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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

From the Evangelist.

Androscoggin River.

The first exploration of the Androscoggin river is of uncertain antiquity. In 1605, George Westworth, an English navigator, in the employ of the Earl of Southampton, discovered the Sagadahoc, and went up the river, as it is said, in his large for the distance of sixty miles. The river up which he went is described as being a most excellent and beneficial river, "tending westward into the maine, and at that height it began to narrow." It is uncertain whether this was the Androscoggin or Kennebec. Probably, however, it was the Kennebec, although there are those who contend that Weymouth's explorations were up the Androscoggin.

Weymouth sailed for England in June, 1605, and took with him four of the natives, whom he had treacherously seized, an act which laid the foundation of the animosity which afterwards existed between the whites and Indians. In 1607, Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Sir Fernando Gorges, sent out an expedition of one hundred emigrants, under the command of George Popham, a brother of Sir John, and of Raleigh Gilbert, who landed near the mouth of the Kennebec, probably in Phippsburg, and commenced a settlement. The colony remained through the following winter, which is described as being very severe, when George Popham having died, and Gilbert leaving to return to England, the whole colony went and back to England. There can be no doubt that during the year that this colony remained, the Androscoggin was explored far up into the country; especially as we are told that many "discoveries were made, both to the maine and upon the neighboring rivers."

The first settlers upon the Androscoggin, were Thomas Purchase and George Way, who settled here in 1624. Purchase settled near the foot of Pejepscot Falls, now Brunswick. His title to the land was a grant or patent from the King, through the council of Plymouth, to himself and George Way. Mr. Purchase remained at Pejepscot until 1676, when he was driven away by the Indians, engaged in catching, curing and packing salmon and sturgeon, for the foreign market. The house in which he first lived was burned, and in it was burned the deed or patent of his land, so that afterwards it became a matter of controversy whether he ever had any. He afterwards built "a fine stone house," which served as a fortress of defense against the Indians. In July, 1684, the heirs of Purchase and Way sold the Pejepscot claim to Richard Wharton, a merchant of Boston. Subsequently Wharton procured the release of the Indian claim to his Pejepscot land, of Waramba and other Sagamores, which defined it as extending up the river to the "Upper Pejepscot Falls." It afterwards became a question as to what falls were meant, whether it were the Brunswick, Lewiston, Livermore, or Rumford Falls. It was with reference to the question, that the deposition of Perepole was taken, which was given in a former article.

Subsequently Wharton attempted to obtain a confirmation of his grant from James II., but he died before its execution in London, May, 1689. In 1688, Gov. Andros of Mass., built a fort, and established a garrison of 40 regular troops and 120 militia from Mass., at Pejepscot, under the command of Lieut. Col. McGregory, Maj. Thos. Savage and Capt. Manning.

In 1690, during the King William, or second Indian War, Maj. Church, at the head of 300 troops from Plymouth and Mass., visited Pejepscot, and at day light, attacked an Indian fort at that place, murdered most of the inmates, consisting of women and children, and destroyed the fort. Next day he proceeded with his men forty miles up the river, to another Indian fort, where he rescued seven captives, killed twenty-one of the enemy, and took one prisoner.

This prisoner was Agameus, called from his great size, Great Tom, who was a solemn fellow, but had the address to escape from his captors.

Nov. 22, 1690, a truce was concluded for five months between the English and six Sagamores of the Abenaki tribes, Waramba representing the Pejepscot tribe, and John Hadkins, or Kankamagus, the Pennacook or Rumford Falls Indians.

Richard Wharton died insolvent. In 1714, those into whose hands his Pejepscot purchase had passed, sold the whole claim to Messrs. Wintthrop, T. Hutchinson, and seven others, for 100 pounds sterling. Brunswick, Topsham and Harpswell, were the first permanently settled towns of the Pejepscot purchase, which was in 1715.

In July, 1722, the Indians made a descent on Brunswick, setting the village on fire, and reducing it to ashes. In 1764, Brunswick had 204 inhabitants, Harpswell had 826, and Topsham 340.

A few additional incidents relative to the early history of some of the other towns upon the Androscoggin, will close my sketch of that river. Livermore was settled in 1774, by Des. Elijah Devereux and others, from Waltham, Mass. Des. Livermore was the proprietor of the town. His son, Maj. Samuel Livermore, was the first settler and owner of Canton Point. Canton Point was then in Phillips, Canada, which included

what is now Jay and Canton. This was granted by the General Court of Mass., to the heirs of Sir William Phipps and his associates, who, in 1704, made an expedition into Canada in the dead of winter against the Indians, and hence the name. These persons were authorized, in consideration of this service by their fathers, all of whom were dead, at the time of the grant, to select from any ungranted land, in the Province of Maine, east of Saco river, a tract six miles square. They accordingly made their survey, and established the boundary of their grant by monuments, and the General Court confirmed the grant. Their grant, however, turned out to be fifteen miles long in one direction, reaching from what is now Hartford to Chesterville. It probably was deemed no crime in those days to take land without consent of the owner, any more than it is now to take water. Tradition preserves an anecdote which would seem to indicate that no very rigid morality governed the early settlers in their intercourse with the Indians. Perepole, the Indian of whom I have spoken, claimed Canton Point on the ground of his being the last survivor of the Rocomeko tribe. He was always annoying Maj. Livermore with his persistent talk about his claim. At last the Major promised him sixty dollars if he would say no more about it. Subsequently, however, Perepole complained because, as he said, "I got drestful little dollars." Scandal has it that he paid in York shillings.

No town upon the Androscoggin is richer in historical interest, and interesting story, than Rumford. Around the falls and interstices of that town, live the Pennacook Indians, who all passed "long time ago," to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," leaving their hereditary heritage to be the scene of adventure and peril to another race.

The falls in this town are a splendid cataraet. The water tumbles and foams over a ledge of rocks, which, by the constant action of the water, are worn to a deep chasm. Just below where the water begins to descend almost perpendicularly, is a large rock in the center of the river, called "Roll's Rock." Of this rock, tradition has preserved the following story—

Soon after the first settlement of the town, a man by the name of Roll, crossed the river, just above the falls, in a flat boat, with his horse, for the purpose of having him shod. He tarried until night at a retail shop in the neighborhood, and partook somewhat freely of what then, as well as now, has a tendency to render men in their own estimation, very wise and brave. Against the remonstrances of his friends he started after dark with his horse, to recross the river.

The next morning his horse was found quietly grazing in a neighboring field; but the boat and Roll himself, were nowhere to be found. The alarm was given, the people assembled, and upon comparing notes it was decided that probably Roll had gone over the falls, and if so, he was one of that noted class who "tell no tales." Just, however, as all were returning, musing on the uncertainty of human life, the fog cleared up, and Roll was discerned perched upon the summit of the rock, surrounded by the raging torrent, and beyond the reach of courts and sheriffs, with their writs and warrants. He had spent the night "alone in his glory," sole monarch of a before unexplored domain, reflecting, no doubt, upon the pleasures of solitude and retirement, cheered and caroled by the music of one of nature's organs, the everlasting roar of the falls. He, however, was prepared to abdicate his throne, and retire to private life, if his neighbors would but assist and aid in the work. After having devised several schemes to rescue him, without success, a long rope was floated within his reach, with which he made a "timber hitch" around his body, and by his friends he was drawn through the boiling and foaming billows safe to land. The first words uttered by the rescued man after recovering his breath, were, "That rock is a dry place for tobacco."

The territory now Rumford, was a grant of Massachusetts to Timothy Walker and his associates, to compensate them for a loss they had sustained by the result of a conspiracy, decreed by the Court of King's Bench in England, relative to the boundaries of what is now Concord, N. H., of which they were the original grantees. Timothy Walker was the first Congregational minister of Concord, the Indian name of which was Pennicook, and hence most of the first settlers of Rumford being from Concord, they called this also Pennicook. Walker had an only daughter, who married one Thompson, a native of Woburn, Mass. Of this union there was one child, Sally Thompson.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, Thompson left his family, joined the English in Boston, and afterwards went to England. Subsequently he went to Germany, where he obtained by some means, a large estate, was made a nobleman, and assumed the appellation of "Count Rumford." After the peace, he sent for his daughter, Sally, who went out to Europe, and finally, on the death of her father, inherited his estate and title, being "Countess of Rumford." She however returned after having spent a number of years in Europe, and resided for some time in Concord, N. H., but finally died in Germany. Through her mother, the Countess of Rumford inherited one-half of Timothy Walker's share of the Rumford land. The mother of the Countess of Rumford, after a number of years from the time that her first husband left her, married one Benj. Roll, and by him she had one son, Israel, who inherited the other half of her portion. This Benj. Roll

was a brother of our hero of the falls. The descendants of this family are now among the most respectable citizens of this town and vicinity. Paul Roll, half brother to the Countess of Rumford, graduated at Harvard, and was a lawyer of Salem, Mass. The first settler of Rumford was Jonathan Keys, from Shrewsbury, Mass. In 1775, he brought his family to New Gloucester, where he left his wife and small children, and with a little son, seven years of age, commenced a journey through the pathless wilderness, to find a spot for a residence upon the banks of the Androscoggin. They arrived at the place where is now Rumford Corner, one afternoon in June, just before the setting of the sun. Here, upon the very spot which he afterwards selected as a site for his home, the cellar of which a few years ago was remaining, he raised a pole, as his Ebenezer, read one of the Psalms of David, and with his son knelt, and in prayer commended themselves to the care and protection of the God of Heaven.

The son, who had been dead for several years, always retained a vivid recollection of this, probably the first act of christian devotion ever witnessed within the limits of what is now the town of Rumford. Here, for the first time, in a temple not made with hands, and the surrounding woods for its walls, and the arched blue sky for its dome, this pioneer of the forest opened and read the holy oracles of Truth; here for the first time was vocal prayer offered to the God of the christian; and although a knee then thousands of prayers have been offered, and tens of thousands of acts of devotion been performed, yet it may well be doubted whether any of them have been more acceptable to God, or more profitable to the devotees, than was this simple and unostentatious worship, unseen and unknown except to his father in Heaven. This worthy man lived to see the wilderness around him bud and blossom as the rose. A pious chieftain, an honest man, a good citizen and kind neighbor, he lived respected and beloved, and died lamented by all who knew him. A covenant-keeping God has prospered his descendants even to the third and fourth generations. They reside in Rumford and the towns adjacent, and also in Jay, in Francestown county, and probably elsewhere.

For the facts contained in the above sketch of Rumford, I was indebted, many years ago, to Peter C. Virgin, Esq., a citizen of that town.

How to Pack Eggs. The following directions are given, by one who has had a good deal of egg packing to do, as the best method: "Always use clean oats. First, put them one inch deep in the bottom of the barrel; then a pretty firm sheet of paper; then a half inch of oats again, well pressed; then eggs, end up, followed by oats and eggs as before, but working each layer of oats with the hand snugly down around the eggs next the barrel, as well as rubbing them effectually in between each of the eggs in the layer. I use a board some six or eight inches square, with a loop or staple in the centre, for pressing each layer of oats firmly down. There will be something gained by lifting and dropping the barrel square on the end, but not by shaking, as it disturbs the layers. When it gets too heavy to lift, use a board three-fourths as large as the head, and get on it, increasing your weight with a spring. End as you began, with paper and oats, getting on the head and driving it in. The secret lies all in packing the oats. Oats are better worth sending to market than hay, and just as safe. I have sent ten barrels at a time without losing a single egg. You must pack tight. Remember that."

[Rural New Yorker.]

PRESERVING CABBAGES. It will soon be time to set out cabbage plants. To preserve them from the worm which makes such havoc among them, the following remedy is suggested to us by one of the most successful cabbage raisers in this country. Dig a circular trench around the plant, say about an inch deep, and fill the trench with common salt. These insects are near the surface of the ground and will not go thru' nor over dirt in which it becomes dissolved. We are informed that a gentleman in the back part of this city, never fails of a crop of cabbages, on account of the worm, the remedy being simply to fill the drills into which the seed is dropped with salt-brine. [Bellevue Age.]

SOAP SUDS FOR CURRANT BUSHES. A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer says: "I have found the cultivation of currants to be very profitable. By care and attention I greatly increased the size of my bushes and the quality of the fruit. My bushes are now about six or eight feet high, and are remarkably thrifty. The cause of this large growth, I attribute in a great measure to the fact that I have been in the habit of pouring soap suds and chamber ley around their roots during the summer season. I am satisfied that from my own experience and that of some of my neighbors, that this treatment will produce a most astonishing effect upon the growth and product of the bushes, and would advise others to give it a trial."

A country paper once said: E. B. Doolittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing hen-roosts. If he does not desist, we shall publish his name."

The hint of the minister at camp-meeting was a little less pointed, when he said, "If the lady with the blue hair, red hair and cross eyes doesn't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation."

Exterminate the weeds.

MISCELLANY.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

EUDORA ST. JOHN.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

"Jim, Jim, you black nigger you, if you don't come dis way quick I'll comb your wool for you when I does comb you; mind, I tell you, now, you dirty nigger pie-a-ninny you."

"Ya, ya, ole Clo, how you does sputter, reckon you'll catch me fore you pulls my wool won't you? Ya, ya, he, he, he," and away ran the provoking little rogue, and, tumbling heels over head, over the stone wall, scampering off to the cotton field to see what mischief he could find to do there.

Cleopatra, the cook, stood a few moments ruefully watching the slippery Jim, as he raced away, then sighing and muttering to herself she returned to the kitchen.

"Dat nigger'll get his hide took off, sure as anything, when new massa comes home. We's all got to see hard times now, I reckon. Oh, Lord, what poor niggers made for!" Cleo took the waterpail and went herself to fill it. She then set herself busily to preparing dinner for her master and his company, and thus engaged we leave her.

The good and generous master of the large estate where was enacted the above scene had been called suddenly away from earth, and, as he was a widower and childless, and had died without a will, his property fell to the heir at law—a nephew of the late owner. This nephew was a man of thirty-four years of age, who had long been accustomed to do that which was right in his own eyes, and those eyes were such as had no fear of God (or man) before them. He had visited his newly acquired property, and stopped there long enough to show pretty clearly to the two hundred slaves now become his, what sort of treatment they might look for from his hands, and to give orders for divers alterations and improvements about the grounds; he had then taken his departure (as was supposed by many) to be married, and bring his bride to his new home. The day on which our tale commences was that appointed for his return to his plantation, and orders had been sent that everything should be in a state of perfect preparation to receive and entertain himself and whoever he might bring with him. Here leave we him until he forces himself upon our notice.

CHAPTER II.

In the bar-room of a southern hotel stood two persons, seemingly gentlemen—that is, they were clad as such, and viewing them out of reach of the sound of their voices, one would say their manners were polished and polite. They were handsome in form and feature, and they seemed to be greatly interested in the subject of which they spoke.

I say, Danioise, I think you might give a man a chance there—you ought to be satisfied with what you have beside, and not hold on so tight. Come, now, do be reasonable—I'll give you \$2000 for her, cash down."

"Can't do it, my dear fellow; would be glad to oblige you if anything in reason, but really you must be content to be denied for this year at least. Possibly I may sell her to you next, but 'pon my soul, I wouldn't take \$10,000 for her this; no, not to save the soul of my father."

"Well, well, Danioise then I must give it up; but Jupiter never fashioned a rarer article. What a sensation she'd make, set up for sale in the market! I'd like to see that fun provided I had it in my power to outbid them all."

"Ah, ha! ha! Harris, how your mouth does water for the grapes you cannot reach. I'm afraid your almost-coveting your neighbor's property, my boy. Don't allow yourself to do that; it's wicked, you know but she is a delicious article, isn't she?"

CHAPTER III.

"The days of old, the days of old, How beautiful they seem."

School days, ah, the happy school days! What son or daughter of a boarding school can ever forget them? What if one did get into all manner of troubles and tribulations didn't one always get out again; and wasn't the fun of stealing by dozens in each other's sleeping apartments, in defiance of all rule, and laughing together over the mischief past and gone, payment in full for everything in the shape of punishment? Yes, it was; to say nothing of the pleasure of plotting more sport and wickedness. Who wouldn't rather end in a while, got caught in the act and punished in due measure for mischief than never commit any? Who?

Among all the schoolmates whom I loved and whom I shall ever remember, was one prominent for her mirthful and mirth-creating spirit. She was a noble girl. I never saw her equal, never. Tall, graceful, commanding in appearance; her high brow and wonderful eyes spoke of a nature above the common stamp. I cannot describe her so that any can imagine her as she really looked. She was my schoolmate for six long years. At ten years of age, she came to our school—came from her mother's death-bed and her sable robes and great beauty interested all at once in her favor. As we became better acquainted with her, we loved her more and more, for she was as loving and warm-hearted as she was beautiful. Such stories as she used to tell us of her dear old southern home, of her father whose idol she was (and no wonder though we), and the darling she was never more to see.

Her name was Eudora—Eudora St. John. What eyes she had. They would gleam,

and flash when she was excited or interested in anything, so that no one could fail to remark them. Deep and clear they were too, causing one to think involuntarily of a "haunted well." We used to call the light that often shone from Eudora's eyes sheet lightning."

Of all the frolics and all the sports of our school, that girl was general and ring leader, and yet she never lost the favor of her teachers. There was a charm about her which was felt by young and old.

Years passed by, and Eudora became sixteen years of age. I had finished my education, and was expecting soon to bid farewell to my mates of many years, and go home to my parents and settle down into private life.

One afternoon Eudora came flying into my room. "I have a letter from home," said she to my father says I must come home to him next month; he wants to see me, and he is going to send a gentleman to escort me home. Oh how good it will seem to see him once more, and get back among my slaves. Ah, ha, ha, Maria, are you so very much shocked? You know we never could agree on one point—I love to have slaves about me; you are a little abolitionist."

"Oh Eudora, how I wish that one blot was not upon you. We all love you so, but we always thought you had one great fault of that of defending and loving slavery."

"I am sorry to incur your displeasure, Maria, but you should not judge so harshly of things of which you know so little. I tell you the slaves are better off than the free poor. I ought to know, for I've seen it. Many of them would refuse freedom were it offered."

"Perhaps they might I have nothing to say of particular cases; but 'tis the system I hate and abhor."

"Oh don't trouble your head about politics Maria, the system will take care of itself. 'Tis well enough."

"It is not well. How can you say that a law which gives one human being absolute power over another, which classes men with brutes, is well enough? Eudora, you may live to see things in a different light."

"Ah, ha, ha!" laughed Eudora. "I won't stay with you any longer, while you have such an abolition fit on," and away she ran.

Sooner than she expected, she was sent for to go home. A tall and very handsome and distinguished looking southerner was who he introduced himself as "Mr. Guy Glenwood the friend of your father, Mr. St. John, and if you please, Miss St. John, I shall be ready to start for home with you as soon as you can be ready for the journey."

Eudora said she should be ready to start in two days.

I could not forbear noticing the glances of admiration and surprise that the stranger cast at my friend. He could hardly turn his eyes away from her while she was in the room; and when he rose to take leave, he walked up and took her hand, saying, "I leave you now, Miss St. John, but I shall be on the spot early Thursday morning, and may I not hope that as your father has had honored me with his friendship, you will not deny me yours?"

Eudora blushed as she answered "my friendship is easily won by those who deserve it."

There was no hidden meaning in the words of my friend, but the blood mounted in a torrent to the temples of Glenwood, and bowing low over her hand he murmured some indistinct and faint words and departed.

"What did he say," said I, as she stood looking after her in a kind of maze."

"That is more than I can tell," she said, "though I know what it sounded like, but that is impossible."

"What did it sound like, Eudora?"

"Proud, and bright, and beautiful, and all my own; but of course, I heard amiss."

My friend and I parted. A sad time we had of it, but the promises on both sides of frequent letters and occasional visits, blunted the keen edge of our sorrow. Of my own after life I have nothing to say here let me follow Eudora.

Her companion seemed wholly devoted to her. His undisguised admiration embarrassed her at first but before they had been two days upon their journey he proffered himself her lover, and won from her the confession that she was not indifferent to him. She began to feel that she did indeed love him, with a wild and passionate love but it was not a trusting nor happy one. There was that in his manner which at times troubled and perplexed her exceedingly. He seemed to feel that she was *his*, in a sense too literal for Eudora's poetic nature. As they drew near and nearer home, the strangeness of his manner increased. He was full of a feverish and idolatrous love, and he began to express it in a way which looked like disrespect.

Eudora grew cool. They reached New Orleans. The house where Glenwood stopped was not a hotel. There was a large and elegantly furnished chamber there but it was a back chamber, Eudora was weary when she entered that room, but she thought it strange that they should bring her at once to her chamber. She threw her things upon the sofa and dropping into a stuffed easy chair before the glowing fire was soon fast asleep. A kiss upon her lips—a kiss that was an insult—awoke her. Glenwood stood beside her in her chamber. She tried to rise, but it was only to be encircled by his arms and forced down upon his knee. She screamed aloud. He laughed and kissed her again.

"Villain, why are you here? What do you mean? Let me go, I command you," cried the trembling girl.

"I am here because I love you. I mean to stay with you. It is my place to command not yours now my beauty; but you may try and see how far you can go, and then perhaps you will be content to allow me to enjoy your company with as little screaming as is convenient, as there is no one to hear you or to interfere with and spoil our pleasant evening together if they do hear."

He loosened his hold upon her, and watched her with a wicked smile, as she vainly tried to open the windows and the doors.

Eudora saw that it was in vain, and sinking on the floor as Glenwood came toward her, she begged of him not to touch her, if he did not wish to see her go raving mad before his eyes. Then springing to her feet in sudden strength and courage she demanded, "How dare you treat me thus? False friend and dastardly miscreant that you are! Don't you know that my father will kill you?"

"Nay nay, my beautiful tigress, you reckon too fast by half. Come back to the easy chair and I'll explain matters to you."

He drew her along for a deathly sickness a fearful miening, deprived her of all power to resist. Seating himself with her in his arms he continued, "I'm afraid you are going to faint, so I must hold you. My story or rather your story, Eudora, is told in a few words. Your father as you call him was also your master. Your mother was a beautiful slave whom he loved as I do you. Your father is dead. I am his heir, and you are my slave Eudora."

The miserable girl did not faint—she wondered why she did not die. At once and forever, hope and joy, mirth and the spirit of gladness, forsook her bosom. She looked up into the face of Glenwood and smiled.

"I said slavery was a good thing," said she, "now I have proved it; how strangely things do come about."

The cruel man was frightened. He thought her reason had left her—but it was not wholly gone. He tried to comfort her as well as he knew how—telling her it was a hard case he knew, but that she should never know a slave's hard duty. He would always love and cherish her, and be as true to her as though she were a free born woman and his lawful wife. The base liar! and he—for his name was Danioise—had promised his friend Harris that he should have Eudora in another year!

Soon the poor girl began to beg of her master to give her leave to go into the cotton field and not force her to become his mistress. But he laughed the proposal to scorn. Relieved to find that the information had given had not crushed his victim at once into an idiot, as he had for a moment feared, his spirits returned, and avowing that he would teach her to love her slavery and her master better than freedom, he forbade her to hope to escape him; his wishes were now to be her law.

Alas, the beautiful, the high-souled and dignified Eudora St. John. One little hour ago, deeming herself an idolized daughter, a free-born wealthy mistress of two hundred slaves, the friend and lady love of a noble gentleman, and now awakening to the reality that she is an orphan, a slave, and the last victim of a desperate and merciless villain.

The next day, Glenwood Danioise took Eudora to his plantation, but the beauty which he had hoped and intended should have graced the entertainment he that day gave to a large number of friends, was dimmed and drenched with tears.

And was it thus that, after her long absence, Eudora St. John must enter the home of her childhood? Danioise was satisfied that she was unfit for anything but solitude, and as he made no objection to her going at once to her chamber—her own old chamber, where, with her mother, she had slumbered in the years when she new not that she was a slave. She flung herself upon her bed, and wept, and groined, and writhed in her intolerable and hopeless agony. She was no longer the being that won the admiration of all who beheld her. Danioise might do anything he thought best with her now, she would resist nothing. It seemed that the conviction that the blood of the fated and down-trodden race ran in her veins, had killed her courage and self-respect, her high spirit and pride at once blown. Glenwood Danioise had seized, with a strong and rude hand, the treasure that had glittered before his eyes, and fired his unholy heart, but it had withered in his grasp. Even his sacred conscience and his hard heart were touched by the sight of the ruin he had wrought, and with all the love and gentleness he knew how to show, he tried to win his victim back to something like her former self. But his efforts were all in vain. No smile ever again wreathed those beautiful lips. The mirthful and the loving light of those glorious eyes had gone out and could not be rekindled. She did not resist his will in anything, she was a slave, the blood of servitude, ran through her heart, she was nothing any more.

Such is one chapter of slavery.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years from the date of the commencement of my story, my husband and I were travelling in Louisiana. Having heard much of the slave markets, we resolved to gather our courage enough to take a peep at one of those scenes of horror with our own eyes. What we saw there the first half hour, I will not attempt to describe. At the end of that time, a poor, half-dying shadow of a woman was pushed on the auction block. Her skin, in places where it had not been burned by the sun, was fair as my own. Her ragged dress exposed her shoulders to the public gaze. Marks, as if

from strokes of the heavy whip, were upon that fair back; her long black hair hung in waves about her face and shoulders, and her large glittering eyes gave her a most unearthly look. "Who bids," cried the auctioneer, "who bids for Eudora St. John?"

We bought her—my husband and I—Abolitionists as we were, we were determined to buy one slave in spite of our principles. This, then, was why I had never heard from my beloved schoolmate. This was why none of my letters had ever been answered.

"Oh, Eudora, you may live to see things in a different light."

Poor, poor Eudora! We carried her to our happy eastern home, and as we smoothed her pathway to the grave, she told us all her sad history. Danioise fulfilled his promise to Harris. He was even better than his word, for in less than a year, wearied by the sad and silent sullenness of Eudora, he delivered her over to the tender mercies of his friend, for the sum of \$1500. Harris could not enjoy her strange mood much better than Danioise, and as he also failed in his efforts to change it, he soon sent her to the field, where, for years, she toiled and groined under the lash of tongue and whip. At the death of Harris she was sold (with the rest of his cattle), to pay his debts.

By the side of my mother, in the little graveyard, in the village of —, sleeps my poor Eudora, and her history is one of the things that recommends slavery to my special favor.

Correspondence of the New York Post.

The Double-Headed Girl.

In your notice of a double-headed girl on exhibition in Georgia, you express doubts as to the truth of the statement contained in the notice you published. One year ago I saw this child in St. Louis, Missouri. She is a slave, born in North Carolina. While an infant she was sold for one thousand dollars. At the age of six or seven years she was sold again for five thousand dollars. The owner took the child to England and exhibited it to hundreds of thousands in the old world. The present owner bought his mother, went to England, and instituted legal proceedings in the name of the mother, for the custody of the child.

The resemblance which the child bore to the mother was so strong that the presiding judge directed it to be given up to the mother, which was done. The late owner then offered to deposit in court fifty thousand dollars to the credit of the mother if she would commit the child to him again, and remain with it herself; for, by the laws of England she and her child were free. The offer was declined. "What should I do with so much money?" said she. "I wish to return with my child to North Carolina," which she did by the way of New-York.

Her owner then asked the mother in what manner she wished to live, and he would conform to it. She asked for a little cottage and a patch of ground where she could raise her own chickens. There, says her master, she lives with her husband and five other children which he had purchased. Two others were sold while young to a negro trader; and notwithstanding that the master of this valuable family has offered five hundred dollars to know who is the present owner of these two, no trace can be found of their whereabouts.

I never saw a more sprightly child of its age than this wonderful twin child, which in fact is two children in everything but the body. A little below the shoulder blade there is but one spinal column; there are two heads and necks, two hearts and sets of lungs, four arms and four legs—in short the child is as much two as one. The two heads converse with each other, as do the Siamese Twins. They can sing together separately, and can talk with different persons at the same time. This double creature can run and dance, and appears perfectly happy. It was dressed, when I saw it, in white, with a crown on each head, with long flowing curling hair. The complexion is a dark copper color, with bright full eyes noticing all that takes place in their presence; but for the fear of emancipation the child would be taken to the North. Nearly one hundred dollars a day were received while it was in St. Louis.

W. T. C.

Brooklyn, June 1, 1859.

THE TONGUES OF POVERTY. When Leitch Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of palor, equal and raggedness, his heart ached him, and he turned back:

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"

"Sure it's begging I am, yer honor."

"You didn't say a word."

"Ov course not yer honor; but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers! and the bones crying out me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks and the famine that's staring in me eyes. Man alive isn't it begging that I am with a hundred tongues!"

FAULT FINDING. Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch pray and read the Koran. One night as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading.

