

IMPORTANCE OF COPPER.

Many circumstances concur to induce the belief, that copper will, at no distant day, assume an importance in the economy of the world hitherto unexampled. The prodigious abundance in which this metal has been recently found in Australia, and the almost simultaneous discovery of the copper mines of Lake Superior on this continent, bid fair to increase the supply to an indefinite extent, and, of course, most materially to diminish the price;—a result which will, doubtless, bring it into use in a vast variety of ways hitherto unthought of. In fact, it may become again of as general use as it evidently was in Scripture times under the name of brass. The following paragraph would confirm the idea that new uses for copper are likely to develop themselves rapidly. Iron ships have been considered in several respects superior to wooden ones, but if copper be so much superior to iron for boats, we suppose it would, if sufficiently cheap and abundant, entirely supersede both iron and wood in ship-building, with the decided advantage, that it would never decay, but always be convertible into new vessels, and that the heavy expense of coppering the bottom would be unnecessary. Should this change take place, Canada would still be able to supply the materials for ship-building from the banks of Lake Superior, and our internal communication would assume a greatly increased importance:—

COPPER BOATS.—At the National Fair there is a specimen of a copper boat from the Novelty Works, at New York. This boat is twenty-three feet long, five feet wide, and made of four sheets of copper, stamped in forty minutes to its present shape by powerful machinery. It is impossible for any number of persons to sink her—her strength is four-fold greater than wood boats. It requires one-third less power to propel to the same speed as wood. The copper, after any number of years' wear, will sell for three-fourths first cost. The weight is one-third less than wood, and the water is not absorbed: no caulking, trenailling, or painting is needed. Gigs, cutters, barges, quarter, race, row, club, and ducking boats, from ten to sixty feet, are made of copper or iron, without seams; and up to thirty-two feet long, they are made in four pieces. The strength has been fully tested by dashing them on the rocks, and running against stone piers. They cannot leak or sink.

We subjoin another paragraph, to show that the copper trade from Lake Superior is actually under way on the American side:—

FIRST ARRIVAL OF COPPER.—The steamboat *Franklin*, Captain Edmunds, arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 20th instant, having on board seventy-five tons of copper, from the Cliff mines, belonging to a Pittsburg and Boston company. The cargo is valued at \$300,000. In the masses there was a large sprinkling of silver, which gives them their great value. A finger ring, which was hammered from the native metal, was about half and half silver and copper.

INCIDENTS OF SLAVERY.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 29, 1846.—Up to this time I had not been able to comprehend that the fine-looking, intelligent and well dressed men and women of color that I saw about me were chattels, the subject of trade and barter, like my horse or my cow, but a public sale of slaves enabled me to comprehend the painful reality. A. B. had died, leaving certain debts to be paid by his administrators, and his stock of boys and girls (slaves) was brought to the hammer, according to law, in front of the Court House—the sheriff acting as auctioneer. Jack is produced and offered for sale. The sheriff says, "Gentlemen, the terms of sale are cash. I offer you this fine boy, Jack, —he is warranted sound and in good health; he is docile and ingenious; he is of good disposition, was very devoted to his late master; once saved his master's life while drowning at the risk of his own;—can't bear an abolitionist, (a laugh). How much an I offered for the boy Jack? Jack, how old are you?" "I reckon, massa, I am 22 or 25 years old, don't know exactly." The sheriff says, speaking to his mother,—"Snowball, how old is Jack?" "Reckon 20, massa." Well, Jack is from 20 to 25 years of age. How much is bid? \$200, 300, 200, 225, 225, 250, 250. Jack is a professor of religion; 300, by two bidders. Religion sells high! 300, 300, Jack has no education—can't read or write; 350. Ignorance sells at the same price! 350,—350, 375, 400, 425, 430, 435, 440, 440; do I hear no more? last call bid quick or gone—Gone." Jack is knocked off to a man with a broad hat, who wears a heavy gold chain across his bosom, a handsome Bowie knife in his vest, and a huge cane in his hand.

During this dreadful scene, Jack's mother and sister stand

by awaiting their turn. Need I say to human readers that they were overwhelmed with grief and drowned in tears. Jack watched the bidding as intently as the victim would the knife that was either to sever his bonds or send him to the other world. When a man bid who was known to be a kind master, his face would light up with joy. And a bid from a different quarter would cover his face with an expression of anguish, that must be seen to be appreciated. When he was struck off, he turned pale and sank upon the ground a picture of despair. I thought I could see, beneath that dark skin a white soul wrung by mortal agony. He had been purchased by a slave dealer who bought and sold men, women and children to the sugar planters of Louisiana for gain. His new master seized him by the collar and dragged him away to jail, shaking his cane over his head and swearing as only a slave dealer can swear, that he would load him with irons and cure him of the hysterics. The sister, a comely female of nineteen years of age was next offered and sold, I believe, to a kind master. The mother was then offered for sale on time, for any body's note without endorsement. She was sixty-five years of age or more. She was a woman, and a mother, and a Christian, and her head was white with the blossoms of the grave. "The almond tree had begun to flourish, and the grasshopper had become a burden," and there were no bidders. God spare me from another such sight.

After looking much upon Slavery in its home in the South, I am free to say that, in general the slaves seem to be happy and well treated. Very many kind masters and mistresses will not part families—the humanity of the individual is greater than the humanity of the law. The system sanctions cruelties at which the individual slaveholders revolt. It is a dreadful day for slaves when they are exposed to the tender mercies of the law, when the courts of justice (justice forsooth!) take the place of the human Slaveholder.

The slaves of the south are boisterous in their mirth, always laughing, singing, dancing, and hence the unthinking observer says that they are happy, as though happiness was only manifested by much noise. Let all such go to the county jail, the receptacle of the abandoned, and the wretched, and there he will hear boisterous mirth and glee, exceeding even the slaves. And yet prisoners are not happy, the jail is not a paradise.—*Correspondence of the Buffalo Daily Press.*

CANADA.

[The following extracts are from a letter lately received from our respected agent, Mr Gemmell. We think them so pleasing, as exhibiting the substantial prosperity of Canada, that we take the liberty of inserting them, though not intended for publication.—ED. PEOP. MAG.]

I feel sensibly the presence—yes, more than ever, the presence of the Lord. Often he raises me up, and where least expected, good and kind friends, even among utter strangers. Yesterday, I was invited to dine at a large and respectable farmer's, whose house and table resembled that of an old English gentleman, and nothing of that haughty pride, too common in the old country; and to-day, in another direction, I dined in the house of a farmer, whom, of course, I had never seen before, but who was looking for me. In both I enjoyed heartily, good, substantial, yea, luxuriant fare.

When I went up in the fall as far as Brantford and Paris, I saw and knew comparatively nothing of Canada. I am now going through it, and really mixing with its inhabitants; conversing with, eating with, lodging with its merchants, mechanics, and the cultivators of its rich and fertile soil; for truly, tens of thousands of its acres yield abundance of food for man and beast. It is a valuable, as it is an extensive colony. Speak of Scotland! It in many respects, neither in soil nor scenery, can stand a comparison with Canada. Scotland is far before it in trade and manufactures, but in arable land and agricultural produce it is far behind. Truly this is a land flowing with milk and honey; and the beauty of it is, that every year it is improving.

TAKING IT EASY.—When a stranger treats me with want of respect, said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it let them; but it is nothing to me." This philosopher, with all his poverty, was rich in wisdom.