

Editorial Correspondence of the Poker

PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Aug. 3, 1859.

IN order to get to this place you have to come by the railroad. This road is of great length and runs through a valley. The valley has a hill on either side; it was once a prairie; the soil is sandy and there are a few stones lying about. Each side of the valley rises up, and there is very little cultivation to be seen. Wheat and oats look light, corn and potatoes small. The neighboring river is shallow, its bottom is sandy, the banks are woody. The bridges are of wood—one of them cracked rather more than was agreeable, in passing over it.

The railroad does not pay—its stock is worth more than that of the LaCross road. There were extraordinary frauds in connection with this road—I heard the transaction stoutly defended by a farmer. I have conversed with an original stockholder. At one place on the way we passed some cattle grazing together.—When we passed the drift formation and got among the stratified rocks, the latter were to be seen occasionally peeping out.

Wherever the sand was light there was a liberal supply of dust in the cars. We started a covey on the track; these birds sell for a quarter of a dollar a brace, as a *banker* resident there, who invited me to go to take a day's shooting, as I passed up or down the river, assured me.

The houses are of wood. *Prairie Chickens* is at the confluence of the Wiss and the Miss. It is on flat ground. It was first visited by Pere Hennipen, in 1679, whence its name. It is a French settlement. How different from the Parisian French are these people now. When I was in Paris—but to the subject on hand. We got this distance by degrees, having to come to one place before we could get to another.

FAIRFIELD, Aug. 10.

I came here in the cars. The country we passed over is a prairie; it is generally flat. As soon as the land is broken up it grows a variety of weeds that never made their appearance before, one of which is very conspicuous and bears a white flower. A farmer who sowed ten bushels of wheat tells me that he does not expect to reap fifty. Wheat crop is a failure. Corn is a good crop. Cattle and pigs died from starvation last winter. A sure sign that they got nothing to eat. The kinds of grass grown here are timothy, red top, English blue, Kentucky blue, French pink, Canadian yellow and sparrow-grass.

We crossed the Skink river: it is not navigable. A gentleman tells me that a man died here of congestive pills: a medical man assures me that it is astonishing and I agree with him. The prairie ague debilitates the system. The typhoid which prevails results from malaria.

The diagnostick is very strange and necessitates the giving of diaphoreticks. The cuticle becomes diaphanick or rather pellucid. It is necessary to eat eupeptic food else eromition may ensue. Conjestion commences in the capillary vessels, and extending causes the patient to look blue.

[Now although we are only junior Editor, still we must protest against such letters being written to us. If it were not our editor who writes we would not publish them at all. We really cannot undertake to answer for the consequences which may result from inflicting those letters on the public. However we have done our duty in giving our opinion on the on the matter.]

Memoirs of Great Men.

No. II.—GEORDIE BROWN.

INCE upon a time there lived in a certain town of Scotland, a lad generally called "Geordie Broom." Well, this Geordie was naturally what is usually termed, "a smart laddie," and his kind old parental relative having sent him to school for a while, he showed a great aptness for learning. In the fulness of time Georgie became a man, and a tall man; and he said unto himself, "I will emigrate to some foreign country, and there pitch my tent, and become a great man." So he immediately set out on his pilgrimage in quest of the great Republic of the illustrious and patriotic Washington. And behold, after a long and tempestuous voyage he landed in a city called New York, wearied and lonely. After a short residence there he made himself acquainted with certain great men, and vainly endeavored for a length of time to become a great man. He was too well known, alas! Then said he to himself, "behold! I have no chance here, I will have to leave for other parts." After much thought on the subject, he decided upon going to Canada; thither he emigrated.—Having arrived safely (in Canada) he became acquainted with a number of great men. But behold, the Canadians are not as "wide-awake" a race of people as the dwellers on the other side of Lake Ontario, and the cunning and artful "Geordie" soon duped a part of them into the idea that he was the only really great man in the land. But there also lived at the same time, in Canada, another great man called "John A.;" and Geordie's party having caused a great revolution, in which at the end he came out only second best. He lost in the affair some of his most devoted followers, and what was little valued by him, his good name forever. He, unlike the subject of memoir No. 1, continues in his old ways of equivocation and falsehood.

ABOYZ.

Our Normal School.

THIS is certainly a great institution. Take it as you will, you cannot fail to be convinced of the fact. If an *outside inspection* fail to convince you, an examination into the workings of this "teacher factory," will, most assuredly, supply the lacking confirmation. Nor will such inquiry be wholly devoid of amusement; on the contrary, we would be willing to pledge our veracity as to its being proved "just the reverse."

In case you, dear reader, may not have time to spend in that way, we shall give the result of our inquiries. It is an institution conducted with a due regard to decorum, (which every one will allow to be a very necessary thing), and one in which the rules are enforced in the most rigorous manner by the "head master." At the command of this all-powerful ruler, young men, from eighteen up to thirty, trip lightly across the floor to pull down a window curtain, or shut a door at his jov(e)ial nod; troops of young ladies rush into their places in "eager haste." *En passant*, we might observe, that they are very handsome and very lively. But we must keep to our subject. In fact, the head master is all-powerful. If a youth of twenty-eight or nine fail to be at home before an appointed hour—nine, or half-past nine o'clock, at night—and it come to the ears of "the ruler" next day, the afore-said youth will be allowed to start for his native wilds, where he may amuse himself for a session or so, in studying "practical agriculture."

We are informed, that no later than last week, a young man—a pupil of the institution—desired to see Mon. Blondin. As in duty bound, he acquainted the "head-master" with his wish. Permission was refused him. Our adventurous hero, however, did go; did see, and did return. On presenting himself "at school" the following day, our sight-seeing friend was called up to the dread tribunal, and informed that he might keep continually going to see Blondin for the next three months, without a word being said to him. This permission, strange to say, he received with a countenance "but little joyous."

These have been cases of which we have been informed—though not by the actors in them—show a strange state of affairs. In addition, individuals attending the Institution have to board in certain selected houses; to be at home at certain hours; to ask permission to absent themselves; to answer the most impertinent questions before the "whole school," such as to "whether they keep bachelors' hall, or board, &c.;" and finally have to stand any amount of ridicule. We do not care how green the pupils may be, a master has no right whatever to play the tyrant. If such were practiced in any other place the tyrant would be ducked in the nearest horse-pond, or well