

vindicate. And it is through the potency of their faith not their doubt that the martyrs of Science, who have been invariably men of one idea, have been able to endure the scorn and persecution of the world.

It is the method of all investigation, that only those hypotheses are used, as permit of no possible room for doubt, though should farther investigation prove the hypothesis wrong, the theory built upon such a foundation is wrong and must be rejected. It is this cheerfulness in rejecting cherished theories and overcoming all habits of mind that interfere with intellectual conscientiousness. It is this peculiarity that marks the distinction between the man *of* one idea, and the man *with* one idea, who clings to the form long after the spirit has fled. He is a man like Hollingworth in the Blithdale Romance who immolates self and all around him and makes every force within his reach tend to his one idea until his sense of honor has become no longer the sense of other honorable men. All power of discernment is lost and he becomes an anomaly in nature, not only unsympathized with but laughed at and scorned by the world. A.

FROM MILWAUKEE TO MENDOTA.

About eight years ago, I started from Milwaukee Wis., in company with several others, for Mendota, on the Mississippi River. We went to the station-house of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and by ten o'clock were speeding to the westward. Soon after day-break the next morning, the train stopped at the old town of Prairie du Chien in the valley of the Mississippi.

Here I had the first glimpse of the Father of Waters. In a moment, we were off the train. We crossed the water in a small ferry boat and landed at McGregor, Iowa, where another train was in waiting. All aboard! The bell rang, and soon we left the river, not to see it again till night.

Our route lay to the northward, and during the day I had the pleasure to look upon the broad, fertile prairies of Iowa and Minnesota. It was a novel sight to me, as I had been accustomed to gaze at the woods, lakes, rivers, and hills of Wisconsin.

Onward we sped at a rapid rate, except when the train halted at some station, or thriving little town, where neat and comfortable dwellings had been built, and shade trees planted. These made me think that the people had come into this prairie country to make permanent homes. But Minnesota is by no means destitute of timber, and soon we left the prairie and became absorbed, as it were, in a great forest with only a narrow space opened for the train. Oak, maple, elm and hemlock trees quickly came to view, and as quickly vanished from the sight as the train carried us onward at the rate of some twenty five miles an hour.

The density of the forest was broken now and then, by a little opening, in which might be seen a log cabin, and near by the farmer, toiling hard by chopping and grubbing to get the ground ready for cultivation. It seemed as if he did not know that there is plenty of good land in our country, all ready for the plow.

But we must hasten along, for the train does not stop to let us have a chat with the farmer and hear what his hopes, his plans, or his motives may be.

For some distance the forest was unbroken, except by the passage-way for the iron horse, and then we came to openings again more thickly settled than before. As the sun was sinking in the western sky, the shrill whistle of the locomotive informed us that we were near the end of our day's journey. Once more the bright, sparkling waters of the Mississippi burst upon our view. The train stopped, and we were at Mendota.

Mendota is a pretty little village on the right bank of the Mississippi, at its junction with the Minnesota. On the oppo-