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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

VOL. XXXVI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1853. No. 37.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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All orders addressed to the publishers, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

EARTH AND AIR.—BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How bountiful, how wonderful
Thou art, sweet Air!
And yet, albeit thine odours lie
On every gust that mocks the eye,
We pass thy gentle blessings by
Without a care!

How bountiful, how wonderful
Thou art, sweet Earth!
Thy seasons changing with the sun—
Thy beauty out of darkness won!
And yet, whose tongue (when all is done)
Will tell thy worth?

The poet's!—He alone doth still
Uphold *all* worth!
Then love the poet!—love his themes,
His thoughts, half hid in golden dreams,
Which make thrice fair the songs and streams
Of Air and Earth.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLERS.

In ancient times there lived at Manheim a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for any thing, he spared no effort to obtain it; and his passions were like the storm winds, which cross rivers, valleys and mountains, crushing every thing in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he led in Manheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Consequently, he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed in his girdle all the money he possessed, and started without knowing whither he was going. After walking several days he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach.—Three travellers had stopped here, and seemed, like himself, to be preparing to cross it. One was a tall, haughty woman, with a threatening mien, holding in her hand a javelin; the second, a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third, an old woman in rags, and with a haggard air.

Otto saluted them; inquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest; they replied in the affirmative; he asked permission to accompany them, that he might not loose his way. All three consented, and they set out. The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid and continued his walk, conversing with the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees, when the sound of a horse's footstep was heard behind them. Otto turned and recognized a citizen of Manheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and whom he had hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot passengers, smiled insolently, and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give all I possess, and almost all I ever expect to possess, to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that man."

"I can satisfy thee," said the tall lady with the javelin. "Shall I make him a blind and lame beggar? You have only to pay to me the price of the transformation."

"And what is the price?" asked Otto, eagerly.

"Thy right eye."

"I would willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he found himself blind of an eye. He was at first a little surprised, but consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and that he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile, they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest, the road constantly becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, looked with envy on the chariot in which the young girl was half reclining. It was so skilfully constructed, that the deepest ruts scarcely jostled it.

"All roads must seem very smooth and short on this chariot," said he approaching, "and I should like such an one myself."

"Is that all?" replied the second traveller; "I can this instant procure for you what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode, and Otto perceived a second equipage, drawn by a couple of black oxen. Recovering from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter it, when she stopped him by a gesture. "I have fulfilled your desire," said she; "but I cannot make a worse bargain than my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes—I demand one of your arms."

Otto was at first a little disconcerted; but he was very tired—the chariot was before him, and as I have already said, he had never known how to conquer his desires; so, after a short hesitation, he accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his new carriage, but deprived of his right arm. The journey continued thus some time.—Forest succeeded forest, and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile, Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The old woman, who was walking beside him, seemed to perceive this.

"You are sad, my boy," said she; "when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness."

"What is it?" asked the young man.

"You see this flask which I have in my hand, and often carry to my lips?" replied the traveller; "it contains joy for fullness of trouble, and all the hopes of earth.—Whoever drinks of it finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sister's, for I ask in exchange, only half of your brain.

The young man this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste of the liquor in the flask, which appeared to him so delicious, that after having resisted some time, he again consented.

The promised effect soon took place—he had scarcely drank, when he felt his strength revive.

His heart became joyous and confident, and after having sung all the songs he knew, he slept soundly in the chariot, without caring what became of him. When he awoke the three travellers had disappeared, and he was alone at the entrance of a village. He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the only eye he had left was dim; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered, and he could collect only half his ideas. At last he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had so lightly made; the three travelling companions whom fate had sent him had left him no resource but to beg his bread until he died.

Would you know the name of these companions? The woman with the javelin was Hatred; the young girl reclining in the chariot, Indolence; and the woman with the flask, Intemperance.

YOUR CHANGE, SIR.

One of those non descript species of humanity called dandies travelling in Connecticut, a few days since, in his own order, a borrowed conveyance, was brought up with a round turn at a toll gate which he designed to have passed without paying the usual fee. When he found himself in limbo, from which he could not escape without "forking over," he inquired of a young lady who was in attendance at the gate, how much he had to pay before he could pass the formidable barrier.

'Three cents, sir, single wagons,' replied the young lady.

'Three cents is a three-pence, the half of a sixpence, one of the smallest bits of silver in use, eh, young lady—am I right?' said the dandy, feeling in his pocket for the change.

'Three cents, sir, if you please,' said the lady.

'Well, young woman, you seem to be highway-*man* here—so take my money, and shovel out the change as quick as you can trot for it,' said the dandy, at the same time purposely dropping a shilling piece in the mud beneath the wagon.

'Ah!' there it is in the mud I declare—I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them.

The young lady took the shilling from the mud where he had dropped it, went to the house, and returned with nine cents, which she placed immediately under the wheel, where she had taken up the shilling.

'Hillo, hillo, young woman, what is it you mean?' said the dandy. 'Why don't you put that coin into my hand, eh?'

The girl archly replied,

'Sir, I found your money under the wagon, there you'll find your change,' and as she turned into the house, she gave the fellow a most significant smile, and added, 'I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them—would you Mr. Dandy-*man*?' Ha, ha, ha!—there's your change, sir,' and she closed the door.

The Gentleman dismounted—picked up his coppers, and was off at full speed, impatient to get out of sight and hearing. If he should ever happen in that country again, he will take care how he makes change with Yankee girls.

From the Baltimore Sun.

SALDANHA GUANO.

LABORATORY OF STATE CHEMIST, No. 26 Exchange Building, Aug 15, '53.

To the Editors of the Sun—GENTLEMEN: Since the publication, in various newspapers, of the discovery of a Guano Island in the Indian ocean, with the statement of the resemblance of its Guano, to the Saldanha Bay Guano, I have been frequently requested to give some information as to the quality of this particular Guano. In twenty specimens of Saldanha Guano there was an average of

Ammonia,	1,62	per cent.
And of Phosphates, (earthy)	56 40	" "

The money value then of this Guano is as follows:

1,62 per cent. of Ammonia at 11 cts. per lb,	17 cts. per 100 lbs	
56.40 per cent. of Phosphates at 1½ cts. per lb.,	75 "	" "
Total,	$9 92 "	" "

A ton, then, of 2,240 lbs., will be worth for its

Ammonia,	$ 3 98
For its Phosphates,	16 80
Total,	$20 78

This Guano is rich in Phosphates acid and very deficient in Ammonia, bearing a resemblance to the *true* Mexican Guano, *some time since* sold in our market. It is not, nor can be a substitute for good Peruvian Guano, and is intrinsically worth not more than from 20 to $22 per ton. In the latitude where this newly discovered Island exists much rain falls, and on this account no hopes can be realized of finding the Guano underneath any better than that on the surface.

As soon as the analyses of Professors Way and Anderson can be obtained, I will furnish them for publication.

JAMES HIGGINS, State Agricultural Chemist.

COTTON GROWING ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.—Gen. John Wilson, residing at present in San Francisco, has written to Gov. Foot, of Mississippi, about a group of islands in the Pacific known as the Navigator's Islands. With the letter, General Wilson sends to Gov. Foote some pickings of cotton taken from one of the cotton trees which grow on those islands. This tree attains the extraordinary height of thirty feet, with a diameter of one foot, and branches spreading thirty feet. The ball is about the size of a goose egg. When the cotton tree is in full bloom it presents a superb appearance, looking like an immense snow-ball tree, of the kind that adorns so many Southern gardens.

It is said a valuable copper mine has been discovered in Nelson county, Va.

From the National Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

PRIVATE DESPATCH TO GO THROUGH THE ORGAN TO GINERAL PIERCE.

DOWNINGVILLE, (STATE OF MAINE,) JULY 22, 1853.

Mr. Gales & Seaton: My dear old friends, when I am in a dilemma I always feel sure I shall be safe if I throw myself into your hands. And I am in a dilemma now, cause I've got to send a little private official despatch to Gineral Pierce, and I can't find out what paper is the organ to send it through. I've been hunting and hunting over the papers from all parts of the country that come to Uncle Joshua's post office to try to find out what paper is Gineral Pierce's organ; but the more I hunt the worse I am off, and the darker and more puzzlin the question grows. Some of the papers say the Washington Union is the organ, and some says 'tisn't.

Sometimes the Union comes out with a fust-rate dimocratic leader, loaded down with true solid dimocratic principles that goes into the ground clear up to the hub.—Wal, then the papers say "that's by authority; the Union is the organ of the Administration, and no mistake; it's jest as clear as preachin." Then, the next thing, may be, it comes out with another dimocratic leader puffing the dimocratic government of Russia sky high. Wal, then the papers goes into a flutteration about it, and says the Union isn't the organ of the Government, any more than a toad wants a tail, every bit and grain.

But the Union says '*Iis* the organ, and the New York Evenin Post and some of the rest of 'em eenamost swears up hill and down '*tisn't* the organ. So there they have it; and how are we away down East here to tell which is what? And then some of the papers said the Republic was to be the organ, and was cut down near about one-half in size to suit the times; and some said a true blue dimocratic organ was going to be moved up from New Hampshire; and some said a bran new organ was going to be made right up out of whole cloth, and an editor was going to be brought up from New Hampshire to edit it. So what the upshot of the business is I can't find out.

I'm most afraid the Gineral hasn't appointed any organ yet, and if he hasn't that's very bad; for the organ ought to be the very first appointment made. But I know the Gineral has had a very hard time about some of his appointments, so I can't so much blame him. So here you see was my bother that I was in: I had to send to the Gineral something that ought to go through the organ, and I can't find the organ. Finally, arter consulting Uncle Joshua about it, he said I'd better write to you, for you would know as much about it as any body, and if there was an organ you could send my despatch to it, and if there wasn't you could put it in the Intelligencer, and for his part, he always thought the Intelligencer was about as good as an organ to put any thing into.

So now, Mr. Gales & Seaton, if there isn't no organ in Washington nor nowhere else in America, I shall have to depend on you to get my dispatch along to the Government the best way you can, and I'll try to do as much for you any time.

To Gineral Pierce, President of America, and agoing to be (That is, if Gineral Cushing isn't mistaken) the founder of Modern Rome.

DEAR GINERAL: I'm afraid you've tho't strange of it that I haint writ to you afore now, for so long a time past; but I couldn't. I've been so busy cruizing round among the fishermen down to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that I couldn't get no time to write, nor couldn't find no post office to send it. Ye see, Gineral, I didn't accept your invitation to take a seat in your Cabinet, 'cause I'm one of them sort that can't bear setting a great deal. I can't stan it without I'm up and knocking about pretty much every day, and I understood the Cabinet had to set nigh half the time, so I told you I should a good deal rather have some foreign appintment, where I could stir myself. And you told me the foreign appintments was pretty much all spoke for, twenty times over, but you would give me a commission of Minister Gineral, and I might go round and look after the interests of the country wherever I thought best. Now that was jest what I liked; you couldn't a gin me no appintment that would suit me better.

Wal, my first cruise, Gineral, has been away down East, and a little beyond; for I thought 'twas high time them fishermen of ourn down there was looked arter, I heard they was getting wrathy, and the Britishers was flockin in there with their armed vessels again, and there was pretty likely to be a muss if 'twant seen to; and I knew it would be a good cool place in this hot summer weather, so I sculled off. I went all along the coast and boarded the fishermen, and talked with the skippers and give 'em good advice. I'm sorry to say their backs is up pretty round. They swear they'll never stand that straight line "from headland to headland" no way you can fix it. They say the cod-fish and the mackeral are a good deal thicker inside the line than they are out, and they are bound to go where there's the best fishin, let who will stan in the way. Wal, Gineral, since most all our politicians and office-seekers is doing the same thing and setting of 'em the same example, I couldn't find it in my heart to blame 'em much, for who is there among 'em all, politicians and office-seekers, that stands much about any straight line from headland to headland when they think there's any better fishin 'tother side of it?

Howsever, I guess you may calculate the fishermen will reman quiet this summer, if they are allowed to fish where they are a mind to, and the British vessels don't crowd 'em too hard. But if they do, you must look out for a regular row that'll stir the whole camp of Young America. I got home last week, and have been overhauling the newspapers and having talks with Uncle Joshua, and learning how things is getting on. I see that you and some of the Cabinet have been on to New York to see the openin of the Crystil Palace, and had a good time. I am glad to find your Administration is getting on so swimmingly, and that you have got such a fust-rate Cabinet round you. I like Mr. Marcy better and better; he's such a prudent man and a fust-rate Dimocrat. I always heard he was prudent and savin, and wasn't ashamed to have his clothes mended as long as they was decent, before he would go into any extravagance to get new ones. And I'm right glad he's agoing to set sich a good example to the country by making our foreign Ministers and Consuls follow his prudent ways. His circular of the first of June has been worth a hundred dollars to me right off, to begin with. When I got home I says to Uncle Joshua, says I, "Uncle I want you to lend me a hundred dollars, and I'll give you an order on the President for it to take it out of my salary; for I'm agoing to take a circulating tower to Europe with my commision of Minister Gineral, to see that England and France puts a stop to that Russian war, and I've got to get a bran new rig for a court dress."

Uncle Joshua laughed, and says he, "Major, you can save yourself all that trouble and expense. I guess you haint seen Mr. Marcy's circular. Our foreign Ministers and Consuls now have all got to wear the plainest home-spun clothes, jest as Dr. Franklin did when he was a Minister in the beginning of the Government. The circular says, 'it is to be regretted that there was ever any departure in this respect from the example of Dr. Franklin.' And it goes on and lays down the rules about plain clothes in a most thorough dimocratic manner.—And the Union newspaper, I don't know whether it's an organ or not, but it puts on airs and speaks as though it was talking by authority, and it says the administration is determined to exhibit the same progressive American spirit' in the clothing business that it it does in its other foreign relations; and that 'it is time to restore the strongly-marked republicanism' of Dr. Franklin's clothes. So, Major, your clothes is all good enough now, and jest the right sort. Only may be you better take with you my long drab surtout and my broad-brim hat, for perhaps they'd look a little more like Dr. Franklin than yourn does." And then cousin Nabby spoke up, and says she, "Yes, cousin Jack, and I've got half a dozen pair of blue wollen stockins already knit for you; so you'll be all fixed up nice and warm."

Wal, now, Gineral, I feel a great deal relieved about this dress business; it will save so much expense, and, besides, I shan't feel afraid now to go to any royal Court in Europe, and face the finest on 'em. The fact is, Gineral, since Mr. Marcy's circular has set me to thinkin on this matter of dressin for our Ministers, I don't know but it would be more dimocratic and American to go a step beyond Dr. Franklin, and take the real abborigin style. There ain't to my mind nothin more becomin than a buffalo robe or a hansom blanket, with the fine worked Indian leggins and moccasins; and then an American Minister would be knowed every where as soon as he was seed.—They might paint or not as they pleased, but it would be real American, and beat the Turks in pictureskness—and besides look Roman like too. Give my respects to Mr. Marcy, and hint this Indian notion to him. I am sure it would take like wildfire.

And, Gineral, you've got another real whaler in your Cabinet, and that is Gineral Cushing. It seems to me, if that man lives, he's agoing to outstrip Gineral Jackson, I had no idea there was so much grit in him till he made that speech 'tother day at Newark, in the Jersies. Since I've read that speach I feel all over like an old Roman.—It seems as if I can see our country marching right up to the very tip-top of the world's mountain and kicking all the rest of the nations down to the bottom of the heep. That old Greek, that folks tell so much about, never poured out sich a grist of oratory in all his born days. I can't help copying a little piece of it out of the newspapers into my dispatch. Here 'tis:

"There is a destiny to a Republic. There is a law of its existence as clearly and undeniably as there is a law of the existence of a human being that he shall begin in youth, that he shall grow in juvenescence, that he shall harden into manhood, that in the plentitude of his manful strength he shall overtop the nations around him. [Applause.] We are now the men of the modern Rome. How was it with the old Rome? She conquered. She went on annexing, according to the law of her existence, [applause,] and so long as she proceeded in the application of that law of her existence, no earthly power could withstand her progress. [Applause.] I say that was the destiny of ancient Rome, and it is the destiny of modern Rome. There can be no pause in our progress, except the pause of decay; when we cease to grow we shall begin to perish. [Applause.] I say, when we cease to grow we shall begin to perish; for upon us as a republic is impressed, not a curse, (though it was a curse of him who thrust from his door the thirsting Saviour on his way to Calvary;) it was his curse that vengeance of God should pronounce over him as the perpetual sentence of his sin—march, march, march: for him there was no pause. I say, as on him was pronounced the curse, on us has been poured down the benediction, [applause:] for us that same Divine voice has said, March, march, march—onward, upward, so long as there remains a celestial height in the infinite regions of greatness which it is possible for human power to scale. [Applause."]

That speech came over cousin Sargent Joel like a streak of lightning. He went right to work and scoured up his old firelock as bright as a pewter-platter. And now from mornin till night, with his firelock on his shoulder he marches about the house and round the barn in a military step, sayin to himself as he goes, "March, march, march; we are the men of modern Rome! March, march, march; annexin day is close at hand! March, march, march!"

But, Gineral, I must be in a hurry and be off on my tower before the countries is all annexed, for then my commission of Minister Gineral won't be of no use. So I subscribe myself in haste, your faithful friend and well wisher,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

From the Cotton Plant.

Interesting Communication from a Maryland Slave-Holder.

NO. II.

MR EDITOR:—In my former communication I endeavored to show the true condition of the negroes, who are held in bondage in the Southern States, that those who recognized the vested rights of property and who were unprejudiced might learn, though slaveholders at the South, we acknowledged in the strongest degree the binding obligation of providing our slaves, who are dependent on us, with both the comforts and necessaries of life. And to that end have advanced to them our capital on which they labor not for our benefit alone, but with concomitant advantage to themselves and their families.

This branch of the subject might be followed out further in detail, and I might show what ceaseless expenses, we are every day incurring on account of our slaves who are incapable of productive labor, how in sickness they received constant medical attendance and the kindest nursing; and that as a general rule, humanity was extended to every slave on the plantation of the slaveholder. This however I deem at present unnecessary.

If what I have stated in my former communication be false, let the error into which I have fallen, be pointed out by those who are better acquainted with the subject than your correspondent. For I assure you in the utmost sincerity, it is not my design by false coloring to give currency to error, or to mislead the candid mind of a single reader.

That there are slaveholders, who are negligent of the comforts of their slaves, and unkind in their treatment we all know, and I shall not here pretend to deny. But am happy to say, these instances of unkindness on the part of the slaveholder are of the rarest occurrence. The interest of the slaveholder requires, that his slaves should be well fed, well clothed, and well treated, or they are incapable of productive labor. Humanity and kind treatment then, on the part of the slaveholders to his slave, is his true interest. And the path that interest points, mankind is ever prone to pursue.—In addition to this, the slaveholder, who treats with cruelty and brutality his slave, is subject to punishment under those very laws, which vest in him the right of property in his slave. For in every slaveholding State laws are enacted for the protection of the slaves against cruelty and violence on the part of their owners.

But let me enquire, whether there are not to be found unkind and inhuman parents, who neglect the comforts and welfare of their children, or inhuman and undutiful children, who are unmindful of the sacred obligation of parental authority? Unhappily indeed both these classes can be found. As valid and as forcible then, would be the objection against the natural relation of parent and child on account of unkindness and inhumanity, as it is on the same account against the legal relation of master and slave.

More than a century ago, African slaves were introduced into this country, not indeed by the commercial enterprise of the South, but by the ancestors of those, who at this day, are loudest in their denunciations of the Southern slaveholders. The colonies of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas were the slave markets, while those of New England were the importers. And at this day as far as the truth can be ascertained, we have every reason for believing, the New England colonies reaped a much richer pecuniary harvest from the slave trade, than the Southern colonies, where the slaves were purchased. The South at that day sought not slaves on the shores of Africa, but only received them when brought to their doors, and offered for sale in open market. If an account of profit and loss from the slave trade could now be struck, we should undoubtedly find, the colony of Massachusetts received from it, more clear pecuniary gain than that of Virginia, and, the colony of Rhode Island than that of Maryland. The well regulated economy of New England sires so fraught with commercial enterprise, has transmitted to their sons rich stores of wealth gathered from the slave trade, which in their day was legitimate, while our Southern sires less provident than they, have left to us as a legacy, the descendants of their slave purchase, to provide for out of our means and support on our capital. By the slave trade then, who have been the gainers?—Let the candid reader answer this question without prejudice.

The New England sires, of those sons, who now too often cry out against the Southern slaveholder, brought the rude and savage African negro across the wide Atlantic, and offered him as an article of traffic, to our Southern sires, and they for their money purchased him as a slave. These are facts, stubborn facts which history of times not long past tell us, and though some may wince and cavil at the truth, they are no less facts on that account.

I have not however introduced this scrap of history to wound the feelings of the descendants of New England sires, but only to remind them, that their sires made us such as we are. Had they never brought the negroes from Africa, we had not been slaveholders.

The fact, that negroes, both slave and free, form a portion of the population of the United States, and filling as they do that subordinate rank from which in this country, they can never be elevated, has induced many with philanthropic views to look around and enquire by what means their condition can be successfully ameliorated. For no one can be mad enough to suppose, that negroes can ever be placed in a position of social and political equality with the whites. And true philanthrophy does not confine itself to the bettering the condition of one grade of negroes alone, in its purposes it embraces alike the melioration of the two grades, the slave and the free. Of the several schemes proposed having this object in view, that for colonizing the negroes in Africa has had perhaps the strongest advocates. By them it is argued that the civilized negro when colonized in Africa, will find himself in a clime congenial to his nature, and placed in the highest position both social and political. Here in the United States he fills the lowest rank in society, from which he cannot rise, when transported to Africa he would the highest. Whether this argument be sound or not, and whether the success attending the efforts for colonization have been commensurate with the expectations of its advocates it is not my business to enquire. This much however is certain, colonization has had among its advocates some of the ablest and best men of our country, who have never despaired of accomplishing the object they had in view. And their scheme whether successful or not, is one founded on the principals of humanity and philanthropy.

In Maryland the interest in colonization has been so much awakened, that the State herself has extended to the scheme her fostering care, and levied an annual tax upon her citizens for its support. By her act of Assembly of 1831, chapter 281, Maryland a slave-holding State, levied on her slaveholding citizens the annual tax of TEN THOUSAND dollars for the benefit of the society for colonizing negroes in Africa; which tax from that date to the present has without intermission been paid. The slaveholding State of Maryland during the period of twenty years has collected from her slaveholding citizens the aggregate sum of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND dollars for the immediate benefit of her negro population both slave and free. On the part of a slave-holding State is this inhumanity? Thro' all her financial difficulties and troubles, when Maryland was unable to pay the interest on the debt for which her faith was pledged, and when she found it necessary to resort to the most burdensome and oppressive system of taxation, still her colonization tax of 1831 remained unrepealed. For this we would ask for a parallel in a non-slave-holding State. It is thus that Maryland and her slave-holding citizens have ever shown themselves capable of humane considerations for the negro population.—Let those who denounced us, the slaveholders of the South, do as much as we have done, before they give utterance to their denunciations. Let the non-slave-holding States levy and collect an annual tax from their citizens, for the benefit of the free negroes within their limits as Maryland has done for the last twenty years, for the negro population, and then we of the South may be expected to heed their outcries, and believe in their oft repeated professions of unbounded love for the negro race. New England in days that are passed, received rich profits from the slave trade, let her now pay back for the benefit of the race she enslaved, only the interest on those profits. We slaveholders of Maryland have voluntarily by legal enactment taxed ourselves for the benefit of our negro population.—Non-slave-holders do not denounce us until you have done the same, and paid to them not in ill-timed and misdirected sympathy, but in money as much done. It is true you may say we have received profit from slave labor. In my former communication, I showed that to our slaves we advanced our capital, and from their labor they and their families received the greater advantage. And recollect too, from the free negroes for whose benefit we are also taxed we received nothing, and they have on us no claim other than of humanity. But admit we do receive profit from slave labor, to that profit we of the South are as much entitled under the constitution of the United States and the laws of our States, as the non-slaveholders are to the profits arising from the labor of any operative in their employ.—The legal rights to the profits arising from the labor of the two classes are the same, between them there can be no distinction.

The citizens of Maryland and the South have rights that are guaranteed to them.—For those rights we ask respect and we are entitled to it. What we willingly yield to the rights of others, we may justly demand for our own. We appeal to no prejudice, we only ask that prejudice should be laid aside, and our legal rights as citizens, though slave-holders, should be recognized and respected. In my communications I have presented a series of facts and reflections on the subject of negro slavery, intended to disabuse the minds of those, whose opportunities have not enabled them to view the subject in its true light. From the unprejudiced I would ask for these a calm consideration, and I am satisfied on full investigation, the institution of slavery as it exists at the South will be found divested of those chimeras with which ignorance and prejudice have surrounded it, and robbed of those false colorings with which the mendacity of unprincipled politicians and mad fanatics have painted it.

A MARYLAND SLAVE-HOLDER.

DISTANCE OF THE SPIRIT LAND FROM THE EARTH.—According to a vision of A. J. Davis, "between the spirit home and the earth, there are strewn along and throughout the intervening distance, like milestones marking the length of the public roads—thus making space an actual and reliable fact in infinity—more than four hundred thousand planets and fifteen thousand solar bodies of lesser magnitude." He professes to see the constituent particles of our atmospheric globules as distinctly as the natural eye can see shot in a glass bottle.

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