



[Ritner, William D]  
**JUAN,**

THE

# **WHITE SLAVE;**

AND THE

*Rebel Planter's Daughter.*

A STIRRING STORY OF SLAVERY, SECESSION, SUFFERING, AND REVENGE—REVEALING THE DEEP TREACHERY OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN REBELLION.

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"The Knights of the Golden Circle," etc.*

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Daring abduction of Beatrice by Rebel Desperadoes—her fearless rescue.

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## PREFACE.

READER, in this the eighty-fifth year of American Independence, we are suffering from the terrible effects of the greatest and most fearful crisis through which this nation has ever passed; a crisis induced perhaps by several causes, but *chiefly*, all will admit, by that base bone of continual contention—"Southern Slavery;" beneath the final culmination of the angry agitation of which the nation has raved, and reeled, and staggered like a strong giant drunk with very madness; aye *madness* in the disunion fiend has ruled already, too long; and the insane convulsions and internal throes of republican liberty—the hope of the world—have been, during the fiery ordeal, indeed fearfully severe and painful.

How careful then will be the man who has the welfare of his dear country at heart, that by any means he does not add greater distraction to the dangers already quite sufficient for the government safely to bear. That by theoretic speculation merely on a subject that has already proved a sword to separate very friends, he does not add still greater distraction to her distress. It is with this care, this innate feeling of regard for the lasting welfare of our own native land, that we have penned the history of strange vicissitudes, suffering, and wrong, as comprised on the pages of the White Slave;—which, indeed, is no ideal dream; no fanatical phantom of a speculative theory; but the careful words of sober, serious, and substantial *truth*, shaded and tinged indeed at intervals with the roseate coloring of the *seeming improbabilities* of romance though they be. Yet we flatter ourselves, that if calmly culled, they will shadow forth at least *one* of the several causes of our national domestic difficulties.

Juan Mendoza I met with at the state capitol of South Carolina, Columbia, where he, unsolicited, revealed to me the fact that he was a natural born slave, which surprised me beyond measure, for he was a fine, intelligent looking man, of about twenty-four years of age, with hair dark, quite straight, and less curling than my

own; features as regular and of the Italian cast; and skin as fair, as white as the purest Caucasian.

I could not at first believe that a man so white, and of such fair, beautiful proportions, could be *retained* in bondage under the free government of America, even though born a slave; and when I expressed my doubts of his African lineage, he grew quite excited; starting forward with considerable warmth, he hissed:

"Look into my eyes."

"Well,—" said I, calmly, after contemplating them a moment.

"Do you not observe the *bluish* tinge through the whites of them?"

"Very slightly—" I answered, musingly, and with an inclination to impart, if I could, some word of encouragement to the poor serf.

"And look at my hand, see that fearful color marking, though faintly, the root of each nail of my fingers, 'tis but a *slight* tinge, but alas, the mark though it be occasioned by but a *single* drop of African blood, is sufficiently indelible to prove *fatal*. Though I be seven-eighths *white*, of the purest Caucasian, and one-eighth African, yet am I excluded from all affinity with my white brothers, impaled with the down-trodden sons of the negro race, and compelled to remain a slave."

And as he continued to recount to me the bitter wrongs he endured, vehemently vowing with uplifted hands, that if ever he encountered the author of his cruel destiny, he would certainly assassinate him. Though my soul recoiled at the sound of the seeming unnatural vow of parricidal vengeance, yet I could not suppress the train of new thoughts the fearful oath suggested, and in spite of myself, grew deeply interested in the wronged and justly excited slave.

And so, without the least extenuation of malice, have I written out the history of his bitter life, in unison with the spirit of the story as I received it from his own lips. Hoping therefore it may exert a due share of influence in correcting, if possible, our national fault; and that, by the voluntary and peaceable avoidance of it altogether, finally avert the sure and terrible consequences of crime that as a nation we may forever remain the favored of heaven, the hope and glory of all lands, I dedicate to the cause of public morals the conservative lesson inculcated in the faithful history of the WHITE SLAVE.

THE AUTHOR.

## JUAN; OR, THE WHITE SLAVE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE FRIENDS.

NEVER was "Huon," the peasants reply to the countess in the play of "Love" rendered with more thrilling effect on the boards of "old Drury," than by the youthful Tragedian, Juan. We will not say "the Theatre was crowded from pit to dome," yet the Parquette, family and dress circle and boxes, were filled with the "Elite and Fashion" of Philadelphia. Juan was youthful, scarce thirty years of age, but of ripe and elegant proportions, he was tall and manly, person regularly and classically developed; his features of the purest Italian mould, with eyes of glassy jet that in their dazzling seemed peircing with an all subduing magnetism, while the dark masses of his rich flowing hair dallied in luxuriant fulness with his well formed neck and shoulders. On a word he was gifted by generous nature with all the finest requisites of mind, figure and voice, to appear from the stage with the most attractive and splendid effect.

His delineation of the character of "Huon," so well adapted to his capacity, was rendered with such chaste force and "self exalted power," that the audience hung spell-bound upon his delivery of the following beautiful lines:

"Thyself—that towerest above thy station—  
Rank that excels its wearer doth degrade,  
Riches impoverish that divide respect.  
Oh, to be cherished, one's self alone;  
To owe the love that cleaves to us  
To nought which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes,  
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,  
Feature and form high heaven endowed us with,  
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,  
We shall be loved! Kings from their thrones cast down  
Have blessed their fate, that they were valued for  
Themselves, and not their stations, when some kneel,  
That hardly bowed to them—in plenitude,  
Has kissed the dust before them, stripped of all;"

His acting companion for the evening was in every accomplishment his exact counterpart, and gave her lines in reply with equal dignity and ease.

Among the charmed audience there was *one*, who, envious of his passion, thought him in truth, in love with the beautiful Cecelia, and while with her parents she admired his lofty eloquence, she longed for the blissful moment when from the depth of his full soul, and alone he would breathe in *her* willing ear the same impassioned sentiments of self-sacrificing love. She was the favorite daughter of Antonio Capello, a man of wealth and aristocratic ease, and of Spanish American birth. Having accumulated a good degree of wealth in the land where cruel magnificence, slavery and misery seem twin born, he now lived in Philadelphia a retired gentleman. His daughter the beautiful Beatrice was beloved not only for her beauty, but also her goodness of heart, and many excellencies of mind and character. She was young and surrounded with almost Queenly wealth, with everything to attract and please. She was courted, flattered and carressed by the noblest of the land.

It was late at night, and the streets of the city were well nigh deserted, silence prevailed, save at intervals, when a hasty carriage or chaise rattled over the pavement, and the quick footstep of an occasional passenger fell upon the ear. The theatres and other places of amusement were closed for the night, and the swarms of pleasure-seekers which they poured forth had time to reach their homes.

The select *soiree* of the proud Beatrice Capello had passed pleasantly away, and the favored few, who had been admitted to her society, were now taking their leave of her one by one, and sauntering into the streets. Two alone lingered after the rest had gone, and these were among the most favored guests of Signor Antonio Capello and his lovely daughter.

Sinclair Duval had long been intimate with the family to which he had some time before introduced Juan, his bosom friend; and as Sinclair was held in high estimation by both Beatrice and her father, Juan, for his friend's sake, was regarded rather as an old acquaintance than one whom they scarcely knew.

The two friends lingered after the rest had gone, but they too, at last took their leave, and arm in arm sauntered along the street. To have seen them, one would not have recognized in their thoughtful features, the two gay young men who an hour before attracted the attention of the entire party, by their elegant address, ready and sparkling wit. Juan had appeared that evening in the character of "Othello," and he may have been fatigued, or was now relapsing into the strange calm succeeding his almost unapproachable personification of the loving though jealous moor. It was one of his happiest efforts. Flowers and bouquets greeted him from the elite and fashion occupying the dress circle and boxes. But now his gaiety had passed away, and a sort of pleasing seriousness possessed the heart of Juan and his friend.

"Othello's active occupation seemed really to be gone. For some time neither spoke but walked on in silence all absorbed in their own reflections.

"What ails you Juan?" At length spoke Sinclair, breaking in upon his friend's meditations.

"I was thinking," Juan replied with a smile.

"Very probably, for I believe that every rational being *thinks*, but may I ask what weighs upon your mind, giving to your every look and action a tinge of melancholy."

"Well really Sinclair, I scarcely know myself. But somehow the look which our friend Capello gave me, as I took my leave, calls up early associations, and it seems to me, that I have seen his face before."

"Indeed!"

"Yes Sinclair, it is even so; although when or where, I cannot tell. It must have been many years ago, however—perhaps when I was—a poor forsaken orphan."

"Juan, Juan, tell me about that, when you were the orphan you have so often mentioned in my hearing."

"Not to-night, Sinclair, if you please," said Juan shaking his head sadly, "for the recollections Capello's strange look called up are sad enough without recurring to the details of my early history; you know that I am an orphan—but the wrongs I endured, the wrongs which killed my mother, and which I have since sworn to revenge, if heaven has not saved me the task—you know nothing of them Sinclair, and I hope you never will."

"Pardon me Juan for questioning you, I was not aware of the deep wounds on your bosom, and am sorry to make you sadder than before."

"Yes, yes," Juan exclaimed vehemently, "I *am* sad, and unless I seek some stirring scene, some powerful excitement, the melancholy of this night will stay by me for days. It is what I cannot shake off without assistance."

"Then I will remain with you Juan; and we will seek some diversion together, and I will help you to get rid of your melancholy thoughts."

"Thanks, good Sinclair; but what do you propose?"

"You are fond of play?"

"It is an amusement, although I seldom play for money, except through courtesy."

"I know Juan. But the game alone excites you. If you would forget your own thoughts, you could do no better than spend the remainder of the night—or at least a part of it at—P—l—l—r's. The company there is always of the first class, the players generous, and the wine superb. What do you say?"

"I accept your proposition," Juan replied quickening his steps.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE GAMESTERS.

Twenty minutes more brought our two friends to one of the most fashionable gaming Saloons of Philadelphia. And though the hour was late, there was a large number engaged at play. Spanish and Italian amateurs, English sportsmen, and German spectators, were mingled with American dandies, black legs and artists. All appeared upon the same footing there, all moved by one common impulse, the passion for gaming. Juan was soon engaged with an experienced player named Livingston, while Sinclair together with several strangers stood by, watching the progress of the game.

Although but a moderate player, yet Juan was unusually skillful at cards, being quick at observation, and accustomed to all the tricks of the age. On the present occasion, however he had his match. His adversary played with great coolness and precision, turning his whole attention to the game. Juan at first played carelessly, but when game after game closed in favor of his adversary, he began to pay more attention, though he played with the same coolness as before. His fortune, however did not change. Livingston continued to win from him until he had but a single bill left in his pocket. This Juan staked, played for, and lost.

"Lawrence Livingston," he exclaimed "you are in luck to-night; you have won from me more than two-hundred dollars, and I have not time to stop, and recover my losses. Another time however—"

"It is not late," politely interrupted Livingston.

"Not late, I know, but you must excuse me for to-night," began Juan, but a murmur of dissatisfaction among the spectators checked him, and he cast a meaning glance at Sinclair Duval. Sinclair understood him, and quietly slipped a bank bill into his hands unobserved by the spectators. Juan glanced at it hastily and a strange smile played about his lips, he saw it was more than equal in value to all he had lost. "If then I am to be revenged on you to-night, Lawrence Livingston," said he gaily, "I must do it at one stroke, there's my stake."

"Good!" exclaimed Livingston, and the cards were again arranged. The game was short, but played with the greatest coolness and attention.

"You have lost" observed Juan carelessly, "are you satisfied now?"

"Ha, ha, you are very kind," returned Livingston, "but surely you will not leave me so—"

"Still at your service." Said Juan shuffling the cards.

"The stake," suggested Livingston.

"That same bill seems a lucky one," the other observed with a smile, "if you have no objections."

"Not the least." Once more they played, and once more Juan won.

"Confound it, had I not played a diamond when it should have been a trump—but never mind, we'll try the game once more."

"Livingston now studied the game until the perspiration stood out upon his brow; played with the utmost caution; watched every move of his adversary as the tiger watches his prey; but all in vain. A third time Juan was in luck. Livingston said not a word, but wiping the sweat from his forehead, proceeded to shuffle the cards.

"The same stake again?" asked Juan.

Livingston made no reply save a slight gesture of affirmation, and again the play went on.

"The devil is in your fingers to-night," muttered Livingston forcing a smile, as still another game went over to Juan's favor.

"Only a momentary change of fortune, you will recover in a short time."

Again they played, and again Livingston lost. He became agitated at last, and played like an insane man; clutching the cards with desperate energy, and keeping his blood-shot eyes fixed upon the game. Juan on the other hand, was calm and self-possessed, he appeared to regard his astonishing success with utmost indifference. A group of admiring spectators soon gathered around them, greatly interested in the progress of the play.

"My dear Sir," said Juan at length, becoming uneasy at the desperate manner in which his adversary played. "My dear Sir, is it not time to finish for to-night? Another time—"

"Play on, play on!" interrupted Livingston in a husky voice. And they did play on; and in a half hour, Juan reduced his opponent to his last dollar. For a moment, as Livingston with his ashy lips compressed, and his pale brow resting on his hands, stared at the cards on the table, a death-like silence prevailed.

"Let us away," Sinclair whispered, touching Juan unperceived upon the shoulder.

Juan glanced at his friend, then at Livingston and finally at the pile of money he had won.

"Sinclair what shall I do?" he murmured, passing his hand across his brow. "Here have I been playing for more than two hours, scarce knowing what I was about, I played for amusement, never once thinking that I have well nigh ruined this poor fellow, in fact when I look at the money here, it seems that I have been dreaming. Tell me have I won this fairly?"

The latter sentence alone caught the ear of Livingston, who started up as if a sudden thought just flashed through his brain.

"Fair play!" he echoed with a ghastly smile, "I never lost like that with an honest player."

"Sir!" cried Juan, as the hot blood mounted his brow.

Livingston was desperate. While all the spectators started back with a sort of savage delight, he sprang forward gazing fiercely at Juan, exclaimed—

"You heard my words, all present heard them."

Juan had become more calm, though his features appeared a shade paler than usual.

"Yes Sir," He said politely, but added with a sarcastic smile, "I heard your words; and beg to know when you will deign to explain them to me?"

"At any time, the sooner the better." Replied Livingston fiercely.

"Here is my address, I prefer taking difficulties coolly." Juan answered, extending him his card. Then turning on his heel, he left the saloon in company with his friend, Sinclair Duval, who queried:

"Juan you are not going to fight the poor fellow?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? he is beside himself, desperate. Return the poor devil his money."

"Sinclair Duval," Exclaimed Juan reproachfully. "You too are beside yourself, are you not? Consider he has insulted me, I cannot retreat if I would, as it is, I pity him, for I am confident he will lose not only his money, but probably his life also."

"Be not too confident, for I am told Lawrence Livingston is an able duellist."

"Be that as it may, I shall attempt the exercise; will you stand by me?"

"If you are determined to do so, I will."

"I am; and Sinclair, were he but fiftymiles South of this, I would not wait until to-morrow, to run him through."

"Then you will meet him?"

"I will, and with his choice of weapons; I care not what they are, pistols or sword"

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DUEL.

On the day following, and according to private appointment, Juan, and the exasperated and savage Livingston, with a selection of some half dozen blacklegs, met in a reserved room connected with the gambling hell, for the duel. Every avenue leading to the apartment was tightly closed, windows shut, and the doors securely locked. The gas was weakly turned on, giving a pale, sombre light to the murderous scene in the silent room.

Sinclair Duval loved his friend, and entered the place with a shudder. Even Juan betrayed less ardor for the strife than he exhibited on the evening previous. He seemed less excited, more cool, but firm. On the other hand Livingston was even more passionate and revengeful, than at the first, and seemed anxious to commence the deadly conflict. In the course of twenty minutes the quiet preliminaries being effected, at the given signal they stood in their places and crossed their swords. Juan more collected than his wine and anger-heated adversary, commenced on the defensive, as though merely going through the exercises with a companion; while Livingston crossed and thrust with an angry energy, contrasting strangely with the more careless action of his antagonist.

For some time their glistening weapons wound about each other so to speak, with that grace and dexterity which bespeaks the accomplished swordsman. Juan hardly pressed by his foe, handled his weapon with greater rapidity and force, while his eye flashed with a strange and terrible meaning. The two blades clashed and grated against each other in and quick succession, when Livingston made a masterly thrust and grazed his antagonist's side.

"A hit," muttered the surrounding group.

"A mere scratch," said Juan with a fiendish smile, "take him away, or there will be something worse in a moment."

He now changed his mode of defence into a furious and skilful attack, thrusting with such precision and rapidity, that Livingston was obliged to fall back; Juan darted forward, and with a skilful movement, wrenched his antagonist's weapon from his grasp.

"Finish me at once," Livingston groaned.

"Resume your sword," Returned Juan with a triumphant smile.

Livingston did so. Again the two were opposed to each other in a deadly strife. Twice the cold steel grazed Juan's breast. Livingston was bleeding at half a dozen wounds. Feeling his strength failing fast, he thrust fiercely at Juan, regardless of the wounds he himself received, and at last succeeded in planting his weapon directly beneath his ribs on the left side. No sooner did Juan feel the pang

shoot through him, than summoning all his remaining strength, he plunged his sword into the bosom of his antagonist and fell with him to the floor. Duval sprang forward to assist his friend. He had already fainted, and the blood was gushing from his wound. Two surgeons were at hand, one of them hastened to Juan's side, and while the other was occupied with Livingston, proceeded to examine the cut in his side. The blood was soon staunchcd and Juan was hastily, though quietly conveyed to a coach.

"The wound?" Whispered Sinclair in an agony of doubt.

"Is dangerous, if not mortal." Replied the surgeon.

Juan in a few moments more recovered his consciousness sufficiently to articulate,

"Livingston—have I killed him?"

"Juan," exclaimed Duval, "do not speak."

"But tell me is he dead?"

"I do not know, you must be quiet."

"Quiet, impossible, until I know that he still lives."

"He does."

"Thank Heaven for that; O, if he should die, I am a murderer, I am to blame."

"Hush Juan," Duval whispered, "remember it was in a duel—"

"A duel—yes; but how unpleasant to think of leaving the world responsible for the death of a fellow-being, even though he caused your own."

"Juan what do you mean?"

"That I feel, what the surgeon would conceal from me, that my wound is mortal, and—"

"No, No, it is not," Interrupted Sinclair in broken accents, "it is only a slight hurt."

"Sinclair do not attempt to deceive me, for I feel that I am going fast—"

"Nay, do not think so Juan."

"And Sinclair—"

His voice failed. His friend trembled with solicitation, drew nearer and applying his ear to his lips, whispered:

"Juan speak on, what would you?"

"My dear friend, I have but two requests to make, which if you love me, you will grant—"

"Speak them—"

"In the first place, if you ever meet a man, or the resemblance of a man, named Pierre Verree, a man of about fifty years, ask him if he remembers the slave 'Virginia,' and if he betrays the least emotion, it is he."

"Who?"

"The man whom I have sought since I have been capable of unsheathing sword, the man I have sworn by all that is sacred to humanity to punish; the man whom you must kill as you would—"

"But Juan—"

"Do not question me, but swear to fulfil my request."

"I swear." Said Duval firmly.

"It is well," murmured the dying Juan. And now Sinclair, I have a secret for your heart alone. Take the locket you will find on my heart, and I need say no more, you will understand."

Sinclair took the locket, opened it, and beheld her whom he had secretly loved, Beatrice Capello.

"You love her." He murmured.

"Love her?" Juan sighed. "Ah! Sinclair, better than life."

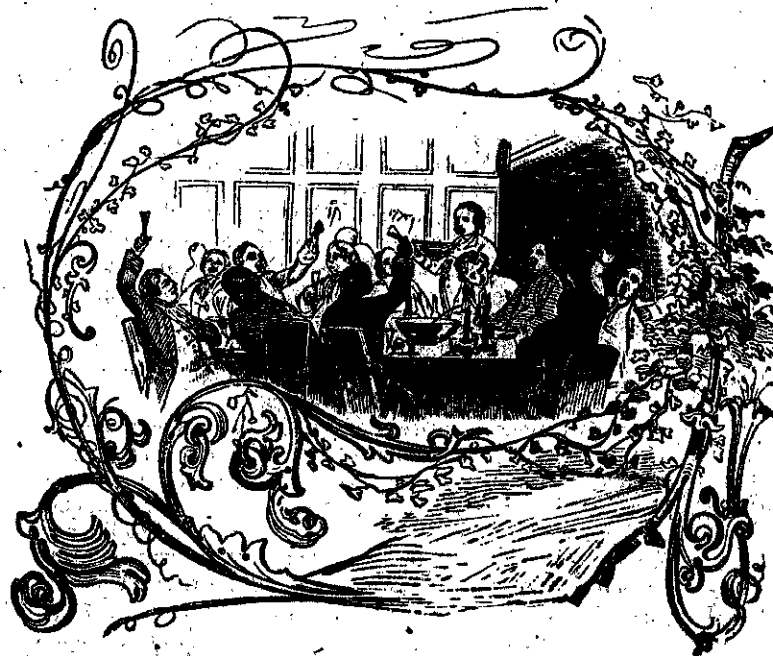
"And she loves you?"

"I scarce can tell that she even knows of the passion that has consumed me, and consumes me still—This portrait you will keep."

Duval bowed and grasped the hand of his friend tightly in token of his consent to all he spoke.

"Keep it," Juan continued faintly, "as the choicest jewel your friend ever possessed; whenever you look at it, you will remember me, and for my sake, you will regard Beatrice as a sister, I can say no more, do not Sinclair, forget Verree—nor Beatrice,—"

"I will remember."



THE BANQUET AT THE HOTEL CHESNUT STREET



## CHAPTER IV.

## JEALOUSY.

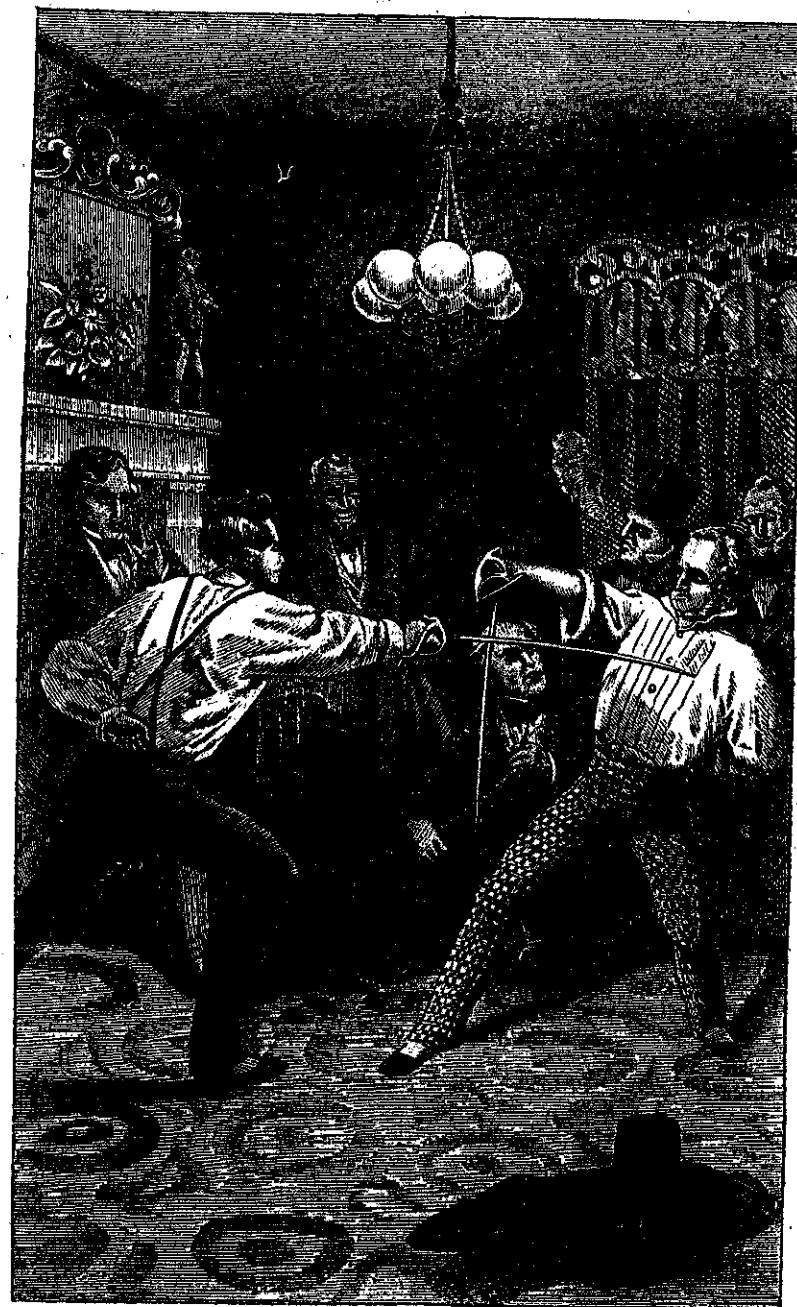
CONTRARY to the expectations of all, Juan survived his wounds. For several days, he lay, so to speak, on the brink of the grave; but thanks to the surgeon's skill, youth, and a naturally strong constitution, he slowly recovered.

Beatrice sat alone in her luxuriantly furnished *boudoir*, she had for some time, indulged in deep reflection upon a subject near her heart. Thinking half aloud, she murmured to herself:—

"'Tis evident Cecelia is more to him than a mere acting companion. He loves her,—I have it. She shall be my rival no longer; already have we recognized each other in the promenade. I will despatch her an invitation to join me in a little private, banquet. Another to Livingston will be sufficient to secure *his* proper attendance. Thanks to the physician, he has at last recovered from his late severe illness, 'tis strange that Lawrence should be taken to his couch, so suddenly, due though I presume, to an excess of indulgence—but to my plot, these two little messengers will bring it to a favorable consummation, or I am little skilled."

Thus saying, she hastily despatched her invitations, the one to Cecelia, and the other to Lawrence Livingston; who, as has been intimated, recovered from his dangerous wounds received in the conflict with Juan. Accordingly, on the afternoon or rather evening appointed, the amiable Cecelia joined the proud Beatrice in the hall of her father's stately mansion. Cecelia was greeted with smiles and a kiss, and cordially conducted to the sumptuous reception. Half an hour after, Lawrence Livingston attired *a la mode* was admitted by the servant, and ushered into the presence of the ladies. He was introduced to Cecelia, to whom he accorded all the most winsome and graceful courtesies of a finished Chesterfield.

He was indeed splendidly attired, and displayed a succession of the most charming smiles, and sallies of humor and wit, he seemed destined to make an impression upon the too susceptible heart of Cecelia. Conversation grew lively, and *bon mots* gay. The banquet was arranged the exhilarating wine soon flashed from lip to lip, and added a strange enchantment to the familiar repast. Beatrice grew elated, and Cecelia languid, the wine was doing its work, watched by the accomplished, and lofty Beatrice. She saw her moment had come and casting a meaning glance at Livingston, unseen by Cecelia, excused herself for a few moments, with an easy dignity, and leaving them alone, sought her chamber, to feast her *jealous thoughts* with a foretaste of revenge upon her supposed but innocent rival. The



The Duel.



large massive door closed after her with a sound pleasing to the ear of the accomplished Livingston.

When she returned, her feigned apology was scarcely observed by Cecelia, who hastily took her leave of her, and with Livingston left the avenged Beatrice to her own reflections.

In a splendid private saloon of one of the most fashionable hotels of Chestnut street, and enveloped in the flood of gas-lights so brilliantly illuminating the costly, decorated room,—some five or six young men of well known proficiency in our sporting circles, reveled round the festive board, bearing a rich repast of the most palatable delicacies of the times, and none the least conspicuous there sparkling to their ready taste, sets the choice champagne. The apartment we say was elegantly arranged. Soft brussels covered the floor; extensive mirrors and costly paintings garnished the walls; a spacious chandelier swung down from the centre of the richly figured ceiling in dazzling majesty, while at the windows, the profuse hangings of purple and white, with a tasteful part from the centre, fell in flowing folds to the floor.

"Wine, wine! I will have wine,  
And I'll drink to the stars on high—  
See, the moon now hangs like a golden grape  
A ripening in the sky,  
And the juice drops down, like a bloody dew  
On the lips of the reeling earth;  
While trees and flowers mock paler showers,  
And laugh in their bacchannal mirth."

Sings Chauncy Bouvere, a young jeweller of Market street. The rest of the company catching the spirit of the song, join in the second verse with sonorous glee—

"Wine, wine, ah, where am I now?  
O where is the dusky street?  
A silver roof hangs over my head,  
And wine is lapping my feet.  
Come hither girl with the golden hair,  
Come hither and swim with me,  
And I'll fling at you diamond sands in sport,  
Till you hide 'neath the ruby sea."

"Wine, wine on a counter feet,  
I fly through valleys of vines,  
Till his flanks are red with the gushing juice;  
And the maddening sunlight shines,  
Here a fountain spouts from the gaping sword  
Like a pillar of golden wine,  
And through it we burst, with the joy of thirst,  
Till we faint in a trance divine."

Rang through the saloon with a melody and zest that would have graced with a deathless credit the voluptuous feasts of Belshazzar the king.

Chauncy Bouvere was one of those young married "bloods," called in jovial parlance, "a good, clever fellow," which, among his gay, boon companions, seemed to cancel at least *one* cruel feature in his character, that of neglecting his beautiful young wife, for the wine cup and the mid-night revel. He was young, but twenty three, good-looking and gay. Second in the convivial party, sang Charles Orsay, a young hatter, fond of display.—A dashing buck of fair complexion, though dark eyes and hair, easy and winning address, and because of his courtly style of dress, frequently called "the count."

"Lawton Mintzer, a student at law."

Muzzy Mortimore, formerly a clerk in his father's wholesale iron store, near Broad street, but latterly the co-editor and proprietor of a Newspaper.

"Timothy Pillington, a delicate youth of one and twenty, a student of 'Pills.'"

"Come fill up," said our friend Livingston, "fill up, and let us drink to our charming actress, Cecelia."

They drank, and at his suggestion left the hotel, for the Chestnut street theatre; Livingston and Pillington proceeded thither, arm in arm. While going there, we will venture a brief description of Timothy; His utmost height was just five feet six, in his finest stockings, no more nor less; his figure by strict attention to the latest Parisian fashions, lacing, etc., was remarkably spare, though formed to attract. The color of his hair may be said to have been the medium shade between the hue of amber and well carded flax. His full locks were always brushed out in the latest style of fancy. His eye brows were about the same color of his hair, his eye lashes also, while his eyes themselves, appeared to twinkle in a color betwixt a blue and gray; his forehead narrow, and nose of the Grecian mould. A small square mouth, resting over a chin which seemed scarce perceptible. His fancy in dress varied, though he had a peculiar delight to appear in black pants, blue dress coat, fancy, and lilac colored kid gloves of the finest texture; Patent leather gaiters, and a prodigious standing collar which seemed to be necessary to keep his little head erect, surmounted with a light beaver of his own peculiar shape. A delicate fancy walking cane, valued at about a "fip," and a pair of spectacles, sometimes completed Timothy's dress. In speech, he was always *exquisitely* nice and prim. But by the time our company were snugly seated in the theatre, the curtain had arisen and the entertainment commenced. The play was that beautiful composition, "The Wife," and Cecelia appeared amid a garland of flowers, as the charming and constant "Marianna."

"Is she not pretty?" Whispered Livingston to Timothy.

"Aw, pon my soul, she is magnificent, what beautiful hair?" Returned Pillington.

"Mark the noble bust, how ripely developed."

"And those eyes, aw, how full of love."

"How beautifully moulded, and full of life her swelling bosom seems."

"Aw exquisite—and her voice, how musical and clear."

"Yes she reads beautifully—but Tim, would you not like an introduction?"

"In her company aw—if Araminta would allow it, I should feel as if in the presence of an angel."

"You are right, she is an angel truly."

"Aw, I shall be most happy."

"Ha, but Tim, I say you must not fall in love, if you do I shall inform Araminta of you, so be careful, ha, ha."

"Aw, I shall take care, you can trust me."

Pillington replied as he again glanced through his opera-glass at the charms of the beautiful Cecelia. He now directed his magnet of beauty round the dress-circle, and anon towards the boxes, and what was his surprise to encounter from one of the latter, Araminta's glass pointed directly towards where he sat. He was confused, but managed to smile a recognition, and excusing himself to Livingston, in ten minutes more he was at the side of his matchless Araminta. She had come to the Theatre in company with her parents, but Pillington and herself very soon had the box to themselves alone.

At the conclusion of the drama, Livingston hastened round to the company of Cecelia, while Timothy in his hurried gallantry, without waiting for the coachman to open the vehicle, seized the silver holder with such an energy that he forced his thumb through the end of his delicate lilac kid, to him a sad catastrophe, as he knew not how to prevent the exquisite Araminta, from seeing it. As they rode along, and he reflected, he grew more and more excited with the unpleasant thought yet he endeavoured for probably twenty minutes to entertain her with his choicest diction.

Arriving at her dwelling, the coachman promptly opened the coach door for them, but Timothy, still flurried with the rupture in his glove, attempting to descend hastily, in order to assist the dear Araminta to the pave, struck the extreme tip of his patent-leather against the raised edge of the coach doorway, and unable to recover his equilibrium, fell headlong to the pavement below, his little cane flew up against the mansion door with an alarming clatter, Araminta screamed; Pa and Ma, aroused by her cry, and the sharp clatter of the cane against the door, hastened to the street. But Pillington, vexed sufficiently to curse outright, gathered himself up, and coloring deeply, carefully ascended with Araminta to the reception. Ah, but poor Pillington was worried and sorely perplexed, and for once in his whole life, he was actually displeased with himself; per-consequence his anticipated pleasure with the dear Araminta was destroyed for the evening, his stay with her was short. On returning to his own room, the reflections proved over-whelming, yet still he might have soon recovered from this shock of his nerves, occasioned by his misfortunes, had not his eye, on removing his fancy coat, rested upon a most luckless and prodigious rent up the back, from the exquisite part of the tail thereof, to the velvet on the collar. This was more than his pulse could bear, and he sank back upon his couch completely exhausted, and declined into a raging fever.

## CHAPTER V.

## LOVE.

Several weeks after the events related in our last chapter, Sinclair Duval was one day seated alone with Beatrice Capello. She had just been reading a novel of some moral, and the deep, passionate breathing of some portions of the work, seemed to sink with effect upon her heart. Her better nature prevailed, and tears of sympathy moistened her eyes, like glistening pearls.

"Ah, friend Duval," she said as he entered her presence. "I am glad to see you, I have just been reading; and strong must be the passion which is triumphant even in death, and which can inspire the heart to struggle against dissolution, and feel itself immortal by the strength of love alone, but then I can scarce believe in the existence of such love—"

"This is a rare book no doubt, for it seems indeed to have affected you much."

"It is an excellent work,—"

"But Miss Capello does not believe in such love?"

"I scarce can."

"Indeed?"

"It is so heavenly."

"Yet I have witnessed it in a degree."

"Now you are growing serious—but proceed to tell us, where, when, and in whom, you witnessed it, ha, ha, ha."

"In a friend, and but a short time since. I was by his side, a he lay upon his couch sick nigh unto death, and his last thought were of one whom he loved deeply, perhaps hopelessly."

"A friend did you say?" Asked the proud Beatrice interestedly.

"Yes, and it is a friend of mine, too, whom he loved."

"And she never knew his sentiments towards her?"

"He was not confident, for he feared she might despise the offering of his heart."

"Ah," sighed his listener, still affected by the novel in her hand "he knows, but little of woman to judge her so; She may neglect, but will never despise man's love, even though to the world she may appear to do so."

"But perhaps she whom he loved was an exception, she might be more cruel than her sex in general; Yet she is fair and gentle, though sometimes proud."

"Do I know her?"

"You have seen her, perhaps," Sinclair smiled. "and in confidence I will just say that my friend, feeling himself about to die

placed in my hands her portrait, which he had procured unknown to her, and wore it next his heart as a secret treasure."

"Have you it now?"

"I have—it is this." He replied, producing a locket. "Would you see it?"

"Ah, if it should prove the likeness of one I know, I fear that I could never look upon her again, without regarding her as unnatural and cruel."

"But you forget, she knows not the sentiments of his heart."

"True—but the portrait?"

Sinclair placed the locket in her hands, she opened it, and beheld a miniature of—herself. A sudden flush of inward pride cast a crimson tinge over her face.

"How is this?—explain—"

"In the first place, you must know my friend though dangerously wounded, did not die." Sinclair began, pleased with the effect of his disclosure upon her.

"Well—what you have said is all true?"

"Every word, I can assure you,—he lives, and loves you still."

The proud Beatrice had arisen to her feet, and was thoughtfully pacing the richly furnished apartment, with a beautiful and queenly attitude.

"Sinclair, in confidence, bring this gentleman to me,—his name is Juan, is it not?"

"The same, fair lady." Sinclair answered, with evident pleasure.

"He is known to fame, I believe?"

"He is—in the tragic muse—should not the fair daughter of Signor Capello, object." He replied with graceful deference.

"I would see him here; list Sinclair, you will not abuse my confidence?"

"Kind Beatrice, never."

"You will bring him at your earliest leisure?"

"He will be rejoiced to hear so favorably from you, till then, adieu."

"Sinclair waved his hand, bowed to her graciously, and stepped into the street; and hastened on through the crowded thoroughfare towards the apartments of his friend, to gladden him with the news of her kind invitation.

"She loves you," he exclaimed, breaking abruptly into the apartment of his friend. "She loves you—"

"Who?" demanded Juan, his eyes sparkling with joy. "You cannot mean—"

"The proud Beatrice Capello, I assure you."

"But how!—is it possible.—my dear Sir, are you sure of what you say?"

"Without the slightest doubt."

"But how did you learn such news?"

"Juan, I have cause for apology, and beg your pardon for being

guilty of an indiscretion, though perhaps when you know my motives and my success, I feel assured you will forgive me."

"What mean you, Sinclair, I cannot understand you?" Juan exclaimed, quite pale, and clasping the hand of his friend still tighter.

Sinclair then related all that had passed between him and Beatrice Capello. Juan listened eagerly, but strange the intelligence seemed rather to cause him pain than pleasure. As his friend concluded his brow gathered darkly and his features became pale with agitation.

"Ah, Sinclair," said he in tremulous tones. "You have done wrong, but you thought to do me a service, and I forgive: aye, thank you for it."

"For the love of heaven, Juan are you mad? explain yourself."

"Not mad." Returned Juan with a melancholy smile, but unfortunate. The thought of being beloved by the proud and noble Beatrice Capello, would make my heart leap for joy, did I not fear our union next to impossible. As it is, the thrill of pleasure is accompanied with a thrill of pain."

This but astonished the noble Sinclair the more, and he exclaimed:

"For Heaven's sake Juan explain this mystery? Beatrice loves you, and you love her; in society are you not equals? Then what is there, what can there be, to prevent your union?"

"Have you not thought?"—my profession. Signor Capello is proud, of noble birth; and will not hastily wed his daughter to a mere artist of the drama, his ambition is more lofty, he looks higher for the man whom he shall call his son, the loved of his daughter."

"Juan you may mistake the opinions of Signor Capello, and you forget that though an humble artist, you have acquired fame, and not only so, but that now there exists no necessity for your longer continuance on the stage; your union with the Capello family would prove but the signal of your retirement from your profession."

"Sinclair you speak fine, is that not a studied speech? Ha, ha, you really force me to laugh, but still Antonio Capello has lineal prejudices, which would indeed mar, if not intirely prevent my union with his only daughter."

"Prejudices, how?"

"Sinclair, I can never possess the hand of Beatrice, without revealing the secret of my birth; and that once known to her father, he is far too proud to accept me as a member of his family. True I might marry her perhaps without revealing the secret, but to do so would be dishonorable in me. Oh that I had never loved!"

While Juan spoke thus, strange thoughts were crowding the mind of his friend. Curiosity to know the precise secret to which Juan alluded, and pity for his unfortunate position, in bitter reflections mingled in his breast.

"Juan," said he after a painful pause. "May I not as a friend ask the secret, which you say prevents your union with Beatrice?"

"Have you not divined it?"

"How could I?"

"Do you not remember hearing me speak of one Peirre Verree."

"Have you sworn to punish?"

"The same."

"And who is he?"

"My father." Juan answered with a quivering voice, and covered his face with his hands.

"Your father—and you have sworn to take his life."

"I have sworn to be revenged on him."

"And for what?"

"A wanton and vicious act, the murder of his slave, Virginia, and for abandoning me the offspring of her shame in bondage."

Duval regarded him with intense astonishment, he had never suspected such a secret of his friend, and now the startling revelation came upon him like a clap of thunder.

"You are surprised, and now that you know the secret of my life, you perhaps despise me."

"Juan such suspicions do wrong to your best friend. I know the generosity of your heart, the nobility of your nature, and care not for the circumstances of your birth, over which you had no control."

"Sinclair, you are above prejudice." Replied Juan, his eyes beaming forth the deep gratitude which was trembling in his breast. "But they—Beatrice and her father." His voice choked with emotion and he was unable to proceed.

"Do not despair," spoke Duval soothingly, "if you still deem it your duty to reveal the secret to them, do it boldly, as it is your custom to do every thing else; and I doubt not, but they will be ready to overlook the circumstances of your birth."

"Ah, if I could only hope that Signor Capello would prove as noble-hearted as you but you must consider that I scarcely know him; and how can I expect that he will regard me with so much favor."

"Then we will leave it to time, to teach him the generosity of your nature; and then if he be a man of reason, he will put aside all prejudice. But forgive me, Juan you have said you were born in slavery, how did you escape? you are not a fugitive?"

"No Sinclair, thank Heaven, I am not a fugitive, I obtained my liberty honorably. For years I toiled beneath the scorching rays of a southern sun, and the lash. Finally gained admittance into a first class hotel, where, by integrity and frugality, bless the thought, I acquired a sufficient sum of money to purchase my freedom. This accomplished, I fled with delight to a free state. From the first opportunity I ever had of visiting the Theatre, the representing of Tragedy always possessed a peculiar charm for me. I learned myself to read and soon began the study, met with encouragement among strangers, and in my profession, you see the result. No Sinclair I am not a fugitive."

"Dear Juan you will pardon the harmless reflection."

"Most freely, Sinclair, but I have sworn by all that is holy, the author of my infamy, if we ever meet, shall not go unpunished."

"It seems hard, though perhaps it is but just."

"That it is just, let Heaven witness."

"Hope on, hope ever," Sinclair smiled, "I mean not for revenge, but for the lovely Beatrice."

## CHAPTER VI.

"Well Pillington how is your health to-day?"

"Ha, ha, Livingston, Mr. Mortimore walk in, walk in, pretty well, thank you, glad to see you, walk in."

Was the substance of the greeting with which the latter two named gentlemen, entered Timothy's room at the Continental, on a fine afternoon, about four o'clock.

"How have you passed the day Tim?" Asked Livingston, sitting down, and proffering Mortimore a seat; making himself perfectly at home.

"O, fine, fine, though as you see I am a little late with my toilet, however, I did not rise this morning until eleven o'clock. But what do you think gents of my new doe skins? the first time I've had them on?"

"They set beautifully, particularly over the boot, and not a wrinkle in the leg to mar their shining blackness Tim they are splendid. Who's your tailor?"

Charles Stokes.

"The prince of clothiers."

"How do you like the vest?"

"Ah, new style eh! double breasted, lappelled pockets, and plain buttons—"

"Aw, single-breasted vests are becoming vulgar."

"They are, but yours Tim is decidedly *outré*."

"It has taken me some time to decide which cravat to wear; white is beautiful, but it has grown so common, that the very servants, waiters in the Hotel, are all wearing white cravats; an infringement upon us, aw, that ought not to be tolerated; 'pon my soul, however I have concluded to don my spotless black."

"Black is best."

"There, my toilet is done; how do you like to see the hair parted delicately behind?"

"O, fancy, fancy, why Tim you are a finished ladies' man."

"Ha, ha, aw, 'pon my soul, you flatter me Mortimore."

"No flattery—but Tim how is Miss Araminta?"

"O, charming, we shall see her this afternoon on the promenade. 'Tis now past four o'clock. Why 'pon my soul, Livingston, there she is now, on the other side, and in her new silk dress, what a charming white Stomacher, and what a sweet head-dress. See the gems in her bracelets, how they glisten, and mark the diamonds on her tapering fingers, outshine her jewelled eyes. Is she not superb?"

Besides, she's an heiress, ha, ha, ten thousand a year, 'pon my soul! Ah Mort, no need of the profession then, why I shall be able to import all my coats from Paris. Is she not a charming girl? But come we must enter upon our walk, and perhaps join her."

So saying, he drew on his finest coat, carefully placed his hat on his head, drew on his lilac kids, put on his gold spectacles, took down his cane, and stood before the glass a few minutes to arrange two or three disordered hairs, and announced himself ready to descend. They stepped into the corridor or hall, but ere he closed the door, Pillington instinctively returned to the reflector of beauty, the glass. Replaced his hat, arranged his spectacles properly over his eyes, brushed up his hair again, and rejoined his companions on the verandah near the street. They were soon mingled with the crowd of gay pleasure-seekers of Walnut and Chestnut streets. Passing down Walnut street, they saw Adelia and Louisa Duval, just coming out, they bowed "sweetly," as Timothy afterwards remarked and Livingston and Mortimore joined them, while Timothy himself, passed on, and soon enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of joining Araminta. How his heart palpitated, he colored and looked interesting. They walked together most lovingly, the "observed of all observers." Araminta was one of those amiable and accomplished creatures, whose beauty consists of all the varied accomplishments of the drawing-room and parlor,—Dress, Music, Drawing, Italian, and French, etc., The artificials, to the neglect of what is really refining and useful.

During the pleasant promenade, she informed Timothy with the most fascinating witchery, of the color and style of dress, she would appear in, at the Opera the following evening. He smiled interestedly, and whispered to her of several young ladies of his acquaintance, who would be present, but who were so infinitely inferior to her.—She gazed into his face, so exquisitely bewitchingly, that his enchanted feelings getting almost beyond his control, he could scarcely refrain from asking her a very important question, but the thought that her property might be mortgaged, intruded itself, placed the momentary quietus upon his feelings; and imparted a more judicious tone to his matrimonial calculations. They walked until the hour of six, when they parted, and he turned towards the Girard House, that palace of luxury and comfort. Entering his room, he carelessly threw himself upon the couch, and fell away into the following musing:—

"Well, Araminta is a gem, without mistake, she has promised me her hand that's true; true she will be mine, but then it will require some time yet, and my purse needs replenishing. I must contrive some way to satisfy the painful void; it has a doleful jingle and shows a very gaping mouth. Perhaps Livingston or Mortimore would help me, I will try them. But, thank fortune, I have at least one more pair of patents left yet—"

The gong sounding for tea, interrupted him.

Livingston, Muzzy Mortimore and the Duvals were in company but a very short time, when they separated, in fact their acquaintance



was quite accidental, moreover their feigned attention was anything but agreeable to the accomplished Duvals. Lawrence Livingston has already been described, but of Muzzy Mortimore we have yet a word to say. In height, Muzzy stood probably five feet six or seven inches; in feature and form, puffed up with self-conceit, his hair curly and short; forehead narrow and frowning, at the base of which a pair of cold grey eyes gleamed around, on all creation with speculative and unfeeling ridicule; his nasal organ was neither sharp nor aquiline, though partaking of a mixture of a certain species of the canine race of animals, termed, we believe, the *bull pup*. Of his mouth, chin, etc., we will say nothing, but on each cheek bone, he sported a small tuft of hair, intended for whiskers. Such is the facial outline of the black mouthed poodle, that once trotted over the good city of "brotherly love," in quest of items for his, six by nine, weekly sheet.

We cannot stay to describe the vehemence with which through the extensively circulated columns of the "Eye behind the Scenes," he pitched into those poor unfortunates, who "strut and fret," on the stage,—should they not prove sufficiently liberal towards him to purchase a critical and favorable "puff" of their varied merits as accurate delimiters of the Comic or the Tragic muse. It mattered not to him how weak the victim of his hate might be, his presumption was unlimited, all came in for a share of his scandal or his ridicule—from the man of general utility business, up to the horrible lessee, though his giant influence was of hurculian strength, yet Muzzy's hardy impudence prompted the puny attempt to bring even him to ridicule and public censure.

"But it was on the afternoon of the day following, Pillington's last interview with Araminta, that as he was standing at the window of his room, looking out, and watching the innumerable snow-flakes fall silently to the pavement below, he saw Araminta pass—

"Heavens, in a snow storm, with her new bonnet and dress." He exclaimed, quite aloud with surprise. And seizing his green umbrella, he hastened to the street, and soon overtook her, though not until in his precipitation, in descending the verandah he had upset the cabman, who, without the knowledge of the fact, stood in his way. But as he raised the beautiful "green" over the fastidious Araminta, he perceived for the first time, that it was far too small in circumference to shelter both, it having been purchased with the view of his own diminutive size only. However, there is one good grace to be accredited to Pillington, for when he saw it was too small for both, he did not gape like a bumpkin, nor apologize like a fool, as he afterwards remarked—some people are so absurd,—but he shielded her with it from the snow, and went himself unprotected.

On the following day Livingston Mortimore and Pillington were again in company at the latter's room. In the course of their retrospective dialogue, Pillington recounted the following, as occurring in the dusk of the evening previous.

"After I had conducted Araminta to her door, and, aw, received her pleasant smile, I was returning to my room, and when coming up Chestnut street near Fourth, my eye caught a glimpse of a peculiarly worded sign. The sign itself is shaped something like a huge wedge, the larger portion of it being secured against the house, and tapering off to a sharp point, hanging out over the door some two or three feet in length. On one side of the sign, was the figure of a large "Eye," and under it the words, "See the other side." My curiosity was up at its highest degree, and as I carefully, (for it was icy and slippery,) passed to the other side, on which was the words, "Look to your sight." I drew forth my glass, my spectacles not being sufficient, and while my hand was yet in my coat pocket, I slipped on the icy pavement, and fell my entire length in the snow. In a moment I was assisted to my feet by a small boy, an attendant at the store, and who it appears, saw me fall; I fell hard, and when I regained my feet, could scarcely stand. An old gentleman, proprietor of the store, I believe, also hastened to assist me, followed by two or three females of the store; but the gentleman stepped with too little care, in his officious zeal, slipped up and fell against the young lady next to him; she fell against the second lady, who falling also brought the third somehow or other, about my feet, and despite of the efforts of my juvenile assistant, we both went down on the snow covered ice, and there we lay, male and female, in a kind of promiscuous heap, incapable for some minutes, of unlocking and helping ourselves.

During Timothy's affected recital of his mishap, brought on by old Solomon Winkle's ancient sign, Livingston and Mortimore roared with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mortimore, "I witnessed similar scenes there, in front of old Winkle's, the optician's door, on several occasions, that sign of the 'Eye,' and 'See the other side,' has proved the means of bringing many a well enough disposed person in heavy contract with the pavement in slippery weather. And do you know Pillington, it was that very sign, that partially suggested to me the title of my paper?"

"Two copies of which I had in my pocket when I fell, and which I have lost, as well as cracked my glasses."

"Ha, ha, better for the business of old Winkle; Now you must take them, and have him repair or exchange them for you."

"Aw, I would do so, but I would not meet the gaze and encounter the merriment of those vixen girls again for a new pair of glasses; I would not 'pon my soul."

"But Tim," spoke Livingston, "you haven't told us yet altogether how your fall ended; How did you regain *terra firma*?"

"Well, that I can tell, precisely. I was assisted by some one, I know not who, but finally we all stood upright once more, and after a great deal of bowing, courtesying and scraping, the ladies hastened into the store, the old gentleman and boy followed slowly and I—left. I believe none of us were very seriously hurt, only I was awfully mortified, extremely mortified. I was indeed."



"It was a provoking, though, ludicrous scenes in which to be a unwilling actor, particularly in one's finest broad-cloth." Said Muzzy.

"Yes, and as is always my fate, I burst my pantaloons in both knees. Pillington replied.

"By the way, Tim, you go to the Opera to-morrow night?" Questioned Livingston.

"I do, of course; and should like to see you both there."

"Of that pleasure you shall not be denied."

"Araminta and I shall occupy a private box, already engaged. Ah, Mortimore, Arny is angelical. I know a number of young ladies by whom I am constantly admired, there is Laura, Ida, Wilhelmina and—"

"Cecelia—" suggested Livingston.

"She is beautiful, but there is none to equal Araminta. Ah, I wish you could see and appreciate the languid sweetness with which she pouts those incomparable cherry lips of hers, and she calls me her 'pet.'"

"And Poodle," laughed Muzzy.

"No, Mortimore, aw, you mistake, she does call me her 'pet,' and lap-dog."

He went to the Opera, and had a delightful talk with Araminta, who whispered from behind her fan and said, "it is very warm."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DENOUEMENT

The father of Beatrice Capello was a man, who had seen, perhaps fifty winters—proud, passionate and headstrong. During his youth he had been guilty of nearly, or quite all of the follies, which have been so frequently encountered in the wealthy, but unprincipled and licentious. He married happily, but his domestic happiness was not destined to flow on without interruption, for scarcely had he tasted of its delights, when the partner of his bosom died, leaving him as a pledge of departed affection, Beatrice—an only child. He did not marry again, but the remainder of his life seemed devoted to the happiness and improvement of Beatrice to this he consecrated his leisure and his fortune. It seemed his chief delight to see her grow up under his personal care, to watch the development of her mental and physical powers; and now that she had become a woman, all his happiness seemed centered in her, as before it had been centered in her mother, whose image was so like hers.

It has been said, that love is the *business* of woman's life, but only an *episode* in that of man. The love that Beatrice possessed for the noble Juan, was indeed her daily business; while Juan's, if an episode only, it proved the absorption of his entire better nature. He was in her company almost daily. And it was several weeks after their first interview, that on the afternoon appointed mutually by them, that hand in hand, and with eyes beaming unutterable affection upon each other, they entered her father's library, to receive his kind approval and blessing upon their anticipated union. And strange, that very day, more forcibly than at any other time, Signor Capello, was absorbed in revolving through his mind, the consequent result, and real propriety of Juan and his daughter's frequent interviews. He had but of late, noted the deep attachment which they seemed to possess for each other; and began to reflect upon the propriety of giving his only daughter to one, who in fact, as yet seemed to him, but little more than a stranger. To his dislike of the profession—he knew there were a few exceptions, and if Juan should prove of birth sufficiently noble, the profession which could easily be dropped, should not militate against him, if he really loved Beatrice.

Antonia's mind thus already dwelling upon the subject, though little thinking their request so near, soon recovered from the momentary surprise which their entrance, and his daughter's words gave him. Listening to her confession, that she loved the man whose hand she clasped before him, and had come, desiring his blessing on their betrothal. He looked on them a moment, with all a father's

tenderness, then bade her leave him a few moments of private converse with Juan.

Down cast and reluctant she obeyed, and returned to the parlor, leaving Juan and her parent alone.

Soon as she retired, Capello was the first to speak, and addressing himself to Juan, said:

"You will not condemn a father's care for his only child—you will pardon this, for you will allow I am right in endeavoring to make myself acquainted as fully as possible, ere the die is cast, with the man whom I shall call my son. Allow me, Sir Juan to ask you of your family descent."

An inward trembling, which he was scarcely able to conceal, seized Juan at this, but with a degree of mingled despondency and firmness, he answered:

"To this Signor Capello, I had made up my mind, to honestly inform you of all, before I would wed Beatrice, your lovely daughter. But alas, now I fear if I do so, I can never claim her as my bride."

"Speak on, your honesty, is at least one good feature in your character, for which I already feel a stronger interest for you, speak on." The old gentleman replied, anxiously.

"To be frank, Signor Capello, I am an orphan, and it gives me pain, alas, to revert to the days of my sufferings and deep wrongs—but you shall know them. Alas, Signor I know not my father—I only know—"

Capello started and turned pale. Perhaps the recollection of his youthful vices crossed his brain, or it may be, that his regard for Juan was changed to contempt. With his arms folded on his breast Juan sat and watched in silence the effect of his confession upon the high minded Signor, who glancing at him with a burthened silence enquired:

"Do you remember your mother?"

"I do, Signor. She is dead now."

"Your mother is dead?"

"She was murdered."

"Murdered, how?"

"She was whipped, so that she died."

"You are not an American, then—you were not born in this country, were you?"

"I was born in Columbia, the capital of the state of South Carolina, and it was there, that in accordance with my cruel father's directions, and for an imputed crime only, my mother was whipped, after which, he sold me, with a small sister, to the proprietor of an adjoining plantation, and leaving us thus, in bondage for life, fled, no one could tell wither—"

"Then you are a slave, by birth? and, an—no you cannot be an African, you are too light." Capello hissed, rather than spoke.

"You are pale—horror struck, I see,—but—"

"Go on." Murmured Capello.

"Yes, I was born a slave, but having since purchased myself

from those who claimed me, I am now free. My mother was a Quadroon, owned by my father, who was a white man; in the finding of whom I intend to spare no efforts; not to claim him as a father, but to take revenge on him, for my own and my mother's wrongs. Such Signor Capello is, my short but humiliating history."

Juan walking to and fro, excited by the consciousness of his own degradation, paused, and concluded—

"And now I ask you, Signor Capello, frankly, can you grant me your daughter's hand in marriage?"

Antonio Capello stupified with horror, made no reply; but remained gazing on the agitated Juan in silence.

"Speak!" cried Juan earnestly, "can she be mine?"

Capello pressed his trembling hands over his brow, and in a husky voice answered:

"Oh, impossible!"

Juan no longer hoped; yet the painful interest that Capello had taken in him, appeared to allow him room to question further, and he inquired:

"Why impossible?"

"She is—oh Heavens, yes, yes I will confess it—"

"Then speak; she is—"

"Your sister."

"My sister?"

"Yes—I am Verrce, your father."

Juan for a moment, in turn, was stupified and speechless; while his glaring eyes, fixed on the speaker, seemed in their intensity of gaze, to be starting from his head. He was startled as if just awakening from the embrace of a viper. At length the spell was broken, and stepping abruptly before the Signor, he ejaculated:

"Did I hear correctly, Signor Antonia Capello? Did you say you are my father?"

"I am." Said Capello calmly.

"Then hear me," said Juan in a changed and passionate voice.

"I have said, I would punish the oppressor of my mother, for he acted basely, inhumanly, and Signor if you are he, I insult and defy you on the spot, I hesitate not to call you murderer."

"How!" cried Capello starting to his feet, and imperceptibly drawing a knife from his inside pocket, and secreting in his hand

"You are a cowardly villain!" Exclaimed Juan fiercely.

The quick, fiery blood of rage, mounted to Capello's brow, and trembling in every muscle with passion; he strode furiously towards Juan raised his hand, but ere his heavy blow descended upon his son, he strangely restrained himself, white with rage, and quivering in every fibre of his body, he hissed:

"Young man, I see you would seek a quarrel with me but insult me as you will, I cannot forget that I am your father."

"Ha, the memory of the relationship returns upon you at a most happy moment since you can use it as a smooth excuse for cowardice. But why, may I ask, did you not think of this

my mother was groaning in the agonies of death, beneath the bloody lash, and when your son, as you now call me, toiled and wept beneath the galling oppression of slavery?

"Your son!" continued Juan, striking the table fiercely, "and for that very reason your mortal enemy. And now that I have found you, my own and my mother's wrongs shall not go un-avenged."

"Juan, calm yourself," said Capello, quite recovering his self-possession. "This is a subject that should not be handled rashly. In the first place, consider that in spite of all your taunts and insults, I will never raise my hand against you."

"Because I am your son, and because you regard me with paternal tenderness," said Juan, with a most withering sneer.

"I repeat it, I will never fight with you; I will never take your life—murderer though you call me, neither shall you take mine, nay do not start, but hear me; I acknowledge that I have done wrong, and that you have a perfect right to hate—to punish me; if Heaven wills, I will die, but not by the hand of a son."

"If Heaven wills it—"

"Yes, if Heaven wills it, I will terminate my own existence—punish myself."

Hesitating a moment, Juan gazed intently into the calm, plotting face of his father. His eye caught their figures reflected in full length and outline, in a massive, Spanish mirror, which extended nearly the entire length of the room, immediately before them Juan advancing to the old gentleman's side, said:—

"Signor Capello, deign to cast a glance in that splendid reflector there?"

Instinctively, as it were, Capello's eyes sought the glass. He looked, and saw his own, and his son's countenances and forms reflected side by side; in every lineament, and in every feature, how like each other? Both beheld a remarkable resemblance. To the parent it seemed an unpleasant "reflection," and his brow lowered as Juan continued:—

"See, old dotard, how like each other our faces are? in truth, though born a slave, my skin is as fair, as white as thine. So you are my father, the author of my degradation and slavery, the oppressor and murderer of my mother?"

He grasped the old man by the hand. Capello writhed, and twisted, and struggled to unloose the death-like hold of his avenging son—his hand was on his throat.

"Villain!" cried Juan, in revenge, "your game is played." Capello grasped for his knife. "You destroyed the mother, and now by treacherous plotting would kill the son, but amid the exposed fragments of your hellish scheme, broken into as many atoms as your vast reflector. Die! no longer call me son."

Saying which, he with the redoubled strength of despair and revenge, hurled him into the centre of his massive looking-glass,

breaking it into ten thousand peices, and cutting him in a shocking manner about the head and face. The alarm occasioned by the crash, was immediate and astonishing. Capello halloed "Murder!" and Beatrice screamed, "Help! help!" while Pillington, who in making his rounds, had called in to see her, while Juan and her father were together in the library,—frightened beyond his wit's ends, sprang to his feet, seized his cane, and in delirious amazement, whirled it around and above his head, exclaimed, with tragic vehemence:

"Aw, goodness gracious, what can be the matter; aw, we shall all be killed. Watch, watch, where are the officers? O, goodness, we shall be killed, 'pon my soul."

He ran to the street, wrung his hands in his intense excitement, and battered the large door with his cane until the latter flew from his hand in splinters, when he ran up and down the pavement in front of the house, exclaiming:

"Murder! murder! where's the officers? we shall all be killed."

For a second he paused, as if to think, and the next moment, he was not to be found within at least four squares of Capello's mansion. He fled, muttering bitter lamentations concerning the irreparable loss of his little cane.

When the accumulated crowds of alarmed citizens burst into the room, they found the father and son still struggling for the mastery. Fortunately, Juan was unarmed. He was removed, and held under arrest by the proper authorities, until Capello should sufficiently recover from the several contusions about his head, to institute his charge against the angry Juan.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

By the promptitude and friendly devotion of Sinclair Duval, Juan was allowed his conditional liberty on bail.

Several days subsequent to his social interview with his best friend,—in which he informed him to his utter astonishment, of the late discovery of his father—he was seated in social converse with the amiable Cecelia. He entered her presence, in the profoundest gloom and seriousness. Sitting down by her side, he gave vent to his overcharged feelings in the language of Hamlet's soliloquy, commencing:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question.  
Whether it is nobler in the mind, to suffer the stings  
And arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take up arms against  
A sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them—"

"Well, I declare Juan, you are always gloomy," Cecelia interrupted him laughing, "what new troubles have you met with now, talking about suicide to-day. Why Juan to say the least you can of it, do you not think that such is never the mind of a hero; Despair never enters the mind of a true hero. Be merry and laugh where you are inclined to weep, be a conqueror in life's busy strife."

"Indeed Cecelia, it gladdens me, I assure you, to find you in such a merry mind. Your advice is congenial, healthy and good. 'Tis cowardly, unmanly to despair; But, by the way, is this the careless manner, in which you allow your jewelry to lay about?"

And he took up, and opened a beautiful gold encased medallion.

"Heigho," Cecelia sighed, in confusion and heaviness, "a likeness of a dear absent one. Humph, the recollections associated with the picture will make me sad."

"It is a pretty picture; may I ask of whom it is a likeness? Not yourself,—though to confess the truth, it resembles you closely."

"Oh Juan, do not question longer upon a subject entwined with the tenderest chords of my heart; for touching but one disturbs all; calling up a train of reflections, shrouded in sadness. And yet to tell the truth, it is a subject of which I have often thought I would like to tell you. O, that I might possess wholly to myself your generous confidence, for gay as you may sometimes find me, yet rest assured, Juan, I have my pensive moments as well as you, I am sad now, your questions have called up a succession of thoughts, which will make me sad the remainder of the day."

"Cecelia I regret that my thoughtless interrogations should be the cause of your present gloom and pain."

"Juan, you at least, are not at fault. These sad recollections, will intrude themselves, at times upon my gayest moments."

"Cecelia, I regret you are unhappy, but if you deem me in the least worthy of your confidence, and if there is any sacrifice that I can make for you, tell me all; speaking may relieve you."

"Can you keep a secret, Juan, inviolate?"

"I can."

"Never to reveal it, never to prove recreant to the sacred trust reposed in you?" Spoke Cecelia, calmly.

"Not if the Heavens should fall," Juan answered, firmly, and raising in calm composure his right hand towards Heaven.

"Then you shall know the secret of my life. The picture you now hold in your hand, is the likeness of my mother, who is now dead. It was penciled and presented to her, before she came to America."

"She was—" Paused Juan, reviewing the portrait.

"A beautiful Quadroon," Cecelia answered, "majestic and beautiful as ever Creole was; but she was—Juan on your solemn avowment that you will lock the secret tightly in your breast?"

"I will," he exclaimed, almost breathless with attention and interest. "She is dead you say."

"Yes—"

"Well?"

"She was unfortunately, the property of a wealthy planter of St Jago de, Cuba."

"His name?"

"I almost forget. It has been so long since I have heard it. But he removed to South Carolina, and I was their born—a slave."

Burying her face in her lap, she murmured:—

"And I had a brother."

She sobbed convulsively her deep consciousness of her hapless degradation. Bitterest tears bedewed her face, beautiful even with the infamous brand of slave.

"Her death—was it natural?" Juan stammered, deeply affected with interest in her sorrow.

"It was not; He afterwards hated her, and upon some frivolous charge, had her punished, so that she died."

"Her name was—"

"Virginia!" Replied Cecelia, starting up at his changed and strange manner. He was painfully excited, and while the large drops of perspiration oozed through the pores and stood out upon his forehead, and face in chilling drops, he trembled; and groaned:

"Oh, Virginia—my sister—my poor mother!" He fell to the floor, by the side of his sister, where by a number of disconnected sentences, Cecelia understood that he was indeed, her long lost brother. He had changed his name, which with other circumstances contributed to keep them unknown to each other, until this last disclosure. Their tears of inexpressible joy, were mingled together in one soothing balm of consolation and relief. It was some time,

ere both recovered from the shock, and when they did revive, they clasped each other in a long and affectionate embrace.

When at length they became sufficiently composed to converse more satisfactorily and free, there was one thought which still embittered the peculiar joy of the unfortunate Cecelia. It was her late acquaintance with the fashionable Lawrence Livingston. The sad remembrance started her tears afresh. But when she again grew calm, Juan affectionately said:—

"Cecelia you are aware, how that from the moment I first learned of your intimacy with Livingston, I have been pained deeply to know the fact of your acquaintance with one who is so far beneath you in every view, and whom I have held in contempt for so long a time. But Cecelia now that we know each other in a different and more endearing relation—Brother and Sister, it is natural that I should feel a still greater regard for your happiness and welfare through life—a stronger interest in asking you to discard the company of Livingston, to shun him as you would a venomous reptile, that has already attempted the life of your brother. But I forget, I should not speak so now. Cecelia you will think no more of this?"

"Brother is this so, Livingston has assaulted you; Oh, would to Heaven, I had never known him. May the lightning fledge pinions of God's retributive wrath arrest, and bring him to a quick account. The brand of the infamous Cain, be indelibly stamped in lines of liquid flame upon his brow, that he be an outcast and a vagabond on the earth."

"How my sister, why this sweeping annathema?"

"He has assailed you, and wronged me deeply." She replied in a faltering voice.

"Wronged my sister!—oh! alas! I feared this,—found my sister but to avenge her!"

He would have hastily left the apartment, but the cries of anguish from Cecelia detained him for several minutes, during which time she prevailed upon him not to rush precipitately into danger. He grew more composed, but equally firm in his resolution of revenge. Retaking his seat by her side, she now, in answer to his questions, informed him of the manner in which she gained her liberty from bondage. Said that after she had been engaged at one of the largest hotels of Charleston city, a Mr. Linford of Baltimore seemed to take an interest in her, and ere he left for his home, he purchased her, and took her with him. Arrived in Baltimore, and scarce twelve months after he had purchased her, he was taken severely ill, and in a short time died. On his death bed and nearly the last thing he said, he in the presence of witnesses spoke her free. After the death of her master, she choose to remain with her mistress, for a considerable time, whom she liked very much, and from whom she received a tolerable education. But her mistress soon followed her master, in death, and thus she was thrown upon herself for support. She conceived and cultivated a taste for the public stage, and thus while

aiming at excellence in the tragic art she found her way to Philadelphia.

She had scarcely concluded, when they were both startled by a rap at the door. Cecelia knew the sound, and trembling with fear was silent. Without much delay, however, and without awaiting the invitation, the affable but villainous Livingston, bowed himself into the room. He was disconcerted not a little, on recognizing by the side of the fair Cecelia, his late antagonist in the duel. Juan sprang towards him, and closed the door. Livingston ran his hand almost imperceptibly over his person, as if in search of some weapon of defence, but disappointed at finding he was unarmed, he muttered a hasty and forced apology, and desired the privilege of leaving the room peaceably, as he came.

"Villian, do we meet again?" Gritted Juan, as he turned and confronted him. "What do you here?"

"Tush, what is that to you? 'twere better for the present, that you allow me to depart." Livingston replied with some degree of assumed dignity.

"Not until you account to me, for this abrupt intrusion into this apartment." Juan hissed.

"Ha! by what authority do you make such a demand?"

"Upon the authority of a brother; prepared to shield a sister's honor, and fully able to avenge her wrongs." Juan replied sternly.

"A brother," Livingston sneered. "Cecelia the sister of a fugitive?"

"Stay, I'll none of this. She is my sister," hissed Juan, advancing to the mantle-piece, and laying his hand on a pistol, he continued. "'Tis time to close this parley, here are pistols, take one and defend your miserable life."

"But that would be unequal, I would not risk my life with a slave."

"Cowardly insulter, say that again, and you die on the spot. Here, villian, must I force you to defend yourself, take this, and let us not meet again." Said Juan extending him one of the pistols.

He seized it with an eager grasp and as Juan turned to walk to the middle of the room, hastily fired, but Juan, unharmed, turned quickly, and seizing him by the throat, would, without discharging his pistol, have strangled him to death, but Cecelia having recovered sprang between them, shrieking, "Oh, Juan, kill him not, kill him not," saved him. Her impulsive sympathy prevailed, and Juan exacting a promise of honor on her behalf, permitted Livingston to leave which he did with secret vengeance burning in his heart.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE LOVERS.

Leaving Cecelia in the care of her brother, we will now transport the reader to that beautiful place of fashionable resort, during the summer season, Cape May.

'Tis a moon-light eve; and over the snow white sand and pebbles of the shore, sparkle in the bright light, the vast resplendant beach glittering as the jewelled band of ocean; over which the same silvery light continues as if bathing in the reflection of a spacious mirror. The sea itself, calm and unruffled, reposed, as if lulled at last, by his own constant rocking into quiet sleep. Along the shore are scattered groups of visitors of nearly every age, of both sexes, and from all parts of the union. And "Ah," shall we sigh, the heart of many a young girl, beats quick and high, as, leaning confidently on the arm of her lover, she listens to his soft empassioned vows of constancy and still increasing love. Among the happy throng along the romantic beach, we encounter the Duvals, Sinclair, and his two sisters, Adelia and Louisa.

The sea seemed glassy in silence, and the gay, merry laugh from many a full, free heart bounded out from the shore, upon his calm, silvery surface, and danced away into distant echo.

Leaving Sinclair in company with a Miss Lindsay of the city, and the two sisters having taken their leave of their gay gallants, we will follow them to the quiet reception at the Hotel, where the following in substance passed between Louisa and Adelia:

"O, Louisa, what a delightful place this Cape May is, to be sure; So romantic, and yet so gay. Such a splendid beach, and such pleasant zephyrs from the sea, and then such company; O, I declare, I am quite sorry our stay here is to be so short."

"And so am I, for it seems to me Adelia, that I could be happy here forever, particularly for such pleasant excursions over the beach, among the *diamonds* and shells, as we have had this evening, —but soft, did you mark Marston; O was he not delightful and gay?"

"And Lemuel was nearly bewitching, and with his happy companion appeared enchanted, well, I think I shall yet like him as a brother."

Adelia colored, at the sudden allusion to her evening gallant. But the gay, laughing Louisa prattled away at a humorous rate, until the apartment rang again with her merry laugh; She was the youngest of the two sisters, and differed with Adelia both in disposition and person. She was not quite so tall—with less dignity, but her vivacious and happy wit, appears as harmless as it ever was, entertaining. Though born at the sunny South, they were liberally educated at the North. Their father, Elmer Duval of French

educated at the North. Their father, Elmer Duval of French extraction, and late of South Carolina was possessed of considerable wealth.

Adelia feigned a participation in her sister's mirth, and to divert attention from herself, spoke of her pleasure at seeing their brother Sinclair so happy in the company of Miss Lindsay.

"O, yes," laughed Louisa, "I was delighted to see them enjoy themselves so much, but I thought I would have died with delight, at observing the sentiment and grace of Timothy; O, did you ever in your life, meet with such a fine, delicate, and fastidious little fellow. With what poetry, and exquisite nicety he 'aw,' describes the 'aw,' beautiful, 'aw,' moonlight scene, 'aw,' ha, ha."

"Pshaw, Louisa, how can you speak so, of such a soulless sentimental, brainless fop."

"You do not fancy him Adelia, but to-night I am pleased with all."

"Particularly with Mr. Marton." Said Adelia.

The sprightly Louisa, was of a rosy hue naturally; but the name just syllabled in her ear, visibly deepened her healthful color. For a second her countenance fell, and she appeared more beautiful than ever. She raised her eyes languidly, and casting her arms about her sister's neck, kissed her, and whispered:—

"Yes—but is not my sister happy in my choice?"

"Dear Louisa, I am." She returned affectionately.

The season of pleasure at the Capes, closed. And the latter portion of the months of September and October, were passed by them in Philadelphia, where the Theatre, Opera and other places of amusement came in for a goodly share of their attention.

On arriving in the city, Sinclair again sought out his friend, Juan; who informed him of his discovery that Cecelia, the Actress, was his long unknown sister.

"But," he added. "Capello has removed, whither, none can definitely tell, but I have very strong reasons for believing he has gone South; I must follow him, for be revenged I will, if I have to seek him in the midst of my enemies."

"Juan, reflect; go among your enemies you most assuredly will if you retrace your steps South. Give over this mad pursuit of revenge; and let Providence deal with him; remembering, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay.'"

"Sinclair are you indeed serious, have you so soon forgotten your late promise? vengeance belongeth to the Lord, I allow, but does he operate without the instrument or means, does he not often punish men and nations, for their crimes by their fellow men? but Sinclair, I cannot argue the subject; if you cannot consent to accompany me, I shall love you none the less, but must go alone. But enough of this for the present, 'tis a gloomy subject at best, let us speak of something else;—how have you enjoyed yourself since I saw you?"



"Well, indeed; been down to the Capes, and had a pleasant time."  
 "Right glad to hear it; how is Adelia and the gay Louisa?"  
 "Fine, fine, in excellent spirits, and wish to see you much."  
 "Thanks; I shall visit them. How is Mr. Duval and lady?"  
 "Quite well, in a few days they leave for home."  
 "Ah! you will not remain? cannot we journey together?"  
 "We can; but Juan, I fear for you."  
 "Ha, ha, not for my arrest as a fugitive?"  
 "No, but for the disagreeable consequences of your hot pursuit of vengeance."  
 "Leave that to me; there is less certainty of detection at the South than here."  
 "Juan I do not wish to be a participant in your crime, but promise me that you will not seek Capello, and we will still journey together the best of friends."  
 "That I will not seek him, I promise; with the codicil on the back of that, that if he crosses my path, he shall die."  
 "That will do, your hand in confirmation of this, and we will say no more on the subject."



CECILIA.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE DISUNION CONSPIRATORS.

In the city of Charleston, and at the still hour of midnight, in the month of December, and from the beautiful pleasure ground—the "Battery," a solitary boat pushed out from the shore; quiet and quick it glides out towards the middle of the bay. A dense, dark cloud just leaving the moon unobscured, we are enabled by her welcome light to see the boat some four hundred yards from us, and moving directly for an inverted bend of the thick foliaged wild-wood skirting the opposite shore. On, on in silence, it glides over the dark waters, like a self-moving thing of life. It strikes the shore, two men leap out, and making the boat fast beneath a clump of bushes, that hang over and dip the water; in five minutes, they approach a large, old manor-house, closed tightly from basement to top, and situated in the midst of a most beautiful inclosure of flowers and forest trees, in which universal solitude seems to be the reigning monarch. But the two men approach the main entrance of the mansion, and giving the secret signal, they are immediately admitted, and completed a group of some twelve or thirteen dark clad men of diversified temperaments and mental endowments. But without entering into a description of them separately we will give a single glance round the room. It is a spacious apartment, the largest in the house. A single lamp is the only vessel of light in the room, and which stands on a long, plain table, upon which lay scattered a number of half written manuscripts, sundry papers, notes, etc., imparting to the deserted old hall, a faint air of business. Around the table are arranged perhaps a dozen or more of old fashioned, high back mahogany chairs, in them are seated our new company of men, all more or less absorbed in the examination of the portentous papers before them. At the far end of the table and next to the lamp, sits a personage possessed of strangely striking features, and movements; he has already been introduced to the reader, as Signor Antonio Capello. The rapid, penetrating glances of his large black eyes, as he interestedly scans the numerous writings, give proof of the restless spirit within. Lifting his eyes from the papers for a moment and glancing hastily round the table, he remarked to his companions:—

"Well gentlemen, friends, we have had an excellent time of it, to-day, at least."

"Excellent indeed." Dropped in congratulation from several of the company.

"With brave Richard we can say truly, 'the work goes bravely on. The convention to-day, besides evincing their determined spirit in various well-drunk toasts, have published a number of gratifying

speeches, and passed resolutions, breathing in every line, an unswerving determination of severing at the cannon's mouth, and with the sword, the American Union."

A slight degree of favorable agitation, was quite susceptible round the board in the hurried glances of approval, from one to the other but in a moment, all eyes rested on the speaker, who continued:—

"Already we have the state legislature with us, her written pledges in black and white. They are about to meet in convention, when by one bold, undivided act of *secession*, they will declare and publish to the world, that South Carolina, is free from the yoke of Northern aggression and tyranny forever."

"Ha! ha! truly encouraging," laugh the listening group

At this free out spoken approval, Capello grew animated and flushed, with a feeling of triumph he arose to his feet, and in strains warm and vehement, continued:—

"Aye, gentleman, my word and fortune for the truth of the declaration; South Carolina, the glorious old palmetto state, shall yet stand the bright centre of the entire South, refulgent and free; all are watching our movement in the present crisis, to follow us in a solid Phalanx against the North; and then holy brothers, the Order of 'Jeshurun,' assisted by the warm blooded sons of the South, shall strike deep their governing principles, and make South Carolina their secure seat of power. If they do not, then I wish to live no longer, so let Heaven blast me. But come, let us drink to our certain success, and thus while we devise to conquer, let our motto be—'Extended rule.'"

As they toss off the exciting champagne, we will say by the way, that seven of these disunionists, are secretly, active Jesuits, leagued together as the order of "Jeshurun" for the purpose of subjugating the United States to their domination, by every subtle and crafty means which their natures and sworn cunning may suggest, their motto, as we have seen it to be—"To divide is to conquer," while the mystic signification, of their ecclesiastic name is—Priest craft, Deception and War.

The champagne had passed among them but once, when one of the company was called to the door, by another signal from without. The "pass," was demanded, and "Secession," as promptly given, the door opened, and the new comer entered in the person of a youthful, though dignified looking man; his hair was bushy and full, and a heavy moustache, covered his upper lip; which, was it not for an almost perpetual smile, and a benignant eye, would have imparted a considerable degree of sternness of purpose, and invincibility of will to his entire face. But he advanced among the assembled secessionists, with a graceful, easy air, at once modest and respectful. At an invitation to join them in their sentiments of the evening, he pleasantly spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen and brothers of the same happy Order, allow me to give the 'coming crisis'—may the bold sons of South Carolina in pleading her rights, go on conquering and to conquer."

It was drunk off with a universal murmur of satisfaction.

"Another," Said the same person, "and then you allow me to take a glance on those documents I see scattered over the board, it looks like business. Secession stock no doubt is on the advance, it must advance; but the toast. 'Our sister states of the South, identified with us in sentiment, feeling and interest will not, cannot be against us in the approaching contest of state sovereignty.'"

They joined in the sentiment with boisterous glee, and having emptied his glass, the stranger, who, by the way, was one of the "Palmetto Cadets," turned to look over the manuscripts on the table, he glanced over the several notes of allegiance, read them and smiled. Ten or fifteen minutes more, and they all drank again to their future success. It was long past midnight, when in groups of three and four, they sauntered down towards their boats, which were drawn from their secret cove, and filled with the celerity of thought, all were pushing hurriedly from the shore, when they were startled by a gurgling shriek from the stranger. As they all turned towards him, they beheld him struggling wildly with the rising billows, they hastened to the rescue, and succeeded in drawing him from the foaming and dashing surf, safely to land. As he arose to the surface of the water, the moon shining down brightly upon him, revealed to their utter amazement, the long, flowing hair, and pallid countenance of a woman. The false *moustache* had been washed away, and her sex was no longer concealed.

"By my faith, a woman!" Exclaimed the wonder stricken secessionists, as they gathered around her.

"'Tis strange, what could have been her object? she still lives."

"Curiosity is a plague to some, but to her we see it has well nigh proved death."

"A woman, say you? Capello enquired coming up with the company assembled around the bewildered woman

"Yes a woman." Duval laughed, "ha, ha, Capello we have the ladies with us."

"There must be some secret here; back to the manor, and bear her with you, back to the manor." Capello commanded, more than solicited.

But ere they reached the mansion, she revived, and fearfully shrieked:

"Oh, father, father save me!"

"Heavens! 'tis Beatrice; my daughter how is this?" Exclaimed the afflicted Capello, smitten almost beyond endurance.

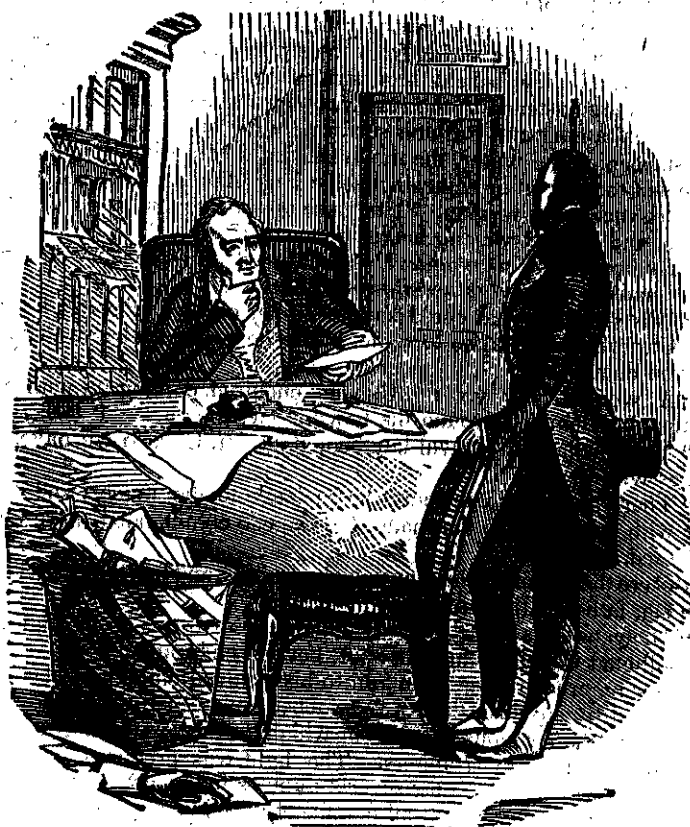
He staggered, rather than ran to his beloved child, and clasping her surf-dripping form in his arms, sobbed convulsively. They were borne into the spacious room from which, but a few minutes before, they departed entire strangers. The light was procured, and then the secessionists gazed for several minutes in wonder upon a scene that appeared to hold them all completely spell-bound.

"Oh, my father, forgive me; oh father forgive—" She exclaimed in the deepest penitance.

"Beatrice, my daughter, why have you acted thus with me? O

what have I ever done Beatrice, to merit such deception, why have you thus pursued me?"

And as though still to assure himself that he was not mistaken in the person, and voice of his daughter, he tore the tightly buttoned coat and vest from her person, which disclosed her silken dress yet quite dry. Next the pants were removed, and she stood in their midst a lovely woman again, in her own attire. She then gave her cause for thus visiting them; being her love of adventure. A full explanation being given, they all congratulated her on her escape from drowning, and hinted that she must have drank too many toasts at the meeting; this she archly denied, and soon they were on their way home once more, rejoicing.



THE PLOT

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE RUSE.

In due course of time the case of Juan and Capello, came up for trial. Juan and his friend were punctual and prompt, in appearing at the bar of justice, but Capello failing to appear against his son, Juan was acquitted. Shortly after, he left the city in company with Sinclair Duval.

It was on a beautiful afternoon in the month of January, they were walking arm in arm along the most wealthy portion of King street, Charleston. Though in January, the sun shone down over the city bright and warm. King street being their fashionable avenue of promenade, the beaux and belles were out in their gayest colors, and presented to the eye of the animated observer, a scene at once picturesque and pleasing.

Juan and Sinclair, were passing along gaily and enjoying the busy scene, with a zest; when among others, a beautiful barouche, drawn by a couple of black horses, attracted their momentary attention.

"That's a splendid establishment," Juan remarked to his friend.

"It is, and I almost envy its owner"

"Those blacks move beautifully; so regularly and even, but see they have stopped at Clarksons let us hasten on and get a peep at those inside."

They quickened their paces, and reached the store just as one of the vassals opened the coach door, cast down the steps, and the young lady descended to the side walk.

"As I live, it is Beatrice!" Ejaculated Duval to Juan, the latter started with surprise. She looked up, and recognizing Sinclair, smiled complacently, he raised his hat, and returned her easy bow. For a second her gaze sought Juan, she smiled, but it was cold and withering, and she hastened into the store.

"Ahem, Sinclair, she does know us, I believe?"

"Without doubt; but she is the very last person I expected to meet here so soon."

"Her smile on you seemed bewitching; but on me it was changed in a moment, to the most venomous sneer; her father surely cannot have told her of our relationship?"

"How could he have done so, without exposing himself?" Joined Duval.

"He could not. Then she must have thought of our wrestling exercises in the parlor, in Philadelphia."

"'Tis that, without doubt."

"Well that may wear off, at least I hope so, for I cannot forget she is still my sister."

"Stay Juan, here is the St. Charles, a 'splendid establishment,' also, let us enter." Duval said, as they entered this luxuriant palace on King street, where we will now leave them, and rejoin the amiable Beatrice, some two hours after. Returned to her home, a noble edifice in the upper part of the city; she is now informing her father of having seen Juan and Duval.

"Juan here?" He exclaimed with astonishment, repeating her words. "What evil fate has sent him here, so close upon my heels. Can it be possible he yet pursues me, else why does he follow me thus so closely. But leave me Beatrice, your company awaits you below, I would be alone."

"Oh! father what mystery, what evil hangs around your every action—your life—"

"There, there, go my daughter; do not question me, I have now several letters of importance to reply to, and would be alone."

The affectionate Beatrice retired obediently.

"Well, well, this is news indeed," Capello muttered, approaching his desk. "Why does that scoundrel haunt me thus? How foolish I've been, after all, in not having him secured in jail for life, why the rascal, attempted to murder me, and I let him off; Tush, what stupidity; and he yet pursues me, ah, I shall not play with him again, nor will I take his life; no, I can put him away without that risk, ha, I'll write an advertisement, insert it in two or three papers, and if that don't do the business, he shall be arrested. Yes, zounds, he shall go back into slavery again, he's pluck too, to come back here, as he has, right into the lion's den, to, to speak, but—"

The door opened and his servant announced a visitor in the person of a member of the order of Jeshurune.

"Did he send his name?" Capello enquired of his slave.

"Yes Sir—Dafrone."

"Show him up."

The door closed, and in two minutes more, Monsieur Dafrone entered the library, and was greeted by the smiling Capello.

"Ah, Monsieur Dafrone, you are the very gentleman whom I have just wished to see, I have a little affair, in which you can assist me; will you do so?"

"With pleasure—of what nature is the matter?"

"Be seated, and I will tell you. You see I'm going to put these few lines in the paper, and I wish you to act as my deputy, in my place you know, and attend to the applicants who may call in reference to it. The person with whom I wish the engagement effected, is known by the name of Juan, he has played in most of the Theatres at the North. You will have the applicants call at your office, and you can just act in the matter as I farther direct; will you attend to it? if so your reward shall be handsome."

"I will, with the greatest of pleasure."

"Very well; I anticipate but little trouble in getting the proper person."



THE FATHER AND HIS SLAVE SON.

One week subsequent, as Juan unfolded the morning paper, that had just been brought into the room by the servant, his eye fell upon the alluring advertisement, which had appeared for several days, without attracting his notice, and the projector of the scheme was about to abandon the design as a failure. Juan read it over at first with but little interest, but every additional reading seemed to clothe it with more of interest and reality. He folded the paper up, and sought his friend, Sinclair, whom finding in his study, saluted him with a pleasant good morning, and placed the advertisement before him, saying:—

“Read, and tell me what you think of it.

Sinclair complied, and read, as follows;

Wanted,—An accomplished American Tragedian, for her Majesty's Theatre, at Madrid, Spain; a handsome salary may be expected, call immediately at No—Broad street. The vessel sails in a few days.

“It reads very well; But do you think of applying for it?”

“I do, will you go along?”

“I will, and recommend you to her Majesty's agent. For Hamlet, Hamlet, and Othello, will take the Spaniards by storm; and your Capello create a new era in the drama.”

“Come, come, Sinclair, what do you mean?”

“Why the looking-glass scene in Capello's parlor, at Philadelphia, ha! ha!”

“That was a crash, indeed, and no mistake.”

“A scene sufficiently thrilling to bring the house down with cries of——”

The sentence was broken off by a hearty laugh from each of them, and they started in search of the office on Broad street; which after a few minutes walk they entered, and were greeted with the blandest smile of which Monsieur Dafrone was capable. He invited them into his private office, which was furnished in a splendid style, more indeed like a palace chamber than a place of business; and which still confirmed Juan's good opinion of her Majesty's agent. After inquiring the name of his new applicant, the hearing of which gave him concealed gratification, he commenced out of form, to question Juan in regard to his capabilities, of which he received abundant and satisfactory testimonials; and an engagement, at an extravagant salary, was immediately effected. They took their leave of Monsieur Dafrone, receiving with thanks his urgent solicitation of paying him another visit before the vessel sailed.

In the meanwhile, Timothy Pillington, still revolves his delicately cologned existence round the Continental, Philadelphia. It was in the evening of a “tedious, dismal day,” which he had spent in “trying on,” his new suit of black, that Mortimore and Livingston, were again in his company.

“Well Tim, to be social, how have you ‘put in the day?’”

“That's the question,” laughed Mortimore.

“Well, aw, have a segar, be comfortably seated, and I will tell

you." Timothy began, offering them their choice of some very good Havanas. "Aw, of the Ball last night, I suppose I need not speak, but that was a superb affair."

"I never saw Araminta appear so excessively charming, as she did in the dance last night." Put in Livingston.

"She was exquisite, and complimented me highly upon my proficiency in the Polka, the Redowa, the Schottische and Mazourka; aw, in which I had the inexpressible pleasure of pressing her near my heart. For I find reports are true, and that she will come into possession of her property on her next birth-day. But to the manner in which I've passed to-day,—I awoke quite late, read a portion of Dumas' last novel; his views of society are charming, if we could only have a second Paris here! My dinner was brought in at three o'clock, as usual; it is so vulgar to eat like common people, and then I could not relish my food with steel forks, that is very common, I prefer silver. But I forgot a circumstance that happened to me last evening: As I was escorting Araminta to her carriage, a man stepped on my patents and soiled them; the man appeared embarrassed and begged my pardon; but I looked very fierce at him when I saw he was frightened; and all passed off admirably, for I had the satisfaction of hearing Aray tell her friend, how courageously I acted."

"Well Tim, you will soon propose, will you not?"

"Aw, yes, I shall bring matters to a close, shortly. Women are truly Angels, and always tell the truth so delightfully. Aray complimented me on my distinguished appearance, and said I looked pale and interesting; the secret was, that afternoon I had cleared my complexion with Huel admirable preparation. Really that Huel is a benefactor to mankind. On Friday evening Araminta will be mine."

"So soon, faith Pillington you are a lucky dog." Ejaculated Livingston and Mortimore in the same breath.

"I shall propose at the Opera."

"Between the acts? could not select a more suitable or happier place." Said Mortimore. Livingston smiled, but said nothing.

"She has an excessive passion for the Opera, and at it she is so elated, that she will grant almost any request made. I shall avail myself of her most liberal and good-natured mood, when excited by the music; and ask her to be mine."

"Charming, you cannot fail to possess her fortune and her hand."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DREAM.

On the morning following Juan's engagement for her Majesty's Theatre, at Madrid, he entered the apartment of his friend, his mind evidently charged with some matter which made a deep impression. And after their usual preliminaries of the day, had sociably subsided, Juan began:

"Have you any faith in dreams, Sinclair?"

"Not much," Sinclair smiled. *Sometimes* they may foreshadow coming events, I believe they have been given as premonitors; but they are not always to be relied upon as true. Why do you ask so singular a question?"

"I have had a dream, so singular, yet startling; and which has wrought such an effect upon my mind, that the impression seems stamped indelibly there. Would you hear my dream?"

"If you please, for now I perceive it has indeed produced an effect on you since yesterday; are you not ill?"

"Not ill; but allow me to tell my dream."

"Most willingly; I am all attention, procede."

"Last night, Sinclair, I saw Cecelia, clearly as I ever beheld her in my life. She was attired in white, and was kneeling, I thought at the feet of that base villian, Lawrence Livingston. I heard her intreat him to redeem his *promise*; which he made to me—to her, when he was in my power.—For the sake of humanity, for the love of Heaven, and the unborn innocent, quickening in her bosom. She prayed him to save her from self-reproach and shame, to redeem his promise and make her his wife. But with a withering curl on his lip and a frown on his brow, he rudely spurned her from him; yes Sinclair, while she yet clung to his feet, and with the deep intensity of woman's love, covered his hands with kisses, and implored him not to desert her—not to leave her to misery—to the scorn and contempt of the scornful, to the bitterness of self-reproach. Her long, dark hair, clustered over her prostrate figure, and her soft eyes filled with tears, were turned upon him, as the quivering dove, turns in its agony, its last gaze upon the vulture that destroys its life: yet he coldly spurned her with his foot, turned on his heel, and left her to her fate. That moment I would have sprang upon and strangled him,—but oh, Sinclair, that scene to me was real; I felt all the indescribable horror, that I should have endured, had I been inclosed in a room with them alone, and witnessed it with my natural eyes—I would have destroyed him with a single effort, my will was good, but—I lacked the physical strength, an indescribable weakness, like water, took possession of my body, and I seemed debared by an inevitable decree from him, forever. For several minutes I lay



upon my couch in the greatest mental anguish, I felt the cold perspiration, rolling down from my forehead, and my face, and presently it started from all parts of my body; I trembled, and became chilled. At length I grew comparatively calm, and saw them again; and this time under circumstances more painful, if possible than the former. I beheld them near a deep stream of water; again she was weeping at his feet. He gathered her up in his arms, evidently with some devilish intent; she begged him to spare her life; and in her struggles to get free, he stumbled, and she fell from him to the ground. She had fainted; she lay for a moment unconscious, and pale as the whitest marble. The place was lonely, on each side of the dark, deep stream, the thickly foliaged forest skirted the shore. He glanced rapidly around him, then hurriedly snatching her from the green earth, he bore her to the brink, and ere she revived, with a powerful, murderous effort, he plunged her beneath the everlasting waters. But, O, Sinclair! this was not all, I was doomed to see her once more; I thought the sudden plunge revived her paralyzed senses, and with a wild and fearful shriek she sprang upwards. She would have grasped the boat into which he had leaped; but fiend-like, he struck her with the oar, and she sank to rise no more. Her innocent blood, purpled the waters momentarily, marking them as the fatal spot where she went down. Sinclair, at the sight, my blood rushed boiling and foaming through my brain; not content with defiling her, he had now imbued his hands in her blood, he was her murderer. My grasp was on his throat, and I felt the vile wretch twist and writhe like a reptile at my mercy. Mercy! in that hour I knew none. One effort like that of an iron vice, and I felt every bone of his body crushed in my grasp; I awoke, my room was dark as Egypt's blackest night. For a second, I lay reflecting, but I could not rest; I arose, obtained a light, and paced my room, I know not how long, for I did not think of time, I only thought of Cecelia, and her probable fate."

"And this you call a dream, Juan you are surely romancing; your imagination has gained the mastery of your judgement. You but fancy these things."

"Call it romance or fancy, or what you please. These things appeared to me last night, just as I have told you of them, and with such fearful effect; God grant I may never be called to witness the like in reality. When I awoke, and found it but a dream, I really felt an inexpressible relief; and yet, Sinclair, I fear there is something more than a dream in this; I fear it is, or will be sad reality: for you know that Livingston is a villain capable of almost any crime. But I again retired, and fell off into fitful dozing. I saw him again, under circumstances though different, yet equally dark and fearful. He had fled the city, and became the leader of a secretly leagued Banditti, formed for crime the most heinous, plotting wickedness of both high and low degree, from vice in the pulpit, deception in the judge on the bench, robbery and arson.—The night was impenetrably dark and stormy. The starless sky hung over the earth with a

heavy, leaden hue, and in a spacious, dingy cave, I saw by the pale light of a single lamp, a company of men of warm temperaments and diverse appearances; among them, was Livingston. By the earnest air, which seemed to shroud them like a spell, I felt there was a deep scheme, or mystery at work in the heart of those thus secretly convened round a large table, on which lay writing materials, and a number of partially written papers; while in another portion of the cave, I saw a large crucifix overturned. As I wondered what their object could be, that they were thus assembled, in such a place, and on such a night,—the heavy rain was pouring down in torrents, the wind uprooting the stoutest trees of the forest, and field, and twisting off fences, raged a horrible tempest. The deafening thunders roared, rolled and rattled along the gloomy horizon, while the flashes and streams of lightning, hissed and played through the air, and along the ground, as fiery serpents illuminating with frightful sublimity the vivid scene. I thought their plotting was against the union of the Northern and Southern States. Their pretext for dissolution, the subject of slavery. After perhaps an hour's deliberation, they all solemnly gathered round the rugged crucifix, and forming a circle, each person simultaneously lifted his right hand to Heaven, and vowing eternal allegiance to each other, they swore to use all their combined and individual efforts to overthrow the confederacy of the United States to separate forever, the South from the North. I trembled at their oath, and while I yet looked, gazed upon a scene, the cold horror of which almost congealed my heart's blood,—by some invisible power, their uplifted hands had become motionless and stiff, and they were withered and shriveled to the bone, each of them still pointed to Heaven. The men were dumb, for though their lips still moved in blasphemous oaths, their tongues clove to the roof of their mouth; while their fierce revolving eyes, shot forth gleams of liquid fire, until each, 'straining ball of sight seemed bursting from their head.' With an intense horror, I gazed upon the scene before me; presently I saw a thin, blueish smoke, ooze out from their bodies, and curling above them, for several minutes hid them from view, as it were, by a thin, vaporous mist. It cleared away, and the forms of the men still standing, their withered hands still pointing Heavenward, had changed to an unearthly blackness. Their eyes dropped from their sockets, their tongues consumed by an inward fire, fell from their mouth, and then their flesh turning still blacker, drooped peaceably from their bones, and left their dry bleached skeletons, standing round the fallen crucifix, and their bony arms, hands and fingers, still pointing to Heaven. It was a strange, a saddening spectacle, and shuddering, I closed my eyes upon the scene. When I opened them again, all the former darkness of the conflicting elements had cleared away, and the silvery moon sailing high in the Heavens, again gave light to the world, well nigh as refulgent as the sun at noon-day. Over the cave, I saw, as if suspended by the magnetic power of attraction, the most brilliant constellation of stars, gleaming through the transparent atmosphere with an

effulgence almost overpowering to the mortal vision of man; in their clear, bright center, and drawn to his full height, stood the majestic father of his country; his calm, benignant face, beaming forth in God-like integrity, his divine consciousness of justice. Sinclair you have seen the picture showing him on horseback, as he appeared at the eventful battle of Monmouth, where the majesty of his presence, his grandeur and composure, stopped the retreat of his flying army, and his firmness, almost divine, fixed the most brilliant victory of his country's arms. I have gazed upon that picture when alone, until the bright halo of calm courage and valiant enthusiasm, enwreathed his brow, and lighting the eye, has melted into divinity; and as I gazed upon Washington, thought I gazed upon a god. Such, indeed, Sinclair, he appeared to me last night, in the center of the bright constellation of the American states. With his sword drawn to command, he calmly pointed to a small black cloud in the Southern portion of the heavens, from the center of which, and in characters of liquid fire, glittered the warning—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."

"And this you call a dream." Said Duval, when Juan had recovered from the intense agitation consequent upon the recital of his almost incredible vision. "It is truly startling, but for the life of me Juan, I cannot rid myself of the thought that you must be romancing."

"Sinclair, was my fate for the truth, to be that of the disunionists in the cave beneath the burning vengeance of Heaven—I remember correctly, all the *minutia* of the scenes, as the strange panorama of them passed before me last night. I could not shut it out, and have given you my dream as it really appeared."

"Tis strange," said Duval, "aye most marvelous."

"Strange but too true" echoed Juan.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DECEPTION.

One month later, Antonia Capello received a letter stamped from a popular post betwixt Spain and the United States. On receiving the letter he hastened to his library, and after securing himself from intrusion, broke the seal and read in substance as follows:

February 23, 18—

Signor Antonio Capello

Dear Sir.—your instructions have been fully carried out, and Juan is now carefully guarded on his rapid way to Peru. He gave us some trouble in his transshipment, from my vessel to the one bearing him thither. The proposed change led him to suspect something not quite in accordance with his previous arrangement; but we soon quieted him with chains and hand cuffs, not, however, until through his efforts in the drama, he succeeded in knocking one of our best men overboard. Your favor is duly received; thanks.

Yours Truly,  
Capt. Don Jose.

"Ha! ha! Juan in a silver mine of Peru, makes me at least one hundred thousand dollars richer in security and comfort. Ah, Jose you are an accomplished villian, and are deserving of a generalship for this last act alone. Juan in Peru, secures to me a very respectful distance from the murderous scoundrel; thanks to the favoring tide, Dafrone and Capt. Jose, the thing is 'finally done,' and I am free from care."

Thus chuckled Capello, over the few lines which gave him such assurance of his son's new bondage; while the afflicted and bruised Juan groaned beneath the heavy shackles with which he was loaded, and forced as a menial into a servitude more galling, if possible, than the worst phase of Southern slavery. Driven down, hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the earth and compelled to toil on constantly, day and night, without the remotest hope of escape. Such was Juan's fate in one of the deepest mines of Peru.

Another month after he had been thus shackled, his unnatural father received a large box of valuables, which was taken from ship-board, and carefully deposited by the drayman before Capello's door on a fine afternoon in balmy April. A note was then placed in his hands, hastily receiving which, he hurriedly summoned three or four of his vassals to convey the box into a large, private room devoted especially to the storage of such goods. Capello had settled

with the drayman, and entered the westward room to await the deposit of the box there.

"What am dis we have yar, Sam? Enquired one of the blacks of a companion, as he descended the verandah.

"You, ya, don't know Cæzar, 'cept its more valuables. Phew, golly, its putty heavy anyhow." Said he, as trying to raise it, he left the edge of the box drop very nearly on his feet.

"Clar out, you wooly-head, you weak, you can't lift nothing, let me try it." Broke in a stout athletic negro of the four.

He seized the box, and raising it some inches from the ground, was boasting to his grinning companions, of his success and skill, as Capello stood in the door frowning at their attempts.

"What are you at there, you black rascals, bring me that box here immediately, or I'll horsewhip every one of you."

"They all seized the box, and in three minutes more it was safely deposited in the desired place.

"Now," said he, "close the door, and open that back window, and here Cæzar, take this hatchet and let me see how carefully and quickly you can open this box."

Cæzar took the hatchet, and in ten minutes more, had the top off the box and a portion of the packing material emptied out upon the floor. And there in the box reposed carefully-packed, not a live negro, nor the returned Juan, but a complete set of massive silver plate; received by Capello from Peru, in exchange for his son. The negroes scarcely knowing the nature, or rather the value of the articles, but merely thinking them something "valerable," looked seriously at each other, and waited in silence, their master's pleasure. The plate was removed to a secure place, and a few days subsequently, Capello's mansion was the gay scene of one of the most brilliant banquets or soirees ever convened in Charleston. At it were assembled over twenty members of his secret league, and many of his, and his daughter's lady acquaintances of the city. And thus the articles purchased by the bondage of Juan,—the rich, glittering goblets conveyed the wine to the lips of his foes, and the other articles, dazzled beneath the many rich viands of the season, were the subject of pleasure and remark among those who had so cruelly conspired against him. But to avoid proving tedious to the reader, we must again change the scene, and note events of a different nature the past, occurring in another portion of the city.

It was a bright morning in the early part of April, and while yet the celestial streakings of the rising sun had scarce begun to tip the lofty peaks of the eastern hills, and the chimes of St. S,—were sending forth their inviting peals, long ere they ceased, a female, entered the large gateway leading to the proud lofty church, penitent and sad. She passed into the vestry, with humble down-cast looks, and pressed towards the confessional, confessor Melville was waiting. The penitent maiden approached and poured her soul of sincere confession into his listening ear. Her voice, sinless as her own soul seemed silvery and musical as the pure breathings of an angel. He

became deeply interested, and thought his first devotee of the morning was indeed a celestial from the upper world, for whose confession he could form no penance. At a glance he drank in more of beauty and real loveliness, than we are capable of forming the rare being before him. The sun never shone upon one more heavenly and pure. His unrestrained passions, at the sight, grew inflamed. His foot pressed mechanically on a secret spring near the floor, when quick as the lightning she was lowered down, down, far below the place where but a moment before, she stood with innocent unsuspecting confidence. A moment more and she was struggling in the arms of her base confessor. But maddened by the insult, and strengthened by the resolution of sudden despair, not altogether void of hope, she with one bold effort, pushed him from her, while his foot catching in the trail of his gown, he staggered and fell back heavily to the ground. She cried loudly for help, but the thick prison-like walls that now inclosed her, were far too massive to be penetrated by her cries. Quickly she sprang in all parts of her inclosure in hopes of finding some way of egress. In her wild flight she succeeded, as it were by accident, her foot struck a spring near one side of the apartment and a small door quickly flew open before her, admitting into the dingy ground chamber a stream of light, that for a moment, with delight quite dazzled her sight. She sped joyfully through the welcome passage, and gained the street. Reaching her home, she scarcely knew how, she kept her room closely for several days. Confessor Melville revived, and at length quite abashed, arose from his humiliating posture. Groaning deeply in spirit, he heartily bewailed the unpleasant dilemma into which his weakness or rather wickedness had involved him.

"Ah, I should have silenced her while she was in my power," he muttered in regret. "Tush, I have made a bungling commencement in my new calling. Foiled for once,—she has escaped, and will expose me; my only security now, is flight, flight!"

This wolf in sheep's clothing was Mulford Melville, alias Lawrence Livingston, the murderer of Juan's sister, Cecelia. His intended victim, this time, was the lovely Adelia Duval.

But during the same time another scene progresses. On a little frequented road, between the city of Charleston and Columbia, a handsome young lady is sporting on a fine sorrel pacer, her favorite amusement and pastime, equestrianism. Nearing a thickly foliated wildwood, by the road-side, she carelessly gave the reins to the animals neck, and herself strangely up to a reverie of pensive reflections. She thought of her kind old uncle who had lately made the present of the beautiful animal on which she was sitting. She thought of him whom she loved yet dearest than all, and for a moment repined at the strange fate which seemed to keep them separate so long. A single tear coursed down over her cheek and fluttered off unheeded in the passing breeze. Suddenly the coming locomotive sent forth a loud and far-echoing blast, which frightened her horse, he bounded away at a fearful gallop. She grasped for

the loosened reins, but missing them, clung only to his flashing mane, now whipping and snapping in the wind. Her hat flew off, and her hair becoming unbound, streamed in the wind in flowing luxuriance. She grasped again for the lost reins, but the sudden jerk with which she seized them, turned the animal over into a large field, where—reminding one of Mazeppa's fiery steed,—he fled away yet fiercer than before. On, and yet on he strode over the field, endangering every moment, the more, the life of his precious charge. But starting from the thicket, bordering on the road-side, another enters upon the chase, and flies over the field in rapid and splendid stride. 'Tis a chase for life and love, for on the pursuing steed, sits him of whom she thought, when her own trusty steed took to flight. He had recognized in the fair one in danger, his late betrothed; and now skins over the plane in pursuit, swift indeed, as the wind. A white belt of light gleams in the distance, it is the river, and hope in his breast whispers wildly, of this as the goal of their mad flight. A moment more, and his piercing glance, discovers between them and the alluring stream, a horrible chasm yawning darkly to receive them in a mangling death. With an impulsive shudder he drove his spurs into his faithful steed, which starts him in the chase to his utmost speed. He called to Louisa, she looked up, and catching a glimpse of her imminent danger, uttered a piercing scream, and but clung closer to the saddle. For a second his heart sank within him but it was not the time to despair. Another moment and all will be lost, a moment more and both horse and his fair rider will be dashed to pieces, and find a gloomy tomb at the dark bottom of a rugged abyss. Once more he arose in his saddle, and driving his spurs into the foaming flanks of his trembling steed, he dashed against the breast of the runaway, on the very verge of the precipice, which while it quivered and crumbled beneath their feet her animal checked by the shock, sprang aloft on his hindmost feet, when the saddle girth broke assunder, and Louisa Duval fell back to the earth stunned to almost insensibility. Her horse, in leaping from his haunches again, sprang over the precipice, and falling, dashed himself to pieces against the rocks below; he was dead and weltering in blood, —but Louisa was saved; young Marston wheeled his horse about, leaped off, and stood over her a moment, in the deepest solicitude. There she reposed, pale as the whitest marble, saved from a horrible death, as though but to sleep on forever upon the summit of a mountain tomb. He felt her pulse, a weak beat yet told of a spark of remaining life, and hope, almost despair, revived. He seized her in his arms, and remounting with her, in his saddle, retraced his course over the field some two miles distant to her father's house. But leaving her thus in the tender care of her parents and her lover, we must again change the scene of our story.

"Well, comrades, what think you by this time of our success with Monsieur Melville, will he join us?" Interrogated Martinan, addressing some dozen or more others, in their place of especial meeting in a reserved portion of New Orleans.

"I believe he will, he has been tried of late by several of us; so that with a little judicious perseverance, I think we will have him with us, in fact he has given me his word to be with us to-night." Replied Dafrone.

"That is well—we may succeed then, but think you Monsieur Dafrone, he will come to-night?"

"He will." Responded promptly and firmly, a new voice, as removing his disguise, the villainous Melville, stepped forth from the promiscuously assembled men. "I am here noble sirs, and await your pleasure."

All started at the cunning and effectual surprise. His hand was grasped warmly by many of them, and all proclaimed him quite an accomplished member. They felt proud of his evident ability to deceive and play the jesuit adroitly.

"Give me your hand, Monsieur Melville." Said Martinan, the spokesman of that division of the "League."

"It is yours Signor Martinan, and with it my heart also." Replied the accomplished villian, extending his hand. The peculiar and requisite preparation was now made to initiate Melville fully into the secrets of the Order of "Jeshurune." He signed his life—for the promotion of their domination and rule. Another general congratulation ensued, after which they appointed another meeting, then scattering, vanished in the darkness without, which seemed so favorable to their black designs.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## MARRIAGE.

Subsequent to Juan's departure from the city, but a few interviews on the part of the youthful Duval, with the ardent Beatrice, served to rekindle with a far warmer glow, their previous limited affection for each other. Their attachment grew sincere and they were soon betrothed; they were married. Signor Capello, despite his common though *fashionable* follies, loved his proud daughter with a degree of tenderness truly praiseworthy and amiable. Sinclair Duval was an only son. Both families were rich, and the immense wealth of each seemed to be brought in conjunction in order to make the proud wedding of the two loved ones, a brilliant display, seldom surpassed or even equalled for extravagance and splendor, among the aristocracy of the South, or even the nobility of Old Spain.

Married amid the dazzling cortege of her father's mansion, her gay guests and smiling admirers, though numerous were select; But Beatrice appeared a Queen among them all. We need not stay to extol the orient-like banquet, the flashing of wines and the immense glitter of the freshly imported silver ware. But leaving the bride and groom, inexpressibly happy, we hasten on to note among others an event occurring some three months subsequent to the glad wedding. The sudden death of Arrabella, mother of Sinclair Duval, came to them like a sad knell from the other world. Pleased with the evident happiness of the newly wedded, their house had been the gay scene of joy and feasting; but now, that same mansion is the gloom shrouded enclosure, of a scene how vastly different—death. The brightest feature of good in the noble character of Sinclair Duval, was his love for his mother. And not having yet cast aside his bridal attire, he followed with his weeping bride, his mother to the tomb, in gloom. Nine months more, and the mansion of Elmer Duval, at Charleston, was owned by him no more. He sold it, and with it a large portion of his slaves. The ensuing autumn, he expended more than half his wealth, in the exciting political contest then raging for the dissolution of the union. It is not necessary to say that the union survived the stormy conflict while Duval was compelled to turn his plantation near Charleston into cash. Signor Capello was the purchaser, by which he came into the possession of an additional number of slaves. He also grew interested in the secession strife, but betting in the issue, simply one of his favorite Quadroons, and fifty of his plantation negroes, his loss did not prove so great as that of Duvals.

Twelve months more have passed away, and though prolific with gloomy and conflicting events, they now lie buried deep in the vaulted past. Our scene changes to a quiet and reserved portion of the city New Orleans; the season is pleasant and a most lovely morning

in May. The sun just rising and striking aslant the half parted blinds at the windows of the quiet mansion house, seems to sport in gay, fantastic rays, with his own bright beams, forming at once a halo of brilliancy, pleasing and cheerful. In the center of this scintillation, and bathed in the perfumed light, smiles a lovely babe, just having dropped into the hands of its mother, from the gentle source of its happiness and nourishment. How sweetly for a few moments does it repose in the shielding arms of the mother, as in a girdle of holiest love. The happy mother once more radiant with health, seems watching the sleeping innocence of her first born, with the vigilance of an Angel, while smiling by her side, sits the happy father. They are Sinclair and Beatrice. A few evenings subsequent a scene quite different progresses.

"Melville, you seem a lucky fellow, having executed that flourish upon Duval's estates pretty well, what think you now, of attempting that little business up town, there eh?" The speaker was Dafrone.

"Well, were it not for one thing, I would be prepared to undertake it forthwith." Melville replied approaching with two or three assistants, nearer to Dafrone. "But as it is, I think we shall have to defer it a little, for you know Dafrone, I wish to make a finished piece of work of it. His silver and gold alone, will never satisfy me, but hark ye, we must manage to bear away his wife, also, for she would prove a charming acquisition to our company. By the way, Signors, come nearer, did I ever tell you of a pretty Miss I once possessed in Charleston? But what is *one*, many have I engaged since, believe me; but hush, a little affair proved against me, *I failed*; she escaped me, which hastened my flight to his place. But a truce to the past, the present and the future are ours."

"Aye, the present, Monsieur." Answered the listeners in the same breath.

"I was saying we should have the wife with us."

"But can it be done without much risk? Is there any one moment more propitious than another?"

"Yes, hearken, I have ascertained that there are seasons when he is called away on business to New York, or Boston or—it matters not where. But if we can with equal certainty hit upon the season of his absence, we are safe and secure of his gold and wife."

"A good plan, and well given, Monsieur. Replied Dafrone.

The other listeners drew closer round him; but after a few moments more of consultation, at Melville's suggestion they separated for the evening, himself taking Dafrone by the arm, they walked away, and in ten minutes entered a *cafe* where they further matured their plans over the exhilarating fumes of a social little banquet. But we think, sudden as his transformation may have been, the reader cannot fail to see in Monsieur Melville, alias Lawrence Livingston, the "finished villain."

Written in 1854. How true in 1861.

## CHAPTER XV

## RETRIBUTION.

Several evenings later, and in their quietly appointed place of reserve and secret deliberation, a small number of the members of the "Jeshurune League," convened in the city of New Orleans. The Order of Jeshurune, as has already been intimated, was a mystic or religious combination of men, united for the purpose of overthrowing protestantism and Liberty, and gradually to subvert the present form of government of the United States. To many this may seem a silly and preposterous idea, but yet it is none the less true, that there are men in our very midst, ay, men who partake daily and yearly of our bounty, enjoy all the sacred privileges and immunities of our free institutions, who are also sworn most avowedly to do all in their might by every Jesuitical scheme and manœuvre to sap the very foundation of our Republican fabric, and thus destroy forever, the purest principles of democracy in the New World. Democracy in name merely, they fear not, but 'tis its pure spirit against which they strive; succeeding in this we need scarcely predict the Anarchal consequences that must follow in the dread wake of such a disaster.

The evening we have alluded to, was one of especial interest, and though it was blustery, stormy and densely dark, yet occurring at a period when "Secession" was raging the hottest, to them it was a meeting of great importance. Gradually they mustered one after the other until they numbered some fifteen or eighteen, and went into business. These fifteen or eighteen men, thus meeting in secret, rule in public the opinion and influence of twice ten thousand men, on the subject of secession throughout the South.

As they interchanged plans for their future operations, the sparkling Champagne dazzled with exhilarating witchery, as it passed in the glass from one to the other. The gathering gusts of wind outside, began to break around them in gloomy and startling requiem. The darkness grew thicker, and the rumbling of the thunder from the west, followed by heavy and fitful discharges of rain, gave the unheeded token of the approaching natural conflict; it still continued to increase unnoticed by the busy Secessionists in their secure place of deliberation, the more secure from undue intrusion by the coming storm. From some unaccountable cause, the debate changed from politics to that of individual wealth which for a season grew warm and high but gradually softened down, and was continued by but two of the League, though the wealthiest of the Order; they were Signor Capello, and Elmer Duval, whose private feelings towards each other, had strangely undergone of late a singular change; caused some say, by the late marriage, others by the purchase of Duval's estates, in which there occurred a misunderstanding in reference to



DANGER AND RESCUE



number of slaves. And to-night there seemed to be a strong vindictive tenacity in their argument, savoring more of an out and out quarrel than a mere debate for pass-time. They grew warmer and warmer, while the vivid lightening flashed in their faces, with a purple and a blueish glow; their countenances whitened with rage at each other, and a number of the company, not to witness the unpleasant quarrel, quietly withdrew, while those that remained failed entirely to pacify or separate the contestants. Their language grew harsh, even to unbearable insult. Stimulated by vengeance, their drawn steels flashed simultaneously in the light, which by a sudden gust of wind from the door, was blown out; and all for a second was shrouded in impenetrable darkness; and in the same instant, the whole scene, by a broad flash of crimson lightning, was turned into a sheet of blanching flame, and all faces turned ghastly. The lightning flashed aslant their brandished instruments of death, and followed with a continuous charge of thunder, which sounded more deafening than the discharge of a hundred canon, shattered the building into chaos. Their bodies were found horribly mangled, and the two knives shivered into many peices, while on a large stone, near by which the quarrellers stood, was traced by the lightning, plainly as any human art could write—*"Vengeance."* To the present time the charred and shattered ruins of the old stone house, remain a chaotic monument of Heaven's displeasure, an evidence that "God will not be mocked; for what a man sows, that shall he reap." The bodies were gathered by the citizens, and quietly and decently interred.

On a cloudy night in the month of October, and in the wealthy portion of the Crescent city, three men clad in dark apparel, their heads and faces shrouded in cowls, might have been seen prowling about a large modern mansion, alongside of which, occupying the entire front, a beautiful piazza extended in good old Southern style, while at the side or right wing, a large yard, or more properly a garden, spread out before you, a beautiful prospect of fruit trees, and flowers of every color and perfume.

During the after part of the day, considerable rain had fallen, and the atmosphere around our rosy retreat, seemed adorned with the richest perfume.

One of the three men, finally stepped up to the side entrance, and finding it unfastened, they all entered cautiously, and proceeded to the rear of the quiet mansion.

"It smells sweet in here." Whispered one to the other, as they walked along the rose and box-wood bordered walk, leaving which, to their right, a few more steps brought them to the rear main entrance. The leader quietly tried the door, and found it fast, he moved along to another, which was also fast; he tried another, it yielded to his pressure.

"Hearken, comrades," he whispered. "Either the stars are propitious, or a snare awaits us, so be prepared for the worst, and yet they could not have anticipated us, our errand is known only to ourselves—the fates favor us, follow." Saying which, and with their

weapons drawn, they all entered stealthily, crossed the first room and paused, when the leader partially opening a dark lantern, in an under tone said :

"We all know our errand here; I believe he is absent, now we must first ascertain where *she* is, and if asleep well; while I content myself with her, you will search the house, and return by the time I am ready to descend. There can be no snare, be fearless and brave."

They commenced to ascend the spacious stair-way, the soft, pliable brussels of which, gave back not the least sound of their stealthy approach. On they passed, scrutinizing closely as they gained the suit of costly furnished apartments on the second floor. Pausing a moment before a half-open door, the leader was about to spring his lantern again; but it was useless to do so, for as he carefully opened the chamber-door, his gaze met a sufficiency of light for all his dark purposes. He pressed the door ajar, and thievishly glared in; the light had nearly burned away. He turned towards the couch and there lay the calm sleeping wife, unconscious of the close proximity of the abducting Fiend chuckling with inward triumph, so near her. In her protective embrace slept her darling infant. The fiend peered further in, then drew back and in commanding tones whispered to his two comrades:

"What you do, do quickly, get all you can, and hasten to return."

Taking the lantern, they disappeared; but after the absence of about thirty minutes, he feasted his gloating eyes on the rich masses of gold and silver ware, jewellery, &c. "'Tis well," he said, and glided into the quiet chamber of his innocent victim. With the stealthy step of a cat, he crouched towards the head of the richly curtained couch, drew forth a small plaster, and pressed it quick, and hard over her mouth and face. The shock awakened her, she opened her eyes, but closed them instantly again in utter darkness and unspeakable horror; and while she writhed and struggled in painful convulsions, he raised her in his strong arms, and hastily bore her from the room. She attempted to scream, but could not, and she trembled and shivered in his vice-like grasp, as he carried her down the stairs, followed by his accomplices. Tramp, tramp, they reached the yard, and were bolting clumsily, though stealthily enough through, just as a figure emerged suddenly and hastily, from the darkness of the opposite side of the quiet street, and encountered them at the gateway.

"Who goes there?" He exclaimed loudly.

"Sacre!" Gritted the foremost one of the three in rage.

"Speak quick, or I'll fire," the stranger continued. Just at that moment, the affrighted woman, forcing the plaster from her mouth, uttered a loud shriek.

"Draw and sheath your daggers in his heart." Commanded the leader robber, in foaming anger.

"Beatrice!" exclaimed the stranger, and ere they could draw with success against him, fired, and her abductor fell across the

avenue, dead, without a groan. At that instant, the moon sailing from behind a cloud, cast her silvery light athwart their savagely drawn weapons. With madness and a howl, they rushed upon him, but ere they could harm him, he had fired again; and at the fourth discharge, the three assassins lay bleeding at his feet, and his rescued wife fainting at his side.

Bearing her in his arms, he entered his dwelling in the greatest consternation; the servants were just being aroused, and all was confusion and excitement. Leaving his wife in the care of his servants, he seized a light and hastened out to the scene of blood and death. There lay beside the three corpses their plunder, scattered about the avenue and yard. When he returned to his wife, she had recovered from the fearful effect of her fright. They were soon joined by two or three of the patrol, who having heard the firing, hastened with considerable difficulty in finding the place, of the scene of distress. Stumbling over the dead bodies, they entered the dwelling, and received in brief detail, the true phase of the matter from the husband, Sinclair Duval, as he had found it on his return. The consequence was, that by a coroner's jury he was fully acquitted, it being sustained that he acted solely in self-defence, in the protection of his wife and his property.

True, as the robbers had surmised, Sinclair was absent, but they little thought, that by his anxious wife, his return was hourly expected, hence the rear entrance being left unfast, and the burning lamp was in the wife's chamber awaiting him. He thus returned in the proper nick of time, hence the attack and defence as we have given it. The stolen gold and jewelry, was taken care of, and the three men examined. The first one uncloaked was M. Dafrone, the Jesuit and Secessionist; the second was a younger man, a member also of the "League." They approached the third, who wore not only a cloak, but a dark mask also. Removing the cloak, they lifted the mask from his pallid face; his attire was black, while a soiled white cravat, circling his neck, contrasted strangely with his dingy disguise, and the plundering circumstances, under which he was found. As they passed the light still closer to his death-marbled face:—

"Heavens!" Exclaimed Beatrice in the greatest surprise, "how is this, what means this mystery? Lawrence Livingston a bandit a thief, an outlaw? just Heaven, how changed!"

It was true, the unmasked assassin and plunderer, disclosed unmistakably, the features, and person of her old acquaintance, *Lawrence Livingston*, the murderer of *Cecelia*, the accomplished *roue*, and priestly hypocrite, alias *Milford Melville*. All were astonished, but after their surprise had abated, the three men were quietly buried, as malefactors deserve.

Within a small inclosure of wild-briar and thickly foliaged trees, situated near the romantic borders of the Ashly river, and within a mile of the city of Charleston; two men met for duel, the cause of which was developeed at a ball a few evenings previous, in the fol-

lowing manner: One of the gentlemen not satisfied altogether with his own lady, took occasion to express in an enthusiastic strain, his deep adoration for one whose hand was already engaged to another, his present antagonist. Henry Darnell was a young lieutenant, frequently off duty,—taking the privilege of flirting with Araminta, pouring in her charmed ear, the honied words of love, and pressing his suit with an undue degree of perseverance. Timothy her spirited betrothed, determined to be revenged; very carefully wrote on a sheet of delicately scented and tinted paper, a challenge to Mr. Darnell, savoring strongly of bullets and bloodshed. It was accepted, and they met to prove by powder and ball, the predominant right of one or the other to the matchless Araminta. Pillington and his second, Muzzy Mortimore, were promptly on the spot, and Timothy nited anxiously to his friend, of taking his foe by surprise, and not allow himself to stand a target for the scientific aim of the ball of his antagonist.

"But here comes the scamp now," said Muzzy.

As Harry Darnell's barouche appeared suddenly in the enclosure of the dense thicket, and stopped some fifty paces from them:

"Keep cool, and be brave, make good use of your nerves Timothy."

"Aw, my Heavings, let me fire now, and save my life." Said Timothy, with considerable excitement.

"Nay, Pillington, act not so cowardly. Command your metal, and stand up and meet him like a man, honorably."

Harry Darnell sprang lightly from his carriage, neatly attired in a pretty blue dress of his lieutenantcy; his coat fitting him closely, was buttoned up tightly to the neck, and on his head rested a neat blue cloth cap; while as he turned towards his second, his gold encased sword, and silver mounted pistol, flashed and glittered in the sun,

"Tim you have to fight him!"

"I am ready to send—O, Muzzy, suppose I get killed, what will become of poor Arry? O, Muzzy, Muzzy!"

"My God, Tim, don't faint, or you will be sure to get shot; here take some of this, and it will steady your head." Said Mortimore, extending him a bottle of good brandy. Timothy placed it to his lips and directing his small ringed finger towards Heaven, swallowed what might, without exaggeration, be termed a full five finger tody. Handing back the bottle with a cough, he said:

"Muzzy give me your hand, I think I'm ready. O, Muzzy, take my last farewell to Arry and tell her I proved true—"

"I will." Replied Mortimore.

"Go speak to his friend." Said Darnell to his second, who immediately left his side, and approached Mortimore to arrange preliminaries necessary on such occasions.

"What is his choice of distance." Said he to Muzzy.

"Thirty-five paces."

They stepped it off, and in a few minutes more, after taking leave of each other, the combatants stood in their allotted places, Mortimore extended Timothy his pistol, which the latter received timidly, letting it almost drop, soon as it touched his hand.

"Tut, tut, Tim, it is time to be in earnest, and lay aside this trifling, for I don't want you shot on my hands, no how." Said Muzzy reproachfully.

"Goodness, gracious, Muzzy, I have not thought till this moment, this is the first time I ever handled a pistol. O, Muzzy, Muzzy, is there no other way to settle this?"

"There is; but Tim you have got to fight now, as you have progressed so far. You shall not trifle with me in this manner, get me to come out here to act as your second, simply to exhibit your own cowardice, and make an ass of me. No, Tim, you must fight."

"O, my God, Muzzy; think, I have never fired a pistol in my life. O, if Arry only knew this, it would prove her death. O, Muzzy, Muzzy, what is that word that quieted the late slave agitation in Congress?"

"Compromise, you fool!"

"Compromise, that will settle this affair, without us shooting one another; tell him Muzzy, I don't want to shoot him, tell him I will compromise."

"How can you compromise honorably? the question of dispute between you, is the possession of Araminta, who will prove a fortune or life, to whoever possesses her. Are you willing to relinquish her giving up forever all claim upon her? if you are, then I've no doubt you can compromise, one sided and unfair as it may prove."

"Relinquish Araminta! no Muzzy, never, Araminta or death; zounds, Muzzy, I will fight."

The time was called, and the weapons levelled at each other. Timothy trembled from head to foot. The word was given, and Timothy reeled and fell to the earth, fortunately, unharmed, though he knew not whether he was dead or alive, he had fainted completely away. Darnell also, remained unschattered, Timothy's ball having passed through the cap of Harry's second. Mortimore ran to the relief of his friend, and ascertaining hastily, that he was not wounded, he dashed nearly the entire contents of the brandy bottle in his face, and bathed his temples and brow, until he revived. The first words that arose to his lips, after he recovered, were—"O, Arry!—Muzzy!"

We must now acquaint the reader further in regard to our, and Pillington's friend, Muzzy Mortimore. Having filled the position of the black-mouthed scandal-monger, in Philadelphia, until he became universally known and scorned, he succeeded by dint of deceit, in disposing of his two penny "Eye behind the Scenes," he started South, on a tour of private speculation, for the rancid abolitionists. In a word, he lectured on Slavery, and assisted the slaves, when he could, to escape. But on an occasion,—subsequent to the duel—in which he unwittingly, attempted to depict in all their dark and squalled coloring the wanton cruelties of African Slavery, he was very

unceremoniously struck in the rear, with an article of wood, closely resembling a rail, in the hands of a company of the sporting, "baser sort." As it struck Muzzy, it followed the well directed course of its conductor, and glancing aside, it appeared between his trembling "pins," in the front, where it was seized by the other half of the company; and hastily elevated to their shoulders, allowing the lower extremities of Muzzy, dangling in the air, far above the hooting, huzzying crowd. Poor Muzzy, quivering in every fibre of his body, with fearful apprehension, grasped the rail, and clung to it with both hands for dear life, fearful of falling headlong to the street below, where, should he not kill himself in the fall, he would run a great chance of being trampled to death by the aroused populace, who, both white and black, were following him with terrible bellowing confusion, groans and hisses. Some laughed and jeered the fanatic abolitionists, while others, cursing him as the representative of the whole of them, threw stones, clubs, dead cats, and "bad eggs" at him, with a terrible vengeance, bruising his body in a painful manner; in the midst of which, he yelled to them at the top of his voice, to only spare his life, and he would leave, and never desecrate their soil again. Amid a renewed round of huzza's, they suddenly stopped in the centre of a large field, without the least admonition, they let him drop to the ground, until he howled with very pain. But they seized and stripped his clothing from him, when two large negroes, taking him by the shoulders and hair, and two more his feet, were commanded to plunge him in the large tub of *Tar*, which had been freshly prepared to receive him; it covered every inch of his body, nearly suffocating him. They then turned from the *tar*, and with the same grasp, tossed him into a massive heap of small, light, downy *feathers*, and rolled him over and over, until they saw he could endure it no longer, when they assisted him to his feet, and again elevated on the sharpest edge of the rail, where he presented indeed the novellest bird in all creation, the most ludicrous biped, ever feathered. Their noise and sport now was terrific, which they kept up with frightful clamor, until they reached the river; where, after making preparations to rescue him from drowning, they plunged him head first overboard; he struck the water with an awful plunge, and after sinking twice, he was *drawn out*, and christened "*Moses*." As he once again struck on *terra firma*, he begged for his life most pitiably;—

"Oh, for God's sake men, allow me to leave, do not kill me quite, let me go!"

"That we are now ready to do, so prepare to obey orders, and never exhibit your ugly "mug," in South Carolina again."

"Never; O, never." Muzzy gasped.

"Well, now, right about face, and stand do North; that's it, now propel locomotive, as fast as hell will let you, or the next thing you hear will be the yelp of the hounds after you. So locomote. Hey, hey, hurra, ha, ha, ha!"

He did "locomote," fast as his feathered limbs would carry him. He ran, but whither he knew not, he only knew he was leaving his worst enemies; so he sped on, on, over field after field, until he could proceed no further, but nearing a road, he sank down exhausted, beneath a large tree; He groaned, and wept, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was shining down upon him, in all his meridian strength. He arose to his feet but his head ached to such a degree that he reeled and fell against the tree, to the earth, where he lay in unconsciousness until aroused by a teamster who chanced to pass that way. He approached him first with great caution, for to us his own remark, he did not know, until he spoke, whether he was a human being, or a large bird resembling the *Ostrich*. Muzzy aroused himself as well as he could, and informed the inquiring teamster of the cause of his present uninviting appearance. His first prayer was for something to assist him to remove from him his unpleasant coating of *Tar*. Water he knew would but add to its cohesion to his body; but the generous teamster readily suggested a plan and an article, by which it could be removed; It was his pot of grease which he always carried swinging under his wagon, and which he proffered to Muzzy with his assistance to "peel" off the stuff, providing it did not delay him too long on the road. He commenced by besmearing the unfortunate Mortimore from head to foot with the grease, until, as he stood erect, he glittered in the sun like a new "black mug." At length, with a degree of joy, to Muzzy, of greater magnitude than that exhibited at his birth, they succeeded in relieving him of nearly all of his unenviable suit of black; but he was without clothing, the teamster, however, did all in his power to supply him, he gave him a pair of "overalls," with which the mortified Muzzy encased himself, took his leave of the good teamster, and struck across the fields towards the nearest boat landing in North Carolina. It happened to be not so near as he had vainly hoped, for he travelled the remainder of the day without reaching it, and night setting in, and there being no dwellings within sight, he once again betook himself to the inviting shelter of a stately tree. Selecting the "softest stone" he could find for a pillow, he once more laid him down exhausted, to rest. The night, after drenching him with a good, refreshing, southern shower, of which, however, he knew nothing until next day,—passed away, and four or five hours of the following day. When he again opened his eyes, he looked up, and—not the bright canopy of Heaven, nor the good old tree where he had lain—but the neatly white-washed ceiling of a comfortable chamber.

"Where am I?" was his first thought. He attempted to raise up from the couch to satisfy himself, but found himself so weakened by his late ill-luck, that he fell back powerless to the pillow. "My God! I'm somewhere, that's certain, and alive, but O, how sick."

A stranger approached the bed-side, in the person of a beautiful Quadroon slave. She was his attendant, appointed to take care of him, and minister to his wants.

"Lay still, and be quiet, massa; 'tis massa's orders." Said she with diffidence.

"Where am I? and who is your master? tell me, whose house am I in?"

"You're in massa Goodman's house, he found you early dis morning, down in de swamp, under a tree, and took you in till you get well, and he tell me I must watch you, and when you wake to give you something to eat."

"God bless you, for I am almost famished, so do if you please, and tell your master, Mr. Goodman, I would like to see him, that I may thank him for his kind treatment, 'tis the first I've recieved for several days."

"She hurried from the room, informed her master that the "gentlemen was awake," and soon was on her return with a large waiter, containing a wholesome and refreshing repast for her patient. Mr Goodman entered the room with her, and approached the bed-side of the sick man.

"Well, Sir," said he humanely, "you are recovering, I see, and I am happy to find you so; for had you remained untill now, where you were last night, and part of this morning, you must surely have perished."

"My dear sir, we are strangers, but you have saved my life, and therefore I cannot be too grateful to you for your generous and disinterested regard; for this, untill I am able to render a more substantial return, God bless you!" said Mortimore with tears. He was, the first time for many years, broken up, and penitent.

"Stay, sir, no thanks, no thanks! I have done my duty, in assisting a fellow creature from misery and distress, and probably, death. No thanks, but add to my pleasure now, by partaking freely, of this meal, it will strengthen, and refresh you."

Mr. Goodman was one of those planters so often met with through out the South. He was humane and generous, everything about him bespoke wealth, health, happiness, and comfort. His slaves, though he would own but a few, he educated and taught to respect and reverence the true spirit of christianity—"Good will to all." And unlike some of his neighbors, he believed his slaves to be *human beings*, and so regarded them. Muzzy Mortimore ate heartily of the meal set before him, was arrayed in a much better suit of clothing, and was soon on board the cars for the North.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE VESSEL.

In the meanwhile, after suffering far more than the pen is capable of describing, and after waiting at least eight months for his success, Juan managed by a carefully matured stratagem, to effect his escape from the silver mine in which he was so treacherously incarcerated, and which well nigh proved his eternal tomb. Released from his worse than prison-house bondage, by secreting himself during the day, and travelling by night in disguise, until he found himself beyond the confines of where he was likely to be detected, he finally after many sore trials and cruel hardships, reached Havana, where after remaining a few days to recruit his strength, and refit his person, he engaged passage in a small craft about to sail for the United States. A few more days were loitered away, and on a beautiful afternoon they jassed out of the bay and entered on their voyage for the United States. The vessel, though comfortable, was small, and would carry but a limited number of passengers, among whom on the present trip, there were three ladies, the rest were men. The captain was a middle-aged man, of swarthy complexion and of Spanish origin, he commanded the little craft in which he now sailed for a number of years. His name was Carasco, to his vessel he gave the name of his wife, Isabel. His crew was made up of Spaniards and Americans, and two negro slaves. During their first day out, Juan did not bestir himself much, he had been sorely fatigued, and the dancing of the vessel over the foaming waves seemed to prove a soothing balm to his aching body. He kept his room partaking also of a calm, refreshing sleep. On the second day, he mingled more with the passengers, and thus made a number of new acquaintances, among them the ladies before mentioned; one of whom he found to be an intelligent and amiable Creole maiden, who was in company with her father, sailing to America, with a view of making it their final home.

Her mother had died and she was coming in search of a loved brother, who had preceeded them on their journey. She was a beautiful girl, scarcely eighteen, possessing all the charms, and bewitching endearments of her dark-eyed olive race. The feelings of each thrilled strangely, and their eyes glanced thoughts, their lips trembled to speak. Juan loved the beautiful Inez, and at the sound of his voice of passion her entraptured soul melts into willingness and trust. Their conferences anon are more frequent. And thus while day by day Juan is wrapt up in the serene and unalloyed affection of the beautiful girl; his soul in the blest vision forgets all the past—"Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er." Towards a clear, calm evening, when about two days

sail from New Orleans, whither they were bound—the scenery around them was picturesque beyond the power of language to portray—the whole company were on the deck of the Isabel, admiring the sublime beauties around them; on one side, or rather by themselves, stood Juan and Inez. Around them lay the broad expanse of waters, calm and unruffled as a glassy lake. From the west the setting sun shone forth in a flood of Vermillion light, that sheeted the Heavens and the sea in a vast mirror of pellucid brilliancy which tinted the skimming sea gull as ever and anon he darted up from the reflective waters, with all the roseate mellowing lustre of the rainbow. An hour passed away, and the monarch of day, “behind the light crimsoned hills of the west, sank proudly to rest.” The Isabel still sailed on, and steered quietly through the waters at a moderate rate. Presently, where the sun disappeared, a small dark cloud was seen to arise, and as it ascended to the arch of the darkening horizon, it gathered in blackness, thickened in density, and expanded until the whole heavens hung over the sea like a vast covering of black marble over a tomb. Gloom! gloom! seemed to be the only feeling to which the heavy atmosphere gave pulse. With a universal feeling of speechless awe, all on board the Isabel, save the captain and crew, turned to their berths, or the Cabin. Hastily the vessel was prepared to encounter the coming storm, which soon broke over them in all its fury. The sea that before had been comparatively calm, now lashed into foam, and while the shrill voice of Boreas blew around them the hurricane gale, the high roaring waves dashed over the laboring Isabel, with wrecking violence and strength, filling all hearts with dismay and their trembling breasts with prayer. The loud, dirge-like groan of the spheres, rolled gloomily above them in the thunder’s sullen rage, led on by the lurid glare of the lightning’s incessant flashes, dancing over the turbulent waters, as countless death torches, but to light and allure them into engulfing destruction. For several hours the little craft darted over the waves, with her precious charge of human life, and rode the storm with something like living *hope* to those on board. But, ah! luckless fate, hapless joy, the intoxicating chalice, is destined soon to be dashed from their lips, and the lightning’s red glare but prove their wild escort to the vast hidden depths of the fathomless abyss. By a sudden, and powerful lurch, the Isabel was tossed on her side and ere she could be righted, filled, foundered and sunk. How shall we describe the fearful shrieks of that little band of human souls within her, as they feel her descending down, and down to the horrible silence of the deep. Amid the thunder’s loud crash, the lightning’s peirceing glitter and the fierce wind’s wild howl, they sank down *unheard*, and “the death-angel flapping his broad wings over the wave,” shrouded them in eternal sleep. But two hours later, and by the moon’s pale beams, two survivors of the wreck were seen floating and foundering about the dark waters, seething and boiling yet with their late conflict. They were Juan and Inez. As the Isabel went down, her planking broke, and some of it parting assunder, proved thank Heaven

a kind of raft upon which Juan and his Creole maiden were now floating; all save these have perished, and thus for twenty-four hours they foundered over the surf and foam of the angry element, that had swallowed in death their late company—until when about six hours sail from the city of New Orleans, they were picked up by an outward-bound vessel, the captain of which kindly consented to ‘bout ship and land them in the crescent city. Arrived there and communicating the news of the wreck, and the saving of but two out of seventeen to tell the tale, naturally drew around them for several hours, quite a crowd of interested inquirers, and gazers whose only impulse was curiosity. On the knowledge that the two survivors had lost all, becoming known among the gathering crowd, a subscription was started by some philanthropic gentleman among them, and quite a snug sum was raised and handed over to Juan, to appropriate to the necessities of himself and companion. He received it with heartfelt thanks, while the fair Inez, as she stood by his side, could express her feelings for the voluntary kindness, only in many tears of gratitude. After this, and the captain who had picked them up had cause to be thankful by the reception of a handsome present tendered him by the same persons who acted so liberally towards Juan and Inez. When he left the pier again to pursue his voyage out, it was amid the greatest cheering, and the many good wishes of those who so loudly saluted his departure. Juan and his companion had nearly succeeded in making their way through the dense throng which had crowed around them, when he was surprised to encounter the enquiring gaze of his early friend, Sinclair Duval, they met face to face, and for a moment of uncertainty which grew painful, gazed at each other. Juan was the first to recognize his friend, in an instant he rushed to embrace him, calling him by name, he was likewise remembered.

“Why, Juan, is this indeed you or do my eyes decieve me? It is, as I live, my friend Juan!”

“Sinclair, how oportune to meet you thus—my name *was* Juan once, but I have changed so since, I know not that I am the same.”

“What has happened—and what means all this throng following you?”

“O, Sinclair, surely Heaven has sent you to meet me! This is my companion in a portion of my dangers, if you will conduct us to a dwelling, where I can tell you all, I shall be most happy to do so. I say *as*, for where I am, I wish her to be also; her name is Inez.”

Sinclair bowed politely to the beautiful girl, and moved towards the city, accompanied by Juan and his happy betrothed. The sudden surprise upon meeting Juan was such on Duval’s mind, that for several minutes, unable to collect himself, he did not think of Juan but as an old acquaintance or friend, the thought that since his absence, he had become a relative, a close relative to him, did not as yet enter his mind. But as they hastened along, talking upon various matters



and when Juan asked him if he was living in the city, and if he was married yet, he started in a maze of astonishment, induced by a new train of thoughts, opened by Juan's last question.

"Heavens, Juan! forgive me this stupidity. What do I not forfeit by it. I never thought until this moment, we are relatives. Married, and Beatrice is my wife."

"I am surprised, yet not much, the surprise is agreeable, and I am thankful that we are thus related. Sinclair I wish you all happiness—the scenes of suffering and change through which I have passed, have changed my mind materially, from what it was. I am now an altered man, and this moment I feel if Beatrice would receive me, I would throw myself, deeply penitent at her feet, and supplicate her forgiveness for all that I have ever thought and acted against her. Oh, Sinclair, would she receive me?"

"She would, most gladly, for her feelings, also have undergone a very great change towards you, since you left, from which cause we may speak anon; but here we are at the door, this is my home—what a surprise!"

So saying he entered his own mansion, inviting Juan and the beautiful Inez to follow. They stepped into the hall filled with emotions peculiar and strange. Beatrice was not in the parlor when they entered; but Sinclair, ringing a small bell, summoned a servant, who soon informed his mistress, in another portion of the house, that his master was awaiting her presence in the front parlor. She descended, and entered the room; her eye in an instant passed from one person to the other, till resting upon her husband solicitous of an explanation. Change of climate, and the severe privations consequent on being immured in the slave mine of Peru, had wrought such a change upon Juan, that she did not know him. Juan, likewise though scarce able to suppress his emotions, prompting him to fall at her feet, seemed to wait Sinclair's introduction; he saw this, and controlling his own feelings, he made out to stammer:

"Beatrice you must pardon me for this surprise, it could not be prevented; nor since it has thus been happiness to me, I know that I would not prevent it if I could. Do you not remember Juan? the lady Inez is an acquaintance made on board ship, while on their way to this city. They have been ship wrecked."

He ceased speaking, and Juan and Beatrice were in each others embrace. They wept tears of deepest contrition, and the beautiful, sympathetic Inez joined in their joy. But soon tears gave place to hearty congratulations of peace, gladness and good will. That evening's repast was more happy and lively than their evening meal had been for several months. Their little banquet over, and a scene occurred, if possible still happier, the union in the sacred circle of marriage, of Juan and his Spanish betrothed. At Sinclair's request, affectionately enforced by the kind heart of Beatrice, the ceremony was performed in their own house, to which, of course they added their presence and also a splendid entertainment. It was indeed, a happy scene, particularly the charming Inez, even though her thoughts

intervals reverted to the late perilous situation on the sea to which she was exposed, but from which she had been saved by him who was now her husband. She had lost her father in the wreck, had followed her mother to the tomb while yet quite young, and seemed almost alone in the world; but as the wife of Juan she was happy, for he seemed both husband and father, all in all to her. A large portion of their honey moon was passed in the mansion of the Duvals. Sinclair took an early occasion to inform Juan of several events which occurred during his long absence. They were closeted together one day for two or three hours.

"Well, Juan," said Duval as they entered and seated themselves in a private apartment of his house. "What in the world did you do with yourself in Spain, did you enter her Majesty's service, or did the published card prove no more than what I afterwards suspected, a mere ruse to entrap you? Give me an account of your eventful doings since you left."

"That, Sinclair, I can never do in language sufficiently comprehensive, to convey to you the extreme depth of the sufferings, anxiety and torture I endured, and a miracle it is, that I am alive to-day, for there was a time I did not expect this, yea, prayed that death might prove to me a messenger of mercy, and rid me of a life that had become to me, in the mines of Peru, a useless burden."

"Peru—why were you there?—and in the silver mines?"

"Sinclair, I have since looked upon myself as the object of a foully invented plot, a deep laid scheme, conspiracy pursued to traffic in my flesh; in this plot I have been passed from city to city, from ship to ship, and from one country to another; and finally, handcuffed and shackled with irons, deposited in the mine, as in the very tomb of slavery, and left there to die; and so I expected when I saw the company I was cast in—saw the moving skeletons that once were hail, hearty men—the heaps of human bones that lay in various parts, of the subterranean hell! Sinclair you will excuse my vehemence; they are nothing else, justly they can be called by no other name, *hell*, indeed is a mild term for those channel-pits of Spain. And then the very stench that arose from them was enough, and often did prove death to those poor victims, that have, as I have been forced there to die and rot, while they who have sold them, are reveling in the ill-gotten wealth accumulated in this dastardly business. Oh, what human being is sufficient to unfold the vast scroll that shall reveal to the astonished world the base deception, blasphemy, and forgery of man selling his fellow man, and consigning him to unlimited misery, or ended only by the period of his life. None are sufficient for those things; but it will require the power and omniscience of the supreme Judge of the universe at the great day of final account—oh, Sinclair, we are here in the midst of slavery, yet methinks there being truth in divine revelation, when that great and terrible day arrives, and the immaculate and impartial Judge unrolls the mighty scroll of actions, and reveals all the dark places of the earth, the habitations of cruelty, oppression and woe; man bearing rule

over his fellow, with a cruel hand, crushing him to the dust, and trafficking in his body and soul, the Heavens will roll back aghast, and all faces will gather blackness, the mountains and the rocks fly from the spoiler and oppressor, crying for them to fall on him, and hide him from the face of the Judge. They will seek death to rid them of remorse, but death, by the command of the Deity, will fly from them! But Sinclair I am wandering from myself; suffice it that I escaped, and once more breathing the pure air of Heaven, felt as though I was but dreaming of the flowers and fields of Elysian, for I could scarcely realize my escape, so great was my joy. But by great assiduity and fatigue, I after many days found myself in Havana, where shipping for this place, I set sail in the ill-fated *Isabel*, made the acquaintance, of her, who, thank Heaven, I am happy in calling wife,—was shipwrecked on a tempestuous and dismal night, was found afloat by the captain,—God bless him—who brought us safe to land."

"You have, indeed been the subject of adventure, to say the least of it Juan. But I need scarcely inquire your feelings towards Capello or Verree. Could you forgive him, or do you still retain your vengeance against him?"

"Forgive him? Sinclair I could, and with all my heart, for my mind, if not my very soul has been transformed since my departure from America, and did I but know where to find him I would go and embrace him as my father, and hope to obtain his forgiveness. Such Sinclair are my feelings for the man, while I at the same time abhor and abominate slavery. To say the least of it, it is wrong, and unjust."

"Capello is dead." Said Duval.

Juan for a moment surprised, started at the sentence, and echoed—

"Pierre Verree, Capello dead?"

"He is."

"'Tis true?—how did he die? Sinclair did you see him die? was his end natural or foul—speak, I would know—"

Sinclair, controlling his emotions at the thought of his own parent's death, brushed a tear aside and replied:

"He was found dead with my own father, in a reserved old building in this city, that gave evident marks of having been struck by lightning on the previous night. Their bodies when discovered were horribly mangled by the angry fluid—"

"Heaven pardon Verree, as I at this moment forgive him! For the death, Sinclair, of your parent, I sympathize with you; but is it not strange they should be thus destroyed in company, were they so intimate?"

"Yes, they had grown quite intimate just before their peculiar fate. Father becoming ingrossed in the political changes of the South, particularly the *Secession movement of his native State*, bet very extravagantly, and lost a large portion of his wealth, he finally became indebted to Capello, and hence their intimacy, which I am inclined to believe added nothing to his life or his reputation."

"'Tis sad, 'tis very sad,—but have you ever heard of that villain Livingston?"

"Him I shot—"

"What! did you say you shot him, Sinclair?" Doubted Juan, scarcely believing what he heard.

"Yes, one night last Fall, as I was returning homelate, I encountered him, with two others, in the act of carrying away my wife and silver plate—I met them just as they were about to take their final leave of the premises, drawing my revolver, I commanded them to speak, which one of them did with an oath. Beatrice screamed and I fired, the one who had her concealed beneath his cloak, which was Livingston, fell; the remaining two, rushed towards me, but before they reached me, they also lay with their leader in the gateway, in the icy embrace of death.—By a coroner's jury, I was acquitted of all blame—"

"And so you should be,—it was an unpleasant part to act, though justified by the first law of our natures. You did it nobly: but by the way, Sinclair, you seem not to have many servants about you, though your father, I believe owned a large number."

"He did, but as I have already intimated, he became greatly reduced, and when he died, he possessed but little."

"But Capello, or rather Pierre Verree, your father-in-law was the reputed owner of a very large number of slaves."

"Yes, and all, with the two plantations have reverted to Beatrice which she has left entirely to my disposal, I therefore sold the plantations and allowed the negroes to go free."

"Thank Heaven for that, I am still confirmed the more in my good opinion of the generosity of your nature, Sinclair—"

At this juncture of the conversation, the sweet voice of Beatrice in one of her charming and pathetic strains on the piano, reproachingly diverted their thoughts from their present train of sadness, and a moment more they were in the company of Beatrice and the fair Inez.

Timothy Pillington in company with his dear Araminta returned to Philadelphia, where, having completed arrangements for their wedding, he, in the evening stepped into the coach for her home. But when the coachman opened the door of his vehicle, he found to his utter consternation poor Pillington a corpse, one hand resting upon his pale brow and the other upon a prodigious rent across the knob of his finest doekins, which to all appearances he had torn getting into the coach, and the great catastrophe overwhelming him with mortification and despair proved without doubt the sad cause of his death.

Restoratives were resorted to to revive him, but alas the exquisite Timothy Pillington never slept again.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE AMERICAN JUGGERNAUT.

We plead guilty, in romancing, of at least *one* great *fault*, that of flying from one city to another in an incredible short space of time. But from Louisiana to Pennsylvania is but a few hours ride from New Orleans to Philadelphia but a short and pleasant journey. The day on which we revisit our long loved city, though warm, is one of great and general rejoicing; the streets and numerous public places are filled with thousands of both sexes, whose familiar and laughing faces, give token of glad hearts. The stars and stripes, the American ensign of freedom is floating in brilliant colors, proudly from many a lofty eminence. The military and other various orders and associations of men are parading through all parts of the city; and anon the loud boom of the cannon's heavy charge, is heard amid the ringing of bells, and the mellow strains of martial and other music, 'Tis the gala day, the ever glorious *fourth day of July*, commemorative of a *free nations birth*.

But in a beautiful grove some two miles out from the city, all nature is blushing in ripening bloom, and around the spot selected are congregated some eight or ten thousand men. Midway of the shady nook is erected a spacious staging, for "public speaking," around, or rather in front of it, and extending far up the rising ground, temporary but substantial seats are nicely arranged for those who may choose to be seated during the discursive Jubiliant. In front of the platform and immediately above the speaker, a large bronzed eagle spreads forth his protective wings over the vast assembly, while round and round the stand the American flag, by whose stripes we are healed, is tastefully, entwined, circling the speakers in the free inspiring girdle of liberty. The audience had listened to the first speaker, Lemuel Milner, with marked attention, dilate on the "progress of Liberty in the New World." The band struck up and played with patriotic eloquence the charming national air, "Hail Columbia, happy land!" The second speaker amid a hearty round of applause, arose and glanced over the vast gathering of human life, with a calm and pleasant smile. He was a man tall and dignified though familiar and cheerful, and in the prime of life;—"Hail Columbia, happy land—" He began, repeating the first line of the national gem, just played. "Yes, fellow citizens; in contrast with unfortunate and betrayed Hungary, priest ridden Italy and Spain, Monarchal England, or the down trodden surfs of Russia, oppressed by the iron rule of a despot,—we hail with joy the fair land of Columbia. Let the glad anthem fly upon the pinions of liberty, from nation to nation, encircle the world, and from every valley and from

every hill top, ascend in sweet incense to him who is the everlasting 'Governor among the Nations.' Let the trees clap their hands and all the world rejoice with us to-day. Hail, all hail, American brothers, a people highly favored of Heaven! A land of industry and art, a land of milk and honey, of plenty and of peace. Land of the *free*, to which the missionaries point the heathen with rapture, as a type of the holy realm of peace, rest and repose in Heaven. The Elysium of earth, bearing to man all that is desirable to make him happy and blest. But as the serpent of old defiled the happy Eden of our first parents, so is the curse of African slavery blighting with accumulating misery and suffering, the fairest and most fruitful soil beneath the canopy of Heaven. Yes, amid all our rejoicing to-day, I hear with pain, the loud wail of at least two million of human slaves in the United States. I see their squalid and decrepid condition in sickening contrast with the sumptuous life of their masters. Let us visit one of the slave marts of the South, press through the crowd of negro brokers to the auction-room, where humanity like an article of merchandise, is knocked off to the highest bidder. See the children, the father, the mother striped of their clothing and despite their shrinking modesty, pinched and examined like beasts on sale. The bidding is conducted in eager competition. One after the other the children are knocked off, and separated, one here, one there, and another elsewhere; hundreds perhaps thousands of miles apart. What embracing, and weeping follows these sales. The father, mother, husband and wife for years, grown all in their love for each other, next are sold, the one to a stern old planter in Georgia the other perhaps to go to the cotton fields or rice swamps of Louisiana. All are separated for *value*, regardless of the unspeakable pangs of grief felt in the agonized breast of each unfortunate vassal, but they are driven like cattle to their *bondage quarters*. This some have the inhuman assurance to tell us is sanctioned by holy writ; in the name of all that is holy, just and good; I ask where? Let the divine advocate of Southern slavery, hold up the book and with his vile finger point out the passage, let him proclaim to us, the chapter and verse. It is contrary to the very basis of the revealed religion of Heaven, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' 'Do unto others, as you would have others do unto you,'—was this the ruling spirit of man throughout the world, there would not be a slave on the earth. Slavery, it is revolting to all the better nature of man; contrary to universal nature, which everywhere, above, abroad, beneath, proclaims in ten thousand voices. Man was created and should remain, equally *free*. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is his inalienable right. But the unfortunate African, though not without his representatives in our struggle for freedom from monarchical rule, is too weak, too soul oppressed, to plead his cause with success, and hence groans on in toil and pain, with the long deferred hope of meeting with, in the world's great emancipator, Jesus Christ, whom they expect will come from Heaven with all his angelic legions at the appointed time. and break the spoiler's rod and redeem those who have waited for

him. That such a doctrine would please the oppressor is not strange, for he very shrewdly concludes, that if such a hope prove the means of keeping them content with their condition, he will be the better able to drive a more brisk and profitable trade, for like the unjust Judge, he neither regards man nor fears God. The slave broker, even though he be a member of the prevailing sect, does not believe in the divinity of Christ, in this they are decidedly infidel. Witness their joy and exultation at the burning of a slave on a plantation in one of the states but a short time since. A number of the parish ministers, with a number of negro owners convened and had a large concourse of slaves gathered from the adjoining plantations to witness the burning of one of their number. They chained him to a stake securely driven into the earth, had the brush wood piled around his quivering body, and applied the torch; and while amid the poor sufferer's unearthly cries of agony, the curling flames crackled around him, the sanctified, slave-fattened preachers held up the burning man as an example of what would be their fate, should they prove in the least disobedient to their masters. The flames still crackled around the poor victim of inhuman wrong, he was destroyed, and the spectators returned to their several plantations. 'Hail Columbia, happy land! Heaven be merciful, and let not the last great vial of long accumulated wrath deluge the entire land for the wrongs of the South. Does Christian love acquiesce in such cruelty as this? Surely not; it is a fiendish invention proving a blot most foul upon the escutcheon of our country's honor. A deep stain that will require years of sincere repentance to wash away. Ah, happy land! but the happiness alas! how mixed with sorrow. Land of the brave and free, yet the stronghold of cowardice, and the rank soil of slavery. Land of civilization and peace, yet the dark cell of tortures, almost rivaling the Spanish inquisition. Still linger we in the land of slavery, amid the stench of the slave pen, the dismal clinking of the shackles, the groans of the oppressed and the sighs of sufferings of the maltreated and punished; these combine a sound aching to the soul, and falling on the ear far from pleasant. But the scene changes, and darkness like that which covered Egypt, when Moses stretched his magic wand over the land of the slave-holder Pharaoh, prevails with equal density through the slave-holding states of America, all have strangely become barren and cold; vegetation has ceased to reward the laborer's toil, the vast fields of wheat, corn, rice, tobacco and cotton have grown sterile and bare. The darkness is painfully felt, all nature seems to be stuned, the ocean stands still, the rivers cease to flow, and all is awfully quiet; but a low murmur, distant at first, like the universal hum of insects, on a clear, cold night. Listening a second, it flows into one unbroken sound, nearer and nearer it approaches, louder and louder it sounds, breaking on the ear, in an unearthly wail of misery and despair like the last shriek in its dying throes of a broken heart. It approaches to a terrifying scream of woe, it ceases, and is quiet again. A strange, weak light struggles to liquify the darkness, in a great damp mist, through which, far as the eye

can scan, the land appears to be a level but fruitless plain; in the centre of which the grim outline of a vast tower, built of human bones and cemented with blood, arises to view, and almost reaching to Heaven, reminds us by its height, of the ancient tower of Babel. The tower seems adorned within and without, with every ornament or attraction that cunning and art can suggest, or wealth command. From the summit you can see through the dim twilight mist, a large black flag bearing in red lettering, the name of the tower—'THE SLAVE MART.' This momentarily disturbed by a slight breeze, unfurls into two or three ripples, then droops down the black staff, with a langour sickly to behold. This great tower, then is the visible, tangible remains of the great Southern Juggernaut, when condensed, but a vast heap of human flesh and bones, the express image of the great slave-moloch. Mark how the blood oozes from it, and falling drop by drop, forms a dull monotony, the only sound now heard. But see a figure like a shadow approaches a stone near the entrance of the tower, which is covered with an indescribable humid green, like the slime of a reptile. But the figure seems weak and before he commences the high ascent, would rest himself. He sits on the damp stone, and in him you distinguish not a man, but only the resemblance of a man. From a dark spot over his heart the thin blood slowly oozes and trickles to his feet; while he yet shivers with weakness and the consequences of crime, several others of similar appearance and character join him at the base of the tower, and without opening their lips, with a slight inclination of the head in recognition, they all sit beneath the crushing weight of incomprehensible anguish. Shuddering in the dense gloom he raises his head weakly and attempts to speak; like the sound of wind rattling through a skeleton—'Liberty hath conquered, cursed be she,' reverberated through the vast, tomb-like tower, from the base, leaving it at the top. But ere it dies away, it is taken up and echoed by his blasphemous companions. The effort cost them a more severe spasm of pain, and while the damp, chilling mist thickens, the following alternately falls from their lips—'It hath happened to you, as it hath happened to me; what has our fine institutions availed us at last?' Speaks one in chagrin and anguish. 'Free thought, faith, and free speech, have broken the chains of the blacks. Free thought and faith, have emancipated the serfs.' Replied the prowling priests. 'We have divided those that no man should put assunder; but our oppression has but united them against us; our folly and cruelty has ruined us.' Said another. 'We have sown corruption which has absorbed all our strength,' murmured the profligate Judge. 'We have attempted to stifle liberty, and the freedom of the press, but its breath hath withered our very root.' Breathed the Jesuitical Secessionists, in sullen gloom. 'Liberty hath conquered accursed be she.' Reiterated another vociferously. 'We have trafficked in the souls and bodies of Africa's sons. Judas-like sold our own flesh and with an iron sway oppressed the ignorant and the weak. Now it consumes our vitals and blights with rottenness the

flower of our land, Woe! woe! woe! He gasped his own damnation, and beneath the accumulated weight of his own corruption, falls back exhausted. But lo! an earthquake shakes the ground, and the bowels of the trembling earth open beneath the base of the tall tower. It divides in the centre, and for a moment rocks and quivers as if suspended in mid air. An awful rumbling sound, a terrible convulsion, and like the heavy mill stone sinks into the depths of the sea, the vast tower of human bones sinks down and down to the depths of the spacious chasm. Will an invisible voice exclaim, 'thus with violence shall Babylon be thrown down and found no more at all.' But as the huge Juggernaut goes down, the black emblem on her summit spreads forth to the heated breeze, and gives in letters of blood, once more to the gaze of the world,—*The Great Slave Mart;* and lo! through the misty confusion, and coming swift as on the wings of the wind, a figure beautiful as a bright summer morn, 'clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.' A rainbow of translucent dyes, encircles her brow, while from her polished feet—sheeting the dry desert plain in a spacious sea, issued forth streams and flashes of liquid light. Calmly she rests above the offensive cavern on a strong anchor of massive gold. Her luxuriant auburn ringlets flow back from her fair open brow in unbound tresses, extending over the white satin boddice of her dress, the flowing skirt of which trimmed in gold droops to her satin incased feet in heavy folds. On her head rests a rich velvet cap, spangled with diamonds and silver, while one hand points majestically to Heaven, with the other she clasps a golden sceptre, with which she points in smiles to a milk white scroll swinging in triumph from one arm of the Anchor, and bearing in letters of gold, 'VIRTUE, LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.' With the eagle's flight she descends to the earth, and pressing a seal on the unsightly chasm, closes it, and it so remains forever. The plain now, which was desolate and dreary, becomes like the garden of Eden, and the whole world repopled with the unnumbered millions of a new born race, rejoices and blooms as the rose. Where the wilderness once stood, life and health diffusing waters break out, and streams of holy nectar gush forth from the desert. The slave-parched ground becomes a pool and the tear and blood saturated land, springs living water, instead of the thorn, lo, the myrtle tree of peace springs up, and instead of the death-briar, the fir-tree of health, the box and the pine together. And lo, new mountains start forth, and lifting their lofty peaks to Heaven, they drop back into the rosy lap of the earth now free indeed, the sweet wine of friendship, harmony and love. 'Tis the great millenium of universal brotherhood—pure freedom's mild reign.' Yes Liberty and truth, unmistified with error or the fear of man, will emancipate the world from misery and woe. It is then we may sing consistently—'Hail Columbia happy land.' But until the curse of African slavery is removed, the woe pronounced against the 'land shadowing with wings,' consumes the beauty and strength of the fairest portions of our common country. Hasten the

happy period when a purer liberty shall sway her mild sceptre over the world, and 'ALL NATIONS SHALL CALL HER BLESSED.'

"Westward the star of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past;  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

'The Leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin; yet once again I swear the 'Slave shall be free.' Say- ing which, Juan our hero, retired amid a succession of deafening applause, while the very foliage of the trees to their lofty tops, swayed to and fro, with the simultaneous and hearty voices of approval. The vast assemblage were soon scattered; and Juan, Sinclair Duval, Lemuel Milnor, and Mr. Marston the artist, returned to the city of brotherly love. We trace them to a large and elegant new mansion, situated on the rapidly improving and spacious avenue Broad street. We enter Juan's gay home by the ascent of several fine marble steps; on the door is written his full and characteristic name—*SYLVESTER FREEMAN.* He is free once more; free from revenge and hate; in the midst of the richest blessings of *Virtue Liberty and Independence.* Within his home, all is life, comfort and joy; happy hearts, and merry voices in lightsome music, form indeed a palace of delight. The skilfully mastered piano, sends forth a full volume of music, rich in pathos and enchantment. On the opposite side of the broad avenue, stands a large, public edifice, from the summit of which the American flag floats off in the rippling breeze, and her silken folds, and silvery stars glisten majestically in the golden streakings of the setting sun; but an exquisite melody is floating towards us, list to the following

"When freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She wore the azure robes from night  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,  
The milky balais of the skies;  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streaking from the morning light;  
Then from his mansion in the Sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land."

The sweet singer was the happy Inez. Their home is now in the city, though in company with Beatrice and Sinclair. Adelia and Lemuel Marston, and the vivacious Louisa, Juan and Inez pass many pleasant seasons still at the fashionable resort of pleasure, Cape May.





RESCUE OF JUAN AND INEZ.