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OUR SLAVE STATES.

A Journey Through Texas; or a Saddle Trip on the Southwestern Frontier; with a Statistical Appendix. By Frederick Law Olmsted, author of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," &c. &c. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co.

We continue our quotations from this interesting volume, advising everybody, however to purchase it and its companion, "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," and read them through in course.

A WELL-ORDERED PLANTATION. We found a plantation that would have done no discredit to Virginia. The house was large and well constructed, standing in a thick grove, separated from the prairie by a strong worm-fence. Adjacent, within, was the spring, which deserved its prominence of mention upon maps. It had been tastefully grottoed with heavy limestone rocks, now water-stained and mossy, and the pure stream came gurgling up, in impetuous gallons, to pour itself in a bright current out upon the prairie. The fountains of Italy were what came to mind, and "Fontana de Manicocco" would have secured a more natural name.

Everything about the house was orderly and neat. The proprietor came out to receive us, and issued orders about the horses, which we felt, from their quiet tone, would be obeyed without our supervision. When we were ushered into a snug supper room and found a clean table set with white bread, ham, tea, and preserved fruits, waited on by tidy and ready girls, we could scarce think we had not got beyond the bounds of Texas. We were, in fact, quit, for some time to come, of the lazy poverty of Eastern Texas.

AGRICULTURAL IDEAS. There were two or three travellers besides ourselves. The conversation ran upon the Germans, through whose settlements one, a Jerseyman, had just passed. The "Dutch" he had seen at the North, he said, were very different from those of this country. There, they were honest and industrious, and minded their business. Here, they didn't appear to have any business. They were thieves and loafers, and nothing better than a set of regular dam'd agrarians. All joined in these denunciations, which appeared to afford them relief, though founded, so far as they could show us, on mere prejudice. The master of the house was not backward, and intimated that he refused them fire and water as outlaws and barbarians, whenever he had the opportunity. "Agrarianism," a strange charge for such a country place, we reflected, probably meant free-laborism and abolitionism, but did not push investigations.

APPROACH TO THE GERMANS. On entering Texas we had been so ignorant as not to know that there were larger settlements of Germans there than in any other Southern State. We had met about the usual number of German traders in the Eastern towns, and once had heard that there were a large number settled at San Antonio. At Batrop, at a watchmaker's shop, I had seen with surprise, a German newspaper, the *San Antonio Zeitung* of the week previous, and found that it contained more news of matters of general interest than all the American Texan papers I had come across since entering the state.

In Austin, we learned from Governor Pease and other acquaintances familiar with our route, that we should reach, in a day or two, the German settlements, and pass through, in fact, a German village of considerable size—Neu-Braunfels. We inquired with a good deal of interest as to the condition and social relations of the Germans, and learned from the same sources, that the great part of them were exceedingly poor, but that, as a body, they were thriving. As to slavery, as far as they acquired property, they followed the customs of the country and purchased slaves, like other white people, even Northern men, who invariably conquered their prejudices when they came here to settle and found their practical inconvenience. However, no one could give us any precise information about the Germans, and we had not the least idea that they were so numerous, and had so important a position in Western Texas, until we reached them a day or two after this.

GERMAN FARMS. The country, next morning, continued the same in all respects as that of the day before. The first German settlers we saw, we knew at once. They lived in little log cabins, and had inclosures of ten acres or about that. The cabins were very simple and cheap habitations, but there were many little conveniences about them, and a care to secure comfort in small ways evident, that was very agreeable to notice. So also, the greater variety of the crops which had been grown upon their allotments, and the more clean and comfortable with the patches of corn stubble, overgrown with crab-grass, which are usually the only poor whites seen adjoining the cabins of the poor whites and slaves. The people themselves were also to be seen, men, women, and children, busy at some work, and yet not so busy but that they could give a pleasant and respectful greeting to a passing traveler.

A few miles further on, we passed several much more comfortable houses, boarded over, and a good deal like the smaller class of farm-houses in New England, but some of them having exterior plaster-work, or brick, laid up having the timbers, instead of boards nailed between them. About these were large inclosures, from which extensive crops of corn had been taken; and it caused us a sensation to see a number of parallelograms of cotton—FREE LABOR COTTON. These were not often more than an acre in extent. Most of them looked as if they had been judiciously cultivated, and had yielded a fine crop, differing however, from that we had noticed on the plantations the day before, in this circumstance—that the picking had been entirely completed, and that with care and exactness, so that none of the cotton, which the labor of cultivation had produced, had been left to waste. The cotton stalks stood rather more closely, and were less extraordinary size, but much more even and regular in their growth than on the plantations.

A FREE MINDED BUTCHER. We were entering the valley of Gaudaluppe river, which is of the same general character as that of the San Marcos, and had passed a small brown house with a turret and cross upon it, which we learned was a Lutheran church, when we were overtaken by a good-natured butcher, who lived in Neu-Braunfels, whence he had ridden off early in the morning to kill and dress the hogs of one of the large farmers. He had finished his job, and was returning. He had been in this country eight years. He liked it very much; he did not wish to go back to Germany; he much preferred to remain here. The Germans, generally, were doing well, and were contented. They had a hard time at first, but they were all doing well now—getting rich. He knew but one person who had bought a slave; they did not think well of slavery; they thought it better that all men should be free; besides, the negroes would not work so well as the Germans. They were improving their condition very rapidly, especially within the last two years. It was sickly

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set of the *Conversations Lexicon*; Kendall's Santa Fe Expedition; a statuette in porcelain, planis in pots; a brass study lamp; a large ewer and basin for washing, and a couple of towels of thick stuff, full a yard and a quarter long. Oh, yes, it will do for us admirably; we will spend the night.

In the afternoon, we called upon a German Protestant clergyman, who received us kindly, and, though speaking little English, was very ready to give all the information he could about his people, and the Germans in Texas, generally. We visited some of the workshops, and called on a merchant to ascertain the quality and amount of cotton grown by the Germans in the neighborhood. At supper, we met a dozen or more intelligent people, and spent the later evening with several others, at the residence of one of our accidental inn acquaintances.

I will simply remark here, that the facts learned from these gentlemen, confirmed the simple and good accounts of the butchers. As I was returning to the inn, about ten o'clock, I stopped for a few moments at the gate of one of the little cottages, to listen to some of the best singing I have heard for a long time, several parts being sustained by very sweet and well trained voices.

In the day time, I saw in the public street, at no great distance from a school-house, a tame dog, with a band on its neck, to distinguish it from a wild deer, lest it should be shot by sportsmen. It was exceedingly beautiful, and so tame that it allowed me to approach, and licked my hand. In what Texan town, through which we have passed, could this have occurred.

In the morning we found that our horses had been bedded for the first time in Texas. As we rode out of town, it was delightful to meet again troops of children, with satchels and knapsacks of books, and little kettles of dinner, all with ruddy, cheerful faces, the girls especially so with their hair braided neatly, and without caps or bonnets, smiling and saluting us—"guten morgen"—as we met. Nothing so pleasant as that in Texas before, hardly in the South.

FREE COTTON. In the town, each house has its garden-plot, and over the neighborhood are scattered herds of small farms. Owing to the low price of corn, most of these had been cultivated, partly, in cotton during the year before our visit. The result was a total crop of eight hundred bales, which, at Galveston, brought from one to two cents a pound more than that produced by slaves, owing to the more careful handling of white and personally interested labor; but the expense of hauling cotton to the coast prevents any large profits at this distance. A railroad or manufactory must precede any extensive cultivation of cotton, while corn which requires much less labor, can find a market at a fair price. With water-power and hands upon the spot, it certainly seems an unnatural waste of labor to carry the staple to Massachusetts to be spun, but such, for want of local capital, is now the course of trade.

In spite of the common assertion, that only blacks can endure the heat of southern labor, the production of cotton, by whites alone, is by no means rare. There are very many, both those who work their own small cotton farms and of those who work with the few negroes, day after day in the field. Corn cultivation, for year after year, is the common work of the less vagabond of the poor whites. But there is hardly in the South another as striking an instance of pure free-labor upon cotton fields, as this of the Germans. Their cotton goes in one body to market, entirely separate from the great mass exported, and from their peculiar style of settlement, it may be even considered as the product of one large plantation, worked by white hands, and divided into well-marked annual tasks.

These 800 bales, therefore, though but a drop in the bucket to the whole crop, are a very substantial evidence of the possibilities of not only white, but of well-regulated free labor in the South.

A GERMAN CABIN. Setting out late from the latter place, we were benighted on the road, and took shelter in a cabin, which we found occupied by two German settlers. Their house and life were worth describing, from its contrast, if nothing else, with the home of the native poor white further East.

There was a man and his wife, with a son, and another single man, who came from Germany four years ago. They landed at Lavaca, and came directly to the interior, at Neu-Braunfels. For the first year the bachelor hired himself to the farmer; the second he had been employed in a grocery in San Antonio. The other, who was a shoemaker in Germany, worked at his trade. The two then combined their capital, most of it made during these two years, and purchased, about a year since, the cabin they lived in, 100 acres of land, and some cattle. The land was worth about \$2 an acre, but they ranged their cattle over as much of the adjoining prairie as they chose. The soil was extremely fertile, and the pasture rank and nutritious. They had raised last summer a large supply of corn for themselves and their stock, together with a good store of various vegetables. Their stock of cattle had been carefully watched, and, with the natural increase, now exceeded twenty head. They had sold butter, eggs, shoes, and stockings, and purchased two mares now heavy with colts. They had repaired the roof, and, with a success, which they formed by mixing grass with a calicheous clay, had made light and smooth walls inside and out, doing all the work with their own hands. The house was small, but tight and comparatively comfortable. They had put glass sashes into the windows, and had made new doors, swinging easily on their hinges, and furnished with wooden latches. The house was not comfortable enough for them, however, and they told us that next year, or as soon as they had got certain fences made, and land broken up, they were going to build a new house, at another point on their land, where there were some trees. It would not cost them anything to make it, they said, because they could do all the work themselves in the winter.

They were in a very solitary situation—fifteen miles from any village, but with two other German settlers and an American plantation within three miles. They were well satisfied with the country. "And you are glad you left Germany?" I asked the young man. "O, yes; very glad; a thousand times better here."

"You can have more comfort here?" "Oh, no; not so much. It is hard for a young man, he can have 'so little pleasure. These American gentlemen, here in Texas, they do not know any pleasure. When they come together sometime, what do they? They can only sit round the fire and *tipple*. Why then they drink some whiskey; or may be they play cards, or make a great row. They have no pleasure as in Germany." "Why, then, do you like it better to be here?" "Because here I am free. In Germany I cannot say at all how I shall be governed. They govern the people with soldiers. They tried to make me a soldier, too, but I run away." "In Germany, too, I suppose, you had to work very hard?" "Oh, we work harder here; but, by-and-by when we get fixed, then we will not have to work hard, then it will be very easy. In three years I go back to Germany. I left a sweetheart there. I marry her and come back and have here my home."

"But they will arrest you because you ran away and did not serve as a soldier." "Ah, no; for then I shall be a citizen!" "Did you give notice, when you first arrived, of your intention, then?" "Oh, yes." "Do most of the Germans do so?" "Those that have good sense—all."

We were surprised to hear how well the son of the shoemaker, a boy of fourteen, spoke English, and asked where he learned it. "At school in Neu-Braunfels." He had attended school, where he had been taught English, while his father lived there during two years. This year he had not been at school, because they had too much work to do in their new place; but next winter they would send him to an American academy—boarding-school—where, he said, he thought he should learn very fast; but it would be very costly; two dollars a month for the lowest class and four dollars for the uppermost.

All of them were well dressed, but the woman was a pattern of neatness. As she cooked our supper it seemed as if she had been "made up" for a model housewife. She had a fine, healthy, kind German face, and was so good-natured and so desirous to make us comfortable, and so easily amused and gratified herself, that when we left we parted from a friend.

The house was supplied with about the same amount of large furniture as an American's—bedsteads, and chests, and cupboards—but there were fifty little conveniences to be used in cooking, or for other purposes, here, which are wanting there. For supper we had wheat and Indian bread, buttermilk and eggs. At breakfast, besides the same articles, there were also *pfannkuchen*, something between a pancake and an omelette, eaten with butter and sugar. The sugar was refined, and the butter yellow and sweet. "How can you make such butter?" we asked, in astonishment. "Oh, ho! it is only the American ladies are too lazy; they not work enough their butter. They give us fifty cent a pound for our butter in San Antonio! yes, fifty cent! but we want to eat good butter, too." Such was the fact. At the house of the American herdsmen I described in Eastern Texas, who owned probably one hundred cows, there was no milk or butter—it was too much trouble. A friend told me that he had spent a fortnight at the house of an American here who owned five hundred cows, without tasting milk or butter; not because the family did not like these luxuries, but because it was too much trouble. The German had a cow driven into a pen to be milked at daylight. His wife milked herself. The American owned a number of negroes. The German was happy in the possession of freedom, undebilitated by mastership or slavery.

Or is it, as they say, the climate? and will the German, in his turn, after a few years, be debilitated so by it and labor only under the influence of fear or of excited passion? I do not believe it.

AFFECTING LETTER OF ROBERT BURNS.—The following paragraph appears in the *Ladies Journal* of Saturday last:—"We are requested to correct an error which appeared in this paper of the 18th October, wherein it was stated that the original letter of the poet, of date the 25th June, 1796, to his friend Mr. Clarke, therein published, was in the possession of Robert Napier, Esq. of Glasgow. This is a mistake. Mr. Napier's copy is not the original letter, which belongs to, and is in the possession of, James Hay, Esq., of Leith, who has kindly sent it to us for inspection, and about the genuineness of which there cannot be one moment's doubt."

The Scotsman says: The letter here alluded to, in the possession of Mr. Hay, is a relic so interesting in itself, and so favorably characteristic of Burns, whose nature has been so grossly misunderstood by duffers and libelled by bigots, that its publication here will not be unacceptable:—My Dear Clarke—Still, still the victim of affliction. Were you to see the emaciated figure who holds the pen to you, you would not know your old friend. Whether I shall ever get about again is only known to Him the Great Unknown, whose creature I am. Alas! Clarke, I begin to fear the worst! As to my individual self, I am tranquil. I would despise myself if I were not; but Burns's poor widow and half-a-dozen of his dear little ones, helpless orphans,—there I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this; 'tis half my disease! I duly received your last, enclosing the note. It came extremely in time, and I was much obliged to your punctuality. Again I must request you to do the same kindness. Be so very good as, by return of post, to enclose me another note. I trust you can do it without much inconvenience, and it will seriously oblige me. If I must go, I leave a few friends behind me, whom I shall regret while consciousness remains. I know I shall live in their remembrance. Adieu! dear Clarke! That I shall ever see you again is, I am afraid, highly improbable. R. BURNS.

Dumfries, June 26, 1790. This affecting letter will be understood when it is added, as we believe, a fact quite ascertained, that Burns was not asking a loan or a gift, but only the part repayment of a loan which he had made to Clarke. It is known that Burns did owe no man anything—a fact which, under the circumstances of his career, throws a stronger and brighter light on his character than volumes of controversy and eulogium. The post dated three weeks after the date of the letter.—[Manchester Examiner.]

NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR. (From the West England Farmer.) The first lines keenly cut to-night! The winds sleep cold, the moon shines bright! The house snags, as if pinching tight! The clear cold wind, the clear cold light! And plain, like crawling, sounds the flight Of distant sledges.

Bless the old heathen! live his name!—

Prophetic, of classic fame,— Who first from heaven stole the flame That keeps from freezing, From shivering chills, rheumatic lame, Laughing and sneezing.

Yes, bless Prometheus, I say; I've defied the winds getting betwixt! And now at another in the lay, Where burns my beacon, It thaws my harp and makes me play Like David's psalm.

And first, with most obedient bow, I wish you, and your readers, now, Yes, all who ever held a plow— A glad new year!

As for the rest,—I'm somehow, somehow, They seem less dear. Another corner on life's road! Another milestone, newly showed, Erected by the solemn God Of earth and heaven, Tells us that striding Time has trod On 'Fifty-seven.

Fast is the horse that lives 'in clover'; The lightning's swift,—a flash, and over; And steam is 'on a twinkling power'; Staunch and sublime; But for a steaming, tireless mover, No match has Time.

When first he took himself in tow We deemed his progress slow; Now fast, full sail, we seem to go; Since we've grown older, Nearer each other seems to grow Each mile-tonne boulder.

Plus trois round don't I have seen; And gracious God! what scenes between! The mist of grief my vision seen On looking back; But for the thread of gold and green Along the track.

Time drives along his dented route An omnibus, as vast as stout, With neither halts, nor puts about For grace or sin; But there's a constant getting out, And getting in.

(Albeit, once in days of yore, We're told a warrior, red with gore, Bade him 'pull up, and open'd the door In favour of the poor.) And helped some passer, score by score, To leave the car.)

With our first breath we take the ride; Some, with an elephantine hide, Bear the rough jolts from side to side, And laugh again; And some, the sensitive, must bide The shocks with pain.

But this one here, and that one there, Is hustled out, not 'wags' and weeps, His journey's done, he's paid his fare, Not here stuff, But life's terrific wear-and-tear, And over them their number.

Such are the views, my worthy friend, The season's sage reflections loud Of life's great highway, whereon tend Our pilgrim feet; Let us go merrily to the end, Whither we meet!

* Vide Joshua, 10th chapter. "BABY'S SHOES." BY W. C. BENNET.

O, those little, those little blue shoes! Those shoes that no little feet use; O, the price were high That those shoes would buy me; Those little blue unused shoes!

For they held the mother's shape of feet That no more their mother's eyes meet, That, by God's good will, Tears since grew still, And ceased from their better to sweet.

And O, since that baby slept, So hush'd! how that mother has kept, With a tearful pleasure, That dear little treasure, And over them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore Of a water under the floor, And blue eyes she sees Look up from her knees, With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there, Two bubbles from chair to chair, A sweet little face, That's a gleam in the place, With its little gold curl of hair.

Then wonder not that her heart From all else would rather part, Than those tiny blue shoes That no little feet use, And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

YOUNG AND COWPER. It is hardly possible to criticize Young, without being reminded at every step of the contrast presented to him by Cowper. And this contrast urges itself upon us the more from the fact that there is, to a certain extent, a parallelism between the "Night Thoughts" and the "Task." In both poems, the author achieves his greatest in virtue of the new freedom conferred by blank verse; both poems are profoundly didactic, and mingle much satire with their graver meditations; both poems are the productions of men whose estimate of this life was formed by the light of a belief in immortality, and who were intensely attached to Christianity. On some grounds, we might have anticipated a more morbid view of things from Cowper than from Young. Cowper's religion was dogmatically the more gloomy, for he was a Calvinist; while Young was a "low" Arminian, believing that Christ died for all, and that the only obstacle to any man's salvation lay in his will, which he could change if he chose. There was real and deep sadness involved in Cowper's personal lot; while Young, apart from his ambitious and greedy discontent, seems to have had no great sorrow.

mignonette that serves to cheer the dingy town-lodging with a hint that Nature lives; and yet his song is never trivial, for he is alive to small objects, not because his mind is narrow, but because his glance is clear and his heart is large. Instead of trying to "edify" by supercilious allusions to the "brutes" and the "stalls," he interests us in that tragedy of the hen-roost when the thief has wrenched the door.

Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps In unsuspecting pomp; In the patient cattle, that on the winter's morn'ning

Mourn in corners where the fence Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep In unrecumbent slumber; In the little squirrel, that, surprised by him in his woodland walk,

At once, swift as a bird, Ascends the neighboring beech; there whisks his brush. And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud, With all the pretensions of feign'd alarm And anger insignificantly fierce.

And then he passes into reflection, not with court apothegm and snappish reproof, but with that melodious flow of utterance which belongs to thought when it is carried along in a stream of feeling:—

'The heart is hard in nature, and unfit For human fellowship, as being void Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike To love and friendship; that is not pleased With sight of misery enjoying life. Nor feels their happiness augment his own.'

His large and tender heart embraces the most every-day forms of human life—the carter driving his team through the wintry storm; the cottager's wife who, painfully nursing the embers on her hearth, while her infants "sit cowering o'er the sparks,"

Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed; or the villager, with her little ones, going out to pick

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook;— And he compels our colder natures to follow him in his manifold sympathies, not by exhortations, not by telling us to meditate at midnight, to "indulge" the thought of death, or to ask ourselves how we shall "weather an eternal night," but by presenting to us the object of his compassion truthfully and lovingly. And when he handles greater themes, when he takes a wider survey, and considers the men or the deeds which have a direct influence on the welfare of communities and nations, there is the same unselfish warmth of feeling, the same scrupulous truthfulness. He is never vague in his remembrance or his satire; but puts his finger on some particular vice or folly, which excites his indignation or dissolves his heart in pity, because of some specific injury it does to his fellow-man or to a sacred cause. And when he is asked why he interests himself about the sorrows and wrongs of others, hear what is the reason he gives. Not, like Young, that the movements of the planets show a mutual dependence, and that

Thus man his sovereign deity learns in this Material picture of benevolence!— or that,—

'More generous sorrow while it sinks, exalts, And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.' What is Cowper's answer, when he imagines some sage erudite, profound, asking him 'What's the world to you?'—

'Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk As sweet as charity from human breasts. I seek, articulate, to love and weep, And exercise all functions of a man. How then should I and any man that lives Be strangers to each other?' Young is astonished that men can make war on each other—that any one can "seize his brother's throat," while

'The Planets cry, "Forbear!" Cowper weeps because 'There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart; It does not feel for God.' Young applauds God as a monarch with an empire and a court quite superior to the English, or as an author who produces "volumes for man's perusal. Cowper sees his Father's love in all the gentle pleasures of the home fire-side, in the charms even of the wintry landscape, and thinks—

'Happy who walks with him! whom what he feeds Of favour or of bounty in fruit or flower, Or what he views in beautiful or grand In nature, from the broad, majestic sea, To the green blades that twinkle in the sun Prompts with remembrance of a present God.'

To conclude—for we must arrest ourselves in a contrast that would lead us beyond our bounds:—Young dies for his utmost consolation to the day of judgment, when

'Final ruin fiercely drives Her ploughshare o'er creation! when earth, stars, and sun are swept aside, And now, all dress removed, Heaven's own pure day Full on the confines of our ether flares; While (dreadful contrast! far how far!) beneath, Hell, burning, belches forth her blazing seas, And storms sulphurous: her voracious jaws Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.'

Dr. Young, and similar "ornaments of religion and virtue," passing of course with grateful "applause" into the upper region. Cowper finds his highest inspiration in the Millennium—in the restoration of this our beloved home of earth to perfect holiness and bliss, when the Supreme

'Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend Propitious in his chariot, paved with love, And what his will is, shall be blasted and defaced For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.'

And into what delicious melody his song flows at the thought of that blessedness to be enjoyed by future generations on earth!—

'The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks Shout to each other, and the mountain tops From distant mountains catch the flying joy Till, nation after nation taught the strain, Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round!'

The sum of our comparison is this:—In Young we have the type of that deficient human sympathy, that impiety towards the present and the visible, which flies for its motives, its sanctities, and its religion, to the remote, the vague, and the unknown: in Cowper we have the type of that genuine love which cherishes things in proportion to their nearness, and feels its reverence grow in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge.—[Westminster Review.]

A PRINTER'S PRAYER.—We find in old Peter Edes's paper, in 1816, a "Printer's Prayer" of considerable length, which winds off with the following rather equivocal petition:—

'Protect and bless us, and keep us from the evils of the night,—and when we lay down may we ask ourselves what we have done for the good and instruction of mankind—if not much, and we have leisure to do it, may we repent and by the next number get out a rich and fertile sheet.'—[Bangor Whig.]

A PROLIFIC SLAVE.—The Macon, Ga., Telegraph, states that there is a negro woman in Bibb county, who has one hundred and nineteen descendants, and is yet in the possession of all her faculties, except eight—she has been blind for six years. Sixty-seven of her descendants, as well as herself, are now owned by a gentleman in that county. Another heir owns fifty two in another county. The name of the woman is Sena. She was one of three slaves inherited by a lady married in Louisville, Jefferson county, Georgia, in 1801.

PERSONAL.—Hon. Samuel Wells, late Governor of this State, is about to remove to Boston, in which city he will resume the practice of law.

We think Boston will arrive at some distinction one of these days, when she secures a few more of our ex-officials. It will be remembered that Ex-Governor Crosby removed to that city after his retirement from the gubernatorial chair.—[Portland Advertiser.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 12, 1857.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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(For the Eastern Mail.)

Old Times.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Perhaps some of your young readers would like to learn how people used to get along in this country, when it was "a new country"—and I will give you my experience. I was the oldest child of the oldest child of a first settler in one of our back towns: so I was amongst the first settlers. The fashion was for a young man to pick out a good, steady, healthy, young woman; get married; select a lot of wild land; move on to the same, and build such a house as they could, preparatory to raising some boys and girls.

It was in the process of carrying out this last named, that I turned up to act my part in life.—I found myself kicking up both heels in a rough, square-headed cradle, made from pine boards, half filled with cedar boughs; a pillow filled with hen feathers; a small yellow blanket, and a kitten at the foot—my own rig was not of much importance to me, with the exception of a string of beads which hung about my neck, and served as helps in cutting my teeth and to amuse me while my mother was doing her work. So I prospered on the cedar boughs until I could sit alone on the floor. I then began a general survey of the premises. The song of the cricket, under the floor and the "hearth stone," first attracted my attention in that direction. The floor was of very rough boards, with a "trap door" in one corner, which led to the "trot hole." The "hearth stone" and fire place were made of large flat stones. The chimney was "catted out." We had but one room, 15 feet square, entry way and closet; a chamber up stairs and a ladder to get to it. Our pump was a brook a short distance from the house, and our first pail a birch bucket, and our lights, pine knots. As ability increased I surveyed from cellar to garret. So I prospered and grew, living upon pea porridge and Johnny-cake, until it was thought that I was large enough to help "out doors." Then the world opened to view. I was to be the "man of all work," and was instructed in all the arts of getting a living in a new country. My first journey was to the grist mill, some six miles off, to perform which I had two bushels of corn in a bag tied upon the back of the old white horse, and seated on the same, I went to mill, and back with my meal and hominy. This was when I was in my seventh year, and about this time my grandparents made us a visit and brought a nice lot of apples, dried and green; also, a nice pair of thick cow-hide shoes and a felt hat for me, all "bran new"—and when grandmother heard of my feat of going to mill, she said I was the best boy in town and ought to have had a hat and shoes before.

By this time we began to prosper, and right after me, there were two or three more little chaps, and a little sis too,—little Kate. And we had lots of calves, colts and lambs—and we were all cared for alike. The lambs had to have a little extra care to protect them from the bears and wolves; but old Skip and I were considered a match for any "varmint" we might meet.

The country began to open and lumbering came into fashion as the easiest means of raising a little cash. Our "Opening" had been small, comprising but a few acres. So we must make it larger for the purpose of cutting fodder enough to feed a team, with which to carry on the "lumbering business." For this end we cut down and burned up many acres of forest, and while we were engaged in this our appearance was such that we might have been claimed as fugitive slaves, if a southern planter had happened along to take a view of us.—Nevertheless, we prospered,—farming in the summer to get our bread, cutting and hauling pine logs, in the winter, for which we received the cash in the spring, and each autumn was spent in preparing for a lumbering campaign the next winter. And, as lumber became scarcer and more distant from home, the "men folks" had to "camp out" in the winter, living upon baked beans, pork and molasses, and tea; and I had to "cut the wood, take care of cattle and go to school." Yes, from eleven to seventeen years of age, in the winter season, I cut the wood for one fire, took care of two or three colts, six cows, twenty sheep, and went to school, and had good lessons too. The old school house is a place long to be remembered. There I learned to fight my way through life, by fighting snow, fire, smoke and the boys, and sometimes the schoolmaster too. And all the success I have had in life, so far, is attributed to the fact that I never have allowed myself to be sensible that I have ever been fairly conquered in any fair fight in life.

AN OLD SETTLER.

I will not our old friend extend his record of doings in the olden time, and thus gratify us and the readers of the Mail?

MR. PHILLIPS' LECTURE upon "The Lost Ark," on Tuesday evening, though it secured but a thin audience, was listened to with great

delight. Few men chain an audience with such golden links. The lecture seems to us to be one of great practical usefulness, in correcting the error of imputing to the present age greater knowledge of and progress in the arts and sciences than is justly due. It was full of facts and illustrations, of great propriety and beauty; and with the easy and graceful manner of the orator, was emphatically one of the best lectures we have had. Our citizens are indebted to individual enterprise for this rich entertainment, and they cannot but deeply regret that it was so poorly encouraged.

Another lecture, on Wednesday evening of next week, from Rev. E. H. Chapin, will, we think result more favorably; as that eloquent man never fails to fill a house. Subject of his lecture, Columbus.

Town Meeting.

The following officers were chosen on Monday: Moderator—James Stackpole. Town Clerk—S. Heath. Selectmen—C. H. Thayer, C. Hallett, L. E. Crommett. (The Board were also chosen Assessors, Overseers of Poor, and Road Commissioners.)

Treasurer & Collector—L. H. Low. Town Agent—J. H. Drummond. Sup. Sch. Com.—S. K. Smith, H. C. Leonard, Arthur Deering.

Auditors—J. Percival, J. Hitchings, Wm. Dyer. Constables—G. W. Wentworth, Wm. Brown, G. H. Esty, H. C. White, Joshua Nye, F. S. Chase, C. D. Sweet, S. Keith, H. F. Crowell, W. A. Caffrey, C. R. McFadden, E. H. Piper, J. Conforth, 2d, J. M. Libbey.

Poundkeeper—H. B. White. Sextons—S. Tozier, D. Muncey. Town Hall Keeper—A. Jones. Cullers of Hoops—G. H. Boardman, J. Higgins.

Tythingman—H. B. White, L. Young. Field Drivers—J. H. Drummond, J. S. Craig, G. H. Esty, G. Wentworth, I. T. Stevens, H. B. White, John Moor, Morris Soule, F. S. Chase, Murray, Young, G. T. Hubbard, B. Crowell, G. W. Hubbard.

Fence Viewers—G. T. Hubbard, George E. Shores, Wm. Joy, J. Gastin, J. S. Craig, I. T. Stevens, G. Wentworth.

Fire Wardens—J. Hitchings, S. Kimball, T. C. Stanley, R. Conforth, J. B. Bradbury, B. C. Benson, H. W. Getchell, William Getchell, I. T. Stevens, H. B. White, J. M. Libbey, G. Wentworth, J. U. Hubbard.

Health Com.—G. Wentworth, C. H. Thayer. Com. on Cemetery and Places of Show—L. E. Crommett.

Voted \$2200 for roads, \$200 for bridges, \$100 for current expenses, \$250 for fire department and ringing of bells, \$100 for sidewalks, \$100 for fence cemetery, \$200 for hearse, \$400 for village watchmen, \$2400 for schools, and \$1500 for support of poor.

Voted, that the selectmen be authorized and requested to take all legal measures for the removal and return of alien paupers, and that they be authorized to loan \$200 if wanted for this purpose.

Instructed the selectmen to prosecute all violations of the liquor law.

Authorized school districts to choose their own agents.

Dismissed article relative to house of correction.

Accepted road through S. Kimball and others' land, on condition of no land damages.

Dismissed article relative to highway near Matthews & Hubbard's saw factory.

Accepted road from Waterville Institute to Pleasant street, on condition of no land damages; and named the same "School Street."

Authorized selectmen to settle rent for pasture "on just principles and no other."

Instructed selectmen to settle account of Dr. Boutelle, for services to small-pox patients, on the terms which he had previously offered.

Authorized selectmen to settle the claims of Hiram F. Crowell for expenditures and services as constable in liquor prosecuting, "on just principles and no other."

TOWN MEETING, FAIRFIELD.—The annual election of town officers took place in Fairfield on Monday, March 9th, and resulted as follows:

Moderator, Wm. B. Snel; Town Clerk, Andrew Archer; Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, A. Archer, Charles Conforth, George Richardson; Treasurer and Collector, Joseph F. Nye; Town Agent, Wm. Snel; Supervisor of Schools, E. K. Boyle; Constables, Joseph F. Nye, Eleazer Rose.

The Town voted to raise \$1600 for support of Poor and incidental town charges, \$1600 for Schools, \$1,000 to pay town debts, \$300 for roads and bridges, \$3000 in labor and materials on highways.

ALL RIGHT!—The Saloon opposite the Post-office—late Newell's, now LABELL'S—has fallen into good hands. So says everybody, and so we say. The establishment is as neat as a handbox, and likely to continue so in present hands. A choice variety of refreshments, embracing oysters, pies, fruits, candies, &c. is offered in tempting order; and good management and polite attention are commending the establishment to liberal patronage.

SNOW.—Some six inches of snow, which fell on Monday night, has given good sleighing again; and the sharp weather now following promises to hold it for some service. Wood is still coming to market at fair prices, though the prospect of "six weeks sleighing in March" is a very poor one.

THE MESSAGE.—This document is of very commendable brevity; its prominent feature being the endorsement of the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, in the broadest sense. It favors the Pacific railroad, on the ground of its being a military road, and thus dodges the democratic objection to internal improvements not strictly national. Like all similar documents, the message is better liked by those

who voted for its author than by those who did not. None of its sentiments, however, seem likely to produce great agitation, and most of our readers will thank us for not obliging them to wade through it.

Spring Elections.

SIDNEY. John Ham, Moderator; Edward Clark, Town Clerk; Edward Folger, James Sherman and Jonas Butterfield, Selectmen; Frederick Sherman, Treasurer and Collector.

WINSLOW.—Moderator, David Garland; Clerk, C. C. Cornish; Selectmen, Robert Ayer, Simon Gupill, R. R. Drummond.

AUGUSTA.—James W. North, republican, is elected mayor by 200 majority—aldermen all of same party, except one.

BANGOR.—Hollis Bowman, republican, is elected mayor by a vote of 992 to 206. Only 1198 votes were cast; last Spring 2265.

EXHIBITION.—At Bunker's Hall, Kendall's Mills, on Friday evening, there is to be a Sabbath School Exhibition. No doubt it will be a pleasant affair, to which everybody is invited.

CONVICTION OF KNIGHT.—The Jury, after having been out 25 hours, returned at half past 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, with a verdict of—Guilty of murder in the first degree.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—This took place on Tuesday last, and the returns received would seem to indicate the triumph of the Republicans. The probable majority for Haile (Rep. candidate for Governor) is 3000. Senate, House and Council have large Republican majorities. Tappan and Cragin are certainly re-elected to Congress, and Pike is probably elected.

"OLD FOLKS."—We have only time to say, that the concert last night, at the Baptist Church, drew an audience of over eight hundred. The entertainment was most emphatically a rich one; the audience were highly delighted, and their guests departed well approved and well pleased.

PANORAMA.—Mr. Abner's exhibition of the Panorama of Mont Blanc, which is advertised for Friday evening, at Appleton Hall, is highly complimented by the press in the many places where it has contributed to please and instruct. It is said to be rich in amusement; and as it proposes a new solution of "spirit rappings," it can hardly fail to be so—as thus far, none of the "natural" solutions of these phenomena have failed to be heartily laughed at. On this subject some "new changes" are promised. For particulars see small bills.

QUICK WORK.—A young man named Lawrence was seen on Monday evening to snatch a whip from the sleigh of Mr. I. R. Doolittle, as it stood at the store door. Mr. D. gave instant pursuit, and caught the thief just as he had thrown the whip out of sight. Letting him go, he found the whip and resumed pursuit. Lawrence took refuge in a house back of Town Hall; but by hard pressure at the front door, was driven out at the rear, and fell exactly in the way of the owner of the whip. He was led forthwith to the office of Justice Heath, where abundant proof was ready to send him to jail for thirty days—so that in less than thirty minutes from the time he first touched the whip, he was snugly seated beside Sheriff McFadden for a comfortable ride to Augusta. Lawrence is supposed to have been particularly addicted to this kind of theft.

THE NEW CABINET.—The telegraph informs us that the following gentlemen have been nominated and confirmed as the Cabinet of President Buchanan:

Secretary of State—Lewis Cass of Michigan.

Secretary of the Treasury—Howell Cobb, of Georgia.

Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of Virginia.

Secretary of the Navy—Isaac S. Toucey, of Connecticut.

Secretary of the Interior—Jacob Thompson of Mississippi.

Postmaster General—A. V. Brown, of Tennessee.

Attorney General—Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania.

It will be observed that four out of the seven appointments are given to the South, and among those four are the three departments from which issue nineteen-twentieths of the Executive patronage and plunder viz: the Treasury, the Post Office and the Interior. The North has double the population, wealth and resources of the South, and yet President Buchanan gives almost the whole power of his administration into the hands of the latter.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM BAWLER.—Mr. Stone came home from Augusta Saturday evening, apparently in good health and spirits. On Monday morning we were startled by receiving the following announcement:

DIED, in Brewer Village, of Apoplexy, after an illness of nine hours, on Sunday, the 8th instant, Samuel B. Stone, Esq., Representative of the town of Brewer and Orrington in the Legislature of Maine, aged 46 years. Mr. Stone was a highly valued citizen, an honest man and a faithful Representative. The town of Brewer has sustained a serious loss in his death, and the community a worthy and practical man.—[Bangor Whig.]

EXPRESS ROBBERY.—Winslow & Co.'s Express on the A. & K. Railroad, was robbed on Saturday of a package containing about four hundred dollars, directed to Winthrop. A short time before the cars reached that station, the Conductor of the Express took the package from the safe, and laid it aside to be delivered, and, as he supposed, while his back was turned it was seized by some one and secreted. Two persons were arrested in Bangor on Saturday night, but nothing was elicited to warrant their detention.

It turns out that by a fortunate mistake, the rogues got nothing for their pains but a package of newspapers. The conductor of the Express just before arriving at Winthrop, took out the money package in the Post Office car, laid it down, and, as he supposed, afterwards took the package into his own car, from which place it was stolen. But it appears that instead of taking the package containing the money, he took a package of newspapers, and the money package was swept into the Win-

throp mail bag with the other matter and was found by the Postmaster of Winthrop and delivered up to Winslow & Co.'s Agent.

Decision in the Dred Scott Case.

WASHINGTON, March 6.

The opinion of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case was delivered by Chief Justice Taney. It was a full and elaborate statement of the views of the Court. They have decided the following all-important points:

First, That negroes, whether slaves or free, that is, men of the African race, are not citizens of the United States by the Constitution.

Second, The ordinance of 1787 had no independent constitutional force or legal effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and could not operate of itself to confer freedom or citizenship, within the Northwest Territory, on negroes not citizens by the Constitution.

Third, The provisions of the act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it is understood to exclude negro slavery from and communicate freedom and citizenship to negroes within the northern part of the Louisiana cession, was a legislative act, exceeding the powers of Congress, and void, and of no legal effect to that end.

In deciding these main points, the Supreme Court determined the following incidental points: first, the expression "territory and other property of the Union" in the Constitution applies in terms only to such territory as the Union possessed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Second, the rights of citizens of the United States emigrating into any Federal Territory, and the power of the Federal Government therein depends on the general provisions of the Constitution, which defines in this, as in all other respects, the powers of Congress. Third, as Congress does not possess power itself to make enactments relative to the persons or property of citizens of the United States, in a Federal Territory, so it cannot constitutionally delegate any such powers to a territorial government organized by it under the Constitution. Fourth, the legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri. As the plaintiff was not a citizen of Missouri, he therefore could not sue in the Courts of the United States. The suit must be dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

The delivery of this opinion occupied about three hours, and was listened to with profound attention by a crowded court room. Among the auditors were gentlemen of eminent legal ability, and a due proportion of ladies.

Judge Taney stated the points of the case. The question was whether or not the removal of Scott from Missouri with his master to Illinois, with a view of a temporary residence there, still remained in the meantime subject to the slave-laws of Missouri. To reach this point, it was decided that the ordinance of '87 was of no effect subsequent to the adoption of the Constitution, and that the clauses of the Missouri Compromise excluding slavery above a certain line were unconstitutional and void.

These inferences condemn the practice and received doctrines of our government from its organization down to the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. For, the ordinance of '87 was reaffirmed by the first Congress which assembled under the Constitution. Under the same policy, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa have been admitted into the Union. It has also been applied to the territories of Oregon, Minnesota, and Washington. If we were to make out a list of the eminent statesmen and profound constitutional lawyers whose expressed opinions are scattered by this decision, we should include nearly every name dear to the American people.

From Washington and Jefferson, through Marshall and Madison, down to Webster, Clay and Benton, the record is all one way—but is now torn to pieces, as far as binding authority is concerned, by Justice Taney and the majority of his Court. Of these over-ruled opinions let us take a few plain words from Daniel Webster, who had a mind, if there ever was one in this country, to comprehend this whole question, and who from inclination and circumstances made it his chief study. Speaking in the Senate, of the complaints made by Southern gentlemen that they could not carry their slaves into free territory, he said:

"How unjust they are, others will judge; generations that come after us will judge. It will not be contended that this sort of personal slavery exists by general law. It exists by local law. I do not deny the validity of that law where it is established; but I say it is, after all, local law. It is nothing more. And wherever that local law does not extend, property in persons does not exist."

These condensed expressions, resulting from life-long study, clear as crystal and firm as adamant, are now sought to be thrown away among the delusions of the past—among perhaps, "the glittering generalities" of our revolutionary fathers.

We enter upon a new era. Master and slave may not only visit among us, and the lash be as securely plied in Portland as in Mobile, but slave-labor may be employed here for any length of time incompatible with the State residence of the master. Slavery exists in Kansas and Nebraska, without any need of bogus laws. But whether such territorial laws, being superfluous, are also unconstitutional does not appear from the telegraphic abstract of Judge Taney's decision. Mr. Buchanan told us in his Inaugural, that the Court would decide at what period in the history of a territory the inhabitants should determine the question of slavery for themselves. If the decision accords with his private opinion so publicly expressed, that this period should not be till the formation of a State Constitution, then it would seem that the House of Representatives have done right in abolishing the premature slave-code of Kansas. But we shall soon have the decision in full.

We have said that this decision gives a nominal advance to the slave-power—for in the matter of theory, it is all the slavery extensionists could desire. In practice, however, the result in the territories is to depend largely upon the competing powers of free and slave communities. Will the general government be strictly impartial in the new era of tremendous competitions? Will agitation be extinguished? We shall see.

Small Farms vs. Large Farms.—Much is said in praise of small farms, and much is said against large farms. Agricultural writers seem to vie with each other in praise of the one, and denouncing the other. I wish those writers would tell us what a small farm is, whether 10, 20, 30, 50, or 100 acres.

It looks very nice on paper, to talk about a snug little cottage, a nice little garden, and a little farm, one or two cows and a horse, and no trouble of hired help. In practice it is a very different thing. I should like to see the first contented man who had to farm for a living in that situation; the first one who did not want a little more land.

If a man is going to gardening, and lives near a market 5 or 10 acres will do,—but if a man is going to farming, let him have a farm from 100 to 500 acres, one that he does not have to sell off his stock in a dry year, or buy the corn for his own bread. That is the case back in the country, frequently with the small farmers. I will give you some of the inconveniences of small farming, as I have been there and know them well.

You cannot keep a team, but must be dependent on your neighbors to do your ox work, and they will do it when they can attend to it or when they have got their done. At many kinds of work, one hand works to great disadvantage, such as haying, digging stones, laying heavy walls, plowing, &c. The buildings on a small farm must be nearly as costly as those on a large farm, to make you comfortable. The cost of a small farm is almost all buildings. But the worst of all is, you have nothing to sell, or nothing comparatively. I am not speaking of gardening, but of farming, of raising corn, potatoes, oats, wheat, rye, hay, dairy stock, &c. If forty acres will support a family in a house worth 10 to 1500 dollars, then 80 acres will support 2 families, with the 10 per cent. interest on the cost of the buildings, and 160 acres will support 4 families with from 3 to 500 dollars, saving on interest and repairs on buildings yearly.

Every other branch of business can be done best and cheapest on a large scale. Great factories, great ships, great machine shops; but little farms is the talk. I said I had been there. I commenced farming on a little farm about 20 acres, say 6 in mowing and tillage, 5 in woodland, and 7 or 8 in pasturing and brush. I was more plagued to carry on that than I am now with 2 or 300 acres. I could keep a horse and cow. I could not afford to have tools—no small farms, can. It was borrow, borrow, borrow. Capt S., can you let me have your cart to-day? Dear E., can you lend me your plow, your harrow, or something? No team, no tools; I was soon sick of that, and I bought more land.

Give me a good large farm, and then I can have everything that a farmer wants, and have something to sell. Can you buy a dozen head of cattle at any time, or sell 20, just as fancy or interest may dictate. I want an orchard that would cover a little farm all over. If it is profitable to cultivate one acre well, it is profitable to cultivate 100 well. I know of no way that a man can make a little farm rich, but what could be adapted to a large farm. If there is, I wish your correspondents would point it out.—[Cor. of the N. E. Farmer.]

It requires time to comprehend the full enormity of the Dred Scott decision. Retrospectively it sweeps away more of our political landmarks than any ten different laws that were ever passed by Congress. It makes our Constitution a new creature, from what it was pronounced to be by its framers. Taken in connection with the new administration, and the political movements of the last three years, it has all the appearance of a concerted and profound plot to abet the extension of slavery, made necessary by the bold attitude of the free States. That it will accomplish its object we have no fears at all, because the people of this country can manage these things yet. But that it will lead to a popular commotion and to political changes, greater than any we have witnessed for many years, we have not the least doubt. We now stand face to face with slavery, and we will see for what the Almighty intended this country—whether for the home of freemen or the den of bondage.

[Portland Advertiser.]

MYSTERY, REASON AND TRUTH.—In an essay written some years ago by Rev. Ephraim Peabody, whose recent decease is so deeply lamented by the whole community, we find the following apt and beautiful illustration:

"Night comes down over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour on the deck. The waters plunge and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls like a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course the passenger knows not which way is east or west or north or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course—or what the course is or where they are, he knows not. All around, to him is mystery—he bows down in the submission of utter ignorance."

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a book composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have been and currents drifted; but he knows where they are, and the precise point, where a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is Reason, appreciating and making use of revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of waters, and the passenger beholds a single lantern stand at the wheel and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points every way as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky; but by reason and experience have given him faith in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the unerring integrity of the little globe below him; and so without a single doubt he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves; and that faith is not disappointed. With the sun, he beholds afar the summits of the grey and misty highlands, rising like a cloud on the horizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and sight of joy; the spires of the churches and the shining roofs, among which he strives to detect his own.

R. W. EMERSON'S BOOKS.—The New York Publishers, Circular states, that Mr. Emerson has nearly completed a volume, to be issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., which is to be entitled "The Conduct of Life." It is based upon a series of lectures, delivered several years since. The same author is engaged upon another work, the *magnus opus* of his literary life, entitled "The Natural History of Intellect."

In the fortification appropriation bill the following items were inserted by the Senate and passed with the bill by the House: Hog Island, entrance to Portland harbor, \$50,000; Be of Kennebec river, \$100,000.

DEATH OF PROF. HALEY.—We learn that Prof. Jacob W. Haley, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in the West Point Military Academy, and President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, died at West Point, on the 26th ult.

We learn that the Postmaster General has concluded a contract, with the S. & K. B. Co. extending the mail route from Augusta to Skowhegan. Bernard Remond, of Gardiner has been appointed Route Agent.

CONGRESSIONAL OUTRAGE.—Among the items in the Appropriation Bill passed at a late hour, by Congress, was one paying the expenses of the Kansas Bogus Legislature, to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

To all who suffer from Weakness and Debility, we say, try Oxygenated Bitters, a medicine which contains no alcohol, and has cured the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Anemia, and all derangements of the stomach.

of about thirteen feet, while the stalks were about one inch in diameter at the base.

About the 15th of September, when the seeds were not entirely ripe, I (fearing frost) cut two-thirds of the lot, removed the seeds and crushed in an old cider mill with its upright corrugated wooden rollers; and from this imperfect process I obtained five gallons of juice, which I evaporated to one gallon in an iron pot. The molasses I found equal to the first quality of New Orleans, well charged with sugar granules. It is of fine flavor and cooks white.

The remainder of the cane stood about twenty days longer, during which time it had experienced a severe frost, but with no visible injury. The seed had become fully ripe. I cut and proceeded as before, obtained about the same proportional quantity of molasses, but of better quality, which may have been owing to more careful manipulation.

This trial gives a result of about 300 gallons per acre of first quality molasses. I saved seed to plant fully an acre this year. Half of my seed has been distributed among my friends, and now having faith in the experiment, I shall take more care. I planted too thick. I shall this year try some seeds in the forcing bed, and transplant. I shall plant in ridges not less than three feet apart, running North and South, and shall keep the plants at least six inches apart, thinning out if necessary, and transplanting such as I take up. I find the first seeds saved sprout as well as the last. I may add that I manured, slightly, my hills, from the barn yard."

The Dred Scott Case.

Nominally the slave-power has secured an appalling advance. One after another the safeguards which our fathers erected against the extension of the local institution of chattelism in human beings, have been demolished, until now the Supreme Court declares that conditional slavery may exist in any State of the Union, and that the Constitution, *proprio vigore*, carries the system into the Territories. This slavery is nationalized, and goes over in proud companionship with the stars and stripes of our country's flag!

The country more immediately decided in the Dred Scott case, was that the slave of a citizen in Missouri, going with his master to the free State of Illinois, with a view of a temporary residence there, still remained in the meantime subject to the slave-laws of Missouri. To reach this point, it was decided that the ordinance of '87 was of no effect subsequent to the adoption of the Constitution, and that the clauses of the Missouri Compromise excluding slavery above a certain line were unconstitutional and void.

These inferences condemn the practice and received doctrines of our government from its organization down to the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. For, the ordinance of '87 was reaffirmed by the first Congress which assembled under the Constitution. Under the same policy, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa have been admitted into the Union. It has also been applied to the territories of Oregon, Minnesota, and Washington. If we were to make out a list of the eminent statesmen and profound constitutional lawyers whose expressed opinions are scattered by this decision, we should include nearly every name dear to the American people.

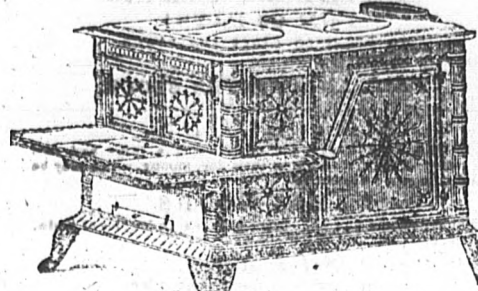
From Washington and Jefferson, through Marshall and Madison, down to Webster, Clay and Benton, the record is all one way—but is now torn to pieces, as far as binding authority is concerned, by Justice Taney and the majority of his Court. Of these over-ruled opinions let us take a few plain words from Daniel Webster, who had a mind, if there ever was one in this country, to comprehend this whole question, and who from inclination and circumstances made it his chief study. Speaking in the Senate, of the complaints made by Southern gentlemen that they could not carry their slaves into free territory, he said:

"How unjust they are, others will judge; generations that come after us will judge. It will not be contended that this sort of personal slavery exists by general law. It exists by local law. I do not deny the validity of that law where it is established; but I say it is, after all, local law. It is nothing more. And wherever that local law does not extend, property in persons does not exist."

These condensed expressions, resulting from life-long study, clear as crystal and firm as adamant, are now sought to be thrown away among the delusions of the past—among perhaps, "the glittering generalities" of our revolutionary fathers.

Kendall's Mills Adv'ts. Portland Advertisements.

STOVES AND HARDWARE.



King Philip Light-Gilt. GILBERT & RICHARDSON Dealers in STOVES.

Hot Air Furnaces, Fire Frames, Farmers' Boilers, House Trimmings, etc.

Unrivaled Hot Air Furnaces, which we will set and warrant.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. The subscriber would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills.

Wholesale Dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. Goods and Groceries.

Barley! Barley! WANTED, 2000 Bushels Barley, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Books, Stationery, Paper Hangings and Fancy Goods.

JOHNSTON & CARLTON. WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Waterville and vicinity that they have taken the store formerly occupied by Mr. Felt.

Our stock of paper hangings is quite large, embracing every desirable article of Room and Curtain Paper.

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F. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY.

THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE. WHERE you can have made, Magazines, Pamphlets, in fact any and every kind of book, from a folio bible to a child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes. BAILEY'S, 65 Exchange Street.

ALBION WITAM, WHOLESALE DEALER IN CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

STEEL & HAYES, No. 110 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

Plated, Britannia and Japan Goods, such as Castors, Forks, Spoons, Tea-Pots, Tea-Trays, etc.

NOYES, WESTON & CO., General Commission Merchants.

FLOUR, CORN, PROVISIONS &c. JOSEPH C. NOYES, 101 Middle Street, Portland, Me.

E. GAMMON & CO. BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 190 Fore-st, Portland.

GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD! Illustration of a person holding a sign.

A. SINCLAIR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN HATS AND CAPS.

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NEW YORK AND PORTLAND.

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Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bangor, Augusta, Kalamazoo, St. John, with despatch, at the cheapest rates. For freight or passage, apply to EDWIN COFFIN, 601 1/2 N. York St., Portland, Me.

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MELODEONS & PIANOS. AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES. ALL Instruments kept in order, and, at least, without charge, and some general instruction given when desired.

Something New Under the Sun! Just received and now opening at S. WEBB'S, THE LARGEST, BEST AND CHEAPEST BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT MILLINERY GOODS. In town, just opened by Miss L. E. INGALLS, at her store corner of Main and Temple streets, embracing Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowered Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Goods, Flannels and White Goods.

MOURNING GOODS. Mohair Caps, Veils, Gloves, Hosiery, etc. All which she determined to sell at the very lowest prices, and which her customers and friends are carefully invited to examine.

GROCERY & PROVISION DEALERS. MARSTON'S BLOCK, Main Street, Waterville. Cash paid for all kinds of Country Produce.

DENTISTRY. DR. F. WATERS continues to execute all orders from those in need of dental services. He is prepared to furnish atmospheric dentures upon the new and improved method of mounting teeth upon elastic bases.

S. FRYE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FLOUR, WEST INDIA GOODS, AND GROCERIES. Canada Flour direct from the Mills. Main Street—opposite the Town Comm. 22 WATERVILLE.

T. A. FOSTER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence in the Dr. Chase's Waterville, House, on Silver Street, Oct. 25, 1886. MAINE.

J. H. PLAISTED & CO., Drugs and Medicines, PAINTS, OILS & DYE STUFFS, WATERVILLE.

ELMWOOD HOTEL, Corner of Main and College Streets, (near the Depot), WATERVILLE, ME.

By JOHN L. SEAVEY, PAINTING, Graining, Glazing and Papering. GEORGE H. ESTY, CONTINUES to meet orders in the above line, in a manner that has been satisfactory to the best customers for a period that indicates some experience in the business. Orders promptly attended to, on application at his shop. Main Street, opposite Marston's Block, WATERVILLE.

WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary and Druggist, WATERVILLE, MAINE. Medicines compounded and put up with care.

G. H. ADAMS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in English and American Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Hair Dyes, Fancy Goods, &c. No. 3, Ticonderoga Row, Waterville, Me.

BENJAMIN KIMBALL, Attorney and Counselor at Law, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, RICHMOND, (Sagadahoc County) MAINE.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, Counselor at Law, and Notary Public, WATERVILLE. Office with Benson & Sons. Residence on College Street, the "H. A. Smith House."

WILLIAM B. SNELL, Counselor at Law, RENDALL'S MILLS, SOMERSET COUNTY. Particular attention paid to procuring Land Warrants.

CARD. THE undersigned has associated with himself in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, T. A. FOSTER, M. D., and practices the professional services of himself and partner to the public.

N. R. BOUTELLE, T. A. FOSTER, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, Waterville, Me. Office over E. T. Elden & Co's Store, Main Street.

GARDINER FLOUR MILL. THE Proprietors having secured their water's right of a SUPERIOR WHEAT, now offer for sale, wholesale and retail, Gardner's No. 3, Ticonderoga Row, Waterville, Me.

Double Extra, Extra, and Family Flour, Put up in 25 lbs. and 100 lb. bags. The above being manufactured from the best selected wheat, and always warranted, we feel confident will give satisfaction. Also, Feed of all kinds, constantly for sale. Gardner's No. 3, Ticonderoga Row, Waterville, Me.

TOYS! Toys! Toys! In great variety and at all prices, wholesale and retail, at JOHNSTON & CARLTON'S.

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DR. E. F. WHITMAN, Oculist and Aurist.

No. 116 Court Street, Boston.

Also, Inventor and Manufacturer of INVISIBLE EAR TRUMPETS. Artificial Ears made and inserted at Short Notice.

PAIN KILLER! DR. HENRY HUNT was cured of NEURALGIA or SOZOL, after having been under the care of a physician six months. The Cramp and Pain Killer was the first thing that afforded him any permanent relief.

DAVID BARKER was cured of a Rheumatic Pain in the Knee, after three or four days and nights of intense suffering, by the use of the Cramp and Pain Killer.

T. H. CARMAN, suffering from Cramp in the limbs, the cords of his right arm and leg, was cured by the use of the Cramp and Pain Killer. At another time a few applications entirely cured him of an exceedingly bad Rheumatic affluence in the back.

A young lady, 15 years of age, daughter of John W. Sherwood, was long afflicted with SPINAL COMPLAINT. After being reduced to the verge of the grave, she was cured by the use of the Cramp and Pain Killer.

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