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"Poet's Corner."

Birds of Passage.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Black shadows fall From the linden tall, That lift aloft their massive wall Against the Southern sky;

And from the realms Of the shadowy elms A tide-like darkness overwhelms, The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair, And everywhere A warm soft vapor fills the air; And distant sounds seem near.

And above, in the light Of the star-lit night, Swift birds of passage wing their flight Through the dew stmosphere

I hear the beat Of their pinions fleet, As from the land of snow, and sleet They seek a Southern sea.

Of their voices high, alling dreamingly through the aky, But their forms I cannot see.

O say not so! Those sounds that flow In murmurs of delight and woe Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs Of the poet's songs; Murmurs of pleasures, and pains & wrongs

The sound of winged words. This is the cry Of souls that high On toiling, beating pinions fly,

Seeking a warmer clime. From their distant flight, Throughout the realms of light, It falls into our world of night

With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

A Child's Thought. autiful itues, was really expressed by a little

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother, On the cool and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head, And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine. All around about my bed: I will close my eyes, and God will think

Your little boy is dead! Then Christ will send an angel To take me up to him: He will bear me, slowly and steadily,

Far through the other dim: He will gently, ently lay me Close to the Savior's side. And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,

My eyes I'll open wide. And I'll look among the angels That stand around the throne.

Till I find my sister Mary, For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother, We will go away alone, And I will tell her how we've mourned All the while she has been gone!

Oh! I shall be delighted To hear her speak againhough I know she'll ne'er return to us-

To ask her would be vain! So I'll put my arms around ber. And look into her even.

And remember all I said to her. And all her aweet replies. And then I'll ask the angel To take me back to you-

He'll bear me, slow and steadily, Down through the other blue. And you'll only think, dear mother. I have been out to play, And have gone to sleep, beneath a tree,

This sultry summer day. Le Curran's ruling passion was his joke. his last illness, his physician observing in morning that he seemed to cough with ore dificulty, he answered ... That's rather

prising, as I've been practising all night. A shopkeeper at Lancaster bad, for many virtues, obtained the name of the Little Rascal." A stranger asked him why perfect at first.

Selerted Miscellann.

From the National Era. LEGEND OF THREE MILLERS.

BY ALICE CARRY.

Oxce-it matters not when nor where three millers were at work in the middle. night. Why they were at work at this time, I know not but probably it was a busy season; and this seems the more likely, for that it was late autumn, and the wheat harvest and the corn harvest had been very abundant. Merrier times there were at the old mill than had been known there for many a long year; for, all day long, now, there was jesting and joking, due with another; for active employment makes the spirits light; and, besides, there were many strangers at the mill-young men and boys, chiefly, who are likely to be more gay and careless than older persons; for many years, however lightly and brightly they pass, rest on us like a great burden after a while. So, as I said, there were merry times at day after day, with grists to be ground. And there was neighing of horses that waited for their masters; for many were tied under the trees and along the fences -some eating oats from little sacks that were tied about their noses, some craunching yellow corn from great baskets, and others nibbling the scant grass, for it was getting parched and dry, so far was the dewy freshness of summer past. The clover blossoms, red and white, that had stood up, and taken the sun, exhaling sweetness from their loose burs, and feeding the bees and humming birds, were now flattened and brown but not yet scentless. The mill-stream was dry; though for that matter it was little difference, for the mill was not moved by water, but by means of a wheel on which horses kept treading, and treading, and treading. The wheel was hung slant-wise; so it perhaps seemed to the poor beasts that they should sometime get to the summit; for they seemed to be climbing a hill, no doubt. But, alas! they never got any further.

How many of us are on tread wheels. just as they, round and round, and round and round, forever, and yet we get no further for our pains—further in years and further in sorrows, it is true; but nothing nearer to that bright summit, which, once wrapt in the golden mists of fancy, seemed so near. Half our lives we are looking forward to some time of rest and beauty that is before us, and ere we are aware the Eden is past; and the remainder of the journey we go down, and look back wondering why we were not conscious of the good time that is gone. Ah me, we are blind or short-sighted, at best; and we must use the gifts of reasoning, and of judgment, and of intuition, which God, our good father, has given us, lest we turn aside, and are lost in darkness—darkness only lightened by the ru-ined beauty of the fallen son of the morn-

Yet it is all ordered wisely, we know and I, who am treading on the wheel of It is said that the idea set forth in the following time, blindest and weakest of all, must

> Contented, if I may enjoy
> The things which others under But I am wandering. I said the mill, stream was dry, for the mill stood in a hollow, along which in spring and early summer there run a bright runnel, overhung with wild willows and silver elms. The elm and willow leaves were both faded now, deeply yellow, and with every gust of wind dropped off and twirled earthward. Little heaps of them lay together here and there, among the veined pebbles and blue clayey stones that lay in the bottom of the brook. A few pools of water there were still, o'ercrept with

> and frogs that had gathered together as the waters shrunk away.
>
> Sometimes the ugly yellow and green toads climbed upon the loose stones, and sat abstracted and silent as philosophers. One would think they were quite oblivious to earthly sounds; nevertheless, if one of the three men who kept the mill chanced to go that way to fill his cup at the spring, (for there was a beautiful spring in that hollow,) with quick hop and plash they were lost in the green pools. They did not like so well the clear water that burst out a little way up

marsh mosses, and alive with minnows

pure and cold, almost, as ice. The immediate fountain was roughly walled about with the stones which some provident hand had at some time gathered from the brook; and the grass that sprouted out of the wall, and the thick green moss, were shadowed in the well; but beside, the water was clear; you might see your face, as in a glass, if you looked into it; but no harmful thing ever coiled or hid itself there-perhaps that ugliness loves not beauty, nor the

the valley, in a stream, not large, but

impure that which is pure. A little way from the walled fountain the stream sunk and was lost among the loose stones and the wide-leaved and rustling grass; so all the water in stagnant pools, as I said, except the sweet spring pubbling over its blue walls. Sometimes, lifted out of these feus, you might see the heads of serpents, black, gray, or copper-colored; so, even the heasts of, the field would not drink there. I said even the beasts; but instinct is less likely to err than sense and reason. It seems to me

stormy light looked through.

'There will be rain,' said the house

ering about the mill; my oxen are but slow travellers, and a storm is brewing, "All in good time," said the farmer, as he scattered the last handful of wheat in-

est grains of all the last year's harvest. The silver-winged twilight was presently gone; the cottage windows were closed, and so came on the night. The two oxen-one dove-colored and

the other black—lay close together, in floor of the mill, fast asleep—his black dusty hollows not far from the house, hair falling over the fresh straw-bundle their great broad forcheads upturned, and that was his pillow. He would not sleep their black mournful eyes wide open. Often they shook their heads, as the rain pattered against their faces, and their white wide-spreading horns struck against er the hummed song of Harrly, nor the each other, sometimes, as they did so. If the sform had been dashing furiously, the mill; for that so many youths came, they might have risen and crouched against the rough brown trunk of the walnut tree, that, hard by, stood up and took the wind in its top; but for the slow lar, nor yet slight, but that his frame drizzling they would not rise, but lay breathing hard, as if in endurance, and slashing their long tails against their huge

The solid beam of red oak which had bowed their patient necks all day was thing of manhood with his heard. It was now leaned against the crib, the bows of not the crowing of the midnight cock awhite hickory growing stronger in the way across the hills, nor the sudden white hickory growing stronger in the moisture. The boy who placed it there an hour agone, is asleep; his slow team brought him home, before the rain set in. The sounds that made a busy din through the day have one by one subsided, and all is still, save the click of the old mill in

Now and then, too, the wild snatch of some ballad or love-ditty went out into the night; for it was a prosperous season with the three millers, and they were low laborers that the danger, if danger in the hopper. And shouldering a pick-very gay, though neither alike in years there were, was not immediate, he rubb-axe, he went out into the might and the

The oldest, named Hartly, sive and adventurous. He had blue, twinkling eyes, and a round, jolly face; great brawny arms, that had been well used to work. He was lately come to the mill; for though he had aptitude for almost any kind of employment, he had no fixed purpose, no energy, and had been all his life changing from one thing to another. So, though few had wrought more arduously or with better will than he, there was seldom more money in his

purse than would full his pipe for a week, its wind a first and widow; for Hartly had a liberal for the widow.

is only the slenderest possibility. was busiest of all-now here, now there -doing many things in fact which seemed not to require to be done, as if he worked partly for the love of work. He hore a small lautern in his hand, and in his sudden dashings hither and thither the light was often extinguished; but, to great disadvantage, he wrought on in the dark, singing all the while, though the rain pattered dismally on the mill roof, as blithely as if reddening Phæbus lifted his golden fire.'

A merry man, and one of courage, too, was the miller, Hartly, but his instability

was his misfortune. And now, as he bore baskets of corn from place to place, and emptied great sacks of rye and oats into bins, he kept singing of a good land somewhere, where the meadows were greener and the sunshine brighter, and where all the inhabitants grew rich without labor. He seemed not to think of his song, for he kept repeating it over and over, measuring wheat and corn the while, and sometimes cheering the horses on the wheel, as though much depended on that night's work,

and he found it pleasure as well as dury. The oldest of the three was Hartly, the most sanguine and the most penniless. The while he kept so busily driving, the youngest, named Ralph, sat on a grain measure near the open door of the mill. listening to the rain as it pattered on the dry leaves of the sycamore, that a little way from the door struck its strong roots straight into the ground, and stond up like a column. It was closely neighbored by a scrubby beech, with gnarled con-

volutions at the base. He was thinking of the Hamadryades, and linking together fragments of old sto- feared to come within its influence, lest i ries, and now and then pushing back his yellow hair, that was heavy with moisture, to listen to the soughing of the wind. His cheeks were pale, and his eyes large and dark and melancholy; he was slight. and bent, as though all his life he had looked upon the ground. His cheek rested on his hand, and his forehead shone like glass, as the light of the busy man's lantern shone now and then upon it. He was young, almost a youth, and like. Hart-

ly, had been but a short time at the mill. When he wrought, it was not for the love of work, but that some wonderful physician had told him that in the busy ways of men he might find the lost light of health, and tread down the grass that But he strove languidly, and seemed to and groanings withal. more impediately the gft of God, and is love the pale phantoms that beckoued him

black cloud, so that only a little red and the path, for the night is terribly dark-Heaven shield poor travellers! There will be rain, said the house wife, as the cattle huddled close about the shed, let the milking be early to night.

Help me to lift my bags of flour into the cart, said the boy, who had been loitseven generations. Now the saints shield me, he said, thrusting one little delicate hand from out his cloak, as it were to feel his way. A night so full of gloom I reto the finely-broken ground, looking now member not; a man might stumble unwit-at the clouded sunset, and now at the tingly on the grave of his mother if it lay broad field thickly sown with the plump- hereabouts; and with his hand dividing the darkness before him. he walked slow-

ly and almost fearfully in the direction of the spring. Meantime, the miller, who was neither the oldest nor the youngest, lay on the too long, of that he felt assured for he had often slept thus before, even with no one to tend the mill but himself, and neithsweeter music of the rain falling on the

roof, seemed at all to disturb his rest. As the light of the lantern fell over him now and then, you might have seen that his proportions were neither very muscuseemed firmly knit, and that his whole appearance indicated a healthful and vigorous man, and one too, though his face was partly concealed by the ryc-strawhat which shaded his eyes, who wore some showering of wet leaves in his face, when the gust shook the red onk bough that hung against the open mill window, that awoke him suddenly, but the voices of his comrades calling in his ear - Wurth! O. Wurth! wake, wake!" Mercy save us the exclaimed raising

himself on one elbow, and then upright; what is the matter—is the mill on fire?" But gathering from the faces of his fel-low laborers that the danger, if danger ed his hazle eyes for a moment, and began looking wonderingly about him as a child might, suddenly waked by a clap of his song. thunder. Still the mill was rumbling, and the rain pattering on the leaves and the pale stripling went forth in an oppo-and the roof as when he fell asleef; and site direction, and Wurth saw by the winmanner expressed neither fear nor anger, tween them forever. but simply an earnest intention of getting. It was high mon. The storm was at the bottom of things.

Before going further, I must say, that the rough bark of the walnut free that

about a stone's throw from the mill, on a drease shows a round from the concession on the concession of the concession o full hand, and few men has been fine to decay. A few half-fallen sames and the earnest God-bless-you's than to or the to decay. A few half-fallen sames and the almsgivings. But, alas ! unless it slow if ed, the spot as sacred to the dead Red to speedily learn to keep in one straights and purple thistles grew there plentifully ward path, the chance of his becoming rich and purple thistles grew there plentifully souly the slenderest possibility.

The middle night I am writing of, he been a fence and and once for, being described last and sound in the been a fence and sound the bean a fence an been a fence, and over where the most graves were stool three blasted oaks. Altogether, a more desolate and ghostly place is not to be found out of the land of dreams. Often Ralph had sat there when the red evening shone down from the west, and the white mist creeping up from the valley, reached softly from bough to bough of the blasted trees; often had he sat there—his thoughts travelling far but when I had read his verses, I under-

> lonesome ridge, but kept repeating for the comfert of his heart these lines: "Argue not Against Heaven's hand dr. will, nor bate a jot Of beart or hope, but still bear up,

And steer right onward." This,' he said, would seem to be the ext which Wurth has taken, wherefrom to live his life, and yet I suspect he snoweth no single couplet of bard, ancient or modern.'

But to return, and explain why the sleeping man was so suddenly awaked, and why Ralph spoke tremblingly, and Hartly earnestly.

The stripling was feeling his way thro the dark, as I have described, when moving slowly along the lonesome hill, he espied a light. At first he was tempted to retrace his steps, for ghosts, he thought. were about, and the marrow in his bones seemed to grow dumb, as if in the atmosphere of the grave; but remembering that Hartly would laugh at his fears, and that Wurth would frown, he went forward, albeit it was with a very faint

Brighter and brighter the light shone, as he thought; and though he greatly might spirit him away, he would not return empty-handed. When at last, the walled fountain was gained, and he stooped to fill the pitcher, the terriblest fear of all came over him, lest a mighty hand should thrust him down, and the waters strangle him; so, turning away, he ran through the rain and the dark and breathlessly entered the mill, the bettom of the

stone vessel as dry as when he went forth. Oh, Hartly, let us fly, he gried let as fly: for either the cavern of despair is uncapped, so that the wicked light streams earth-ward, else have the gliosts of the unquiet dead come back, to make night hideous. Upon which he told of the of health, and tread down the grass, that light he had seen, greatly magnifying it, would clse quickly spread over his grave. and adding that he had heard mornings

'A mere will o'-the wisp,' he said turn-ing away after a moment. 'How goes

It is some fearful omen, at best, said Ralph, and I divise that we all flee a-

As he spoke, he raised himself, and looked stealthily forth. Hartly laughed aloud, beating quick time on the floor with his knuckles, and Warth curled his beard into a scornful twist, and remained silent.

'Then, resumed Ralph, in a tone a lit-tle less tremulous, 'they are murderers, who dig a grave; repeating in a mo-"So the two brothers and their murdered man Rode past fair Florence." And again Hartly laughed, and Wurth

stroked his beard.

'A mere will o'the-wip,' said the lat · Hank ye, said the former, 'I have omewhat to say Both of you are wrong hey are pirates, who have moored their essel not far away, and by the faint light bury their treasure. Have we not all ward of buried pote of gold ! And when was there fitter night, or fitter place for the concealment of treasure? Suddenly there came a strong gust of

wind, and in it some unwented sounds. All three listened close. Tis the rattling together of dry branches herealbuts, spoke Wurth, but , for one, will alle no longer; for if the mill go untended Farmer Trust worthy will find his grist unbolted on the mor-row; and, rising he fell to work with

As you please Said Hartly, but I. for one, care no longer for grist normall. Perhaps before morning, I shall have more ingots than there are grains of corn storm to dig for the buried jars of gold. Wranping his gray cloak about him,

seeing that all went well, he questioned dow light that he uncovered his hot brow the two millers again as to the cause of to the drippings of the rain, and that his their hurried calling, and his tone and lips moved—then the darkness came be-

> stood by the mill, the sycamore's sead stood by the mill, the sycamore weed pel heavily, and little pools of among the gnarled roots of the cast with the sycamore with the cast with the sycamore with the cast with the sycamore with

for, being deserted last night by my two comrades, I have but a minute past tied up your flour sack?

Hump, said the farmer, I bring of the twain heavy pews. As I came through the deep wood, yonder, I saw a pale. haggard youth, with his forebead bound about with misletoe, writing verses on the bark of a tree. He beckoned me to stop, and then I first saw that it was Ralph; across the ashen borders of twilight. But stood not a word; and I fear, if he is not on the night I write of, his step was less demented, the is near to be, poor boy. firm than it would have been in open day, and so I left him, writing and talking of the glory that would by and by build itself into a monument above his grave, and about which the morning clouds would

> 'Alack! alack!' said Wurth, what uses bath our work-day worlds for lily hands and wildly wandering thoughts like his!' And looking on the ground, he put nubbins of corn into the mouths of the oxen, and the farmer went on to say As I came over the burial bill, I saw heap of fresh earth; and knowing that it was long since a grave had been made there, I checked my team, and, going close to the pit looked in; and lo! there was Hartly striking with his sharp pickaxe, blow after blow, upon the rocks. 'Go your way!' he said, as my shadow fell over him, looking up, faint and worn with long and hard toil; I have no time to parley, for I have just struck on the layer of stones under which are buried many nots of gold. I could not dissuade him from his useless work and indeed I had no time; the flour is wanted for baking at home; and so I turried but a moment, for it was painful to see the heavy and profitless strokes, and to hear the feeble and broken song that scarce came out of the covern any more, so faint and worn was the man. I had not gone many steps, when I heard a smothered cry; and looking back fearful to tell, a great bank of earth had caved down upon him, and he was buried alive." And so ends the legend of the Three

The Model Step-Mother

Millers.

preserves, and sugar, (meekly holding her-try than the free people, resolved to en up kerslap, then they're slotted into a self in readiness for a two month's stone by a strike for freedom; and they struck of frying pan and done brown and served sick bed, rather than venture a remonstrance, feetually. After many sauguinary con-Has no objection to their being stopped on tests, in which most of the masters were Has no objection to their being stopped on the stopped on the way to school, by a self appointed communities of Paul Prys in etticoats, to pass an ency, led on, as they were, by a notorious bury, examination as to the fitness of their slice-

punching their knuckles into the bread, to been interdicted by the Liberian Govern ing away after a moment. How goes see if it has are. Goes through the catechinent, the mill? I will take my turn now, for I ism (without flinching.) from the price of The ordinary valuation of an able feel refreshed wonderfully by the hour's rest I have lead.

But the two others would not hear of resuming their ordinary avocations. So all three sat flown on a sack of meal, and the juveniles, who are keen enough to see them holding little private caucusses with the juveniles, who are keen enough to see Very often the wives; or some of them, of African Lagrage and the price of the price of brown soap and the wages of her cook, to the bodied slave is about thirty dollars, in goods; being from fifteen to twenty dollars in see them holding little private caucusses with sell for a few dollars more than males.

began talking, and guessing, and assev- ichich way they are expected to answer!

Shuts her own children up in a dark room, if Shuts her own children up in a dark room, if they make any objection to being used for a pin cushion, or to being scalped (one hair at a time) by the strange brood! 'After wearing herself to a skeleton by trying to please children, which is not, I think, so comevery body, has the satisfaction of hearing herself called "a cruel, hard haried step-mother."—Olive Branch.

Native Africans in Liberia-their Customs and Superstitions.

BY DR. I. W LUGENBEEL.

Domestic slavery is very common a mong all the tribes to which I have allu ded, and, I presume among all the numerous tribes throughout the whole of Africa. So far as I was able to learn, the Kroomen and the Fishmen are the only tribes on that part of the western coast who do not enslave persons of their own who do not enslave persons of their own tribe. They never enslave each other and they are seldom enslaved by others. They, however, frequently possess slaves of other tribes; and they are the most active "aiders and abettors" of the nefarious traffic on that part of the coast. They are generally employed in conduct ing the slaves from the marts on the coast to the slave ships; and from them principally is derived the information relative to the state of the slave trade. Their treachery and cupidity generally over come their obligations to secrecy when a little money is to be made by divulging anything they may know about the state of the trade; and hence a slave ship seldom leaves the coast with a cargo of hu man beings without its being generally known in a short time; and, in some cates, prizes have taken by armed cruisers through information derived from these accommodating friends and enemies mal, passing his time between the ocean of the slave trace.

In most cases the slaves owned by dividuals of any tribe are of some other tribe. Those who are captured in the vessel sailed without him. Asa felt some wars, and thus reduced to slavery, are what home sick when compelled to progenerally sold to foreigners; while many of those who are purchased are kept for years by the individuals to whom they peloug. It is not uncommon for one man o own several scores of slaves; and in the forest, several hundreds of their fel, sailors belonging to the sloop of war. low-beings submit in humble obedience to Terrible, commanded by Capt. Bagshot. the forest, several hundreds of their felthe authority of their princely master. It and then busy in taking in water and oth is not improbable, indeed, that at least er stores, preparatory to a three years five-sixths of the whole population of Af- cruise. Asa was disposed to show fight ica are slaves. In visiting an African namlet, however, a stranger would be at or even from their masters while though they are of similar complexion, and the no prominent mark or budge of distinction can be seen by strangers, yet slaves are easily recognized by other members conduct, which was no other than to feign of the same community, and by members of other communities of the same tribe, and even by individuals of contiguous tribes. In many cases, however, they live as well as their masters do; and in some cases the state of bondage is apparently only nominal. But, like slaves in other countries, they are always de-prived of certain civil and political immunities, which deprivation of course tends to degrade them in the estimation of their more highly favored neighbors. On some parts of the coast, however, as in the vicinity of the Gaboon river, and perhaps in many other parts of Africa, slaves are generally treated with the u:most detestation. I have been informed that, among some other tribes, they are held in so little estimation that the master may take their lives (which is not unfrequently done) for the most trifling offence, with perfect impunity, no legal process ever being instituted to punish the inhuman mester in any way; and the Captain, fiercely fixing his eyes on the only punishment which any other free Yankee. man would have to endure, for a similar. offence, would be the payment of the val-In many communities the number of

uation of the slave to his master. slaves is much greater than that of the free persons; and it might be supposed that insurrections would be common. This, however, is not the case. It might also be supposed that slaves would frequently run away; inasmuch as the recognized mark of distinction—the differ ence in cutaneous hue—which exists in the United States between masters and slaves does not exist in Africa, and no other particular mark by which they could be known as slaves. But they seldom resort to this expedient to obtain their freedom, knowing as they do that such a course (to use a familiar simile) would be a jump from the frying pan in to the fire, inasmuch as they would be doomed to slavery by the people among whom they had fled; and very probably their situation would be worse than be I never heard of but one regular insur-

Gratifies every childish desire, how injurious soever or unreasonable; and yet maintains the most perfect government. Is perfectly willing her step-children's relatives ago. The slaves, at that time, being should feed them to surfeiting, with pickles, more numerous in that part of the coun-Little Bassel." A stranger saked him why he prefect at first.

The appellation was given him? "To distinguish me from the rest of the trade," quoth as who are great rascals."

It may be that was gone had been said the finished the story. Harting who are great rascals."

It may be that be fancied he didl. poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth as who are great rascals."

It may be that be fancied he didl. poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth as who are great rascals."

It may be that be fancied he didl. poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth and now be only wore; the semblance without any of the power. It may be that be fancied he didl. poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth and now be only wore; the semblance without any of the power. It may be that be fancied he didl. poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth and now be only wore; the semblance without any of the power. It may be that be fancied he didl. poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth and now be only wore; the semblance without any of the power. It may be that be fancied he didl. poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth and now be only wore; the semblance without any of the power. It may be that be fancied he didl. Poor youth, for fear quickens the sense of the trade," quoth and now be only wore; the semblance without any of the power. It may be that be fancied he didl. Poor youth, for fear quickens the story. Hart start the semblance without any of the power of manchod; the semblance without any of the power of manchod; the children land with the stirle, but the cot. Is all the finish of the semblance without any of the power of manchod; the children land with the stirle, but the cot. Is all the finish of the semblance without any of the power of the story. Hart start the semblance without any of the power of the story. When he had fluished the story. When he had fluished the story. When he had fluished

Africau gentlemen, are their purchases

mon as it is usually represented in writ-ten accounts of the horrors of the African slave trade, arises from the circumstance of the mothers of those children being slaves, and their offspring being so regarded, notwithstanding, as in some instances in other countries, father and master are terms of synonymous applica-

Shavery in Africa is evidently receding before the march of civilization and the light of Christianity. Within the territory of Riberia, whence thousands of once the favorite haunts of avaricious and iühuman slave traders, have been redeemed from the horrors of the pefarious traffic. And while the heart of the philanthropist sickens at the thought of the moral desolation of the degraded aborigines of that dark land, humanity may, in some measure, relieve her tearful eye and aching lieart, by the respective contempla-tion of the blessings of that period, when the eagle of liberty shall flap her wings in triumph over that vast peninsula, and when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God.

Asa Kollin's Adventures.

and main land. In one of his voyages between the mainmast, he went to Porto Rico, and by chance it happened that his

long his visit and watched eagerly for an

opportunity of returning to his own, his native land. One evening as he was walking along the sea-side in a melancholy guise, he was me cases among the wealthy sons of suddenly surrounded by a gang of British at first, but as the press gang was armed with cutlasses, he concluded his best policy was to submit quietly, and so he entered the barge without opposition, and was seken on board the aloop. That night as he lay awake, brooding over his misfortunes, he chalked out his plan of a simplicity, amounting almost to idiocy, and to display as little knowledge as possible. He knew how to throw into his countenance an air of complete vacancy and innocence, calculated to throw the shrewdest observer off his guard.

The next day at noon, a dish of boiled. beans was set before him without any other "fixins." Our friend flared up at the meagreness of the entertainment. Biled beans and no pork! he exclaimed. This is a leetle too mean, I swow. Taint fit for a dog.' Hadn't you better complain to the

Captain, asked the black whiskered boatswain, with a sneer. That's it old sea hoss, remarked Kollins. That's a bright idea. Complain to Cap'n So I will. And regardless of opposition, he bolted

into the cabin, where Capt. Bagshot sat. at dinner with three or four of his officers. Who the devil are you? asked the Who be I!' ejaculated Kollins. Why I am Asa T. Kollins, Cap'n. Hope you

are well, and how's the folks to hum, pretty spry, eh? Your name is Jonathan I guess, said. Capt. Bagshot, mimicking the nasal tone

'No it ain't, it's Asa T. Kolling.

Captain."

Well, what do you want with me? 'Seems to me you live pretty well here. Cap'n,' said Ass, looking over the table. Pretty tall fodder. Chickens, ham, pine. apples and obejoyful. Your cook haint did the clean thing by us though. 'Spose you know nothing about it, so I thought would step up here and let you know how they serve us down stairs. Why, Captain, they gin us beans without pork. Beans without pork ! Astonishing!

Yes, Captain, beans without pork. Don't that beat all nature?' What do you live on when you are at home? asked the Captain, Pork and beans, biled chowder, flap-

ncks and doughnuts, answered Asa What are flapjacks? asked the Captaiu.

Don't you know? why I thought overy fool knowed that! They're made out of flour and eggs and milk and water, beatfrying pan and done brown and served up with melasses, or melosses and butter. whichever you choose, and if they don't