Iowa. But there is this difference, that you have a far better chance of enjoying health in Illinois than in Iowa, and that is a consideration which no wise man will despise. What do you think of that? Were I in Illinois now, I could purchase a thousand acres of as pretty land as ever the sun shone on, from holders, at the original government price, and chances are continually occurring. A nine months ague-fit will perhaps bring my words to remembrance. In short.

My advice, if timely "taken,"
Might save the wise from being "well shaken."

12. What is the best Landing Port for the West?—New Orleans, if you wish the most direct route. But if not encumbered with much luggage or a family, by landing at New York, thence sailing up the Hudson, taking the Grand Western Canal through the state of New York, and then steaming it on the great lakes to Chicago, Milwaukie, or Detroit, you may no doubt get a better idea of the greatness and richness of the country. There is also another way by Montreal, up Lake Ontario, and through the Welland canal into Lake Erie, which is said to be as cheap as by New York. Another way still, is by Philadelphia, over the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburg on the Ohio river. Still, New Orleans is by far the most direct and the cheapest route for the States of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Minnesota.

13. Please to name the different Emigration Agents appointed by government

to superintend at the different ports.—Comr. Lean, R.N., London—Office, 70, Lower Thames-street; Capt. Patey, R.N., Liverpool—Office, Stanley-buildings, Bath-street; Lieut. Carew, R.N., Plymouth; Comr. Brownrigg, R.N., Glasgow and Greenock; Lieut. Henry, R.N., Dublin; Lieut. Stark, R.N., Belfast; E. A. Smith, Esq., R.N., Londonderry; Com. Moriarty, R.N., and Lieut. Saunders, R.N., Sligo; Comr. Ellis, R.N., Limerick; Comr. Friend, R.N., Cork; Capt. Kerr, R.N., Waterford. It is important that you should communicate with one of these gentlemen at the shipping port. By Act of Parliament they are required to give free information to emigrants as to the sailing of ships and means of accommodation. They are *obliged* to see all agreements between ship-owners, agents, or masters and emigrants performed—that vessels are sea-worthy, sufficiently supplied with provisions, water, medicines, and that they sail punctually. Let all your shipping operations, except the mere taking aboard of your luggage, be carried on through the advice of the Government Agent, and in this way you will be safe from the impositions to which you are liable at every turn, if you act without counsel.

14. I am about to Emigrate—please to tell me the mode of procedure?—Having decided upon emigrating, and having the money to operate with, wind up your business honestly and fairly, and make inquiry as to a ship for New Orleans. You will first be able to gather information as to the sailing of the several lines of packets, from the newspapers. Write to one of the agents whose names are affixed to the advertisements, and get farther particulars. Except I knew the ship previously, I would prefer seeing her before taking a passage ticket. Persons who correspond by letter are required to deposit a pound or so to secure their berths. I consider the best way, however, would be to proceed to Liverpool or Glasgow, look at the accommodation of the ship, and then take out your passage at once, after consulting with the Government Emigration Agents. At Liverpool the American sailing packets are mostly all stationed in the Waterloo Dock, and there you will feel somewhat confirmed in your decision, by seeing so many more bent on the same business as yourself. All the passengers, we will suppose, have “passed the doctor,” that is, have submitted to the inspection of a medical officer, who is required to certify that they are free from contagious diseases. The next thing is to select berths, which in general are fitted up in double tiers, each berth calculated to hold either two or three persons. The berths are constructed of rough boards, the passenger of course provides bedding for himself. A coarse bed tick filled with straw, wool, or refuse cotton (flocks), answers very well. If single, you must arrange the matter with your fellow-passenger, who occupies the same berth, and act accordingly. A sheet and a pair of blankets will complete your necessary bedding. The most of the utensils used on board are best made of iron or tin. A frying pan, a coffee pot, porringers, plates, knives, forks, spoons, with a tin jar for water, slop pail, &c. These articles are all sold ready made by the tinmen through the city. The New Passenger Act, 12 and 13 Vict. requires that every passenger be supplied with the following provisions:—

3 quarts of water daily.	2 lbs. rice, weekly.
2½ lbs. bread or biscuit (not inferior to Navy biscuit) weekly.	2 oz. tea, do.
1 lb. wheat flour, weekly.	½ lb. sugar, do.
5 lbs. oatmeal, do.	½ lb. molasses, do.

To these the emigrant may of course add a few delicacies, according to his taste and means. A good bacon ham, a few dozen of eggs packed in salt, butter, cheese, red herrings, pickles, onions, pepper, mustard, raisins, a few loaves cut in two and thoroughly dried in an oven, tea, coffee, and sugar, potatoes, flour, lard, or suet, &c. &c. All of which will both tend to add abundance to the ship's allowance, and prove an agreeable variety at times, when common things will have little relish. On arriving at New Orleans you will have very little trouble with the excise, and should make as little stay there as possible. You then take passage up the river to St. Louis, in a steamer. If forty or fifty passengers join together, they may get the distance for a dollar a piece. If not, they may have to pay four or five dollars each, boarding themselves. When you arrive at St. Louis, you will have sailed about eighty miles along the Western border of Illinois. You may then take another steamer to Burlington, on the upper Mississippi, or Peoria, on the Illinois river, and from any of these points you may extend your inquiries as I did. If your money is exhausted, you will not be long out of employment, and the beauty of the whole business is, that out

of the proceeds of a week's labour, provisions are so cheap, you may lay up enough to eat for two months or more. You have then arrived in a land of abundance—the country is before you—you have nothing to fear but your own imprudence. If you have cash at command, you can invest it to great advantage—if you have nothing but a willing heart and ready hands, you have every opportunity of turning your industry to good advantage. It may encourage you somewhat to tell you, that I never saw a beggar nor a beggar's shadow all the time I lived there.

The following advice, issued by the New York Commissioners of Emigration, will be useful;—"Passengers arriving at the port of New York, with the intention of proceeding to the interior, should make their stay in the city as short as possible, in order to save money. It will generally not be necessary for them to go to any hotel or inn; but the passage tickets to the interior can be bought immediately, and the baggage be at once removed from the ship to the steam-boat, tow-boat, or railroad, some one of which starts every day throughout the year. This course saves not only much money for board, lodging, or carting, but also prevents many occasions for fraud. If passengers go to any inn, or boarding-house, they should see at once whether a list of prices for board and lodging is posted up for their inspection, as is required by law. Never employ a cart that has no number painted on it, and be careful to note down the number. Always make a bargain for the price to be paid before engaging a cart to carry your baggage. The price allowed by law for a cart-load, any distance not over half a mile, is 33 cents; and for each additional half-mile, one-third more. Among the impositions practised on emigrant passengers, none is more common than an overcharge in the rates of passage to the interior, against which there is no protection, except by a close attention to the following remarks, and by insisting on a strict adherence on the part of forwarders to the scale of prices established by the Mayor of the city of New York and the Commissioners of Emigration which will be found below. There are two principal routes to the interior from New York. One is by way of Albany and Buffalo, or by the New York and Erie Railroad. The passage from New York to Albany costs from 25 cents to 50 cents (half-a-dollar). From Albany there are two modes of conveyance to Buffalo; one by canal, which takes from seven to ten days, at one dollar and a-half, the other by railroad, going through in thirty-six hours, at four dollars, and no higher prices should be paid. The route to the south and west is by way of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The passage from New York to Philadelphia is 1 dol. 50 c., and from there to Pittsburg 3 dols. to 5 dols., making from New York to Pittsburg from 4 dols. 50 c. to 6 dols. 50 c. There is also a route to Pittsburg by way of Albany in the summer season, which will cost 5 dols 50 c. On all these routes passengers have to find their own provisions, and, consequently, the difference in the cost between travelling by canal and railroad is not so great as it appears at first, as the passengers by canal have to pay for a week's provisions more than those travelling by railroad, besides losing time and longer exposed to fraud. Passengers are advised in no case to engage their passage to distant small places that do not lie on the main route, but only to engage to the nearest main station, and from there to make a new engagement to their final place of destination. If not differently advised by the Emigration Society, and in all cases when passengers have not been able to consult these societies, they should never engage passage farther than Buffalo or Pittsburg, and there make a new contract. Otherwise, their passage tickets, though paid for, may prove good for nothing. Passengers are cautioned that baggage is very often stolen, and the owners should always keep an eye upon their effects, and not allow themselves to be enticed or bullied into giving the transportation of them to irresponsible people, or going into boarding-houses or forwarding offices, not of their own free selection. Emigrants should always decide, immediately upon their arrival, what they will do before they spend their small remaining means in the boarding-house, and they should generally proceed at once on their journey while they have the means. On their arrival here they should not give ear to any representations, nor enter into engagements without obtaining first the advice and counsel of either the Commissioners of Emigration, or the Emigrant Society of the nation to which they belong, or its Consul; and in inquiring for the office of the society, or Consul, or the Commissioners, they should be careful not to be carried to the wrong place. There are many individuals sufficiently unscrupulous intentionally to mislead the stranger. If the latter, for instance, inquire after the agency of the German Society, or the Irish Emigrant Society, the person applied to will say that he is the agent, or that he will take the stranger to the office of the German Society, but, in-

stead of doing so, will take him to a place where he is almost sure to be defrauded. As a general rule, if the emigrant is urged to take passage, or has to pay for the advice he asks, he may take it for granted that he is not at the place where he wishes to be; and he should bear in mind to look for the name of the persons or office he is in search of at the door of the house into which he is shown. All the foreign consuls and the emigrant societies, as well as the Commissioners of Emigration, have signs over the door of their offices. The office of the German Society is No. 95, Greenwich Street; of the Irish Emigrant Society at No. 29, Reade Street; and of the Commissioners of Emigration in one of the public edifices of the city, in the Park. N.B.—The commissioners earnestly advise all emigrants who bring money with them to deposit it as soon as they arrive, in the Emigrant Industrial Savings' Bank, No. 51, Chambers Street, opposite the Park. This institution was established by the Legislature for the express purpose of affording to emigrants a safe place of deposit for their moneys, which they can draw out at pleasure, whenever they want it; and after a certain period, with interest added to it. Never keep money about your person, or in your trunks. Evil persons may rob or commit worse crimes upon you. Take it to the Savings' Bank. Passengers while travelling should always be provided with small silver change, as they may otherwise be more easily cheated on the way. Never take bank notes, if you can avoid it, until you are able to judge of their value for yourselves, as there are many counterfeit and broken bank notes in circulation. What is called a shilling in America is not more than sixpence sterling."

15. There are such vast numbers of people emigrating to America, that I should think it would soon be filled up. What do you say to that?—It won't be filled up in your lifetime. Take a look at it. From the easternmost town in the United States, Eastport, Maine, *via* the St. Lawrence, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and South Pass in the Rocky Mountains to Astoria in Oregon, the distance by the travelled route is 4517 miles. From New York, Washington, New Orleans, and Galveston, to the head of the Rio Grande, 2923. From New York to the head of Lake Superior, *via* Detroit and Mackinaw, is 1355 miles; thence down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, is 2281. From Eastport, Maine, to the Bay of San Francisco, in California, on the Pacific, *via* Portland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Santa Fe, and the Colorado of the West, 3614 miles. It has been computed that the United States have a frontier line of 10,750 miles, a sea-coast of 5130 miles, and a lake-coast of 1160 miles. Two of its rivers are twice as long as the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the noble Hudson has a navigation in the "Empire State" 120 miles longer than the Thames. Within Louisiana are bayous and creeks almost unknown, that would shame by comparison the Tiber or Seine. The State of Virginia alone is one-third larger than England. The State of Ohio contains 3000 square miles more than Scotland. The harbour of New York receives the vessels that navigate rivers, canals, and lakes, to the extent of 3000 miles, equal to the distance from America to Europe. From the capital of Maine to the "Crescent City" is 200 miles further than from London to Constantinople, a route that would cover England, Belgium, a part of Prussia, Austria, and Turkey. The present population of this immense country is not 30,000,000. To be as densely peopled as Great Britain and Ireland it would require a population of more than three hundred millions. Dismiss your fears, honest man.

16. Is there much Government land throughout the country yet for sale at the original price of a dollar and a quarter an acre?—The United States Land Office Commissioner, in his last report, says—There are fourteen hundred millions of acres of unsold land in the country, "rich in agricultural capacity, or mineral treasures." That part of the country not yet formed into States would, according to the same report, form forty-six States the size of Pennsylvania, each containing twenty-eight millions of acres.

17. I am told that in the States and in Canada a sovereign has different values. —By Act of Congress a sovereign is valued at four dollars and eighty cents. Counting a cent a halfpenny, that is 480 halfpence, or 240 pence, which is the full value. In Canada money is reckoned in Halifax currency, a pound Halifax being 16s. 8d. sterling; thus making £100 sterling £120 currency. The legal value of a British sovereign in Canada is 24s. 4d. Halifax. It usually passes in trade at about twopence currency higher, or 24s. 6d. Halifax. Some at first suppose this is more than the value of the sovereign, but that is a mistake. If

a Halifax pound be but 16s. 8d. sterling, a Halifax shilling will be only worth 10d. sterling.

18. After land is purchased can it remain without being farmed till such times as may be convenient for the purchaser?—Land for five years after being purchased from Government is exempted from the land tax. All other land is subject to an annual tax never more than 1½d. per acre. If you pay the tax regularly you may make whatever you choose of the land, from a model farm to a goose pasture.

19. Have the natives a great prejudice to the British?—Ignorant, stupid people in all countries have a prejudice against all foreigners, but this feeling in the States is not nearly so bad as that of the Scotch and English against the Irish. After this, never oppress a poor Irishman.

20. What interest might be obtained for money on good security?—The legal interest in Illinois was once twelve, but now it is eight per cent.

21. Could a man easily find employment with a horse and cart?—You must get a two-horse wagon and a span or pair, and you will get plenty to do. No carts are used.

22. Give me your opinion what is best for me to do, having attained to a situation above fear of want myself, but having a numerous family, mostly daughters, and mostly young.—If you have enough to place yourself above fear of want in this country, you will be able to place your children in the same condition in the West. Every child you have, whether male or female, will be of advantage to you: a help instead of a burden. In the chapter in this work on Settlement, you can read more on this subject. See from pages 350 to 368.

23. What is the safest way of remitting money?—Inquire of a Banker.

24. What articles would be most useful to take out for Agricultural purposes?—A pair of good hands and a steady head, with a stout purse. Nothing more.

25. Are the Mosquitoes troublesome?—Mosquitoes are most numerous about streams and timbered districts. I never was much annoyed with them, but some persons are very liable to their attacks, and they use various stratagems to get quit of them, one of which I will mention. You have got quietly ensconced in bed—you have forgiven your enemies—and owe nobody anything. You are, in short, a happy man. Presently you hear a low piping hum close upon you—the sound ceases—you suppose yourself mistaken, and close your eyes. Immediately you jump up and rub your face—the deed of darkness has been consummated! The light-footed gentry are about your bed, and you in vain seek sleep. What is now to be done? You remember the line of some observant poet, who says—

“Maids and moths are caught with glare,”

and you go to work thus. The night is warm, and you operate in your shirt. You deliberately open the door, and shut down all the windows. You take a bundle of straw, hay, or other light fuel, and set it on fire immediately in front of, and close to, the door, outside—you take up your post by the door cheek outside also, and observe with deep interest your tormentors popping out one by one from the dark room to the light. As the flame wanes, add fresh fuel till the last mosquito has evacuated your domicile. Then with a dexterous jerk throw yourself round the corner into the door, and shut it. You may then bid your foes good night, and go to bed.

26. What kind of money must I take?—Take sovereigns.

27. How are Farm Servants employed in the Winter?—This question has often been asked, and must receive a distinct answer. I will simply enumerate the labours—tending stock, hog killing, wood chopping and rail splitting, fence-building, carrying off farm produce (sometimes 20 or 30 miles) to market, building and repairing sheds and fences, and clearing up odds and ends which have lain over from the busy season, thrashing and taking to mill, and in general quite enough to keep one in full employment. Now and then a farm servant will have leisure to take a gun and amuse himself for a day or two, without it being look upon as a great favour. With regard to women and girls their

services are in much request. A woman who went out last August from Ayr to Illinois, writes home—"I forgot to say to the ladies this is the place for them. A woman is master here. She can get on where a man would not be beeced. She gets every honour paid her. They dress very gay; you will not know the servant from the mistress. They all eat at one covered table, and the master is *wee boy* to them all. He brings water—feeds the pigs—milks the cows—brings in firing—and goes to the store to buy all that's wanted. A servant girl gets six shillings a week and her meat, does what she likes, no one dare find fault with her, and it is no disgrace for the best man in the place to marry her. A washerwoman gets three shillings a day; a dressmaker gets twelve shillings a week, &c."

28. Are there many railroads in Illinois?—According to my last letters—"The railroads finished, and soon to be built, are—from Cairo to Chicago—from Chicago to La Salle—from Chicago to Galena—from Peru to Rock Island—from Peoria to Burlington, passing through Knoxville—from Peru through Dixon to Galena—and from Galesburg to the Peru and Rock Island Railroad."

29. What is the exact distance from Chicago on Lake Michigan to Peoria, Illinois?—On the Illinois and Michigan Canal to La Salle, 90 miles, thence to Peoria down the Illinois, 80 miles—in all 170 miles.

30. Do you consider Peoria a good landing place from which to extend one's inquiries?—I do. I go direct for Peoria myself. All that district of country is healthy. From New Orleans, you can reach Peoria by two stages—first in a steamer (eight days' sail) to St. Louis. Thence you proceed by steamer, leaving in the evening, and you reach Peoria on the second morning. Fare for the whole distance from New Orleans (1500 miles), about eight dollars.

31. Name the orchard fruits of Illinois.—Apples, peaches, nectarines, pears, plums, cherries, mulberries; other kinds—gooseberries, currants, raspberries, tomatoes, strawberries, grapes, figs, five or six different kinds of melons, pomegranates. Wild fruits—gooseberries, strawberries, cranberries, plums, cherries, crab apples, grapes, mandrakes or May apples, blackberries, whortleberries, persimmons, with various kinds of nuts.

32. Has there been much business done on the Illinois and Michigan canal since its opening?—The business is great and increasing. A railroad to aid the canal traffic is now nearly or quite finished from Chicago to La Salle.

33. What are the different kinds of trees and underwood in Illinois?—White, black, yellow, red, and burr oaks, white and black walnut, soft, and red or sugar maple, elm, ash, sycamore, cedar, cotton-wood, bass-wood or linden, Lombardy poplar, black locust, hiccory, butteau-nut, hackberry, beech: *Underwood*—hazle, sumach, willow, crab apple, quaking asp, sassafra, plum, mulberry, bramble, Osage thorn, wahoo, prickley ash, black-house, elder, dog-wood, red-bud.

34. Is the Reaping Machine generally in use in Illinois? If so, whose?—Extensively used. Many makers. M'Cormick's takes the lead.

35. I am a printer, can you give me some statistics of the Newspaper and Periodical press of the United States, also the prices of types?—

NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL STATISTICS, UNITED STATES.

	No.	Circulation.	No. Printed Annually.
Daily,.....	350	750,000	235,000,000
Tri-weekly,.....	150	73,000	11,700,000
Semi-weekly,.....	125	80,000	8,320,000
Weekly,.....	2,000	2,857,000	149,500,000
Semi-monthly,.....	50	300,000	7,200,000
Monthly,.....	100	900,000	10,800,000
Quarterly,.....	25	20,000	80,000
Total,.....	2,800	4,980,000	422,600,000

From a New York circular, published recently, I extract the following state-

ment of prices:—Pearl, 108 cents. per lb.; Agate, 72 do.; Nonpareil, 58 do.; Minion, 48 do.; Brevier, 42 do.; Bourgeois, 37 do.; Long Primer, 34 do.; Small Pica, 32 do.; Pica, 30 do.; English, 30 do. A good compositor will get in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, £2 a-week. In country towns, on Newspapers, the common allowance is 30 cents (15d.) per thousand ems.

36. Why do they plant the potatoes in "hills"?—The practice, I believe, arose from the difficulty of planting them otherwise among the stumps of a clearing. When you go show them the better system of drills.

37. Can the forest trees be killed without cutting them down?—Yes, the backwoodsmen have an effectual method of doing it, by *girdling*. That is, by cutting a notch into the tree near the ground, through the bark all round, and so cutting off the communication by which the sap ascends.

38. Cincinnati is now a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and yet the second person born in it is still alive.

39. The new postage law enacts that letters may be carried any distance within the country not exceeding 3000 miles for three cents. or 1½d., for more than 3000 miles and within the boundaries of the country, six cents. "A weekly paper sent for a distance not exceeding fifty miles, will be charged only twenty cents. a year; not exceeding three hundred miles, forty cents.; and not exceeding a thousand miles, sixty cents. A daily paper can be sent not exceeding fifty miles for one dollar; not exceeding three hundred miles, two dollars: and not exceeding two thousand miles, four dollars. This may be considered a large reduction from the old rates; but there is a still greater reduction in favor of newspapers not exceeding three hundred square inches, which are charged only one-fourth of the preceding rates. Besides this, newspapers are circulated free of postage in the counties where published. In relation to magazines, periodicals, &c., the new law is much more favourable than the old one. Magazines, when not sent over five hundred miles, are charged one cent. an ounce; over this, and not exceeding fifteen hundred miles, the rate is two cents. an ounce. Subscribers paying in advance are allowed a discount of one half of these rates, which, for these distances, makes the postage comparatively cheap."

40. Are there any Agricultural Societies and Cattle Shows?—Yes—Plenty.

41. You will find it of great advantage to use flannel shirts in both summer and winter.

42. Why are the Democrats in the States termed *Loco-focos*? There is a tradition, that at a night meeting of Democrats, the lights having somehow gone out, a cry for lucifer matches arose—"locofoco!"—"locofoco!"—have you got a loco-foco?" Some of the opposition party, being struck with the sound, applied the term to the Democratic party, which it still retains, and, indeed, accepts the appellation. A *Locofoco* adopts as his emblem the *Crowing Cock*, while he gives the *Raccoon*, or *'Coon*, to the *Whig*. A *Western* editor thus delivers himself on the subject.—"THE COCK AND THE 'COON.—The democratic papers announce almost every victory under the figure of the crowing rooster. We had doubtless some share ourselves, unintentionally, however of introducing this emblem of democracy when we wrote to Chapman to *crow*. Indeed, the cock is the appropriate emblem of democracy. Brave, vigilant, and sprightly, he is always on the watch. So soon as the sun, like a great loco-foco match, lightens up the world and scatters the darkness of night, the cock salutes him with his well-known cry of *loco fo-co*. He is faithful and constant in his attachments, and loathes traitors, or those who forsake their friends. When St. Peter, like a *Whig*, failed to redeem the promise he had made, the cock reprimanded him three times. And throughout the Union the democratic cock reprimanded the *Whigs* for failing to redeem their promise of good times—"two dollars a-day and roast beef." The *'coon* or *Whig* ensign, is a nocturnal animal. He prowls about in the dark, and dreads the light. The blaze of a loco-foco match starts him off in alarm. He sneaks from henroost to henroost like a *Whig* from bank to bank on borrowed capital. At cock-crowing he puts off like an evil spirit to his murky den."

TEN REFRESHERS.

- Don't go till you are ready—And then dismiss silly fears.
 Don't (if you can help it) die a pauper—The old horse to the kennel, and you to the poor-house. Would you submit ?
 Don't take too much luggage—And have it (if possible) water-tight.
 Don't trust to strangers—Till they have proved themselves worthy.
 Don't make yourself disagreeable aboard—**BE SURE TO SMOKE BELOW.**
 Mind that. The tobacco smoke is an admirable perfume in a close atmosphere. Show your good sense by always smoking below instead of on deck, where no one would get the benefit of it but yourself.
 Don't purchase land too soon—If healthy, stick to it.
 Don't pay any attention to the home-sickness—Starve it out.
 Don't talk of returning—Mind your business.
 Don't drink spirituous liquors—If you do, you'll rue.
 Don't pay cash, when other pay will do—And in all your dealings, be honest and true.

RECIPES.

ROUGH CASTING.—“Plaster the wall over with lime and hair mortar. When this is dry, add another coat of the same material, laid on as smoothly as possible. As fast as this coat is finished, a second workman follows the first with a pail of rough cast, which he throws on the new plastering. The materials for rough casting are composed of fine gravel, reduced to a uniform size by screening or sifting, and with the earth washed clean out of it. This gravel is then mixed with pure, newly-slaked lime and water, till the whole is of the consistence of a semi-fluid. It is then forcibly thrown, or rather splashed, upon the wall with a large trowel.

“Another description of rough casting, which may be called English, as the former may be called Scotch, consists in dashing the surface of the plaster, after being newly laid on, with clean gravel, pebbles, broken stones of any kind, broken earthenware, scorix, spars, burnt clay, or other materials of a like description, so as to be of a uniform size.”—*Loudon.*

FILTERING WATER.—It is of the utmost importance to have good pure water. The following filter will prove of much service in removing impurities:—Erect three tanks side by side. In the centre tank, four inches above the true bottom, place a second moveable bottom, pierced with holes at the rate of three to an inch, and of one-eighth of an inch in diameter. On the top of this false bottom place a layer of clear coarse sand and powdered charcoal, or coarse burnt clay, without either sand or charcoal, six inches in depth. On the top of all lay a porous stone, or plate of lead, thickly pierced with holes, one-twentieth of an inch in thickness. Let the tank which receives the water, in the first place, be connected by a pipe with the bottom of the centre tank, that the water may be introduced beneath the filter bed, and rise up through it. Let another pipe connect the centre tank with the third, which will contain the filtered water, to be drawn off for use at pleasure. The filter-bed may be cleaned by having a large cock in the bottom of the receiving-tank, communicating with the waste drain, by opening which, when the reserve-cistern is full, the water in the centre cistern will rush through the filter in a contrary direction to that which it did before, and will carry off all the impurities either in the filter or in the open space below it. N.B.—The sand attracts the earthy matter—the charcoal the organized matter.—*Loudon.*

