



James C. Christie and Family Papers

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Dear and dear
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Hastings Aug 21 1840.

I've just signed the class letter. I thought
Ed had signed it, and told Ed to write a letter to Tompkins
to be sure to do it directly, but it seems he missed my
letter, so I write to save all mistake: You'll know if Ed
has written it. If he has, write; you come & up this as a
private letter. If not, write, both of you and forward it
immediately. It had better be sent to Ed or Cook first,
so it won't have to come up here after it gets down to
Southern Wisconsin and Illinois.

How very dear to go, how do you do. I'm quite anxious
to see you all. A box and plate extremely. Ed sent me
a note paying the lake trip not gone up. I'm very sorry
indeed, for it would be by far the most interesting part of
the trip and very instructive and useful too. But
illness & other impossibilities, as the words in Vau. and
not much so the better come, when we could do better.

Are you going into the harvest field where you are?
Help here comes to two and half or three dollars a day,
and it worth while for a short time if we can stand it.
But harvesting here with be even as a matter of less
excepting of course shucking.

All my times so far have gone like a flash,
and I don't do anything but write in my diary or send
letters to friends, or to father. I want to get to thinking
on your nation - for next year if I come, so as to have
time at home on my expedition, but I don't know to
do much for you.

Sam and I both go to Minneapolis this week. Will you
both get a letter there & our love from J. M. by Saturday.
I want to know about your trip, incident, education,
expenses, newspapers and periodicals, &c. I would
write you a longer letter, but the mail closes and I want
to get the Class letter in as fast as I come. I don't write
our address. I told the girls of the Lib. when I sent
that letter that your address was confidential.

Well, I'm sure as much obliged to you for your ten
dollar bill. When you send it send first, and I will come.
I'd send it now, but I'm not sure of your address.
I want to know if you read any in Salt Lake the same days.
The ship this ready to listen.

Are you old father, are you rather shy? I'm going to look
for a letter Saturday. I'm regard to both of you.
Love dear! Father
Mother

Berlin, Aug. 4 '98

Friend Sarah: [Christie]

You have done me so many kind favors that I am going to ask you to do another for me.

In my haste to get away from Berlin I left a pair of spectacles lying in the drawer of the large desk or on one of the tables.

Also a pocket comb lying in the corner of a box behind the bedroom door. Now will you please be so kind as to ask John Pfeffer for the key to my room & get these articles & express them to me.

I will pay the charges
in Berlin. Perhaps it won't
cost any more to express
that old brown hat of mine
along with them.

If you will do this favor
for me I will be under
renewed obligation to you.
& you will find that plate
you let me have & a tin
cup on the table both are
gone.

Yours with respects
L. W. Chittie
Berlin
Wis.

Please wrap spectacles
carefully so they will not
break. Geo.

Organized 3 Ds. last Sabbath

Rapidan, Minn.
Aug 10th 1870.

Dear Boys of '71 -

The vacation was just half gone, last year when I recd. the first of the class letters, - as you see by the date of this it is the same this year.

Today the eight weeks are half gone. It seems an age since I saw you. We have been through so many strange adventures, that when we try to look back over them all, to the time we left dear old Deloit, and felt the good-by grasp of Classmates all in a hurry to rush into vacation joys, - we can scarcely realize that the moon has changed from full to full again only once since.

Of course we are all enjoying ourselves greatly, - at least, so John says, so Rob

days, and so I say: but lest you should be misled into extravagant notions of harvest field enjoyment by Rob's gay and festive letter, let me give you a little truthful description.

As R. has told you, we have been at work more than a week; a part of that time we helped a neighbor in company with my brother who "changes works" with said neighbor. Now, this neighbor, unfortunately, has never been able to secure any one that does not wear pantaloons, to do his housekeeping, and the consequence was, that one of the harvest hands always had to leave work at the appropriate time to get up dinner or supper. Imagine the Epicurean enjoyment of those meals to the elegant and fastidious Senior youths. We sat on blocks of wood set up on end, we helped our-

implements as came to hand, stirring our coffee with a knife. The bread-stuff consisted, altogether, of doughnuts fried in grease, tough, large, and so long that we called them "rails." - These, with beer and coffee made the bill of fare. - Fought! we had to keep our eyes shut half the time to avoid counting, the flies that swam in our cups. - Well! so much for enjoyment gustatory. Then you must remember that the weather was hot, and, - the yield in Minn. not being excellent - the bundles very heavy. - Appreciate, therefore, as you should, the following scene. - Place - the center of an immense field - a prairie field without a tree. Time - 3.30 P.M. (Ther. 78°) Dramatis Personæ - Rob, solus, standing beside a half-loaded wagon, leaning on his fork, - his costume decidedly pic-

tunusque, consisting of hat, pair of
wood shoes, pantaloons, and long
Yorwa, worn outside of pants, re-
minding one of the trailing robes
of the Ionians, or the Roman Toga;
and flapping merrily in response
to every breeze, - primitivo, but delig-
fully cool. -

Rob, wiping the
sweat from his brow with his apron, ad-
dressing - "Well, they talk about en-
joying vacation in the harvest field,

but I think that by racking my brains
I could invent one or two other ways
of getting enjoyment equally as good.
Of course, the harvest field is all very well,
but when you talk of sitting right down
and enjoying it, by Jinks, I think
I'll take my unalloyed pleasure in
some other way, - Confound that barley,
there's a beard sticking right into me!
Whoa-Hain there, Ya lang!!" Cur-
tain falls. You see the

Best feelings
to every one
of yours
old friends
and friends
to "71 -
Yours faithfully
J. L. C. C. C.

Two accounts, classmates. Choose
which of the two to accept as the
true one. (M. B. - R. has just read
the above, and tells me to say to you
from him, that it is all "a pack of
lies".)

Our trip to Lake Superior is
abandoned. R. and I are to go to
Minneapolis within about a week,
and from there, he is to descend the
Mississippi by steamer. Rejoice
with me my brothers, in my being
made the owner of a fine young
mare. I shall ride her down to
Beloit by way of Minneapolis. In my
case, you see - "facilis descensus."

You will all ~~ask~~^{set} the par-
ticulars of our walking trip from
Beloit to Kilbourn City - in other letters,
and by word of mouth when we return.
Following Rob's example I shall avoid

giving them in full. Indeed, it would occupy ^{too} much room to tell of all the adventures we met, the jokes we enjoyed, the weary toils we endured, the quantities of bread & milk we disposed of, the landscapes we gazed on in delight &c &c &c. How we bathed in Fourth Lake, at Madison; picked blueberries & huckleberries on top of the precipices at Devil's Lake, explored, naked, the gloomy gorges at the Dells, wading, swimming, scrambling along slippery precipices, standing beneath the dashing sparkling waters of a subterranean Minnehaha - the finest showerbath we ever enjoyed, wasn't it Sid? - Oh it was glorious!! I can't go on any further with these allusions to such joys. I only would say to any one of you who may hereafter go by Kilbourn City, that you should, by all means, stop

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(Top of page)

Rapidan Aug 10. '70

Dear Fellows.

I joyfully received the
class letter yesterday noon while resting
from my labors. I see by the date of John's
that it must have been delayed somewhere
on the route. ^{As} I am extremely doubtful
about the descriptions of "Spirit Lake"
and the "Dells" if written by Tom, Wilder &
myself; that is I doubt if they would all
prove equally interesting. I shall
therefore leave the description of these two
points to the fanciful pen of Wilder,
and the romantic imagination of our
other poet. But let me take up the des-
criptions of my present surroundings,
occupations, thoughts and aspirations.
But first let me tell you John that
Rapidan is only a township and a letter
directed to Rapidan will go — I don't
know where. Tom's home is situated

on a broad Minnesota prairie newly
"broken" and lately belonging to Uncle
Sams. This beautiful tract of land is
surrounded by a broad green belt of
woodlands. On one side is the dimi-
nution of a "river" (about half as large
as the turtle) on the other flows the Blue
Earth, so you see we are living in a
kind of Mississippi as it were. We
are within a few miles of the scene of
the Indian massacre of '07 and '08, more-
over within a mile of a stand where
where a whole family was murdered. At
Mankato, a town 10 miles south-west of
us, thirty of the miscreants were hung.
The woods in our direct neighborhood
abound in elk, deer and wild-cats &
were it only the proper season I might
satisfy my intrinsic love for sport by
to the full. Tom and, like the rest of
you have been in the harvest field

and more faithful than I. P. H. we have
stuck to it for seven long days and are
now resting quite entirely to Radical ways
on the right. We have sustained our res-
olution with dignity through it all, al-
though our faces are rough, our shoes
lousy and our undershirts shabby.

The hot sun with its generous but
rather gratuitous warmth has pulled
Tom's nasal appendage like an olive
(excuse the vulgarity of the comparison) and
replaced his humble servant's to a rich
purple color. We even sustained our

newly acquired dignity through some
trying scenes on our route with becom-
ing forbearance, such as smoking out
mosquitoes and sleeping on Tom's hair
to avoid what. Oh but? I did my dear,
Tom and I enjoyed that pleasure
once again before we reached our destination.
I am about four hundred miles from

Oh, you old
coward
you don't
of it, and
let it
was as
tough again
as you.
P.P.H.
Mankato, Minn. Aug 11/97

home sweet, sweet home, full hall,
of which I have walked. We would have
gone it all by foot had time permitted

Barrett say by his studying for jud.
examination? Paul home is it for his
cultivation next term, are those rides to
come off? Fred have you played ball
with the mutual yet? I haven't seen
a ball since I left Detroit. Answer these
questions and I hope yours truly Oliver &c.
And now gentlemen I am going to close
his highly interesting letter because I'm
a little out of breath. I want to go
shooting and I hear the prairie chickens
saying "come and see me" and I am
coming. Yours in brotherly love
R. Ritchie

Do not, I pray
you, talk at
much about
me to the
M.D.

Rapidan
Aug. 12th '70.

My dear sister: [SARAH J.
Christie, Beloit, Wis.] I have waited
ever since coming here, for an
opportunity of writing you a long
letter; we went to work in the harvest
field, however, on Monday - having ar-
rived on Saturday - and have been
at it ever since, binding and
hauling - both for father and for
the neighbor - so that I have had
but little time. I heard nothing
from you - after Libbourn City - un-
til day before yesterday, when I got
three letters forwarded from Saratoga.

The trunk was sent on from Utica
according to ^{my} instructions to agent
there, & I got it lately in Mauckato.
Charges \$ 6.75. Outrageous!

I sing
Thursday
evening just
the interesting
little Sabbath
School.
The next year, I am
tired and
must stop
love to
Grandmother
Regards to
Annie -
Yours love
and remembrance -
Grace - Thomas

This is a beautiful country up here - a lovely little prairie, surrounded by woods. The boys have done wonders on their place in two years, but they are still in debt. Sandy will certainly go to studying after another crop is off, and he says if I stay to teach in Beloit after graduation he will come there - otherwise Cornell.

I shall see Smithwick & Willie on my way down, & shall then try to borrow some money from them - it will be very hard, though, as I could see when there. Every one here was well pleased with the books you sent as presents. Tom Reid is working for Amott, looks 50 percent better in health; is doing well.

Bellevue Hill
Sunday Morning

Aug 19th 1872

My Dear Brother, [Thomas]

I must write you a few
words this morning, to put you in mind
of our existence. You are so enjoying your
self that you seem to have forgotten that
we have been looking for a letter from
you for weeks and still receive none.

Well, perhaps there is one on the
way, and will get it tomorrow night,
or next day. So hope says to me.

We are all well. I have two more weeks of
school. Had a letter from Jessie the other day,
and much in it. Since she enjoyed your visit,
and thought Mr. Little very entertaining. Give
me no details. Did not even tell me if you
got your trunk or not, which has been
troubling me very much. I expected you were

have anticipated one of its arrival, if you did
receive it at Willist. - Even a few words
only from you would have saved me much
anxiety. - All my spare time lately I have been
Enjoying myself looking about around - I think
there will be no trouble getting rooms this side
the river. Mrs. Smith is adding very much to
her home, and will have many rooms built
I was there this other evening. Think we can
make arrangements at \$2. per week or
perhaps a little ^{less} for they want us to go there
very much. - And then I have heard of other
opportunities this side, so there will be no dif-
ficulty in getting rooms this side, and near the
College too, which will be much better and more
convenient for you. Mrs. Smith called one
evening this last week. - Since she had not
received a letter from Robert since you left that
place - I have forgotten the name - from which
you wrote to Willist. - I was pleased to think
I could give her later news - I gave you your
own address - Little Pardon - to her.

Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Missions, and Miss

Lawrence called upon me yesterday - Miss
Lawrence is out to school to Oak Park - she will
know exactly where she is going but expects to look
around in Chicago. Holbrook suggests him to be
in the quarantine business - he expects to be sent to
St. Louis by the firm. - I continue in a late de-
cision that Prof. Emerson has been elected
President of the Rockford Seminary, and also
that the Rev. Mr. Rogers of Watertown has been
appointed to a Greek Professorship in Oberlin
College - We vote for the church in Watertown.
If he accepts and of course he will -
Mrs. Willlett, Daisy, and Ben are all going
west. - The Rev. Mr. Willlett, and word for
Ben, also, to go, that he could study law
there with better facilities than here, if he wishes
to. - Ben has accepted the proposal. - They start
about the middle of Sept. - They are very anxious
that you should get back before they leave. - Mrs.
Willlett says to me - "Tell him he must get back
before we leave." I cannot bear to think of losing
any him again. - I am now down town with the

Weggy early Friday morning, and so took me up to my
apartment, and with him a very interesting conversation.
He told me all about his Father's death and how he
loved him. He said that Frank was his ideal of a
man, a true good man, honest, true. For 11 years they were
never separated - slept together and always went together
he said he never drove anywhere or did anything with
out Frank, so that he seemed a part of himself. It
was one of the most interesting things I ever heard to
hear that boy talk about his Father. Let me allude
to your good heart. Don't himself has. One remark he
made. Oh, Frank's life, his whole life is such a pleasant
memory to me. I never could do wrong, thinking of his
example. He just seems to be with me, thinking of his
example. Well then he told me that he had not
heard of a word since Frank's death. For he goes from
one to one up to the end he had said, but he said that
when he just shook hands with you, at Dr. Mummery's
that his heart could not hold out to you, it seemed like
the old times again. And now the only thing he
could do was to go and see the thought that
you might never come back again or at least for years -
For he says when he came back to Beloit, you would
be gone. - For you really ought to feel very much
grateful, or grateful, or something, to have so attractive
such a noble hearted fellow as Don.

Donnie always goes to the Episcopal Church with
Grandmother and so. Now Tom Don will write to me and
tell me your impressions of each individual of the
family. You only feel a little better of the pleasure
you are receiving in them with them. Tell me
how they look and all you can think of, and
be interesting. Tell me if you think there is the
least prospect of Sandy coming down here to
live, or for anything. My love to all. Tell me
about Mother. But she stands it and father.
Yours Deeply again -

Lillian

Rapidan Aug²⁵/₉/80

Dear Tom; [Christie]

Dave goes to Maucketo today to post this. It is hardly worth while for I have been able to raise only \$2.00. I hope it will be of use to you. We are as you left-

us. Had a severe rain storm yesterday. Hay all out yet. Still have the threshers out Monday. No letter from you yet.

After you return to Beloit don't send The Calculus till I write for it. If I had it here it would only divert my attention from things that must be attended to.

I took our school yesterday evening for the winter term of five months - \$35.00 per month. I will also teach out the summer

term - some 14 days.

Hear vaguely of tremendous
fighting at Metz, and of the
death of Louis Napoleon.

Yours Affectionately
Sandy

I write to the friends
in reference to collection.

Saratoga, Minn.

Aug. 31st 1870-

My dear Sister:

I got into Willis's house again tonight, after my trip from Minneapolis via Plainview, where I spent two days and saw many old comrades and Elba, where I spent last night & this forenoon with Southwick.

On the way I had an adventure which will rank in interest with the one of which Rob has told you. Shall not spoil the story by telling it hastily here.

Am to start tomorrow morning again, and shall not be able, with all my exertions, to get into Beloit before a week from Saturday. Tell Morgan so, and that if you are uncertain as regards a house he had better close with

5 ms at 115
I am by letter and here that I have to leave their school -
Sammy's proposal for rooming.
I shall push through with all
speed, but the distance is nearly
ly, if not quite, 300 miles, to go
via the main as I intend
I am absolutely
unable to raise any money.
was disappointed in both
Plainview and Elba, and
I can see there is no use asking
Mr. Shall see Uncle David
& the Howlands on my way
down. I expected a letter
here from you, but am disap-
pointed. No more till I
see you. Love to Grand-
mother and kind regards
to Annie Yours affly P.D.C

do not think it will be long before we shall be
in a position to do so. I am not sure that
my family will be so well as they were
before. I am not sure that they will be so
well as they were before. I am not sure that
they will be so well as they were before.

Proctor, Richmond, Va. Sept 3rd 1870.

Richmond, Va.
Sept 3rd 1870.

My dear father:

I am not yet across
the river as I wished and intended
to be before the week closed. Pat
is lame and I have been delayed
in consequence. She sprained
her left forearm leg somewhere
between Plainfield & Sandoga, but
did not limp seriously till we were
20 miles east of Natick on Thurs-
day: then she hurt it again in same
way, and I have been compelled to
lead her all the way since. I stopped
that night on "the Ridge", near Cox-
ey's Tavern with an old comrade -
Frothingham. Applied cold water
to her leg and it relieved her somewhat,
soon to the left. &c.

there yesterday I led her down to
Richwood, where I got a bottle of
hanging oil. My intention was
to cross the river at Trappe, and
ride across for Sparta without
going to La Crosse, but on reaching
La Moille - opposite T. - was told that
the Black River was up & could
not be crossed. So I am compelled
to go via La P. after all. Shall
keep the river road to Subercat,
15 miles, and then I think I
shall take a straight course for
Beloit, without going to Clyman.

Came down from La Moille this
morning, and am staying till Mon-
day with Jess Connor, whom you
will remember as having been
on a furlough visit to me at Clyman.
He is well married and doing
well. Her sends remembrance to
you. The net will make Ret

all right, and the oil is doing
her much good. The strain is in
the cord, below the knee, that part of
her leg is swelled considerably.

~~Over this morning as I led her down~~
to Richmond she did not limp, and
on account of my attentions to her
with the oil yesterday and this
morning.

I anticipate no trouble
after this two days rest & am going
over to from Saratoga to P. de
Chapin, saying I should be in
on the Monday succeeding the
opening of the term, and by riding
trading next week about 30 miles
per day, going via Madison & vicinity
of Clyman. I can keep my promise.

Recd. Sandy's letter at Sar-
atoga with the two dollars. Shall
try and get through on it.

Conrad Miller, as I see by a letter from
Maggie to Jessie, has taken the horse

school, for 9 months at \$60.⁰⁰ per month. I can not help thinking that our Sandy might just as well be in such a position as in the one where he is. all in good time, I suppose.

Father, you ought to write to Willie, our Willie, I mean. He complains, and with reason, of your neglect. He is doing well in many ways, and would do much better if he had more confidence in himself. You should encourage him by your sympathy and advice. The whole of his early training was at fault; I see it plainly; he never was taught self-reliance. Ah my dear father, you could bring up children now much better for their temporal and eternal good than you did then. I think you owe our brother Willie something, and to do some little while you can to pay it. Write me at Belmont. do not forget my account - I shall go through it as soon as I can. I shall go through it as soon as I can. I shall go through it as soon as I can.

Garden City Sept.

Dear Miss Christie [Sarah]

You have perhaps wondered at some of my not writing before, & have doubted, with reason, my professions of friendship & whether I have ever appreciated your kindnesses. I cannot give an explanation of this & other things which you have called "strange," that anyone will understand, who is not troubled by inroads & doubts as I am. In the Spring term of year before last, one of the students who claimed to know something of the administration at Cornell, told me of remarks made by you

infant's meeting, & the course
taken hereon there. You had
a perfect right, of course, & it
was probably the wisest thing you
could have done, but very different
from what I was led to expect
from things you said to me.
Since then he has reported other
things of the same kind. I never
placed much confidence in
what he said, for I knew he was
not friendly to you, & have since
found that he was not to me, but
it was enough to make me doubt-
ful & suspicious, very foolish,
but I could not help it. This may
explain the "mystery" of which you
have spoken. I have not doubted
your goodness & kindness, but have
thought your interest in me was
owing only to a feeling of duty - because
you hoped to do me some good.

A good motive certainly, but I
must confess some repugnance to
being a subject for missionary
labor. If I have been different at
different times, it has been because
I felt differently. I have never
said any thing which at the time I
did not feel. I think if you & I always
shall, no one whose kindness to me
was undeserved & unrewarded.
If the two years were to be gone over
again, perhaps I should do differently
in many respects, but as Cicero
says, "What is past is past
forever, & excuses will do no good."
My only object in writing is to
 frankly tell you the truth, not
because I suppose it is of any
particular importance to you,
but on my own account.
I began the term at Barstow,
but met with an accident with

a lamp last Sunday. & have come ^{home}
for a few days. Shall go back
next week.

You have probably heard of
Mr. Rolfe's recent abrupt departure
to California, leaving many
mourning friends, among whom
I am not one.

Yours truly
E. W. Parker.

Dear folks at Home:
I have not time to write
- anything more than this
- very few lines -

Sauk City, Wis.

Friday Morning.

Sept. 9th '70

434 miles from Lapland

Dear folks at Home:

Excuse the appearance of this
letter - it is the last I can do in the little German
house I am stopping at. - My last was dated at
Virgona on Tuesday: I left 7 at a rather late
hour on Wednesday and traveled all day through
the woods of Vernon & Richland Counties - Had often
heard of them, but was none the less greatly astonished at
their extent & beauty. Had to stop & mend a bad bridge
myself, over the Kickapoo; did it in Carolina style
& pushed on. Stopped late with a good Methodist, as
it looked like rain, within 9 miles of Richland Center
having made 30 miles, up & down hill. Yesterday

morning I started very early. Breakfasted on a five cent ~~iced~~ ^{ice} cream, and dined on black cherries by the wayside. Got a slice of bread & cup of milk at 3 P.M. Gave Pat her regular three meals, etc. included. Passed through R. Center; found that a comrade of mine who used to live there is now in Iowa. While Pat was eating fell in with a queer old chap up from Pennsylvania: he had a lot of specimens of ores he had found in the vicinity - some gold, copper & silver, and a great deal of different Iron ores and crystals of lead. He is going to make something from his discoveries. (By the way, - I read in a La X paper that a man named Neubner, in Clyman, 11 miles from Watertown, had found a mass of pure copper weighing 250 pounds.) I intended to cross the river here at Spring Green, but on arriving there, a little before dark, I found that forage, owing to the high water, was uncertain, difficult, and quite costly. So, after resting & feeding Pat, I started at dark on the road to this place, where there is a

bridge. Coming here takes me
more than six miles to the north of
Spring Green, making a loss of twelve
miles. Traveled till 9 P.M. and
disembarked on the bank of the Wisconsin,
having made 40 miles.

The mosquitoes were terrible. Neither I
nor Dick could sleep a wink - I for-
got to say that it drizzled nearly all
day yesterday, so that my clothes were
pretty wet when I lay down. - To crown
all at midnight it began to rain;
I put the rubber poncho over me but it from
a La Hawk Creek. But the mos-
quitoes became more & more furious.
Both of us were in great misery from
them, and so at 2 this morning I
rushed out from my wet blankets,
fought the fiends desperately while
caldling up - it was all I could
do to keep them from devouring
me - and fled from the spot
through the rain and darkness
steering as well as I could. If you
get me as glad to get away as I.
Picture that night ride to yourselves!!

Enough to say that we got into Sauk
City here at 8 A.M. after a bridge
of 26 miles. Truly good ride
that, of 66 miles on one piece of

bread, through mud, rain, darkness and mosquitoes! I need not tell you that the old German woman's cup of coffee, of which I have just partaken, tasted real good. I am giving Pet a two hours' rest & a feed, before crossing the river & starting for Black Earth; must ride at least 30 miles today yet, and even then it will take some hard riding to make Beloit tomorrow night, as this is 36 miles west & 5 1/2 north by the town-ship lines. But Pet is an excellent heart; I keep her well fed, and shall do so right through, though I have to half starve myself. Her lameness has altogether disappeared; I am astonished at this, as she was so bad one time that I thought I would have to leave her in Minn. I feel as if I would like to keep her always - she has shown such a pluck, and such a kindliness of disposition; she is like a comrade to me. But by the time you get this I shall be forgetting all this adventure in the range of college duties & somewhat fully Thomas.



Mr. James Lehnstie.

Castle Garden.

Minnesota.

Blue Earth Co.
— — —

United States Internal Revenue,

Deputy Collector's Office, 4th District, Wisconsin.

Beaver Dam ^{Exhibit} Sept 23rd 1869

My Dear Friend James Christie, Esq. Beaver Dam,

I Received yours of the 20th inst. And the money (\$20.00) by Express this morning—

I have Endorsed the same on the note as Interest paid for one year.

The date of the note is Sept 4th 1869. You might have saved fifteen Cents by purchasing a Post Office Money Order. which would only have cost you ten Cents and been Equally as safe. Am glad to hear you are all well, and hope you are prospering. We are all usually well. Rosine has been down in Illinois visiting the last five weeks and we are somewhat lonesome

I am much obliged to you for your promptness
in remitting the interest.

without her - and in fact we are
lonesome all the time since we
had to part with our dear Everett
not a day passes but I think of
him and miss him from the
family circle. Perhaps our loss
is his gain - for this is but a
cold and comfortless world at best.
yet it is hard to reconcile ourselves
to such Events. Time I think
may efface somewhat the remembrance
but never obliterate.

What does land sell for where you
are - that is partially improved
lands? and is there any for sale
that might prove a good investment
to a man to buy and let lie - that
is to put a man onto it - so that it
would pay its own Taxes and the
Interest on the money invested?
and about how high do Taxes run?
please let me know. I will be
glad to hear from you at any time
I remain Affectionately J. B. Carter

Oct 2, 1870,

My dear Miss Christina, [Sarah]

I send as you requested
the Book and also the tracts. But
do not think of you, feel obliged to
read them. If we could have read them
together, or talked over their contents,
each expressing our own convictions
or objections it would have been
more interesting probably, but for
this we shall have to wait a little
while, --

So you recollect I spoke to you of
Bro Henry Lyman - A Missionary of
the American Board of Foreign Missions
who was murdered in Siam by the
natives. I found in an old bundle
of papers a letter from him to my
husband when he was a senior at
Andover. He was in the class before
Mr. Millett, but they were great

friends, and both started at the
same time with the Colfax branch.
He was a noble brave man and
very enthusiastic. Perhaps your
brother would like to make use
of it in one of his prayer meetings
or Missionary meeting. He says
"we have not yet received anything"
What a fore-shadowing of his own fate!

This was written forty one years ago,
but a sister of his is at present a
teacher in Vassar College - Annie
Camp Brownson Lu - Excuse
me for sending the letter. I thought
it quite a relic - Will you take
the trouble to return it to Lou -

Goodbye my dear friend, I have en-
joyed our intercourse together
very much, and shall hope to
hear from you again -

It is late in the evening & we have here
early in the morning, again good night,

off
L. A. M. M. M.

Barry is very much obliged
to you for your kind note
and sends thanks to Annie for
doing her transmitting so nicely,
it was a real kindness -

She also sends love to you
- yours

Wm. D. Barry



Beloit, Wisconsin.

Sunday, Oct 2^d 1876.

My Dear Brother,

I write a line to you, notwithstanding I think any of you care to hear from me - but for my own feelings sake I write. You have each and all proved how little you care, as none of you have answered any of the many letters I have written.

We are all well, thank you for that. I sorrow a long death as I think of it. For Death is very near to me. - Beloit has never seen such a time as this. Typhoid fever is raging terribly - There are three funerals today. Deacon Powell has lost his daughter, grown up young ladies, they sang in connection one of them is married today. Her father also has

Lord - a daughter, a music-teacher. The son
sings the other way. - Mr Pettibone also is one
of the same sort. & you will remember him.
Financial Agent for the College. - Mrs Chapman is
just getting better. - there are six people down
with the fever right here on our place opposite
the College grounds. - It is not typhoid fever. it is
a very malignant type of typhus - and is of
curious origin. - They were those who die of it
the same day they die. - There is much fear
that it will get on among the college boys
and so break up the college for a time but
as yet they are all well. - As many of the
most prominent people of Beloit have died.
Grandmother was quite ill for a long while
after coming back from her German visit
with Aunt Nancy. - but she is almost as well
as ever again. - I have good news for you
about myself. I have a permanent situation
in the greater public city schools here - in
ward school No 2 across the river. - There is
now a vacancy in the primary Department
and Mr Rev. the Superintendent came and
offered it to me. - And of course I gladly
accepted. - As he said, it was a beginning for
me here, and when a vacancy occurred higher
up, he said I should be promoted. - At present
I have a room to myself, of two classes, of 20

each, so I have 40 boys and girls to teach
and manage. - They are mostly between the
age of 10 and 14. - I receive \$6.00 per week
we have an hour and a half of instruction
at noon, his recess of 15 minutes each, we
have 1 1/2 in afternoon, and school closes at
5.30. - I will send you my programme of class
exercises for the day, soon as I have expressed
for myself. I will try to send it in then. I have
now taught one week and I like it very much.
We will have two weeks vacation at Christmas,
two in April, and the long vacation commencing
the middle of July, and lasts until first week of
Sept. - We are all very much rejoiced at my good
fortune in getting this. - You are then well enough
the whole of me, and pray send. - Verily. - And
more surely, I want to speak to you about
sending such an outrageous letter as you
did to him. - If you wouldn't do what he
wanted you to, you could have said so, without
using such language as you did to him. -
He says now, that he has written the last

letter he ever will to you - And surely, you
cannot blame him, for he has asked a
great deal of unnecessary advice from your
former letters - I tell you surely it is
a very short time ^{we} will all be here together -
too short to afford to be anything else than
at least ~~unreluctantly~~ affectionate to each other.
The Quaker's Argyle has passed our door many
times, but it is not to be expected that it will
be much longer there - Others are stricken, and
why should our circle be spared - I tell you
surely, we must realize it - The language you
used to Tom, you would wish it recalled with
bitter grief and pain, you would regret such
language were you to get word some day
that - Tom was dead - Can you realize it?
I know I can't - more of me do. it is too
terrible - Keep the thought far from me - But it
is not impossible - Such a time as this is in Beloit
when we see the hearse every day in the streets -
Bring such thoughts home to me - We have
committed no outrageous sin, surely - It has
only been folly, and short-sightedness and
recklessness - We see it now, and are making
desperately to retrieve our mistakes - Thank God
there is no terrible sin in the family - There
ought have been, and there is not Thank God
for that too - Now surely, if you do what is
right, you will sit down and write a kindly
letter to Tom - I tell you surely, do it at once -
Lose no time about it, for ~~what~~ ^{we} know what the
next day will bring to us - Poor Tom feels lonely
and lonely, about your letter now that you ~~would~~
do what he asked, but the way you talked to him

have ^{6th page} got into it. - And listen again my dear
Dag, You talk just as though you folks
there had been doing all the world for me,
whereas you have done but one thing, and
that was the sending of that note to Uncle Tom,
and to stand facing that one thing. I will tell
you another, that is just as much a fact as
the sending of that note was - and it is this
that you folks never would have got one cent
from Uncle Dave that time, had it not been
for me in the first place, and Tom in the
2^d place - and I would like to say much against
Uncle William but he did all he could against
that - let me tell you - and it sticks in his throat
to this day, that Uncle Dave let father have it, and
he had to sign the note. I wrote three several letters
to Uncle Dave about it - and I am positive, you
couldn't have got the money if it had not been
for what I might term my vigilance at the time.
I could have told you all some stories at that
time about Uncle William's going on, and talk
about father and all of you - but I didn't want
father to know - But I interviewed him with Uncle
Dave. - But to go back, and Tom, you re-
member, made it his business to go to Beaver
Dam, and get the money for father - Well.

it is really shameful and outrageous. - Your
age not subject any more than the age of wisdom
but one should your memory my boy. - Do you re-
member of telling me last summer that if I would
give up my project of slave-making and mani-
festly stating that you would promise me to have
\$250. for one last spring that I might go to
Roxford Seminary, and pledged yourself to
keep me there for two years. - Where would you
have been now if I had taken you at your
word? I think you would have been as badly
swamped as we are, only in this ^{last} the cir-
cumstances would have been more favorable for
you, in this that you could have backed out
without anyone being injured thereby, but my
whereas now I backed out at any time since going
in, I felt and know it would be a terrible thing
for others - it was a choice of two evils, and
I went on desperately, hoping against hope and
praying that God might turn the evil that
was in it to good. - What I have suffered
been terrible - But remember I never had
a single thought of self, only for the sake of
others, I went on desperately, as I said before -
had I been alone in the matter I would have
given the whole thing up, before I had been
a month in Walsworth - and I never would

greatness of mind - He that ruleth his spirit
is greater than he that keepeth a city - you know.
As to myself, I hope not have any assistance
from you, ever there, since the time of that
other unfortunate folly of mine, when Father
was good and kind enough to give me
\$1000 - I know now it is better you folks
up there. I know you are struggling along,
trying to keep your heads above water
and to get out of debt. And please me, you
have a great chunk of firm ground under
your feet, and like me your situation, struggling
in desperation, not knowing what way to
turn - We can now pay our way out the
rest of the year; is the desirable thing. - But
I know we will get through. We are on
the right road now, and struggling hard
to achieve, and to do right - and God
never forsakes people under such circum-
stances. - We are living economically, not
running in debt for one cent worth to eat
drink, or wear - what we cannot pay for
we do without - I have known me to by this
or three times, out of everything but - and
went to make fornicage, until Annie had

as I said before. the sending of that note was
the only thing you have done - Remember not
that we think you ought to have given us
money we neither expected, or wanted you to -
We know you had enough to do ~~with~~ ^{to} struggle
along yourself - Just why left us though
you had done all the work - Just listen to
what is the place. Truly sorry and further with
of you - You know how it has been with Tom
When he came home from ~~Washington~~ ^{Washington} that time,
and had decided to give his ~~up~~ ^{up} for ~~Christ~~ ^{Christ} to
the good work. Further promised to pay his
way, not only through College, but through the
Seminary, and you know how it has been.
He has got along the best way he could for
the last year or two - he got into debt, and
has had to borrow money to get through
so far - Well, of course further did all he could
Tom knows it, and feels grateful to further
for what he did do, and for his always up-
holding him in all that was right and good.
which was better than money - But you all
you all tried to do what you could - carry
on - and you and we, both suffer in the
circumstances being just a little different -

To talk sensibly, we are all too sanguine,
at once in the blood - such people are almost
guilty with disappointment, and troubles, that
just if another disappointment - do not dream
of - We are always attempting for much and
falling short - If we are in the wrong, you
are in the right at least - To do it better
is much harder - and try to improve that
little temper of yours for the better - or at
least, as you are a living dog, not it will
be the cause of you yet, understanding your

letter there is - over matter. I know you would be
do it, and told him so, there is - would only.
come you up again, to saying hard and bitter
things, and I refuse - no - give later. - I want you
to understand, Sarah, I am not writing this letter
for the purpose of asking you again for any assistance.
I expect some from any of you. I am asked you
for that in a separate letter. I neither like nor I want
anything from Minneapolis. Of course, Father will
give as far as to Dave, the rest he owes to you
and to himself and mother. It is full right, as it
should be - Tom will soon be in a place to as-
sist these if necessary, instead of asking anything
and if God gives me health, and I wish, we can
support ourselves and Grandmother. And you
talk about Tom. He is doing perfectly right in
keeping on through college. It is absolutely nec-
essary to his future success in his calling. But the
kind of life - were he younger it would be different.
And he has shoulders responsibilities, that he will
have to work out after leaving college. Otherwise he
might have gone straight on in his Seminary
course. I don't see that you have done so
very much more, Come Sarah, be reasonable.
Are you so much more perfect than other folks
after all? My first motive in writing this letter
was to get you to write another letter to Tom, and
to talk to him after a different style. You know
very human nature cannot bear too much
and this is not the first nor second time you
have used terribly abusive language to Tom.
It is not right - it is not honest. Dear me
Sarah, such talk does nothing but - evil both to
writer and reader. - I hope Dave is well, tell him
if he ever thinks of me, to write - tell Father I have
said away the Frank of Lumber he sent me with
the rest of my precious things. My love to all.
I am ever your love and all well. Sarah.

earned a little money somewhere to pay for a
sack of flour and some potatoes. And as we are
living on from day to day but is with the stopping
work, that this is some friendship in me having
this permanent situation. Sandy. I have not entered
a church door nor taken either since the first-
Sunday of last April. For the want of clothing.
Neither she nor I have had one article worth
for ourselves since coming to Kefauver. We have
cut over and patched and ~~refused~~ and turned
things wrong side out; and up ~~side down~~ until
it is impossible to do it longer. But I might
appear respectable at my school. We have had
but a pair of shoes, for a clothing, or a glove,
or even a hairnet. no to speak of another ar-
ticle. We go nowhere, not even to our neighbors
houses. - only about our business, she to her
sewing, and I to my school. Every cent of my
summer's earnings went to pay debt and for
household provisions. - Aunt Nancy when here,
insisted upon my accepting a pair of shoes from
her, and a dress of her own, which Annie had
made for me. - Now, this is all the strait
truth, I never told you before. Therefore, I did not
care to trouble you with such details, but your
letter calls it out. I asked Tom if he told you
just how affairs were here and he raised the
headline. - Now, Sandy, you are self-sacrificing
& generous. But not any more so than I am. My
whole life is a failure, and always will be, for
for, as my own personal happiness is concerned.
I am content, if in time, perhaps when I am
a worn out woman of forty. I can feel that
I am entirely out of debt; so far as monied debt
is concerned. And at the same time be able
to keep a roof over our heads - that is Annie's
and Grandmother's and my own. That is all
in the world that I hope for. - I expect nothing
from any of you. I told Tom not to tell that

Rapids, October 16th 1870.

My Dear Brother: [Diana]

Your letter, which a plain but lengthy statement would answer, informs me that you declare an intention to hold ^{no} ~~no~~ ^{further} correspondence with me. Your letter called out a wild burst of feeling; and yet I experienced no excitement which would not emanate from me in my coolest moments.

I add that it is useless to help Sarah through any financial difficulty she may get into. She has no business to get into such difficulties, and taking her out of one or more does not prevent a repetition.

Let her be brayed in the mortar for once, and you will find that it will do her, at least, as much good as it would for you or me to take her place. She must learn to keep her expenses within reasonable limits or I will have nothing to do with her.

Considering all the circumstances; what we have done for her heretofore; our having disapproved of the measures which caused the ~~the~~ indebtedness; your having approved of them, and declared your intention to shoulder the whole responsibility; and above all, our utter inability to help anyone but ourselves, (and that none too well); I think you had no semblance of right or excuse for calling upon me for that help.

I think it a great privilege, one for which I continually thank God, that I have an opportunity to forego all my own projects, in order to serve in some way those I love. It would fill me with sadness to know that the same mighty, saving principle, ^{is} ~~was~~ not inherent in your breast. I doubt not that it is there; and yet you have a strange, a very strange manner of giving evidence of its existence. Putting myself in your position as well as I can there appears but one but one opportunity to settle that affair with Uncle Dave without calling

uphold us. Do you know what it means to call on us?
It is to break us down - nothing less.
But it is useless to write more about it. So far as I am
concerned, I am already occupied with other matters, I am
trying to help Father and Dave - the former to a living, the lat-
ter to a means of living. I have neither burning books, nor
money. Indeed, I am \$70⁰⁰ in debt to the S. Dict. Father
and Dave are hardly able to help themselves, etc.
There is one we would cheerfully meet you out of this pre-
dicament. As it is, we cannot.

My philosophy does not require me to part from you. It is
necessary to speak with indignation at times. You may
bear with this, or I will remain silent. This is, very prob-
ably, the last letter I will write to you, if you are still of
that mind, unless something unusual should make it ne-
cessary. Remember, however, that I am still your brother,
with the old love for you unchanged. That to hear of your
well-being and happiness will always give me pleasure,
and that I shall ever regret that we could not remain in
active sympathy. Time will probably effect what
much talking cannot, and the future put find us on bet-
ter terms.

I might close pathetically; but we have so
much of that nowadays that I suspect its genuineness
whenever I see it, and shall not subject myself to the same
suspicion. Believe me always to be struggling after better
and higher things than this world commonly affords;
whether I shall ever attain to anything I know not, - I can
only hope.

Yours ago the Gallilean stepped be-
tween the brothers and made it necessary to pronounce a
word of mournful significance - Farewell.

as of old,

Your brother, Sandy

that she had been very sick. - I am sitting
up with Mrs Duncan to night - She is very
low with the fever - She has been so kind
to me since I came to Beloit - that I cannot
keep away from her altogether although
I know there is danger in it. - There were
two more deaths last night from the fever -
it don't seem to abate any and is so
fatal - Beloit has never seen such a time
It seems as if there were a plague in
the air. - I am getting on nicely in my school
have only 40 scholars - and the number will
not be more than that probably the whole
year. - I finished my first month of school to
day. -

Tell Sandy I recd his last letter to Tom
last night and it gave me a night of pains -
I had thought that Sandy was everything that
is noble - that he was all there - but he is un-
kind and ingenuous - and he is a coward
if he were not he wouldnt talk of me as he
does to Tom - a man in the first excitement
of rage may kick and buffet a person when
it is done but to continue to kick and
buffet and abuse is base and cowardly and
much more so when that person is his sister -
If I have committed a fault - I have suffered
for it, and will continue to do so long as I
live - Sandy always talks as though he were
a self sacrificing angel - and all the rest of
the family did something but had some done
by the whole - How is our humor in day -
I know he has done more than many there
would do but why harp upon it, that
spoils all - and why be unkind and ungen-
erous in casting aspersions of doubt, jealousy
and hypocrisy upon others. I do neither offend
nor judge - He can neither yield nor take from the
Bible - If I am a hypocrite the worse for me, if I am

November,

1870.

THE

BELOIT COLLEGE

MONTHLY.



Contractae seria frontis explicare.

VOL. XVII.

NO. II.

THE BELOIT COLLEGE MONTHLY.

Is published by an Association of Graduates connected with Beloit College. The contents will be original, and contributions from all Classes especially of articles spiritual and literary, are earnestly requested, and always relied upon. Alumni are invited to furnish occasional articles, especially items for the Collegiana.

One number will be published every month, excepting August and September—ten numbers constituting a Volume.

All articles intended for Publication, should be sent through the Post Office to the "Editors of the Beloit College Monthly," the name of the writer being inclosed in a separate envelope, which will not be used unless the article is used. No anonymous communications will be accepted.

Business letters may be addressed to the "Chairman of the Publication Committee."

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

Single Number.....	\$.20
Single Copy, for one year.....	1 75
Five Copies.....	8 00

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CHAS. L. MORGAN. GEO. F. PENFIELD. LAURIE D. KEYES.

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THE BELOIT COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

No. II.

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DRUIDISM.

There have been many queer things under the sun since first men felt his genial light. He who unfolds the volume of history finds it full of wonders. No page do we meet that is not as varied as a landscape, rich as hidden mines. We love to turn back to these fertile spots and, in the shadow of some proud structure that rises full upon the view, to sit and learn the lesson that lies buried but not dead within it. Only lately we were walking the far-off shores. We stood, for a moment, in ancient Gaul, ere it had felt the power of Caesar's invincible arms; then in Britain,—Roman ships had not yet touched her shores—but there, as in Gaul, her own laws and customs prevailed. One distinctive feature marks them both. History calls it *Druidism*. Let us tarry while we look at its character and influence.

To get the matter quickly before us we may say, in a word, that the Druids were the educated men of their times—the only teachers of the people in religious and secular knowledge. They were divided into three orders—the inferior priests, inspired bards, and Druids proper; the whole life of the latter was spent in much the same way as that of a monk in his cloister with this exception, that the monk sat, daily, within his narrow cell, while the druid fled for meditation to the heart of wildest forests and among grandest mountain scenery. The chief work of the Druids seems to have been a religious one, yet we cannot fully comprehend them only as we look at them in their three-fold character of moulders of politics, education and religion. *Politically* they exercised unbounded sway. The Druids were, in matters of state, a tribunal from which no dissent of king or peasant was allowed. In civil or religious disputes, whether between nations or individuals, their decisions were alike irrevocable. Terrible were the penalties inflicted upon him who refused to abide by their decrees. Law afforded no protection to such an one. Every man became a law to pursue him to the last. For him neither altar, sacred grove or own fireside was a refuge. He must be an exile here and, beyond the ocean whose waves washed the far off shores of the "Isle of the Brave," he could never go and be at rest. Those were restless times in which Druidism had its being. Wars there were that seemed without end; total absence of law kept widely sundered different communities and destroyed even individual sympathies. Into this turbulence came the mysterious hand of Druidism. It pointed a finger to a land beyond, whither the good and the brave all should go but which the evil should never see. Superstition and religious awe thus served to furnish the thread that bound together, in common hopes, a people that must have, otherwise, been separated and scattered. Happy is the thought that in the absence of light God can make even the darkness do his work.

As an *educational* system, Druidism was infinitely more powerful and subtle in its influence than as a political sys-

tem. Beginning in early youth the revered priest moulded the thoughts and life of his pupil as the potter moulds the clay. How wild and startling was their system of education! All substance, said they, has three proper qualities; all true science consists in the correct discovery of these; all correct instruction in the accurate statement of them to others. Notice the following example—there are three characteristics of wisdom, obedience to the laws of God; effort for the good of man; brave endurance of the chances and misfortunes of life. In their order were priests, philosophers, physicians, teachers, soothsayers and judges. To them, all men high and low, looked for wisdom. Into groves of sacred oak, far removed from the din and tumult of life, they carried their pupils where, sometimes, for twenty years they were trained in the mysteries of Druidic lore. Twenty thousand verses contained the sum of their knowledge. These lived only in memory; so sacred were they that they would not have them written elsewhere than on the tablets of the heart. They paid great attention to rhetoric, poetry, natural and political science. They were also more or less acquainted with astronomy; practiced divination; talked largely of the hidden nature of things; of the extent of matters terrestrial and celestial; of the character and movements of the gods. But their greatest school of wisdom was in Nature's wide, open pages; here Druid and people ever drank in knowledge and inspiration. With botany, mineralogy, and every product of the fields they were perfectly familiar; the leaves, from long acquaintance, they could read as a book.

Such a reverence had they for Nature that, in the construction of their works, no tool was ever allowed to be used. Rocks unhewn, rough as Nature had left them, formed the walls of their temples. No roof above excluded the light; the heavens alone separated them from Divinity. Their supreme being was *Sal*, the sun. In his course through the heavens all were taught to recognize the footsteps of a God. In May, when the flowers bloomed, they kindled the fire, sacred to his name. The flames, mounting upward, were,

to them, messengers seeking the sun, carrying on their wings, to the ear of God, their solemn chants uttered by all, as they marched about the fire. This was in honor of the opening spring, the seed-time and the promised harvest. Then when the harvest came, and the crops were all gathered in, again they assembled and kindled, this time, "the sacred fire of peace," in token of gratitude for a righteous rule, under which the harvest had ripened and its fruits been stored for the support of the world. Such were the lessons and such the influences under which the child grew to youth and manhood.

We come now to notice it as a *religious* system. Here lay its most active life, its most potent influence. The Druids believed in one God, supreme in power, inflexible in will. Besides they had inferior divinities, some a creation of the great divinity, others, heroes exalted, for virtue, to honor and power. They claimed that the soul is immortal, and that after death there are in store rewards and punishments.

Man they esteemed a fallen intelligence, destined to reach a home of eternal happiness only by successive steps upward. They called man the perfection of nature; for him the world and all things in it were created. They believed him capable of choosing good or evil. If he chose evil then he fell lower and lower, but, if the good, then at death he was born again, this time to a higher and nobler life, from whence he ever advanced till, at last, perfection's jewel sat majestically upon his brow. In this world everything must yield to the great law of progress. The good and the beautiful, they claimed, were ever becoming more and more established, finally all wrong would be consumed, then the world, no longer needed as a preparatory place, would be destroyed. Piety toward God, charity toward men, and fortitude in suffering were the great lessons they sought to impress upon men. Their religion was largely one of ceremonies. They sacrificed often to their gods, not only the milk white steer and spotless lamb, but also, when they would especially honor divinity, human life—the only gift worthy to be offered to the immortal. The oak was to

them a symbol of the Divine and, beneath its wide-stretching arms, often the Druid's voice was heard, pointing the multitudes around the way upward.

The serpent's yearly changing of its skin, they thought, an emblem of ever renewed existence—of immortality. But the grandest of all the Druidic rites was the monthly gathering of the mistletoe. When the moon was at its full, the procession formed and marched, in order, to the tree on which the plant had been found twining. A circle was formed about the tree, a sacrifice offered, then a priest in white raiments ascended the tree and, with golden knife, severed the vine, which he dropped into a pure and spotless cloth held by a priest at the foot of the tree. A day of joy and festivity followed over the successful gathering of their emblem of eternal life—an ever living plant green when all about them had yielded to the frosts of winter.

Gross, we see, was the superstition which held the people under this religion, yet, in its foreshadowing of a life to come, of a future state of rewards and punishments, it added a dignity and solemnity to life whose equal we nowhere find, outside of Revelation. It taught men to combat evil in the hope of perfect good to come. It exalted their natures by pointing their heart's aspirations ever upward to a fountain that flowed from afar, whose unseen but crystal streams were for the healing of a world.

In some features of their religion there is a wildness and real grandeur which excites our admiration no less than our wonder. Divinity, they thought, all comprehensive and infinitely severed from the small things of earth—free as the air, boundless as space, all nature its home. They ignored the worship of images, thinking that no work of man's devising could fitly represent Deity.

When the Romans invaded Gaul and Britain, they stood in awe and astonishment before the venerable Druids. The force of their armed legions destroyed temples and spared not men, yet the germs of Druidism still lived, like flame hidden beneath the mass of ruins, nor did it entirely yield till

there burst upon it that restless flood which came from Christianity. Now it has done its work, and, like many institutions of other days, has passed forever away.

As we look back over the world's history it seems, to us, like a great caldron whose mighty boilings and seethings the conflicts of ages have so heightened that, from its surface, excrement after excrement is ever passing, thus leaving the great mass, behind, all the purer. Away on in the future, may we not hope that the last defect will be removed, and that some hearts will be left to see the rising of a Paradise of glory, an Eden of joy? There is a golden day yet to dawn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A NOVELIST.

The English language, capable, as it is, by its strength, beauty, and richness, of fulfilling all the requirements of the three higher forms of literature, History, Poetry, and Fiction, has spread its works to every quarter of the Globe, where the light of civilization has penetrated.

Though possessing the most absolute purity and strength in its native hold, it has gradually usurped the vernacular tongue of its immediate neighbors, until Scotland, Wales, and Ireland can boast of writers inferior, in no respect, to those of England herself.

At the head of the noble galaxy of poets and novelists, with which Scotia has furnished the world, we unhesitatingly place her noble bard, Sir Walter Scott.

It is entirely beyond my province to criticise the works of Sir Walter as a whole; I shall, therefore, at present, only endeavor to point out some of the merits, and prevailing beauties of style which are characteristic of this justly celebrated author.

Walter Scott's novels are eminently marked by the vein of purity and simplicity which runs through them. His style possesses the warmth and richness, without the licentiousness, of Bulwer; the quaint humor of Dickens, without the bitter

sarcasm, and cutting irony. Scott has been most unjustly criticised as cold and unimpassioned in his writings; and so he is, if you compare some of his productions with Bulwer's Italian stories, partaking strongly, as they do, of the fury and impassioned nature of the people of *Italia*, or with the voluptuous works of Eugene Sue or "George Sand." There is a grand simplicity, a strong and pure current of morality, and a soul stirring earnestness in Scott's writings, which rivets the attention of the reader, and affords an immense relief after reading the overwrought fictions of Bulwer.

Scott never sacrificed anything to mere effect, nor buried his lack of ideas and sentiments under a heap of high sounding and meaningless words, which is so characteristic of novel writers, of the present day. No sickening love scenes, no tragical suicides, and no improbable catastrophes mar the pages of his most excellent novels. And yet with a master's hand he can weave the tangled web, which encloses within its meshes the unhappy Rebecca, and paint in gloomy colors the dark passions of the Templar. His novels are as unruffled by gales of passion as the placid lakes of his native land, and as lofty and grand as her stately mountains.

Another marked feature of his novels is, their character painting. The greater portion of his works are, mainly, historical, and, as such, it was Scott's object and aim to present his heroes before us, with only as much fictitious coloring as was entirely consistent with their known characters. The extent and variety of Scott's delineations of character, far exceed, in my opinion, those of any other writer, except Shakespeare. Dickens confines his character painting to a certain class, or *genus* of people, as it were, while Sir Walter ranges from the king on his throne, to the humble peasant in his hut.

He represents the dark and intriguing character of Louis, the bold and blunt frankness of Richard, the haughty and indomitable pride of Elizabeth, with the same facility and truth to nature as he does the strong affections and lofty purposes of Jeanie Deans, the simple hearted dependence of Amy Robsart, and the rough but faithful loyalty of Gurth. In the

representation of rustic and homely characters we think that, in many respects, he even excels Dickens, whose peculiar *forte* was in this line. Scott represents his characters not so much as clowns to be laughed at, or as wretches to be pitied, but as human beings, with less of sorrows, and more of quiet joys than their superiors, capable of as high and elevated feelings and desires, as can be met with in beings of more elevated conditions.

We find no unnaturally clever Sam Wellers, no disgusting Uriah Heeps, or ridiculous Mantalins; but we do find human nature, with all its faults and virtues, faithfully portrayed in Effie Deans, Minna Troil, and Henry Morton.

Notwithstanding Scott's natural gaiety of temper, he could delineate the darkest and fiercest passions of the heart, with an awful distinctness and force, which has in it much of Shakespeare's peculiar power, and evinces the vigor of his imagination and the variety of his talents. From no unprejudiced historian, perhaps, can we obtain a better description of the characters of King Charles the second, Cromwell, and James the first, than we obtain from Scott; so vividly does the great novelist present them before us.

It is only from such fiction as Scott's that true benefit and culture can be derived. While the works of many of his predecessors and contemporaries have faded into obscurity his, alone, retain their pristine fame and popularity. He is above all things else natural, and Scottish, and never seems so completely monarch of his gigantic powers, as when on his native soil. His country-men alone can, therefore, have a full appreciation of his merits; from them he receives the praise and devotion due to his talents and learning.

R.

THE UTILITY OF THE IDEAL.

There are some very practical persons, who cherish the idea because certain inherent qualities in man do not immedi-

ately lead to, as they think, beneficial results that, therefore, such endowments should be checked, and that the nourishment of them should be opposed as far as possible. Among the innate possessions of the human mind, that this class of Sophists would suppress, is the Cultivation of the Ideal.

When we attempt to comprehend the vast ages that have passed, or to think of the eternity that is to follow us, we see that, at the best, life is but short and full of cares. If each one strives to benefit his fellow-man to the utmost of his power it will be but a small unit, in comparison with the whole, which he can add. But if a person passes through life with little regard as to his own advancement and improvement, and still less in respect to others', the great object for which he was created will be wholly subverted, and he will descend into the grave at last,

"And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

There are many who are not materially affected by the obligations of this life, but, as either the Zephyr, with its gentle movements, as it comes noiselessly stealing among the golden-robed trees, or as the rude Boreas, that rushes through the forest, stripping the silent guardians of their beautiful verdure, casts autumn leaves upon the bosom of some fast flowing river, that carries them without resistance, now into a dark, cheerless eddy, and, again, over the beautiful, glistening surface of the sunlit stream, until at length it hurls them into the vast ocean, so they suffer themselves, almost willingly, to listlessly glide along upon the stream of Time, utterly regardless of others, and but little more interested in their own welfare, until, finally, they are launched into eternity! On the other hand there is a great body of human beings, each one of whom is a philanthropist and benefactor to a certain extent, who seem to understand for what they were created, what mission they have in life, and who are alive to the consciousness of the all-important obligations imposed upon them by their Maker.

To each one of these two classes of human beings, differing

so much from one another, the Creator has entrusted an ennobling power, that exercises a great influence over the mind, inducing one to do good, and another to do evil, some to follow truth, and justice, and manliness, as guiding stars, and others to be led astray by the dazzling enticements of self-love, vice, and corruption. But in the exercise of this powerful instigator of human actions, viz: the Fancy, no one will doubt if the heart is pure that the promises of Hope will never lead a person from the right, although a moral nature if corrupt will compel the imagination to labor for its own earthly enjoyment, and the promptings of a better judgment will be disregarded.

Theremin says that the only way to inspire and effect an audience by eloquence, is to first impress forcibly upon their minds that you are a man—a man in the fullest sense of the word—an upright, noble man. This can be readily seen is the main principle of success in any undertaking. For if a man created, as he is, after God's own image, and blessed with high and inspiring qualities, would follow as far as he is able the teachings of his better nature, he would approach much nearer to the Divinity than many think possible.

Shall man then, not a mere mortal, but one who possesses tastes and distastes, perception and disinction as to right and wrong both in regard to his welfare here and hereafter, shall such a near approach to goodness, and purity, and nobleness, endeavor to destroy or disinherit all fanciful images and ideal beauties? Would his Maker have given him such an ability as to be able, by the workings of Hope and Fancy combined, to endure misfortunes and severe trials, had it not been that he was to derive benefit in the end? Some of these strictly matter-of-fact non-idealists even say that fancy *never* benefits a man, but is continually building up and holding before his eyes beautiful but still impossible visions, the disappointment from not obtaining which, is a greater injury to one than the pleasure derived in imagining them. Was there ever a more fallacious speculation? Can any one deny that the beautiful and visionary ideas uttered by "The Poet of the Woods"

in his short production, "Thanatopsis," have made some sorrowful lives more happy, soothed some aching hearts in distress, and brought some penitent sinners into a closer sympathy with their God? But when we remember the great and redeeming effect that Virgil's influence exercised over the minds of the Romans through his work entitled "The Georgics" we see, at once, the fallacy of the reasoning of these practical would-be reformers. The husbandmen of Italy, who were, in great part, veteran soldiers, had become dissatisfied with cultivating the land, having exhausted the soil to a great extent, and they were flocking in great numbers to the cities. Mæcenas wisely thought that no plan was so likely to recall the lost habits of industry as a recommendation of agriculture, by the thrilling charms of poetry, and at his request Virgil undertook the work. Anthon says that Virgil "contrived by converting rules into images to give a picturesque coloring or illustration to the most unpromising topics, to scatter roses amid his fields, and to cover, as it were, with verdure the thorns and briars of agricultural discussion."

This same poet also recited the sixth book of the *Æneid* to Augustus, in presence of his sister Octavia, who had recently lost her only son Marcellus, the darling of Rome, and the adopted child of Augustus. When the line

"Tu Marcellus eris—manibus date lilia plenis"

was read, the bereft mother swooned away at the consoling promise. Virgil is said to have received ten thousand *sestercies* for each verse of this grand passage. Perhaps solely practical persons might recognize in this case, at least, a utility in the Ideal. Again, are we to consider that "Paradise Lost" was written in vain? Did the blind poet, as he wove his beautiful and sublime fancies into glorious thoughts, and connected those ideas with the pure and the good, did he confer no benefit upon mankind? But it will easily be seen that Fancy is but the expansion and adorning of Hope, and in trying to retard its growth, or to banish it altogether, a person will not only at heart be miserable, but he will also make others wretched with whom he associates.

It is but reasonable to suppose that a man will act in accordance with his nature, but if he attempts to cast out, or to bury his talents, does he not indicate very plainly that he thinks he knows better what is suitable for him, and what qualities of mind are more useful to him than his Creator does? But free enjoyment flees with youth, cares increase with years often in a much greater proportion. Does it not behoove us, then, to make ourselves and others as happy as possible, not only by dealing out strict justice in accordance with the law, but also by making ourselves good and upright, and by ennobling our fellow beings? And in what way can this end be obtained better than by cherishing and cultivating the finer sensibilities, by striving after and seeking out the beautiful, and by retaining and imitating the good?

But mankind will dream on, and persons will delight themselves with the exercise of the imagination, as well as of the real, for they love to mould wished-for happiness by past experience. Then, as time rolls on, and as every day is bringing us so much nearer to that mysterious and awful eternity, let each one look back and see if his life would have been happier, his actions more lauded, or his salvation made surer had he wholly disregarded or opposed The Cultivation of The Ideal.

J. H. T.

THE RAINDROP'S LESSON.

BY S. K. L.

Little raindrop,
Pure and sweet,
Falling softly
On the street,—
Tell me, raindrop,
If thou wilt,
Where thy home is,—
Where 'tis built?
In what fountains

Cool and bright,
On what mountain's
Airy height?
From what streamlet's
Laughing wave,—
In what fairy's
Crystal cave?—
Said the raindrop's
Silvery cry:—
"Home I have none,
Pilgrim, I!
Falling earthward,
Joy I sow;
Soaring heavenward,
Pure I grow.
Thus I journey
Up and down,
Gladdening field or
Dusty town.
Whether sprinkling
Shrunk leaves,
Whether moistening
Thirsty caves,—
Whether filling
Cisterns dry,
Whether answering
Prayer's cry,—
Whether blessing
Good or bad,
Just or unjust
Making glad,—
Whether traveling
East or west,
God, who sends me,
Knoweth best.
So I go from
Earth to sky,
Never idle,
Happy, I!"
Fell the raindrop
At my feet,
Smiling, sparkling,
On the street.

Little raindrop,
Thanks to thee!
Precious lesson

Taught thou me.
 Let me ever
 Do my part,
 Murmuring never
 In my heart.
 Working always,
 Helping all,
 Friends or foes,
 Hut or hall;
 Never tempted
 Work to stop,
 Though my cup hold
 But a drop.
 Rising heavenward
 Pure to grow,
 Coming earthward
 Joy to sow.

CRYSTAL GATHERING.

"This," said the Professor, "is my plan for the proposed trip; by rail to the quarries of Galena limestone in the vicinity of Watertown; thence to Kilbourn City, where, at the Dells, the Wisconsin river breaks through the Potsdam strata; thence by stage to Devil's Lake, where we may study quartzite and the effects of volcanic action; and thence home, by way of Madison. Time to be occupied four or five days. Equipment for each man, a rough suit of clothes, hammer and chisel, and a satchel,—convenient for specimens, whether sandwiches or sandstones. Will the Class go?"

Of course the Class would go. Suggestive memories of by-gone Argonautic joys came up to enforce the considerations, sanitary as well as scientific, attaching to the prospect of a week of such Geologizing. On Monday noon we were at the depot, all equipped in light marching order, and ready for the campaign. But alas! we were to meet difficulties in the very outset; owing to a change of time the train to Clinton had already gone. A hasty consultation was held; it was

found that the up train from Chicago would pass through Shopiere, six miles distant, in a little over an hour from that time; we could catch it by using horse conveyance. A decision was speedily arrived at, and Puck, fitly chosen in a matter demanding brevity of form, was dispatched with all haste to a livery-stable, the others following with the *impedimenta*. Then there was a hurried harnessing and hitching, in which some of our prospective ministers showed the advantage of a country "bringing up;" a furious throwing of seat-cushions by Fred, and a dextrous stopping of the same, "on the fly," by the Professor; a clambering, pell-mell, into our jaunting-car; a trot around the corner, when it was discovered that we had left the driver behind; a stop for that individual, and then we were off up Broad street at a swinging pace.

No merrier party can be imagined anywhere, than a class of college boys in our situation, as we rode across the prairie that day to Shopiere. How, seated in two long rows facing each other, we bounced up and down, and swayed to and fro with the rapid motion of the creaking old "bns;" how we talked, listened, sang, and laughed, all at once,—laughed at the Professor's German stories; at the redoubtable Puck touching his hammer significantly to the driver; at the announcement, gravely made by our mathematician after careful calculation, that we had actually saved a neat little sum in fares by missing the train; at sober looking dogs that stood beside farm-house gates and gazed after us in silent astonishment as we dashed by like some wild vision; and, when nothing else offered, laughed in pure glee to feel the free winds blowing over our faces, and to think that we, for the time, were free as itself to wander where we would. Nor were occasions for merriment wanting during the railway ride to Watertown. Did we not hugely enjoy the mistake of that newsboy, who, misled by the flaxen hair and blue eyes of one of our party, thought him a recently arrived descendant of the Norsemen, and doubtfully asked if he could read English?

At Watertown we were met by Professors Thompson and Lebourveau. An hour was spent very pleasantly and profit-

ably in the cabinet collected by the latter gentleman for the high school, and then, under his leadership, the party set out to visit the quarries. Three miles of very fast walking brought us to them, after dark. By the light of candles and matches a few Corals and Calcite crystals were secured, after which we returned to the depot to await the night train westward bound.

Kilbourn City drowsily received us at some one of the small hours of Tuesday morning, with no demonstrations of welcome except what was contributed by a volunteer choir of tuneless cats under our hotel windows. It is said that one of our Minnesotians, in his high appreciation of their efforts to do us honor, leaped excitedly from his bed and engaged in frantic search for his chum's boots, designing no doubt, to use the same for bouquets, but darkness saved both the boots and the disinterested singers for whom they were intended.

The Dells of the Wisconsin have already been described in the MONTHLY. Under the able leadership of Mr. Bennett, the artist, we spent the whole of Tuesday in exploring them, in noting the peculiarities of the sandstone formation, and in collecting specimens. As this is not intended for a treatise on Geology I shall omit technical details. Other things there were, not less enjoyable than the work of scientific investigation. With admiration and delight we looked up from our boats at the tall cliffs, which, chiseled into fantastic shapes by ancient waters, and summit-crowned with shrubs and swaying vines, shut in on either side the dark and swift currents of the noble river; we pulled the boats through the water-cave; we landed at the mouth of a dry cavern, and finding it to be without a name, supplied the deficiency,—with all due ceremonials of speeches, songs, and bottle of water dashed against the walls,—leaving the inscription,

EATON GROTTTO,

BY THE CLASS OF '71, BELoit COLLEGE.

Then we looked askance at the Devil's Elbow, the terror of raftsmen; clambered up Steamboat Rock and launched fallen trees from its summit into the depths below; sat in Luncheon

Hall; jumped upon Stand Rock; peered into the dark and narrow opening of Cataract Canyon; and, in returning to the city, saw the evening sun come out from behind the clouds and smite with sudden shafts of golden light the Indian Summer foliage of the cliffs.

Wednesday forenoon was rainy, and our stage ride from Kilbourn City to Baraboo and Devil's Lake,—twenty miles to the south, half of the distance over a succession of barren sandhills,—was in consequence, none of the pleasantest. But at noon, emerging from a magnificent forest,—the trees all in their Autumn robes,—we came suddenly out upon the northern beach of the lake, and felt repaid by the view for all our discomforts. What we saw was a sheet of water not more than a mile and a half long and half that width, coming up to a gradually sloping beach on the side of our approach, but on every other side with the exception of a similar small beach at the southeast, walled in and overhung by precipitous cliffs of quartzite six hundred feet in height,—these cliffs broken down partially by unknown forces, so that the huge, regularly shaped fragments, gray with their covering of moss, lay piled on each other in all kinds of fantastic positions, from the water's edge almost to the summit. To the right and left and front of us these jagged slopes, scantily clad with pines and such other trees as could get footing among the rocks; at our feet the clear and shining waters rippling gently over their snow-white sands. No wonder that we called it one of the most charming and unique little bits of scenery our eyes had ever rested on.

That same afternoon, having taken dinner and left our baggage with the jovial host of the Minnewaukon, we scrambled up the rocks and made our way south, along the top of the eastern cliffs, to the lower end of the lake,—collecting specimens and making observations by the way. At this end a narrow valley, its walls as steep and lofty as those overhanging the lake, trends away to the east and opens into the valley at the Wisconsin, five miles distant. Here we gathered quartz crystals, climbed up to the top of the Arch at the risk of our necks, and watched with a feeling akin to terror

the plunging, crashing descent of huge masses of rock hurled by our comrades over the brow of the frightful precipice. Here again, as yesterday, we saw the evening sun come out from behind the clouds; the light poured in streams through vineyard, orchard, and wood of the little valley away down, down, so far below our feet; it touched the trees of the opposite slope, and lo! they were royal banners of gold and green and purple; on the wave crests to our right it sparkled and shone; and, away to the east, shot its level beams along the distant summits of hills beyond the Wisconsin. The pen of Wordsworth alone could describe the glory, the spiritual beauty of that sunset scene.

The next morning ushered in one of those "perfect days" of the Indian Summer which need no description to the American reader. Our whole party was out in the boats before breakfast, to taste the freshness of the morning air, and see the sun rise over the eastern cliffs. There was an animated little boat-race on the way back, in which, if I may so speak, Science and Poetry got a little the advantage of Law and Theology,—explained by the fact, that, as it sometimes happens, Law and Theology could not pull together, Dr. McCosh at one oar being altogether too much for the Supreme Court at the other.

To detail all the events of this most busy day would be wearisome. The work to be done in the way of scientific observation was systematically laid out by Professor Eaton in a short lecture after breakfast. The result of these observations, in taking which we made a complete circuit of the lake, is, we trust, to be set forth in appropriate form by the Professor, and I shall therefore pass it by. One incident worthy of mention was the securing of the fine ripple-mark specimen now in our College cabinet. This was broken off a huge block half-way up the rocks on the east side, and being of considerable weight, and requiring great care in handling so as not to deface the marks on its surface, it was only after the display of much engineering skill that it was at length placed triumphantly in a boat and conveyed to the hotel. But the climbing of Eagle Cliff was the great event of the day. We

had made our way, by leaping from one rock to another, around the head of the lake, and half way down the western shore, keeping close to the water's edge; we had taken our picnic dinner, and had listened to a discourse from the Professor; Science called on us to scale the rocks that were towering over us, and the ascent began. Talk about Napoleon crossing the Great Bernard, or the exploits of the Alpine Club! What were they to this? Such scrambling and sliding over Titanic blocks; such pulling of ourselves up by means of friendly branches; such crawling through crevices and leaping over chasms; such puffing and panting, redness of face and enthusiasm.—Oh it was glorious! And when, after a half hour of this work, we found ourselves only at the foot of the real precipices, and looked up at their frowning and apparently inaccessible fronts, and when we had tried one way of ascent and another, only to return baffled to the ledge which we had gained, then it was that we appreciated the real difficulty of our undertaking. But taking courage from the remembrance of Robert Bruce's spider, we at length scaled the crags, and, seated on the summit, feasted our eyes on the landscape spread out before us,—the lake at our feet, the Baraboo valley to the north, and toward the east and south the hills and valleys that border the Wisconsin.

That night we returned to Baraboo, and by stage the next forenoon to Mazomanie, bringing our spoils with us. Want of space compels me to pass over with a mere mention our afternoon and evening in Madison, our visit to the University, and the kind courtesy of Prof. Davis and the members of the Senior Class, as well as the pleasant reception some of us met with in the beautiful rooms of the two College Societies. A night train brought us to Beloit, and so ended one of the most delightful little episodes of our college life. Bright and sparkling in the cabinet of Memory will ever be the gems garnered there in this the time of our Crystal Gathering.

SENIOR.

"A POND FRESH"

If you will take passage on board the cars at Erie, Pennsylvania, and go in the direction in which everybody else goes, you will soon find yourself whirling through tamarack swamps and hemlock forests at a fearful rate. After passing several towns the brakeman cries out, "Corry." Here, to follow the throng, you must change cars for Oil City. When you get there just as you step out upon the platform you are nearly suffocated with the strong fumes of kerosene; to learn why, in this particular spot, the air should be burdened with such fragrance, you have only to look to your left where you will see the largest oil refinery in Pennsylvania. However, to hasten on to witness the "Pond Fresh," you must again take the cars and go out on a road, that runs parallel with the one you came in on, for a distance, then bears to the left, and soon you will find yourself at Titusville, the emporium of the oil region. Again you are whirling along the banks of Oil creek and, as you look from your high position, over the edge of the steep bank into the almost bottomless abyss below, you almost imagine yourself among the grand scenery of the Alps. Passing on a little further you will find hundreds of people on the banks of Oil creek awaiting the "Pond Fresh." If you will stop here, for a short time, your curiosity to know what is meant by a "Pond Fresh" will be gratified. When petroleum was first discovered, or rather when its utility was first discovered, there was no railroad running through this mountainous region, as it was supposed no one would live here who cared to be included within the pale of civilization. So when the people first began to realize the value of the "oil regions" in a pecuniary point of view, and the work of procuring oil was begun, it was found that the want of transportation was a great hindrance to bringing the oil into market. At first the only means of transportation was by means of wagons. But long continuation of this mode of transportation was found to be impossible on account of the

roads leading over steep and naturally, almost impassable hills, which, by the constant trains of loaded wagons, during the spring and fall rains, were so badly cut up and gullied out that, for a great part of the season, they were *absolutely* impassable; besides the mucky flats of Oil creek were hardly a less hindrance to wagoning. Under this state of things, without hope of immediate relief from a railroad—grading through this rough country is no small task—Yankee invention, which is ever busy, proposed the plan of the "Pond Fresh." The capitalists, willing to do any thing to lessen the tariff (for it was a farmer's monopoly) gladly undertook the proposed plan. Dams were constructed across the creek, about a mile distant from each other, and the water backed up till the whole ravine became a pond; then boats were built, loaded with oil and placed on these ponds ready for transportation; here they lay, covering nearly the whole surface of the water, awaiting the day when, the gates having been hoisted, they might be started on their way to the Alleghany.

Now all things are ready, boats built and freighted for their voyage patiently await the moving of the water; the helmsmen are at their places, prepared for the dangers that lie ahead,—often, in the rush, many of the boats are wrecked and both men and cargoes lost.

Just imagine the excitement of the people and your own excitement as you witness the running of the gauntlet by that great throng of boats! It makes one think of Col. Bailey's running of the gun-boats over the rapids of Red river. The gates of the upper dam are first removed and the boats move off toward their destination. As they approach pond No. 2, the gates here are likewise drawn, and the two bodies of water rush upon the third pond which is immediately let loose and all roll on together, leaping for joy that their barriers have been broken down and that their course to the Alleghany is clear, while the shouts of the enthusiastic and delighted people fill the air with echoes their rebounding from hill-top to hill-top. Some boats are crowded together and broken, others are upset, and still others are left on dry land

to await another fresh. But the most of them reach the Alleghany in safety, a distance of ten or twelve miles, then float gently on to their place of market.

Though it cost some trouble and risk, yet thousands of barrels of oil have been thus marketed and, by this means, a great amount of money saved.

A STUDENT.

EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

Who has forgotten the bright, scorching days of last summer? On one of those days we were in Minnesota, sitting upon the tallest of the many bluffs that lie along the banks of the Mississippi, as silent watchmen marking for the river its course to the sea. In the shade of our natural arbor, fanned by breezes at play upon the hill-top, we felt no discomfort from the heat that, elsewhere, was so oppressive. We were nearly a thousand feet above the level of the river. So elevated was our position that, as we looked from off it, a world, in miniature, met our gaze. Rivers, creeks, crooked running brooks, valleys, plains, tall hills, villages and even cities, were seen at a single glance. Up the great river, steamer after steamer was passing rapidly to its source; others are as rapidly speeding downward to its mouth, in city and in town, no moment, in its flight, escapes without a burden on its wings, while in the fields so intense is the action that the very air seems but the breath of spirits, with unseen hands urging forward the throng.

We remember having cherished from earliest boyhood, as among our most coveted desires, that of being able to look upon a world in all the activity of real life. There it was, when a child, we found our ideal grandeur and now, in riper years, there we find it still, only clothed with a richer beauty, permeated with a more exalted being.

Look, now, upon the scene before us! Behold the action, the life, in all the fervor of its mysterious throbbings, and conceive, if you can, a grander picture! Heaven, with its myriad angels secure in glory, is a rapturous scene; but a world of men, surging to and fro, moving with restless power to an unseen, untried bourn, is a sight from the thought of whose awful vastness we turn appalled. As we contemplate the former, a shout of triumph the redeemed awake; we turn to the latter and, with difficulty, we suppress the shriek of despair that, unbidden, rises in our heart. Despair, not that we dread or fear the righteous judgments of God but despair to think how much of this activity, we behold, is like a fountain fed by poisoned waters, whose streams lead, not upward to life, but downward to death.

Have we not, before our eyes, a school from which the wisest of us may learn wisdom? Here is man, Nature and God each, with wide open volume, ready to instruct us. Turn first to man. From his ceaseless activity, in pursuits about him, we see developed that principle which is the stamp of all true life. We see the farmer,

in the spring time, diligently sowing his seed. Carefully he tends it, bringing it by the aid of sunshine and shower to the ripened fruit of harvest. Then, gathering it into his granary, he lives in hope of other springs and new harvests. He not only does this but does it earnestly. Even now, while the hot sun beats upon him, he stops not till darkness coming on calls him away to rest. A genuine enthusiasm gives sweetness to his hardest toil. But, from the farmer's fields of wheat and corn, we are led to other fields whose grain are golden, less perishable fruit is gathered; here mind is the field, thought the harvest, all mankind, the reapers. Now the picture enlarges expanding into massive proportions, embracing a world, in space, and covering all of time since creation's morning. Again and again do we look upon it, as part after part of the great whole moves before us, and as often do we see fresh harvests ripening, each successive one growing in beauty as it nears the harvest last to be gathered.

Turn, now, to Nature's lesson. How simple, yet how grand and truthful! The great trees, growing on hill side, among sterile rocks or in secluded valley, teach us that it is ours to fill the place assigned us and, if it be hard, to make the firmer our foundations by laying them the deeper in the soil of Truth. The sapling and the shrub represent the humbler stations of life. The grass, at our feet, lives without a murmur. The river, broad and majestic, is like the man of great intellect and voice of magic power, influencing a world and known by all. The little brook scarcely lifts its being, and fills so small a sphere that it hardly waters the meadow in whose lap it plays; yet it does what it can and so contented is it that you may look all Nature over and you will not find a merrier laugh than is daily heard along its banks. Thus we see that in Nature's varied world neither the high, the low, the grand, the simple, the beautiful or the common exist alone, but all are blended in harmonious unison. So, with man, there is the same great diversity and nicety of action. Not the great minds, alone, but the brilliant as well as slowly plodding, together, move the world and light up its face with joy and hope. We always love to think of Nature's beauties as reflections of Divinity. Every tree, river, mountain, or way-side flower, seems to us as a finger of God's great hand, pointing out to us, mortals of earth, the way upward. Life we sometimes say is hard and our world cold and barren. But it is only to blinded eyes it seems so. Can the imagination picture a brighter sun, a purer air, bluer heavens, loftier trees, more majestic rivers, sweeter warbling brooks or singing birds, than those which grace our earth? In all of these eyes, rightly guarded, and heart, correctly tuned, never fail in catching sweetest echoes of love and beauty.

We turn now from Nature to Nature's God. But not even the faintest outline of the great lesson can we hope to put before you. Richest work than man or Nature can speak fall from lips divine. Unfolding the great scroll of human life, not a place do we meet in which the hand of God is not manifest, and happy were we to find the chain thus unbroken. Life's grandeur just begins to dawn when, above all its tumults, the soul distinctly catches the sound of God's controlling voice. Dark, indeed, are many of the scenes to which we can turn when of passion, is in itself, a plans. The fierce strife of angry men, led on by the fire of passion, is in itself, a sight at which the bravest well may shudder; but, when viewed from the standpoint in which one beholds it governed, as it really is, by a wise hand, for the accomplishment of a noble purpose, then there is in it a grandeur which no mortal can fathom. With this thought in our mind we turned our eyes backward and then, call

ing into review our knowledge of history, we passed along down, through the ages, until we came to our own day. A new light streamed along the whole course. The darkest periods seemed led the signal for the morning's breaking. There was a time, as tradition tells us, when, so hopeless looked the course of life, that people declared that God and the saints slept. But even then the world's brightest light was preparing to break.

Thus we learned from man, from Nature, and from God. And think you not, dear reader, that our heart beat with fuller joy, brighter hope, firmer trust, as we descended, in the twilight hour, from off our hill-top?

True it is, that, by the dimly burning lamp, over the classic page, we are to be developed into correct and forcible thinkers. But is thought, alone, to rule the world? God, in his infinite wisdom, rules a universe by love. Is it not under a rule, largely tempered by love, that our world of mind and matter is to have its brightest dawning? He knows not the half of life who never looks from without his closet. His own frequent glances heavenward that give wings to our faith, and our frequent outlooks upon the tide of human life that kindle our enthusiasm. Life without faith and ever-rising enthusiasm, is but a theory. And what is theory? A body without a soul. Better a single grain of practical, living enthusiasm than a world of lifeless theory. The truly developed man is he who has a well rounded culture and enthusiasm of head and heart. If any of us feel that it is the tendency of our college course to lavish everything upon the head, let us beware. Much should we prize culture of the head yet, infinitely more, should we fear poverty of the heart. Who can conceive the grandeur of man, systematically cultured in head and heart? And who can estimate his power thus developed? Is not the measure of this systematic culture a fit measure of our approach to the likeness of God? Under the magic touch of such a man would not the dark spots, that now mar our earth, be transformed into pictures of immortal beauty, fit garlands with which to entwine heaven's radiant throne?

COLLEGIANA.

LECTIONS.—The election of officers for the Archaean Union for the ensuing term passed off very quietly and resulted as follows: President—W. C. Dewey; Secretary—G. F. Penfield; Treasurer—H. C. Spaulding; Librarian—J. A. Harvey.

In our last issue we omitted to mention the election of Messrs. S. T. Kidder and T. N. Miller, of the Sophomore class, as participants in the coming debate, in the place of Messrs. Kelley and Spaulding, who had resigned. Mr. Wilder, of the Senior class, takes Mr. Kidder's place as Poet.

The officers of the Missionary Society are the following: A. D. Adams, President; J. A. Harvey, Vice-President; S. T. Kidder, Secretary; E. D. Eaton, Treasurer.

BASE BALL.—Since the laying out of base ball grounds upon the campus, they have suffered no lack of patronage, and the lovers of the game may be seen at almost any hour,—study hours of course excepted,—engaged in the manly pastime. The

dexterity acquired by some, in dodging back and forth through the grove which constitutes the field, in a glorious attempt to seize the ball as it bounds from tree to tree, is remarkable.

Since the exciting contests of last term, among the various college classes and the Preparatory department, little interest has been manifested in matches between classes; but of late, a rivalry has sprung up between the classes of '75 and '76. Two games have been played to decide the championship of the Preparatory Department, and the important question is still undecided. In the former game the Senior Preps were victorious by a score of 76 to 57. It is to be regretted that, owing to the absence of "Ye Local," the particulars of this remarkable game are forever lost to the world. We can only surmise from the score, that the hitters *were* have been terrific. Two other facts come to us upon good authority,—that the Middies did not run around and step upon the "leather bags" as frequently as did their adversaries, and that they seemed to take more interest in playing with the *ball* than with the *bat*. Their defeat is said to be largely due to these two causes. In the latter game they stepped upon the bags *more* than did their opponents, and played with the ball *less*. The result may be seen from the following score:

CLASS OF '75.		CLASS OF '76.	
O.	R.	O.	R.
Hallbrook, s. s.,	3	Rolle, c.,	3
Cleland, r. f.,	3	Fowler, l. f.,	0
Forrest, 2d b.,	1	Barry, s. s.,	2
Foster, 1st b.,	5	Prisoler, 2d b.,	5
Talbot, c. f.,	1	Town, c. f.,	2
Lawson, c.,	1	Cleland, 3d b.,	4
Farley, l. f.,	3	Eddy, l. f.,	0
Fuller, p.,	3	Smith, r. f.,	3
Adams, 3d b.,	4	Coon, p.,	4
	27		29
	21		

But the Preparatory classes were not all content to quarrel with each other. Upon the 12th of November, a hostile trile from the Preparatory department commonly known as the Junior Preparatory class, but really composed of the classes of '77, '78, '79, etc., had the audacity to cross the "gulf," and invade the quiet precincts of the College department, from which they returned singing songs of victory, and bearing the scalp of the Freshman class. The following is the score:

CLASS OF '74.		CLASS OF '77, ETC.	
O.	R.	O.	R.
E. White, p.,	2	Barry, c.,	8
Smodes, c.,	6	Lawrence, s. s.,	4
Waterbury, 1st b.,	5	Eddy, 1st b.,	3
Rood, 2d b.,	5	Nelson, 1st b.,	1
Brittain, s. s.,	4	Coole, p.,	3
Keyes, 3d b.,	1	H. Poole, l. f.,	6
D. Eddy, l. f.,	3	Cleland, 3d b.,	4
Kent, r. f.,	3	J. White, r. f.,	7
	27		43
	37		

Fly Catches—Freshman, 7; Preps, 5

Home Runs—Preps, 1.

Umpire, H. C. Spaulding, of '73; Score, H. P. Farley, of '75.

room. He is very pleasantly located in "certainly the finest school building from the Atlantic to the Pacific," finely furnished, with piano, etc.

CURRENTS.—It is related of a certain Professor of Natural Science, that he annually advises his students in Natural Science, by remarking, when the time had come for assigning a certain portion of the text book: "The class may go to thunder."—*Amosist*.

An enthusiastic and imaginative student thus dilates upon the magical strains produced by the organ grinder on our streets yesterday: "When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pigs sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their paws."—*Ibid.*

We don't believe a word of it! Students are often made to hear more than the *diver*. In proof of this we refer to the case of the student from Staunton, who is slenderly said to have discovered a new way to put one's self to sleep. He couldn't go easily to sleep the other night, and he took an original way to effect his object. He counted up the widows and widowers in Staunton; result twenty-one widows and eighty-two widowers. He then started to count the pretty girls, counted in hundred and twenty-seven and went to sleep, dreaming of Mahomet's heaven.

Here is another equally libelous assertion that another "student" who, having heard of the death of a young lady from tight lacing, commenting on the fact, says: "These necks should be done away with, and if the girls can't live without being speered, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves." As old as we are, we would rather devote three hours a day, with all a coat of pay, as a bereaved widow, than see these girls dying off in that manner. O. S. W. says that of any time.

PUBLISHER'S TABLE.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from D. Appleton & Co., a copy of Cornell's Physical Geography. This geography is the most concise yet comprehensive work of its character that has been presented to the Public. Its facts have been deduced from the whole circle of natural sciences, and is a valuable compendium of the latest results achieved by the best investigators of the age. The great facts of nature are presented with a wonderful clearness and felicity of style which will insure its welcome in every school; on the other hand dry statistics and trivial details that only cumber the mind have been studiously avoided. The physical features of our own country, especially as relating to our own vegetable and mineral resources have been carefully developed. To teachers we can thoroughly recommend Cornell's Physical Geography as the best and most scientifically correct work on the subject yet published.

To Hon. David Atwood, M. C., we are indebted for a copy of the Eighth Volume of the Transactions of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society. Also for the beautifully printed edition in pamphlet form of an address on University Progress, delivered before the National Teacher's Association at Trenton, N. J., by John W. Hoyt, A. M., M. D. The address is an able dissertation upon the Past, Present and Future of the University system throughout the world, and is of exceeding interest, tracing as it does the rise and progress of educational principles. The tinted paper and handsome typography of the edition is highly complimentary to the publishing house of Appleton & Co., New York.

MAGAZINE EXCHANGES.

The November number of "Lippincott's Magazine" contains an unusual variety of timely articles. The opening paper, entitled "Crackers," gives a lively sketch of the character and condition of the poorer classes of the white population of the South prior to the war. It contains much information that will be entirely new to a large number of readers. "A Polyglot Empire," by the author of "Tynia the German Nation," is a description of the constituent elements of the doctrine of the nationality of races. "The 'Calvary Family'" is an historical sketch of the founder of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and his immediate descendants. "The Stone Annals of the Past" is an article intended to explain in a popular manner the most striking features of one of the great transitional epochs of history.

The "Atlantic" presents a valuable table of contents for each month, among which

we have read with particular interest "Footpaths," by F. W. Higginson, and Part II of "Four Months with Charles Dickens." The remaining pieces are "The Return," "Old-time Fireside Stories," "Highly Explosive," "Experiments," "Fletcher as Hamlet," "Joseph and his Friend" by Hayard Taylor, Marietta's "Immaculate Conception," "Travelling Companions," "Intellectual Influence of Music," "November Pastoral," "Mr. Burlingame as an Orator."

"Harper's" is freighted with its usual budget of good things. The opening article is "The Huguenots," by Eugene Lawrence; a thrilling narrative, and a fit companion piece to the "Vandals," published in the July number. The illustrations consist principally of valuable portraits of the Reformers and their persecutors. "Down the Mississippi," by George Ward Nichols, is another illustrated article, treating of life on a Mississippi steamboat since the war. Jacob Abbott, in "The Negative in Photography," explains one of the most curious features of this art, illustrating his description with several pictures. "Tao" "Easy Chair," chats about Berlin in the time of "Chiquet," the predecessor of the present Prussian King, and about other interesting matters. The "Scientific Record," includes eight closely printed pages, into which are crowded nearly forty separate articles relating to newly discovered facts in Science. The editorial departments maintain their usual standard of excellence.

"The Galaxy" is stocked as usual with articles of rare interest. Among those especially worthy we notice "Fort Sumpter," by Gideon Wells, an account of the expedition ordered for the relief of its garrison by the administration of Lincoln; "Overland," "Alexander Damas Perez," and "Monsieur Capel."

"Littell's Living Age" with its valuable store of essays, reviews and criticisms compiled from the best foreign periodical literature, is one of the most welcome visitors that grace the tables of our Reading-room. The last two or three numbers have been rich with articles of scientific, historical and literary interest. Prof. Huxley's address before the British Association upon the "Origin of Life," contained in the number of October 22d, is a condensed account of the latest investigations and theories upon this important subject, with his own conclusions, and is of great interest to every thinker.

Other Magazines received, but which lack of space forbids our noticing this month are: *The Congregational Quarterly*, of Boston; *The Pseudological Journal* and *Pachard's Monthly*; *American Sunday School Worker*, of St. Louis; *Pittman's Musical Monthly*; *Little Corporal*.

COLLEGE EXCHANGES.

Amherst Student; *Yale Courant*; *Vidette*; *College Review*; *The Owl*; *College Courier*; *The Annalist*; *Lafayette Monthly*; *The Avon*; *University Reports*; *College Days*; *Yale Lib*; *Lawrence's Collegian*; *Cap and Gown*; *College Herald*; *Harvard Advocate*; *Cornell Era*; *Essex College Vidette*; *Miami Student*; *Qui Vici*; *Western Collegian*; *Hamilton Literary Monthly*.

NEWSPAPER EXCHANGES.

Apples' Journal; *N. Y. Evening Mail*; *N. Y. Weekly Herald*; *Independent*; *The Nation*; *Albion's Sentinel*; *Every Saturday*; *Carpenter's Weekly*, and others.

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CALENDAR.

Wednesday, Sept. 9th, 1874. Fall term of 12 weeks begins.	Anniversary Exercises, June 25th and 26th, 1875.
Vacation of two weeks.	Vacation of ten weeks.
Wednesday, Jan. 6th, 1875. Winter term of 12 weeks begins.	Examinations to enter College, June 25th and Sept. 7th, 1875.
Vacation of one week.	Fall term begins Wednesday, Sept. 8th, 1875.
Wednesday, April 7th, 1875. Spring term of 12 weeks begins.	

Applications for rooms in the Ladies' Hall may be made to the Preceptress; for rooms in Willis Hall, to Prof. Goodhue; for board, to the Matron. These applications should be made as early as possible. As the classification is made upon the *first day* of the term, and work commenced *immediately*, it is very desirable that all students be present at the beginning of each term, and especially so at the commencement of a new year, when the regular classes in Greek, Latin and the Modern Languages are formed.

General correspondence may be directed to

JAS. W. STRONG, President,

Northfield, Minnesota.

City School Superintendent's Certificate.
CITY OF BELOIT, WIS.

Office of City Superintendent.

Beloit, Wis., November 1st 1870.

The undersigned, City Superintendent of Schools in and for the City of Beloit, having examined *Miss Sarah J. Christie* as to her qualifications as a Teacher, and having found *her* qualified to teach in the Public Schools of the City of Beloit, and being satisfied that *she* is of good moral character, hereby certify that *she* is entitled to this certificate, and that the same is valid in this City for One Year from the date hereof, renewable at the option of the Superintendent of Schools of the City of Beloit by endorsement hereon.

Given under my hand at the date aforesaid.

T. L. Wright,
City Superintendent of Schools of the City of Beloit.

STATE OF MINNESOTA.
Department of Public Instruction.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.

Saint Paul, Nov 5th, 1870.

W. L. Stevens Esq
Co. Auditor Blue Earth }

Dear Sir:

Yours of Oct. 35th
was not received till to day, on my return
to the office. In reply, I will say, I think
the Co. Commissioners have no legal right
to abate any tax, after it has been legally
levied. If the new district referred to, was not
set off till after the time the Co. Auditor should
have made out his tax-books, the Auditor should
extend the tax on the new district voted by
the districts from which the new district was
made, unless that district itself voted the tax.
If the districts from which the new district was
formed were to vote that it was not their intention
that the new territory should be taxed, I
suppose the Auditor would be authorized to
correct his books, in accordance with such
intention. In that case, I think the Auditor

should get the consent of the Commissioners to make such change. I think they would have no right to order such change or abatement, as they have nothing to do, whatever, with levying a tax upon such corporations as school-districts.

I am, very Truly Yours,

H. B. Wilson
Supt. Pub. Inst.

Glynn, Mass
Nov 18th 1878

Dear cousin Sarah [Christie]

I now write
to you to let you know that
we are all well and in good
health. Maggie is down today.
It is raining today so we
can't go to Sunday school. It
began to rain right after
~~dinner~~ dinner. Grandmother
is just about the same and
so is Grandfather. I can't
think of anything to say, but
I ~~just~~ wrote just to write
that, sorry for you. our
school is going to begin tomo-
row. John Blavin is going
to teach he lives somewhere
near Watertown. when you
write tell us all the news good

Bye from Janny Comisson

The Gipsy Song.

1.

I'm a Gipsy from the mountain
Where the crags hand are my ^{head}
I was cradled by the fountain
With a moss bank for my bed
~~Telling~~ ~~fountains~~ to the ladies
Is the way I get my gold
I have done it from the cradle
Now you see I'm getting old

2.

And the Gents to like the notion
Of the pretty tales I tell
~~And~~ ~~and~~ the rude churl of the
And the ladies love me well
Gents and ladies come ^{try me} and
Cross my palm of many gold
If you pay me I will tell you
how how to love and have your
old

I think you would do
well to drop your cor-
respondence with
Auntie. Write to your
personal friends - it
would be more prop-
er. One of your views
is, writing to those
of that family. What was
I told of my hold-
ing correspondence
with one woman
and three with an-
other, or, indeed, with
any. It is not right
and it is in proper
the end best - there
while. We know
well enough
what the
world is
made of.

My letter to Father arrived after
his departure for Minn. Co., and has been read
by Dave and myself, we suppose not against the
wishes of either party. Father and Mother started
from Mantato last Tuesday morning by train for St-
Charles, to visit Wm and Mary. The circumstances were
these. We have been trying to sell a part of our timber
for the past three months, and finally found a pur-
chaser - a German who has settled south of Mr. Dyers
on the east side of the Maple River - to whom we
conveyed by deed last Monday, the south forty four
eighty of timber land, in consideration of \$400.⁰⁰
all paid down! \$250.⁰⁰ of this we deposited in Bank
for Culver, on whose patience and long suffering
we have so long relied, thus cutting down our debt
there to \$175.⁰⁰. We would have paid it all to Culver,
were it not that Willie is about swamped and
needing help greatly; so trusting that the former
will now wait till spring for the remainder we
decided to share our good fortune with our com-
panion in tribulation. Father and Mother took
\$30.⁰⁰ to pay their expenses, and \$100.⁰⁰ for Wm.
We have not heard from them since I left them in
town, but trust they are all right. I had many
sad forebodings of evil over letting Father go away,
and only consented to it on condition - that Mother

should go with him. Father is old and very frail in body, and may slip away any day. Of course, he knew this quite well, and looks the fact in the face. I think it was because of an impression that this was his last opportunity, which prompted him to do a little for Mr. now. Otherwise, it was our intention to pay our own debt now, and help Mr. at the end of my summer school term next year.

Do not think that we forgot you and Tom in our scheming; but little can be done on \$400. Father had only \$100 = to spare above our absolute necessities, and it would be small business to divide it. Besides, he regards Willie as the most helpless of all, and as the one who has gone longer without help than any.

We do not wish to keep any of our affairs secret, especially such as relate more especially to general family interests. In consideration of all the circumstances - and there are weighty ones - Father has seen fit to deed the eastern eighth of prairie and the eastern half of the remaining forty of timber to Dave. Dave did ask any such thing, and probably would not have mentioned it; but it was right, and is done. Mother generously signed the deed, which, under the circumstances, - and I know them all, - was a noble act, proving that she could do what few of her name would.

Father has not asked the opinion of anyone - at least, of course he has mine - in relation to the

act, nor will he I suppose, but as it is desirable that all should be agreed in every matter, I would like yours and Tom's opinion in relation to it.

The other half will be reserved as a support for Father and Mother, primarily. There were no grounds, in reality, for the hint which you threw out in a recent letter about his owing it to me; - it is not in my nature to be acquisitive, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, - my name is written on very few articles - my subscription is often seen than my superscription. I hope I will always have a home here when I need it, or it needs me; but it must be very apparent that at present I am quite able to take care of myself; and indeed it is not from lack of ability to make my way in the world that I am there, nor from lack of ambition. There are other reasons, but the most potent is this; I cannot bear the idea of living away from Father while he lives. I know that the tale will be told sometime, and a new and strange order of things force itself upon me. I know that I will yet look for him and look in vain; - but I will not then be in my power to have it otherwise, as it is now. Besides, the hand that led me in childhood, I will not now let go, just because I no longer need its aid. He led me up from the beginning, so will I lead him down to the end - my loving and honored father,

my instructor and my best friend, - I will
part from him only when I must, amid the
gathering gloom of evening, by the mysterious
river, when the mighty voice from beyond bids
me retire.

We now shall look upon his like again.

I was very glad to read of your success in teaching
and hope you may merit and receive a good situation
in that school. You will generally find teachers quite
unfit for their positions; but that will not aid you
in advancing your own interests, for incapacity in
the classroom generally goes hand in hand with much
adroitness in address etc. - but it should stimulate
you to spare no pains to render yourself still more
able to do something approximating to justice to
your pupils. This is always my endeavor. I know
my own unfitness, but do not rest in that. The mid-
night oil has witness every night that I am under
conviction that my pupils are not being fed as
they should be - that the first grade in my pocket
is a conventional falsehood. A noble profession we
follow! Let us do our very best, not looking for reward
above our necessities. - But you cannot last to do
so much work out of the schoolroom. Late and early
hours will exhaust you. Some things connected with
settling the land prevented me from getting that num-
ber of the teacher sent to you. It will go with this -
^(It is as late as I can help to get it)
Of course, ~~it will go with this~~ it is a poor thing, like
the generalities of Minnesota Teachers. Hoping you are
in good health, with love to all, I remain Yours - Sunday.

although it was quite laborious for me at first. I could not tell you how much I enjoy it. - We do not hear from Chapman, so we have not heard anything of Annie Tom as yet. - I looked up your reference to 2^d Corinthians, and had a hearty laugh over it. - You are the same incorrigible Parody as ever. - I am glad to hear of David getting so much better. I have a boy in school looks so very much like David. That I cannot keep from laughing him hardly. - And he is good as he can be and smart too. - then I have quite a large boy who looks so much like you, that I think it is hardly every time I meet his thoughtful gray eye. He is a splendid boy. - a farmer's son in his corn-fields and home-made pants and coat. - and innocent of paper collar and buttoned tie. - old-looking among so many city young gentlemen. - but every one likes Fred Green. - He is one of my particular pets in the Grammar School.

How glad I am to hear of the rail-road being put through so near home. - Father will like it to hear the whistle so near again. - I am sorry to hear of Brother Willie's circumstances. I cannot understand it for I thought of course he was getting on splendidly. - And I understood from Tom that he was. - So you have taken a Third Grade. I am glad to hear of it. - You seem to find fault with the way the schools are managed. Do you know anything of the graded system? I think that although it is not perfect still it is a splendid thing. - You speak of some Mammoth Map-drawings which you see. I have never seen any system of the kind. - Tell me about them please, and give me the address of Publisher. That is just what I have been longing for something of that kind in my Primar room. I have not rec'd the "Teacher" as yet which you promised to send. - We have a course of instruction for Graded Schools, containing the whole of this graded system. It was gotten

up for the Chicago School, and have been ad-
here. I think you might-like to see it- and
perhaps you might-take some useful hints
from it. I will send it- when I have time.
Your Article in relation to factoring is good,
My Dear Brother- but it is all to be found
what you have said in Eaton's Arithmetic.
Did you know it? I do not-know from
what you said in regard whether you thought
it original with you or not- but I suppose
you did, from your sending it. - I do not
know what you mean by talking to me
about dropping correspondence with my own
folks. - I am sure I have written all sum-
mer and fall letters to all three of you, with-
out receiving answers to any of them. - I
think it is all of you folks, who ought to
prove that blood is thicker than water by
writing me a letter, at least once in three
months. - I do not have time for any correspon-
dence. The only letters I have written for months
have been to you folks - and a hastily scribbled
note to J. Arnett, once in a while. - If you think
there is anything improper about it - pray state your
reasons. - I wished not to do it, if I did not think it was
for his good. - I may be mistaken and if you think so
tell me - Please do not be so long in writing again. -

Bolton Dec 13th 1870

Mr Christo [Thomas]

I intended to have written you last week, and should have done so Friday evening if I had remained in town, concerning a subject which I know has been a source of great trouble to you as well as to myself.

Oh! that I could live over those few minutes. I would rather have died than led you to take the step you did that night or rather to have done as I did.

It was all my fault. I lost the control over my feelings.

You sympathized deeply with me
& felt it and was grateful for
your sympathy and my gratitude
led me to yield. I had no other
thought, no other motive. I truly
wished to show you my that I
appreciated your kindness.

If I had stopped one moment to
think I might have found a more
honorable way to have thanked you and
saved much suffering and more
than all conquered one weakness
where I thought I was strong.

We Christa I have been to
God and prayed as I have but often
times before, and I believe he has
heard me as he has many times
before when I have gone into
forbidden paths, when prayer
has been almost extinguished on
my lips and sin has won nearly
every battle. And now I ask
you to forgive me ~~exchange~~ please

have forfeited your friend-
ship but I can not have you
think I have no better nature.

Working in the love of God
to grow better & remain

Your Friend as ever

C. S. Cutler

Beloit, Sat. Dec. 24. '70.

My dear Sister, [Sarah Christie]

Yours from Saratoga I
recd. last night, & knowing now of your
whereabouts I hasten to answer. The
letter from LaCrosse made me anxious
a little & I see by this last that you
had your troubles, as all travelers in
a new Country must. I suppose by
this time you are well settled in Rap-
idaw and are living over again the
old life in a measure. The Home life
like that of old, when we were a family.
You will see much of change in ex-
ternal circumstances but I trust none
in the spirit of love that has ever bound
us together. I think that the right
spirit has been on the gain among us
during these years of separation, &
although we do not now fully under-
stand each other perhaps, yet the time
will come when we shall know each

as we are known. What we all
want is more of the true spirit of
Christianity, to make us feel our own
littleness and hold up before us a
higher and better Ideal than we can
in the natural condition strive for, or
even see. Give my love to Sandy, &
tell him I suffer nothing can come
between the real him and the real
me: the peripheries may sometimes
chafe and make friction, but the centers
are I trust on the same straight line
of Eternal Love. If the motion of each
were only a little better balanced there
would be no jarring: the trouble is that
he and I sometimes balance it on
different principles, and as we are
each very firm we can scarcely ever
come in contact without striking fire.
Let us touch these offending points
of interference with a drop or two more
of that Charity that never faileth, - the
best lubricator in the world.

(Beautiful hands)

Such beautiful, beautiful hands
they are neither white nor small
and you, I know, would scarcely think
that the even pair at all
I've looked on hands whose form & hue
a Sculptors dream might be.
yet are these aged, worn, & lean hands
Most beautiful to me

20th Such beautiful, beautiful hands—
Though heart-weary and sad
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the Children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To Childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play

3rd Such beautiful, beautiful hands.
They are growing fable more,
for time and pain have left their ^{mark} ~~way~~
on hand, and heart, and brow.
alas! alas! the nearing time
and the sad, sad day to me,
when 'neath the claise, ^{out of sight}
these hands will folded be.

Please take pains with your letters.
I write to you.
Many Christiana & Mary New Year
to all.

2nd but oh! beyond this shadow-land
where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
will palms of victory bear,
where crystal-streams, through endless years,
flow over golden sands,
and where the old grow young again

I have taken up nearly all my term, but shall
 make provision for my own again, which is ready
 to come - for such as Mr. May for 3 days of 12
 it before. Shall stay till Monday the 25th Jan.
 Mary, grandmother - I cannot with a good con-
 science come in last night & not to hear me
 bring no good comfort. Had intended they of
 the kindness of a famous student & sister
 to work me another time with others all the
 ground "holding" of them, then
 should have heard over the trees on that
 night. It is to be refused by several things
 that I cannot stay. I have got intention
 from the others for a while & to be in a good
 for me. I had not heard all the rest of me
 they stand for the conversation. You will be
 allowed to go to that examination Markham
 the first place in the class. (with) I had
 also, legally at the end of the College. I had
 to stay in class all night & then, I had
 to have also just for next vacation.
 I must be able to make something for
 the 15th of June

Clyman, Wis.

Tuesday, Dec. 27th 1850

My dear Sister [Sarah J. Christie]

Your third letter of my reception, in pencil, came to me tonight, and by it I see that you are in Rapidan. I am glad you are enjoying the home life so much, and that all are so well at home.

I do not think it right, however, to go back to Beloit so soon as you seem to think necessary, as I am no great believer in dreams. I go back on Monday next, and in the meanwhile John who reaches Belton tomorrow will take

Care of things there. I go to see
Mrs. Traylor tomorrow, and to
bring with the S.S. children tomorrow
evening, and at other times during
the week. I came up here

by train Saturday evening, took tea
at Aunt Jessie's. Little Janie is
very low with a complication of
disorders but the rest are well.
On Sunday went to Oak Grove
with Willin hearing good sermons
& staying to S.S. Drove down
through furious snow storms in
spite of which the young lady
teachers came down in afternoon
& 23 scholars came together for
school. A really good work is
being done here & I am glad
to be able to help a little in it.

Yesterday I went to town

as per agreement, & saw Messrs
H. & S. Hennelating as anything
I ever did; but necessity knows
no law. They were both very kind
which made it harder to bear.

It is all right for a year from
this time on view of my entering
into obligations to see the money
paid. But it is a terrible thing
that these gentlemen should
so be cheated out of the use of
means which they both need
very much at the present.

I must get \$50.00 for H. as
soon as possible. The bill is
all right as he showed me.
You owed \$65.00 before Sept. &
then traded to amount of \$125.00
on going to Detroit. They will
say nothing further in regard to

it, however, until next Christmas,
and that is one consolation.

I spent last night at
Uncle Thomas' and had a very
pleasant time. Came up today,
taking dinner at Mrs. Gibbs'.
She is just getting out again
after her 13 weeks' sickness. Ag-
nes is down with scarlet fever.
Spent most of afternoon on old
farm; Mrs. Kean at home; showed
me every attention. I have two
Kissels from the old trees for you.
My tree bore nothing this year, but
raised a brood of robins - the nest yet
there. Everything about the place
very natural; I walked about like
one in a dream. Tramped all
over the ridge. Nearly all the trees
old & gone, are grubbed out. Tall
plum tree standing with two great branches
lopped off. I filled my pockets
with specimens for my cabinet from
among the boulders & firestones I
used to plough over; looked on the
granite, Syenite and Dolomite.

Olyman, Wis.

Thursday Dec 29th
1870

Dear Grandmother, Annie & Mary:

I am to come down on Monday next, but yet think that a letter before that time may be welcomed by you. Came up all right on Saturday, took tea with Aunt Jessie, and spent Sunday at Uncle William's. Stayed Monday night at Uncle Thomas's: they are all well there: the baby is not yet christened, so that we cannot tell what its name may be: it seems to have a rather bad temper, but is a very good looking child - so far as I am able to judge of such things.

Uncle's Filly just bought is a very

fine piece of land, - nearly all
broken up and grubbed. He will
raise 400 bushels of wheat on it
next year if it is a good year.

Saw Cousin Tom in Watertown.
He is looking for work there, but
has not yet been successful in finding
anything to do. Is going back to
Minnesota in the spring.

Read a letter from Sarah yesterday.
I will bring it down, very short,
but she is at home, and very happy.
I sent letter to her today, and also
one to John. Hope he is in Detroit.

I have not yet been up to see your
mother, Mary, but am going before
I come down. Have been very busy
every day since coming so that have
had no time to go over there yet.

Grandmother Bertie is as well

as usual, but is confined to her
bed all the time. She sends her love
to Grandmother, and is glad to hear
of her recovery from that last sickness.

I trust you are all well
and doing well. Of course, Annie,
you have seen about that bill
at Carpenter's by this time, so as to
take it off Mrs. Merriam's mind.

I shall not ask you to answer
this, as the time would be too short,
but I am anxious to see you
all, and especially to see how
Grandmother is standing the cold
weather. Keep us near everything
soon to tell me when I come.

There is really no news, or I would
write a longer letter. This must do
till I come. Yours Affectionately
Thomas G. Christie