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SELECT POETRY.



NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is not exhaled to fall away
In Summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountain's airy spray.
Nothing is lost; the thicket song,
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis own and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.
So with our words, or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not!
So with our deeds; for good or ill
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rift with good!

A GREAT SLAVE AUCTION.

2400 Men, Women and Children Sold.

Mr. Pierce Butler Changing his Investments.

SCENES AT THE SALE.

Human Feelings of no Account.

MR BUTLER GIVES EACH CHATTEL A DOLLAR.

The *New York Tribune*, of the 9th inst., contains a long and interesting report of an extensive sale of slaves at Savannah, Ga., a short time previous. As the late owner of the slaves is a well known Philadelphian, and as the sale in question has created unusual interest both North and South, we have concluded to transfer the entire account to our columns. The report is understood to have been the work of Mr. Mortimer Thompson, a reporter for the *Tribune*, who is better known as "Doesticks." Mr. Thompson has made an able report, and he has drawn a very graphic description of what must have been a striking scene.

Mr. Pierce Butler is a native Philadelphian. He is a son of Dr. James Mease, a well known physician and literary man of this city. Dr. Mease married Miss Butler, the daughter of Major Pierce Butler, who resided by turns in Philadelphia and in Georgia. Dr. Mease had two sons—John and Pierce—who early in life dropped their paternal name, and have ever since been known by the name of Butler. The brothers fell heir to the large estate of their maternal grandfather, and the slave portion of Mr. Pierce Butler's share of the estate formed the staple of the sale reported below. Mr. John Butler went to Mexico in command of a volunteer company during the war. He died there of disease contracted in that country. His widow still retains her share of the slave estate in Georgia.

Mr. Pierce Butler married Miss Frances Ann Kemble, the celebrated actress, and the unhappy divorce suit which was the result of the marriage is fresh in the memory of most of our readers. The difficulties which eventuated in a separation of the couple are understood to have been fomented by the possession of the "Wily slave property" which has just been disposed of. Mrs. Butler had a natural antipathy to servitude, and this feeling was encouraged by some of the literary associates of the gifted lady. Mr. Butler, upon the other hand, was a warm admirer and advocate of the "peculiar institution," and much of the "incompatibility of temper" upon which the application for divorce was based is believed to have grown out of this difference of opinion.

A year or two since, when the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng preached his celebrated sermon concerning "Our Country's Troubles," in which the slavery proclivities of the Federal Government were handled without gloves, Mr. Butler was a member of vestry of the Church of the Epiphany where the sermon was delivered. He took up the Slavery cause in opposition to the young minister, and the wealthy slave holder was one of his most unrelenting opponents. Mr. B. carried his indignation so far as to dismantle his pew at the church, until Mr. Tyng was ousted from the pulpit.

Mr. Butler owned considerable property in Philadelphia as well as in Georgia; but a re-

cent series of unfortunate stock speculations involved him in difficulties which resulted in enormous losses. To relieve himself from his financial reverses, a large portion of his property in and about Philadelphia has already been disposed of, and the sale reported below was effected for the same object. Without further preface we give the *Tribune's* report of the Great Slave Sale:

The largest sale of human chattels that has been made in the Star-Spangled America for several years took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, at the Race Course near the City of Savannah, Georgia. The lot consisted of four hundred and thirty-six men, women, children and infants, being half of the negro stock remaining on the old Major Butler plantations which fell to one of the two heirs to that estate. Major Butler dying, left a property valued at more than a million of dollars, the major part of which was invested in rice and cotton plantations, and the slaves thereon, all of which immense fortune descended to the heirs, his sons, Mr. John Butler, sometime deceased, and Mr. Pierce Butler, still living, and resident in the City of Philadelphia, in the free State of Pennsylvania. Losses in the grand crash of 1857-8, and other exigencies of business, have impelled the latter gentleman to realize on his Southern investments, that he may satisfy sundry pressing creditors, and be enabled to resume business with the surplus, if any. The necessity led to a partition of the negro stock on the Georgia plantations between himself and the representative of the other heir, the widow of the late John Butler, and the negroes that were brought to the hammer last week were the property of Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, and were in fact sold to pay Mr. Pierce Butler's debts. The creditors were represented by Gen. Caldwell, while Mr. Butler was present in person, attended by his business agent, to attend to his own interests.

The sale had been advertised largely for many weeks—though the name of Mr. Butler was not mentioned—and as the negroes were known to be a choice lot and very desirable property, the attendance of buyers was large. The breaking up of an old family estate is an uncommon occurrence, that the affair was regarded with unusual interest throughout the South. For several days before the sale every hotel in Savannah was crowded with negro speculators from North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, who had been attracted thither by the prospect of making good bargains. Nothing was heard for days, in the bar-rooms, but talk of the great sale, criticism of the business affairs of Mr. Butler, and speculations as to the probable prices the stock would bring. The office of Joseph Bryan, the negro broker who had the management of the sale, was thronged every day by eager inquirers in search of information, and by some who were anxious to buy, but were uncertain as to whether their securities would prove acceptable. Little parties were made up from the various hotels every day to visit the Race Course, distant some three miles from the city, to look over the chattels, discuss their points, and make memoranda for guidance on the day of sale. The buyers were generally of a rough breed, slangy, profane and boisterous, being for the most part from the back river and swamp plantations, where the exigencies of police life are not perhaps developed to their fullest extent. In fact, the humanities are sadly neglected by the petty tyrants of the rice fields that border the dismal Swamp, their knowledge of the luxuries of our best society comprehending only revolvers and kindred delicacies.

Your correspondent was present at an early date, but as he easily anticipated the touching welcome that would, at such a time, be officiously extended to a representative of the *Tribune*, and being a modest man withal, and not desiring to be the recipient of a public demonstration from the enthusiastic Southern population, who at times overdo their hospitality and their guests, he did not placard his mission and claim his honors. Although he kept his business in the background, he made himself a prominent figure in the picture, and wherever there was anything going on, there was he in the midst. At the sale might have been seen a busy individual, armed with pencil and catalogue, doing his utmost to keep up all the appearances of a knowing buyer, prying "likely nigger fellers," talking confidentially to the smartest ebony mounds, chucking the round-eyed youngsters under the chin, making an occasional bid for a large family (a low bid—so low that somebody always instantly raised him twenty-five dollars, when the busy man would ignominiously retreat) and otherwise conducting himself like a rich planter, with forty thousand dollars where he could put his finger on it. This gentleman was much consoled with by some sympathizing persons, when the particularly fine lot on which he had fixed his critical eye was sold and lost to him forever, because he happened to be down stairs at lunch just at the interesting moment.

WHERE THE NEGROES CAME FROM.
The negroes came from two plantations—the one a rice plantation near Darien, in the State of Georgia, not far from the great Okefenokee Swamp, and the other a cotton plantation on the extreme northern point of St. Simon's Island, a little bit of an island in the Atlantic, cut off from Georgia mainland by a slender arm of the sea. Through the most of the stock had been accustomed only to rice and cotton-planting and culture, there were among them a number of very passable mechanics, who had been taught to do all the rougher sorts of mechanical work on the plantations. There were coopers, carpenters, shoemakers and blacksmiths, each one equal in his various craft to the ordinary requirements of a plantation—that is, the coopers could make rice-tierces,

and possibly, on a pinch, rude tubs and buckets; the carpenter could do the rough carpentry about the negro quarters, the shoemaker could make shoes of the fashion required for the slaves; and the blacksmith was adequate to the manufacture of hoes and similar simple tools, and to such trifling repairs in the blacksmithing ways did not require too refined a skill. Though probably no one of all these workmen among the masters of the craft, their knowledge of these various trades sold in some cases for nearly as much as the man—that is, a man without a trade, who would be valued at \$900, would readily bring \$1,000 or \$1,700 if he was a passable blacksmith or cooper.

There were no light mulattoes in the whole lot of the Butler stock, and but very few that were even a shade removed from the original Congo blackness. They have been little defiled by the admixture of degenerate Anglo-Saxon blood, and for the most part, could boast that they were of as pure a breed as the best blood of Spain—a point in their favor in the eyes of the buyer as well as physiologically, for too liberal an infusion of the blood of the dominant race brings a larger intelligence, a more vigorous brain, which anon grows restless under the yoke, and is prone to inquire into definition of the word liberty, and the meaning of the starry flag which waves, as you may have heard, o'er the land of the free.—The pure-blooded negroes are much more docile and manageable than mulattoes, though less quick of comprehension, which makes them preferred by drivers, who can stimulate stupidity by the lash much easier than they can control intelligence by it.

None of the Butler slaves have been sold before, but have been on these two plantations since they were born. Here have they lived their humble lives, and loved their simple lives; here were they born, and here have many of them had children born unto them; here had their parents lived before them, and are now resting in quiet graves on the old plantations that these unhappy ones are to see no more forever; and here they left not only the well-known scenes dear to them from very babyhood by a thousand fond memories and their homes as much loved by them perhaps as brighter homes by men of brighter faces, but all the clinging ties that bound them to living masters were torn asunder, for but one-half of each of these two little happy communities was sent to the shambles, to be scattered to the four winds, while the other half were left behind. And who can tell how closely intertwined are the affections of a little band of four hundred persons living isolated from all the world beside, from birth to middle age? Do they not naturally become one great family, each man a brother unto each?

It is true they were "sold in families," but let us see: a man and his wife were called a "family," their parents and kindred were not taken into account; the man and wife might be sold to the pine woods of North Carolina, their brothers and sisters be scattered through the cotton fields of Alabama and the swamps of Louisiana, while the parents might be left on the old plantation to wear out their weary lives in heavy grief, and lay their heads in far off graves, over which their children might never weep. And no account could be taken of loves that were as yet unconsummated by marriage; and how many aching hearts have been divorced by this summary proceeding, no man can ever know. And the separation is as utter, and is infinitely more hopeless, than that made by the angel of death, for then the loved ones are committed to the care of a merciful deity, but in the other instance to the tender mercies of a slave driver. These dark-skinned unfortunates are perfectly unlettered, and could not communicate by writing, even if they should know where to send their missives. And so to each other, and to the old familiar places of their youth, along all their sympathies and affections, not less strong, perhaps, because they are so few. The blades of grass on all the Butler estates are outnumbered by the tears that are poured out in agony at the wreck that has been wrought in happy homes, and the crushing grief that has been laid on loving hearts.

But, men, what business have 'niggers' with tears? Beside, didn't Pierce Butler give them a silver dollar apiece which will appear in the sequel. And, said as it is, it was all necessary because a gentleman was not able to live on the beggarly pittance of half a million, and so needs enter into speculations which turned out adversely.

HOW THEY WERE TREATED IN SAVANNAH.
The negroes were brought to Savannah in small lots, as many at a time as could be conveniently taken care of, the last of them reaching the city the Friday before the sale. They were consigned to the care of Mr. J. Bryan, Auctioneer and Negro Broker, who was to feed and keep them in condition until disposed of. Immediately on their arrival they were taken to the Race Course, and there quartered in the sheds erected for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of gentlemen attending the races. Into these sheds they were huddled pell-mell, without any more attention to their comfort than was necessary to prevent their becoming ill and unavalable. Each family had one or more boxes or bundles, in which were stored such scanty articles of their clothing as were not brought into immediate requisition, and their tin dishes and gourds for their food and drink.

It is, perhaps, a fit tribute to large handed munificence to say that when the negro man was sold, there was no extra charge for the negro man's clothes; they went with the man, and were not charged in the bill. Nor is this altogether a contemptible idea, for many of them had worldly wealth, in the shape of clothing and other valuables, to the extent of perhaps four or five dollars; and had all these been taken strictly into the account, the sum

total of the sale would have been increased, possibly, a thousand dollars. In the North we do not necessarily sell the harness with the horse; why, in the South, should the clothes go with the negro?

In these sheds were the chattels huddled together on the floor, there being no sign of bench or table. They ate and slept on the bare boards, their food being rice and beans, with occasionally a bit of bacon and corn bread. Their huge bundles were scattered over the floor, and thereon the slaves sat or reclined, when not restlessly moving about, or gathered into sorrowful groups, discussing the chances of their future fate. On the faces of all was an expression of heavy grief; some appeared to have resigned to the hard stroke of Fortune that has torn them from their homes, and were sadly trying to make the best of it; some sat brooding moodily over their sorrows, their drowsy resting on their hands, their eyes staring vacantly, and their bodies rocking to and fro with a restless motion that was never stifled; few wept—the place was too public and the drivers too near—though some occasionally turned aside to give way to a few quiet tears. They were dressed in every possible variety of unclean and fantastic garb, in every style and of every imaginable color; the texture of the garments was in all cases coarse, most of the men being clothed in the rough cloth that is used expressly for the slaves. The dresses assumed by the negro minstrel when they give imitations of plantation character, are by no means exaggerated; they are, instead, weak and unable to come up to the original. There was every variety of hat, with every imaginable sloop, and there was every cut and style of coat and pantaloons, made with every conceivable ingenuity of misfit, and tressed on with a general appearance of perfect looseness that is perfectly indescribable, except to say that a Southern negro always looks as if he could shake his clothes off without taking his hands out of his pockets. The women, true to the feminine instinct, had made, in almost every case, some attempt at finery. All wore gorgeous turbans, generally manufactured in an instant out of a gay-colored handkerchief by a sudden and graceful twist of the fingers; their faces were occasionally a more elaborate turban, a turban complex and mysterious, got up with care, and ornamented with a few beads or bright bits of ribbon. Their dresses were mostly coarse stuff, though there were some of gaily calicoes; a few had ear rings, and one possessed the treasure of a string of yellow and blue beads. The little children were always better and more carefully dressed than the older ones, the parental pride coming out in the shape of a yellow cap pointed like a mitre, or a jacket with a strip of red broadcloth round the bottom. The children were of all sizes, the youngest being fifteen days old. The babies were generally good natured, though when one would set up a yell, the complaint soon attacked the others, and a full chorus would be the result. A young negro baby looks like an animated bit of India rubber, and has wonderful powers of suction. They were very prevalent in the long show room, where the stock was all congregated the day of the sale, and those that were old enough to have positive powers of locomotion were perpetually crawling away from their mothers, and getting under the feet of visitors. They have a passion for climbing, and made strenuous exertions to scale the legs of people who didn't belong to them; if a man stood still for a minute, he was certain to have a baby hanging to each leg like a crab. They didn't object to being knocked down, and rolled over, or being pitched across the room, or any trifles of that sort, but it secured to disconcert them to step on their fingers.

The slaves remained at the Race Course, some of them for more than a week, and all of them for four days before the sale. They were brought in thus early, that buyers who desired to inspect them might enjoy that privilege, although none of them were sold at private sale. For these preliminary days their shed was constantly visited by speculators. The negroes were examined with as little consideration as if they had been brutes; indeed, the buyers pulling their mouths open to see their teeth, kinching their limbs to find how muscular they were, walking them up and down to detect any signs of lameness, making them stoop and bend in different ways that they might be certain there was no concealed rupture or wound; and in addition to all this treatment, asking them scores of questions relative to their qualifications and accomplishments. All these humiliations were submitted to without a murmur, and in some instances with good natured cheerfulness, where the slave liked the appearance of the proposed buyer, and fancy that he might prove a kind master.

The following curiously sad scene is the type of a score of others that were there enacted:
Elisha, chattel No. 5 in the catalogue, had taken a fancy to a benevolent-looking middle-aged gentleman, who was inspecting the stock, and thus used his powers of persuasion to induce the benevolent man to purchase him, with his wife, boy and girl, Molly, Israel and Sevan-da, chattels No. 6, 7 and 8. The earnestness with which the poor fellow pressed his suit, knowing, as he did, that perhaps the happiness of his whole life depended on his success, was most pathetic. He made no appeal to the feelings of the buyer, he rested no hope on his charity and kindness, but only strove to show how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy.

"Look at me, mas'r, am primo rice planter, sho' you won't find a better man den me, no better on the whole plantation; not a bit old yet, do mo' work den erer, do carpenter work, too, little; better buy me, mas'r, Ise go good servant, mas'r. Molly, too, my wife, Sa, fas-

rate rice hand; mos as good as me. Stan' out yer, Molly; and let the gen'im see."

Molly advances, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and makes a quick, short curtsy, and stands mute, looking appealingly in the benevolent man's face. But Elisha talks all the faster.

"Sho' mas'r your arm, Molly—good arm dat, mas'r, she do a heap of work mo' with dat arm yet. Let good mas'r see yer teeth, Molly, see dat, mas'r, teeth all reg'lar, all good, sho'm young gal, yet. Come, out yer, Israel, walk aroun' an' let the gen'im see how spy you be."

Then, pointing to the three-year-old girl who stood with her chubby hand to her mouth, holding on to her mother's dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene—

"Little Vandy's on'y a chile yet, make primo gal by and by. Better buy us, mas'r, we'm fustrate bargain," and so on. But the benevolent gentleman found where he could drive a closer bargain, and so bought somebody else.

Similar scenes were transacting all the while on every side, parents praising the strength and cleverness of their children, and showing off every muscle and sinew to the very best advantage, not with the excusable pride of other parents, but to make them the more desirable in the eyes of the man buyer; and, on the other hand, children excusing and mitigating the age and inability of parents, that they might be more marketable, and fall, if possible, into kind hands. Not unfrequently these representations, if borne out by the facts, secured a purchaser. The women never spoke to the white men unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were thus exposed to the rude questions of vulgar men, spoke the first unwomanly or indelicate word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do; their conversation and demeanor were quite as unexceptionable as they would have been had they been the highest ladies in the land, and through all the insults to which they were subjected, they conducted themselves with the most perfect decorum and self respect.

In the intervals of more active labor, the discussion of the re-opening of the slave trade was commenced, and the opinion seemed to generally prevail that the re-establishment of the said trade is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and one red-faced Major, or General, or Corporal, closed his remarks with the emphatic assertion that "We'll have all the niggers in Africa over here in three years; we won't leave enough for seed!"

THE SALE.
The Race Course at Savannah is situated about three miles from the city, in a pleasant spot, nearly surrounded by woods. As it rained violently during the two days of the sale, the place was only accessible by carriage, and the result was that few attended but actual buyers, who had come from long distances, and could not afford to lose the opportunity. If the affair had been done in Yankee land there would have been a dozen omnibuses running constantly between the city and the Race Course, and some speculator would have lagged a nice little sum of money by the operation. But nothing of the kind was thought of here, and the only gainers were the literary stables, the owners of which had sufficient Yankeeism to charge double and triple prices.

The conveniences for getting to the ground were so limited that there were not enough buyers to warrant the opening of the sale for an hour or two after the advertised time. They dropped in, however, a few at a time, and these began to look more encouragingly for the seller.

The negroes looked more uncomfortable than ever; the close confinement indoors for a number of days, and the drizzly, unpleasant weather began to tell on their condition. They moved about more listlessly, and were fast losing the activity and springiness they had at first shown. This morning they were all gathered into the long room of the building erected as the "Grand Stand" of the Race Course, that they might be immediately under the eye of the buyers. The room was about a hundred feet long by twenty wide, and herein were crowded two negroes, with much of their baggage, awaiting their respective calls to step upon the block and be sold to the highest bidder. This morning Mr. Pierce Butler appeared among his people, speaking to each one, and being recognized with seeming pleasure by all. The men obsequiously quitted off their hats, and made that indescribable sliding hitch with the foot that passes with a negro for a bow; and the woman each dropped the quick curtsy which they seldom vociferate to any other than their legitimate master and mistress. Occasionally, to a very old or favorite servant, Mr. Butler would extend his daintily gloved hand, which mark of condescension was instantly hailed with grins of delight from all the sable witnesses.

The room in which the sale actually took place immediately adjoined the room of the negroes, and communicated with it by two large doors. The sale room was open to the air on one side, commanding a view of the entire Course. A small platform was raised about two feet and a half high, on which were placed the desks of the entry clerks, leaving room in front of them for the auctioneer and the goods.

At about 11 o'clock the business men took their places, and announced that the sale would begin. Mr. Bryan, the negro broker, is a dapper little man, wearing spectacles and a vaching hat, sharp and sudden in his movements, and perhaps the least bit in the world obtrusively efficient—as earnest in his language as could be without actual swearing, though acting much as if he would like to swear a little at the critical moments; in fact, conducting himself very much like a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Bryan did not sell the goods; he merely superintended the

operation and saw that the entry clerks did their duty properly.

The auctioneer proper was a Mr. Walsh, who deserves a word of description. In personal appearance he is the very opposite of Mr. Bryan, being careless in his dress instead of scrupulous, a large man instead of a little one, a fat man instead of a lean one, and a good natured man instead of a fierce one. He is a rollicking old boy, with an eye ever on the lookout, and that never lets a bidding nod escape him, a hearty word for every bidder who cares for it, and a plenty of jokes to let off when the business gets a little slack. Mr. Walsh has a florid complexion, not more so perhaps than is becoming, and possibly more so than is natural in a "whiskey country." Not only is his face red, but some cause has blistered off the skin in spots, giving him a peely look. Taking his face all, the peeliness and the redness combined make him look much as if he had been boiled in the same pot with a red cabbage.

Mr. Walsh mounted the stand, and announced the terms of the sale, "one-third cash, the remainder payable in two equal annual instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by approved mortgage and personal security, or approved acceptances on Savannah, Ga., or Charleston, S. C. Purchasers to pay for papers." The buyers, who were present to the number of about two hundred, clustered around the platform, while the negroes, who were not likely to be immediately wanted, gathered into sad groups in the back ground to watch the progress of the selling in which they were so sorrowfully interested.—The wind howled outside, and through the open side of the building the driving rain came pouring in; the bar down stairs ceased for a short time its brisk trade; the buyers lit fresh cigars, got ready their catalogues and lead pencils, and the first lot of human chattels are led upon the stand, not by a white man, but by a sleek mulatto, himself a slave, and who seem to regard the selling of his brethren, in which he gloriously assists, as a capital joke. It had been announced that the negroes would be sold in "families," that is to say, a man would not be parted from his wife, or a mother from a very young child. There is perhaps as much policy, as humanity in this arrangement, for thereby many aged and unserviceable people are disposed of, who otherwise would not find a ready sale.

The first family brought out were announced on the catalogue as follows:

Name	Age	Remarks
1. George	27	Prime cotton planter.
2. Sue	26	Prime rice planter.
3. George	6	Boy child.
4. Harry	2	Boy child.

The manner of buying was announced to be, bidding a certain price apiece, for the whole lot. Thus George and his family were started at \$300, and were finally sold at \$500 each, being \$2,400 for the four. To get an idea of the relative value of each one, we must suppose George worth \$1,200, Sue worth \$900, Little George worth \$200, and Harry worth \$100. Owing, however, to some misapprehension on the part of the buyer as to the manner of bidding, he did not take the family at this figure, and they were put up and sold again, on the second day, when they brought \$620 each, or \$2,480 for the whole—an advance of \$80 over the first sale.

Robert, and Luna his wife, who were announced as having "got in, otherwise very prime," brought the round sum of \$1,000 each. But that your readers may have an idea of the exact manner in which things are done, I append a couple of pages of the catalogue used on this occasion, which you can print verbatim.

99	Kate's John, aged 30; rice, prime man.
100	Botsey, 29; rice, unsound.
101	Kate, 6.
102	Violet, 3 months.
	Sold for \$510 each.
103	Wootter, 45; rice hand, and fair man.
104	Mary, 40; cotton hand.
	Sold for \$300 each.
105	Commodore Bob, aged; rice hand.
106	Kate, aged; cotton.
107	Lena, 19; cotton, prime young woman.
108	Joe, 13; rice, prime boy.
	Sold for \$500 each.
109	Bob, 30; rice.
110	Mary, 25; rice, prime woman.
	Sold for \$1,135 each.
111	Anson, 49; rice—ruptured, one eye.
112	Violet, 55; rice hand.
	Sold for \$250 each.
113	Allen Jeffrey, 46; rice hand and sawyer in steam mill.
114	Sikee, 43; rice hand.
115	Watty, 5; infirm legs.
	Sold for \$520 each.
116	Rins, 18; rice, prime young woman.
117	Lena, 1.
	Sold for \$645 each.
118	Pompey, 31; rice—same in one foot.
119	Kitty, 30; rice, prime woman.
120	Pompey, jr., 10; prime boy.
121	John, 7.
122	Noble, 1, boy.
	Sold for \$580 each.
341	Cain, 39; rice hand.
342	Cassander, 35; cotton hand—has ita.
343	Emeline, 19; cotton, prime young woman.
344	Judy, 11; cotton, prime girl.
	Sold for \$400 each.
345	Doreas, 17; cotton, prime woman.
346	Joe, 3 months.
	Sold for \$1,200 each.
347	Tom, 22; cotton hand. Sold for \$1,260.
348	Judge Will, 55; rice hand. Sold for \$325.
349	Lowden, 54; cotton hand.
350	Ilagar, 50; cotton hand.