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MISCELLANEOUS.

SOPHIA ROBARTES'S FLIRTATIONS.

On a cold frosty winter's morning, Mrs. Robartes and her daughter sat in their luxurious morning-room, engaged in various female occupations.—There had been a silence of some minutes, which was broken by Harriet, the youngest of the three sisters, exclaiming, "Really, Julia and Sophia, you are excessively entertaining this morning, almost as cheering as the weather. Have you nothing to tell us of Mrs. Mackenzie's party?—was nobody either delightfully entertaining or charmingly absurd?"

"No," replied Julia, "it was too stupid even to laugh at afterwards; I never was more completely ennuyee in my life. I cannot imagine how it is, but it seems as if the very air of the place had the effect of destroying the power of being agreeable; for people who are really most charming elsewhere, are always dull at Mrs. Mackenzie's."

"Even the charming Miss Robartes; eh, Julia?" said Harriet; "but I can explain the enigma. It is because the—the what shall I call it?—the assembly is presided over by the goddess of dulness herself in the shape of Mrs. Mackenzie, and, you know, "What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?"

"Come, come, Harriet," said Sophia, "Mrs. Mackenzie does her best to make her house agreeable, and we should be grateful for her good intentions."

"No, Sophia, it is just a case in which good intentions only aggravate the offence. It is high treason against pleasure for any one to give evening parties who is so utterly devoid of all qualifications, natural or acquired, for such an undertaking as Mrs. Mackenzie. Such persons deserve no mercy."

"For my part," said Sophia, "I must say I have been at more stupid parties than the one last night."

"Well, certainly" remarked Julia, "I was wrong to say that everybody lost the power of being agreeable; I ought to have accepted Mr. Lowe. By the bye, Sophia, he is remarkably attentive."

Sophia blushed slightly, and Harriet laughingly remarked, "Oh, a solitary exception serves only to establish a general rule, and in this case, Miss Sophia, your evidence cannot be admitted, as it appears you were not in circumstances to form a correct judgment."

At this moment a servant entered with a letter for Sophia. She broke the seal, and after reading the first few lines, glanced her eye at the signature, whilst the color rose to her temples. She then silently placed the letter before her mother, who, as she folded it up after reading it, said, "Well, my dear, I am not surprised; nor are you, I dare say. All you can do, my dear, is to write as kind and polite a note as possible, expressive of your great esteem, and so on, and regretting that it is not in your power to return the sentiments he expresses for you. Certainly he is an excellent young man; one whose person, manners, and character, are, as far as I know anything about him, unobjectionable; and your father tells me few young men are doing so well in business; still, *your* forming such a connexion is not to be thought of, he has so many relations, all low people, and residing in the town too. Not one of them but is quite unpresentable in anything like society. I pity him extremely; it really is a great misfortune for a rising young man to have such a host of vulgar relations."

"But mamma," suggested Sophia, "it surely is not necessary that Mr. Lowe should be intimate with all his relations?"

"Certainly not; but it unfortunately happens that the very worst among them, the most vulgar and disagreeable, are the most nearly related; his brother and sisters for instance."

"Besides," added Julia, "you know his opinion on that subject. Remember the severe remarks he made upon the conduct of Mr. Seaton to his sister, who made that low match."

"And," said Harriet, laughing heartily, "only fancy, Sophia, with her refined taste and love for the intellectual, condemned to pass a long day with Mrs. Jeremiah Lowe, in a fine house, where a book or an engraving is never to be seen from the first day of January to the last of December; but never mind, Sophia, I dare say she would entertain you charmingly with the cost of her tables and chairs, and the wonderful escape the splendid mirror in her drawing-room had during the last frost."

"Yes," chimed in Julia; "and then there is Miss Tamar Lowe, who keeps your admirer's house [by the way, what very peculiar names they have in the family]; what should you do with her, Sophia?—Oh, retain her in the house to detail all the transgressions of the servants; how Patty threw a whole potato into the tub for the pigs, and John ruins all the edges of the knives."

"And do not forget Mr. and Mrs. Pratt," said Harriet, "with their tribe of rough, ill bred children, who must come and see Aunt Charles. Mind, Sophia, you always give us warning when you expect a visit from the Pratts."

"What nonsense you do talk," said Sophia, with something very like a forced laugh.

"Nonsense do you call it?" replied Harriet; "I call it very good sense; but remember, Sophia, I shall not be your bride's-maid in conjunction with Miss Tamar; that would be a sacrifice quite beyond my sisterly affection to make."

"You need not concern yourself, Harriet," said Mrs. Robartes; "I am sure Sophia has no idea of putting your affection to a test."

"Oh, indeed, mamma, I am not sure of that," returned Harriet, looking archly at her sister, "what do you say, Sophia; it is quite impossible to get over the legion of relatives?"

"Yes, Harriet," said her sister in a decided but low tone of voice; "yes, I think, quite impossible." But the words were followed by a sigh; for Sophia Robartes had never seen any young man she had thought so agreeable as Charles Lowe.

Dr. Robartes was a physician in good practice, residing in a populous town. He had been brought up to the profession of medicine, with the view of practising as a surgeon; but having early in life married a lady of considerable property, he had, at her earnest and repeated solicitations obtained a physician's diploma. Mrs. Robartes was a handsome woman, and had what all her own particular acquaintances called most delightful manners. To these recommendations she united an intimate acquaintance with all the forms and refinements of polished society; but out of that particular division of the human race amongst whom she had all her life lived and moved, she knew little, and cared less. Like the insect in the magic circle, she moved round and round, incapable of penetrating beyond her little sphere. She had, of course, as every well bred woman has, a great horror of vice and admiration of virtue; but she could better tolerate the one if veiled under a specious refinement and polished manner, than endure the other if accompanied by an awkward carriage and ignorance of the usages of polite life. As she often said to her daughters in the course of their education, "I can do with anything but vulgarity;" meaning by vulgarity not coarseness of mind, but of manner. Brought up under such a mother, it will of course be concluded that the Misses Robartes were perfect in all the graces and accomplishments which, though they do not form a good foundation, are, it must be admitted, a very agreeable addition to female acquirements. Nor were they deficient in more solid and intellectual attainments, especially the two youngest; for Dr. Robartes was a man of considerable and varied information, and by no means so great a slave to conventionalism as his wife; so that his company and conversation exercised a beneficial influence on the minds of his daughters. Sophia especially bore a striking resemblance to her father, which fact may perhaps account for Mr. Charles Lowe's opinion, that Dr. Robartes was a man of high order, the only wonder to him being, how he ever came to marry so foolish and heartless a woman as his wife. Charles might be forgiven for entertaining a decidedly mean opinion of Mrs. Robartes's penetration; for it was very evident that she did not properly appreciate him. He was in some measure aware of the obstacles which his numerous and not very refined relations presented to his forming such a matrimonial connexion as he wished; and though he believed it a prejudice, which a closer acquaintance with their many estimable qualities would do much to dissipate, yet this knowledge had for some time acted as a shield against the arrows of the little god. At length, the citadel had surrendered to the charms of Miss Sophia Robartes; and gathering hope from the young lady's encouraging manner, and her father's evident approbation, he ventured to address to her the letter which gave rise to the foregoing conversation.

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of our hero on receiving Miss Sophia's letter expressive of regret and esteem; for never having been in the situation of a rejected lover ourselves, we might totally fail, which would be anything but pleasant. Or, supposing that, by a happy effort of genius, or an immense exertion of the imaginative faculties, we succeed in portraying the effect of such a catastrophe on a mind such as his, to others of a more placid and resigned disposition it might seem over-colored, whilst those of a still more ardent temperament would pronounce it tame and passionless. This much only we shall say, that Charles Lowe's feelings on first reading that properly worded epistle were not unmixed with indignation, for he did think that he had not been well used. Miss Sophia Robartes had certainly given him tacit encouragement; and the more he reflected on the matter, the more he felt convinced, by many little signs which a man in love well knows how to interpret, that she was not indifferent to him. Believing that his rejection was solely owing to Mrs. Robartes, and that his difficulty might be overcome, he made many efforts, but without success, to bring the young lady to some more decided expression of her sentiments. In this manner months dragged on, until summer, bright, cheering, glowing summer made its appearance. Now, the Robartses were in the habit of going from home during the summer months to visit some fashionable watering place. This had become a practice chiefly for amusement, and to distinguish themselves from the unfortunate vulgar who always vegetate in one spot. But this year Mrs. Robartes had found herself compelled to acknowledge the humiliating fact, that she was afflicted with that very *common* complaint, the rheumatism, and consequently Dr. Robartes issued his commands that the summer excursion must be to Buxton. Accordingly, in the brilliant month of July, thither did the family repair, the young ladies consoling themselves with the reflection that though Buxton was not the place of all others they would have chosen, yet when the 12th of August came, numbers of young sportsmen would make it their head-quarter. Now, fate had decreed that Miss Tamar Lowe should, from her youth up, have been a martyr to this same complaint; and Dr. Robartes, good easy man, thinking what was good for Mrs. Robartes, might be beneficial to Miss Tamar, and, with the perversity common to husbands, forgetting how far from agreeable it would be to his wife to acknowledge her in the presence of her genteel acquaintances, recommended his old patient to Buxton too. Charles Lowe was most affectionately urgent with his sister to follow Dr. Robartes's advice; and offered, would she consent, to make such arrangements in his business as should enable him to accompany her; for though he certainly, had the choice been given him, would not have selected his sister as his companion to a watering place, still, as he was sadly in want of a pretext for going himself, and as no better seemed likely to offer, he availed himself of it. Miss Tamar, quite flattered, agreed to go, "though she knew things would be ruined at home, for want of somebody to look after them."

We must now transport our readers to Buxton, a place in itself wonderful, and surrounded by some of nature's most beautiful and glorious scenes. It was a fiercely hot August morning (too hot for any place but Buxton, where there is always a fresh breeze,) and the fashionable hour for promenading. Numerous gay groups were walking on the terraces, and amongst these none so distinguished for their elegance as the Robartses. Mrs. Robartes, in graceful and becoming invalid costume, was leaning upon the arm of her eldest son, Mr. Percy Robartes, a young man just called to the bar, and remarkably gentleman-like, if dress and any conceivable amount of assumption give a claim to that title. The young ladies, blooming in youth, and radiant with gratified vanity, were accompanied by several of those desirable young sportsmen, whose company had been so anticipated. "Miss Sophia," exclaimed one of the young men, "do look, I beg, at that extraordinary old young lady just descending from that britska. Positively that is a gentlemanly-looking fellow, though, assisting the old quiz. One would think he must have expectations in that quarter." Miss Sophia looked and was dismayed; for she beheld her lover, Charles Lowe. And, alas! his companion was Miss Tamar; and, was ever anything more provoking, they chose that hotel for their resting place, at which she, her mamma and sisters were staying. Mr. Smythe, the gentleman who had addressed her, wondered why Sophia made no reply to his remark; and was astonished at, though he could not but admire the beautiful color which rose indignantly as she pondered over the assurance of Mr. Lowe in following her to Buxton. Yes, there they were. Miss Tamar, hot though it was, mindful of her rheumatism, looking not very unlike a bale of woollen goods; and persisting, despite her brother's unwillingness, in seeing all her packages safely deposited in the hotel. At last, satisfied that all was right, she disappeared; the carriage drove round to the stables; and Mr. Lowe, after casting a hasty glance round, entered the house. When the ladies retired to dress for dinner, a cabinet council was held in Mrs. Robartes's room. "Well, mamma, what is to be done now," exclaimed Harriet; "here is Charles Lowe come after Sophia, and has brought Miss Tamar with him, by way of fascinating her I suppose?"

"Do not rattle so, Harriet," interrupted her eldest sister; "I do not see what there is to laugh at; for it really is too provoking that they should come here now to annoy us with their vulgar ways, when we have just become so intimate with the Churchills; and they so refined and exclusive, what must they think when they see us claimed as acquaintances by that odiously vulgar woman?"

"Yes," said Sophia, "though we really know little of her, she will always be so very intimate."

"Well, my dears," replied their mother, "it certainly is a very unfortunate circumstance, but it cannot be helped now. We must take the best of it. Be lady-like, but as distant as possible in your manners; and, if she has not the sense to see we do not wish for the acquaintance, surely her brother will endeavor to keep his most extraordinary sister quiet."

"Well, I hope he may succeed," exclaimed Harriet, "but for my part I do not think it possible; however, we shall see. Come, Sophia, never mind, arm yourself for fresh conquests. Mr. Smythe is dazzled already. You wicked girl, I do not know how it is you manage to fascinate all the gentlemen, but I conclude it is the gentle timidity of your manners that flatters their lordly sense of superiority. Oh, commend me to a gentle, modest coquette; and now to dress, and then to dinner with what appetite the arrival of our evil genius in the shape of Miss Tamar has left us."

When Charles Lowe entered the dining-room of the hotel with his sister on his arm, the first persons on whom his eyes fell were the Robartesses, seated at the upper end of the table. He had previously ascertained that they were staying at the hotel, so that he was not entirely taken by surprise; but he certainly had not calculated upon the very cool return made to his bow of recognition. Mrs. Robartes even put up her eye-glass; but at anything she might do, he could not be surprised. As last arrivals he and his sister took their seats at the lowest end of the table; and Miss Tamar, who really was short-sighted, did not at first discover her acquaintances. As soon, however, as she settled herself comfortably, guarded her handsome silk dress from any chance spots of gravy, weighed the merits of the various dishes before her, and determined upon which to try, she began to look round upon the company.

"Why, Charles," exclaimed she, "there are the Robartesses. Well, how very lucky." Then, stretching past her neighbor as far up the table as possible, she said, in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to arrest the attention of all present, "How d'ye do, Mrs. Robartes; I hope your rheumatism is better? As I've been saying to Charles, we're quite lucky to meet with you so soon, though the doctor told us we should find you here. And Miss Robartes, and Miss Sophia, and Miss Harriet (nodding to each as she named them,) all looking as rosy as when they left Hilderston, to be sure, what a pleasure it is to meet with friends."

Alas! the persons she addressed could not echo this sentiment under the present circumstances; and they were painfully conscious that, whatever the fact might have been previously, it was most certainly true they looked very rosy indeed at that moment. As for Miss Tamar, totally unconscious of the sensation she had excited, she with great equanimity commenced an attack upon a plate of boiled chicken and asparagus with which her brother had supplied her, so that her mouth was stopped for a time; but his feelings may be better imagined than described at this innuspicious opening of his Buxton campaign. At the head of the table sat an elderly gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and at his left hand a young lady, whose resemblance to the gentleman at once announced that she was his daughter. She was not handsome; but her's was a countenance that could not have been unnoticed by the most indifferent observer.—The open intellectual forehead, the eye at once soft and arch, the frank and good-humored mouth, all bespoke a cultivated mind, a well-regulated temper, united with a kind and social disposition. To this young lady did Mrs. Robartes now address herself.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

For the Watchman and Journal.

THOUGHTS ON SLAVERY.

BY E. DINSMORE.

NO. VIII.—DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE.

One of the worst features of slavery—perhaps we may be warranted in saying, it is the very worst—is the traffic in human beings, which grows out of the claim to men as property. The mind, by a long course of familiarity with such scenes, must become wofully hardened and depraved, before it can look upon the marketing of human bones and sinews, with any, the least, complacency. It is a fact, disgraceful to our history, and which should crimson with the blush of shame, the face of every American, that within the limits of our federal Union are annually sold vast numbers of slaves from the more northern to the more southern slaveholding states.

The American Anti-Slavery Society pledges "itself, in a constitutional way to influence Congress to put an end to the domestic slave trade." If Congress possesses the Constitutional power to suppress this traffic, but one opinion can be entertained by those who entertain republican feelings, respecting its nature and its character, as to its duty. The power should be exerted, and that too immediately. No excuse can be offered for the continuance of the domestic slave trade, a single hour.—The slave dealer, totally destitute of conscience and of principle, and one would almost be tempted to believe, *equally destitute of a soul*, purchases his assortment of human beings, separates husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, and thinks no more of the broken hearts he has so incurably wounded. Is it true that the trodden down and despised African is a member of the human family? Of this, there is and can be, no rational doubt. Well would it be for the slaveholder, if *he* could say with truth that himself was not a *man*. Well may the insulted African proudly say to him,

"Prove that you have human feeling
Ere you proudly question ours."

Our principal object now is, a brief examination of the question whether Congress possesses the Constitutional power to abolish the slave trade. I shall examine no authorities upon the subject for the reason that the means are not at hand, and my humble talents are inadequate to the task. Nor does it seem to me at all necessary. The Constitution itself would seem to furnish a decisive answer to the question.

Congress has the *power* to "*regulate* commerce with foreign nations and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes." By the laws of the several slaveholding States, slaves are recognized as property, and it is admitted on all hands that Congress possesses no power to abolish or destroy this right of property. Slaves are, therefore, an article of merchandize, and Congress may certainly *regulate* the commerce in slaves as well as in any other species of property. But to *regulate* does not mean to abolish or destroy. The right of property exists independent of Congress. Congress has no power to prohibit trade in this species of property any more than it has to prohibit trade in horses, or in other articles of merchandize. Congress may regulate commerce with foreign nations, but it cannot prohibit foreign commerce unconditionally and forever. The right to do so has never been claimed or exercised. The embargo of 1807 was not designed to be perpetual, and yet there were not wanting honest and intelligent minds who seriously questioned its constitutionality. But a law of Congress, designed to put a complete *end* to the domestic slave trade would most clearly proceed upon the ground that Congress may totally *destroy* that which it has only the power to *regulate*.

It is said, however, that under the clause of the Constitution, Congress has proceeded to prohibit the foreign slave trade, and that if the power exists in the one case, it must exist in the other also.—The two cases do not happen to be exactly parallel. In the one case, Congress attempts to destroy an existing right, the right of commerce in an article of merchandize. The several States have by law, a right to traffic in whatever property they possess, and Congress can only regulate the traffic. In the other case, no such right exists; the merchant is seeking to *acquire* a right in the *men*—not the *things* of Guinea. The Constitution at the time of its adoption, found none of the citizens of this Union, enjoying, claiming or exercising a present right of property in any of the sable sons and daugisters of Africa across the Atlantic. In regulating foreign commerce, therefore, Congress has an undoubted, constitutional right to prohibit the acquisition of property in that which is not and cannot be, by the law of nations, recognized as an article of merchandize. The power to do this is just as clear as the power to punish the kidnapping of a free citizen of New England by a Southern slaveholder. Nobody owns the free sons and daughters of Guinea, who may be sporting on the banks of the Niger; they belong to themselves.—Congress then possesses the right, not indeed solely by virtue of a constitutional provision, but by virtue of the law of nations, as well as *the law of God*, to prohibit the disgraceful and unchristian traffic.

There does not exist much probability, to say the least, that the southern States would ever willingly surrender to Congress the power "to put an end to the domestic slave trade." Every body knows how jealously they have watched and guarded all their boasted "rights and immunities" in relation to the subject of slavery Never would they have consented to the adoption of the federal Constitution had they supposed that it conferred in any manner, on Congress the power to interfere with their right of property in slaves. This fact increases the presumption that no such grant of power was intended by the framers. A fair construction of this instrument determines this question against this claim of power; and we must abandon all hopes of seeing such a grant inserted there, by the consent of the slaveholders, until a totally different spirit begins to pervade the bosoms of those who are the most directly interested in the question.

Experience seems to prove that men are disposed to construe the constitution according to their party prejudices and love of power. A plain provision that each House shall *keep* a journal of its proceedings, has been construed in defiance of common sense and the English language, to be not at all inconsistent with *expunging* and mutilating it. It is not, therefore, at all surprising that in this age of wonders and constitutional discoveries, it should at last be ascertained that to *regulate* and to *abolish* are synonymous terms. One thing, however, may be said in favor of this last discovery, which its warmest advocates never said of the first: this power, if exercised, would be on the side of humanity and equal rights; that was employed only for the purpose of silencing a gentle rebuke of Executive usurpation.

For the Watchman and Journal.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT—DEMOCRACY—HUMAN NATURE.—No. I.

Is the right or authority of Civil Government, or the source of power in that Government, of *human* or *divine* origin? In other words, are civil rulers —i. e. *the people*, through their representatives and agents—self-dependent, independent, irresponsible originators and administrators of such Government; or do they derive the right and authority of such Government from God, and administer the same in dependence upon Him, and as subordinate agents, accountable to Him? Still again—Are "the powers that be of *God*," or of *human* creation? I am fully aware, that very few, if any, of our civilians, statesmen, or mushroom politicians even, will deny in theory—in *words* at least, that we derive Civil Government from God, and are consequently responsible to Him for it. But what does *practice*—what do *actions*, with many who now wield our political destinies, proclaim on this point? They have become so hostile to our theory, with many of the politicians of the day, as even to infringe on the *theory itself*, in some cases. I, not long since, heard a learned Judge complaining of the doctrine of an ex President of his own party, for the principles he had promulgated on the subject in hand; and with good reason, I thought, too. How often do we hear the sentiment, in these days, that "the *people* are the *sovereigns*"—"the *right* of governing belongs to the *people*"—"what the *people* do must be right"—at any rate, "the *sober, second thought* of the *people never can be wrong*." Are such statements strictly *true*? Are they *sincere*? Or are they false in reality, though true in appearance, and made recklessly and designedly, to secure the *favor* of the people; while they, at the same time, *delude* the people, and tend to undermine and overthrow our Government? Here is a certain *Review* in our country, the organ of one of the great political parties, which has broached the same doctrine, as I understand the matter. Now the Judge, above alluded to, made this objection and complaint against the doctrine, that it was levelled at the very foundation of our religion. "In *religion*," said he, "we hold to *human depravity* as as a fundamental doctrine, but in politics we hold to *human perfection* as the very essence of democracy." I had just uttered something to the same import, in conversation with the Judge, and was happily surprised to find that he had been laying the same subject to heart. But, said the conversation, who would trust any *one* of the citizens of this Union with the reins of government? Nobody. He is a selfish, depraved, corrupt being, unworthy of any kind of confidence. And this would be said and justly too, of all the citizens of the Republic, individually and separately considered. Well, then, what do you obtain when you throw all these individuals together—mould all these separate masses of corruption into *one*? Is it a mass of *perfection*? *Will the aggregate of morally polluted millions be perfect purity and excellence?* It it be said, that interest and corruption will work against and *neutralize* interest an corruption, and thus the machine of Governmen revolve evenly and perfectly, I ask, what kind of a compliment is this to the *people*? and how does it touch the question of *right*? CIVIS.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

MAPLE SUGAR.

BARNARD, April 18, 1845.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The encomium you bestowed on the specimen of home manufactured sugar which I sent to your office a short time since, exceeds my expectation. For several years I have been endeavoring to perfect the manufacture; and had supposed that I made as good an article as others, but was not aware that I had exceeded them.

I have thought that the farmers of Vermont took too little interest in this subject—that it is exceedingly unwise, to say the least, for us so lightly to esteem the means of making so wholesome, pure, and pleasant an article among us, while we send so far away for one which, in many respects, is less desirable.

I make no pretension to any superior skill, but as you have requested an account of my process of making, whatever knowledge I possess is at your service. Accordingly I send you a brief statement of my practice:

I might refer to a variety of errors committed by most persons in making sugar; but to speak of these in detail, would make my communication of undue length.

1st. Great care should be taken to keep all vessels used in the process sweet and clean. Every one, at all acquainted with the business, knows that at the close of the sugar season the bottoms of the tubs are covered with a slimy matter,—if this is left to dry into the wood, it is next to impossible, by any cleansing afterwards, to prevent the sap being soured, or in some way tainted. I am careful to gather my tubs before they become dry, and thoroughly scald and cleanse them. Sap holders should be treated in the same manner. I consider it especially important that all the vessels used in the process, should be kept as sweet and clean as those used in a dairy room.

2d. In boiling, I use the common potash kettles; I have never used the cast or sheet iron pans. If my kettles have been used for other purposes during the year, some two or three weeks before the sugar season I cleanse them thoroughly, and rub them over with lard, having under them a slow fire. This process I repeat several times, until they are smoothe—like those used for common culinary purposes. This is necessary, to prevent the sugar from being colored by coming in contact with the iron. But farther care is needful on this point in boiling, that the sugar is not colored by being scorched. To guard against this, my kettles are so set in arches that the fire does not come within six inches of the top. The sap is strained into feeders standing over or near the kettles. The kettles are kept full by small tubes which conduct the sap from the feeders into them. I am accustomed to boil my syrup down somewhat thicker, as I suppose, than has been the common practice—about as thick as West India mollasses, or until the sand (as I call it,) begins to appear. I then strain it hot, into a tub, through a flannel strainer. After standing at least twelve hours, or long enough for the sand that has passed through the strainer, to settle, I draw off the syrup from the tub, by an orifice in the side, some two inches from the bottom.

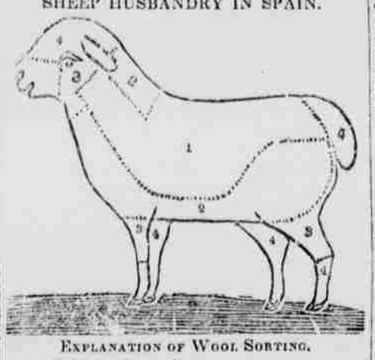
3d. *The sugaring process.* I cleanse with sweet milk, using about a quart to 100 lbs., of sugar; putting it into the syrup when cold. After the scum is taken off, I boil down as quick as possible. In the common slow process of sugaring off, there is great danger of burning. There is less danger of burning in a rapid ebullition than in slow. The hotter fire I can have, therefore, and keep the syrup in the kettle, the better. For a time I manage to keep it down by ladleing, but after it has come to a certain thickness, if the boiling be rapid, (for there is less danger of going over when boiling very fast, than comparatively slow,) a little sweet cream will prevent its boiling over. I consider it quite an object to do the sugaring off as quick as possible. After it has boiled sufficiently, I pour it into tubs to drain.

Sugar made in this way will be quite white; but if it is thought desirable to have it whiter still, it may be made so by placing a cloth folded in several thicknesses upon the sugar in the tub, and wet in pure water. Respectfully yours,

EDMUND PEIRCE.

From the American Agriculturist.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN SPAIN.



EXPLANATION OF WOOL SORTING.

1. *Refina*, or 1st quality.
2. *Fina*, or 2d do.
3. *Tercera*, or 3d do.
4. *Cayda*, or refuse.

The sheep and shearers being dispatched, the first thing to be done is, to weigh and pack up the fleeces, and convey them entire to a place to be scoured, if they are to go out of kingdom, or to any considerable distance within it; for, as the wool is said never to lose less than half of its weight in the operation of scouring, and often more when the sweating has been violent, at least one half of the expense of transportation is saved. As soon as the wool reaches the scouring places, it is given to the "Apartadores," whose business it is to separate it into three parcels of different qualities, as denoted by the above diagram. That taken from the back, flanks, and sides of the neck of the sheep is regarded as of the 1*st quality*; that from the breast, belly, sides of the haunches, and from the back part of the neck, the 2*d quality*; that from the cheeks and throat, the fore legs above the knees, the hams, and back part of the haunches, the 3*d quality*; and that which is taken from the rump, the extremities, and from between the legs is of the 4*th quality*, and is comparatively worthless. Formerly, the 2d quality was taken only from the haunches and belly; the 3d quality, from the back part of the neck, the cheeks, throat, breast, fore legs and hams; and the 4th quality, from the top of the head, the tail, and the extremities of the hind legs. Hence, a different value is fixed upon each of these classes of wool, although it has long been a custom in some provinces to sell the whole pile together at a mean price.

As soon as the wool is properly assorted, it is spread upon wooden hurdles and beaten with rods, in order to deprive it of as much of the dirt and dust adhering to it as possible, previous to its being scoured. In selecting a situation for a scouring place, a valley open to the sun is preferred, through which runs a stream of pure water, and where there are inclined meadows sufficiently spacious for drying the wool. The fixtures and apparatus for scouring consists of one or more large copper caldrons, mounted on a furnace, and provided with appropriate cocks, pipes, gutters, &c., for conducting hot water into three square pits or wells (one for each class of wool,) lined with masonry, and are about a yard in depth. These wells are filled to half of their depth or more with wool, upon which there is let fall from the caldrons a current of water heated to a temperature of 120° to 140° F., and even higher, according to the degree of fineness and the condition of the article to be scoured. The finer the quality and the more dirty the wool, the higher it becomes necessary to carry the temperature. The wool, thus disposed, is turned in the hot water in every direction with a large fork or some other implement, for a space of five or six minutes, and is then spread on wooden hurdles, a yard or more in width, situated alongside the pits, in order to drain off the water and filth which has already begun to dissolve. Directly by the side of these hurdles is a narrow acqueduct formed of masonry or stone, through which flows a current of cold water, into which the wool is next thrown. It is received at the head of the acqueduct, and is carried along its length by the force of the current, being pressed and rubbed in its passage by the feet of one set of men, until it is at last thrown by another, upon an inclined plane formed also of masonry or of stone, where it is left to drain. At the lower end of the aqueduct is placed a small net for catching such locks as may accidentally escape the washers above, and thereby prevent them from being carried away. As soon as the wool is drained, it is spread upon the grass in the neighboring meadows, and in the course of four or five hot sunny days, it becomes sufficiently dry to be packed up and sent away to the manufactories or to the places of shipment. It is usually put up in canvass bags, of various sizes, on each of which are marked an initial letter indicating its quality, and other letters or signs denoting the flock and sub-division it is from; so that the experienced wool-stapler is enabled to distinguish, at sight, the nature of each bale and the cavana to which it belonged.

Imperfect as this mode of scouring appears, it answers every purpose for preserving the wool during the longest voyage; and if a similar mode were adopted in the United States, particularly with the fine-woolled races, or those, the fleeces of which are intended for felts, instead of washing it on their backs, as is generally the case, it would doubtless be much improved. It is a well established fact, that if wool remains in the yolk for a period of six months or a year, and then be scoured, it will yield a greater weight of clean wool than if washed when newly shorn; but in the process of fulling, the articles made from it become more loose and less uniform in their texture, are weaker, less durable, and consequently less valuable to the consumer. And here it is to be regretted that the interests of the wool-grower, of the manufacturer, and of the consumer, are not looked upon as the same.

The fibre of wool is known to consist of small capillary tubes filled with one kind of oil, regarded as the *marrow*, and is surrounded by another oil, or rather soap, commonly called the *yolk*.—The latter, by weight, with other impurities, constitues from 50 to 75 per cent. of the wool, and in some cases even more, according to its quality.—The finer the wool, the more abundant is the yolk. The solid part of the fibre is soluble neither in cold nor in hot water, unless heated to a certain point. From 22 to 29 per cent., by weight, of the yolk, will readily dissolve in pure water of a temperature of 120° to 140° F., but not in a cold bath, even if it were to remain for three or four days; and in the ordinary process of scouring, in Spain, there is left of this substance, in the wool, from 4 to 7 per cent. That portion of the yolk which will dissolve in cold water, if suffered to remain on the fibre for a long time, causes it to "swell up," according to Vauquelin, "split and lose its strength;" whereas, if it be removed by soaking the wool in cold water for 24 hours, and then subjecting it to a clear running stream, as practised in Spain, the part remaining will become indurated in time, converting itself, as it were, into new wool, and will tend to preserve rather than injure the fibre from the attacks of insects and from decay.

A contrariety of opinion appears to exist with regard to the best mode of washing or scouring wool. One class of persons advocate washing it on the backs of the sheep; another, in hot water; and a third class in a cold bath, after it is shorn.—The first mode is regarded by Messrs. Perrault de Jotemps and Girod, of the department of Ain, in France, as being often dangerous to the health of the sheep, and scouring it in hot water, as inexpedient, and at the same time injurious to its quality. The mode that they prefer is, to allow the wool, as soon as shorn, to soak in pure cold water for a greater or less length of time, according to its degree of impurity, which, ordinarily, will not exceed 24 hours; and then to subject it to a cool running stream, in a similar manner as practised in Spain. Experience has taught them that, by this mode of scouring, the wool is of a better quality, and suffers much less by waste than by the hot water process; and besides, as it contains a determinate quantity of yolk, or indurated oil, it enables both the buyer and the seller to judge more accurately of its value, and ultimately requires from the manufacturer much less labor. The experience of others, however, in preparing wool for felts and the thicker kinds of cloth, would seem to justify the mode of scouring in Spain.

D'JAY BROWN.

New York, 7th April, 1845.

From the American Agriculturist.

CULTURE OF POTATOES.

We rank the potatoe crop in the United States before wheat, and second only to that of corn, as constituting the food of the people and their domestic stock. How important then that the crop be a good one. We are not going to write an article now upon the particular culture of potatoes, as every farmer understands that sufficiently well for general purposes; but we shall merely content ourselves with a few hints on the subject by way of guarding against the rot.

Whatever may be the cause of the rot in potatoes, there is no doubt in our mind, that the application of fresh barn-yard manures and animal matter of any kind has a tendency to increase it; and we would therefore avoid the use of them on this crop for a few seasons, till the rot had stopped its progress or somewhat disappeared, and apply this manure chiefly to grass and corn. For the potatoe crop, then, we would plow up a sod just after the grass had well started, and this, with the application of a little plaster, ashes, or guano on the hills near the stalks after the first time hoeing, will be sufficiently rich to produce a good crop. Potatoes raised on a sod are sweeter, more nutritious, and mealy, than those raised by the direct application of rank manures. Crops grown by the latter method are almost invariably watery, and tangy;—are eaten with disgust, and have little nutriment in them. The best tasted potatoes we ever raised, and the largest crop obtained, were procuced on a piece of sod where the grass had been permitted to grow up till the first week in June. It was turned over flat, rolled, and harrowed lengthwise with the furrows, and the rows marked out three feet apart, with a light horse plow, running three inches deep, being careful not to disturb the sod. The seed was chosen of a medium size, dropped six inches apart in the row, and covered two inches deep with hoes. It was a field of about ten acres. No grass sprung up on it, and very few weeds were seen during the season. Just before the potatoe vines bloomed, a single horse plow was passed down and up each row, throwing the dirt to the vines, the men following with hoes and rapidly hilling them. In the fall they were dug with the plow, when the sod was found completely rotted, and pulverized beautifully. No doubt the unmolested growth of spring grass facilitated the decomposition of the sod, and added to the growth of the potatoes. The season was rather a wet one, which accelerates decomposition; had it been dry the sod would not have decomposed so well. The first week in June is sufficiently early to plant potatoes for winter and spring use. We have planted as late as the 3d of July, and got fair crops, when a warm autumn followed; but this is too late for this climate, and we cannot recommend the practice. Early potatoes should be planted in April. Some think planting unripe seed prevents the rot.

Beautiful Extract. The following extract contains sentiments worthy of the reputation of the author, John M'Lean of Ohio. They are particularly deserving of the attention of the people and their rulers, at this time, when the war slogan of "Texas and Oregon," is heard far above the sounds of "Peace and the Constitution." We wish they could be engraven in letters of gold in the rotunda of the Capital:

"The great principles of our Republican institutions cannot be propogated by the sword. This can be done by moral force, and not physical.

If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed Nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur and the freedom of our own Government. We must reccommend it to to the intelligence and virtue of other Nations, by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if in this respect we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves and to posterity, we shall do more to liberalize other Governments and emancipate their subjects, than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets.

This moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thoughts and the judgement of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of Kings and Emperors.

We should cherish this power as essential to the preservation of our own Government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the political condition of our race. *And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism.*

But if we trample under our feet the laws of our country, if we disregard the faith of treaties, and our citizens engage without restraint in military enterprises, against the peace of other Governments, we shall be considered and treated, and justly, too, as a Nation of Pirates."

To Preserve Eggs. Dip them in a strong solution of lime, like whitewash; take them out, let them dry, and then pack away in powdered chalk or plaster of Paris.