



"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

VOL. IX.—NO. 5.

SELECTED POETRY.

Land of the South.

BY HON. A. B. MEEK.

Land of the South! imperial land!
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh not for these,
I love thy fields to roam—
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequaled to the sea—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green will verdure be!
Yet not for thy proud ocean streams,
Nor for thine azure dome—
Sweet Sunny South—I cling to thee—
Thou art my native home.

I've sought beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song—
One Helvetic's hills, proud and sublime,
Where Nature's wonders throng—
By Temples' classic, sun-lit steams,
Where gods of old did roam,
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou, my native home.

And thou hast prouder glories, too,
Than Nature ever gave—
Peace sheds o'er her genial dew,
And Freedom's pinions wave—
For Science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome—
These, these dear to my heart—
My own loved native home!

And "Heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
God bless thy ray of light,
Like aye-lan flowers, they sweetly shine,
Their hearts are pure as light—
And grace and goodness circle them—
Where'er their footsteps roam—
How can I, then, while loving them,
Not love my native home?

Land of the South! imperial land!
Then here's a health to thee!
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blessed and free!
May dark discussion's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam!
But should it come, there's one will die
To save his native home.

MISCELLANY.

Force of Habit.

A gentleman recently from Africa, while at one of the civilized colonies on the coast, met a colored woman whom he had known in old Virginia, who had obtained her freedom for good conduct, and had emigrated to Liberia.

"Where are you traveling to, Mary?" said this gentleman.

"I am going down to the village on the sea-shore. I'm tired of seeing nigger, nigger, nigger! I want to see some white folks."

"But are you doing well here?"

"Oh, very well. I have four slaves who make palm leaf hats."

"Slaves, Mary? You, emancipated, to have slaves in your own land?"

"Oh, yes," said she, with great simplicity, "most do as they do in old Virginia."

The above has been in circulation among the newspapers for some months. It is believed to have originated in Noah's Weekly Times and Messenger, from which queer and always interesting though often rasally paper, it was out at the time and put among the heavily accumulated excerpts for the Day Book.

If it was original in the Times and Messenger, it is hard to say where Noah picked it up. It is not probable that the incident ever actually occurred as described; but the facts which countenance it (and may have suggested it), were partly published in 1813 by the writer of this, and have been partly communicated in conversation, by the writer of this, to many persons in this city during the last six years.

The Liberian colonists [the freedmen of American philanthropists, the intended evangelizers of the African continent, and the supposed extirpators of the African slave trade] do actually buy and hold slaves. The ordinary domestic servants of the more prosperous colonists [that is, those who have been long supported by salaries drawn from the pockets of that small portion of the benevolent American public, hitherto entrapped into the support of colonization as a Christian enterprise] are slaves, in the strongest and literal sense of that word, as much so as those transported from Galinhas and New Seaters and other Liberian ports [for such they are on Ashmun's map] to Cuba and Porto Rico.

The writer of this, when "an unsophisticated youth," only twenty-three years old, (and that was a distressingly long time ago,) was for some months a resident in the colony of Liberia in the capacity of Colonial Physician from the American Colonization Society. He was a devoted advocate of that beautiful cause and consistent enterprise, and left all other purposes and hopes in life to go to Africa, with the desire of ascertaining the defects in the management of the scheme, so that all temporary obstacles to its perfect development might be removed, and the way be thus opened for the willing emigration for the great mass of the colored people of the United States to "the land of their fathers, there to be the heralds of salvation, the propagandists of liberty and republican institutions to the wofully oppressed natives of that benighted region. Though considerably astonished by his first day's observation of "the cold reality" in that warm country, he resolutely remained and retained his official connexion with the Colonization enterprise until he found that he could not accomplish any permanent good there that was likely to counterbalance the evils with which he was compelled to contend. He therefore

transferred his residence and services to an evidently useful missionary station of the American Board of C. F. F. M., from which point he continued his observations in the adjacent Liberian colonies for two years longer, growing wiser daily in this matter of improving the condition of the actual natives of Africa, by this promising process of 'dumping' among them successive loads of the most worthless and offensive dregs of American slavery.

Various were the marvels presented to his inquiring eyes, concerning the practical enforcement of this scheme. Many large volumes could be filled with his experiences; but few would care to read them. Those who are interested in the subject seek only such communications as encourage them in their advocacy of the scheme. The great majority of the intelligent portion of the American people care no more for these matters than they do about the condition of the British colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

But one fact, which was an effectual "stumper" to his expectations of an "enlargement of the area of freedom" by this enterprise of Colonization, was—that these Liberian colonies would, and did and abet the Spanish slave-traders on that coast in that traffic in African flesh and blood, bone and muscle—that they would and did buy slaves—and that they did assure him that he must do as they did—must buy and hold the natives as slaves; if he would live in peace and in the enjoyment of such comfort as a residence in that starving community permitted.

He tried to supply his very limited household with needful domestic attendance by hiring native boys of the Kruo tribe, [who are never made slaves,] paid them, fed and clothed them better than any body else would, but to no purpose; for they would run away with a new dress, from that mere love of change which characterizes all such savage or semi-civilized beings.

A most respectable colonist, [a member of a Presbyterian church, and a son-in-law of a "colored" Presbyterian minister and missionary,] on hearing a rehearsal of these domestic difficulties, said to him, "Doctor, you must do as we do. You must buy your servants if you want to keep them. When I first came here, I tried to get along by hiring, as you are doing; but, I found it as you say. Treat the hired boys ever so well and the moment they have learned a little from you, and got a new cloth, they will run away." In reply to the inquiry, how and where these commodities were to be purchased, he said—"You can get them of any of the Mandingo traders who come here from Bosen's, [Boporo,] by paying forty or fifty bars [pounds or more] of tobacco."

He then proceeded to give a very edifying account of his own experience in this particular, describing an impressive instance of fidelity, and disinterested affection manifested towards his family by two Gola slaves bought and held by him. [Two of the negroes of the "Amistad" were Golas.] In urging the writer to purchase thus, he further said—"Buy two, and they will be company for each other, and will not want to run away, because they will soon learn to regard you as they would a father, and will become permanently attached to you," &c., &c. The writer voided the expression of any astonishment or indignation at this rich revelation, for fear of losing it or further disclosure, but he kept all these things for future use.

CLIMATE NOT THE CAUSE OF COLOR.—It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the diversities of complexion so remarkable in the human race. A very few facts may suffice to show that such cannot be the case. Thus the negroes of Van Dieman's Land, who are amongst the blackest people on earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland, while the Indo-Chinese nations who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. It is remarked by Humboldt that the American tribes of the equinoctial regions have no darker skins than the mountaineers of the temperate zone. So, also, the Puelches of the Magellanic Plains, beyond the fifty-fifth degree of south latitude, are absolutely darker than the Abipones, Tobas and other tribes, who are many degrees nearer the equator. Again, the Charrus, who live south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, while the Guayacas, under the line, are among the fairest of the American tribes. Finally, not to multiply examples, these nations of the Caucasian race which have become inhabitants of the torrid zone in both hemispheres, although their descendants have been for centuries, and in Africa, for many centuries, exposed to the most active influences of the climate, have never, in a solitary instance, exhibited the transformation from a Caucasian, to negro complexion.

A LADY went into a store, in New York city, recently, to purchase a shawl. Just as she was handing the clerk two fifty dollar bills, she received a blow on the face from a well-dressed person, who exclaimed: "I forbade you buying a shawl!" and, snatching the money from her hand, he departed. The lady fainted, and recovering, the merchant expressed surprise that her husband should have acted so ungentlemanly; but his surprise was greatly increased when the lady informed him that it was not her husband, and that she had never seen him before. The bold thief, however, had made good his escape.

Walker's Men.

The sloop-of-war Cyane arrived at this port yesterday morning from Aspinwall, bringing fifty-three of Walker's men who were at the siege of Rivas. The Cyane made the passage in twenty-four days.

In conversing with these men, we found that a remarkable degree of respect for their past commander, and much enthusiasm regarding future prospects in Nicaragua, appeared to animate the whole. Not one complained of the treatment he had received from General Walker, but all attributed their sufferings and privations to causes which it was not in his power to control. Many of them conversed very intelligently in regard to the state of affairs in the country where they had met with such disasters, and maintained that Walker's conduct had been much misrepresented. All were earnest in proclaiming their desire to "turn about and go back" if the opportunity should again offer itself.

Lieutenant Isaac R. Snyder, of Philadelphia, has been with Walker since last November. He thinks Walker one of the bravest of soldiers. Walker in battle never said "Go ahead, men!" he always said "Come on, men!" and Snyder had seen him at the head of his men in the midst of a heavy fire, from which it did not seem possible that he could come out alive. Snyder says that he was always well treated by Walker, and has no cause to complain of him. He never knew of but two or three instances, in which the Commander's conduct could be considered cruel. One was when a sergeant who had deserted was captured and brought back to Walker, who ordered him to be shot without a court-martial. The other instance, Walker gave orders to a party to go in search of six deserters, and if they were found to shoot them instantly. Three of them were discovered and shot. Snyder thinks Gen. Henningsen a "fine man, and better versed in military matters than Walker. Thinks Walker did the best he could for his soldiers in regard to food and clothing. The greatest loss of Walker was his steamers, the capture of which Snyder attributes to the agency of Vanderbilt. If it were not for the loss of the steamers Walker would be in possession of the country now. The Commissary Department he blames for not storing more provisions at Rivas, where, during the siege, the men were compelled to subsist some time upon the meat of jackasses and mules. Snyder is ready to join Walker again if he returns to Nicaragua. He says that the soldiers experienced no real suffering until after their surrender at Rivas, when they were cruelly treated by the Costa Ricans. He spoke of the valor of a boy about sixteen years of age, who was attached to the army, and who, in a battle, after being wounded in the head with a bullet, went about calling upon the wounded men to follow him. In the same fight this boy afterwards received three severe bullet wounds in his breast, and two of the bullets still remain in his body. He is now alive and on board the Ranoke.

Alexander T. S. Anderson belongs to Brooklyn, N. Y., and was a captain under Walker, with whom he served for about 15 months. He thinks "Walker brave, patriotic, unselfish, and not cruel," but admitted that he could have fed and clothed the soldiers better if he had tried. Although having a high opinion of Walker, he believes Henningsen was "the man for the army," he being a better General than Walker. He says Walker is "ambitious and fond of glory;" that he had to be very severe in his discipline in order to keep the army together, and thinks such severity was justifiable. Says the men had to live on mule meat forty days at Rivas, and as some of the mules were sick when killed, the meat was not good, and eating it caused some of the men to have ulcers. Is ready to join Walker again, "if there's any kind of a show."

James L. Lambert, of Richmond, Va., went from California to join Walker's army, and had been with it two years as a private. He likes Walker, and says that almost all of the men brought here in the Cyane are attached to him, and ready to go back again. Says that only the deserters complain of "Walker's cruelty." Thinks Walker a great soldier, and Nicaragua a paradise. Wants to go back to Nicaragua to live there, when the Americans have control of the country.

Some of the other soldiers with whom we conversed speak generally in praise of Walker, although some of the men regard him as not quite up to the requirements of a revolutionary hero.

Most of the men by the Cyane hail from the South and West. Only two of them are Massachusetts men, Ryan, formerly residing in this city, and Chapin F. Brown at East Granville. The officers included in the company are Major Dulany of Baltimore, Lieut. Simpson and Snyder of Philadelphia, and Lieut. Kurn, of Virginia. Wm. Bagley, one of Walker's men, died on the passage. A short time before he left Nicaragua, he received intelligence that a relative had left him a large fortune.

Never having received any pay for their services in Nicaragua, the men now here are almost without money, and with very scanty clothing. They have left the Cyane, and many of them will probably seek employment in this vicinity.

We commend these ragged heroes to some benevolent shoe and stocking society. They are sadly in need of food and raiment. When washed and dressed, their likeness

might be taken, after the style of the "Champions of Freedom." At any rate, let the poor fellows have something to eat and something to wear during their stay in our city.—Boston Courier.

From the Richmond "South."

Kansas—Letter from Senator Mason.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTH:—DEAR SIR:—In your paper of Monday last, in an article headed "Walker's Usurpation," I observe the following paragraph: "But we are told that Hunter, and Mason, and other distinguished Southern Senators, in the debate on the Nebraska-Kansas bill, expressed the same opinion, that Kansas must be a free State, &c."

I cannot undertake to say what opinions may have been expressed by my honored colleague, or by any other Senators from the South, in reference to the probable condition of Kansas; though from a general knowledge of their views in regard to that Territory, I should not doubt that any opinions so expressed, would have reference to circumstances and contingencies necessarily qualifying them. To avoid misconception, however, I think it proper to say that I never expressed the opinion thus ascribed to me, because I never entertained it. The time the law passed, organizing the Territorial Government, there were few with whom I conversed who did not believe that the future State would take its place with those recognizing and cherishing the condition of African slavery. There was at that time, certainly, every reason to believe why this should be so, and none why it should not. The State of Missouri, bordering its eastern frontier, was a slave State, holding at that nearly a hundred thousand slaves, and these were chiefly held in the border counties.

The State of Arkansas, adjacent to the Territory, on the South, was likewise a slaveholding State. The soil and climate of Kansas were well adapted to those valuable products, chiefly hemp and tobacco, which gave value to slave labor in Missouri. The proximity of its population, with the attractions of new, fertile, and cheap land, I believed would lead the slaveholders in Missouri to diffuse themselves speedily over Kansas, and the prohibitory line of 36:40 being obliterated, there was no reason why they should not. I had no fear of fair competition in such appropriation of the new Territory from any quarter. Unfair competition I did not look to. What may yet be the result as to the condition of Kansas, notwithstanding the extraordinary and unscrupulous efforts of Northern Abolitionists to force a population there, I cannot undertake to say. Nor will I allude in this place to the new and unexpected aspect now exhibited of affairs in that Territory, with so much propriety reprehended in the columns of the "South." Whatever may be the information of others, I certainly am not sufficiently informed of the existing state of things in Kansas, to form a clear opinion one way or the other; yet I will venture to say this much, that if African slavery be ultimately excluded from Kansas, it will be effected by the numerical force of organized majesties, operating against the usual laws which govern emigration; and will present a new and most instructive lesson to the Southern States.

Very respectfully, I am, yours, &c., &c., J. M. MASON.

BE GENTLE AT HOME.—There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted to the kindness and politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

[Life Illustrated.]

A DUEL OF PROFIT.—An Englishman fought a duel with an American. The conditions were that but one shot should be exchanged, and that the precedence should go by lot. The Englishman got the first chance, but failed to hit his adversary. As the Yankee lifted his weapon, the other called out: "Hold! I will buy your shot!" All were astonished at so strange a proposition, but the opponent answered: "What will you give?" "Five hundred pounds!" "Nonsense," cried the Yankee, taking aim again. "I am a good marksman; you set too low a value on yourself!" "You estimate me at too high a price; but I will give you a thousand pounds." "Agreed!" cried the Yankee, and the duel was at an end.

Choose your associate from among the wise and good. If you cannot do this, it is better to have no companions at all.

Mr. Marcy's Letter.

When the Convention of Paris was transmitted to Washington, Mr. Marcy, with an amiable candor, declared his intention of considering it with a view to the interests of the United States in the contingency of a war with England. The Americans have as much to lose at sea as ourselves, but they have a comparatively insignificant navy. It was therefore natural that they should wish to diminish captures; but they were likely to suffer a disadvantage by allowing ships of war a monopoly of plunder. The Secretary of State was perfectly justified in looking to the interests of his country, although he used an untenable argument when he assumed that private enterprise would make up for the deficient strength of the national marine. It is well known that privateers never fight, but they cannot be denied that in a war with England they might be a formidable weapon in the hands of the United States. Mr. Marcy offered to subscribe three out of the four articles of the European Convention, but the parties to the Treaty of Paris had agreed to make the concession of any part conditional on the acceptance of the whole.

As an alternative, he made a bold and comprehensive proposal. The American Government undertook to renounce the use of letters of Marque on condition that the property of belligerents at sea should be wholly exempt from capture; and, if the offer was made in good faith, it is to be regretted that England did not at once close with the suggestion. Lord Palmerston intimated in his Manchester speech an inclination to acquiesce in the project, but it was necessary to consult the Powers which had signed the Treaty of Paris, and it was thought desirable to examine the various results which might arise from such a revolution in Maritime Law. Before a decision could be formed the Cabinet at Washington became alarmed at the possibility that its offer would be accepted. Mr. Buchanan and General Cass have intimated their disinclination to follow up the discussion, nor is there any reason to hope that so desirable an object will soon become attainable. In the meantime the laws of war between England and America are wholly unaffected by the Convention of Paris.

The maritime weapon which is really indispensable to England is the right of blockade. Mr. Marcy's plan would have relieved traders from the necessity of procuring convoys, whilst it would have enabled the English fleets to close the principal ports of the enemy, and in this manner the maximum of efficiency in the navy would have been combined with the minimum of loss to commerce. The tidings of the proposed bargain were, as experience has since proved, much too good to be true. If, however, the Government has not obtained everything which might have been wished, it has done the country solid service in procuring the abolition of European privateering.—London Times.

A Boy Eaten by a Bear.

A shocking occurrence took place on the Hamtramck marshes, near Detroit, Michigan, on last Tuesday, in which a boy eleven years old was actually eaten up alive by a bear, within sight of the city. The circumstances of the case are thus given by the Detroit Free Press:

A man named Joseph Rademacher went out on Tuesday morning, in company with a little brother, to pick raspberries. They carried their dinners with them, and went some five or six miles out before commencing their day's work. Rademacher deposited his dinner basket and coat on the ground, and employed himself for some time in picking berries, when his attention was attracted by a noise, he looked around, and, to his intense astonishment, saw a large she bear, accompanied by three cubs, engaged in devouring his dinner. It was but the work of a moment to drop his basket of berries and hurry with his young brother from the spot. He saw two boys not far from him when he left the spot, but said nothing to them. Before himself and brother had got a safe distance, they heard terrible screams in the direction they had left, which only served to accelerate their pace, and place a greater distance between them and danger.

They were soon overtaken by one of the boys, who came rushing after them in a bewildered state of fright, screaming that the bear was eating up his brother. Rademacher received this intelligence in utter dismay, and took to his heels with a will, followed by the two boys, deserting the sufferer to his fate. The cowardly race soon brought them to the city, when they spread the alarm, and a large party was quickly formed for the rescue, which proceeded to the scene of the disaster, accompanied by Rademacher and the father of the unfortunate boy. A long search resulted in finding the remains of the boy, the bear having eaten up about half of the corpse, and buried the rest for a future meal. Remnants of his clothes were found scattered around, together with Rademacher's coat, torn to pieces. A general hunt was commenced with a view of finding the bear, which has been continued up to the present time without success.

An aged Quakeress was seen intently gazing upon a richly embroidered satin, displayed in a dry goods store in Broadway. An Irishman, passing, smiled as he saw the fascination upon the dame. "Ah," said he, "that is Satan tempting Eve."

A Picture of Bachelor Life.

At a class-meeting at the recent Commencement of Yale College, Mr. James C. Rice, of New York, responded to the toast, "The wives present and future of the Class," in a very humorous style. The following extract from his remarks will be read with interest by sufferers:

What is more miserable, Mr. Chairman, and I appeal to you, sir, as one who is still in the "bonds of iniquity and the gall of bitterness," than the life of a self-sacrificing, persevering, liberally educated bachelor? Tell me, sir, of the miseries and sufferings of the various conditions and fortunes of life; tell me how the soldier leaves his happy home, and dies unshrouded in some foreign land; how the sailor, who has weathered a hundred storms, at length finds a watery grave; how the weary traveler sinks exhausted on Sahara's sands or in Alpine snows; but, O ye good fates, who preside over the destinies of men, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos—and ye, O beautiful Graces, Aglaia, Euphrosyne and Thalia, and ye, also bright goddesses, Venus, Juno and Minerva, have mercy upon us and deliver us from the life, the death, and the expectations of a bachelor!

I beg of you, my fellow classmates, to leave the table for a few moments, and accompany me to the "existing place" of a bachelor. You behold here no tasty garden with rich variegated flowers, no love bowers clad with woodbine and ivy, no meandering walks fringed with rose hedges, no wife to entertain you with the kind words of welcome, no children to climb up and prattle on your knee, and no birds to punctuate the too lively talk with song, but rather on all sides the wretchedness of "single blessedness." Go with me to his room. Oh, "confusion worse confounded!" Piles of unfiled newspapers piled upon cases of unarranged books, magazines and manuscripts lost like the unfound books of Livy in the dust of ages. Cast your eyes on the mantelpiece, and lose yourself in the inexplicable confusion; see his chairs tottering on their last legs, as if too weak to stand up by or for themselves; feel of his hard bed, from which each morning he rises mangled all over into a checker-board by the impressions of the cord through the unevenly spread mattress. Go with me to his bureau; here are twelve shirts, which look as if they would like to get free, and shift for themselves; there is not a bosom among them but that opens to you its troubles—not a wristband well enough ever to go out into the world with its broken constitution—not a collar so aristocratic but that it seems entirely broken down by its long-standing adversities. But look on the bachelor himself. See his perforated stockings holding up his heels to ridicule—his torn slippers disintegrating and turning out of doors his toes—his pantaloons trying to get up a meeting on account of their rents and to be off before detection.

Why, sir, you may tell me of tormented wives more fretful than the Xantippe of Socrates—of certain lecturing and caudling when weary, the lord and master comes to his bed—of crying children, who wake up at the noon of night with the earache, toothache, whooping cough, canker rash, or the measles—of unruly servants and abominable cooks—of exorbitant bills at the groceries and druggists—these, these are endurable; but, oh! ye good fates, graces and goddesses, whom I have heretofore invoked, have mercy upon us, and deliver us from the life, the death, and the expectations of a bachelor!

A GERMAN GIRL MAD FOR LOVE.—A beautiful German Girl of Cincinnati, named Hannah Rootker, went suddenly mad on Sunday, on being told by her father that she should not marry a fellow countryman to whom she had been engaged for some months with the full expectation of becoming his wife. Upon the announcement she fell, as if struck by lightning, to the floor, and it was with much difficulty she was restored to consciousness. She then began raving frightfully, and with cries, and screams, and groans, and tears and lamentations, startled the entire neighborhood of Bremen street, where she resided. Nothing could be done to calm or appease her—she grew worse and worse, until it was determined to remove her to the hospital. When there, she continued to rave, and would have died from exhaustion before this, had not chloroform been administered to keep her quiet. It was found necessary, too, to bind her to the floor, else she would have taken her own life, leaped out of the window, or done anything desperate. The physicians who saw her say they never before beheld so violent a mania.

CHOLERA IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—A letter from the Pacific port of Acapulco, in San Salvador, informs us that the cholera broke out in the interior early last month, and was raging frightfully, eighteen or twenty deaths per day occurring in the town of Sonsonate, out of a population of about four thousand. The panic occasioned by the presence of this fearful scourge was already widespread, and the native from every direction were fleeing to the mountains. At Acapulco it was found almost impossible to procure men to carry a little freight on board a vessel in the harbor, although no case of cholera had occurred at the port until the day on which our informant left.

A TRACT of 100 acres of land without improvements, and lying on the Missouri river, some three miles from Independence, was recently sold for \$100 per acre.