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The Story-Teller.

THE LOST WILL; OR, MY UNCLE'S GHOST.

The scenes I am about to describe occurred about the year 1860 to a respectable family by the name of Culverton, in Orange county, New York. The Culvertons had lived in the old family mansion, and enjoyed the revenues of the family estate for many years, without the slightest doubt that they had a right to it, when suddenly there started up, from goodness knows where, an individual who laid claim to the property, and seemed likely to prove his claim to all but the Culvertons themselves.

It was certain, Jabez Hardy was the nearest relative, and certain that Mrs. Culverton was only a grand niece of Hiram Hardy, deceased; but the Culverton had lived with the old man for years, and he had promised, time and time again, to leave them everything. He had even declared that his will was made in their favor; and that such a document was actually in existence. Mr. Culverton could not doubt; but diligent search had been made in vain, and Jabez Hardy, whom the old man never saw, was to take the place of people he loved so fondly, and who had been his comfort in his last moments.

"It was a shame!" said every one.

"A cruel, wicked thing!" sobbed Mrs. Culverton.

And Mr. Culverton, who had never expected a reverse, was quite crushed as the pending lawsuit progressed.

A thousand times a day he said:

"How providential it was that Uncle Hiram's will would turn up at this moment."

"I wonder how he can rest, poor man, with such injustice going on."

But no matter what they said, or how they managed, no will was found, and Jabez rubbed his hands in triumph.

It was strange that while matters were in this condition, one so deeply interested in the subject as Mrs. Culverton necessarily was, should dream of anything else; but dream she did, night after night, of an entirely different subject.

Intuitively, for a week at least, she had no sooner closed her eyes than she found herself in an intelligence office, full of employees of all ages and nations, and face to face with a girl of small stature, with white Scotch features, and singular blue eyes, wide apart and staring, who desired the situation of cook.

At first she did not like the girl, but in every dream she found her aversion vanish.

After a few moments' conversation, as invariably, it had begun to melt when the girl looked at her and said:

"I'd like to hire with you, ma'am."

It was always the same office—always the same girl—always the same words were uttered—until Mrs. Culverton began to think there must be something in the dream.

"Though it can't come true," said she, "for while Joanna remains here I shall never hire another cook."

And just as she said this there was a scream in the kitchen, and the little errand girl ran in, frightened out of her senses, to tell how Joanna, lighting the wash boiler, had fallen with it and scalded herself.

Mrs. Culverton followed the young girl into the kitchen, and found Joanna in a wretched condition; and the doctor being sent for, she was put to bed and declared useless for her domestic capacity for at least a month to come. A temporary substitute must be had, and Mrs. Culverton that very afternoon went to New York to find one at the intelligence office.

Strange to say, in the bustle, she had quite forgotten her dream, until she suddenly stood face to face with the very girl she had seen in it. A small young woman, with very singular blue eyes in a white face, and whose features betrayed Scotch origin. She had risen—this girl—from a seat in the office, and stood before her, twisting her apron strings and courtesying:

"I'd like to hire with you, ma'am," she said.

The very words of the dream, said Mrs. Culverton started, and in her confusion could only say:

"Why?"

The girl blushed.

"I don't know," she said, "only it seems to me, I'd like to live with you."

It seemed a fatal thing to Mrs. Culverton, but she put the usual questions and received the most satisfactory answers, except as to references.

"But I can't employ you without a reference," said Mrs. C., knowing that Fate had decreed that this girl should take a place in her kitchen.

"If you can't I must out with it," said the girl.

"There's my honest and capable; but she turned me out for frightening the family."

"How?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"Seeing ghosts!" replied the girl. "Every day I saw a little child in white playing about the house; and all said there was no such child there, though there had been one, but he was dead. Mistress said I pretended to see it for the sake of impertinence, and she discharged me; but I knew by her trembling that she thought I had seen a ghost. I went to a doctor, and he called it optical delusion, and said it would soon pass away; and sure enough, I have not seen it since I left the house."

It was a queer story; but Mrs. Culverton believed it, and before she left the office, had hired Jessie to fill Joanna's place, for the space of one month from that day. That evening she came, and went to work with a will.

Dinner time passed comfortably, and tea time came. The Culvertons never ate anything but a biscuit or cake at this meal, and cups were handed about in the sitting room. Jessie came in at the appointed hour with her tray, served every one, and then stood smiling before Mrs. Culverton, as she said:

"Please, ma'am, let me pass you, the old gentleman has not been helped. Yes, sir, in a minute."

"The old gentleman!" cried Mrs. Culverton.

"Yes, ma'am—behind you in the corner, there, please."

"There's no gentleman, young or old, there," said the lady. "I can't imagine what you took for one."

The girl made no answer, but turned quite white and left the room. Mrs. C. followed.

At first, she could extort no explanation, but by and by, she declared she saw an old gentleman sitting in an arm chair in the corner, who beckoned to her, and she fancied in a hurry for his tea.

What did he look like?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"He was thin and tall," said the girl—"his hair was white and very long, and I noticed that one of his knees looked stiff, and a thick gold-headed cane beside him."

"Uncle Hiram!" cried Mrs. Culverton, "upon my word you've described my great grand uncle, who has been dead for twenty years."

Jessie began to cry.

"I shall never keep a place," she said. "You will turn me away now."

"See as many ghosts as you please," she said, "as long as you don't bring them before my eyes," and went back to her tea without saying a word to any of the family on the subject, although she was extremely mystified.

Surely, if the girl had ever seen her uncle Hiram—which was not likely, considering time—she must have seen something in the ghost line, and if indeed it was Uncle Hiram's spirit, why should he not come to aid them in their trouble? Mrs. Culverton had always had a little superstition hidden in her soul, and she soon began to believe this version of the case.

The next morning she went into the kitchen and shutting the door, said to Jessie:

"My good girl, I do not intend to dismiss you, so be quite frank with me. I do not believe that these forms are optical illusions. What do you think?"

"I think as you do, ma'am," said the girl. "Our folks have always seen ghosts, and grandfathers had the same sight for ten years before he died."

"If you should see the old gentleman you told me of, again," said Mrs. Culverton. "The sure and tell me, I'll keep the story from the young folks, and Mr. Culverton would only laugh at it; but you described my dear old grand-uncle, and my belief is you saw him."

The girl promised to mention to her mistress anything that might happen; and from that day an interchange of glances between them and a subsequent conference in the kitchen was of regular occurrence. The girl saw her apparition seated on the sofa in the parlor, seated at the dinner table, walking in the garden, and so life-like was it that she found it impossible to refrain from passing plates and cups and saucers to it, to the infinite amazement of people who saw only empty air in the same spot.

By and by she invariably spoke of her ghost as the old gentleman, and was no more affected by his presence than by that of a living being. If it were an optical illusion, it was the most singular on record.

But all this while—ghost or no ghost—the figure never spoke, and never did anything to help the Culvertons in their dilemma, and the lawsuit was nearly terminated without the shadow of a doubt in Jabez Hardy's favor.

In three days all would be over; and the Culvertons had earned their property, if ever mortals did, by kindness and attention to their aged relatives—whom they truly loved and honored—would probably be homeless.

One morning Mrs. Culverton set over her breakfast after the others had left the room, thinking of this when Jessie came in.

"I've something to tell you, ma'am," she said—"There's a change in the old gentleman."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Culverton.

"I've seen him twice at the foot of my bed in the night," said the girl; "and though always before he has been kind and pleasant looking, now he frowns and looks angry. He beckons me to go somewhere, and I don't dare—in the night time."

"You must," said Mrs. Culverton. "I know he'll come again; and I'll sit with you all night and go where you go. It may be of great use to us all, Jessie."

"I shan't be afraid, ma'am, if I have company," said Jessie in the most matter of fact manner, and carried out the breakfast things.

All day they never spoke on the subject; but on retiring, Jessie found her mistress in her bed-room, wrapped in a shawl.

"I'm ready, you see," she said. And Jessie merely loosened some buttons and hooks and lay down dressed.

Ten o'clock passed—eleven—twelve. Mrs. Culverton began to doubt, when suddenly she saw Jessie's eyes dilate in a most peculiar manner, and in an instant more the girl said:

"Why, here he is, ma'am."

"There's no one there," said Mrs. Culverton.

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I see him," said the girl.

"He's in great excitement, ma'am, he's taking out his watch to look at it, and the chain is made of such bright yellow hair, I thought at first it was gold."

"His wife's hair," said Mrs. Culverton. "It was buried with him. You see dear old uncle Hiram. Does he look at me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jessie.

"Uncle," said Mrs. C., "do you know me after all these years?"

"He does," said the girl.

"Have you come to help us—dear uncle?" said the lady.

Uncle Hiram was described as nodding very kindly and beckoning.

"He wants us to follow him," said the girl, and took up the light. The moment she opened the door, Jessie saw the figure pass through it—Mrs. Culverton still could see nothing.

Obedient to the girl's movements, Mrs. C. descended the stairs and stood in the library.

The ghost passed before a book case.

"He wants me to open it," said Jessie.

"Go," said the lady.

"He signs to take down the books," said the girl.

And Mrs. Culverton's own hands went to the work. Book after book was taken down—novels and romances, poems and plays.

A pile of volumes lay upon the library carpet and still the ghost pointed to the rest till they were all down.

"He looks troubled, ma'am. He seems trying to think," said the girl. "Oh, ma'am, he's gone to the other case!"

So, to cut a long story short, the four great book-cases were emptied without apparent result. Suddenly Jessie screamed.

"He's in the air. He's risen, ma'am, to the top of the case. He wants me to climb up."

"Get the steps, Jessie," said her mistress—and Jessie obeyed.

On the very top of one of the cases, covered by cobwebs, she found an old German book, and brought it down.

"This was there," she said.

Mrs. Culverton took it in her hand; and between the leaves dropped a folded paper, fastened with red tape and sealed.

The lady picked it up and read on the outside these words:

"The last will and testament of Hiram Hardy."

For a little while she could only weep and tremble; soon she found words.

"Uncle," she said, "in the name of my husband, and my dear children, I thank you from my soul. Does he hear me, Jessie?"

"Yes; he nods and smiles," said the girl.

"Will you let me see you, uncle?" said Mrs. Culverton.

"He has gone," said the girl. "He has kissed his hand and gone."

And so he had, for good; for from that moment he was never seen again by mortal eyes.

Nobody believed the story of his appearance. But the will had been discovered, without doubt, and the Culvertons were no longer in danger from expulsion from their old home. There they lived and died, and Jessie remained until she married; and all her life received every kindness from the family, who were indebted to her singular peculiarity for their comfort and happiness.

Whether Uncle Hiram's spirit really came back to earth or not, is a question; but Mrs. Culverton always asserts that it did, and quarrels with every one who ventures to doubt the assertion.

"We must never undervalue any person. The workman likes not that his work should be despised in his presence. Remember then, that God is present everywhere and that every person is his work."

Miscellaneous Reading.

From the Southern Home Journal.

LIFE AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

BY JAMES M. BUCHANAN, JR.

One of the most pleasant recollections of my life is that of the days spent among the Cherokee Indians, during the latter part of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and the months of January and February, eighteen hundred and sixty-four. Indeed, those days will be cherished by me during my whole life, and the happy moments I spent in the wilds of the Smoky Mountains will be remembered as the "sunny time." The manner in which I enjoyed myself with those original beings, and the many anecdotes of their truly original life, (not so poetical as some writers have made it,) but truly original in simplicity, have made a lasting impression on my mind.

Before proceeding further with my narrative, I will describe the country inhabited by these Indians, and tell something of the manner of their life.

They are settled in the Districts near Qualla Town, in Jackson County, (and also in Haywood and Cherokee Counties,) Georgia, on small farms, consisting of about thirty or forty acres each, and these farms are principally worked by the women.

The Indian men hunt the mountains near by for the deer and bear, that abound so plentifully in that country.

The women are the real workers of the soil. The male portion of the community would consider it wrong, or in other words dangerous, to interfere on this time-honored right of their women.

It has been a long established custom of this rude people. The men sometimes work, but seldom; and when they do, it is not characterized by earnestness and good will. On the contrary, their province seems to be hunting, and they will go off to the mountains and remain six or seven days at a time, living on parched meal, which, by-the-by, is a food that kills both thirst and hunger. I will here relate an old tradition among the Indians, that clings to their recollections even at this late period. It runs thus: "In olden times, when a wedding was about to take place, all the Indians were gathered together around the happy pair, and after much singing, (or in other words howling), the fair bride handed her 'lord and master' an ear of corn, and in return he handed her the leg of a deer, and the ceremony was consummated amidst the wildest excitement." Now to them there is a reason for this strange proceeding, and when I asked the old chief what it meant, he explained it to me: "The handing the ear of corn by the squaw meant that the woman would stay at home and cultivate the ground, and attend to the house, &c. And the handing the leg of the deer meant that the man would procure the meat by hunting; and by this means of equal labor, food was provided for the family."

The farms are well taken care of. Some of the Indians (women) lay up much corn and fodder for the winter, and equal, if they do not surpass, many of the poor white farmers of that desolate region, in economy and frugality in their household affairs.

The Indians are very proud of their homes, and in "their settlements," as they term their lands, they have their own laws and regulations, and I can in truth say that they are very just in their ideas of right and wrong. If they have not a Blackstone or a Kent to refer to, and show to them "the rigors of persons, and private wrongs, &c.," they certainly have a good friend in their adopted chief, Colonel William H. Thomas, (of Stokely Fields, the name of his farm in Jackson county), to whom they refer all their trials and difficulties, and they are sure to get redress. This gentleman has done much towards the amelioration of the Indian character. His untiring efforts in their behalf have been the cause of their advanced civilization, and his good works among them will certainly be remembered by their children's children, with pride and heartfelt gratitude.

One of the most remarkable of their pastimes witnessed by me, was their "dance;" and when I saw them gathered around a large log fire, joining hands and singing in their loudest manner, I could not help thinking of their careless happiness.

I felt as if I must take a share in their innocent frolic, and when I did so, they seemed delighted. Sometimes they spend whole days in enjoyment of this kind, and now, that they have religion among them, they often meet at the "Mission House," and after their religious exercises are over they have "a dance."

Although they know, as yet, very little about the Bible, they love to have its teachings explained to them, and listen attentively to the reading. The Bible has been translated into their language of late years.

The women come well supplied for these religious dresses at a time, so that they can appear in a new dress each day of the feast. They take great pleasure in appearing in red—in any other color that is bright and gay; a piece of looking glass for a breastpin; brass ear-rings, and a red head-dress, generally complete their toilet. "These are their charms."

I had the curiosity to attend the funeral of a very old Indian farmer, who in truth did die of a good old age, he being over ninety years, and I must say, that I conducted in quite a Christian-like manner. They first procured a few boards, from which they made a coffin or box, in which they placed their dead brother, with much care and sorrow. After some gestures over the body by one of the older members of the tribe, probably a chief, they lowered the coffin in the grave, allowing the top to be even with the ground. They then placed some dirt and stones loosely on the coffin, and around the grave, they built a fence, over which they placed a covering of brushwood. They then departed in silence. I wondered why they were so careful in arranging the grave, &c., and on asking an old Indian, he informed me the reason. He said, "It was their custom never to bury one of their tribe dead in the ground, for fear he might not be quite dead, and as to the fence, it was built to keep the wild animals away."

The Indian character is a peculiar one, and my sojourn among them gave me a good insight into their real dispositions and habits. I found that they generally were united in their likes and dislikes, and I observed that when you offended one, the dissatisfaction spread through the whole tribe, and his quarrel was made the quarrel of all. They were very dangerous when aroused, and I thought treacherous, (I had always read that they were,) and I feared them whenever I saw any signs of anger on their countenances. They never sought, however, to do me any injury, although I was often left with fifty or sixty of them in the mountains alone, and sometimes had neither salt nor potatoes to give them for several days. They treated me kindly, nevertheless, and would willingly let their deer and mountain trout without a murmur.

Another characteristic of the Indian is, that when he takes a fancy, he is a true friend, and will willingly share his meal with you, and do all in his power to make you happy.

I can never forget their kindness to me when they found that I was far away from home and friends. After a day's hunt, when the game was being divided among them, they always reserved a share for me, and would accompany the gift with many kind expressions. One of them called me the "Wandering Star," because I was so far from home; and when I told him about New York and

other great cities, his eyes grew very big, and he shook his head in doubt.

The Indians that served in the late Confederate States army (those that were under my immediate command I can speak for,) of course did not understand the issues that the two sections of the country were trying to maintain; but I can truly say that the larger part of them did all in their power for the cause they espoused, and fought on for peace once again to their homes.

It was this result that they thought they were fighting for, and many of them lost their lives in its defense. They were true to their homes and friends.

After the war they willingly returned to their allegiance to the United States Government, and would as willingly take up arms in defense of the Government as they did against it. All they ask is a hunting ground and a resting place.

From De Bow's Review.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

Neither the Southern nor the Northern people seem to have been prepared for the startling events which followed upon the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency. The South had threatened dissolution so long, and had talked so much of the right of secession from the Union, which they threatened would occur on each fresh invasion of their rights, that the North had long since learned to regard it as the old cry of 'wolf' 'wolf' in the fable. Yet the wolf did at last come, and as much to the surprise of one section as the other.

We traveled to the North and witnessed many of the exciting scenes which preceded that memorable election. We heard the angry and bitter denunciations of the South which was common, and saw those vast processions for which there seemed to be not space enough in the cities, which took the name of "wide-awakes," and whose banners and transparencies were inscribed with the most terrible threatenings against our people.

Still the more thoughtful and leading men with whom we conversed, though they recognized and lamented the danger, would never admit for a moment that the South would do otherwise than submit to protest and submit as she had ever done before, and the less considerate would grow angry upon the mere suggestion, and boastingly assert that the South could not be kicked out of the Union. There were leading men, too, and men who controlled powerful newspapers, who admitted the justice of our complaints and the realities of our danger, and said that if we desired to withdraw from the Union they could not complain, and that no serious obstructions would be interposed. A distinguished leader even went so far as to say, if the Union upheld slavery, let the Union slide. Even Mr. Seward, who was recognized as the organ of Mr. Lincoln, after the States began to secede, continued to protest that there was nothing serious in it, that in a few weeks harmony would be restored again, that it was a mere political ruse, and the President-elect, himself, turned it all into a merry joke, and never could bring enough in advertising to it, or cease to find consolation that nobody was yet hurt. Even Southern men who were at the North that summer, in their conversations, were forced to admit that the chances were very much against any action at home. The people had not recognized the presence of the danger, and could not, most probably, be prepared to strike before it was too late. They would, therefore, acquiesce. In this opinion all the merchants who had heavy amounts due by the Southern people, and of which disunion and war would prevent the collection, seemed heartily to acquiesce, and so far from restricting their operations, they continued to make large consignments to their customers almost up to the commencement of hostilities, and it is creditable to the Southern merchants to know that almost universally these goods were paid for when hostilities had ceased, although the amounts had once before been paid to their own governments.

As an evidence of how little the chances of war were regarded; when we reached Washington City on the return home, we were called upon to address a large crowd of citizens, and when we spoke of Southern armies being brought into the field to resist Northern aggression and invasion, a gentleman present in the audience, who was a United States Senator from a north-western State, rose and expressed his regret at what had been said; for, in point of fact, an invasion of the South was an impossibility. "Come what will," he said, "you may assure your people that when an army attempts to cross your frontier to their harm it will be resisted and kept back by a stronger army of our own people;" and yet this Senator was found afterwards in command of a Northern regiment devastating the South.

We were in South Carolina when the news of the election of Lincoln was received, which seemed to the last moment not to be seriously expected. We were in front of one of the leading newspaper offices at Charleston when the people, flocking together, read the announcement. It was eleven o'clock in the day, and no one knew what would be done. The crowd grew larger and larger. In a few moments some one cried out to raise the old colonial flag, and it was understood that a party went in search of it. Before, however, it arrived, others had prepared a large white sheet on which a rude palmetto tree and a lone star were daubed, and as it rose aloft and was unfurled in the breeze, a shout went up to the skies which was answered by the gathering of thousands. A moment after it was announced that the Judge of the Federal Court had refused to preside again, and that regarding the Union at an end, and the other officers had resigned. Thus the ball of revolution was set in motion. It was action without concert and spontaneous. That night the whole city was out of doors, and great torchlight processions paraded the streets and serenaded the officers. Being a visitor at the house of the Judge that evening, we were called out by the crowd. Never were there such times in that old city. We remained there several weeks. All business was suspended. Excited crowds were gathered at every corner, and even on board the ships in the harbor, which were addressed by more excited speakers. Palmetto flags or long star flags waved everywhere. Great meetings were held in the public buildings, at which throngs of ladies were seen, who waved handkerchiefs and showered bouquets upon the speakers. Delegations came down to meet them from other towns, and even from other States, and such was the resistless character of the current that it was now evident to everybody at home that the South was in a state of rebellion. The South Carolina, at least, whatever other States might do, would secede, and that at once, from the balconies of houses by fair hands, and Lee was kept with uncovered head while in the carriage. The party were carried in hacks to the residence of the bride's father, accompanied by Gen. Mahone and others. It being Thanksgiving Day, business was generally suspended, and as the marriage was announced at seven P. M., by six o'clock the streets leading to the church were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, anxious to secure a seat. There a large crowd were soon assembled, waiting eagerly for the opening of the doors. Numbers of the African element were also present, mixing with the whites, but for the most part hanging upon the outskirts of the crowd. By eight, thousands of all sexes, shades and hues were here, and with the opening of the doors the spacious galleries, aisles, and the body of St. Paul's Church, were filled with a highly fashionable congregation of the elite of the city. Without the multitudes, instead of

does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often void of reason, he speaks like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out, and found only "in the bosom of fools." Why should it be indulged in at all?

[BY REQUEST.]

LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

The following letter was written to Rev. A. A. Porter and afterwards published in the *Southern Presbyterian*. It is given to the readers of the *Enquirer* at the request of a gentleman of York District:

"RIO DE JANEIRO, Aug. 23d, 1867.

"Dear Sir—As I am under obligations to you for information concerning Brazil, I deem it my duty to write to you occasionally, from this far away land. We have been here five months, have seen a good deal, and experienced much. We have all had excellent health, lived well, and hope for good in the future."

"We are all satisfied, and when we receive letters or see old acquaintances from the United States, we feel doubly so. I have sent you by Mr. R. some copies of the 'Brazil Emigration Reporter,' which will explain many things about this country, which I cannot put in a short letter. Mr. R. has examined Brazil extensively, and declares that portions of it surpass all belief. He says the Province of Minas in vast regions, produces eighty bushels of corn to the acre, and that well nigh everything on earth grows to perfection. He is going to the United States after his family. Hundreds of Southern men are here going to and fro. The country is so large that it is difficult to select a place and make a choice."

"A large part of the eastern coast is very mountainous, and hence roads are difficult to make. Many of us are fully satisfied that railroads are not desirable in such a country. Pack mules are used everywhere and are cheaper than railroads. The natives will not farm if they can help it; and I do not wonder, for they are accustomed to the hoe, as the only agricultural implement. The Americans are introducing the plough with much success."

"Every profession here is full to overflowing, except that of farming. If slavery were abolished here, the condition of this country would be bad indeed. It is sustained by large plantations. It is our opinion that slavery will not pass away from this Empire in many years. Yet the English and Yankees are at work on that subject here."

"There are more immigrants in Brazil from New York than from the South. They come here to get employment in the Government works and are disappointed, and hence great destitution and dissatisfaction exist among them. The Southerners come to farm, and with few exceptions they are satisfied and contented. They buy large farms and several slaves on a credit, and go to work as in former years in the southwestern part of the United States. They get credit for three and five years for land, and one and two years for provisions at wholesale prices. I am thus furnished myself."

"You cannot imagine the confidence existing here in a Confederate Southerner. They cherish us as a valuable acquisition to their country."

"Rio de Janeiro is a commercial depot to which all nations send their best articles to procure the gold which is here paid for them. No where, on earth, can greater variety and abundance be seen than in this city."

"We are free to worship, educate, publish, etc., here as in any place. It is true, some of the laws are not so much in our favor as we desire; but they are violated, no notice is taken of it. The rising generation and legislators all favor progress in religious freedom, and it is astonishing what strides they have made since they threw off the power of Portugal."

"It is amazing how cheaply a man can live in Brazil, if he desires to do so. Fruits grow all around us, on almost every tree, and nothing seems to be poisonous on land or in the sea. We work and plant all the year round, need but little clothing, feed no stock in the country, the cattle are always fat, and a chicken never dies at least with few exceptions. When our people learn to live here, great changes will take place, for we cannot remain stagnant."

"We have a Presbyterian Church in this city of about eighty members, and two excellent preachers who preach in Portuguese and English. We have four services each week. This church is a slaveholding church, and the only Presbyterian slaveholding church now in the world. We will not connect ourselves with—for we fear them."

"The 'Brazil Emigration Reporter,' to which my friend refers, is a monthly journal, published in Rio de Janeiro, in the English language, and edited by the Rev. W. C. Emerson, a native of South Carolina and for many years a resident of Mississippi, from whence he emigrated last winter to Brazil. It is intended to supply the demand in the South for reliable information in regard to that country, of every kind desired by those who are thinking of emigration. It is published at \$2.00 a year. All communications should be addressed to the 'Rev. W. C. Emerson, Caixa 254, Rio de Janeiro.' Respectfully yours,

A. A. P.