

LIBERTY OR DEATH;

OR

HEAVEN'S INFRACTION

OF THE

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

BY

HATTIA M'KEEHAN

"Give me Liberty, or give me Death."—PATRICK HENRY.

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CINCINNATI.  
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LIBRARY OF DEATH

JOHN'S INFLATION

OF THE

POSITIVE SLAVE WAVE

NAHHEUM ATTAIN

Given the Liberty of the South, and the North, Henry

CINCINNATI

FOR THE AUTHOR

NOT SET THIS BOOK IN THE

1868

## Preface.

GENIUS, in its wildest and brightest conceptions, even when rising upon the bold pinions of a fervid and glowing imagination, has rarely produced ideal creations more thrilling than the *real* incidents forming the basis of the following story.

The late terrible tragedy at Cincinnati, which may be denominated, *The Slave Mother's Sacrifice*, and the strange circumstances connected therewith, taking into consideration, also, the remarkable events which in rapid succession followed as well as preceded that sanguinary scene, present in themselves a romance of the most exciting character. To such as may be unacquainted with the history of the affair, the picture may seem overdrawn—yet, indeed, had I consented to lay aside the drapery of fiction and closely follow, with the pen of a faithful historian the footsteps of the unhappy heroine of my tragic story, from the moment she passed the Crystal Bridge, to tread the soil of freedom, up to the present period of her eventful career, I should doubtless, even

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then, have staggered the credulity of the most credulous, and been charged with unpardonable hyperbole.

On this theme I write because I must—my thoughts and feelings will have utterance;—deep and fearful was the impression made upon my heart—still vividly is the terrific scene before me,—in my mind's eye the frantic mother still lifts the gleaming blade, and with fell stroke sunders at once life's silver chord and slavery's hated chain—a lovely daughter, of tender years, falls beneath her hand—that hand which oft in tenderness had caressed and cherished the child it now destroys! Appalling to think of—twas more appalling to behold! Still bleeds my heart when memory recalls the dread spectacle—my brain's on fire and my feverish blood is madly coursing through my veins! I repeat it, I write because I must. Though surrounded by slaveholding friends, who bid me beware of the exciting, dangerous topic, their cowardly advice I'll heed not, nor a moment restrain my anxious pen, knowing full well, that light, truth and reformation come of wholesome, busy agitation.

#### THE AUTHOR.

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## Prologue.

SMOLDERING fires lie hidden in the bosom of the earth—they must one day have vent—in silence long have they slumbered—but sooner or later the volcanic flame will surely kindle to paint terror on the sky. The more deeply imbedded those fires, the more fearful and disastrous must be the eruption when it comes. The stronger the rock-built strata imprisoning the boiling lava, the higher will spout, when once it breaks forth, the burning, desolating fluid.

Faint emblem this of a thought I'd fain express; there are human hearts in which unceasingly burn fires that no longer lie smouldering. Though crushed down by the iron hand of cruel oppression loaded with heavy chains, ignored and despised, those hearts beat with anxious life, and are even now beginning to throb with the violence of an earthquake's tread; the fires kindling there must and will have vent;—the fierce, quenchless flame cannot but melt the surrounding walls of adamant and slavery's galling chains dissolve. Then beware—the red-hot lava of the injured, trampled heart will spout in torrents to the skies—thence in blazing fury to earth descend to be avenged!

## Ingolide

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## HEAVEN'S INTERACTION OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

### Chapter 1.

**THE Slave Mother—Her Silent Meditations—Resolves on Lib-  
erty or Death.**

LATE was the hour, cold and drear the night. Gazella,  
the slave mother, in moody silence sat by the dying em-  
bers that still faintly glimmered on her homely hearth—  
yet not hers, but her master's. The winter winds, with  
hoarse and hollow voice, howled hideously round the  
miserable hovel, which poorly sheltered her trembling  
frame from the pitiless blast. Four children dear, on  
an oaken bed, slumbered near,—one a tender babe,  
scantly covered and shivering of cold. The father and  
husband to the south had been sold.

Gazella, though a mother, was young. In form fragile,  
but stately; complexion almost fair—for in her veins ran  
but a tincture of African blood. Comely was she in  
feature—expression benignant, enlightened and thought-  
ful. A cloud of sorrow—of deep, heart-breaking sorrow  
—hung upon her brow;—yet her dark, lustrous eye  
beamed with intelligence; jet-black and glossy as the

raven's plume her luxuriant hair, which hung in graceful folds and flowing tresses, while unbraided ringlets her dusky temples adorned.

Born a slave, Gazella the sweets of liberty ne'er had tasted;—yet, on *liberty* she thought—for to think she'd learned, though, in learning, untaught. . . . . Now from her pensive reverie waking, a painful, anxious look she turned upon her sleeping offspring, and remembered they were—*slaves!* At that thought, what a pang a mother's tender bosom pierced!—a pang unutterable!—filling and thrilling the soul with an agony words ne'er expressed! Still, she sighed not, nor wept,—too deep her emotions, too mighty the tide of feeling, and the swell of distracting thought, for sighs and tears. . . . . Again, dismissing for a moment her appalling reflections upon hopeless bondage and interminable slavery, on the swift pinions of imagination she was borne away beyond the gloomy confines of oppression, where, with her loved ones by her side, in all the fervor of a glowing fancy, she pressed, with buoyant footstep, freedom's soil. As on freedom she thought, her expanding heart beat high in her breast, kindling with the fires that blaze on liberty's altar. Then was the unresisting, trembling slave, in a moment transformed to an intrepid, dauntless heroine! Her woman's heart was fired with a thought, prompted to a daring, and resolved on a purpose that would by no means have been unworthy a Roman Senator, nor done dishonor to a Washington, or a Jefferson; proudly rising to her feet, with a firm step she advanced to the centre of the apartment; for an instant stood motionless as a statue; then turning about, bent a wild, bewildering gaze upon her helpless children. Now, to

heaven she lifts her beaming eyes, and with an impressive gesture unfolds her right arm, raising it aloft as if to pluck a star from the skies—then audibly, and in a firm, unfaltering tone, the exclamation escapes her lips, “Liberty or death!”

I must here indulge the fancy that these potent, eloquent words, might have had the effect to summon from the vasty deep, the spirit of the immortal Patrick Henry—who would, likely, so readily sympathize with the sentiments then warmly glowing in the breast of Gazella. Methinks his great soul was near, hovering about the slave mother's humble abode, contemplating her lofty and noble aspirations for liberty, and calling to mind his own memorable words, “*Give me liberty, or give me death,*” he could not but have commended the slave's yearning for freedom.

With an air and tread of a monarch, Gazella now, for a space, paced the floor of her little domicile. Reflection seemed to nerve resolution—suddenly pausing, she said:

“Upon the altar of God have I sworn it,—slavery's chains no longer to wear!—though it cost me dear, resistance to the last I swear. My children and myself shall be free, though our lives the sacrifice be!”

At this moment a familiar rap resounded upon the door of her humble cot.

“Aunt Jinnie, is it you?” she enquired, in a gentle tone, at the same time proceeding to open the door.

“Gazella, I's fard them ar little ones mout freeze to death, this dreadful night,” said Jinnie. “Take this ar blanket and put over them, poor things, their blood wouldn't run in their veins by mornin'—'tis so monstrous cold!”

"You're very kind, Jinnie," replied Gazella, receiving the blanket, "come in, wont you?"

"Needn't tell Mistress 'bout the blanket;" observed the aged negress, in a suppressed voice; "I'll come and tote it back agin 'fore she's up."

"That's never early, you know, Aunty; yet I could wish 'twere later: the world would little lose if she slept till doomsday."

"It mout lose what you calls nuisance, Gazella; but I guess we wouldn't drown any body with our tears 'bout it."

"Why should we wish those to live who deserve not life, and who make our own existence a curse rather than a blessing to us?"

"That ar's just what I's thinkin', and if it warn't wicked, I'd wish her in heaven."

"There'd be more religion in wishing her in a certain other place I could mention."

After a moment's silence Jinnie, looking Gazella narrowly in the face, said:

"Say, what ails you, Gazella? You look so wild! Haint you been to bed to-night?"

"No, Aunt Jinnie, not yet."

"Lorry mercy, child, it's arter twelve o'clock."

"That's nothing for me, Jinnie,—I often sit up till midnight."

"But say, what ails you, child?"

"Aunt Jinnie," responded Gazella in a tremulous tone, betraying an effort to suppress tears, "I've been thinking, and thinking upon what went bear thinking about! So in my mind, to-night, I've cut the matter short, and formed a desperate resolution."

"What is it, Gazella—tell me, what you gwine to do?"

"I've resolved to be free, and with my children flee from this accursed land of bondage. Slaves we may die, but slaves we will not live!"

"Heaven save us!—Oh, Gazella, you aint gwine to run off, to be hunted down and kotch by them ar cruel hounds,—then fotch back and beat almost to death?"

"We'll not be brought back, Aunt Jinnie,—not living," replied Gazella, in a resolute and deeply earnest tone, while the fire of her soul gleamed and sparkled in her large, dark eyes. "If freedom we gain not by flight," she continued, "the shackles of slavery I'll cut with a knife!" at the same time pointing to a large, sharp-bladed knife that lay on the shelf.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed Jinnie, filled with horror at Gazella's thought of self-destruction.

"'Tis no use talking, Aunt Jinnie," said Gazella, in a tone of deep earnestness, "to my mind death, in whatever form, is less horrible than hopeless bondage."

"Oh, Gazella, to 'scape with all your children—why, tis onpossible; the slave catchers will overtake you, certain."

"They'll have us to bury, then—if Ohristians enough to be so kind. The funeral expenses of a slave are but a trifle; a few unpolished boards, a bit of coarse muslin, then a hole in the ground in some gloomy vale."

"But to kill yourself and them precious little ones,—Oh, I can't bear to think of it, Gazella!"

"Though terrible the thought, I dwell upon it with far more composure than I'm able to contemplate a life of slavery! A thousand times I've wished the mother who gave me being, had been kind enough to dash my brains



out in my infancy! Thus she might have saved me from utter wretchedness—from a life ten thousand times worse than death!”

“If you’s ’terminated on it, Gazella, I’s ready to help you, and will tote the baby to the ’Hio. But O, that dreadful, deep river!”

“I’m going directly to see if it isn’t frozen over: if it’s closed, our flight will be to-morrow night.”

“Dear creature, you can’t walk way to the ’Hio and back to-night, through the cold; only listen how the winds blow! I’s ’furd you’ll perish—I actually is, Gazella.”

“No danger of that, Aunt Jinnie,—I’m fleet as an antelope, and can skim the ice and snow like a reindeer! The distance is but a few miles.”

“Now be shore you gits back ’fore the white folks is up—does ye hear, Gazella?”

“Fear me not, Jinnie,” was the confident reply, and off she dashed through the wintry storm, and the dreary darkness of the night.

As Aunt Jinnie returned to her room, with an aching heart, she thus discoursed to herself:

“Lorry, merey! poor Gazella knows too much, she does, to be a slave. Pity that we colored peoples knows anything; for the more we learns the more we can’t endure bein’ slaves; we then sees our conditions, and then, ah! then our feelin’s boil over like a kettle in the furnace!”

“I can’t hear to think of it, Gazella!”

## Chapter 2

Gazella’s midnight soliloquy, standing on the banks of the Ohio.

Like a spirit, Gazella glided through the dismal gloom of that terrible night, while hope and despair seemed alternately to take possession of her soul. So intense was the excitement of her mind she neither felt the cold nor fatigue, notwithstanding the deepness of the snow and the sharpness of the wind. On reaching the bank of the Ohio she paused, and wildly gazed upon the dreary, fearful prospect of a wide, impassable river, separating her from the shore of freedom, which she longed to tread. After a few moment’s silence, she thus soliloquized:

“Hark, ’tis the crashing of the ice,—how heavily it drifts along upon the mighty stream! Deep, dark, and dreadful river! To the eyes of the free, thou hast beauty and grandeur; but to me, thou art only hideous! An enemy to liberty, I hate thee! forming ramparts of tyranny, and barring out the oppressed from freedom’s soil! But welcome ye northern blasts, with your piercing cold! More welcome, far, than the zephyr’s gentle, balmy breath, or the spicy breezes and soft winds of the sunny south, though laden with the perfume of



sweet flowers! In thy severity, thou art kind; whilst my blood thou chillest my heart thou fillest with thoughts and hopes of freedom! Welcome, thrice welcome, ye icy winds! Come, O come, swiftly come, from the far off lakes and frozen zone, to silence these bubbling waters! Come with thy silvery chains and glassy bands, to fetter the swelling flood; and ere another midnight hour, thy power and skill display in casting a crystal bridge across the broad Ohio! Thou, at whose touch the bravest tremble, wilt thus, to Gazella, show thyself more kind than her fellow men; the humble slave will bless and kiss thy hand: while from above, the Goddess of liberty descending, will serenely smile on thy work of love. . . . The morning star appears—emblem of the sweet hope, now gleaming on the sky of my mind. The grey dawn is near,—I must hasten away. . . . To-morrow night, ere yon rising star show its silver light, I'll rejoice with the free—or with the living cease to be!"

Before uttering the last paragraph she paused for a space, and bent an anxious gaze upon the dark waters; just at that moment a vast field of ice, floating tardily upon the congealing bosom of the stream, suddenly lodged, at once bridging the river from shore to shore. New hope now sprung up in the heart of the slave mother, and turning about to retrace her steps her eye chanced to catch a glimpse of the morning star,—pointing towards it, with earnest gesture, she uttered with impressive eloquence the words above given; then, with hasty steps, returned to her children, sanguine of freedom for them and herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

About nine o'clock the same morning, (for slaveholders are late sleepers) Nero and Lady, master and mistress of Gazella, issued from their bed-chamber, the one to scold and brawl, as usual, from parlor to kitchen, and the other to seek his bottle of rum. After the white family had breakfasted, the rarest dishes and most choice viands were removed from the table; then the servants were permitted to carry what was left into the kitchen, and apportion it among themselves. When this was over, Mrs. Nero took another round among the sable circle, thumping one and slapping another;—in the meantime using the vilest epithets, and uttering threats that might have made a darkey's hair stand on end but for being too kinky. When this daily task she had performed, the good woman, though some a termagant called her, repaired to her drawing room and sat down in her easy chair to read the Bible; for be it known, she was a pious soul, a prominent church member, and a bright and shining light therein—at least so reputed by pastor and visiting clergy.

Nero, having comforted himself a second or third time with a glass of bourbon from his big decanter, he looked round a little among the servants, gave sundry orders in a good humored tone, then, lighting his segar, proceeded to the chamber occupied by his wife; seating himself lazily by the fire and placing one foot on the mantle he leaned back and silently whiffed away sometime at his havana; at length taking the segar from between his teeth, and puffing the smoke slowly from his mouth, while he watched attentively its beautiful curls and windings, as it rose in the air, like a wreath, he turned carelessly to his devout lady and observed.

"Mrs. Nero, tell me what's gone wrong with Gazella?"

"Why do you ask me?" tartly replied the lady, laying down her Bible, and raising her spectacles.

"I think I observe some change in her demeanor of late," responded the husband gravely, and with a slight tone of displeasure; then replacing his segar, whiffed away with a little more emphasis than before.

"She's getting quite above herself, and badly needs bringing down; that full well I know," answered Mrs. Nero, spitefully, and with a fiendish expression of countenance. To this Nero only replied by blowing out slowly a long column of smoke, with which he had inflated his cheeks while his lady was making her last speech. "A new leaf must be turned with Gazella, let me tell you," continued she, still more sharply, "and it must be done right away."

"Wherefore?"

"Why, she's got to putting on airs; and I'll not put up with it,—that I won't!"

"It's but natural to Gazella, to show some pride."

"Natural indeed! I guess, at any rate, we'll find a remedy for it; such natural failings may be easily cured if taken in time."

"Doubtful; human nature's hard to transform. Gazella, 'tis evident, has a spirit above her condition,—but it's inherent, and can never be eradicated."

"Needn't tell me that—don't believe a word of it; I've seen such high-toned servants taken down often enough."

"But not, I'll venture, till the life was well nigh beaten out of them."

"No matter; give me a stupid servant in preference to one that reluctantly acknowledges my superiority."

"You must admit, Gazella has ever been a good servant—faithful, truthful, dutiful!"

"Ah, her goodness is nothing to boast of; besides, you know, she's far from being reconciled to the idea of being a slave."

"That's but natural."

"Natural! there it is again; that's your apology—always ready to excuse a nigger's faults. Nothing but your indulgence, Mr. Nero, has spoiled Gazella; a slave won't bear treating well—I never saw one that did."

"The reason of that is plain, and therein may be found a most potent argument against slavery."

"Yes, yes, you can easily find arguments, against slavery,—I knew that long ago."

"But let me explain the philosophy of it:—When a slave is continually abused, and treated with great severity, his mind is crushed, all his faculties stupefied, so that he cannot value liberty; and having no faculty to reason accurately, no time afforded him to exercise reflection, he's insensible of his degradation; only knows himself a miserable slave—thinks not but that he was born to be such. But the bondman that is treated well possesses a healthier and more vigorous intellect, and he has opportunity and leisure afforded him to think; consequently he becomes sensible of his degradation, and is led to appreciate and desire liberty."

"I dare say you put that very idea into Gazella's head, for she talks just in the same way."

"No, not a word did she ever hear from me on the subject."

"She would even presume to argue with me, if I'd allow it, that slavery's a sin. 'Tis a pity your mother learned her to read; that's helped spoil her."

"Gazella was a favorite with my mother, and the old lady felt it a religious duty to have her learn to read the Bible."

"Had she lived till now I guess she'd seen the fruits of her folly;—the wench can quote Scripture like any preacher, and has by heart every passage in the Bible that abolitionists have hunted out against slavery. It's strange any one can be so blind as not to see that education ruins a slave!" Saying which, she threw down the Bible, with a petulant air, and dashed out of the room in a manner that showed she'd read the Scriptures to little profit; and flying away to the kitchen began letting off her bile upon poor Gazella. Nero again sought his decanter, and after a heavy potation resumed his segar and his position before the fire, except that he now placed both feet, instead of one, upon the mantle,—which, perhaps, added somewhat to his comfort if nothing to grace of attitude.

## Chapter 3.

Mrs. Nero in a fume—The Slave Mother's right to Love and Protect her Children—The Comical Family Fracas.

Nero hadn't more than got himself into a pleasant reverie, when his wife came running in, desperately exasperated, and in such a fume 'twas some moments before she could utter a word. Accustomed to her tantrums, the husband was but little moved,—yet affecting some regard, and as much surprise as possible, he said:

"My dear, what on earth has happened?"

"Why, don't you think," she answered, with difficult breath, "that audacious slave had the impudence to snatch the cowhide from my hand, while I was whipping that miserable brat of hers?"

"You don't say!"

"But I do, and well she deserves flogging alive!"

"Did you not chastise her for it?"

"Gracious heaven! she looked such a fury, I hardly dared say my life was my own! You shall tie her up immediately, and give her a hundred lashes."

"Forget not, Mrs. Nero," said the husband coaxingly, "that Gazella has a mother's feelings. Only think how

'twould excite you, to see another woman using the cowhide on our little Nelly!"

"My patience, Mr. Nero, will you degrade me by *such* a comparison!"

"Is she not a mother, as well as you?"

"What of that? She's a slave! and her child's a slave!"

"Nevertheless, she has a heart to feel, and flesh to feel; and so has her child."

"Do you pretend that the cowhiding of a little nigger is a matter of any consequence—a thing to be compared to the whipping of our white, freeborn child?"

"A matter of no less consequence to the mother, though, indeed, she be a slave."

At these words his good lady kindled to such a pitch of indignation, she grew speechless again, and frothed at the mouth as if she'd taken a fit of hydrophobia. Soon as the effervescence passed off, however, she grew somewhat calm for a space; but, unfortunately, whenever her unruly tongue was set going, the combustible elements composing her frail nature were sure to ignite, producing dreadful explosions: so it proved throughout this conversation with her husband. After a short calm, Nero ventured to enquire more particularly concerning the difficulty which had happened:

"What," said he, "did Rosetta do, that you had to use the cowhide upon her?"

"She wouldn't obey her young master Tommy, and I was determined to make her—the stubborn little jade!"

"Tommy's a spoiled boy, Mrs. Nero, and by no means reasonable in his commands."

"No matter, a servant must learn to obey: 'tis not for a slave to stop and argue the case with the master."

"I'll venture Tom was imposing on Rosetta,—she's not usually disobedient."

"Imposing on her!" exclaimed Mrs. Nero with a sneer, and in a tone of derision; "isn't it," she continued, "for slaves to put up with whatever treatment they get from those whose property they are? There's no imposition in the case; a slave can have no rights beyond the will and pleasure of the master."

"If the will and pleasure of the master were always just and right, there might be some reason in the assertion."

At this juncture Tommy, a boy of about nine years, entered the room; his father turning to him, said:

"Come here, my son; tell me what little Rosetta disobeyed you about."

In the whining tone of a petted, peevish, spoiled child, the lad, pucker up a pitiful mouth, said:

"I wanted her to kiss my big toe, but she wouldn't do it till ma cut her well with the cowhide."

"That was a fine lesson for your amiable mother to teach you, wasn't it?"

"I reckon so," drawled the lad, not comprehending his irony.

"Suppose we try the thickness of your skin, my lark," remarked the father, and twitching the cowhide from Mrs. Nero's hand, which she had still held in her grasp, he gave the boy a keen cut just below the skirt of his peajacket. The youngster was evidently taken on surprise but at once gave signs of possessing more sensibility in the lower than in the upper extremity, skipping about for a moment like some merry wight essaying to dance a Hornpipe, or the Highland Fling; in the meantime

making all kinds of faces, while he perseveringly applied his hand, like a sticking plaster, to the smarting spot, then sprawling down upon the floor, kicked and squealed like a stuck pig. Yet still more comical was the scene which followed. Mrs. Nero, springing to her feet, seized her husband with the malignity of a fiend and the wiry activity of a wild cat; fastening one hand in the hair of his head, the other in his huge whiskers, she quickly laid him sprawling. And, although an athletic man, he did not readily extricate himself from her cruel grasp;—with an unmerciful pull at his whiskers, she made him roar like a lion, yet, unmoved by compassion, she would doubtless have prolonged the torture, with savage barbarity, had he not, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in breaking her grasp.

Peace being at length restored, and each ashamed of the fracas, they mutually apologised to one another, and promised for the future to exercise more forbearance.

"But why did you strike our darling boy?" demanded the wife, sobbing and wiping her eyes as if heart broken.

"It was to teach you, Mrs. Nero, to feel for the slave mother, whose children you often torture without mercy before her eyes. If one little tap with the cowhide, laid upon a child of yours, awakens such sympathy and such feelings of rage and vengeance in your bosom, how do you imagine Gazella can remain unmoved when you're lashing her little children without restraint, bringing the blood at every stroke?"

"And still I must be compared to a slave, and my child to the children of a slave! I've no patience to hear such things, Mr. Nero. I see plainly you'll teach our children to let slaves run over them."

"I'll strive, my dear, at all events, a little common sense to teach them,—with your permission."

"Ah, you'll see! if you don't, I'm mistaken. And if that Gazella isn't soon taken down we can do nothing with her."

"She has so many good qualities we may well bear a little with her harmless peculiarities."

"Indeed I'll not bear with them; I can't stand it to see a nigger wench moving about with as much dignity as a princess."

"Tis true, I admit, Gazella's rather high mettle—a little too much white blood in her veins. If the truth were known, by thunder, I believe 'twould turn out that she's somewhat *akin* to the Nero family."

"Somewhat! ha! ha! somewhat? I reckon she is somewhat, and a good deal more than somewhat *akin*; according to your mother's account, Gazella's a very close blood relation to the Neros."

"More of the Nero than negro, eh?"

"I wouldn't have Gazella know it for anything in the world, but the fact is, she's even nearer than *first cousin* to you."

"I knew that, long ago. And the fact is, if she were not so valuable I'd be tempted to set her free."

"Pshaw! I guess if slaveholders were all to set their relations free, slavery would be abolished without the help of abolitionists."

"True! My God! 'tis a desperate state of affairs."

"But it can't be helped, Mr. Nero. Talk of making Gazella free—why, we can get a thousand dollars for her any day!"

"A thousand! Only last week Nick Pharo offered me twelve hundred, cash in hand."

"'Tis easy guessing his motive in offering such a price: Gazella's a little better looking than one Mrs. Pharo."

"He shant have her on any terms; I'll never sell a slave, if I can help it, to a brutal man."

"The best servants you ever owned you sold to slave traders, who handcuffed and drove them off like cattle."

"That was years ago, before I'd thought much on the subject; besides, I was in embarrassed circumstances; pressed for money, I was compelled to sell."

"It's scarce three years since you sold Gazella's first husband to a man who took him to the south."

"The villain promised me he wouldn't take him far away, but violated his word."

"The fact is, Mr. Nero, Gazella's got to be sold to some one; there's no getting around it. I never feel safe whipping her children when she's about—it makes her so desperate; she might sometime, first thing I know, plunge a knife into me."

"She loves her children tenderly, 'tis true; not a bad trait in a white woman, but in a colored one quite unpardonable."

"I understand you, sir, perfectly; your irony's quite transparent, but serves no other purpose than to show your great and growing partiality for the sable complexion."

"It certainly becomes not you and I, my dear, to indulge too strong a prejudice against a dusky skin; though untainted, perhaps—at least we hope so—by negro blood, yet we're not so very devilish white ourselves. Gazella's only about one shade darker than your ladyship." This last remark, which was delivered

in rather a cutting manner, and sarcastic tone, put the irascible Mrs. Nero on nettles again. With spitfire emphasis, and a significant toss of the head, she replied:

"I guess I wasn't born a slave, if I didn't happen to be white as chalk."

"'Twas not, however, you must allow, Mrs. Nero, by anything meritorious on your own part that you were born free, and with uncontaminated blood in your veins; 'twas an accident for which you deserve no more praise, than Gazella blame, for being born a slave."

"'Tis useless, I see, to spend breath on the subject; you're determined to talk without rhyme or reason."

"It not unfrequently happens that the husband falls into the habits of the wife."

"But, unfortunately, my husband's not sufficiently amiable to adopt his wife's habits."

"Ah, I must confess you're an angel, my love—I only wish that you had the wings—that you might fly away."

"Yes, yes, I can easily believe you want me gone. Well, well, you'll no doubt get rid of me soon, these niggers will fret me to death, I'm sure they will!"

In uttering the last sentence she feigned no little agony, and left the apartment, wiping her eyes as if tears were abundant, yet she could shed none.



## Chapter 4.

The Men whom Slaveholders use for Dogs—The Servility of the Southern Pulpit—Parson Snivel hired to preach to Nero's Slaves—The Old Gentleman with Horns

Upon returning to the drawing-room, Mrs. Nero remarked:

"I wouldn't be surprised at all, if Gazella should attempt to run away; I incline to think from her manoeuvres, that she's a sly notion of it."

"She'd make little speed," replied Nero, "with four children to drag after her; and I'm sure she'll never go without them."

"The river will certainly freeze up this weather; if it does, slaves will have opportunity to escape. It's well them Irishmen, Spittles and Dobins, have come into the neighborhood—'tis said they can track a nigger equal to bloodhounds."

"Yes, confound the villians, I'm willing, if necessary, to use them for dogs, while I heartily despise their servility."

"Why detest men, who may answer you a valuable purpose?"

"Only look at it, Mrs. Nero, Irishmen complaining of

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oppression in their own country, then come here, to be the most unprincipled enemies to liberty;—play the hound for us, catch our fugitives, and help enslave a race that in every sense, is a ternal sight superior to themselves."

"I verily believe, Mr. Nero, if it were not that you own slaves yourself, you'd be ready to curse the institution, and perhaps turn abolitionist!"

"You're right madam, you're right; nothing upon the earth, nor under the wide heavens, induces me to countenance slavery, but interest, sordid interest, which stands in the way of justice and humanity! When I hear men of Ohio, advocating the institution, I may smile, and nod assent, but itch to call them knaves, treacherous, black hearted knaves,—false to humanity, to nature and to God!"

"Good gracious! Mr. Nero, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, madam."

"What consistency! holding slaves, yet professing to believe it wrong!"

"I confess the inconsistency. What man of sense, in whose brain dwells a single spark of reason, can believe otherwise than that slavery's wrong?"

"Why then, did you, last summer, hire parson Snivel, to come and preach to our servants that slavery was right, and an institution approved of heaven?"

"Can you not conjecture why? Know you not, that these hypocritical preachers, are the very bulwarks of slavery—its staunchest defenders? But for them, in spite of perdition, the enslaved millions of the south, would break their chains!"

"How do they prevent it?"



"They wield a power,—but 'tis not the power of talent, nor piety, nor moral worth."

"What then?"

"It is their profession,—'tis the sacred calling of the clergy that gives them an unbounded influence over the minds of the unlettered bondmen, whom they persuade, 'tis their religious duty to submit and uncomplainingly wear the yoke of bondage. The negro is, by nature, more religious than the white man; and when convinced that heaven ordained him to be a slave, he meekly submits. I easily guessed what Snivel's text would be, before he came—'Servants obey your masters.' That poor passage has been spat upon, tortured and abused, even more than was the Saviour himself!"

"How you talk, Mr. Nero!"

"Think you Snivel didn't know he was perverting the Scriptures, and imposing on the credulity of the poor, uneducated slaves? Obtuse as may be his intellect, he must have seen that the text was irrelevant, and had nothing to do with slavery as it exists among us."

"La me! could any man with the Bible in his hand, dare misinterpret the Scriptures?"

"Snivel was paid for it,—why shouldn't he have preached to suit my purpose? Sure I didn't employ him to preach the truth—that would have been against my interest. While I despised him for his hypocrisy, never theless he was just such a tool as I needed. A very excellent effect, too, his sermon had in making some of our servants more submissive and better reconciled to their fate!"

"You'll hardly pretend to deny, Mr. Nero that the Bible sanctions slavery?"

"Now, my dear, if you want me to be an infidel, out and out, only prove to my satisfaction that the Scriptures justify southern slavery. I acknowledge myself a wicked man, and a great sinner, a worshipper of mammon, bowing down to a god of silver and gold,—yet I scorn the servility of slavery pulpits, the impiety and duplicity of the clergy, who libel heaven and dishonor the God that made them by maintaining that slavery's a divine institution! To find an apology for themselves, they would implicate the Deity, even, in the enormity! Whenever proslavery divines make out their case, and show that the Bible sanctions the institution, then my reverence for the Supreme Being will prompt me to kick out of doors that venerable book."

"O, Mr. Nero, what dreadful profanity! it shocks me all over!"

"Such a religion as you practise, madam, one would think might have hardened your nerves ere this; I'm sure it has your heart."

"And has it come to this? Accuse me of hard heartedness, Mr. Nero!—and I a Christian woman!"

"I admit your heart is tender in spots, and by spells. Your affection for the shanghai breed, game cocks, untidy dogs, and the brute creation in general, is rarely surpassed; but towards the human species, especially the unfortunate race who cannot boast a skin fair as your own, seems ever turned the hard, knotty side of your heart."

"Would you make me out a monster? To whom, pray, have I ever been unkind?"

"Not to Pointer and Jowler—to them you give warm blankets in the corner, while Gazella's children sleep

in a miserable shanty, with almost nothing to keep them warm."

"That's to make them hardy; what account would niggers be, if treated tenderly? As Brother Snivel says—what's the use owning slaves, unless they're made profitable?"

"Your religion and Brother Snivel's, I take it, came from the same quarter, fresh out of the pit—its author Auld Nickaben, whom, no doubt, you account a very fine man."

"In the name of mercy, what kind of railery's this you're heaping upon me?"

"Talk of my shocking profanity!—if such inhumanity as you've just expressed, in quoting Snivel, isn't calculated to shock any man who is not a beast, then the devil needn't show himself with the expectation of making a sensation."

"Now just to convince you, Mr. Nero, of my great conscientiousness, let me aver, if I entertained the sentiments you profess I'd not keep a slave for the world, nor ten thousand worlds! I'd expect the devil to fly away with me."

"Needn't be afraid, madam, of Satan's taking you in a hurry, under any circumstances."

"For once, then, dear husband, you acknowledge my piety and holiness of life."

"He's too much for you to do in this world."

"Who's too much for me to do in this world?"

"That old gentleman with horns, to whom you're indebted for your amiable disposition."

"You're too provoking, Mr. Nero;—if I were an angel 'twould be too much to bear. If I do get a little out of

temper once in a while, I don't violate my conscience as you profess to."

"There's this difference between us, my dear,—interest and selfishness have had the effect to darken my heart without blinding my intellect; while the same influences, operating upon you, have obscured alike head and heart."

"Decidedly complimentary to yourself, sir, and still more so to me. I'm a thousand times obliged!"

"We poor mortals, Mrs. Nero, are often hoodwinked without being aware of it. The eyes of the mind see in whatever direction the heart's inclined."

"Your scepticism you need no longer disguise; on the very verge of infidelity you stand! Seriously I doubt whether you've any belief at all in the Bible."

"There's one passage, at least, I'll never dispute—'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'"

"You reckon, no doubt, that Scripture particularly applicable to slaveholders—all a hardened, reprobate set!"

"The truth is sometimes spoken in irony, as well as in jest."

Dinner being now announced by one of the servants, the conversation closed.

## Chapter 5.

**THE Fears excited among Slave Owners by the freezing of the River.—The Protracted Meeting conducted by Brothers Snivel, Doodle, and the Devil.**

After the repast, Nero and lady were again seated in the drawing room, by a comfortable fire. Having feasted bountifully, as Kentuckians do, finding little else to interest them, they were now too drowsy for conversation, and sat dozing in silence.

Directly they were roused by an unceremonious entrance, and a gruff voice saying:

"Hallo! How are you, old fellow? Sleep, eh? you and your old woman too."

"Ah, Mr. Pharo!" said the lady, opening and rubbing her eyes, "come to the fire."

"Astir this cold weather, Nick?" said Nero familiarly.

"The north wind it is, that stirs me; I'm thinking, by Jove, our two legged cattle, may have more than a Peter's faith to walk the water, some of these days afore long, if this bleak weather lasts. 'Tis reported the river closed last night."

"Ah!—we must look out then;—our colored population will, no doubt, begin to show their preference for free soil."

"Zounds! nothing surer; niggers will run, when they get a chance. And these days strange notions are getting into the heads of our confounded slaves."

"Yes—in spite of all legislation to prevent it, the slaves of the South are constantly becoming more enlightened. And there the great danger lies,—to enslave the enlightened is at once difficult and dangerous."

"How is it, Nero? explain the mystery,—how do the niggers in this country get so smart, when they're not allowed to have any larnin'?"

"Amalgamation's one cause; our slaves are getting so near our own color, by Jupiter, we can hardly tell who's who. Such a mixing up!—'tis hard to tell what it'll end in!"

"Lots of white niggers, I reckon."

Mrs. Nero, with no little emphasis, here remarked:

"A law there should be, to prevent amalgamation."

"I fear," replied Nero, "it would be as difficult in Kentucky to carry such a measure as to obtain a prohibitory liquor law. And if such a law should be enacted, to enforce it would require the transportation of nine-tenths of our voters."

"Well, then, let them be transported," replied her ladyship, indignantly.

"When you have us transported, madam," remarked Pharo, "be kind enough to give us choice of foreign countries."

"In that case, I've no doubt, you'd all be for going to Africa, or to the West Indies."

"I must be in haste," said Pharo, rising to depart.

"And you think the river's bridged?" observed Nero, also rising to his feet and following Pharo to the door.

"They say so, and sure it's been cold enough; two of my niggers frosted their toes in bed last night."

"Good policy, wouldn't it be, to get up a protracted meeting about this time, and send for Brother Snivel?"

"Capital—and Snivel knows how to preach to niggers. It takes him to tell what'll become of darkies that disobey their masters; and he insists there's no repentance for a slave that runs away."

"At any rate, a lively meeting in progress would have a tendency to divert their minds from thoughts of freedom."

"True, and there's nothing like preaching hell to a nigger. Only get them waked up on that subject and they'll readily consent to a hard life in this world, with the hope of escaping a worse fate in the next."

"When, say you, this meeting shall begin?"

"The sooner the better; we can commence it to-night, old brother Doodle's in the neighborhood, and he'll preach any kind of sermon for a plug of tobacco."

"Any kind, but an eloquent or sensible one."

"Of course, he's no Cicero, nor much of a philosopher, but preaches the right kind of doctrine and makes a de'il of a racket."

"He can have no influence over my servants. I'll venture Gazella can teach him theology, and she's ten times the common sense he possesses."

"Well, then, let us give Brother Snivel a call."

"Agreed—that'll be doing more for him than the Almighty's ever done."

"Very like."

"A minister must be called, and if heaven wont call the sort we want, why, we'll call them ourselves, that's all."

"That's my idea of the thing. Got in the notion yet of taking twelve hundred dollars for Gazella?"

"Can't spare her—she knows more than all the rest on the plantation."

"The worse for that, the more likely to run away."

"She's tied to her children—would sooner part with life than with them."

"Well, then, about this protracted meeting—you send out one of your boys into the lower neighborhood, and I'll send one of mine into the upper, and we'll have the meeting begin to-night. But I think you'd better consent to have Doodle assist; he can pray like a trooper, and is a regular wheel horse when it comes to singing."

"Use your pleasure about it."

"It's understood, then—you send for Snivel, I'll get Doodle, and we'll raise the devil." Saying which, he took his departure. Nero, turning round, after closing the door, exclaimed:

"Religion! religion! to what base purposes thou art prostituted!"

## Chapter 5.

Gazella's Relationship—Refuses to deny her Father—Her Mistress becomes Exasperated; and goes into Tantrums.

The night drew on—twas a dreadful night; fierce was the wind, and intense the cold. The clock struck nine; Gazella, folding up a satin dress she had just finished for her mistress, laid it on the table, near which Mrs. Nero sat; then turning to a window, the blind of which had not yet been closed, she looked sorrowfully out upon the darkness, and listened to the moaning of the winds.

"A few more hours," she said mentally, "my fate will decide. The lives of my dear children and my own I freely put at stake for the uncertain chance of freedom. If unsuccessful, in death we'll find a refuge from cruel oppression."

Mrs. Nero, observing that the slave was unusually thoughtful and melancholy, grew irritated, and harshly remarked:

"Gazella, I'd like to know what you're all the time thinking about, lately;—there's some devilment in your head, I dare say?"

"Has a slave no right to think?" replied the servant,

in a tone which, though mild, showed some feeling of resentment.

"Presume you to answer me with such an air of importance?"

"Would you have me use deceit, and speak not as I feel?"

"I'll teach you to speak as a servant should to her mistress."

"I prefer my own manner, which is natural and suits me best," returned Gazella, with some emphasis.

"Guard well that insolent tongue, you miserable slave."

"Truly a miserable slave I am."

"What right have you to freedom? were you not born a slave?"

"A wicked law made my mother a slave; and that same wicked law, without consent or fault of mine, holds me in bondage. Why should the chain follow the mother? my father was a free man."

"Little know you about your father, whether he was bond or free."

"If your husband's father was a free man, my father was not a bondman."

"You base born slave! presume to make yourself a half sister to my husband?"

"My mother ought to know who my father was; and 'twas her duty to teach her child its father's name."

"No matter, never dare lisp such a thing again."

"I'd scorn to deny my father, what though he be your husband's sire."

"Did ever a mistress listen to such audacity? Better try claiming kin with me, you upstart!"

"I'm well satisfied that our relationship's only by marriage;—I'm but your sister-in-law, that's all."

"My patience, I'll suffocate with rage!" exclaimed Mrs. Nero, flaring up like a conflagration, "you impudent nigger! I'll have your tongue cut out—see if I don't!"

"If it please you better, no objection have I to disown my *living* relations; God knows they're little credit to me. 'Tis a pity, mistress, that such an illustrious personage as yourself should have married into our base blooded family."

"Our family! do you say *our* family? O my Lord, I'll choke, I'll choke! Mr. Nero! Mr. Nero!" screamed the excited lady, as if she were being murdered.

"What! what! what's the matter?" cried Nero in alarm; for his lady's scream had awakened him from a horrid dream of howling fiends and wandering goblins; nor did he look unlike a messenger from Tophet himself, standing in the door, wildly gazing, hair on end, and having nothing on but a linen nether garment,—none too liberal in length, and well calculated to remind one of the Scottish bard's "Cutasark."

"O, this miserable, audacious slave," said his wife, "presumes to claim relationship, and arrogantly asserts she's my sister-in-law! Only think of it—the vile nigger!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Nero, "is that all? I verily thought you were about to be murdered.—And Gazella and you are sisters-in-law? ha! ha! ha!"

"Laugh, do you? Heavens and earth! Is the man insane? Coolly laugh when a base born slave claims to be a blood relation!"

"There's no use getting excited, my darling; such relationships are fashionable, only they're considered matters of some delicacy, and not to be too freely talked about."

"Mercy! mercy! I can—hardly get my breath!"

"Gazella you should avoid alluding to these little matters," said Nero, addressing the servant in a chiding tone.

"Great God of vengeance!" exclaimed the lady, more excited than ever, "shall she a moment be spared?"

Nero now turned about, feeling pretty well aired, and again sought his bed chamber; soliloquising as he went, in the following style:

"There's no use denying it, Gazella's my father's daughter, and it was his dying request she should be freed; but 'tis clear, I've now got to sell her, or there'll be a fuss in the family. As to little Rosetta, I'll see to it that hereafter she's less imposed upon for I strongly incline to think she's still nearer related to me than is her mother—yet I'm not exactly sure of it; her mouth and eyes are very much like mine, or else I imagine it. Talk about not knowing who's who in the slaveholding States,—by thunder, we don't know our own children! Then the idea of a man making slaves of his own offspring—Great God! it makes me feel like cutting my infernal throat!"

With these unhappy reflections preying on his mind the slaveholder reclined his head upon his downy pillow; but long, restless hours passed, ere he was able to compose himself to sleep.

Without further altercation with her exasperated mistress, Gazella repaired to her cabin and began to make preparation for the contemplated flight.



## Chapter 7.

GAZELLA'S Flight by Night—The Surprise—Passing the Crystal Bridge—The Shout of Triumph on reaching Freedom's Shore.

"What's the hour, Aunt Jinnie?" said Gazella, addressing the kind old negress who came in to assist her in getting away.

"Almost twelve o'clock; I thought mistress would never get off to bed to-night—she seemed to sit up for pure spite."

"I'll soon be ready to go."

"May the Lord help you, Gazella. I'm 'fraid you'll all perish. But I'll see you to the 'Ho."

"I'm 'fraid they'll find it out and punish you cruelly."

"I'd help you to the river ef I was shore they'd tie me up soon as I gits back. Bundle up the children well as possible, for it's dreadful cold."

"We're now ready," said the slave mother, in a firm tone, at the same time taking a butcher knife from the shelf, which she concealed under the folds of her shawl.

"Now pray, Gazella," said Jinnie, imploringly, "do not take with you that frightful looking knife."

"'Tis now liberty or death, Aunt Jinnie," replied Ga-

zella, with a look and expression of resolute determination. The good old negress sighed but no more said. Taking the child in her arms she followed Gazella, who led the way with the other three. Through the deep snow, and facing the wild, piercing winds, they took their way, amid the darkness of the night, towards the Ohio. But a few miles had they gone when they heard behind them the sound of horses' feet, rapidly approaching:

"We are pursued," said Gazella, "let us fly to the woods!" But in a moment, discovering it was too late to escape observation and conceal themselves, Gazella turned about and drew her knife. The horses halted within a few paces of her; but it was too dark to see distinctly what she was likely to encounter. Reflecting an instant on the uncertainty of the issue, she said to the old negress:

"Aunt Jinnie, if I fail to kill them, you help me kill the children—if you see me fall, snatch the knife and despatch my children;—do it, I charge you, for heaven's sake, Aunt Jinnie!"

"'Tis Gazella's voice," said one of the company. At this a number of voices cried out:

"Gazella! Gazella!"

"'Tis Pharo's colored people!" exclaimed Aunt Jinnie, 'a sleigh load of them, going, I dare say, to the land of freedom!'

"Heaven be praised!" said Gazella devoutly.

A scene of rejoicing followed that would have moved a heart of stone to tears.

Gazella and her children were taken into the sleigh.

"O, if my scattered family," said Aunt Jinnie "were



only here I'd rejoice to go too. But while my children are in bondage I couldn't enjoy freedom—nor heaven! Farewell! God speed you!" she exclaimed, raising both hands tremblingly towards heaven. Gazella's heart was now too full for utterance. The driver cracked his whip, off they dashed and went sailing like the wind.

An hour's drive brought them to the river, and soon they were marching upon the Crystal Bazaar which God and the northwind had built in defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The driver, whom they called Harry, waited upon the bank till he heard the shout of freedom, raised by the fugitives on reaching the opposite shore of the Ohio; then wheeling about he cantered back, saying to himself as he set off—"When this nigger helps a few more of the oppressed from the hell of slavery, then look out white folks if he's not missing to."

## Chapter 8.

A Bevy of Fugitives on the Bank of the Ohio—Hesitating to risk the Ice, are overtaken by Slave Hunters—The Battle—The Ruffians defeated and disarmed—Their Ludicrous Predicament—The breaking of the Ice.

On the same night, and about the same hour that Gazella crossed the Ohio, a party of seventeen fugitives, consisting of men, women and children, might have been seen grouped on the bank of the river, several miles above. The stream, though blocked up at the point where they had collected, was quite unsafe to cross;—having so recently closed, the ice was by no means strong. Edgar Allen, a mulatto, about forty-five years of age, and a negro, of more than ordinary sagacity, was the leader of the company. After going out upon the river, and testing the strength of the ice, he returned to the waiting group, who stood shivering in the cold wind that swept along the broad river, and told them, 'twould be necessary to proceed further up the stream, in order to cross with safety.

Just as they began to take up the line of march, three ruffians, armed with revolvers and bowie knives, rushed upon them, presenting pistols and demanding a surrender.

"We'll die first!" exclaimed Edgar Allen, "pitch into them, boys!"

The order was instantly obeyed: they did pitch in like tigers, men and women. The battle was fierce, but momentary. The slave hunters fired, but in such haste and confusion the discharge of their revolvers did but little mischief: two missed aim; the third slightly wounded Edgar. Before the villains had time to fire a second round they were prostrated and disarmed. Now, finding themselves within the power of the fugitives, they crouched like cowering wolves, and humbly begged for mercy—which, after a good wholesome choking, and some appropriate kicks, well timed and soundly put in, was granted them.

"Upon one condition, blackguards," said Allen, "we'll let you go without further chastisement: some doubts have we of the sufficiency of the ice;—and regarding your lives as of no value, either to yourselves or to the world, we'll require you, before being set at liberty, to test its strength. If it will bear three such scoundrels, walking abreast, the rest of us may safely venture."

"O, my God!" exclaimed Fizzle, the chief ruffian, "you'll not be so heartless!"

"We'll be drowned," whined another, "sure as falling off a log! And we're not prepared to die, we aint."

"And still less prepared to live, you wretch. I happen to know you, old Fizzle. Come, let me take a close look:" and going up to the fellow, knocked off his slouch-ed hat, and giving him a chuck under the chin, bade him hold up his head like a man, till he could see him fall in the face. "Yes, yes, I could swear to you, old feller,"

affirmed Edgar, "the very same chap I thought he was;—the countenance of a sheep killing dog:—I'd know that face, if face it may be called, anywhere."

"Who is he?" enquired one of the colored men.

"His name's Fizzle," answered Allen, "he used to be Tom Grime's overseer, when I belonged to that old sinner; and he's the same rascal who lashed our Margaret so unmercifully."

"I've hurn tell of him," observed an aged negress, standing near, "he wur all'ays counted a monstrous cruel nigger driver."

"Look up here, you cowardly wretch," said Edgar addressing Fizzle, and at the same time, giving him another chuck under the chin, "do you remember," he continued, "putting handcuffs on me once, and when they had worn off the skin, langhing to see the blood? Fiend, what mercy expect you at my hands?"

"But aint you a Christian?" whimpered the dastardly vagabond, "then you ought to forgive."

"There are crimes too black to be forgiven, by Christian or Jew. But there's no time to be lost,—lead the way across the ice, or I'll lodge a bullet in your worthless brain."

The ruffians, perceiving the negro had courage and was determined to enforce his commands, reluctantly obeyed, taking the ice with dreadful apprehensions.

Instructing the colored people, to follow, one at a time, two or three paces apart, Edgar then, pistol in hand, walked at the heels of the three slave-catchers giving them no opportunity of escape.

They had advanced but a few rods, when the ice began to crack. Fizzle and his companions, seized with

terror, wheeled about to retreat: Edgar, presented his pistol—they heard it click, and deemed it prudent to halt.

"Good Lord!" cried Fizzle, "we'll all be drowned."

"If you prefer to be shot, say the word," answered Edgar. Quaking with fear, they now sunk upon their knees and plead for life. Edgar was inexorable:

"Rise, villians," said he, in a stern, commanding tone, "in vain might we poor slaves have begged for mercy had we unhappily fallen into your hands, with no power to resist your despotic will. Heaven be praised, your infernal device illy succeeded;—your weapons are turned against you, and with cowardly awe ye kneel at the feet of a slave!"

"Remember," returned one of the prostrate wretches, in a faltering voice, "we were but obeying the law in attempting to prevent your escape from slavery."

"But you were violating God's law, which is above every other. And he it was who built this icy bridge to show his contempt of frail, wicked human laws, enacted against freedom, justice and humanity. And now if you want no bullet holes in your hides, at once face about, and make a steady march for the opposite shore."

"I know the ice'll break, and we'll be lost forever!" said Fizzle, in a crying tone, as he turned towards the Ohio shore. Half erect, and with outstretched arms, and fingers wide spread, as if in momentary expectation of breaking through, he began cautiously to advance, while the ice kept up a sharp cracking.

"I guess it'll bear," remarked Edgar, encouragingly, "'tis a bridge God made for us poor fugitives,—and if the weight of your terrible sins don't break it, there'll perhaps be no lives lost."

Had it been daylight, the scene, to a spectator, would certainly have been an imposing one; the three slave hunters, like condemned criminals, proceeding with trepidation and in a stooping posture, over the bending, crackling bosom of the frozen stream,—at their heels, a mulatto, with a drawn pistol in his hand,—and he followed by a long procession of darkies, exhibiting every variety of color—from the brightest mulatto, to the blackest African skin.

Fizzle's ludicrous attitude, was well calculated to remind one of the immortal Don Quixotte, the renowned and most valiant Knight errant—sometimes called, "the Knight of the sorrowful figure." And the beefy headed fellow, walking next him, might well have represented Sancho Panza, while bewailing his condition, on being left assless.

Safely all reached the Ohio side;—and after a shout of freedom from the fugitives, ringing out loud and clear upon the midnight air, Edgar said to the ruffians—

"You can now have liberty to return, and report success to the masters who sent you—no longer ours, but yours,—for you are their dogs."

"We'll wait till daylight before we go back," Fizzle replied, "then the ice'll be stronger."

"Villains, I'll not trust you;—slaveholders have their dogs in Ohio, as well as in Kentucky. You want but an opportunity to hunt up a gang of scoundrels like yourselves to pursue us. I command you, make immediately for Kentucky."

Fearing to disobey, they again took the ice. Going some distance out upon the river, and thinking themselves out of pistol shot, they turned round to pour out a torrent of curses upon the negroes:

"You'll wish yourselves to the devil when we overtake you to-morrow," vociferated Fizzle, after a volley of vulgar oaths, tiptoeing to make himself heard. As he closed the sentence, his feet slipped and he fell sprawling;—his long legs shooting out awkwardly in various directions, managed to uptrip his lubberly companions; down they all came with a crash, the ice broke with a smash, and under they went with a dash!—Edgar, hearing the splash, cried out:

"They've gone to hell together! let them help one another."

"The Lord have mercy on their poor, wicked souls!" cried one of the pious female fugitives, shocked at the thought of the reprobates being thus hurried into eternity loaded with crime.

"It's but waste of ammunition, Aunty," observed Edgar, "to pray for such rascals;—what better place than hell are they fit for?"

The fugitives, sometime before daydawn, found the depot of the underground railroad, and took the first train for Canada.

Among the idle and curious, many vague conjectures were afloat, concerning the fate of the slave hunters; 'tis generally supposed, however, they were assassinated by the fugitives.

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## Chapter 9

The Hurlyburly—Aunt Jinnie's Shrewdness—Spittles and Dobins go in pursuit of Gazella and her Children—They are sharply Re-sured on the way by one of their own Countrymen.

The morning following Gazella's flight there was no little stir and confusion at Nero's, soon as her absence was discovered. Mrs. Nero, displaying her usual amiability, raved round among the servants, threatening torture and skinning alive if they did not at once divulge the secret of Gazella's escape, and where she had gone to. Last of all she threatened Aunt Jinnie, whom she least suspected, yet in reality the only one that knew anything about it. Nero, entering the room in the height of the bluster, said:

"I never knew Jinnie to lie; now come, Aunt Jinnie, look me straight in the eye, and say whether you're innocent or guilty? If you don't answer me, I'll—"

"With a clear conscience, Master, and without winking, see as I don't look you right plain in the eye." Saying which, she closely approached him and opening her eyes widely, gazed steadily into his. Now then," said

she, "just peep into this darkey's eye, and look at the very bottom of the soul, and ef I's done anything 'ginst my conscience may the Lord judge me."

"I don't think you could look me quite so straight in the eye, Jinnie, if you were not innocent."

"There's no time to be lost, Mr. Nero," remarked his wife, "start them Irishmen on pursuit; let them take the hounds along."

"Sputtles and Dobins are hounds enough," replied Nero, "I'm not going to have the children torn to pieces by them furious dogs."

"True, it might injure the sale of them," remarked she heartlessly, "hurry, hurry," she continued, following him out at the door, "send Sputtles and Dobins post haste to Cincinnati; no doubt there's where Gazella's aimed for, and may be on the underground railroad by this time, if not frozen to death."

Jinnie, being left alone in the room, thus discoursed to herself:

"Ef I never does wus dan help Gazella and her darling little children to the land of freedom, I guess Jinnie can always look up clare as the bright morning star. I told Master no lie—I has a clare conscience;—and ef I could help some more poor darkies away from slavery, it would be clarer still. I pray the Lord nothin' ever 'sturb my feelings wus."

The Irish slave hunters rejoiced at the opportunity of rendering service in such a way to the wealthy farmer, on whom they were dependant for loose change to buy their whiskey and tobacco. Soon they were on pursuit of the fugitives, and directing their course towards Cincinnati.

"Ah, be jabers," exclaimed Sputtles, stooping down to examine a track in the snow, "if here as'n't a latle footprint, davel take my soul!"

"By St. Patrick, and it ase," said Dobins looking at the same, "tase the fut of that little yaller gal—ef it aint, then I'll trate to a pint o' whasky."

And on they started, like hounds freshly scenting a hare. After running a few miles they met Emmet O'Brian, an Irish acquaintance, and whom they had known in the old country.

"Faith, and who do we mate but our owld acquaintance, Emmet O'Brian!"

"By the Holy Virgin, and it ase!" cried Dobins grasping his hand.

"'Tis I meself, if nather drunk nor drameing," replied O'Brian; "but whither in such haste? By my soul, you outstrip the wind!"

"Fun ahead and money to be made," responded Sputtles. "Say, now," he continued, "did you mate a mulatto woman, almost white, very comely, with four children, the youngest a baby?"

"And what if I did, Jamy Sputtles?" he replied, with an indignant expression upon his countenance.

"Why, they're runaway nagers and we're after them."

"That indadel! According to your own disorapesion they're better lookin' than yourselves, and a dale of a sight dacenter people."

"But, Mr. O'Brian, plaze say, did you mate them on the way?"

"Jamy Sputtles, hark to me I pray—You and I, and we thra, came from Ireland together; and weel I remember what ye said wur bringin' you to Ameriky."



"Pray, now, and what wuz it, Mr. O'Brian."

"Why, to enjoy laberty and brathe the wholesome air of fradom."

"Shore now, and I did, Mr. O'Brian."

"And now a traitor to liberty ye prove. I'm ashamed of ye my countrymen—ye would drag back to slavery an innocent woman and her helpless chaledren. Baser tyrants never swayed sceptre beyond the wide waters; none ever more basely trampled down human rights, nor sought more meanly to crush the spirit of liberty. Only think of it, my countrymen, two great robust Irishmen pursuing a weak, defenceless woman, whose love of fradom and love for her chaledren, has led her to brave the chilling winds and drifting snow! Her only crime, a wish to be free—the same that brought you and I to Ameriky. I blush for ye, my countrymen—brave men ye are, hunting down for hire, and ready to attack, a mother who perils everything to save her precious chaledren from bondage!"

"Hold! hold! Mr. O'Brian, and aint we but helpin' to carry out the laws of the land?"

"But, when in Ireland, I remember, you were in favor of rebellion; oppressive laws, you held, should be resisted. But Irishmen never felt such oppressive laws as the poor slave of the South is made to feel."

"Ah, be jabers, nagers are not white men."

"True, they are dark outside, while you are black within. Traitors to liberty, I hate ye! Heartless vagabonds, ye are but the dogs of tyrants!"

"By St. Patrick, dare ye spake so?"

"I've no fear of a coward, Jamy Sputtles."

"Is it meself you call a coward?" demanded Sputtles angrily, at the same time clenching his fist.

"None but cowards would pursue a weak woman, to put chains on her."

"Will ye take that, Master Sputtles?" said Dobins who, up to this time, had been but a listener.

"Come on, ye blackguards," answered O'Brian, "I'm after fighting ye both at once; I can flog two such cowards any day."

Saying which he advanced menacingly towards Dobins, who immediately gave back, saying:

"Come away Sputtles, we've no time to fight."

And off they both went with hasty step. O'Brian, standing and looking after them thus soliloquized:

"Dastardly dogs! why didn't I pitch into them? I wish I had, and drubbed them soundly; the lazy, ragged, lubberly hounds, hunting down a poor oppressed woman who so eagerly seeks liberty for herself and chaledren, through cold and storm!"

Shaking his head indignantly, he turned about and pursued his way.

## Chapter 10.

**GAZELLA and her Children in Cincinnati.—Conversation between the Slave Mother and her little Daughter.—The Alarm.—The Brutal Mob.—The Fearful Tragedy.**

GAZELLA and the other fugitives found quarters, soon after crossing the river, with some colored families residing in Cincinnati. Gazella and her children were taken to lodge at the house of Mark Martin, one of John Randolph's emancipated negroes. Mark had a heart big as a meeting house,—and spared neither money nor pains to render his liberty seeking guests comfortable. At early dawn, he dashed out to make arrangements for a hasty conveyance of the fugitives out of the city, aware that slaveholders had their menials and their biped dogs in Cincinnati, as well as on the other side of the river.

While breakfast was being prepared Gazella sat near a front window of the apartment cautiously looking towards the river, which was in full view; for she felt a singular impression on her mind, awakening fearful apprehension that her pursuers were near. Little Rosetta stood leaning on her knee. Looking up into its mother's face, the child said:

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"Ma, is this 'Hio State?"

"Yes, my child," replied Gazella, softly, still looking towards the river, "we're in the State of Ohio." And then she said, "Is we now free?" inquired the innocent prattler.

"Yes, this is a free country," answered the mother, affectionately turning to caress, for a moment, the endeared one, and plant upon its tender cheek a mother's kiss.

"Then can I go to school, Ma?"

"Some of these days, when we get a home at the north,"

"Will we learn to read?"

"Yes, and write, too; for Ma intends giving all her children a good education."

"Then we'll have nice books wont we?"

"Ma will buy you pretty books."

"Like them in Master's library that he wont, let us look at?"

"Dont say Master; call him Mr. Nero."

"Isn't he our master any more?"

"No, not now; colored people have no masters on this side the river."

"Can't Master—there, I said Master again,—can't Mr. Nero come here and whip us, Ma?"

"They don't allow whipping in Ohio."

"Tom couldn't make me kiss his big toe in State of 'Hio, could he, Ma?"

"No."

At this moment the woman who was preparing breakfast came in, looking much alarmed, and said:

"Gazella, I just now saw two suspicious looking men peeping in at the side window at you."



Springing to her feet and feeling for the knife fastened in her waist-ribbon, and concealed by a broad cape which hung from her shoulders, she proceeded to the side window, saying in a resolute tone, as she went—"If there are but two I'll be sufficient for them." Seeing no one, she said to her hostess:

"Seemed they to be Irishmen, Mary?"

"Very ruffian-like they looked and may have been Irish."

"I dare say 'twas Sputtles and Dobbins. This knife for their throats was whetted, or else for mine and my children's."

"O Gazella! would you kill yourself and children?"

"Rather than go back into slavery."

"Should the wretches bring a large pack of ruffians to assist, they'd overpower you at once."

"In case of a formidable attack, I'd slay my children first, and then sell my own life dear as possible."

"I'll send over to the other house, sha'nt I, and have all the fugitives to come here so as to make a stronger defence, all being together?" Without waiting for Gazella's reply she immediately dispatched a little boy with a message to the other fugitives, who were but a short distance off.

At this juncture Mark Martin entered, almost breathless, saying:

"Gazella, Nero's coming and a great gang of ragged, desperate looking men, following at his heels!"

"My God! my God!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, clasping and wringing her hands, "what shall I do?"

"Do nothing rashly, Gazella?" said Mary Martin, "perhaps you'd better quietly give yourself up,—for what else can you do?"

"Death is better than slavery!" she answered with emphasis, at the same time clutching the hilt of her knife.

"But O do not, I beseech you, think of destroying yourself and children."

"Can I, O can I slay my innocent ones? Heaven be not angry with me—my children I love, and must place them beyond the tyrant's power;" and drawing the deadly weapon from its concealment, she said—"Now, my soul, be strong—to die is but the pang of a moment, slavery's the pang of a lifetime!"

The intense and heart-crushing emotions of her mind rendered difficult her respiration, and caused her brain to grow dizzy; she reeled and was near falling to the floor, but recovering, and hearing a noise without, she exclaimed:

"They're coming upon us!—my children!"

"Ma, you wont kill me?" said little Rosetta, in a sweet, gentle tone, while with mingled fear and confidence she looked up into the livid face of her distracted mother.

"Heaven support me!" cried the despairing woman in tones of agony.

"Here they are!" was the ruffian shout, accompanied with profane oaths and vulgar epithets. And now crash went a window; and then, in an instant, the door was forced from its hinges.

"Rush upon them!" vociferated the chief of the police.

Gazella, with burning brain and boiling blood, wildly gazes upon her dear child—and while she gazes thinks of the horrid life to which slavery dooms the female held in its iron clutches. That thought determines the deed

—the glittering steel is raised—a moment 'tis tremblingly suspended in air, while the frenzied eye of the mother marks the blue vein upon the tender neck of the lovely Rosetta, where the fatal stroke she aims,—like the lightning's flash the murderous knife descends—weltering in blood; the innocent victim falls to the floor.

"Liberty, heaven and immortality are thine!" exclaimed the frantic mother; but, pausing not, she drew again the cruel blade, all dripping with gore, and strikes her noble boy; he falls, but is not slain,—the gash is deep, but the wound not mortal.

Now, seized by ruffian hands, the knife was wrested from her grasp, and her arms pinioned.

At this stage of the affray the other fugitives rushed in, with Mark Martin at their head, assailing the rabble and villainous police with clubs, dirks and pistols. The vagabonds at once fled in dismay, but the populace rapidly assembling they were soon joined by multitudes of the baser sort, and renewing the attack, a terrible fight ensued. On both sides a number were badly wounded, but none mortally. Sputtles received a blow on the head which slightly fractured his thick skull; Dobins' front teeth were knocked out, and his nose broken; the chief of the police had his middle finger shot off, and a hole punched in his head. The fugitives were all more or less injured, and being surrounded by overwhelming numbers were at last, after a brave struggle, compelled to yield. The officers ordered them to be tied, and like felons they were driven off to jail, followed by a crowd that might have been mistaken for Falstaff's ragged regiment, hooting and howling like savages—which indeed they were. Their conduct would have put to shame men who never saw a land of civilization.

As Gazella was dragged from the house she exclaimed:

"Let me but finish my work of death—my children send to freedom in heaven, then drag me away, ye inhuman monsters!"

"Murderer," said one of the officers, "you'll hang for the killing of your child."

"Would to God!" she responded, "I'd slain the remaining three,—then could I have gone to the gallows laughing!"

the general conclusion was, to have a kind of Irish wake of it, take the corpse over into Kentucky, and make a night of it—bringing in a little appropriate comedy to relish after the tragedy.

Proceeding in a body, they carried Rosetta's remains to the Broadhorn hotel, on the Kentucky side. As it was growing late, they unanimously voted a postponement of the burial till the following day; then depositing the corpse in one corner of the barroom, they proceeded to drink and to discuss the nigger question.

"Barkeeper," said Bullethead, "please charge our liquor to Captain Nero; for we helped him catch his niggers to day and have come to bury the dead one."

"All right fellers," replied the man of bottles, "the captain's good for all you can swallow."

They were loud talkers, all; and each one seemed determined to do his share. It was unanimously agreed that slavery was a divine institution, and that heaven intended the colored race for slaves. Heartily they congratulated one another on being white men, although some were pretty dark, and all confounded dirty. Abolitionists they were fully in favor of hanging, and upon the Republican party exhausted all their billingsgate, pouring out the lowest and most vulgar epithets their vile tongues could command.

Omitting their most unseemly language and profane expressions, I'll venture to give a little specimen of the conversation which passed in this soundly orthodox proslavery circle, made up of such as constitute themselves the guardians of the "peculiar institution."

"Say, Sledgehammer," said a ferocious-looking man with huge whiskers, who had the enviable reputation of

## Chapter 11.

The Drunken Carousal—The Funeral Procession—A Scene at the Broadhorn Hotel—The Apparition and terrible Panic.

After the fugitives were lodged in Jail, Nero was urged by the officers and rabble who aided in taking the slaves, to treat the company. He readily complied,—and a tall spree, as a matter of course, followed. A certain proslavery, prowhiskey editor of Cincinnati, warmly congratulated the slaveholder in having the good fortune to overtake his slaves; and after several horns of brandy, he congratulated him still more warmly upon having the happiness to reside in a State where they were little troubled with abolitionists, temperance societies or school taxation. Nero made but a sullen and cold reply, evidently nauseated with drunken compliments; and after giving directions to some of his menials to take the dead child across the river and bury it, he took leave of the bacchanalian clan, and set out for home.

A large number of the riffraff, knowing they would be entitled, at least, to as much liquor as they could drink, readily offered their services to assist in having the deceased child buried in a Christian-like manner. So

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"Say, Sledgehammer," said a ferocious-looking man with huge whiskers, who had the enviable reputation of

being a Kaintuck bully, "what in the name of thunder does this tarnation Republican party aim at, any how? What's their object, blast them?"

"Why, jist to upset the government and play smash with our glorified institutions!" was the very emphatic reply.

"Confound them!" returned the bully, "how upset the government?"

"By educating the niggers, and compellin' us free citizens to work for our livin's!"

"Devil take em! what business 'ave they educatin' our niggers? I'll be blowed ef I wouldn't like to give 'em all a coat of tar and feathers."

"Mind, I tell ye, they'd better keep out of old Kaintuck—or they mout catch sumpin' a tarnation sight wuss than tar and feathers!"

"Now they mout mountent they?"

"What's the use of their keepin' up sich an all-fired agitation in the Free States 'bout our niggers?"

"Jist because they're hell bent on ruinin' the country."

"That's what they're after."

"Blizards and blixids!"

"You see by agitation they git the people down on slavery, and furnewts extendin' it into new territories."

"And when they git 'em that fur along, then you see, they'll ebery git 'em furdery and dreckly be in for passen laws 'ginst slavery altogether!"

"Not the slightest dight of that," stutered a hedgehog looking fellow, late of Big Sandy.

"Well now, Squint," remarked a young, loafer-like chap, addressin' Stedghammer, "what keer you about the agitation of slavery? You don't own no niggers—

nor never did, never sense my recollection."

"But don't I keer for my country, you 'pertinent gawslin'?"

"What does your country keer for you, old hoss? You're not so tarnation well fed, the wild varmints out on Big Sandy gits a better livin' than you do."

"Never mind, twistin' on facts too close, Jim, with on polite."

"Now jist listen to me, greenhorn—don't you see ef it warnt for slaves, we fellers 'd all have to go to work?"

"Spect so, like as not, and we mout be better off if we did."

"A feller mout make a good livin ketchin' niggers of the river d'allys wazy frozed like it is now."

"Four runaways this winter, be hanged ef I didn't."

"Who'd they belong to?"

"Old man Grimes."

"He owns none but Peggy and her three children."

"Them's the ones what I cotched."

"Did Peg attempt randin' away?"

"I guess as how she did, and toted the children, one dark night, all the way to the river, when it was cold enough to freeze caws' horns off."

"Why, she's a shoutin' Methodist."

"Them sort run away quick as any. Religion won't stop a darkey when there's a chance for crossin' the river—specially ef they're smart. Sense ar the thing what 'spos a nigger, he soon gits tired bein' a slave when he gits plenty of idee in his head."

"How'd you ketch Peggy?"

"She thought the river frozed before it was, so she couldn't git across. I cotched her prayin' on the river bank; I listened awhile to hear what the wench said—and hang me, ef she was prayin' that herself and

children mou't all freeze to death sooner than be slaves."

"How much did you make by takin' her back?"

"Twenty dollars,—and got a good horn of brandy for whipping the jade for the old man; he's got the palsy so bad he can't do much good whipping niggers any more."

"How many lashes did ye give her?"

"The old fellow concluded fifty would do, inasmuch as she nearly perished with cold. He's not hard on his niggers."

"Those may ketch runaways that like it; I'd prefer workin' for a liven'."

"A white man, Jim, never was made to work."

"I've seen working men over in Ohio that lived enough sight better than Kaintuck slave holders."

"Never speak agin your country, young man. I'm 'termined to stick up for old Kaintuck, and all her old institutions long as I'm alive and kickin', see ef I dont. I'm down on Free States every whur, and all their new fanglin' customs. They're al'ays gitin' up sumpthin' new;—colleges, 'cademies, and the like,—and on an ever-lastin' stretch for railroads, telegraphs, turnpikes, and the divil knows what all! But old Kaintuck, let me tell ye's never guine to break her neck runnin' arter new things;—she's zackly whur she war fifty years ago, and ef nothin' happens, will be zackly in the same hidetical spot, fifty years to come. And jist so it is with all the Slave States, right whar they war when we was boys. Say, aint I right Snorter?"

"Aint nothin' else?"

"That ar my mind prezackly," said a quack doctor,

pretty well shot in the neck, "I'm in for no new idees; and as to any more edecation than readin', writin' and cipherin', I'm furnents it. The Free States are all the time putten on taxes for edecation, and constantly buildin' fine school houses all over the country;—and shore's shootin', ef we'd let 'em, they'd tax us to edecate our niggers!"

"Tarnation take em! These blasted Republicans better try that game, ef they want to catch hornets!"

"Hold, hold!" cried Dibk Topet, "less talkin' and more drinkin'!" and staggering up to the bar, called for another glass. His example was soon followed by the crowd; though all tight, they wanted to be tighter.

"Fellers," said Bullethead, "to-morrow we must drink at the expense of Pharo,—to-day, we go it on Nero. Didnt we help take Pharo's slaves, well as Nero's?"

"Be shore we did," responded Sledgehammer.

"Now then," continued Bullethead, "let me fix out a scheme to git some big treats at the expense of them ar rich old coons."

"Hear him! hear him!" shouted many voices.

"Well, then, we'll git up a report that the blasted Republicans of Cincinnati are guine to take the fugitives by force away from the officers, on the day of trial. Then, you see, Nero and Pharo will want us fightin' fellers all to be there; and as a matter of course, they'll expect to fire us up at their own expense."

"Capital!" exclaimed Sledgehammer, then followed a general shout of applause.

"Any thing to git ahead of the darned Republicans," said a voice, "I come it over them in Kansas, by a nigh

cut, last fall; I was livin' in Missouri, but went over into Kansas and voted six times."

"Good licks!" said Bullethead, "that wur puttin' it on the Free State fellers right thick. I'll be chewed up ef they haint stronger laws to protect slavery in Kansas, than in Kaintuck. Nobody darn't sell a book, pamphlet, nor anything else whatsoever, that has in it a word aginst slavery; ef they do, and ar' cotch at it, why they go spang to the penitentiary."

"That's the kind of law, and no mistake," responded Topper, "put 'em through; that's my doctrine. We're not quite meller enough yet, squire, let's liquor agin."

"Agreed," said Sledgehammer, "ther's nothin' like liquorin'. I wish we had that tarnal critter here that murdered her child; we'd give her a thousand lashes jist for sport."

"Wouldn't we?" said Bullethead, "the cruel monster! Jist see that little devil lying there with its throat cut! Its mother ought to be burnt alive—the vixen!"

At this moment a sight appeared producing a terrible panic throughout the bachanalian circles. With suppressed and tremulous intonations, Sledgehammer exclaimed:

"By heaven, what shadow's that standing in air above the corpse!" All stared wildly; "Has the dead body got on its feet?" he continued, catching his breath, while his hair stood strait on end,—"no, no," he added, "there lies the body;—it must be her ghost!—it looks very like her! See, see, it raises its hand, as if 'twould speak—mercy on us—hark!"

The apparition spake, saying:

"Vile assassins, accuse not my mother, ye are my murderers." And then it vanished.

The drunken wretches were all petrified at the thought of being spoken to by a ghost. With open mouths and bewildered gaze they at each other stared, but spake not. Sledgehammer for a space, was struck dumb. At length, recovering his wits, he exclaimed:

"Merciful heaven!—we its murderers? A spirit cannot lie,—guilty wretches are *we*! Our cruelty drove its mother to desperation, and to take the life of the innocent little creature. O God! O God!" he cried, then falling upon his knees, prayed as if hell had visibly yawned for his guilty soul.

The hostess, who was a comical, fat, bustling, good-humored, kind-hearted, excellent old lady, being alarmed by the outcry, hastened from her sleeping apartment to inquire the cause of the uproar. On learning from the bar-keeper the wonder that had happened, she returned to her chamber soliloquising thus:

"Ah, indeed! little wonder they see the poor child's ghost—guilty reprobates! The conscience sometimes sees and hears too. I marvel they don't see old Lucifer himself! Wonder now if I can't help their consciences to work, and assist their fears a little by personating *Auld Hangie* myself. I'll try it, at all events,—nothing short of seeing the devil, will do such miserable sinners any good."

So straightway she made herself a doughface, wrapped around her a buffalo robe, hung a pair of jingling trace chains about her neck, surmounted her head with a huge pair of Buckhorns, and in this plight walked gravely into the bar-room, taking advantage of the fears already excited in the minds of the depraved wretches by the apparition.

"Now if they don't howl doleful prayers," whispered she to herself, while proceeding, with the stealthy tread of a ghost, through the hall; "it'll be because their legs won't stay to let them."

On swinging back the bar-room door, she noiselessly entered, and for a moment paused, standing perfectly still, without a sign of motion or the moving of a muscle. The terrified inmates stared in stupid amazement; the silence of death pervaded the room; not a sound was heard save the lonesome ticking of the clock, and an occasional catching of breath, as if some one were swooning. Now the fantastic frightful figure shook its head and rattled its chains; this broke the spell and a rush was made for the door; but such was the jam and confusion to get out that the door could not be readily opened, so the frightened sinners were pent up without means of escape, while they left themselves almost within the clutches of the devil, and each man, from a terrible conscientiousness of guilt, feeling that Lucifer was after him in particular.

To make the party more complete, the monster now advanced, clanking its chains, and raving and pitching at a terrible rate. The Kentucky bully, despairing of making his exit through the threshold, made a desperate lunge against the window, which yielded with a crash and out he went head foremost; and before he had time to regain his feet Beelzebub was on top of him, and in an instant sledgehammered upon him, and so out at the window they went, heels over head, one after another, till the house was cleared.

Making sure the devil would take the hindmost, they speedily made the frozen earth resound as with the

tramp of a frightened herd of buffaloes, to the infinite merriment of the fun-loving hostess, who, upon looking out at the broken window to witness their speed, exclaimed:

"My Lord! what legs they've got! Beelzebub will take no prisoners to-night, that's certain."

It is reported and generally believed throughout Kentucky, that the Broadhorn inn has been nightly haunted ever since.





"Good heavens! slaughtered her own child?"

"In a fit of desperation—preferring death to slavery."

"The fiend! the monster! Why, we could have sold Rosetta for three hundred dollars. Wont the State of Ohio pay us for her?"

"No, of course not."

"Bless my soul, we're losing money on every hand; what on earth's to become of us!"

"It cost me fifty dollars to treat the dogs."

"What dogs?"

"The fellows who made themselves officious in taking the fugitives."

"Fifty dollars! good gracious!"

"Say no more, I'm horrid sick and must lie down. Confound that strong brandy! it turns my stomach upside down."

"That wench deserves burning alive! Like as not 'twill cost you a round sum before all's over."

The husband made no further reply, but throwing himself down upon a couch near the fire, directly fell into an imperfect, restless sleep. Mrs. Nero sat some hours, wincing and fuming over the loss they had sustained in the death of Rosetta. At length her husband, rousing from his slumbers, enquired the time of night.

"Near twelve," the lady replied in quite an ill-humored tone.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" said Nero, rising upon his couch and resting on his elbow, "what's that looks like a murdered ghost?"

"A murdered ghost?" iterated she in great astonishment.

"I swear 'tis Rosetta, with her throat cut!"

"Where? where?" demanded the terrified woman, glancing round the room with wild, glaring eyes, and mouth open to its utmost capacity.

"Standing at the threshold," replied he, "now turning," he continued, "a withering look on you."

"O horror! horror!" she shrieked, on beholding the apparition, and hastily flew to her husband for protection,

"Fear nothing," said he, "I'll speak to it."

"Do not, I pray, for fear 'twill answer. Murder! murder! its eyes, like daggers, pierce me through!"

"Pale ghost," said Nero, "why come ye here? Go haunt thy wicked mother, 'twas she that shed thy blood."

"Ungodly man," replied the apparition, "thou didst slay me. And heartless woman, thou art my murderer."

"How canst thou say so?" returned Nero, "'twas thine own mother's hand that struck the fatal blow."

"But 'twas the hand of oppression that compelled her to it. The maternal blow was in kindness given, and hath delivered me from the power of cruel oppressors, and many long years of miserable, heart-crushing, mind-destroying bondage! Accuse not my mother, ye are the murderers." And it vanished.

The conscience-smitten oppressors, in dread amazement, remained for a space profoundly silent. At length Mrs. Nero, recovering a little from her stupid astonishment said:

"Shall we believe our senses?"

"'Tis incredible," replied the husband, "I know not what to think."

"Why should the murdered child bring such an accusation against us?"

"We were, at least, accessory to its death."

"Accessory! how could *I* be, when so remote from where the deed was done?"

"Did you not urge speedy pursuit, that Gazella and her children might not escape?"

"What of that?"

"Had they not been pursued the child would not have been slain. The authors of the Fugitive Slave Law, and all who seek to sustain and enforce that law, are guilty of Rosetta's death, and justly chargeable with murder."

"That ghost has put you out of your senses, Mr. Nero. I'm now convinced 'twas but our imaginations. We saw no ghost,—it was sheer conceit."

"True, indeed, it may possibly have been all imaginary."

Now suddenly there stood before them another apparition,—its appearance was that of a grayhaired man, whose heart was weighed down with sorrow. Bending a stern, solemn gaze upon the terrified mortals, who shrunk aghast from its glance, it spake in deep, impressive tones, saying:

"Beware, beware, the sun hides his face;—well nigh spent is thy day of grace. Wee be unto the oppressor! Anguish and despair shall wring the heart that knows no pity!"

"In the name of wonder, who art thou?" said Nero, while he shook with dreadful fear, and was almost at a loss to decide whether he was asleep or awake.

"Knewest thou not?" answered the ghost.

"By heaven, 'tis my father's voice, form and feature!"

"I am thy father's spirit, Rosetta's thy sister's child. Her blood is upon thee and thy wicked wife."

"I am innocent of her death!" protested the woman, while wild consternation was depicted in her countenance.

"Heaven will not hold thee guiltless," returned the apparition; "a fearful doom awaits thee; damnation think not to shun,—yet hell shall be more tolerable if now thy oppressions cease."

At these words Mrs. Nero swooned, and the spectre vanished.

able with constitution was depicted in her countenance. "The doctor pronounced me to be innocent of it all," declared the woman.

**"Keep off the d——d abolitionists!" vociferated one.**

"Shoot the d——d villains!" cried another.

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## Chapter 13.

**THE Trial of the Fugitives—The Commissioner's Soliloquy—The Remanding of the Slaves.**

It was a bitter cold morning about the middle of February: Gazella's prison door swung open, grating on its iron hinges. The unhappy woman turned to see who entered:—an animal-looking man, appeared at the threshold, whom she recognized as one of the officers who assisted in depriving her of liberty. In a gruff voice and with an insolent, consequential air, he commanded her to come forth, and to bring her children. She obeyed, but neither asked nor received any explanation as to where they were to be taken. With her infant in her arms, she faced the piercing winds, bidding her two little boys follow,—which they did with much difficulty through the deep snow. On reaching the street Gazella found herself and children surrounded by a noisy, vulgar crowd, a majority of whom were from Kentucky, many of them drunk, and all armed with clubs, knives and pistols.

**"Keep off the d——d abolitionists!" vociferated one.**

"Shoot the d——d villains!" cried another.

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"Give 'em hell!" shouted several. At the same time there was not, perhaps, a single abolitionist in hearing except the poor, dejected slave mother.

"Whip up them d—d little niggers," said a deputy marshal, "they'll stick in the snow."

"This is traveling too devilish slow," remarked the principal officer, "stop that omnibus and we'll let 'em ride at the expense of the government, if they are niggers."

and "State of Ohio's able to foot the bill," observed a deputy.

Was it a feeling of compassion for the suffering woman and children, that induced the officer to put them in a coach, instead of driving them an hour's walk along the bleak streets, through the dismal snow and cutting winds?

By no means; the heartless man, evidently consulted his own comfort and convenience, for he and as many others as could crowd into the vehicle, availed themselves of the opportunity for a ride. The rabble kept up with the buss, swearing, shouting and hooting at a great rate. On arriving at the United States Court-room, Gazelle and her children were taken in, followed by the ragged ruffians who by this time had greatly augmented their numbers. Commissioner Leadhead, before whom the case was to be tried, had not yet arrived.

On his way to the court-room, the Commissioner, it is said, was overheard soliloquising as follows:

"Now, by my soul, this is a knotty case;—a deal of excitement it is causing, and must be shrewdly managed. There are two great parties, now in the country—the Republican and the Proslavery. To please both, and give

offense to neither party, in the decision of this fugitive slave case, will, doubtless, prove a difficult task, and require the most skillful maneuvering. Being a political aspirant, his unfortunate that such a critical case should come before me. Should I give offense to the whole Republican party, my political grave is most surely dug; for the Republican is destined soon to be the most formidable party in America. But, by the bye, the Fugitive Slave Law will afford me an apology, in the estimation of a large portion of Republicans, for deciding in favor of the claimants. While they curse the law, they will justify me. But should I, under any circumstances, decide in favor of the fugitives, not only will the whole South, hurl condemnation upon my head, but also the proslavery men of the North. Well, then, let this be my course: during the trial, I'll put on the appearance of guarding well the rights of the slave, and even seem a little to lean to the side of the fugitives. And by all means, I must avoid giving a hasty decision. For thus I will seem to be weighing well the subject, and seeking to do justice; so that many antislavery men will award me honesty of intention. The fact is, in this time-serving age, a man who wants office must be time-serving.

So it is clear, the Commissioner had mentally decided the case, before hearing the evidence.

With an air of assumed dignity and mock solemnity, the Commissioner took his seat, and the judicial proceedings commenced.

And what was the question to be decided? For my country, I blush to answer; yet I must: truth and candor require it. Substantially, 'twas this: Whether certain

unoffending persons, had the right to LIBERTY, EDUCATION, and the pursuit of happiness?

What a blot upon our Republic, that such a question can by any possibility come up for legal decision! Is it reconcilable with the principles of a republican government? Is it reconcilable with the Constitution of the United States, or consistent with the immortal Declaration of Independence?

But why do I say the right to education was to be decided, as well as to liberty and the pursuit of happiness? One of the leading motives of the slave mother, in seeking freedom, was the education of her children, which was prohibited in Kentucky, not only by her master, but also by the laws of the State. While upon this point, it may be well to give the precise language of Gazella, in answer to certain interrogatories which the writer of these pages, propounded, to her in the county jail:

"Why think you strange," said she, "that I sought freedom in the midst of such peril and at so great a sacrifice? I craved not only liberty for myself and offspring, but ardently desired to enlighten, and educate my children. I was once severely punished for attempting to teach my first child its letters. Not least among my motives, in this desperate struggle to escape from bondage, was the wish to save my dear daughter, now in heaven, from the shameful prostitution to which brutal men had for years compelled her mother to submit."

And did that innocent woman appeal in vain to a court of judicature for freedom; the right to educate her children, and to seek happiness for them and for herself? Aye, in vain, and in this boasted Republic! From the judicial bench, was pronounced the sentence

of hopeless bondage, upon her and her children. The language of the court was—"Woman, you are not your own—you have a master;—your children are not yours,—they have a master; even the infant at your breast, is not yours,—it hath a master, whose right it is to take it from your bosom whenever he may choose. And he hath the right to sell it or give it away to whomsoever he might please. It is his, soul and body, you have not even the right to enlighten its mind, if it suit the master's purpose better to keep it in ignorance, you've no right to complain, for 'tis his property. Verily, this is a free country—but only for those who are born free."

This decision will appear the more extraordinary, if we glance at the facts and evidence in the case. It appeared in evidence, and was testified to by numerous witnesses, that Gazella, by consent of her master, several years previous, had been brought into Ohio; which circumstance, according to the laws of the State, entitled her to freedom; and, consequently, her children, born after that time, were also free. This, though clearly established, lucidly and forcibly argued by counsel for the fugitives, had no weight in the opinion of the court. The Fugitive Slave Law was held so sacred that it must override, and was made to trample down the laws of the State! And this it did in more respects than one: Gazella, in killing her child, had committed an offense against the State, and was held by the criminal code of Ohio to answer for the same. But the Fugitive Slave Law, in the estimation of Commissioner Leadhead, was altogether paramount to the criminal laws of Ohio.

During the imprisonment of Gazella and her children, from the judicial bench, was pronounced the sentence

which was for the space of about eighteen days, four hundred deputy marshals, were sworn into office, and kept, at two dollars per day, to prevent the poor woman from breaking jail, and flying with her helpless children to Canada.

But what were two dollars a day for Ohio to pay to such a gang of unhung reprobates, to prevent so dire a calamity, as would have been the escaping of a mulatto woman and her three children from the shackles of slavery? Besides, 'twas needful that Ohio should seize the golden opportunity of showing the fidelity of her watchdogs, who perpetually stand to guard the interests of the South, by hunting down such as dare to shake off the chains of slavery.

A pack of despicable wretches, by order of Commissioner Leadhead, took Gazella, and her three surviving children back to Kentucky. On reaching the land of oppression, a fiendish shout of triumph was raised by the mob—exulting in the defeat of the slave mother, and those who sought to defend her rights, and to advocate her claims to freedom. While their wicked rejoicing, and infernal howlings reverberated, even to the opposite shore, hapless Gazella was crushed with a weight of grief words can never express.

But to shame the devil with their infamous conduct, toasts, speeches and eulogies, full of egotism, selfrighteousness, and glorying in their own shame, capped the climax of the occasion,—and to crown the whole, they wound up by assassinating, in the most dastardly manner, a reputable citizen of Cincinnati, for noting down on a bit of paper their disgraceful proceedings. I say assassinating—such was their aim, yet they did not en-



fully succeed, but left the unfortunate man for dead, after felling him to the ground with a club, and then stamping him till he lay apparently lifeless.

It may not be amiss here to mention that a regular old liner from Cincinnati, who had distinguished himself as doing more than his duty in preventing the fugitives from gaining their liberty, was loudly called for by the ruffian assembly to make a speech. On coming forward he was greeted with loud cheers and wild savage yells; this flattering reception seemed to fire him with a feeling of unbounded patriotism, and he proceeded to deliver himself, as follows:

"Brave Kaintuckians and feller citizens of this glorious Republic, if I were a Shanghai, how I'd crow! I feel big as the chicken-cock which Mohammed saw in heaven, whose loud crowing every morning, waked the Almighty and jarred open the gates of light! This is a victory worth talking about, and a fit occasion for all cockadoodledum to crow! The question is now forever settled that in this free country men have liberty to hold slaves. These ever to be cursed Republicans over on the other side the river, who keep me like a hen on a hot griddle, seek to crush our liberties and smash up the government. They would stop our distilleries, shut up our coffee-houses, educate the niggers, and abolish slavery from one end of the earth to the other. When it comes to pass that we're no longer permitted to hold slaves, then this government ceases to be a free government! I stand before you, feller citizens, as the representative and leader of a remnant of the pure democracy who go in for free speech, free whiskey, and free everything—but niggers. And I'm in for making it

treason to write or speak anywhere in these United States against slavery. Feller citizens, I need not tell you that I'm a patriot of the purest water; haven't I fit the injuns? and didn't I fout the British? And hasn't my newspaper in Cincinnati been the prop, the shield and support of rumselling and rumsellers? And last, but not least, haven't I done more than my duty in returning these slaves to Old Kaintuck, where they belong?"

The speaker was here interrupted by a loud voice, saying:

"Here's a darned abolitionist reporter taking notes!"

A scene of confusion followed, and a volley of curses was instantly poured upon the reporter, who, deigned to make no reply to the vile slang and vulgar epithets with which he was assailed. After completing his notes, he silently and alone walked away, directing his course towards Cincinnati, but was immediately followed by a mob; the leader of the gang, stealing up behind him in a most sneaking cowardly manner, struck him unawares upon the head with a heavy club; soon as he had fallen to the ground the whole gang rushed upon him, and with their hobnail boots mangled his body most cruelly—only desisting when he was pronounced dead. I have referred to this most disgraceful, most brutal scene, the second time, because of the inadequacy of words to paint it dark and infamous as it really was.

The courteous reader will here pardon a brief episode.

A few days subsequent to this, two colored men, residents of Cincinnati, were employed by a Pearl st. merchant to take, each of them, a dray-load of goods across the river into Covington. These men had often been in

Covington before, and were well known to many of the citizens as honest, industrious negroes. But notwithstanding this, certain men in authority were disposed to show a spirit of retaliation towards the people of Ohio, because of the law which grants fugitives a trial before they be delivered up to claimants. And although these colored daymen had no hand in making the law, not being entitled to vote, yet they were seized and thrown into jail; for vengeance, it seemed, must be wreaked on somebody, and the offenders being too formidable it was deemed expedient to retaliate upon weak and defenceless individuals, though unoffending and innocent. Merciless men are not always brave. The hot-blooded Southerner, bristling with bowie-knives and pistols, is only valiant when he finds his antagonist unarmed.

But for the timely interference of the merchant who employed them, the poor negroes would doubtless have been, under an existing law of Kentucky, sold into slavery, and perhaps hurried off into the hands of the southern planter and taskmaster, without even being allowed to bid adieu to their families.

But for the timely interference of the merchant who employed them, the poor negroes would doubtless have been, under an existing law of Kentucky, sold into slavery, and perhaps hurried off into the hands of the southern planter and taskmaster, without even being allowed to bid adieu to their families.

The common reader will have noticed that a few days antecedent to this, two colored men, who were employed by a friend at Cincinnati, were engaged in a fight at night, each of them a day-laborer of good name. These men had often been in

## Chapter 1st.

Gazella is sent to the South—The Sinking of the Steamer and the drowning of the Infant Slave—Gazella brought back to Covington at the instance of Nero—Mrs. Nero baffles her Husband's intentions, and without his knowledge again sends the Slave Mother to the South.

To some readers, perhaps, it would have been more satisfactory had the writer followed more closely, and at greater length, the history of all the fugitives mentioned in the beginning of our narrative; but to have expatiated thus must have swelled the work far beyond the limits contemplated by the author. Suffice it to say, that all the fugitives who crossed the ice in company with Gazella were remanded to slavery. Alas! where we look for justice oft we find the grossest injustice! The most heartless villainy sometimes lurks in high places.

We return to the heroine of our story, whose persecutions and heart-breaking trials have not yet ended. A more dreadful ordeal than she had hitherto passed, still awaited the unfortunate woman. One scene in her wretched life I must pass over in silence, sparing you and myself, kind reader, the pain of dwelling upon a

heart-sickening picture: I mean the bodily torture inflicted upon her by the human fiends who claimed her as property. For the credit of humanity let that be forgotten.

A few days subsequent to the remanding of Gazella to her master, the following conversation occurred between Nero and lady:

"Mrs. Nero," said the husband in a tone of displeasure, "you're bringing upon me and yourself everlasting disgrace! The Governor of Ohio has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kentucky for Gazella; the law requires that she be tried there for the murder of her child. And now you've let that brutal Irishman cut her all to pieces with that heavy cowhide! What will the people of Ohio say to that, think you? They can't help finding it out; and you'll see what a talk it'll make! They'll set us down for just such monsters as we are."

"We'll not let her go back to Ohio," replied Mrs. Nero with emphasis. "No matter about the requisition; our lawyers say the best thing we can do is to run her to the South and sell her to some obscure planter, where she'll not be easily traced."

"But my word is pledged to deliver her up when legally demanded."

"You can easily get out of that by saying you kept her several days expecting a requisition to be made, but as it was so long delayed you got tired waiting."

"But it has been done quick as the nature of the case would permit."

"No matter, the delay, whether necessary or not, will do for an excuse. If she's executed in Ohio we lose her, or if sent to the penitentiary, it will amount to

about the same thing. If she has to suffer the penalty of the law it should be in Kentucky, where the State would be bound to pay us her full value."

"Having committed the deed in Ohio, of course she must be tried there."

"We must send her south, and that right away, or else we'll lose her."

Nero allowed himself to be overruled; and immediately Gazella was taken from the dark cellar where she had been kept for the double purpose of punishment and concealment, and sent to Louisville; after being secreted there about forty-eight hours, to prevent the officers sent from Ohio from finding her, she was handcuffed and taken on board a steamer bound for New Orleans. In vain the unhappy mother begged to see her children once more before being separated from them forever; her entreaties were unheeded, for "all are not men that wear the human form."

Severed, cruelly, heartlessly severed, from those she loved dearer than life, torn from her native land, and loaded with chains, that noble woman was sent to the brutal task-master of the South. Separated from all she loved, save the infant at her breast, is it any marvel that the curse of heaven should fall upon the steamer on which the more than murdered Gazella was borne away? A most unheard of collision was that which sunk the Henry Lewis; in broad daylight, gliding down upon the smooth, silvery bosom of the wide Ohio, she was struck by an upward bound boat, and immediately went down. A number of lives were lost, and among them, that of Gazella's infant child. Whether the slave mother would have saved her infant or not, from a

watery grave, had it been within her power, is not known; being handcuffed, she could not have rescued it, however anxious she might have been to do so. Soon as she found her infant was lost, she attempted to drown herself, but was prevented by the men who had charge of her.

Gazella was no more heard of until about the first of April: after some severe newspaper comments upon Nero's dishonorable course, in sending her away under the circumstances, he determined to redeem his reputation, if possible, by having the slave returned. Though opposed by his termagant wife, he so far accomplished his purpose as to have Gazella brought back to Covington. Committing her to jail, he immediately addressed a letter to the Governor of Ohio, informing him that the slave was ready to be delivered up to the authorities of the State.

Mrs. Nero, in the meantime, resolved on baffling her husband's intentions; and by making tools of certain members of the bar, she quite succeeded. When the officers arrived to take possession of the woman, she was not to be found. This astonished Nero no less than it did the officers themselves. But although Mrs. Nero, without his knowledge or consent, had ordered Gazella to be taken from the jail, and again sent south, yet he was prevailed upon by proslavery friends, to say, that the slave had been kept a sufficient length of time in the Covington jail; and that it was the fault of the Governor of Ohio, or owing to the tardiness of officers, that she was not taken into custody.

Hapless Gazella is now the slave of an ignorant, avaricious, unfeeling cotton planter in the State of

Louisiana, doomed to hopeless bondage, and lifetime separation from her enslaved children. How long shall the vengeance of heaven slumber?

Gentle reader, a prophecy is rising in my heart that on this theme I shall write again. Gazella still lives—her eventful career is not yet finished—so great a soul can never be resigned to a life of degrading servitude, and too heavy is the weight hanging upon her heart, too deep the wrongs too terrible the injuries she has suffered to rest content in her present abject state, and patiently wear the chains of slavery. A consuming fire burns within the heroine's breast—the flame will one day burst forth like a conflagration. Believe me, Gazella is no ordinary woman. I speak without hyperbole or the coloring of fiction, heaven intended her for a heroine—more daring deeds has she yet to enact. We are coming upon heroic times, and mark me, the slave Gazella will play her part to the world's astounding! And this will she do whether she live or die. Her very blood will cry to heaven—and her cold ashes, with a tongue of fire, shall speak burning words!

## Appendix.

SINCE writing the preceding pages, I've chanced to come into possession of some interesting incidents connected with Gazella's early history. A pioneer of Kentucky, a venerable man with snowy locks, it was, that favored me the sketch—which I will give the reader, in his own words.

"At sixteen," said he, "Gazella was a charming creature to look upon; though of a dusky, copper complexion, the symmetry of her features, the lustre of her eye, vivacity of expression, and elasticity of her movements, combined with a constant gayety, rendered her an object of admiration. And but for the African blood in her veins she would have received the universal homage of beauty's admirers. Nero's mother, a woman of exemplary piety, owned Gazella, and was much attached to her; choosing to follow the dictates of her conscience rather than regard a heathen law of Kentucky, which forbade the education of slaves, she secretly taught the girl to read; thereby, was soon awakened in her aspiring mind, a thirst for knowledge, which increased with her years.

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The young gents of the neighborhood, though compelled to disguise it, were all captivated by the fascinating slave; and what a spite, that their respects to the mulatto belle must needs be secret, and their loving glances shot under the cover of night. Gazella's kind mistress, having instilled into her mind a lesson of virtue, rarely taught female slaves, she was proof against the arts of those who had no right to command; and hence the youthful sparks, whom she won but to tantalize, became the objects of her sport. Few city belles, perhaps, ever carried on a game of coquetry with greater success, and none, I dare say, ever enjoyed her triumphs more.

Gazella had a warm, loving heart, but no affection cherished for the licentious rakes, who sought but illicit pleasure. There lived a youth, not remote, near her own age and color, to whom her heart was wholly given. His name was Albert Dudley, and, like herself, a slave. Albert 'twas said, was the son of a distinguished statesman of Kentucky, whose name 'tis better not to mention—his mother, an intelligent slave, almost white. Albert was a noble youth—possessed an excellent intellect, an amiable disposition, and a great soul. In personal appearance, too, he was prepossessing—handsome in feature, and stately in figure. Gazella, by stolen opportunities, had taught him to read. They mutually loved, and to each other had promised fidelity during life.

The heart will sometimes, in spite of pride, overleap the barriers of caste;—Louisa Browning, the daughter of Albert's master, a young lady of fortune, and of more than ordinary accomplishments, strange as it may seem, conceived a passion for Albert. In vain she struggled

against it,—in vain sought to disguise it; the flame kindled, her love increased, until finally she declared it to the slave, who pitied, but could not return her love.

The unhappy Louisa, unable to conceal from her parents the unlawful love she cherished, soon was made to suffer reproach and cruel persecution. And immediately Albert was sold to slave traders, handcuffed, and sent to the South. Upon Gazella's heart this stroke fell heavily; from its saddening effects and crushing weight she never fully recovered."

The narrator's voice here faltered, as if overcome with a feeling of tender sympathy, and he remained some moments silent. Being urged to resume the thread of his story, he complied, and went on at considerable length.

An account of the bold adventure by which Albert Dudley escaped from his oppressors in the South, and made his way to Canada, must remain to be given in a sequel to this work, which ere long will be forth-coming.

"Since the tragedy of last winter," remarked my venerable friend, "and Gazella's attempt to escape from slavery, I had occasion to visit Canada, and by chance met with Albert; he readily recognized me, but I did not him, as he had grown much taller than he was. We conversed long and freely about the past; and when I told him of Gazella's misfortunes, he wept like a child. He vowed she should yet be free, and expressed a determination to make immediate preparations for going south in search of her. I've confidence in his success, he's a young man of great sagacity, a perfect gentleman, and has accumulated property, and given himself a good education."

Many more things my aged Kentucky friend related me, which I have carefully noted. He himself was once a slave-holder, but, to satisfy his conscience, has in his declining years made all his servants free.



## Conclusion.

In this brief production, I've sincerely aimed to present a vivid, truthful picture of the startling tragedy which occurred last winter in our city, together with many thrilling incidents which occurred in connection with the escape, and attempted escapes of Kentucky slaves, while the Ohio river was frozen.

Fancy sketches and imaginary scenes have, I admit, been occasionally introduced, but only for the purpose of exhibiting reality and the truths I'd fain impress in a more attractive and lively aspect. At the same time I have labored to hold up certain prevailing evils and abominable vices in such a light as to render them odious and make them avoided.

Had I followed the advice of my best friends many things I have written would have been suppressed. Disgraceful circumstances and harsh featured facts they desired I should veil. "Wherefore?" I inquired.

"O 'tis better," say they, "the minds of the people be kept quiet; agitation disturbs the peace and harmony of society."

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"To correct existing evils," I replied, "is it not necessary to unveil and point them out? What progress would mankind make in truth and virtue, should we consent to avoid the agitation of every question on which there is likely to arise a difference of opinion? Romanism, with all its abominations would now have had undisputed sway throughout christendom, and long ere this would have covered the whole earth with gross darkness and miserable superstitions, had not bold, daring spirits risen up to agitate. No important science has ever been established without opposition, agitation and strife. Even to enlighten the world upon astronomy 'twas necessary to agitate; and so hostile was the priesthood and the ignorant masses whom they led, to the new truths, that not only a war of words became necessary, but blood had to be shed. All great truths and great reforms have been opposed and persecuted; and but for agitation they never could have gone forward."

"But what hope you to accomplish," say my friends, "by agitating the question of slavery?"

I answer—we expect to enlighten the world upon the subject and ultimately remove the evil. But first we aim at benefitting the slave by enlightening and humanizing the master. This, to a very encouraging extent, has already been effected by slavery agitation. Anti-slavery movements in the north cause the slaveholders of the south to pause and reflect; and reflection never fails to awaken and improve our moral sensibilities. All slaveholders agree that there is infinitely less brutality practiced towards slaves now than formerly. The reason is obvious, slavery agitation has caused the

oppressor to think upon the wrongs and injustice he is committing, and thus his heart has been softened and humanized.

Besides, slavery agitation prevents slavery extension; and it is also preparing the public mind for the adoption of wise and rational measures, either for gradual or immediate emancipation.

But again, my friends urge me to forbear severity of remark with respect to the recent exciting slave case, lest I excite the ire of the guilty wretches who took part in the affair, and thereby endanger my personal safety. As to this I've only to say, I cannot consent to withhold the truth for the sake of being on friendly terms with evil doers; and though it render me obnoxious to mob violence, I'll hesitate not to speak the honest convictions of my mind—especially when I can hope thereby to accomplish good. Not that I'm ambitious to wear a martyr's crown, however brilliant it may shine; but something am I willing to hazard, and something suffer, for the sake of truth and humanity. To make uncalled for sacrifices in our endeavors to benefit the world is not the part of wisdom! To shun malicious men just as we avoid biting dogs and venomous reptiles, is generally prudent and commendable. A man who esteems his life of any value, cannot crave to encounter the cowardly assassin, who, like the serpent, hides and coils to strike.

Gentle reader, should you feel disposed to turn critic, and complain that I have not observed a proper unity throughout the narrative, I have this apology to offer—my subject was of such a nature as to cut me off from

the usual immunities of the novelist. The plot was not contrived nor wrought out in the realms of fancy—it existed in *fact*, and consequently, I've been compelled to work to it as it was, without altering, essentially, a single feature in the original circumstances of the case as they transpired. To this course my Kentucky friends held me pledged, among whom I was residing at the time the story was begun. With what fidelity and accuracy I've succeeded in sketching the incidents that happened and portraying the terrible scenes enacted, I leave for those acquainted with the facts to decide.

When the writer of a story is left entirely to invention, with the privilege of giving full play to his imagination, 'tis easy to draw out an evenly spun thread, and weave a systematic harmonious story; but with such a multitude of confused incidents, homely facts, strange circumstances, brutal, fiendish acts, and sublime deeds, as constituted my material, all of which, though painted and decorated, must retain their original features, it is exceedingly difficult to unwind the whole in a symmetrical, well arranged story. But whatever may be the want of arrangement, if what I have written tends to inspire in the hearts of any a love of justice, truth and duty, I shall not have wholly failed of my object.

I hope not to be thought censorious,—'tis not with pleasure I inveigh against the South; heartily could I wish that section of the Union greater prosperity; I fain would see the people more enlightened, virtuous and happy. But what can be more apparent, than the fact, that slavery has been a plague spot on the bosom of the sunny south—that it has cursed the white race as well as the black, spreading decay, blight and desolation over

the land? Where is the car of progress in the South? Where the enterprise, the wealth and intelligence of that once fair land? Where are the schools and colleges, and where are the asylums and charitable institutions of the South? Echo answers, where! A few colleges, unworthy of the name, have, 'tis true, a sickly existence; but no general interest is felt upon the subject of education—the mass of the people are deplorably ignorant, illiterate and unread; and this is applicable, even to a large portion of the aristocracy: supineness, intemperance, licentiousness, and every vice growing out of indolence and dissipation, widely prevail. And so it will be, so it must be, as long as the institution of slavery exists.

God knows I'm willing to award the people of the slave-holding States, all the credit they deserve,—I would not withhold from their caps a single feather which they may be entitled to. But I must say, judging from what I've learned by being several years a resident of the South, that the people of the Free States are accustomed to overrate the intelligence of the South, as well as to over estimate their character for hospitality, religion and virtue. It is a general impression at the north, that southerners are particularly remarkable for their hospitality. How has that impression originated? For it is just the opposite of the truth. It is with the people of the South, as with idlers every where,—time hangs heavy on their hands: if a stranger visits them, they are glad to see him, as anything new serves to break in upon the tedious monotony of idle hours. Especially will the stranger receive a hearty welcome, who has the gift of flattery, and will show himself ready to

join in any species of dissipation, and help them while away their miserable existence. And as they know not the value of money, they always spend it freely. How can they know its value, when they have no hand in earning it? Their slaves could better appreciate its worth if they were permitted to enjoy it.

As to disinterested benevolence, openhearted generosity, and a genuine hospitality, such virtues are rarely met with in the South.

But why should we expect generosity among slaveholders? The robbery, cruelty and oppression which they constantly practise, and which are legalized among them, must certainly be well calculated to extinguish within the heart every generous emotion, and obliterate all ideas of moral justice. The man who can rob his fellow man of a whole life of unpaid labor, can have in his soul but little of the milk of human kindness—nay, he is worse than the pirate on the high seas—for he not only robs but he brutalizes his fellow man, tramples upon his heart, tortures his soul, and seeks to extinguish the light of his mind by barring the gates of knowledge and denying him the means, the time and opportunity alike, for moral and intellectual culture.

And to add blasphemy to villainy, the slaveholder hesitates not to enter the sanctuary of the Lord, and insult heaven with impious prayers and songs of praise. And he thinks you quite uncharitable should you unchristianize him for his robberies and his oppression. "Why am I not a Christian?" he asks, "are not our ministers slaveholders, and have we not been baptized at their hands? Besides, do we not send missionaries and Bibles to the islands of the sea? Thus we

show our charity in giving money to enlighten and save the heathen."

But have you not heathen tribes nearer than the islands of the sea? are they not in your cotton fields, and upon your sugar plantations? Will you not give them the Bible?

"But they cannot read," you say.

They can be taught with much less expense than the far off Hindoo, or the roving red man in the wilds of the West.

"Ay, but our laws forbid the education of slaves," you reply.

Did not you help make the laws? or if in this you had no hand, have you not lent your sanction thereto?

"But see here," say you, "should we teach the negroes to read, 'twill be impossible to keep them in slavery."

I grant it. If then slavery can only be upheld and perpetuated, by putting fetters on the mind, and crushing the soul, it must be an ungodly, wicked, abominable institution; incompatible alike with Christianity and humanity.

I cannot forbear giving, in this place, a single example of consistency in slaveholding Christians, which came to my knowledge while residing in the South:

In Nashville, Tenn., resided, many years ago, a pious old man whose name was Elder; he had long been a Church member, and cherished a religious zeal which gave him a prominent position in his pastor's flock. The old gentleman's family, consisted of a wife and four sons. Not being a wise father, though a devout Christian, his sons grew up profligate and abandoned:—three

of them died drunkards and the fourth was hung. In the course of a few years after these afflictions, it came to pass that the old man died also. Shortly before his decease he made a will, bequeathing seven slaves to his widow upon condition she did not marry again. If she married, the negroes were then to fall to the Church. The further conditions of the will were that the servants were to be hired out to the highest bidders; half the proceeds of the hire was to be applied in making up the pastor's salary, and defraying the incidental expenses of public worship; the other half was to go into the missionary fund.

Mrs. Elder was by no means pleased with the conditions on which the bequest was made; being several years younger than was her deceased husband, she very justly felt that it was a selfish caper in him to bar her future marriage in such a way. The minister and members were of the same opinion, and all set to work to persuade the widow to marry, just by way of showing her contempt for filthy lucre, as the parson termed it. The good woman finally concluded it was a pious notion and really got married—but whether most to suit her own inclinations, or to spite her dead husband, it is difficult to say.

And now the seven slaves became the property of the Church; and were immediately put upon the block and cried off to such as bid highest for their labor.

Edward, a stout, well made slave, was bid off at a hundred and fifty dollars a year. His wife, a mulatto woman, plead with the man who had got the husband, to bid for her also; the unfeeling fellow, sullenly replied, he had no use for her. So she fell into the hands of

another bidder, who resided some thirty miles distant from the man who had taken her husband; their children were knocked off to others,—all falling into different hands. Thus the family was divided and separated in the most heartless manner, without the least humane regard to relationship or kindred ties. And this infernal transaction took place under the eye of the church, and at the instance of her ministers.

Courteous reader, should you ever visit Nashville deign to look into that high steepled church. You will see assembled there the aristocracy of the city—richly dressed, and seated in elegant and finely cushioned pews. A costly Bible lies upon the desk, and a pompous minister occupies the gaudy pulpit;—his subject, Charity—a sublime theme! But his heart is not in his subject—nor is his subject in his head;—mentally he seems to be all the while exclaiming: “How I grace the pulpit!” After you have taken this survey, just reflect for a moment on the condition of the poor slaves who perpetually toil to pamper that Godless minister, and gratify the pride of that Christless congregation.

For lucre the Church has given its slaves to cruel taskmasters and left their souls and bodies alike uncared for. And though they are destitute of a knowledge of the Scriptures, should some missionary from a land of civilization go to them with the Bible and attempt teaching them to read, their *Church-master* would be the first to decree him a coat of tar and feathers. They are slaves, why should they enjoy mental, moral, or religious privileges, or why receive that light which the proceeds of their labor sends to the heathen?