

# THE DEMOCRAT

G. C. HENNING, Editor.

Montreal, November 9, 1884.

Election being over, we hope now to be able to cater to our literary and news readers again as heretofore. We think them for their patience with us during the late political campaign, and trust the selections we may give them hereafter will fully compensate for all past delinquency.

**"Landed" in Saguenay.**—We say "landed" in Saguenay, for this is virtually the result, although we have a majority of more than 700 in the county. What makes the defeat still more aggravating is the fact that it was brought about by our own professed friends who went at least half-way over to the enemy by throwing away their votes without any prospect of an equivalent, or Van Buren and his Federal confederate Adams. This is indeed mortifying. But it is done, and it is no use to repine over the disaster. If our true soil Democracy friends, who have thus unconsciously become instruments in the hands of their Whig enemies in effecting this result, had perhaps unexpectable calamity to the country, we shall not poison it by repeating it; but we fear they will not. If they have contemplated the triumph of Federalism with its legion of bad measures, in Pennsylvania and in the Nation—what the result in this county may do—then we are sure they will find upon the subject, and we opine deeply regret it. However, this is with them; not us.

But as we have said, whatever the result in the State and Nation may be, it is not our province to "cry over spilled milk." We hope for the best results for our party and our country, and cannot yet believe that their common enemy has triumphed. If it has, we must submit to it patiently, consoled by the assurance that its name is "INCAPABLE," that it never obtains power but to abuse it; and that while its adherents are gleeful and boastful over the victory, they may have achieved, they should be particularly mindful of the adage, "to-morrow we die." Our prediction that the success of the Federal party with Taylor would be its irretrievable ruin, we are now more sanguine than ever will be signally verified. If it has achieved a victory now, it is only so much nearer the fatal rock on which it is destined inevitably to stand; is, in a word, already borne to the brink of the precipice over whose giddy heights it is already trembling, and ready at any instant to plunge into the dread abyss. If defeated now, what power can save it from the deep vortex of oblivion? Successful or unsuccessful, therefore, its destiny is sealed.

Not so with the Democracy. Whether victorious or vanquished, its principles, and its adaptation to the interests and welfare of the country, will be the same. A blind devotion to a military chieftain, or a false gratitude to the hero of a war the party that has adopted him has denounced as "accrued, atrocious and damnable" may have dazzled and bewildered the popular mind, and induced a temporary desertion of those principles; but the principles themselves are immortal and will live on amid the madness of fanaticism, the folly of demagogues, the overthrow of republics or the crush of worlds. They are ever-living and eternal, and if perchance they have been borne down in the present struggle, it is only to acquire renewed vitality, strength and beauty; and when the bewilderment is over, and the demon of fanaticism gives place to the "sober second thought," then will they come forth again in all their new-born splendor and primal power, "conquering and to conquer." If defeated, it will carry with it the sympathies of the masses of the people; if successful, it will live on, cement and enslave our republican institutions, and ultimately lead us and our country to the same of all human greatness and renown. A few more days—perhaps only hours—will tell the tale.

**They will believe it now.**—Our Democratic free soil friends now have an opportunity to see how completely they have been betrayed into the enduring embraces of Federalism by the false promises and professions of those who claimed to be free soil Whigs in this county, and we fear throughout the State, but scarcely one of whom voted for Van Buren. We forewarn them in time for them to make good their retreat, but they had more confidence in Whig integrity than we had, and so have been nicely misled. Of the nearly 300 Van Buren votes polled in the county not 50 of them were from the Whigs, while more than 200 of them were from the Democrats. Most of these, too—were secured by certain officious Whigs in the county (and one in particular in this town) who stole the livery of the coat of Heaven to serve the devil. In or in other words, assumed to be Van Buren men that they might the better "come it over" Democracy among whom they almost exclusively operated, and thus promote the prospects of Taylor when they really desired successful. In this way they, and the one above alluded to in particular, sowed and sown our party tremendously. These have the Democracy to thank for much of the disaster that has befallen Saguenay. Will Democrats be caught in such a trap again? We prophesy not.

**An Eagle's Nest.**—A monster Eagle, measuring 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip of its wings, was shot in Hunting one day last week by Mr. J. V. Wright, while in the act of carrying off a goose.

**The Democrat's Review for November** is before the public, full of excellent and instructive reading. Price \$3 a year.

## Vote for Presidential Electors, For Saguenay County.

Ward	Cass	Taylor	Van Buren
Apollon, Auburn	59	16	8
Brigadier	184	98	25
Brooklyn	115	98	15
Chocoma	58	18	1
Clifford	40 maj.		
Dimpock	85	77	27
Forest Lake	19		12
Franklin	72	53	7
Friendsville	14	17	
Gibson	86	185	
Grant Bend			27 maj.
Harford	75 maj.		
Harmony	42		
Hartwick	65	61	
Jackson	29 maj.		
Jessup	89	45	32
Lathrop	65	20	2
Lenox	194	14	4
Liberty	89	33	14
Middleton	63	32	12
Montrose	40	70	30
New Milford	46 maj.		
Rush	127	41	10
Silver Lake	82	50	1
Springville	76	157	6
Thomson	26		

1850 1124 250  
Cass majority in the county 726. The free soil vote was almost entirely from the Democrats.

Our neighbor Chapman was so completely elated with a Whig report of the result of the late election that early yesterday morning he had his cock out—crowing over a notorious Whig victory. Well, let him crow, it is very seldom he has a chance.

From present indications, (although we have as yet nothing reliable to judge from,) we should not be surprised if Taylor had carried Pennsylvania. The result in this county is really heart-sickening, and we fear it is much worse in Bradford and Tioga. Wayne county has increased her majority about 60, and Pike 100 from Longstreth's majority. The vote for Van Buren in Wayne is about 200. Luzerne and Wyoming are reported worse for us than at the preceding election. We shall probably get something later before going to press, which may possibly tell who is to be President.

**"Not Guilty."**—We understand with much regret that some individuals are charging us with printing and circulating a certain letter from Mr. Wilnot, a large number of copies of which were scattered broad-cast over this county by the Whigs and free soilers, on the eve of the late election, and which unquestionably produced much injury to the Cass and Butler vote. We certainly had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it until after it had been distributed through the county, and at too late an hour to remedy the evil effects it was calculated to produce, and we presume those Whig and free soilers instrumental in its circulation will exculpate us from any such charge at once. We deplore its existence, and with the mass of those who have been Mr. Wilnot's best friends in this county, deeply regretted that he felt it necessary to blast in any manner the Cass and Butler prospect in Saguenay by his publication. This was unexpected from him, and for it we will be in no way responsible.

**DON'T LIKE IT.**—Our Granny neighbor of the Taylor organ and his coterie of legal blackguards did not at all like our paper week before last, and they vomited forth all sorts of naughty and filthy epithets and sayings about it and its editor in their last issue, just as though we entered how vile and scurrilous they talked. We are not disappointed in the least that they should dislike it, or that they should attempt to rub off any quantity of their smut and slime upon us. They ought to have known ere this that we don't print a paper with either a desire or design to suit such men as they, or such a cause as modern Whiggery. If we did, we should be exceedingly disgusted with ourselves, if we did not indeed despair of support from a party and a cause so much its antipodes. Hetch away, gentlemen, you will be pretty apt to relieve yourselves in a few weeks.

At this season of the year, when some persons are providing themselves with full suits, and other partially replenishing their wardrobes, it is well to make known the best plans for expending money to advantage. In articles of Clothing and Furnishing Goods, the establishment of Mr. J. C. Booth, in Cortland street, New-York, deserves the attention of all who desire fashionable and well made garments of the best materials at the lowest cash prices. Having made a trial of it ourselves, we feel fully prepared to recommend it to others, as one in which purchasers will not only find good goods, at fair prices, but meet with polite and satisfactory treatment.

**Fowler & Wells' "Physiological Journal,"** and "Water Cure Journal" for November have both been received. They are excellent publications, replete with instruction, and deserve to be in the hands of every body. Price \$1 each, in monthly numbers.

**THE LADY'S BOOK** for November has been some days on our table. As usual, it is a magnificent number, embellished with a splendid engravings and a fine engraving, a colored Fashion plate, and filled with the choicest reading, both amusing and instructive. This number, like the two preceding, contains twenty-four pages. Godspeed to it.

A ship from the Binghamton Courier received this (Thursday evening) gives New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont to Taylor, and Ohio and Michigan to Cass. Pennsylvania has also probably gone for Taylor. Taylor's majority in Bradford county is about 1200. We fear we are badly licked.

## Still Later from Europe.

The steamer Libinia has arrived with seven days' intelligence. The fate of O'Brien is still in doubt. The Lord-Lieutenant not having decided on the recommendation for mercy by the jury, O'Donoghue has also been found guilty and recommended to the clemency of the Lord-Lieutenant. The trial of Meagher is progressing.

The O'Brien case in England has considerably abated, although new cases are constantly occurring throughout both the continent and British Isles.

France remains comparatively quiet, and the resignation of Cavaignac is talked of.

The Austrian revolution is still in progress.

Vienna is yet in possession of the insurgents. It is besieged by 100,000 Croatian troops, and the Emperor has retreated to Olmutz. Russia is ready at any moment to furnish 200,000 troops for his defence.

Italian affairs are looking up as the prospect in Austria grows dark and gloomy. Radesky is in trouble.

Broadsides have slightly advanced.

## Official Election Returns.

We think this table is as nearly correct as it is possible to make it, previously to the announcement of the official result on the third Tuesday of January, 1849.

Legislative	Johnson	Johnson	Johnson
Adams	1806	2331	4785
Albany	6164	2856	6130
Albany	2133	2094	2138
Berkshire	4411	4207	8390
Beaver	2383	2760	2343
Bedford	2739	2613	3736
Benning	1427	2293	1424
Blair	5245	5084	5204
Bucks	2908	2410	2310
Butler	3743	3241	2700
Camden	1151	1151	1440
Carbon	996	768	1000
Chester	5140	5895	6101
Clinton	2544	1849	2540
Columbia	3069	2989	3085
Columbia	3157	1880	3184
Columbia	2238	1255	2209
Columbia	1004	803	997
Columbia	1111	630	1105
Columbia	2361	2580	2778
Columbia	2269	3249	2287
Columbia	1500	1975	1480
Columbia	283	145	277
Columbia	2084	3500	2042
Columbia	3290	2776	3273
Columbia	2988	3758	3004
Columbia	3362	1354	3370
Columbia	1871	2289	1864
Columbia	1516	2819	1299
Columbia	1201	1103	1190
Columbia	992	788	926
Columbia	1800	2567	1805
Columbia	5614	9727	5619
Columbia	3012	2549	2966
Columbia	3785	2967	3683
Columbia	2269	1850	2267
Columbia	1798	425	1685
Columbia	3104	3640	3103
Columbia	1501	1443	1585
Columbia	4218	4645	4537
Columbia	429	376	4306
Columbia	3476	2551	3407
Columbia	2124	1546	2038
Columbia	2064	1339	2056
Columbia	4972	8963	4974
Columbia	16028	16998	16003
Columbia	612	126	598
Columbia	627	278	600
Columbia	3558	4264	3534
Columbia	1103	2755	1077
Columbia	360	182	361
Columbia	2416	1597	2375
Columbia	1697	1219	1690
Columbia	1686	2887	1580
Columbia	1532	988	1523
Columbia	4955	2856	4993
Columbia	3948	4065	3952
Columbia	1155	947	1136
Columbia	1455	855	1402
Columbia	948	780	930
Columbia	4345	4162	4319

168,192 168,465 166,765 164,160

Johnson, Fed., majority for Governor, 273 votes.

Painter, Dem., majority for Canal Commissioner (including Elk county, 2596 votes).

Democratic majority on Congress, 3956 votes.

Democratic majority on Legislative ticket, 3610 votes.

## Later From Mexico.

The British steamer Forth, arrived at Ship Island early in the afternoon of Friday, the 20th inst. She left Tampico on the 14th and Vera Cruz on the 16th inst. Our dates by this arrival are to the 14th from the City of Mexico—a week later than we received by the Titi.

We have accounts from an intelligent Mexican that the 9th of this month was fixed upon for a revolutionary outbreak in the city of Mexico, of which the reputed leaders were Generals Banister, Torrel, and Almonte. The government called out the National Guards from their quarters and stationed them in the plaza, and which the Palace fronts. The attempt was thus thwarted.

Senators D. Augustus Hurtado and D. Manuel Parteyano, and many other officers, have been thrown into prison by the government. The subject of the conspirators was to bring back Santa Anna to resume power, and men still predict that not two months will elapse before he is reinstated. Two of his private secretaries, Seniors Arrillaga and Gener, are now in Mexico, having proceeded thither on the last voyage of the Forth.

We have no new developments in regard to the Tampico movement. The papers treat all the reports of Castillo as shallow and contemptible, regarding his opposition as a part of the Sierra Madre project, for which some of the papers would hold General Urrea responsible. Gen. Bustamante is to command the troops which are to attempt to stay the threatened dismemberment. They will amount in a few days to 4,000 men it is said.

The news we gave yesterday from Yucatan is confirmed by a further arrival at Vera Cruz. Great fears are expressed lest the Indians should begeth and retake the towns of Soconusco and Toluca.

The Chamber, acting in their capacity as Grand Jurors, have thrown out charges preferred against Gen. Arista, the Secretary of War, by a large number of officers.

The war against the government monopoly of tobacco is still waged with zeal and with prospects of success.

There was a report in Vera Cruz on the 15th that a vessel was ashore near Santiago. Some supposed it to be the bark Eugenia. The U. S. steamer lying at Sacrificio went at once to her assistance.

We find in the Monitor a letter from President Polk to Gen. Herrera, in answer to one by the latter announcing his election to the Presidency. There is nothing in it requiring it to be translated.

The Government is pursuing a course of severity towards the Press, though by legal rather than arbitrary measures. Senor Otero, the Minister of Relations, directs the prosecutions. For many years connected with the press, he was one of the most powerful advocates of its entire freedom.

Senor Arrangoiz, formerly the Mexican Consul at this port, has been appointed Secretary of the Mexican Legation at Washington. We have not yet met in the Mexican papers any direct imputation upon the good faith of the Government of the United States in connection with the Sierra Madre project. Mr. Clifford, our Minister, has assured the Mexican Government that our own will oppose the project to the extent of its powers. One paper says: "God grant that these repeated professions may be made in good faith."

We see occasional accounts in the papers of atrocious crimes committed, but the number of crimes seems smaller than usual.

The Mexican Government has sent a secret expedition to Tabasco, under command of the brave D. Thomas Marin, to attempt to wrest power from the notorious Miguel Brano. Martin is appointed Commandante General of Tabasco, and sailed from Vera Cruz, with a command of 200 men on the steamer Neptune. The whole affair was kept a profound secret till the expedition sailed. —N. D. Delta, 22d ult.

## The Defence of Smith O'Brien.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes a report of the defence of Smith O'Brien, by his counsel, Mr. Whitehead. The speech produced a profound sensation, and is in every respect a masterly effort. The following is the concluding portion of it:

I have now told you all, and it is for you to say whether the charge preferred against my client has been made out. I have explained to you the principles of the law, and I have shown you that the fact of appearing in arms is not enough—that it must be treason within the indictment; and that if that be not proved, you are bound to acquit the prisoner. I have observed upon the evidence and considered, so far as my humble ability would permit, the great question involved in this solemn trial—namely, the guilty intent of the prisoner.

Even although the explanation of his conduct may be in some respects unsatisfactory, yet if it fall short of the tremendous guilt of treason—that is, an intent deliberately formed and put in execution to compass the Queen's death, or to levy war against the Queen, acquit him you must. Well do I know and feel the weighty difficulties of his case. With some prejudice has blocked up the avenues to the understanding; in others calumny has done its work. The impracticable politician has been condemned to a fate he has provoked and deserved. Driven to excesses he did not contemplate, in order to preserve his personal liberty, he must pay the forfeit of his presumption with his life. Had he been a hypocrite who assumed patriotism as the mask of selfishness, he would have received the rich reward of his political base-ness.

Had he been willing to sell his principles, he would have been promptly paid his price. He had only to cheer on inconsistency when the most flagrant, to applaud what he had condemned, and to condemn what he had applauded—to unsay what he had said, and to say what he did not honestly believe; and the traitor would have been a patriotic placeman. He might have quitted in individual property after he had traded with suspicion in the miseries of his country. Obstinately, perverse man; having adopted political opinions sincerely, no matter how erroneous, he has acted with rigid honesty and consistency in an age of existing tergiversation and deception. He is now hooded by all parties, for he has flattered and he has stooped to none.

This offence against party is worse than his intent to kill the Queen—for he has unmasked faction and exposed meanness and corruption. Therefore, let him die in his impracticable folly. Whether can be turn for sympathy? From whom expect justice? Slandered, blackened and vilified, his motives maligned, his conduct misrepresented; nicknamed traitor, anarchist, the foe of social order, property and law—whether can he look for refuge? A price was set upon his head; he has been caricatured, hunted through his native country—no epithet of abuse was too gross to be applied to him. Where can he expect a temperate consideration of his motives and entire political career? No where but from you. And yet the honorable prejudices of your nature may be enlisted against him—you may have been taught to consider him the obstinate enemy of your country's peace. His hope ought alone to be where the law has placed it—in the honor, the integrity, the discernment, the humanity of a jury.

A rampart of defence to accused men, a jury was designed to be, prosecuted for political conduct or political offences, by the weight and power of the Crown. Judges must be unbiassed; juries may regard the frailty of human nature. Juries—sprung from the people—cast the ample shield of their protection over their fellow-subjects, where they can—believe his heart, his motive, and his purpose were not guilty, equivalent though certain of his acts may be. Such is the high task and office designed for you in that famous Constitution, whose foundations have been laid in the deepest wisdom, and which has been through successive ages cemented by the patriot's blood, and consecrated in the martyr's fire. Your countryman, your fellow mortal is in your power. Seek not, with severe severity, for proofs on which to send him to a bloody death; rather regard the evidence which enables merciful men to save what may yet prove a useful life to his family and his country.

The boasts of British law is, that it abhors the shedding of human blood. Yield to its benign principles, to the generous impulses of your nature, and stand between the prisoner and his grave. A horrible death—a grave he must not have—awaits him. Save him by a humane verdict, from a fate so dismal. Review his life. From his mother's breast he drank in a love of country—from a father's patriotic example the passion grew to a dangerous height. He has indulged, perhaps, a vision, to the peril of life, that Ireland might be a nation, and you her guides to wealth and greatness. Is not death upon the scaffold a terrible punishment for the belief, although misguided, that Irishmen had intellect enough to rule the country of their birth? In his childhood he heard that the union with England was carried by corrup-

tion. He heard it from an Irish Senator, whom money could not bribe, who gave him honest advice, and would have freely given his life to save the perishing Constitution of his country.

That father, recounted to my client what Plunket, Bushe and Grattan spoke on the last memorable night of our national existence. How he had been persuaded by the gravity of their arguments, influenced by their ardor, and transported by their eloquence! His youthful imagination, fired by a sense of Ireland's wrongs, dwelt on the days when we had a great man, a great Senate with intense constancy, and the passion grew that he might restore a Parliament to the land he loved. This is his real crime, all his actions were directed to this end, and he has been misled by the too implicit reliance on doctrines unfortunately argued by great lawyers in the heat of a debate, which they could not recall, and which have misdirected many. Your countryman followed up these, as he believed, constitutional opinions. He wished posterity to review the political transaction he had been taught to condemn.

This was the source of all his errors. Bitter disappointment has crushed his ardent hope; but a preliminary Constitution he wished and meant to have given to Ireland. No man's property would he have touched—no law of God or man would he have broken. He was misled by the delusion that Ireland's gentry were qualified for freedom. Loved by those who knew him, generous, disinterested, utterly unselfish through his benevolence and tender heartedness—he now stands at the bar of his country, to answer for having consented to kill the Queen, and subvert the Constitution, which in heart he adored. His true offences lie, that he courted adores. His true offences lie, that he courted adores. His true offences lie, that he courted adores.

You may do so, and no earthly inducement will tempt me to say, if you pronounce the awful sentence of guilty, that you have not given the verdict conscience demanded. If his countrymen condemn my client, he will be ready to meet his fate with the faith of a Christian, and with the firmness of a man, (sensation.) The last accents of his lips will breathe a prayer for Ireland's happiness—Ireland's constitutional freedom. The dread moment that shall precede his mortal agonies will be consoled, if through his sufferings and his sacrifice, some system of government shall arise—which I aver has never existed—just, comprehensive, impartial, and above all, consistent, which may conduct to wealth, prosperity, and greatness, the country he has loved, not wisely, perhaps, but too well.

Would to God Mr. Smith O'Brien were my only client. The future happiness of an honorable, ancient, loyal family, is here at stake—the Church, the Bar, the Senate, can furnish relatives near and dear to this unhappy gentleman—who, although they differ in political opinion, have hastened to give him brotherly consolation this melancholy day. Ireland has been the scene of their benevolent exertions, the source of their joys, their pride; her misery has been their affliction, her gleams of prosperity their delight. With bolder hearts, should you consign the prisoner to the scaffold, they must henceforward struggle on through a cheerless existence, laboring in sorrow for the country they love.

A venerable lady, who has dwelt amid an affectionate tenantry, spending her income where it was valued, and her heart where it was loved, awaits now, with trembling heart, your verdict. If a verdict consigning her beloved son to death—that heart will quickly be no more. Alas! more dreadful still—six innocent children will bear from your lips whether they are to be stripped of an inheritance which has descended in his family for ages—whether they are to be driven fatherless and beggared, upon the world, by the rigor of a barbarous and cruel law—whether they are to be restored to peace and joy, or plunged into the uttermost depths of black despair. There is another who clings to hope—hope, may it be blessed in you! Her life's blood would be gladly shed to save the object of her youthful affections—you will not consign her to an untimely grave!

[During the delivery of this passage, the entire audience became visibly moved, and for the first time, since the trial, Smith O'Brien's lip quivered, and his eye filled, as the idea of a mother, brother, children, and wife, mourning over their possible loss, was vividly presented to his mind. For a moment, he bent his head on his hand; he firmly pressed his brow for a few seconds, and again resumed his wonted calmness. Not so the audience, the bar, the jury, the occupants of the benches, all continued deeply moved, and from a many manly eye, to which tears had long been strangers, the big drops rolled in rapid succession. We never remember to have seen so profound a sensation as that produced by the gifted advocate, whose action and tone, far more eloquently than even his living words, expressed the deep emotions with which his own heart was moved at the contemplation of an adverse verdict.]

In a case of doubt at the very worst, let a father's pity be awakened—a husband's love be moved. Let justice be administered—let justice in mercy. In no pitiful strains do I seek compassion for my client, even in a case of free Constitution—in accordance with the rooted principles of our common law. This is a cause between the Subject and the Crown, wherein these great principles might shine in glorious perfection. A verdict of acquittal, in accordance with his divine doctrine, will not be a triumph over the law, but the triumph of the law. When the sovereign scale, by her coronation oath, the great compact between the People and the Crown, she swears to execute in all her judgments, justice in mercy. (Sensation in Court.) The same justice you administer—no rigorous, remorseless, sanguinary code—but justice in mercy.

Where, as here, the crime consists in the intent of the heart, and you can believe that intent not treasonable, or even doubtful; then, to the solemn obligation even of cold steel, you should yield to mercy. (Great sensation.) In nothing thought at an immeasurable distance still, do men on earth so nearly approach the attribute of the Almighty as in the administration of justice—divine justice will be tempered with mercy, or dismal would be our fate. As you hope for mercy from the Great Judge, grant it this day. The awful issues of life and death are in your hands—do justice in mercy. The last faint murmur on your quivering lips will be for mercy, ere the immortal spirit shall wing its flight to a brighter world.

OURAQUE IN SCHUYLKILL COUNTY.—Thos. Craig, an Englishman, who had escaped from prison, attacked Samuel Humphreys, at Port Carbon, on Saturday evening, with an iron poker, and nearly beat his brains out. Humphreys, it is said, will die. Craig escaped.

## From the Pyracon Recorder.

### Notes on Wisconsin.

**The Cost of Obtaining and Improving a Farm.**—While the Western country is better adapted to agriculture than the Eastern, still no person imagines that he can live and prosper there without labor, economy and prudent management. He will find no spot in this world beyond the reach of that malediction, in the beginning of the Bible, which condemned the earth to bring forth thorns and briars, and sentenced man to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow. Though Adam's farm at the time of his ejection from Eden, was enormously large, including every Zoro and Continent in the globe, yet there was not a corner of it that was not covered by its primitive curse. But universal as it was, it inflicted in equal degrees on every part of the world, and Wisconsin, perhaps, has had as small a share of it as any country. What I have to share of it, the facilities for farming in that State may appear to border on exaggeration, yet to say any thing less, or different, would be an infraction on the truth. Should there be any mistake in the details given, still the general conclusions may be relied on.

In the cost of farms, of course, prices will vary according to the location and the quality of the land. Cultivated farms range from five to ten and fifteen dollars an acre. Plenty of good land can yet be obtained, at the governing price of ten shillings an acre without going to the extreme frontier. The expense of purchasing a lot from the government and putting it under cultivation may be estimated as follows:—Four hundred acres, a farm large enough for any one to manage, will cost the emigrant only five hundred dollars, a sum for which he can hardly obtain a garden spot in the East. As there is no clearing to do, the only expense is fencing, and for a similar sum, it can be put under good fence, and another five hundred dollars will run up a neat comfortable house of wood or stone. A farmer therefore in the East, who possesses a farm valued at fifteen hundred dollars, if he sells and moves to Wisconsin, can obtain for it four hundred acres of the richest soil, such as is a pleasure to cultivate, put up a neat dwelling on it, and fence and break up as much as he can manage. With the avails of the stock and tools he can at the East, he can obtain more stock in the West, and thus he has a property which he can use immediately to much greater advantage, obtain from it a much better support, and realize more money year after year than he could from his old farm. Besides all this, during every twelve months his land rises in value at least twelve per cent. He need not toil for half a dozen years, in clearing the forest, before he can get returns sufficient to meet the annual expenses of his family; his farm, in case he purchases part prairie, is ready for the plough at any time; so smooth and inviting that one longs to be turning over its beautiful sod. In the oak openings one can plough as easily as in an orchard, and after he has sowed the grain, at his leisure in the winter he can fill the trees and manufacture them into fencing material. The same amount of labor which it requires to clear the heavy timber off of one farm, in many places in the State of New York, would put under cultivation a whole township in Wisconsin. So far as mere preparation of land for tillage is concerned, perhaps very little more labor has been expended in the whole State of Wisconsin by its 250,000 inhabitants, than has been expended for the same purpose in Rhode Island, or in the State of New York, with its 2,000,000 inhabitants. For not only is the ground, except in some hard timbered parts, prepared for the plough, it is ploughed the first time, with little trouble and expense; the plough being large and turning a wide furrow so that to break up two acres a day is an easy task.

If the settler, then, arrives in the early part of the spring or summer, it can easily be calculated what quantity of land he can prepare for wheat in autumn. He can keep his plough running till the middle of July; then, after securing his hay, of which he can find plenty in the natural meadows around him, by the latter part of August the soil is sufficiently decayed for sowing, and all he has to do (no cross ploughing is needed) is to harrow in the seed, which being thoroughly accomplished he may expect a harvest of fifteen, twenty or twenty-five bushels to the acre. During the autumn and winter, he has little else to do than to procure fencing materials, which can be obtained with such facility, that the labor of one