

gone forever. Shall this state of things continue by which *the rich are made richer, and the poor poorer*, or will not our people demand, in trumpet tones, a revision of this shabby Constitution—unworthy of a free, intelligent and enterprising people?

Now let every voter recollect that—if he desires a home currency managed by our own citizens, subject to our own laws, and open to the examination of our own people—let him be vigilant in his efforts to select the right kind of men to the next legislature. If, however, he is content with our present currency, made up as it is of bank paper from every State in the Union, all that he has to do is to continue in power the same men who have ruled our State as with a rod of iron ever since its organization.—*The Western American, Keosauqua, Iowa, May 29, 1852.*

THE RACCOON RIVER AGENCY IN 1844.

BY REV. BENJ. A. SPAULDING (HARVARD, 1840; ANDOVER, 1843.)

A few weeks ago I visited Raccoon River Agency, nearly 100 miles from this place (the Old Sac and Fox Agency in Wapello county), and 30 or 40 from the line which divides this from the country at present occupied by the Indians. Connected with the Agency is the Indian Agent, the Interpreter, two gunsmiths, two blacksmiths, with their families and servants. Nearly a mile from this, on the point between the Raccoon and the Des Moines, is a garrison consisting of about one hundred soldiers and five commissioned officers. Along the banks of the Des Moines, between it and the Agency, are several farms (carried on by the U. S. for the instruction and benefit of the Indians), and trading houses, so that the whole population (white) is not far from 200. On the Sabbath I preached to as many of these as could be crowded into a single room, officers, soldiers, merchants,

mechanics, farmers, gentlemen, ladies, children and servants, both black and white. There had been a good deal of sickness in the settlement during the summer, and more recently a few deaths, and there was considerable seriousness prevailing in some families. I should visit this place frequently, if other engagements would permit. It has been visited in one or two instances by a Methodist preacher.

On the Des Moines, in sight of the Agency, is a village containing 200 or 300 Indians. Their huge bark buildings present a fine appearance in the distance at twilight, but on a nearer approach by day they seem rather the haunts of beasts than the abodes of men. Not a tree or shrub, a garden or well, nor the slightest mark of beauty or comfort, was any where to be seen; even the wild grass had been beaten by continual tramping, till not a blade or root was left, and as the savages were away on a hunting expedition the stillness of death reigned over their desolate homes. There are several other villages on this and the neighboring rivers, containing in all about 2,200 persons, all that is left of the Sacs and Foxes, those warlike tribes who filled the whole frontier with terror during the Black Hawk war. These are to be removed to a region beyond the Missouri river. If by this removal they were placed forever beyond the reach of whisky smugglers and other vicious white men, it would be a blessing to them instead of a curse.—*The Home Missionary, N. Y., Feb., 1845, p. 221.*

SHORT DRESSES.—The new costume for ladies is creating great excitement in the East; in fact, the rumpus is becoming general all over the country. Many approve—others find fault. But it's no use; the ladies will do as they please. The Bloomerites will carry the day, and French hats, Turkish trousers, and Grecian jackets, will mark a new era in female costume. This is a progressive age, and the short costume a radical reform. We submit.—*Keosauqua (Iowa) American, July 12, 1851.*

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