The East Oregonian.

FACING THE HEIGHTS.

Since the song that we sing is
But a sad one!
Since the presence that we bring is
Not a glad one:
Must we—you, my heart and I—
Stay to watch the world run by,
While we two sit back and cry—
Wearily?

What? Is this our strait? and truly
Is all lost?
Is Hope given up and duty
Shrived and crossed?
Come, heart! Can not you and I
Yon untrodden country try,
Rather than lie down and die—
Dreamily?

Seems to me the hills glow greenly
Over there.
If our rate has served us meanly,
Can't we bear?
Let us trudge it, you and I,
Heart, to where these new lands lie;
Let us bid the old good-bye—
Cheerily!

DICKENS.

Like a new work from the hand of the deceased novelist comes the collection of the *Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by his daughter, Miss Mamie Dickens, and his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth. The two volumes which compose this correspondence have been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, simultaneous with their appearance in London. The intention of the editors is to make this collection a supplement to the *Life of Charles Dickens*, by John Forster, which they pronounce "perfect and exhaustive as a biography," and "only incomplete as regards correspondence." There is, generally speaking, no way in the world that one can get nearer to the heart of a man than through his private letters. Dickens wrote very freely to his correspondents, and in his letters shows himself to be a man with warm attachments, and one who, while engaged in the busy life of an editor and author, gave his attention to the smallest details of domestic life, and was as much interested in the papering and painting of Gad's Hill place, as he was in the contents of a number of *Household Words*. The letters cover a period of thirty-four years. It would be impossible, within ordinary reviewing limit, to go through the entire correspondence, selecting everything of point and interest to be found there, for Dickens had a very pithy way of putting common things, and in his letters the desire to be "smart" is as conspicuous as in his books. He was not merely brilliant, but vain of his brilliancy, and was as frequently a posturer in his correspondence as outside it. No doubt he felt what was implied by being regarded as the "funny man" of his period, and had a distinct foreknowledge of posthumous celebrity for things he had written to anybody, and hence he was more or less under a glass case all his life.

One of the first letters is dated "Furnival's Inn, Wednesday evening, 1835," and is written to his wife, then Miss Hogarth. It begins, "My dearest Kate," and tells of an order from Chapman & Hall of "fourteen pounds a month" to "write and edit a new publication they contemplated, entirely by himself, to be published monthly and each number to contain four wood cuts." "The work will be no joke," he writes, "but the emolument is too tempting to resist." He began *Pickwick* and entered upon married life at about this time.

From a letter to Macready we learn that a farce written for Covent Garden Theater, then under that actor's management, was unsuccessful, but the author says that his ardor is only "increased, not dampened, by the result of this experiment." It was not long after this that Macready retired from the management of the theater. In answer to the announcement of that fact Dickens wrote to Macready:

"With the same perverse and unaccountable feeling which causes a heart-broken man at a dear friend's funeral to see something irresistibly comical in a red-nosed or one-eyed undertaker, I received your communication with ghostly facetiousness; though on a moment's reflection I find better cause for consolation in the hope that, relieved from your most trying and painful duties, you will now have leisure to return to pursuits more congenial to your mind, and to move more easily and pleasantly among your friends."

In January of the year 1842, Dickens, accompanied by his wife, made his first visit to America. They had a very unpleasant voyage, from which Mrs. Dickens suffered severely. Dickens' welcome to America is best described in a letter to his friend Milton:

"I can give you no conception of my welcome here. There never was a king or emperor upon the earth so cheered and followed by crowds and entertained in public at splendid balls and dinners, and waited on by public bodies and deputations of all kinds. I have had one from the far west—a journey of 2000 miles. If I go out in a carriage, the crowds surround it and escort me home; if I go to the theatre, the whole house, crowded to the door, rises as one man, and the timbers ring again. You cannot imagine what it is. I have had five great public dinners on hand at this moment, and invitations from every town and village and city in the States.

"There is a great deal afloat here in the way of subjects for description. I keep my eyes open pretty wide, and hope to have done so to some purpose by the time I come back."

In a letter to Macready, who was here at the same time, written under date of Baltimore, March 22, 1848, Dickens speaks his mind freely of America and her people, but he has some good words for us, which are found wanting in other of his writings:

"MY DEAR MACREADY: I desire to be so honest and just to those who have so enthusiastically and earnestly welcomed me, that I have burned the last letter I wrote to you, even to you, to whom I would speak as to myself, rather than let it come with anything that might seem like an ill-considered word of disappointment. I preferred that you should think me neglectful (if you could think of anything so wild) rather than I should do anything so wrong in this respect. Still it is of no use. I am disappointed. This is not the Republic I came to see. This is not the Republic of my imagination. I infinitely prefer a monarchy, even with its sickening accompaniments of court circles, to such a government as this. The more I think of its youth and strength the poorer and more trifling in a thousand aspects it appears in my eyes. In everything of which it has made a boast—except its education of the people and its care for poor children—it sinks immeasurably below the level I had placed it upon; and England, even England, bad and faulty as the old land is, and miserable as millions of her people are, rises in the comparison.

"The people are affectionate, generous, open-hearted, hospitable, enthusiastic, good-humored, polite to women, frank and candid to all strangers, anxious to oblige, far less prejudiced than they have been described to be, frequently polished and refined, very seldom or rude or disagreeable. I have made a great many friends here, even in public conveyances, whom I have been truly sorry to part from. In the town I have formed perfect attachments. I have seen none of the greediness and indecorousness on which travelers have laid so much emphasis. I have returned frankness with frankness; met questions not intended to be rude with answers meant to be satisfactory, and have not spoken to one man, woman or child of any degree who has not grown positively affectionate before we parted. In the respects of not being left alone, and of being horribly disgusted by tobacco chewing and tobacco spittle, I have suffered considerably. The sight of slavery in Virginia, the hatred of British feeling upon the subject, and the miserable hints of the impotent indignation of the South, have pained me very much; on the last head, of course, I have felt nothing but a mingled pity and amusement; on the other, sheer distress. But however much I liked the ingredients of this great dish, I cannot but come back to the point at which I started, and say that the dish itself goes against the grain with me, and that I don't like it."

He speaks of a reception at Hartford, where a delegation of carmen "presented themselves in a body in their blue frocks, among a crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and bade me welcome through their spokesman. They had all read my books, and all perfectly understood them. It is not these things I have in my mind when I say that the man who comes to this country a radical and goes home with his opinion unchanged, must be a radical on reason, sympathy and reflection, and one who has so well considered the subject that he has no chance of wavering."

Here is a jolly letter written to Clarkson Stanfield, the famous marine painter. The "Dick Sparkler" alluded to is himself—the "Mark Porpuss," Mark Lemon.

"H. M. S. 'TAVISTOCK,' January 2, 1853. Yoho, old salt! Neptun' ahoy! You don't forget, messmet, as you was so meet Dick Sparkler and Mark Porpuss on the fok'sle of the good ship Owssel Words, Wednesday next, half-past 4? Not you; for when did Stanfell ever pass his word to go anywhere and not come? Well, belay, my heart of oak, belay! Come alongside the Tavistock same day and hour, stead of Owssel Words. Hull your shipmets, and they'll drop over the side and join you, like two new shillings a droppin' into the purser's pocket. Damn all lubberly boys and swabs, and give me the lad with the tarry trousers, which shines to me like di'ming's bright!"

The great value of these letters is that they cover the incidents of Dicken's life so closely as to make an autobiography. The second volume is perhaps the strongest in interest. The American reader will be particularly interested in that part which treats of his last visit to this country. His readings throughout Great Britain were so successful that he was beset to come here, and he finally sent George Dolby over to canvass the prospects. Mr. Dolby's report was so favorable that Dickens agreed to come; his success is well known. He arrived at Boston on the 19th of November, 1867, and writes to his daughter under date of November 21st:

"I dine to-day with Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Agassiz. Longfellow was here yesterday. Perfectly white hair and beard, but a remarkably handsome and noble looking man. The city has increased enormously in five and twenty years. It has grown more mercantile; is like Leeds mixed with Preston and flavored with new Brighton; but for smoke and fog you substitute an exquisite bright light air. I found my rooms beautifully decorated by Mrs. Fields with choice flowers, and set off by a number of good books. I am not much persecuted by people in general, as Dolby has happily made up his mind that the less I am exhibited for nothing the better. So our men sit outside the door and wrestle with mankind. * * They are said to be a very quiet audience here, appreciative but not demonstrative. I shall try to change their character a little.

"I have been going on very well. A horrible custom obtains in the parts of asking you to dinner somewhere at half-past 2 and to supper somewhere else about 8. I have run this gauntlet more than once, and its effect is that there is no day for any useful purpose, and the length of the evening is multiplied by 100. Yesterday I dined with a Club here at half-past 2 and came back at half-past 8 with a general impression that it was at least 2 o'clock in the morning. Two days before I dined with Longfellow at half-past 2 and came back at 8, supposing it to be midnight. To-day we have a state dinner party in our rooms at 6—Mr. and Mrs. Fields and Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow. (He is a friend of Foster's, and was American Minister in Paris.) There are no negro waiters here; all the servants are Irish—willing, but not able. The dinners and wines are very good.

"I keep our own rooms well ventilated by opening the windows or passages, and they are so overheated by a great furnace that they make me faint and sick. The air is like that of a pre-Adamite ironing day in full blast. Your respected parent is immensely popular in Boston society, and its cordiality and unaffected heartiness are charming. I wish I could carry it with me.

"The leading papers in New York have sent men over for to-morrow night, with instruments to telegraph columns of description. Great excitement and expectations everywhere. Fields says that he has looked forward to it so long that he knows he will die at four minutes to eight.

"At the New York barriers, where tickets are on sale and the people ranged as at the Paris theaters, speculators went up and down offering "$20 for anybody's place." The money was in no case accepted. One man sold two tickets for the second, third and fourth night for "one ticket of the first, $50 and a brandy cocktail,' which is an iced bitter drink."

To his son Charles he writes:

"The people in New York are exceedingly kind and considerate, and desire to be more hospitable besides. But I can not accept hospitality, and never go out, except at Boston, or I should not be fit for the labor. If Dolby holds out well to the last it will be a triumph, for he has to see everybody, drink with everybody, sell all the tickets, take all the blame, and go beforehand to all the places on the list. I shall not see him after to-night for a fortnight, and he will be perpetually on the road during the interval. When he leaves me, Osgood, a partner in Tichnor & Field's publishing firm mounts guard over me, and he has to go into the hall from the platform-door every night and see how the public are seating themselves. It is very odd to see how hard he finds it to look a couple of thousand people in the face, on which head, by-the-by, I notice the papers to take "Mr. Dicken's extraordinary composure" (their great phrase) rather ill, and on the whole to imply that it would be taken as a suitable complaint if I would stagger on the platform and instantly drop, overpowered by the spectacle before me.

"Dinner is announced (by Scott, with a stiff neck and a sore throat) and I must break off with love to Bessie and the incipient Wenerableses. You will be glad to hear of your distinguished parent that Philadelphia has discovered that 'he is not like the descriptions we have heard of him at the little red desk. He is not at all foppish in appearance. He wears a heavy mustache and a Vandyke beard, and looks like a well-to-do Philadelphia gentleman."

Referring to a certain famous walking match, he says:

"Dolby and Osgood, who do the most ridiculous things to keep me in spirits (I am often very heavy and rarely sleep much) have often decided to have a walking match at Boston on Saturday, February 29th. Beginning this design in joke, they have become tremendously in earnest, and Dolby has actually sent home (much to his opponent's terror) for a pair of seamless socks to walk in. Our men are hugely excited on the subject, and continually make bets on the men. Field and I are to walk out six miles, and the men are to turn and walk around us. Neither of them has the least idea of what twelve miles at a pace is. Being requested by both to give them a "breather" yesterday, I gave them a stiff one of five miles over a bad road in the snow, half the distance up the hill. I took them at a pace of four miles and a half an hour, and you never beheld such objects as they were when we got back, both smoking like factories, and both obliged to change everything before they could come to dinner. They have the absurdest ideas of what are test of walking power, and continually get up in the maddest manner and see how high they can kick the wall. The wainscot, here, is scored all over with their pencil marks. To see him doing this—Dolby, a big man, and Osgood, a very little one—is ridiculous beyond description."

To Miss Hogarth from Boston, December 22d, he writes:

"By the by, when we left New York for this place, Dolby called my amazed attention to the circumstances that Scott was leaning his head against the side of the carriage and weeping bitterly. I asked him what was the matter and he replied: 'The owdacious treatment of the luggage, which was more outrageous than man could bear.' I told him not to make a fool of himself; but they do knock it about cruelly. I think every trunk we have is broken."

To his friend, the late Chas. Fechter, he writes:

"I have an American cold (the worst in the world) since Christmas Day. I read four times a week with the most tremendous energy I can bring to bear upon it. I am very resolute about calling on people, or receiving people, or dining out, and so save myself a great deal. I read in all sorts of places—churches, theatres, concert rooms, lecture halls. Every night I read I am described (mostly by people who have not the faintest notion of observing) from the sole of my foot to where the topmost hair of my head ought to be, but is not. Sometimes I am described as being 'evidently nervous;' sometimes it is taken ill that "Mr. Dickens is so extraordinarily composed." My eyes are blue, red, gray, white, green, brown, black, hazel, violet and rainbow colored. I am like a "well-to-do American gentleman," and the Emperor of the French, with an occasional touch of the Emperor of China, and a deterioration from the attributes of our famous townsman, Rufus W. B. D. Dodge Grumsher Pickville. I say all sorts of things that I never said, go to all sorts of places that I never saw or heard of, and have done all manner of things—in some private state of existence, I suppose—that have quite escaped my memory. You ask your friend to describe what he is about. This is what he is about every day and hour of his American life. On Wednesday I came back here for my four church readings in Brooklyn. Each evening an enormous ferry-boat will convey me and my state carriage, not to mention half a dozen wagons and a number of people and a few score of horses, across the river, and will bring me back again. The sale of tickets there was an amusing scene."

The Dream and the Problem.

A well known and esteemed Edinburg advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following: While at school, one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last sessions of his school life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honor. On regular recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labor and pains could he succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem till late in the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamed that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamed about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercise without the slightest difficulty. The sequel to the story was, I think, that the two boys were bracketed equal, and that each, therefore, received a prize.—*Chamber's Journal.*

VOTING FOR THE DEVIL.—An odd story of the late British election and Mr. Spurgeon's well-known interest in it, comes from Dundee. It had been stated of Mr. Spurgeon that a Northampton voter, in doubt about his duty, wrote him inquiring whether, "as an Evangelical Christian," he could vote for Mr. Braudlangh, and that he got as an answer these words: "If the devil himself were a Liberal candidate, I should vote for him," all of which Mr. Spurgeon flatly denied ever taken place. "I did not write to a Northampton voter," he says, "anything of the sort imputed to me; in fact, I wrote to no Northampton voter at all, except in answer to the question, had I said that I would vote for the devil. This story is an invention of the enemy."

Hints on Soups.

Clara Francis gives the *Prairie Farmer* an essay on soups, from which we extract the following:

Rules for Stock.—Five pounds lean meat and some cracked bones. Five quarts cold water. It should be at least half an hour in coming to boil. Skim; add a gill of cold water and skim again. Season with salt and vegetables, but be careful to use both sparingly. Cover close and simmer four or five hours. Strain cool, and remove fat. This will make a clear light broth.

Caramel for Coloring Broth.—For the sake of appearance broth is sometimes colored. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a nice bright saucepan, and when melted, add about half a pound of sugar. Stir constantly, over the fire, until it is a very rich dark brown. By no means let it burn. Add a half pint of water and an even teaspoonful of salt. Let the syrup boil until it is very rich and thick, which it will be in a few minutes. Strain and put it in small, close corked bottles; it should be so thick that it will just run from the bottle. A few drops will give the necessary color, and will not impair the flavor unless the sugar has been burnt. Tapioca, sago, macaroni, vermicelli, pearl barley and rice are nice additions to this amber-colored broth. They should be cooked in water before being added to the soup. Grated cheese is sometimes served with macaroni and vermicelli soups—to be used at discretion.

Noodle Soup.—To one egg add a little salt and as much sifted flour as it will absorb, knead well and roll down very thin. Let it dry for half an hour, then dredge with flour and roll over and over. Shave thin slices from the end of the roll, shake them out and drop them into salted boiling water. Stir with a skimmer and boil for two minutes, then turn into a colander and dash cold water over them. Drain, and put into boiling broth; add a little chopped parsley and serve at once.

White Soup.—If eggs are plenty use the yolks of four, if scarce, take two whole ones instead. Beat them light and add a cup of cream, or use milk, and a teaspoon of melted butter. When these are mixed add to them, gradually, a pint of hot broth stirring all the time. Return to the kettle, let it come to a boil and serve immediately. Too long cooking will curdle the eggs. Instead of beating the eggs they can be poached and served in the broth, one egg to each person, adding the cream to the broth.

Potato Soup.—Peel and slice ten medium sized potatoes; add one onion, a slice of salt pork, a stalk of celery, a teaspoon of salt, and water enough to cover. Boil until the potatoes are very soft. Press through a colander; add a quart of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful chopped parsely; boil up once. It should be like thick cream. Serve with *croutons* (dry bread cut into small diamonds, fried in boiling lard and drained) Place in the tureen and pour the soup over them.

Beef Steak with Onions: Pound the steak, season and fry in a frying-pan; then dredge flour over it, and add by degrees a cup of boiling water, with more seasoning. Drain the onions, which must have been boiled, cut them up and put them into the pan, having taken out the steak; add a lump of butter and a little more flour, stir them to prevent scorching, and when the onions are well browned put in the steak, and place the whole over the fire till heated thoroughly. In serving heap the onions upon the steak. This is said to be a very popular dish with hard-working mechanics and farmers.

Cures of Cancer.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of Mr. W. Green, of Salem. We are acquainted personally with some of the parties who have their names to his certificates and can vouch for their genuineness. Mr. Green has been well known in Oregon for some years, and has made many wonderful cures, having removed cancer and birth marks without the use of the knife. He proves his faith in his power to do what he undertakes by making no charge until the patient is cured, and then making but moderate charges. Mr. Green visit any part of the State to see patients.

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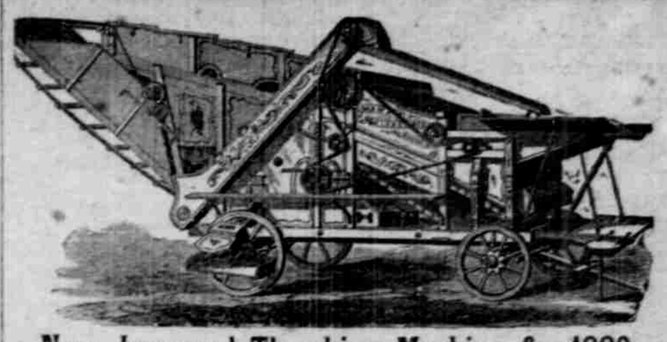

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