

# THE DOWN-TRODDEN:

OR,

## BLACK BLOOD AND WHITE.

---

BY WALTER SKETCH.

BEING IN PART RELATED TO THE AUTHOR

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BY "NELSE"

A FUGITIVE SLAVE

---

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN MILDER, JR.

1853.

*same in h.c.*

TO THE  
FRIENDS  
OF  
SUFFERING HUMANITY,  
THIS WORK

Is respectfully Inscribed,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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WALTER SKETCH

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## PREFACE.

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THE history of the world is, and has always been marked by progression and regression. And as we see the world emerging from darkness, or retrograding into ignorance and superstition, our sympathies are keenly awakened.

The present age, especially in our country, is distinguished for great light, and intense moral darkness. For it is a fact that greatly advanced as we are in the elements of civilization in one portion of the land, there is another part of us who are plunged into the Putonian gloom of all that is fearful, idolatrous, and revolting. In the northern territory of the great state of Texas, is a tract of country as large as the state of Tennessee, extending south from the corner of Arkansas, near the Red River to the American Desert, at the extremity of Indian Territory, which is comparatively unexplored, and about which as little is known as the head sources of the Nile. The inhabitants consist of a mixture of Indians, Whites, and Negroes; and they have become so amalgamated that their complexions are a light, copper color, their hair soft and long, and their heads are in formation like those of negroes—the back part projecting—the forehead sloping—thick lips, and the other attributes of Africanism. They live by robbing, and hold their degraded slaves (although they themselves are the most inferior) in a bondage more fearful than the most diabolical tyranny practised by the unlettered cannibals of the isolated isles of the Pacific.

The following pages describe the varied scenes of Slavery. I have taken Kentucky as the section of my story, the evil being milder there than in States further South. I have travelled over nearly all of the Southern and Western states, and from the careful and rigid observations which I have made, I state the circumstances here narrated.

This work is founded on facts: this I solemnly aver—I will not pretend to say that I have not embellished; but many of the occurrences I describe, I have witnessed with my own eyes. Perhaps many of my readers have also seen themselves, or read in the journals of the day, concerning these transactions.

I have adopted the double Narrative and Dramatic form something different from the present style of writing. The reader can easily distinguish the narration of the Slave, the remarks of the writer, and the descriptive parts as follows. Chapter eight, "My Father's Death," is entirely a narration by Nelse, the Slave. Chapter sixteen, "Liberty," is the Author's remarks. Chapter twenty-two, "The Maniac and Murderer," is descriptive, and Chapter three, "The School Teacher," embraces all—narrative, descriptive and commentive.

I have endeavored to elucidate thus technically in order to remove all obscurity or ambiguity.

The hero of this tale, Nelse is still living, and I have faithfully followed the side of truth in his relation.

The names of the persons are false names; for instance, the real name of "Morse," is Moore; a wholesale candy maker on Main st., Louisville. "Rusk," is Rust, Lexington, lawyer; and so on, I have varied the real names throughout.

Some may ask, why is there not more negro language? The reason is with some exceptions that most of the slaves talk the English language as properly as we do ourselves.

If any part seems to appear too violent, I solemnly declare that I have not treated of cruelties which would require the utmost stretch of credulity to believe, and even then it would seem but the fanciful creation of some unreal dream.

I am glad that movements have been made toward emancipation, but these efforts have been hitherto so few and so feeble that they may be compared to single drops of rain amid a mighty shower. The drops being philanthropy, the shower, the dark passions and cruelties of man.

This work is not the result of other works—as "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—"Aunt Phillis's Cabin"—"Uncle Tom as he is"—"Uncle Tom in England," and a thousand other evaporations. The most readable one being the aforesaid work of Mrs. Stowe.

On the contrary, I have been years in getting up these incidents. I have travelled and witnessed this institution of serfdom, in all of its lights and shades, and my statements can be corroborated. In writing this work, if I correct one misguided view—one false prejudice, I am happy—happy in the consciousness of doing a "small good."

And now, with this introduction, I kindly leave you to other reflections, and I remain yours,

THE AUTHOR.

Kingston, on the Hudson, 1853.

## THE DOWN-TRODDEN;

OR,

## BLACK BLOOD AND WHITE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### SLAVE LIFE.

"NEEDLESS is it to say that I was born a slave. For forty long years have I toiled beneath a burning sun.

The life of the slave is indeed a hard life, and, reader, I ask your sympathy—I crave your pity while I give this plain recital. (Read the preface.)

"My master's name was Duverne, of L—n, Kentucky, and here with a brother and two sisters, my young life passed onward happily—happily do I say. I was then too young to know aught of the misery of this world.

"The first words I spoke were Bella! Beller! (For the slave is never taught to call the holy word—mother) and affectionately did that mother watch over her young offspring: my father I saw only once a week, as he lived many miles distant, and (his master permitted him to leave only on Sunday. He was an unusually tall, handsome man, and when he smiled he showed two rows of regular teeth as white as pearls, and his eyes had a soft look of sadness, (perhaps it was on account of his melancholy situation,) and I have seen a single tear course down his dark, shining cheeks, and drop upon his hand, as he turned away to hide his

grief, when he was unnoticed by all, save me.

"Time passed on, and I grew to be a boy; very much resembling my father; my elder brother also increased in size; but my poor little black sister Crissey, was a cripple—deformed in shape and distorted in feature; but I loved the forsaken child; (for my heart always yearned towards the afflicted,) and when she had met with cuffs and harsh words, she came to me with sobs, and I commingled my tears with hers—then we would talk of a happy land, and a mighty king, of whom the white minister preached every Sunday, in the small brick church on the road-side. If we would do right, we would go to that land. And there was no hot sun there—and massa never whipped poor nigga there—nigga was white then, and all would be happiness.—Thus we would talk hour after hour—poor slave! God may pity thee if man does not.

"My other sister, Ada, was a strange creature—her complexion was very light—her hair was long, soft and curling—and her large eyes shone with an intense blackness. Her master and missis, together

young master, Verni, and his sister Hennie, seemed to regard her as one of the family; indeed, she was never permitted to associate with the other slaves, although she was not allowed to receive instruction in any of the branches of literature.

"Such was the train of circumstances and companions who surrounded me. At the age of twelve, I knew, what it was to be a slave, laboring incessantly with others under the argus eye of the overseer, and inhaling the noxious effluvia of decayed tobacco. All visions were at an instant dispelled, and young as I was, I looked forward to a long life of toil—toil. And for what? God alone knows—No object in view—No hope in expectation, but the thought of working for evermore.

There was Miss Hennie, she was kind to me, and her soft words and sweet smiles threw a sunshine around my heart, when others turned away. She chose me for her own attendant, and this in a measure relieved my attention to other duties. In time, I became so accustomed to my lot that I endeavored to fancy that I was well situated, and had no grounds of complaint. Gentle reader, think not that I am exaggerating, or wish to excite your sympathy for the slave. No, the poor slave deserves no sympathy—he is too low—too much like the brute creation to require even the notice of the world. It is said that he has no feelings—that he can never rise above his fallen condition. I wish to God that it was so—I wish that he was an Automaton—I wish that the slave-mother was a block of marble, an inanimate being—I wish that the child torn from her arms was but a lifeless clod of earth, and then—then indeed, would our situation be alleviated. For then the ignorance of our misery—the deprivation of feeling would be an inestimable blessing.

Then would the cries of an outraged humanity ascend to Heaven's throne no more.

"My nature was gentle and timid; but my brother from his earliest years was fierce and implacable. He would sit all day long with his face buried in his hands, and no threats, punishment or coaxing could induce him to leave his gloomy career. Thus he grew up a dangerous and resentful man; the terror of master and overseer, though on account of being born in the family, he was in no danger of being sold, unless he became entirely unmanageable. He shunned the light of the sun, he wandered in the night through the fields, and spoke to none except Master Verni, to whom he was attached body and soul; for once when he had fallen into the stream that flowed through the plantation, Verni rescued him from drowning after great exertions, for the channel was wide and deep. Ever since that time he attended the youth constantly, and to have died for him, was the height of his ambition.

"In the morning when the light of day was upon the earth, and the flowers filled with dew bent their heads to the ground, the slaves came out from their cabins to resume their labors, while the family were still plunged in sleep. But when the broad rays of the sun poured down, then the slaves returned to their meal, and the master united with the family in prayer; for Mr. Duverne was a member of the Baptist church—how much the prayer of such a man availeth we know not. Although the oppressed suffering beings at the door eating their corn-bread, were famishing for the Bread of Life, yet they were debarred, for they had no part nor lot in the matter—not they! For what need had a SLAVE of religion. No, they must suffer in this world all that

man can suffer, and after death go to other torments—who cares?

"On Saturday eve, all seems life and gaiety. The sound of fiddles is heard upon the still air, and ringing laughs seem to tell that the slaves are happy. Happy! Ha! ha! If you would call it happiness to have your body torn apart by piece-meal—to have your very existence slowly evaporated by inhaling destroying poisons, then in the sense of the word is the slave happy. The bird deprived of its liberty and confined in the narrow cage sings joyfully—the felon chained in the narrow cell cracks his rude jests. But what is it. I call it philosophy to bear up under heavy trials, and in this the slave is justified."

(We are Americans. Our forefathers shed their blood, and left their lifeless bodies on the gory field, for what? For LIBERTY! We boast to other nations of what? of our religious freedom, and political liberty. We talk about aiding the oppressed nations of the earth to throw off the shackles of the oppressor, when at our very doors, there is the most tyrannical—the most damning features of enslavement that ever existed.)

"About this time, Crissey fell sick, and my mother and myself watched over the sufferer through her long nights of pain. She prayed for death—for her poor outcast, why should she wish to linger longer here below. But death came not to her aid—she recovered; but the disease had left her blind. Yes, blind. To her the beauties of Nature were forever shut from view, all was night—black as her own dark face, with its fitting shadows. But her blindness saved her from many a cruel sight. She saw not the bleeding, lacerated back of the slave of the plantation, although she heard his groans. She saw not the angry features of those

whose words fell harshly around her way.

"I loved my afflicted sister the more for her calamities, and she listened for my coming footsteps with an eagerness that told how deeply I was beloved by her. I took her hand and we wandered forth together—"Nelse!" said she—"I hear the songs of birds, and the music of the rippling of the rills—I feel the soft breezes; but I see nothing. The world seemed beautiful to me before my eyes became sightless, and He who presides over these beauties, must be good—must be great; though when I look around and see man so cruel—so ungrateful I am pained. But I feel happy, Nelse—even now, since I have been blind, and I know that God loves me, as I love him, and you, and mother, and massa, and the whole world; though I am but a helpless slave, of no use to any human being!"

"Talk not so!" I broke in—"Crissey, I love you. I shall endeavor to make you happy while I live!"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MINISTER.

THE Reverend Reuben Fairchild was the minister who preached in the small brick church. He was a very tall, gentlemanly man, of about fifty years of age. His features beamed with a holy light, his blue eyes rested with tenderness upon his fellow-man, and though grey hairs were thick upon his head, he still possessed great vigor, and a resolution that nothing could overcome. He was one of the few—very few who practice what they preach. He visited this station but once

every four weeks, the rest of his time being engaged in Indiana, where his family resided. On the Sunday in question he was here. The church windows were raised, and the cool breeze fanned the aristocratic slaveholder, and ruffled the gay ribbons of his wife and daughters. A few negroes skulked around the doors in order to catch a few words of the discourse—"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." My hearers, this is the "golden rule." If this principle was followed, misery would cease in the world—then would man cease to oppress his fellow. Selfish thoughts and selfish actions would give place to purer motives. The world would appear brighter to our eyes, and when the quivering spirit was about to leave its earthly tenement, we could look back to a long life of good deeds, and days spent in dispensing blessings around. After death, tears would fall upon the grave, and the world would say, there lies a good man, "and his works do follow him."

"Do unto others as you would be done by." To do this, enter the cabin of the poor man, visit the sick, and comfort the afflicted; imitate that One who has given us such a glorious example. Do not these things by agents—Advocate not that which you do not put in practice.—Oppress not your fellow man."

(How these last words must have grated on the planters ears. But I forget. The slave is not a fellow being; so it cannot refer to that.—"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." If the down-trodden should dare to assert a single right—if he should refuse to perform a command, why! What matters if he was knocked in the head, to recover if his thick skull could resist the blow, and to—DIE if otherwise.)

The sermon having ended, the au-

dience dispersed—some to their homes in the village, and others rode rapidly away to their far distant residences. Nothing is more uncommon than on Sabbath mornings to see on an open plain (in Kentucky) a log meeting-house, miles away from any human habitation, with no signs of life around, at the appointed hour, thronged with the people; while others—old men and their sons; mothers and their daughters, with a young slave behind them on horseback, are approaching in every direction.

The minister accompanied Mr. Duverne to his house, and after partaking of a hearty dinner, the family adjourned to a parlor and the planter and Mr. Fairchild entered into conversation, Miss Hennie being the only listener present. The topic soon changed from religion to slavery, in all of its bearings.

"Admit," said Mr. Duverne, "that Slavery is a curse to our state; because free labor cannot come into competition with slave labor, and therefore, very few emigrate to Kentucky in search of employ. If I had a pair of horses on my hands, it is not very likely that I would engage my neighbors team, even though they were superior to my own; that would not be economy. Yes, Mr. Fairchild, I admit that we have a great evil among us—this is shown in the case of Ohio and Indiana—Kentucky is much the oldest state, and was thickly settled when they had no settlements within their territory. But mark the result—they have outstripped us in every improvement, and to use an expression, 'Old Kentuck is no-whar.' I tell you, Dominie, that we would have released our slaves long ago, if it had not been for the Abolitionists. We will never be forced into measures. And I repeat it, Dominie, that it is the fault of the Abolitionists—the Abolitionists—do you understand?"

And here the worthy Mr. Duverne bulged out his mouth, and inflated his cheeks with air like a bladder, while his small grey eyes twinkled with a wonderful knowing look, as much as to say—"What do you think of that—The Abolitionist—Eh?"

Seeing that the clergyman made no reply; but looked steadfastly upon the floor, the speaker moved his chair closer, and looking quietly around the room, laid his hand upon the other's arm, while his voice sank to a whisper—"The Abolitionists."

"Mr. Duverne, I wish to speak frankly with you. I will tell my thoughts without fear—"

"Right! Kentucky principle—frankness!"

"Well, Mr. Duverne, again. Ever since the world existed, there has been Abolitionists. The Saviour himself, was an Abolitionist. He came into the world to abolish sin and misery. The Reformers who have followed, made it their object to abolish false systems of worship. Men have used every means to abolish intemperance. And now these Abolitionists of whom you talk, saw that Slavery was a damning blot upon the land, and abolished it in their own states; and not content with this, they are now using their exertions to eradicate it from their sister states, thus obeying the dictates of conscience, and the "higher law" of God."

"But! but! Mr. Fairchild, in doing this, they become guilty of disobeying the laws of the land, or in other words, they commit treason—treason—I say treason. Now, as a true and loyal subject of the great Republic, I hold myself bound to obey its laws, and the moment I refuse to comply with the requisitions, then do I annul my allegiance, and become amenable."

"Following that train, we come to

a theorem. If the law directed you to "cut off your own head," or slay a brother would you do it? No! Then you would obey other laws, than those of the land. You would look to self-preservation, and the dictions of affection. Then, Mr. Duverne, should we not obey the laws of reason, and of humanity. In this it is but a weak argument to throw the blame upon the shoulders of the innocent!"

"But they are too rash—these same Abolitionists. They seem to demand a general manumission whether it is our will or not, and therefore we will resist and show that we are not entirely at their mercy!"

"Yes! Mr. Duverne, so have philanthropic motives always been opposed. Even the great Reformer, and all other reformers, have thus met with violent resistance. And now, by your own assertions, (here the voice of the minister became loud, his eye flashed, and his whole form yielded to his emotions,) I declare that this tyranny is the blackest, the most sinful that has ever held a reign. Our eyes are opened to its enormity, and we have not the excuses of the illiterate barbarians of former ages. I say that a just Ruler will hold the oppressor to a fearful account." (The words of the clergyman fell to a melancholly sadness, and a tear glistened through his eye lashes.) Yes! I have seen the poor slave chained to the post, and whipped until he—DIED. Aye! died. And when he begged for time to pray, the brutal laugh of the overseer was followed by the blood-reeking lash. Then his corpse was thrown into a hole in the ground with less ceremony than we would bury a dog. And in this case the murderer escaped by the payment of a small fine, and justice was not exerted. And why? Because it was a SLAVE! Such cases may be rare, but I have seen this occurrence. It



is these things, Sir, that has sickened me, and no words can I find to express my abhorrence of Slavery and its advocates!"

As the last words were uttered—a shade dark as night overspread the features of Mr. Duverne. "Miscreant—vile Abolitionist—is this the manner in which you violate the rights of hospitality. Leave my roof. Go—" burst from the planter's lips. Hennie fled from the room.

"Sir!" said Mr. Fairchild—"I can leave your roof. Leave it never again to return. So with my kindest wishes for your reformation, I bid you good-bye!" And taking his hat, with a low bow, he left the house.

The minister's non-chalance enraged the slave-holder the more, and by this time the alarm having spread, a number of the neighbors were assembled. They came up with the "Dominie" on the outskirts of the town.

"Gentlemen!" said he slowly and calmly—"You come to me with weapons. I have none. But I will not be arrested by men without a warrant of authority for committing no crime. Remember you are Christians professedly—I am a minister of the gospel, and this is the holy Sabbath of the Lord, be not guilty of sacrilege by perpetrating violence now!"

A thick-set, burley man made a pass at him with a bowie-knife; which he warded off with his arm; then stooping down, he grasped the assailant, and raising him into the air with a powerful effort, he dashed him to the ground with such force that the man lay stunned—blood gushing from his nose and ears. The rest for a few moments stood back intimidated.

And that was a sublime spectacle. That holy man, with the look of heaven upon his face, confronting these enraged men, who were brandishing

instruments of death, and thirsting for his blood.

Recovering from their intimidation, with cries of "Down with the Abolitionist," they bore upon him, and after he was overpowered and bound, they carried him to the house of Mr. Duverne, in order to await his punishment on the morrow, which they had agreed should be fifty lashes on his bare back.

But that God, whom he worshipped, did not desert him in this his hour of need, and he felt assured that aid would come, though from which quarter he knew not.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SCHOOL-TEACHER.

WALTER HORTON, the district school teacher was a New-Yorker. He had left his native state, and wandered to the western wilds, where his intellectual attainments, and fine manners had made many friends, and at the time we write, he was the installed tutor at the seminary of L—.

He was a favorite with all, (especially the fair sex,) and indeed, so "westernized," had he become that he was recognized as belonging to his adopted State, and none ever regarded him as an Abolitionist.

He had long paid his addresses to Hennie Duverne, and her first love was in his possession. Her affections were not easily won; but when once awakened, they shone forth an intensity that enlisted her energies—soul and body.

One moon-light night, (it was in Autumn,) the lovers were seated together in the porch. The rest had retired, and not a lamp was burning

on the plantation; all was quiet. My attention was directed to the sound of voices. I cautiously approached them, and concealed myself behind a grape vine.

Hennie was looking up at the light clouds; her face was ghastly pale, and the moon-beams played upon her white marble forehead. The school-teacher was by her side, his dark eyes bent upon her, and his lips quivering as if he was about to speak "Hennie!"

And at that word, she started from her reverie, and in the dim moonlight I thought that I saw tears upon her cheeks. He took her hand in his. "This hand," he continued, "I had hoped would one day be mine. It was for your love that I labored day and night in learning to be good. I thought that I must be untainted to claim the regard of one so beautiful, so calm, so good. And now I have won you; but you cannot become the wife of Walter Horton, for you refuse to leave your father; though you say that you have changed your views about Slavery, and that your heart bleeds at the wrongs of slaves. Now Hennie, decide."

"Walter, I have listened to you.—God alone knows how I love you. It is not love—it is more—it is idoltry. I think that no human being ever loved so wildly—so madly. I have watched for your coming, and when you came, I was happy. When you was by my side, my ear drank in the poetry of your conversation, with its low, deep tones, thrilling to my heart. You wish me to leave my home—the scenes of my childhood, and go with you to your Northern home; no wonder I refuse, I would there be alone; people would look on and call me your Southern bride, and I would be unhappy—no, when you Walter I would not be unhappy, and now I answer you—I will go. Life is nothing

to me if you are gone. So at the end of your six months, I will be yours—a wedded wife."

I will pass over the next transports. But from that time, the brow of Walter Horton seemed to grow brighter, and Hennie—she would go caroling about the house, joy irradiating every feature. If the name of Horton was mentioned, she would suddenly hesitate—blush, and then with a smile, murmur to herself, "I am his!"

Mr. Duverne approved of the match, and the marriage was to come off when the school-term had expired. But alas! the fatality of human calculation.

Mr. Horton had, during his services been secretly advocating the principles of liberty to the down-trodden slaves. He would sit with them hour after hour instilling into their minds the rights of man. And they listened with intense eagerness, while their dark countenances lit up with indignation at a sense of their many wrongs.

(There may be those who severely condemn the school-master for stirring up a spirit of discontent, and urging the servant to leave his lawful owner.

But if you say that the negro is not a man, you will surely allow that he is (an animal,) then—filled with life—invested with reason, and bearing the similitude of our glorious Redeemer, thus marking him from the instinctive creation. Then can you blame him for wishing to leave a life of endless servitude, where his very life blood is slowly exhausted beneath an iron rule. If it was a small nation endeavoring to throw off its kingly allegiance, how our sympathies would be enlisted. We would receive the fugitives into our bosoms. Our public men would make great dinners, and guzzle down toasts, exclaiming against all manner of enslavement.

If the nation against whom they had rebelled should demand them, immediately every warlike spirit would lay his hand upon the sword and answer laconically—"Come and take them." But let the poor slave once dare to raise his head—then witness the burst of honest indignation from all classes. "Unparalleled presumption," "Unheard of impertinence!" No! it is too near home, we look for objects of charity which are far off, and if the "lowly one" should succeed in escaping, you say—"Bind him down—crush him to the earth!" Then a "Fugitive Slave law" is passed to suit the pretended exigencies of the times. Then the slave-hunter and the kidnapper prowl in every direction, "seeking whom they may destroy."

Mr. Horton, after conversed with my brother, as there are always many opportunities to talk with the negroes, the masters rarely having any suspicions.

After these conversations, I observed that Jerry became more gloomy than usual, and he even seemed to lose his affection for Master Verni.

Miss Hennie, too, was seen more than usual among the slaves, her sweet smiles and kind words cheering their forlorn condition. One night she called me to her room. "Nelse! bring me a glass of water!" I obeyed her, and was about to leave, when she again called me, and bade me to be seated. "Nelse, would you like to be free?"

"Free, Miss Hennie?" I exclaimed with surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, Nelse, would you like to leave my father and go to that land where Mr. Horton came from—where the colored persons are so kindly treated, and cared for!"

"Where I will not have to work any more, Miss Hennie?"

"Where you will not work so hard

as you do now, and where you will be happy."

"But I am too young—only fifteen, and could not escape."

"Oh! Mr. Horton and myself will assist you."

"No, Miss Hennie, you are very kind, but I cannot leave massa now! Good bye."

From this time Mr. Horton, and Hennie directed their attention to Jerry. Four of the six months had now passed away, and the lovers looked forward to the happy day on which they would be united forever. But fatal destiny!

Mr. Duverne had been a listener to the school teacher's conversation with a slave, who had recently been purchased for the plantation. His suspicions were aroused, and he soon found out the mischief that Mr. Horton had done—the lion of his nature was roused, and he resolved that such a man should never possess his daughter. In the gloomy recesses of his heart he contemplated the perpetration of a crime at the recital of which we shrink back with horror.

It was one of the wildest winter days that had ever been seen in the genial clime of Kentucky; and though there was but a slight crust of snow upon the ground, the small brooks were frozen over, and the keen air cut into the very flesh. Anon the low winds moaned fearfully upon the earth, and the overcast skies stretching far away in one vast dull monotony of bronze—converted the light of day into the gloom of night.

On this Saturday, Mr. Duverne, having some business to transact at some distance from L—, invited the school-teachers to accompany him. The invitation was readily accepted, and after dinner they mounted their horses and left the house.

After riding along the main road for some distance, they branched off

into a bye-path in the woods. An eastern person has but a slight idea of the roads out West. For miles you will squeeze through the narrow openings of the forest, then mounting some steep acclivity on the other side, you descend into a low valley, at the bottom of which you suddenly plunge into a swamp from which you find it difficult to extricate yourself. This is the reason that horse-back riding is so universally in vogue in all of the southern and western states.

The two riders continued in the narrow path, their way becoming more and more tangled, till at length the thick brushwood and fallen trees prevented their further progress altogether.

At the suggestion of Mr. Duverne, they both dismounted, and tied their horses. "We are now," said Mr. D—, as they proceeded through the narrow openings, "sixteen miles from home. It is nearly night, and I am right glad that our place of destination is well nigh at hand. Mr. Horton, I am as you know a slaveholder. The estate I now own is inherited from my father who was of French descent, though born in Virginia. Coming in this manner into possession of a large fortune, Mr. Horton what could I do? It would not be human nature if a person would refuse such gifts, and prefer to remain in absolute beggary; for, to tell the truth, I, although a slave-owner, abhor the very name of Slavery, and it is my firm resolve to emancipate my slaves in a few years, at the longest. But hold! Here we are!"

And now they had arrived at a small log house, almost hidden from view by briars, underwood and rocks. It was a wild place, this spot. Gigantic trees rifted by the lightening into countless splinters loomed up against the cold sky. Huge rocks covered with the green moss of centu-

ries projected over yawning precipices, and the wildness of the scenery was indescribable. That small hut so still—with no signs of life—so far away from any human habitation seemed to be a fit place for the accomplishment of nefarious designs.

"Mr. Duverne!" exclaimed the now alarmed school-teacher. "Why have you brought me to this place? I feel a presentiment of evil, and I think that we had better return."

"We will see!" replied the Kentucky planter as he disappeared behind the mound in front of the cabin. In a few moments he returned with something that resembled a human being. He was diminutive in stature, not more than four and a half feet high—he was humpbacked—his legs bent in the shape of bows—his head resembled a bullet in shape—in place of eye lashes, there was a broad, red stripe upon his eye lids—his nose seemed to have been eaten off by some disease, and the nostrils were two round holes in the centre of his face. To continue the description longer, would be to make this personage too unnatural for the utmost stretch of human credulity.

"Mr. Horton," said the slaveholder, "I have brought you here for the purpose of taking your life. Nay, start not. I will give you my reasons. I have overheard your inducements to my slaves, and I found that you, whom I least expected, was what we call an Abolitionist—a d—d Abolitionist. For this I would have let you gone; but when, in a few days, I thought that you would be united to my family, I swore that no Abolitionist blood should ever be mingled with mine. I thought of conveying you away, and then telling Hennie that you was false, and bid her forget you; but then you might have returned and given the lie to my assertions. Finally I concluded



to decoy you away, and employ this man—"Cronkey of the Glen," to murder you. There will be no use of resistance, for wounds, which to any other man would have been mortal, have been inflicted upon him without producing death. By employing this person, I clear myself of your blood. Dead men tell no tales, Cronkey!"

The ashy cheek of the school master became almost livid with fear—his eyes were overspread with a glassy film, and his lips essayed in vain to speak. He fell upon his knees, and his hands were clasped as in prayer.

The deformed Kentuckian primed his rifle, and slowly raising it, his small ferret eye gleamed along the bright barrel, with an expression of heart-felt satisfaction; the next moment the silver sight was upon a line with Horton's, the hammer clicked, and the latter fell backwards. A small, thick spout of dark blood gushed from the wound, made by the ball. "Mr. Duverne!" said the dying man, "come to me—now hearken! May God forgive you this heavy sin as I forgive you. It was too cruel—it was too hard to doom me to a fate like this—put me off in the vigor of my days—I am innocent. A holy mother who watched over my infancy, implanted into my mind a feeling of compassion for the fallen slave, and no mercenary motives instigated my charities. To that mother, and a gentle sister, I would send a last message; but you would not deliver it; so my dying moans alone may be wafted to that far off home. It is better, perhaps, though that they know not my fate. I feel faint. Shadows are around me. God have mercy as I do upon you. Mr. Duverne—tell—Hennie—tell—my—that—"

And there was a convulsive shudder of the form, a contraction of the muscles—a gurgling in the throat, af-

ter which a stiff corpse—stark and cold lay upon the ground.

The murderer and the accessor stood mute by the lifeless body. The silence was at length broken by the planter—"Cronkey, it is now night; we must throw this carcass into the Glen."

And they carried the dead man to the edge of the high cliff, and with an effort they threw him over. The face, so ghastly white, seemed to look upon them for an instant, as it turned upward through the dim obscurity, with a grinning smile.

The deed was done, and the murmuring winds whispered to those guilty men as they stood like statues, a tale of future retribution, saying—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay!" At intervals, they fancied they heard the dying groans of the murdered victim ascending from that dark gulf, and an indefinable terror took possession of their souls.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE SENTENCE.

It was now deep midnight and the household were buried in the arms of slumber. The clock on the shelf with its ceaseless ticking sounded loudly through the still apartment in which the Reverend Reuben Fairchild was confined. That aid which he thought was so far distant was now nigh at hand.

By the dim light, he saw a female form glide softly into his chamber. It was Hennie Duverne. She approached the bed, and whispered into his ear—"Mr. Fairchild I have come to release you!" With these words she severed the thongs which bound

him, and led him noiselessly out of the house. "Now, I ask not your thanks, but when far away give a thought for the slave-holder's daughter, and invoke a blessing upon her head from that Power whom you worship with such noble devotion; and who has raised up a friend for you from the midst of your enemies, who had determined to wreak their cruelty upon you!"

"God bless you my child. Rest assured that I will supplicate the throne of grace for your sake—and may the Lord save you, and reward you with an endless salvation!"

"Go now! for morning will soon be here. Keep the road, and you will arrive at the river in safety. Farewell!"

"Farewell!"

And the next moment the clergyman was gone. It was a starless night, and flying clouds of inky blackness obscured the light of the moon. Notwithstanding the many difficulties he strode rapidly forward. He had gone about eight miles, when his attention was directed to sounds of whispering along the road-side. He paused for a moment to look at two figures partly concealed by a board fence. The thought flashed across his mind that they were fugitive slaves. "Good people!" said he, "Come forth I perceive you!"

Immediately two miserably clad slaves—a man and wife emerged from their hiding place, and falling upon their knees in the dust they broke forth into the most abject petitions. "Oh, Massa! Ise knows we's done wrong—Spare de nigga dis time and he'll nebber run off any more. Ise 'fraid ob de 'cat' on de nex' day—Oh, Massa! we'll be's good—'deed we will!"

"Be not alarmed—I am your friend, and will assist your escape!"

"Den you be's not Massa after all."

Oh Lord! oh de 'possels! Ise feels so good. Bress de Lord! Oh golly! Nigga's safe dis time—good bye, Ole Massa!"

And the affectionate creatures capered and danced like lunatics, while tears of joy streamed down their cheeks. They clung around the ministers neck, and seemed to have been transported from a scene of despondency to a world of bliss.

Perceiving the necessity of caution they travelled silently along during the remainder of the night, and when morning began to appear they branched off from the main road, and entered a rough, rocky and uncultivated field, where they fortunately discovered one of those large caves (which are so numerous in the limestone beds of Kentucky) into which they entered. By means of a flint and tinder a light was struck, and wandering on in the gloomy depths, a large room in the side of the rocks was found. Here they lay during the day without a morsel of food, feasting of the thoughts of soon obtaining their Liberty.

At night they resumed their journey, and crossing the Kentucky River they entered the arms of the Ohio. Again the trio availed themselves of the night, and concealed themselves amid the rocks; but now the gnawings of hunger became irresistible, and Mr. Fairchild left the fugitives in their hiding place, while he went to a small farm house near by, and obtained a loaf of bread. He was suspected—followed, and discovered. The man returned home—mounted his horse, and collected several neighbors who proceeded to the spot designated, and took the three into custody. Frankfort being but a few miles off, they were conveyed thither; the clergyman to await his trial, and the slaves to be returned to their master, Samuel Howard of Bracken County.

This occurrence was noised through-

out the country, and many were the comments upon it. Professors of religion denounced the Rev. Reuben Fairchild as a vile hypocrite. Little *pop-gun* newspaper editors demanded the execution of the laws, while the lovers of "law and order," lamented over the present "state of things," wishing to know, "what will become of us when ministers of the gospel aid in running off slaves?" It was too awful—too wonderful to think of.

The day of trial at length came. The court-room was crowded to excess to hear the testimony. There sat the clergyman, cool, calm, and collected. Did he falter now? Did he fall back from the dark scowling faces that were turned upon him? No. And though he was there to be tried—in a slave State—with a slave-holding judge—by a slave-holding jury, and a slave-holding audience. His blue eyes shone as brightly as it did when he was an infant in the cradle, and his silver hairs demanded reverence, even from that rough, prejudiced assemblage.

The verdict was soon rendered, and the judge, standing up, proclaimed that the "Jury" found Reuben Fairchild guilty of running off the slaves of one Samuel Howard of Beckenridge, Bracken County, Ky. and that he was hereby sentenced to an imprisonment of ten years in the Frankfort Penitentiary.

(Methinks that the hand of that judge as he raised it towards heaven should have been palsied—methinks that a jury who could give such a decision would have been turned into iron statues as solid as their own iron consciences. If they afterwards called themselves men, I pity them. Men! These who could sentence a minister, whose person was consecrated to God, to a lingering existence, worse than death, for being found in the company of two slaves—they must indeed be men! But with the assurance of

"battling for the right," in his own gloomy cell, he could feel a little heaven expanding the walls, and his spirit soaring beyond the confines of life. Yes! With the felons brand upon his brow, he could feel a thrill of honest pride animating his soul. I love to defend those who have no defender. I love to lash the arrogant denouncer. I love to draw down upon me the indignation of my opponents, and then laugh at their maledictions. You may think me mad—you may think me non-compos-mentis. I wish to Heaven that it was so—that I was mad—mad with excitement—that I had a fiery pen to trace ineffaceable letters of fire upon this glowing page; then would the poor, toiling slave have an efficient advocate.)

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TINKEYS.

ONE of the head men of L——n, was Tinkey, Esq. "Blowing Tinkey," as he was called. His extreme good nature (for he had never been known to get angry but once during his life,) and great wealth had been the cause of promoting him to many offices despite the "softness" that marked him from men of "cents." He was a short, thick set man, of great corpulency. His white flabby face had not a hair, however, small upon it. His eyes were of a light blue, and a small tuft of straight "bristles" was pushed up into a pyramidal shape on the top of his head. If large ears is any sign, then Mr. Tinkey decidedly belonged to the "donkey tribe." He was now sitting in a neatly furnished apartment, before a bright fire that blazed in the

grate. His wife, an exact counter part of himself was industriously knitting upon a stocking with variegated colors for "baby's," the two little beings that were seated upon the floor, playing with the "old tom-cat." Never were resemblances more striking—"like father—like the family!" It was truly a fat household.

One held the feline creatures head, while the other tugged with might and main at the tail; the animal bore this martyrdom with evident dislike, as its low growls and struggles attested. At length, roused beyond endurance, it uttered a fearful yell, and a battle ensued. Then there was scratching and pulling, and screaming and cries of "Tap-paw—maw-waw!"

"The baby's—the baby's!" shrieked Mrs. Tinkey, as she rescued her "darlings" and placed them in the arms of her husband; then seizing the tongue, a pursuit commenced. When the enraged lady raised her weapon to annihilate the "critter," it was sure to dodge under a table or chair, and the blow would fall upon the floor. Utterly exhausted, she at length desisted her persecution, and took the screaming "beauties" to herself. "The dear baby's—did the nasty cat hurt the baby's? Mammy give the ugly pussy a good whipping. Mammy's baby's!"

Between Mr. Tinkey's ha! ha! ha! and the lady making a horse of each knee, the two young Tinkey's in time regained their equilibrium, and began to crow "Paw-waw"—maw-waw!"

The cat also, being freed from her troublesome companions, crept under the sofa, and ended this "melo-drama" by licking her fore paws.

At this juncture, the door bell rang, and Mr. Pum Potter was ushered in. After the common civilities had passed, the two worthy gentlemen entered

into a conversation, about "Means and Measures."

"Mr. Tinkey, I believe in 'Means and Measures.' That is to say—if—that. Ah! I believe in Means and Measures!"

"Yes! Mr. Potter, that's perlosophy. When this glorious Republic, with the stars and stripes ten thousand centuries old, waving in grandiloquent folds above its ancient capitals, shall be sunk into the salt, briny waters of oblivion, then will 'Means and Measures,' stand slantandicularly against the tall form of Mr. Justice, Esq., disclaiming to the world of the triumph of 'free principles and liberty!' Ain't it so Deborah, love? He! he! he!" And Mr. Tinkey, when he had concluded, broke out into his customary laugh, with which he always ended his observations.

"Yes! Mr. Tinkey, I believe as you do—just the same, Sir! That is to say, that 'free principles—and—the other thing, what do you call it?' and Mr. Potter performed a garydation with his fore fingers in the air.

"Liberty, I suppose you mean—glorious liberty, Mr. Potter!"

"Oh, Yes, liberty. I believe in that too. Means and Measures, 'Means and Measure.'"

The unschooled Mr. Potter, was blessed with the shortest and most treacherous memory that ever belonged to man. In fact, he could not remember this minute what had transpired during the last; this aided with short sightedness, and partial deafness, rendered him a being of much note, though like the Tinkey, he was wealthy.

After pursuing the thread of this discourse for some time, Mr. Tinkey suddenly mis-quoted a Latin phrase. This was a "knock-down argument," a death-blow from which the gentleman could not recover, so after addressing a few words to Mrs. Debo-

rah, he took his cane and hat, and left the house.

When the door had closed Mr. Tinkkey moved his chair closer up to his wife, and looking upon the now sleeping "babys," he rubbed his hands together, exclaiming—"Deb, you see how I always use up my supposers—I alwas give them a 'poser, and thus come ubiquitous. Now I tell you that it is my intention to run for the legislator. Talents like mine must shine out to the world. Debby, love, I mean to be great. He! he! he!"

It was now ten o'clock. Mrs. Tinkkey placed the "innocents" into their cradle, after which a servant was summoned to bring in refreshments. The viands being despatched, the pair retired to rest, to be disturbed with night-mare, and visions of future prosperity and greatness.

Thus, in all grades, and conditions of life, are we looking forward to future happiness; building castles in the air. And how often are these bright pencillings, and the cherished hopes of years laid low in the space of one "short bitter hour." Crushed—fallen forever.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BUCKEYE ABOLITION TOWN.

THE little town of J—n, was twelve miles from the Ohio river, and equi-distant from the boundaries of Kentucky and Virginia; therefore, many fugitive slaves from these States passed through it on their way to the lakes.

With that feeling of humanity which characterizes the citizens of the Buckeye State from their neighbors; they no sooner resolve than they act. So in this case, they had

seen the panting fugitive brought back through their village, bruised—bleeding, and manacled, followed by the ruthless slave-hunter, to be conveyed to their former home, there meet with still more brutal punishments, for daring to leave their state of serfdom.

(Talk of the terrors of the Russian knout—of the pains of the Turkish bastinado, and they sink into insignificance by the side of the unheard of tortures of the down-trodden. And even as I write now—even now is the groans of the enslaved arising to Heaven, calling for mercy.)

I say, they had seen the poor slave as he bent beneath his heavy chains, and turned his blood-shot eyes upon them; hold out his manacled hands supplicating their aid, while the "human flesh drovers" behind with blows and kicks compelled him to quicken his pace.)

And they were men—these same Buckeyes. They assembled, and unanimously swore that the slave should find friends in them. That in the name of God, they would roll back the pursuer—meeting force with force. That they would rescue the captive and if necessary lay down their lives in defence of suffering humanity.

You elevate your hands and your eye-brows, exclaiming, "treason—rank treason!"

It was treason when our forefathers threw off the yoke of British tyranny, and pledged their lives—their fortunes—and their sacred honors for the maintainance of their principles.

And now, when laws are enacted—laws inhuman and unnatural—conflicting with our consciences, and the "higher laws" of the great Lawgiver—when resistance becomes a duty, then it is called treason. If this is treason, then let it be treason—glorious treason! These were the sentiments of the Ohio Abolition town.

And soon were they to have their stability tested—soon was the ordeal to be passed.

It was a cold, bleak day in March—the fitful gusts rattled the windows, and whistled through the narrow crevices. The citizens preferred staying in doors by their cheerful firesides; and the streets, always so still, were now entirely deserted.

Suddenly the court-house bell struck three taps, while the church bells commenced tolling. And at these sounds, every man grasped his weapon, and rushed from the house, for they well knew the cause of this alarm.

The vigilance committee were already upon the ground. In a few moments shouts and curses, mingled with the clattering of horses hoofs were heard behind the hill; and presently a tall negro, with his ragged habiliments fluttering to the wind—straining every nerve and sinew, was seen flying before a party of horsemen, who were close upon his heels. "Stop! you rascal, or we'll shoot you down. Stop!"

The fugitive continued his course without heeding them, and seeing the townsmen assembled he threw himself into their midst, utterly exhausted.

"Good people!" said one, who appeared to be the leader of the party—a large, noble-looking man, whose appearance denoted him to be a wealthy slave holder, "good people! I am glad to see you thus assembled to carry out the laws. I am in pursuit of my slave, and your aiding me in this manner, I assure you that it shall never be forgotten. Con, come out here—you rascal!"

Erastus Romaine stepped out from among the freemen, and though his cheek was blanched, his voice was firm, and he replied: "We mean that YOU SHALL NEVER FOR-

GET OUR AID! Now, Sir, I wish to tell you and your gang, that the sooner you leave, the better it will be for you!"

The man was convulsed with passion. "Infamous scoundrels!" he cried, hoarsely. "And do you refuse me my slave?"

"We do!" answered Romaine, calmly.

"Well, then by G—, we'll have him, any how! Out with your revolvers and knives, boys. Now, down with the d— Abolitionists. Hurrah for Old Virginny!"

And with these words, the hunters drew forth their weapons, and spurred their horses towards the crowd. But they instantly fell back in terror, for as the front rank of townsmen retired they saw a long line of black muskets covering their bodies.

This was more than they had bargained for, and the assailants put up their instruments of death.

"Really, gentlemen!" said the leader, "I thought that you were unarmed."

"I suppose you did!" retorted Col. Cockburn.

"Well—well—well—we—we intended no harm," the voice of the speaker had fell to a more humble tone, "and we earnestly beseech you to give up my slave, Con. As he is the most valuable negro on the plantation, and we have pursued him for three days. Now, when we have come up with him, you will not surely take him out of our hands?"

Romaine again spoke forth: "Now, Sir; I will warn you again. You see before you, fifty determined men, in a few moments they will be increased to three times that number. We will not do as you would have done, shed blood without warning. No! But I wish to say to you, that if you are not gone in one minute by the watch, I declare before a just God

that your lifeless corpses will lie upon the ground, and may the Lord have mercy upon your souls!"

They looked for an instant at the increasing crowd, with the dark muzzles of their guns bearing upon them, then into each others face, and turning their horses heads, with a yell of buffed rage and disappointment, they galloped at full speed from the town. The slave-holder and his six companions.

(And that was a sublime spectacle—that little town of six hundred inhabitants resisting a mighty nation, and the example it set was soon followed by others. At Christiana, the master and his son, paying the penalty with their own blood. Perhaps this chapter may seem to advocate too violent measures, but that is not the case, the scenes narrated have actually occurred; but it should be the wish of all, that Slavery, shall be banished by gentle means—by the soothing influence of religion. Then, when this dark stain was removed, a brighter era would dawn upon our land—then the dangers of dissolution would vanish, and rejoicing in the millennial light of liberty, the down-trodden would arise, and stand erect with his fellow man.)

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LETTER.—OLD AUNT POLLY.—THE SUICIDE.

THE mails had been distributed, and all the "news-seekers," except three or four had retired from the office.—Suddenly an exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of the postmaster, Mr. Harrox. "Look here, boys!" He then ordered the doors to be se-

curely fastened, and with a look of mysterious import, added "boys, here is a letter from black Harry. Now you all know how to keep a secret. We will open it." They placed the candle before them, and opened the missive.

Had it been any other man's letter that they opened, then would enquiries have been substituted, and woe be to the offender for, thus violating the laws. Oh! but it was only a slave, and so of course there was no harm in encroaching upon his rights. The letter ran as follows:—

DEAR ANSE:—I take my pen in hand to let you know that Andy and myself arrived at Amherstburg last Friday, safe and sound. So we are now free. I feel singular, and I am bewildered at seeing so many strange faces; but the people are very kind. I will endeavor to give a sketch of our travels. You know that I left L— on Saturday night; well, I travelled on foot to Frankfort, where I met Andy, who was down on business for his master, and had collected from creditors, near three hundred and twenty-eight dollars. I found it no hard task to persuade him to accompany me in my flight. So at night, we went on board of the steamer Diana, and by paying the watchman and three deck hands ten dollars apiece, they concealed us in the companion-way. We arrived at Cincinnati by day light, and left the boat without being observed. We were free—free, breathing the air of freedom. We continued our journey on foot, studiously avoiding the towns by the way, and only stopping occasionally to rest, or obtain refreshment from the farm-houses. It was about noon, when we came in sight of Lake Erie, and the blue waters extending far away into the distance, seemed to unite with the sky. Our eyes were

filled with tears, and we prayed to the great Creator; thanking him for preserving us from so many dangers. Three days more travel brought us here to Amherstburg—thank heaven, safe and sound. And now, give my love to Bob, Larry, Jack, and Wash. Tell Wash that I expect him—show him this letter, and conceal him in your hut for a week or two—then, as they'll think that he has escaped, it will be easy to get off undiscovered. Andy and myself send our love to you, old Aunt Polly, little Tomy, and Jonie. No more at present. Yours affectionately. HARRY.

P. S. Answer immediately."

"Now, boys!" said the postmaster, mechanically, folding up the letter. "Now, we have some clue to the one's who are the cause of the recent escapes. Harry is out of our reach, now, but there are others within our power; now I propose, that we get the papers made out, and have the whole family sold for aiding and abetting runaway slaves." "Agreed!" said the rest, and the party dispersed to carry out their nefarious designs.

Aunt Polly had originally belonged to a Mr. O'Neil, a very humane man, who gave her the chance of purchasing her liberty, from the extra means that she could lay by. Slowly, but surely, the little savings accumulated, and at the end of forty eight years, she joyfully proffered the desired sum to her owner. It was accepted, and she was free as the winds.

She had been twice married; but both of her husband's had died. She had a son by her first, called Anse; now aged eighteen, who belonged to Squire Moody. Her other two, Tony and Janie, were as yet mere infants.

Her son, Anse, had built her a cabin in a little glen in the woods, at a short distance from town, and here she had thought of passing her last

days in quietude and happiness. Being free, she sympathized with the poor slave, and Anse, also had permitted fugitives on several occasions to remain harbored in the house of his mother.

On the day following, as Old Aunt Polly was seated in the door, with the little ones playing at her feet, she was surprised to see Constable Snyder approaching her, accompanied by two assistants.

"How is you, Massa Snyder?" said the old negress, with her usual pleasant smile, and brushing down her apron as she arose from her seat.

The stern officer was a man of few words, and without heeding her greeting, he replied. "Aunt Polly, pick up your duds, and follow me, for you are to be sold to-morrow at nine o'clock. So make haste!"

The face of the negress changed from its blackness to a lighter shade; and pressing her hands against her temples as if to prevent their bursting, she staggered against the door-post, while a deep groan echoed from the depths of her very soul.

(She was to be sold! Again was she to be a slave—she who had toiled so long—so hard for freedom was now to be deprived of it forever. They could not let the poor aged woman end her last days in peace—no! they must drag her forth—her feeble limbs must again perform the heavy tasks—her children must be torn from her bosom, and given to the unfeeling stranger! And here I must confess my feelings are so wrought up, that my shuddering nature sickens at the recital. Oh, God! how I detest this tyranny, and as I proceed, it seems to grow darker; more hellish in its outlines until I fear it will be the opinion of all, that I am describing the demons of pandemonium—their characters—their wild or-

gies. But, no! What I am sketching is true—aye, too true: Would to Heaven! that it were false.)

"Come, Poll, it is now five o'clock, and we have no time to spend in waiting. It will be night before we get to town. So hurrah, Old one!"

Mechanically the negress gathered up her two infants, and followed them, she uttered not a word but there was a look of such utter despair—such entire hopelessness depicted upon every lineament, that it seemed as if the sunshine of life had vanished from her forever, and in its place was substituted gloom, despondency and death.

For two miles they continued their course, until they had arrived at the bridge, over "Indian Creek." The officers were at a great distance ahead, for they had calculated upon no opposition from a poor, weak slave.

As the bridge was neared, a sinister smile played upon her features. The constable had already crossed and left the structure, and she was now upon the highest part.

"Massa Snyder, I'se to be sold, ha! ha! ha! You no catch Ole Polly dis time. I'se gawn to leave you, Ha! ha! ha!" The men rushed towards her, but it was too late; for, with a fearful shriek, she pressed her babes to her breast, and sprang from the bridge. The shriek still sounded on the air, mingled with other screams as the turbid, muddy waters closed over the trio. They rose to the surface—a suppressed gurgling—a sound of strangulation; and they sank to rise no more. The slave-mother, who had committed suicide to save herself and two infants from a fate of servitude, worse than death.

The superstructure was full fifty feet above the stream, and there was no way of approaching the edge of the banks. Then those three men stood gazing over the railing into the

current with straining eyes, as if they expected to see their victims again appear. But in vain. Their bodies lay upon the bottom sands to come forth at the resurrection day. Then what will be the doom of the guilty slave owner, when confronted by those whom he has so deeply wronged. (I ween, that if he could he would be his slave's slave then, in the least and lowest seat of Heaven's high inheritance.)

"Come!" said the baliff, "our game is not bogged, after all. Well, more's the pity that Old Polly was such a fool. But come—spilt milk can't be helped. Let's be going!" And they departed.

But though no human being was left on that fatal bridge overshadowed by the dense foliage of gigantic trees, and surrounded with huge rocks, there were holy eyes beaming through the gloom, and veiled faces were turned away from man's enormities. Poor Suicide, thine was a justifiable act, and for thee and thy innocents now sleeping beneath the wave we drop a tear. But why recount—why add to this sorrowful story when, perhaps it conflicts with misguided views. Slave mother, we leave thee. All we can give is our prayers—all we can do is to—pity

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MY FATHER'S DEATH, ETC.

ONE night there was a fearful storm upon the earth. The tall trees bent before the blast, and the muttering thunder was preceded by the electrical flash. The surcharged clouds were pouring down torrents of rain, and the impenetrable darkness added if possible to the terror of the hour.

On this night, my father came to Mr. Duverne's to take his leave of his wife and offspring, who were assembled at the lower end of the plantation.

"I am going to leave you all. I am going to Canada. But I shall ever think of you. When I am in that land, my heart will be turning to my far-off Kentucky home. It is hard to leave you, but I can remain here no longer. I have struggled with my feelings until I found it madness to contend further. Now, farewell!" And he bid us adieu. When his hand grasped mine it trembled violently, and by the lightning flash, I saw that his features were haggard—his teeth chattered together, and tears were upon his cheeks. He, the strong man wept—wept like a child. While all the rest were so strongly affected, my brothers stood by unmoved.

That night, sleep visited not my eyes. There was a crashing in my brain, and everything seemed to be whirling around me in a circle.

The next day, my father was brought back, bleeding and dying. He had been overtaken, and on refusing to stop, he was shot. The ball taking effect in his right side.

He called us to him. "Last night," said he, "I told you that I was going to leave you for a land of freedom now I am going to leave for a brighter and happier land, where freedom is eternal, and where the master is God. I know that I have done wrong in attempting to leave Massa, and here I warn you all to remain as you are. Never be brought back in the manner in which I am. Now, farewell forever. I am dying! I am——" And my father was dead. I had seen his last struggles—I had seen the strong man die.

Our grief was terrible. I wept till I could weep no more. My sister Crissey, though she could not see, stood by, tear after tear, chasing each

other slowly down her dark cheeks. My mother sat in a corner with her face enshrouded in her apron, rocking to and fro in agony. Ada, with her large lustrous eyes, was looking upon her dead father as if she could not comprehend the meaning of death, her silk dress and ornaments, forming a striking contrast to our homespun. My brother stood near, unmoved, and unconcerned.

We buried him that day. A rough pine box enclosed his remains. No clergyman performed the funeral services—no attendants, but a few slaves, were nigh. We shovelled in the loose dirt, and placed the green sods above that form, which in a few hours before, had been buoyant with life and vigor.

Long years have now fled away, but when I think of these scenes, I drop a tear for thee, my father. It was hard for thee to die in thy manhood—hard to have thy expectations thus cruelly blasted forever. But, why need recount—others have their trials—others have their sorrows, and in time I was to learn by bitter experience—In time, I was to drain the cup of adversity to its very dregs.

Crissey, my blind sister, had of late become unusually taciturn—no smile irradiated her dark features as in days of yore, and even my presence brought to her no joy. "Crissey, I have pressed you to tell me the cause of your grief; but you answer me not. Once, you loved me—once, you said that when I was by your side, you was happy. But now—the change. Your head is averted—when I take your hand, you draw it away, and when I speak to you—you weep—do nothing but weep. Crissey, how can you use me thus? Have I not ever been kind to you? When all others from you turned away, was I not by your side? Then, tell me what weighs down your spirits!"



"Nelse!" she exclaimed, passionately, "I want to die!"

"Die!"

"Yes! I would leave this world of misery, where I am a burden to myself and others. Life is hateful to me, Nelse, since my father has died. And, but a few days ago, Massa told me to begone, for he had no use for such a useless being as me. The words fell fearfully upon my heart, and in a moment I felt what a helpless thing I was. I felt that I was too hideous to live. I felt that I deserved not your kindness, Nelse, and it was this sense of my unworthiness, that made your presence unwelcome to me. I see not why it is, that God makes some so transcendently beautiful, and others so horribly deformed. I see not why he showers so many gifts upon some, and deprives others of their all. When I think of these things, I am sometimes tempted to find fault with the great Being. I know that it is wrong to entertain such feelings, but they will arise. My troubles will soon cease, though; soon will I lie beneath the ground, where, as the good minister used to say—'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

"Crissey, you should not talk thus. The gifts of God are wisely dispensed. To those whom he gives beauty of person, he also bestows deformity of mind. To those whom he gives wealth, he gives the gnawings of conscience, and the regrets of a life ill spent. There may be a bewildering fascination thrown around those who are the most common in appearance; but whose intellects tower above their kind. This is shown in the case of the greatest men who have ever lived, and whose talents have been the admiration of a world, for to these great endowments they have united some unnatural disfigurement of person."

The reader need not be surprised at these sentiments in me, for Crissey and myself had been taught secretly by the school-master, Walter Horton. These instructions we had improved upon, and in time we became apt scholars.

From this time, her demeanor changed, and a look of placid resignation was ever seated upon her countenance. The shadows of despondency had passed from her mind, and through the live long night she prayed. Morning came, and found her sightless orbs turned towards Heaven, (for day was night to her,) invoking the "blood of the Lamb, which taketh away all stains," whether they be of "black blood or white." Thus, day after day passed on, and the long winter gradually emerged into spring.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HENNIE, THE SLAVE-HOLDERS' DAUGHTER.

MR. DUVERNE returned on the day following his departure; but he was alone. His former companion slept in the dark wilderness, beneath the rugged rocks, far from human sight. But One eye saw all, and a fearful retribution was to overtake the ones who had so deeply sinned. We may kill an animal without feeling the least compunction, but when we imbrue our hands in the blood of our fellow—taking that life which belongs to the great Giver, and ushering a soul into eternity, then are the terrors of the guilty mind aroused. To the imagination every wind whispers the direful tale—the shades of night bring forth the spirit of the murdered victim with habiliments, white, and blood

stained, forever haunting the dreary way. In dreams, remorse points a trembling finger to the hour—the date—the deed. The murderer starts at every sound; his looks are wild and haggard—his vision reels, all men seem to look upon him with an evil eye, and it is this that gives rise to the saying, "murder will out," for his singular actions he fixes suspicion upon himself, and investigation produces testimony which convicts.

"Where is Horton, father?" exclaimed an angelic creature, meeting him at the door.

"Why! as we were returning, a man met us on the road, and handed him a note. I did not see the contents; but Mr. Horton grew deadly pale. When we entered town, he left me, and I have seen nothing more of him."

"Well! I expect that he will soon be here then. Indeed I had commenced to fear that some accident had befallen you, on account of your long absence."

"No; my business detained me over night! But where's your mother?" Here he gave the horse in charge of one of the servants, and entered the house.

Three days passed on without seeing any thing of the school-teacher. His scholars came regularly every morning, but were again forced to return home. Dark hints were thrown out, that he had met with foul play; but these were speedily silenced by the information that Mr. Duverne had received a letter from him, dated at Cincinnati, in which he states, that he had "advocated Abolitionism among the slaves, and upon the warning of a friend, he had left. At the same time, bidding defiance to all slave-holders."

When the contents of the (forged) letter became known, there was an universal burst of indignation from

all classes; and having been imposed upon so many times by the "infernal Yankees," they resolved to inflict summary punishment upon the next one who fell into their midst.

When her father informed her of her lovers base desertion, and bade her forget him, Hennie fell to the floor with a shriek, and was taken up insensible.

When she recovered, the facts seemed slowly to arise before her. All that she loved in this world, was gone. The light of her young life was faded forever. When the cup of happiness was at her lips, and she about to drink, thus to have it dashed to the ground—it was hard—it was cruel. Had her's been the evanescent love of the courted coquette the sacrifice would have been an easy one; but enwrapped as she was, body and soul, by this deep passion, the blow fell upon her with stunning effect. And then the desertion of the one in whom her affections were centred—she could not believe it. He was so noble—so good, that such a thing was almost impossible! But though it was even so; yet if he returned, she would forgive his baseness, and her passionate love would burn as madly as before. (And here, if in place, I might pay a tribute to woman. There are those of stern minds and stony hearts. They believe that no such passion as love exists within the human breast. They believe that all beings are like themselves, gloomy and misanthropic—unheeding the appeals of charity, sneering at the friendships of life, and oppressing their fellows.

Are we blocks of stone? Are we dull inanimate matter? Are we moving statues? No; thank God! There are a few yet left, who throw a benign influence around—in whose hearts are gushing up tender sympathies—whose ten thousand little deeds



of benevolence are bestowed upon the needy. There are those of this kind, I say, embracing both sexes, but more particularly the female. As you read, e'en now, does not the memory of by-gone days pass before you in review? Do you not still feel a mother's hand upon your head as when in days of yore, it lay amid your clustering curls, and her voice united with you in the evening prayer? If cares and adversities have choked up your path, and you are thrown upon the world without a friend to aid, or a star to guide, does not the memory of that hour flash before you? Do you not vow that you will obey her warning voice, and become good? This is solemn! For I, too, had a mother once, when I was a wild and reckless boy. And I loved that mother, deeply—fervently. She is dead, now; her gentle head lies low. But before her glazed eye closed forever, she took my hand in hers; it was cold, calm, and the moisture of death stood within its hollow. I am choaking with the recollection. I can say no more—for already is this page blistered with my tears—forgive me for transacting my own thoughts here. I fear that I am growing too confiding—that I am tiring your indulgence.)

And then, woman! When guilt clings around the object of her affections—when crime has stained his career—when the world turns away, and calls him felon—does she desert him? Does her love grow less fervent than it was in his palmy days? No! His fate is her fate. And when he is spurned by all others, his last refuge is upon her bosom. Her words fall softly upon his ears, and he becomes not all bad. Though sin predominates, yet by her gentle words, his good nature at times bursts forth like flame obscured by smoke.

Days, weeks, and months passed by

without bringing any news from Horton. His place in the school was supplied by a "n'tive."

Hennies light-heartedness had disappeared, and she was now a maniac beyond recovery. But hers was a mild lunacy. Day after day, would she sit gazing upon his miniature, and when any one entered the door, she would rush down stairs, and enquire if "they had met him!"

"Who?"

"Well, hush then! See that there are none by, for the very walls have ears. Now swear that you will keep my secret!"

"Yes!"

"Why, it is Horton. To-morrow is our bridal day, and you will surely attend the wedding. But—but—there is something horrible that I forget. It is—is—" And here the poor girl pressed her hands upon her eyes as if to banish some terrible thought.

She was pitied by all, and her father was well nigh distracted at the calamity which had befallen his child on whom his soul was centered.—Surely, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BARBECUE.

A BARBECUE! Or, as it is called in Kentucky, a "bergyeu," in the wild woods! This is a time honored custom, comparatively unknown in the eastern states. Every Saturday, a party sallies forth, rifle in hand, in quest of game, with the understanding to meet with others in a few hours, by the side of some stream or spring far from human sight. Here

they partake of refreshments, in the shape of roast lamb, chickens, and chicken soup, squirrels, and squirrel soup, corn bread and wheat, and lastly, and the most important of all, "the jug of Old Bourlon." Here the utmost hilarity prevails, and raillery is submitted to with perfect good humor—though as it often happened these assemblages not unfrequently broke up with a general melee, and as the habit of carrying weapons of defence is universal in most of the southern and western states, blood would be profusely shed. But the rules now are very strenuous, and all warlike instruments are given in charge of the "minister" at the commencement of the ceremonies.

On the present occasion, the party were assembled at the Coon-skin Spring, to the number of fifty. Among them, we recognize Mr. Tinkey, Puni Potter, Esq., Mr. Duverne, Master Verri, Mason Harper, the chief "soup director," Jack Telescope, the "minister," Long Anthony, and Squire Moody, the "president."

The steaming soup was not yet ready, although the hunters had "come in" long ago. The men were dispersed around in small groups, occasionally going to the spring to imbibe "Old Bourlon," or "Red Eye;" the effects of which were visible in increased jollity.

At length the bread was cut into square lumps—the meats were laid upon the bark table—the bowls were distributed, and the signal was given to begin.

And that was a sight—those men seated amid the rough rocks, with the rays of the afternoon sun streaming down upon them through the tall tree tops, patches of blue sky visible above the dense foliage. Two or three negroes (unbidden guests) skulked around to perform the menial offices which were required of them.

"Ho, Tinkey!" said Will Spicer, at the same time hitting the aforesaid personage in the face with a chicken bone. "Can't you give us a speech on the Snapping Turtle question?"

"Gentlemen!" replied Mr. Tinkey, "I protest against this cruel jesting-lation. He! he! he! ha!"

"There—there! You need not be so snappish, even though it was a snapping question that I proposed."

Mr. Bricks next drew the attention of the company to an individual opposite to him. "I say I toted my horse to water yesterday, and you know Dolb'ses well, when I got thar I was no whar; and as I was about taking my plunder on, after the critter had drank, who should I see but the old man himself. So I reckoned that I'd foct up all a standin' agin' a snag. Whar you guine, to Mr. Bricks? said the Squire. 'I'm guine down the river. Well, how about my diaper-igs?' Well, here was a stander. I scratched my head. Why, to tell the truth, Dobbs, I've made two hundred bushels of corn, and twelve hundred weight of tobacco, and I will get shot of them next week, if you will hoped me to sell them, and then you shall have the shiners—by jiminey cripes, you shall. But I'm making too long a yarn, so pass that Old Bourlon down this way.—Now, Ham and Eggs, what was you goin' to say?"

"I—I—I—w-w-was guine t-t-to say that you're an-n-n-infer-fer-nal liar."

The whole company sprang to their feet, for by the Kentucky code of honor, blood ever followed that word.

"J-j-entlemen," said the one whom all thought a milk-sop, "that scoundrel this morning in-insulted my aged mother, and I-I-I have sworn t-that if-if he spoke to me, I-I would t-take his-sis life. Now, come on!"

Bricks raised his gigantic form to

its full height, while a dark scowl flitted across his swarthy features. It was but for a moment though, for the next instant he drew a bowie knife from his side pocket. He had concealed the weapon, and refused to give it up to the "minister."

"Traitor! He has his knife! Kill the scoundrel!" echoed all.

"I warn you all!" repeated the burly hunter, "to keep back. The first one who advances towards me, dies!"

And there was a spectacle—amid those wild woods, and still wilder men. A pale, trembling youth confronting a ferocious and enraged giant, without any arms to defend himself, from what appeared almost certain death.

"Young man, you have called me a liar! No man can ever apply that word to me and live. So, now down upon your knees and pray, for I am going to slay you before all of this crowd!"

And at these words uttered so cool—so calm—a convulsive tremor ran through the crowd—brave as they were. But the only impression they made upon Carleton, whose sobriquet was Ham and Eggs, was to increase the glare of hatred that he turned upon his foe, while he compressed his lips so tightly that the blood oozed from the incisions made by his teeth. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, you d——d stutterer!"

And as the last words escaped the hunter's lips, he sprang forward; but quick as lightning, the young man stopped down—grasped a fragment of rock, and hurled it with irresistible force full into his face. The weapon of the assailant fell with a ringing sound upon the hard stones, a deep groan came from his bosom, and he fell heavily upon the ground. His shattered jaw hung upon his breast, and the whole of his left cheek was gouged

out so, that the bone was bare to the sight. His bloody features formed a sight at once horrible, and repulsive. He had met with his reward.

After the wounded man was conveyed from the ground, the company amused themselves by shooting at a mark, many of the marksmen splitting a bullet upon a knife blade.

The unerring accuracy of the Kentuckians is in a great measure, owing to these exercises at the "*bergysus*." The shades of night were now falling when a scene something like this was followed. The "minister," (as the one who has charge of the weapons is called,) exclaiming—"John Smith, bowie-knife and revolver. Mr. Duverne, case-knife and two revolvers. Long Anthony, bowie-knife. Blowing Tinkey, single-barrel pistol, (unloaded), and Capt. White, slung-shot and jack-knife, etc."

After the fires had been extinguished, the appurtenances gathered together, and the raw whiskey-guzzled down, the entire assembly gave a stentorian shout and left the place.

Such, reader, is an account of a Kentucky "jollification," something which differs materially with our eastern ideas of morality and decorum.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BLACK ANSE.

BLACK ANSE was seated beneath the old elm, in front of his master's (Squire Moody's) house, playing on his fiddle those plaintive tunes, known only by the southern slaves. Three or four slaves were standing around, and their dark lineaments were illumined with joy, as some rich notes more

melodious than the first would enchain their untutored minds.

"Boys!" at length said Anse, resting his violin upon his knee. "Boys, de tunes don't come out ob dis ole feller as dey used did. I does'n't know de reason; but when I plays, now I feel berry bad, and de nigga cries! Cries, 'kase dar's no one cares for de poor nigga. De slave hab a hard life 'ob dis transmigrory worl'! But I'll play now, de 'farewell to my ole Kentucky home!'"

"Anse!" echoed a deep voice behind him. "Anse, put up your fiddle, and follow me." Anse obeyed, and soon they arrived at the public whipping-post, where a large crowd was assembled. "Anse!" said the Squire—"here is a letter from Black Harry, written to you, in which it appears, that you have given aid to runaway slaves. Is it true?"

"Yes, Massa! Nigga can't tell a lie, he helped de niggas as run away!"

"Well, then for your crime, you are to receive ONE HUNDRED LASHES! Make ready!"

An attendant then chained him to the post—his back was bared, and Squire Moody, taking the short, thick whip, stepped back a few paces, and describing with his arm a circle in the air brought the instrument of torture with great might upon the negro's flesh. The first blow raised a high dark ridge, extending from the top of the right shoulder to the bottom of the left.

The next blow left a ridge that crossed the other diagonally, and at their junction where the skin was broken, a thick, red spray of blood streamed forth. Thus the terrible lash descended. It was now drenched and dripping with gore. The back of the negro was literally cut to pieces, large pieces of flesh projecting outward—congealed and liquid blood

was bubbling up, as if in anger at this terrible punishment. Not a groan escaped the compressed lips of the suffering slave. At length, fatigued with his exertions, the Squire handed the whip to a by-stander to finish the remaining twenty lashes.—This new executioner rained down his heavy blows with increased vigor upon the quivering flesh, every time, bringing away clinging particles. Once, and only once, did a low moan escape Anse. It was when a piece of his body was torn from the very bone, stinging with madness even to his vitals.

The chastisement having been inflicted, the suffering negro was carried (for he could not walk) to his master's mansion.

(And here let me say, that the above is no fancy sketch, it is truth—the unvarnished truth. And in corroboration of this, a Kentucky slaveholder once described in my hearing the following:—"His slave, (a negro girl, twenty-two years of age) having disobeyed him on numerous occasions, his SENSE of DUTY, as he called it, compelled him to chastise her LIGHTLY. (How lightly, you may judge) In a few days her back mortified, being a mass of scabby putrefaction, and her whole body became affected. She had to lay upon her face, and no food passed her lips—no sleep visited her eyes. Medical aid was unavailing, and in two weeks from the time of her chastisement, she was dead. He did not think that it was the effects of the punishment she had received; but that the inflammation proceeded rather from constitutional infirmities! CONSTITUTIONAL INFIRMITIES!"

My God! how long must this continue! How long must outraged humanity cry aloud for redress! Is there never to be an end to these oppressions! Is there never to be a

cessation of hostilities! And yet we are Christians! Away, I say, with such Christianity, that exerts not its influence for the benefit of the slaves that allows a man to come within the portals of the church, despite his iron tyranny. God grant, that the day may come, and come speedily when the passions of men shall be banished—when meek-eyed Reason shall direct our steps, and Religion shall breathe upon us its breath of purity.

It was night. The family of Squire Moody had retired to rest, when the alarm of fire was given by a passer-by, and the slave-holder and his wife on rushing out, found their dwelling enveloped in flames. Far and wide the glare extended upon the midnight sky. The red curls were winding, and eddying, and crackling from every aperture. Myriads of sparks were hovering above the dense volumes of smoke, while the crashing walls and falling beams added to the horrors of the sight.

By this time, a large crowd had assembled, but all attempts to arrest the progress of the devouring element were futile, and the spectators folded their arms as they gazed upon the scene.

Suddenly a little girl was seen in the second story window extending her hands for aid. It was a thrilling object. There she stood—her golden ringlets swayed by the hot blasts—her blue eyes upturned in prayer, and a smile playing around her mouth, while the ruddy glare reflected upon her face gave to her the appearance of some angelic spirit of Heaven descended to earth. There she was—the flames above, beneath, around. In this case, every second was a minute—every minute an hour.

"Who will save my child? Oh, God! Who will save her! All of my fortune—every thing that I possess to any one! Who will save her?

For the love of Heaven! Oh, Adeline, my child!" And the agonized father stood by wringing his hands, with tears streaming down his cheeks. The frantic mother could hardly be restrained from rushing into the flames to save her child, while the two other children were crying, "Save my sister!"

And there was a movement in the throng, when Anse dashed from their midst, and entered the burning ruins. Yes! with the pain of his lacerated back still exoriated—with the memory of his mother's death ringing in his ears—with the thoughts of his own deep wrongs driving him to madness, and the taunts of his persecutors rousing him to vengeance, he periled his life for their sakes.—(Here we have an example in the case of this poor, bleeding slave of, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. Surely, "black blood is white.")

The smoke and flames hid the faithful slave from view, but his dark head soon appeared at the window, and a shout of admiration went up from the excited spectators as he clasped the child in his brawny arms, and again disappeared. Some time elapsed, and nought was heard but the falling of blazing rafters, and crumbling masonry. "He is lost—he has perished!" were the exclamations from all.

At this moment the entire front wall fell inward, and in the open space they saw the negro and the child unharmed. Slowly he mounted the huge pyramid of bricks—his body reeling to and fro like a drunken man; his clothes burning upon his body; his back bleeding afresh, and his blood-shot eyes glaring wildly around. Not a murmur came from the bystanders—they held their breaths in momentary expectation of

seeing him again fall back into the fiery lake. Slowly, he tottered over the rough fragments. He fell upon one knee—an audible groan resounded through the multitude—"Anse, your freedom—your liberty"—shouted the slave-holder. The words roused him from his stupor, and a faint smile beamed upon his dark countenance. With a powerful effort, he recovered himself, and scaled the rubbish. He fell insensible upon the ground; but the girl was safe, and a mother's tear of joy fell thick and fast upon her head.

Anse was taken up, and placed in a bed at one of the neighboring houses where the Squire's family were sojourning. He was in great agony, and it was evident that he had but a short time to live, for his body was burnt terribly. Little Adeline watched over him constantly, and the slaves eyes turned towards her with tenderness, while a tear trembled upon their lashes. The ones who had treated him so cruelly before, now wept at the thought of his approaching dissolution. Even the iron-hearted Squire was softened. "Anse!" said he, "God forgive me, as you have done. I have done wrong, and this dark sin upon me will curse me to my dying day. You have your freedom. If you recover, Anse, you are free!"

"Massa, you be's very kind to poor nigger, now, and I forget de 'ole cat' upon de back. Ise thought I did right to help de nigga's as runs away; but it be's ober now. It's too late. Ise guine away to anudder land in a few days, massa, to join my poor ole mudder!"

It was twilight, and the soft winds, came through the open casements ruffling the folds of the curtains with gentle undulations. There was life and beauty upon the earth, and evening shades were curtaining around.

The breath of the dying slave came forth, fast and hot; a dew was upon his brow, and his fingers twitched convulsively among the bed-clothes. There were many standing around his bed-side. "Come closer to me, Massa! Ise gawn now to my long, long home. I'll hab freedom dere, Massa! De poor nigga 'll nebber work hard dere! He'll nebber cotech de 'ole cat' dere. He'll see Ole Polly and de little child, way up dere. And when you lay me way down in de deep ground, lay de ole fiddle by my side, kase I'll play sweeter tunes den, than I does now. Now, if Anse had done wrong, forgib him, Massa, for he'll soon belong to anudder Massa! Farewell, Ole Tuckey—Farewell, de nig—I—de—" Here his lips moved, but no words came forth. His limbs gradually stiffened—a shivering ran through his frame, then his glazed eye closed forever. And thus he died—the noble, the brave, and true.

The next day he was buried. And there were tears shed above his grave by many, for well did he deserve them. (Ancient history tells us of a warrior who died, and whose lifeless body was left dis-entombed on the arid plains; but the winds sprung up, and heaped above his form, a mound of sand, from which palm-trees and bright flowers grew forth. A spring of water also gushed up.

And at this oasis the tired caravan paused. The weary camels quenched their thirst, the traders refreshed themselves, and performed their mysterious religious, rites beneath the spreading shade. Though the grave of the "down-trodden" was not formed like that, yet it was suited to its occupant as well. It was in a quiet nook, where tall trees towered upward to heaven. Where the songs of birds, and the voices of the passing zephyr, were heard from the rosy light of

morn till the dusky gloom of night. Rest thee, poor despised slave. Let no tumults awake thee—no jarrings disturb thee.)

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE YANKEE.

JERUSALEM PEABODY, of Kennebunkport, "way deown in Maine," was a specimen of a "live Yankee." It seemed that Nature had originally intended him for a youth of some sixteen summers. But the body having rebelled in a fit of anger, it suddenly grew up to the height of six foot two.

There was a look of extreme verdancy imprinted upon his features.—He had blue eyes, flaxen hair, as white as the driven snow, and a large chin, with three brown moles, from which grew a separate tuft of hair. The rest of his face was like a placid lake—smooth, without a wrinkle. His dress, on all occasions, consisted of a pair of striped corduray pants, reaching to his knees, the deficiency of length being made up by a long pair of cloth straps. These straps were out in two every other day, by walking upon the part under his boots (which, by the way, were heel-less,) and thus gave effect to—"a stitch in time, saves nine." His coat had formerly belonged to a "great-grandfather's father," a Continental hero of '76. The waist terminated at the nape of his neck, and, as for the rest part—why, it was all tail—tail—tail! A green vest, a "sugar loaf beaver," and a "stand up collar," completed the minutiae.

Now, this same Jerusalem Peabody was "some" at "spoutin' in the town of Kennebunkport, and on sundry

celebrations, he had been chosen "orator of the day." He had taken Dan' Webster, Will' Shakspeare, Lord Byron, and Deacon Twitchit for his models, though how far he "excelled those distingues" you will soon have an opportunity of judging. At this time, the "odious fugitive slave law" had passed, and "indignation meetings" were rife throughout the land. The subject fired our heroes brain, and he resolved to regenerate the world.

Well, we see him now snugly ensconced in a coasting sloop, bound for the great "town of Bosting." Here he arrived, safe and sound, and amid the vast crowd, we lose sight of him, for some time. But finally we find that he has "dropped deown eout West."

It was a windy day in March, that the inhabitants of L—— were startled by the loud voice of an orator, who was perched upon a dry goods box, in the principal street. A large number soon collected. "Neow, yeou tarnal slave-holders, I se come from Maine, to regenerate yeou—yes, yeou beint men, tew oppress the poor niggars. Neow, I want yeou tew let them go. By gosh, if it taint tew bad. Wall, I don't keer a darned arter yeou all; the whole universal nation of ye's.—Yeou white-livered critters, yeou! Old Uncle Sam out to chain yeou up. If yeou dew whip the niggars, I ain't afraid on yeou, for I'm a genuwine extract of the Yankee—"

These were his last words, for at this moment the box was knocked from under him, and in spite of his struggles, he was overpowered by the enraged crowd, and conveyed to a pump near by, where he was ducked, and scoured, and drenched until life was nearly extinct. When he had partially recovered, fifty lashes were added by way of remembrance. Thus bruised, and smarting under his punishment, he was thrown into a mud

gutter on the outskirts of the town, there to undeceive himself in regard to his "regenerating the world."

(Here the sketch ends. And though we have searched in vain through the dim vista of life—though we have inquired in the land of the East, and have advertised (in imagination) for our hero, all of our efforts have been futile, and Jerusalem Peabody "turns not up" again in this book of "books.")

This veritable fact may serve to illustrate there are such men as Peabody, Esq. Every thing with them is real. Imaginary evils become sins of magnitude. False theories become established theorems. Their views become enlarged; they firmly believe that they are destined to become the "regenerators of mankind," and it is not until bitter experience proves the falsity of the unreal, that they again settle to their former level.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### AUTHORSHIP.

CHARLES ATHERTON was a "child of genius." From his earliest infancy poesy had marked his path, and bright fancies were interwoven within his prolific brain.

He was that kind of a man whom the world calls "soft." But if you would look beneath this "seeming softness," you would see that it concealed the most generous feelings—the most noble sentiments—a mighty intellect and superior endowments. In fact, if you will observe the greatest men who have ever rose or fell, you will discover this same peculiarity. It is because their natures are so superior, that the mediocre views

them as through an obscured telescope.

Atherton was sitting in an arm chair, before the bright fire, with his young wife resting her head upon his knee, gazing tenderly up into his face. She was very beautiful. Her lily white hand was shading her face from the heat—a small slippered foot peeped out truantly, and her graceful form was rounded symmetrically. It was a sight, to see her thus fondly looking into her husband's eyes which returned her loving gaze with equal tenderness. It told that love had reality. And though the house was small, and ill-furnished, yet every thing looked so neat—the floors were scrubbed so white—the brass candlesticks shone so brightly, and last, but not least, the young couple looked so lovely, that it seemed as if happiness had deserted the palaces of the rich, and centered right down here—here in this humble cottage. And though it stood on a barren waste, amid still more barren scenes, within doors it had a little world of its own, illumed by all that was holy, pure and true.

"I have sent my book to —, and in three months it will be published. I wonder how it will succeed?"

"I don't know Charles! If I had not helped you, you might have had a better prospect of success. I'm afraid my poor thoughts will give it a death blow, ere it begins to live," replied Ellie laughingly.

(How delightful it must be to have a young and lovely being at your elbow while composing, breathing into your ears ideas as bright and glowing as her own angelic self.—Reader, are you an author? Have you the "necessary requisite? If you are blessed thus, I envy you!)

The volume at length made its appearance. It was a book of by-gone memories; a saddened story of the

heart, partaking of Atherton's melancholy enthusiasm, interspersed with Ellie's lively sallies, abounding with wit and hilarity. It found its way into the halls of the wealthy, and the hovels of the poor. And those who perused its pages, wept; for its sentiments were consonant with their own. And much good was done by its silent influence. Mens eyes were opened to gross evils, and prevailing vices were discountenanced. It is true that "upstart critics" canvassed, and wrote, and pointed out faults; but their weight was small, for the publication was intended for the many, not for the few. To say that the work was perfect in its component parts, would have placed it above that holy book—the Bible. It had many faults; but taken on the whole, it displayed vast intellectual endowments—marked ability, and therefore, its success was great—it was unparalleled.

"Ellie!" said Charles one day bursting into the room, "Ellie, my book has taken—my fortune is made. Now I can do good—now I can perform that which I advocate."

Ellie shed tears of joy, and embraced her husband with great warmth—"I told you that it would succeed, Charles!"

"But, it was your aid that made it what it is, my dear, little Ell. Oh, what a treasure do I possess in you. When I tried before, and was unsuccessful, despondency weighed down my spirits, and the world seemed to be a gloomy abode. You was my guardian angel, then. Whose starlight smile dispelled the clouds. Whose sunny brow was ever in my sight. You need not blush, Ellie; it was yours!" exclaimed Atherton, playfully tapping her on the cheek.

"Oh! you sad flatterer!" rejoined Ellie, pouting her coral lips in mock anger. "Will you never cease?"

Shortly after this, Charles Atherton removed to a more princely dwelling, having realized wealth and fame in a short time, something that is of rare occurrence in the history of authorship. (For if you see some tall lank specimen of humanity, with ragged habiliments, cadaverous visages, elongated from north (the top) to south (the chin,) and bearing some ponderous volume, you may rest assured that he is an Author. Some severe insinuations might here be added, but on mature reflection discretion, "the better part of valor," says—Enough! (Authorship is in fact the worst of all ships.)

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE SLAVE SALE.

Mr brother Jerry was one day working as usual among the tobacco, when the voice of Mr. Duverne was heard—"Jerry! come, quick, and harness up the horse. I am in great haste!"

"Harness him yourself!" was the surly reply.

Mr. Duverne immediately rushed from the porch, inflamed with passion. "You scoundrel!" burst from his lips, and with a powerful blow of his clenched fist, he felled the slave to the ground.

He slowly arose, and seizing the hoe-handle, he glared silently, and terribly upon the slave-owner as if he was about to smite him to the earth.

"Yes!" said Mr. Duverne. "I have borne with you until I can bear with you no longer. So, to-morrow, you go to Louisville to be sold!" With these words, the planter turned upon his heel, and walked away.

Accordingly, the next day, we bid

the stoical Jerry, farewell, and he left us forever.

There was to be an auction on Jefferson street, on Thursday, and Mr. Duverne was thus obliged to wait two days after his arrival.

Thursday morning at length came. The slave-mart was crowded with bidders. Some came for the purpose of speculating in "human flesh," others to obtain a needed servant, and some were lookers on.

Forty negroes, young and old, small and large, were seated upon the stand, among them, was Jerry. Poor creatures; they looked sad enough. There were mothers, with their babes, about to be torn asunder, and carried perhaps, thousands of miles apart. There were husbands, and wives about to be disunited forever. There were brothers and sisters, about to be brothers and sisters no more.

The sale commenced. "Here, gentlemen!" cried the hard featured auctioneer, "is a likely lad, only twelve years of age—strong, healthy, and active! Who bids? How much? Why, make some bid, if it's only a picayune. Something—bid quick!"

"A picayune!" squealed a diminutive Hoosier, in blue home-spun, who, for the moment forgot that "Indiana" was a free state. The idea occurring to him that a slave at five cents was "somewhat cheap!"

"Turn that man out!" said the sales-man to the laughing crowd. "Well, a picayune is bid. A picayune—yune—yune—yune!"

"Two hundred!" bid a red-faced planter.

"Two hundred dollars, I'm bid! Two hundred dollars for this boy! Who'll make it fifty? Will you?"

"Yes!" was the reply.

"Thank you! Two hundred and fifty—fifty—fifty. Any more, fifty—fifty—Two hundred and fifty."

"Three hundred!" echoed a bystander.

"Three hundred and ten!" continued the red-faced planter.

"Three hundred and ten—ten—ten—ten! Who'll make it thirty?"

"I will!" answered another.

"Three hundred and thirty. Who'll say the fifty?"

"I do!" rejoined the determined red-face.

"Three hundred and fifty. Who bids more? Going—going—going—Who bids? Going—going—going! Gone!" and the hammer fell.

"Well, here we have, gentlemen, a healthy negro woman, only twenty-four years old, and as yet, has only two children. She's worth eight hundred dollars. Now, how much?"

"Three hundred!" responded a hotel proprietor.

"Four hundred!" exclaimed another, from Memphis.

"Thank you! So, I'm bid four hundred dollars! Who'll make it five hundred? I tell you she's worth the eight! The five—who says five? Five—five—five—five."

"I sez five hunriz!" said a wild Kentuckian.

"Well, the five! Who says five seventy-five—five—f—"

"Five, seventy-five!" added the landlord.

"Now, who makes it the six!"

"I'ze 'il make it the six hunriz 'ollars!" again bid the Hunter.

"S-i-x hun-d-r-e-d I'm bid. Now, I say it's a shame to let a slave like this go for only six hundred. Who bids?"

"Six fifty!" replied a butcher, who dealt in "animal and human flesh."

"Well! Six fifty, it is. Any more? Going—going—gone!"

"Here's another. Jerry—a powerful negro! Who bids?"

After much competition, Jerry was



"knocked down" to a Mr. Morse, a steamboat owner, for one thousand dollars. Mr. Duverne receiving the price of "flesh and blood"—the Auctioneer pocketing his commission.

Thus the sale continued until all were sold. Some to go to New-Orleans, some to Missouri, some to other states, and a few to remain in Kentucky. In spite of their embraces and lamentations they were ruthlessly separated, and bound preparatory to their leaving.

(It's a hard sight this—a slave auction. To see man tampering with his fellow, and for the sake of a few pieces of paltry gold, dooming him to a life of misery, I vow that it is horrible. It seems so much like bidding defiance to the Almighty; selling that which belongs to him exclusively. If you have stood by as I have done, day after day, witnessing this horrible traffic. If you have seen the agony depicted upon the faces of the doomed ones, you will not say that the slave has no feelings—you will not say that his sensibilities are hardened—that he has no affections. I declare it, that I have seen more heart-felt sorrow—more real anguish displayed frequently by the "down trodden" than I ever have among the most civilized of earth's other white inhabitants.

It's a horrible trade, this—this same "slave traffic." And I wonder who will be the most to blame at the final judgement—the slave-dealer, or the slave-buyer—the rum-seller or the rum-buyer. Will they not both be equally culpable?

Legislators may make laws. Statesmen may deliver speeches. Men may talk and prate upon the subject. It may be represented in glowing colors. Slaves it may be said; have no cares, that theirs is a life of happiness, when contrasted with the extreme poverty of the free negroes.

But it will not do—I say it will not do. It is a damning curse, and those who advocate slavery, know it. We know it. It is against the laws of reason and conscience.

We enslave them because they are of a darker shade than ourselves. Because God has not given them our advantages, we trample upon them. These are the reasons.

Our striped flag, waving its triumphant folds from every nook of the habitable globe, and sweeping with the storm-clouds above the mighty deep, is indeed, a fit emblem. Yes! if every blood red stripe upon the torn back of the oppressed slave was imprinted upon such flags; it would form an immense canopy, beneath which "the smoke of his torment" would arise till "time should be no more."

## CHAPTER XV.

THIRA, THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THE Governor of Kentucky, had, on this (Friday) night, given a ball in honor of his sons birth day. The elite of Kentucky were there assembled noble-looking men, and exquisitely beautiful women were moving in the mazy dance, or promenading arm in arm around the room. There was one—the belle of the evening. Who she was, none knew. Proud, and Juno-like in her bearing, she moved like a queen above all others. Lovely as a dream was she, surpassing even the haughty beauties there. Her dark, oval orbs languished voluptuously—her delicate complexion was soft as summer's evening sky when tinged with light roseate hues—her features and form were faultless, and her white, polished brow was shaded by hair, black as midnight, a single gem

flashing with transparent brilliancy amid its glossy depths. A dress of white interspersed with faint red spots completed her attire. She had no need of ornaments, for her own bewildering loveliness eclipsed even the many lights, and sparkling jewels which surrounded her.

But although the admiration of all was drawn towards her, she seemed not to be happy. There was a melancholy sadness in her looks, and she mechanically joined in the dance, though it was evident that her heart was far away from the gay scene.

The last gush of music had ceased—the quick tramping of many feet was over, and the guests were dispersed throughout the saloons, for night was now waning towards morning. The Governor was talking with a number of his distinguished friends, when a trembling hand placed a note within his:—

"To your excellency—Honored Sir:—Forgive a trembling, timid girl for having the assurance to address you. But it is no common matter of which I speak. Chained within one of your prisons is an aged man—a minister of the gospel. Having been convicted of the crime of running off slaves, he now is doomed to expiate his offence by suffering a long and weary imprisonment. That aged man is my—father! Honored Sir! Imagine to yourself the grief—the anguish that sweeps over my young spirits when I think of his situation. I am alone in this world, and if you deprive me of him, then the only protector that I have left is indeed gone, and I am a wretched, and broken-hearted being; for my sainted mother is in heaven, and a young sister lies beneath the green turf. You are a father! You have a daughter! Then I ask your pity. I beseech your clemency towards my incarcerated parent. Forgive him

his sin if sin it be that he has committed, and your petitioner will ever pray—Yes, I will be your slave! I will take his place if you will pardon him—Oh! do pardon my father, and with my dying breath I will send you my blessing.

THIRA FAIRCHILD."

"Who is the bearer of this!" exclaimed his excellency, after he had perused it in a deserted corner of the room whither he had withdrawn.

"I am the one," said the lovely "star" standing at his elbow.

"You!" broke in the Governor opening his eyes widely, "You—are you the daughter of that infamous Fair—fair—something, who is now confined in the Penitentiary where he deserves to remain."

Sir!" cried Thira drawing herself up to her full height, while her eyes dilated, and ghastly pallor overspread her features, "call not my father infamous. Though you may insult and wound the feelings of a lone orphan, yet remember that there is a higher Governor than you, who will take account of the oppressor!"

"Well! well! child you need not take on so!" spoke the magistrate now softened, for beauty rarely pleads in vain. "I will see what can be done for your father!"

Thira again changed. She became the gentle, timid being as before. She knelt before the Governor, and covering her face with her hands wept bitterly. A sense of her modesty of her virtue told her that she had overstepped the bounds of womanly prudence, and the thoughts of attracting the gaze which was now directed upon her by the large assembly caused her to rush precipitately from the room.

The Governor that night wrote an unconditional pardon to "one Reuben Fairchild," and accompanied the lovely girl to the prison. They entered



the massive walls and followed the turnkey through long narrow corridors, passing by cells where strange and terrible countenances glared upon through the round holes in the doors, while loud curses and shouts of revelry smote upon the ear. The passages were now becoming narrower, and the black walls nearly reached their heads above, while a profound darkness was around.

At length the man paused, and after fumbling his keys, produced one which he inserted into the lock, and soon the ponderous door swung slowly back on its hinges with a harsh grating sound. The gloomy dungeon was before them.

A deep, solemn voice arrested their attention! It was the voice of prayer! Yes, by the few, straggling rays of light which streamed through the small, cross-barred window, they saw the venerable man engaged in supplicating the Almighty. There were three others upon their knees, groaning aloud. (Reader whom think ye, they were? They were murderers! Yes! they had imbrued their blood stained hands in the blood of their fellow-men. They had been spurned from society, and were now engaged like wild beasts to prevent their doing further harm. It was with such vile malefactors as these, Mr. Fairchild was now engaged, in endeavoring to reclaim from the "error of their ways." Even though shut up from the world, his influence had accomplished much. These despised men groaned aloud on account of their sins, and registered a solemn vow before heaven, that they would become followers of the "meek and lowly Jesus."

On hearing the noise, he ended his prayer, and the next moment Thira was enclosed within his arms. "My child, what has brought you here. I had thought to have died without seeing you; but God in his merciful

providence has directed your footsteps hither. Now that I have seen you I can die in peace!"

Governor—wept like a child. The holy-man appeared to him in his true light—self denying, self sacrificing following with a high and calm devotion the calling of his blessed Redeemer, and obeying the rule of his sermon "Do unto others as you would be done by."

He could hardly credit the news that the executive powers had released him. When he found that it was even so he united in thanks to the great Giver for his many mercies—invoking his blessing upon the penitent outcasts, who joined with him. He bid them adieu, and with his hands wet with his many tears, left the prison, in company with his daughter, and the Governor.

Surely you will say that Reuben Fairchild was a good man—that his daughter was a noble girl, and that his excellency was a humane magistrate. It makes me think while recording such bright examples, that the world is not all bad—that all are not equally depraved.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### LIBERTAE.

(It is the fourth of July. We are celebrating the anniversary of our independence. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I am laughing louder than any human "ever laughed before. Ha! ha! ha! ha! The jubilee of freedom. A queer people are we—we same Americans. But what matters if we are queer. I tell you we are a free, and mighty nation. We claim allegiance to no other power, and so we intend

to do as we please. Hurrah! Hurrah! Let your cannons roar! Let your bonfires blaze from every hill! Let your banners wave from every dome. Let your militia come forth. Let your "speerits be after coming on, for I feel a wee bit dhry!" Yes! I say rejoice! Proclaim liberty to the world. Away with non-intervention! Let the proud oppressor tremble! Hurrah for freedom.

My enthusiastic, liberty-loving friends let me whisper a single word into your ear? Ah! you turn pale—you tremble do you? That must have been an ominous word. Why do you not cheer now! You are silent, then? I laugh! But mine is an unnatural, diabolical laugh—Ha! ha! ha! I laugh because I am mad? Yes, mad! I say it is the day of FREEDOM! Why are you reflecting upon that one word—SLAVERY! There is a great deal in that word—American slavery!

While you are boasting; here—yes! right here in your midst is a SINGULAR LIBERTY! I mean SLAVE LIBERTY. The liberty of being whipped—the liberty of being uneducated—the liberty of being crushed into the dust. Ha! ha! This is liberty for you "with a vengeance!"

But who cares? The slave is black, and we are so white that we would be tainted by contact. We are so white that we must make a caste, we must degrade them still lower. I mean if we will be so white or so pure in heaven as to withdraw from the "down trodden." No! His soul then will be as white as ours. His song of praise will unite with the rest. Then if we are to be joined in after life for "better or worse"—for eternal joy, or eternal misery, why not live in equality—in harmony, and in all that which conduces to our benefit, here. You talk about the mild form of your

slavery! I warn you friends of humanity to beware of this *mild form of slavery*. It is this that will prolong the curse. The punishments may in time become less severe, the "traffic" may eventually cease. But does this suffice? No! It must be swept from our land. The motto of our ancestors was "the rights to take a pound, implies the right to take a thousand." So with Slavery! The right to enslave mildly implies the right to enslave severely. The latter method of enslavement will always continue the most in vogue, if we judge the future by the past.

It will not do to drive men into measures. *Insita hominibus natura violentie resistere*. There are many hot-headed persons throughout the country who puff, and speak, and advocate measures, but the moment you call upon them to make a sacrifice—the moment you touch their pockets, why like Bob Acres, their "courage oozes out at their finger ends." They will not beard the lion in his den. No! not they. Now such men do more harm to a cause than good. Although I am for the extinction of slavery, yet I hold not to the doctrines of compulsion, whether in the enactment of laws or in the execution of measures, because I think that such encroachments upon established privileges tend to retard rather than to progress. We must use moral suasion. We must set good examples. We must use the agency of religion, and disseminate its holy precepts, and great truths. If we do this, then time will tell the eventful result, and the slave may celebrate the anniversary of his freedom as we do that of ours. By using those means which God has given us, the down trodden may yet one day find a general emancipation.

(But to cease. 'Tis now deep midnight. My dog's bark is sounding

upon the still air, and as I gaze at the flickering flame of my candle I see shadows of slaves—of slave-holders—of whips—of blood and other conglomerated substance, circling swiftly around like the moth, (which by the way is the only reality) before my imagination. Good night BER-TRAM!

## CHAPTER XVII.

## POLITICS.—THE DUEL.

ELECTIONEERING out west is a different thing from electioneering here, in the East. If the candidate expects to be successful, he must ride around the country, and make a long speech at every cross-road. He must happen to be at all of the horse races to bet and "spout." He must buy a quantity of "Old Bourlon Co. Whiskey," and set the "stream a running" for the "rested travellers" to quench their thirst. He must enter every log-cabin, to flatter the "whiffmin," kiss the babies, and talk to the men about the "crops." Besides this, he must have great facundity, and understand human nature. If the aspirant possess not these qualities his chances for political preferment are small.

Mr. Tinkey, and Aminidab Marshall were the two opposing candidates for the borough of Lansdowne.

Tinkey, Esq., voted the "demokrat," and Aminidab, the "tig wigget."

On the day in question, the two warriors had unsheathed their "swords of controversy" in a "Campbellite" meeting-house, in L—n.

"Gentlemen!" said Mr. Tinkey

rising with great dignity. "I say gentlemen's! I am before yous this day, to ask for your votes. (Applause.) I am known to you, my feller conspiciens. (Tremendous applause.) I was born a little boy among you, only reaching up to my knee. (Cheers.) I tell ye'r I want, your votes. (Renewed cheers.) To vote, or not to vote, as Shake-the-speare says, that's the question. He! he! he! he!" (Overwhelming applause.) (Here the orator became warmed up with his subject.) "I say gentlemen, the great con-dunder-buss has proudly stretched out his imperial talents on Old Euroydocon, and is now vamoosing through the Rolly-bolly-alli-sis to the American continental. But, I tell you, our Old Eagle has got his dander riz, and is brushing up his feathers, and grinding his spurs for the orfal fight. (Tremendous cheers.) I say that it—(Here a bench broke down) is a crisis!" (The orator here repeated a portion of Washington's farewell address, which he had learned by heart, branched off into Jefferson's Inaugural, and "brought up" against an old fashioned Methodist sermon, exhorting sinners to repentance. By accident, he happened to hit again upon the subject of his election, and he began a tirade of abuse against his honorable opponent. "He is an impostor, I say, gentlemen!" continued Tinkey.

"You lie!" yelled Marshall from the other end of the platform, "and I dare you to take it up!"

The meeting immediately broke up in great confusion. For blood had to follow those words in Kentucky. (The morals of that state, a few years ago, were at their lowest ebb. If an insult was given it was washed out in blood, and the law took no cognizance of the crime.)

The preliminaries being settled, the

parties with their seconds met privately at some distance from the town.

The distance was measured off—the pistols handed to the combatants, and the word—one—two—fire! given. Marshall's weapon missed fire; but Tinkey's discharge was followed by a deep groan, and he saw, (Oh, horror!) that he had slain his opponent's second. The dead man lay upon the green sward, a small round hole from which the thick blood was bubbling up, being imprinted upon his forehead. He must have expired instantly.

The two duellists, and the remaining second bent over the lifeless corse. The storm of their passions was hushed, regret swept around their spirits, and above that lifeless body they swore an eternal friendship.

The unfortunate second was buried, and Mr. Tinkey took his wife and child under his hospitable roof. It was an unlucky shot to aim at your antagonist, and shoot his inoffensive second, standing full ten feet to the right, that must indeed be an unlucky shot.

The result was, that a "stump orator" who had been "stumping" it around the circuit, became the duly elected candidate.

Tinkey, Esq., withdrew from the political arena forever. His airy castles had fallen to the ground, and his dreams of greatness had floated away like gossamer upon the summer air.

(Thus it is in life. Our fortunes are ever changing. We mingle with the common herd, and glide upon the stream. There are waning shadows closing around us, and our little bark plunges and buffets amid the curling waves of adversity. When contrary to expectation, we near the haven—when the beacon light of hope is throwing its broad glare upon the waters, and we stretch forth our hands

with joy to grasp the prize, a sudden wave sweeps above us, and we are wrecked—wrecked within sight of that which we had so fondly hoped to obtain, and with a shriek of despair, we sink beneath the billows and perish—victims to a false ambition. Self sacrificed at the shrine of a fearful idolatry.)

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## BLIND CRISSEY, THE CRIPPLE.

I WAS now twenty-two years of age, tall, well formed, and greatly resembling my father. I had won the affections of Fidele, a young female slave belonging to Mr. Vernon Van Vernony. Her complexion was intensely black, but her features were finely chiselled. Her eyes were large, and lustrous, and when she smiled, she disclosed two rows of teeth, as white as pearls.

In time, we were united; and we were happy—happy in the consciousness of each others love. I was only allowed to visit her twice a week, as the plantations were three and a half miles apart.

One morning I found out that my mother's place was occupied by one of the other females. I enquired the cause of her absence, but none knew. I then went to Mr. Duverne. He informed me that she had been sent to Virginia, and that I would never see her again. The reality at once burst upon me. She was sold—sold—sold. My father was dead, my brother was gone, and now my mother had also followed. Crissey and myself (for Ada, I very rarely saw) were all that were left to cheer each others lonely way. (It is hard for a family thus to be scattered to the winds forever. But you say that the down-trodden have no

affectionate feelings. Listen. All I ask of you, is to witness a SLAVE SALE. I add nothing more. You will there see misery which my feeble pen cannot describe.)

And, to increase my afflictions, Crissey, my blind sister, again was laid prostrate upon a sick-bed. A hereditary disease that had been gnawing at her vitals, now threatened her dissolution. Day after day, the skeleton form withered away. Her brain was racked with fever, and she tossed restlessly upon her pillow. I hung above her constantly. I obeyed her slightest wish. And I wiped the death dews from her brow, while I turned my head away to hide my flowing tears.

The orient light of morn was upon the earth, and the cool fresh breezes were wafted full into the dying invalid's face. Her eye shone with a preternatural brilliancy, and broken murmurs escaped her lips. "Call Massa, and the family, I am dying."

They answered the summons, and received the slaves blessing, and bade her farewell. Hennie, the hopeless maniac, was also with them. "Cris," said she, her wild eyes rolling in their sockets. "Cris, you are dying, and now I want you to take my words to Heaven. They are fearful words, Cris." (Here a ray of intelligence seemed to illumine her brain.) "You know what I was once—a joyous, guiltless girl. You see what I am now—a helpless, irreclaimable maniac. And yet—yet what has caused this reaction. I forget. Ah, yes! I loved once—loved madly. The school-master, Horton. He was true—he was noble. They told me that he was false. No! They lie. I think that he rode away with my father, and never returned. Yes, Criss. He was murdered—cruelly murdered. Oh—but—yes. It hap-

pened many thousand years ago. But he was murdered."

"Oh, God!" groaned the slaveholder, "take her away. I—I—did not—It was—" And he fell insensible upon the floor. Mrs. Duverne shrieked wildly, and followed the others who conveyed her husband to the open air. "Where am I?" he exclaimed, looking around him strangely. "It is true that— Fool, that I am. Vern lead me to the house, and the confounded damp air of the "slave's cabin" made me faint. I will soon recover!"

I was again alone with my sister. "That was a strange scene, Nelse."

"Oh! it was only Miss Hennie. Her head is turned, and she is not as she used to be."

"It is morning, is it not?"

"Yes!"

"Well, Nelse, I am about to bid you good bye. You have been good to me. Yes, even deformed, and horrible as I was, you loved me. I have naught to keep me here below, for my young life has been a life of sorrow, and the world was cold and harsh. I blamed it not for being unkind to me, when there were so many who were beautiful, and claimed its regards. A poor, despised black slave is but a small object; she is of less consequence than a grain of sand upon the ocean-shore. But they all will be great in a future world. I am going to Heaven, Nelse. You need not weep, for I will be happy there. I will not be blind then. I will not be disfigured, but angel vestments shall adorn this fluttering spirit, now seeking releasement from its earthly tenement. But I have talked too much. Be good—be virtuous, my brother, and—and—bury me with my—that is music—I see—Lord—I come—I co—" Her upraised arm fell heavily by her side, her dull sightless orbs

were turned upwards, and her emaciated features were contracted into iron rigidity by the chill of death.

I shed no tears—they were dried up. Mine was an unspeakable agony. I would have given worlds if I could have uttered a single groan that might have broken the terrible spell of despair. I sat, vacantly gazing upon the corpse till the broad rays of the morning sun streaming upon the floor aroused me from my reverie.

That day I buried her—buried her in the tall woods, far away from the prying eyes of the world. Then I thought that I would immolate myself upon the grave. But that would not do. Others were united to me, and a voice told me "stain not the place with blood." The instrument of death was arrested.

I sat all day long by that narrow mound. Strange, and beautiful birds flitted through the green foliage—gray squirrels looked stealthily down from the dark limbs, and the hum of insects sounded in my ears. I could have yelled with agony—my brain was on fire—the huge—oaks seemed to be crushing down upon me—the earth was opening—my senses reeled and I knew no more.

When I recovered, it was night. And I was glad of it. The forest was gloomy and dark—consonant with my own dark feelings. I was alone with the dead, and as I looked, to my imagination, the ground appeared to be opening, and before me was the form of my sister—such as she was in days of yore. The spell was ended. The fountains of my soul overflowed—my breast quivered with anguish.

I knelt upon the sand and prayed. I emerged into the moonlight, and made a solemn vow. Yes! with the pale beams reflecting upon my upturned face, I swore before Heaven that I would never rest until I had re-

leased myself and wife from servitude.

Crissey, thou art gone. Perhaps it was best that thou wast taken away. Earth had no charms for thee. A sombre melancholy overcast thy sky, and thy afflictions were many. I am lonely; but the spring of hope has succeeded the winter of desolation that reigned in my heart, and the warnings of despair have settled into a storical firmness. I feel changed, for I am bereft of all that once blessed my solitary lot, and I wander silent—alone.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE EDITOR

THE editor of the L—n Observer, was C. M. Clayton, M. C. from the XXXV, district, Borough L.

Mr. Clayton was a Kentuckian, bold, fearless, and resolute. He was a man of noble principles, brilliant talents, and high accomplishments. Pursuing his convictions of right, he fearlessly published in his paper sentiments of Abolitionism. He vindicated the rights of the down trodden, and expressed his abhorrence of the "legal system of servitude."

(It was a rare sight that—a single man, in the very heart of a slave state, surrounded by men regardless alike of God or the law, disseminating obnoxious tenets. I say, that such a movement wins our admiration, because in this age of sycophaney, and corruption disinterested philanthropy is like "angel visits, few and far between.")

The storm was gathering around, and was soon to burst with fury upon the devoted editor's head. Low, sullen murmurs of rage were echoing from the remotest bounds of the state.

He must be silenced. Yet in spite of the dark threats, and vague insinuations, Mr. Clayton gave notice that he would address a meeting of citizens at Pines Grove on the following Tuesday.

It was as fair a day as had ever visited God's creation, and the beauty, the repose, and the harmony of Nature contrasted strangely with the evil passions, and lowering countenances of the vast throng there assembled.

The orator appeared. Calm and collected he mounted the rude stage; his round open countenance looking serenely upon the swaying multitude. Not a word was spoken, it was so still that you might have thought it a congregation of statues. Every face was pale with excitement.

At length the editor's blue eye glanced slowly around; he raised his hand, "Kentuckians!" At that word a low suppressed sound from the distant rear. "Kentuckians! I have been told that I will not be permitted to speak here to-day."

A thousand bowie-knives were drawn in an instant, reflecting in the sun like a field of steel.

The speaker paused. Before his eyes was a bristling circle of points, but did he cower? No! His voice grew hollow with determination, and he repeated slowly between his teeth, "this is a free country, and I will speak in defiance of you all!"

A yell of madness burst from them—the stage was dismembered in an instant, and Clayton was precipitated unharmed upon their heads. He reached the ground with a flashing hunting knife in one hand, and a revolver in the other. "Make way for me," said he with a low voice, "or by heaven I'll blow you through and through. With a feeling of awe they opened to the right, and left, and he had passed nearly through when they again closed upon him, like a mighty

wave. And there was the sound of clashing steel, intermingled with curses, and yells, and groans.

Four of the wretches were already severed well nigh in twain with Clayton's knife which was rapidly cutting a way through the crowded mass.

As he emerged several followed upon his heels. "Advance not a step further, or I will fire upon you," he exclaimed turning around and surveying his pursuers, "blood enough has been shed to-day, and I would spare useless effusion."

They quailed beneath his eye, and the undaunted editor left the ground, unharmed, save a slight wound upon his cheek.

Two weeks after this the Observer again made its appearance with a long article denouncing its enemies in the most violent manner.

That rage, which had for a short time slumbered, again broke out anew, and it was resolved to destroy the establishment, and take the editor's life.

Mr. Clayton had expected this, and accordingly he made preparations to meet the exigency. The doors were strongly barricaded; arms and ammunition were stored away, and a sentinel posted to give the alarm at the first sight of hostile demonstrations.

It was noon-time. The creaking presses were in motion, the wet sheets were thrown rapidly off, when suddenly the "form was knocked into pi" by the intelligence that an immense body of the populace was approaching the office.

The arms were distributed to the printers, and apprentices as they took their stand before the inside door, on the second floor. And there the little band numbering twelve in all awaited the approach of their armed assailants.

The mob halted in front of the

building, and forthwith commenced the assault. The door was speedily broken down and the large crowd poured in, and rushed up stairs with terrific shouts. But a sight met their gaze that caused them to stagger in their wild career. At the top of the stairs was a large cannon, with Clayton standing by it, with a lighted match in his hand ready to apply at a moment's warning. His companions with loaded arms at his side. The dense mass continued slowly to advance, those behind pushing the ones in advance, until the narrow stair-way became a perfect wedge of human beings.

"Gentlemen," said the editor, "I have here a six-pounder loaded with spikes, slugs, and other missiles which if discharged will carry destruction to hundreds of you. Now if you mount another step I will fire upon you and may God save you."

With a groan of horror they felt that they were being pushed forward by the rear to inevitable destruction. They saw the flaming brand about to descend. In imagination they saw shattered and bleeding corpses, mangled limbs, and frightful wounds. They even seemed to feel the cold iron penetrating their vitals. They shaded their faces with their hands, their contracted bodies forced backwards on the solid column, when with a tremendous crash the stairway gave way under them, and they were precipitated pell mell upon the floor. They wept with joy at their providential deliverance, for brave as they were death was so sure, so certain, that it had made them cowards, as resistance was utterly futile. The thoughts of their families being left without a protector crazed them, and as they saw the cannon from the edge of the stair head pointing still down upon them, they rushed from the door followed by the others.

Thus without blood-shed the mob was dispersed. Had the defendants fired upon the assailants the havoc would have been dreadful, for crowded as they were in the narrow gorge, not a tenth part would have escaped alive.

Five days from this time, a body of the rabble, watching their opportunity, entered the office when the occupants were nearly all absent, and destroyed the presses, threw the types out the windows, tore down the partitions, and reduced all to ruin. The proprietor and his assistants on their return found their own arms turned upon them menacingly, and were forced to retire. Finding his establishment broken up Mr. Clayton bid adieu to the scene of his trials, and left for a more congenial clime.

(When we look at this case, we exclaim, "what is the press silenced? Are the free thoughts and opinions of men not to be made known? Then indeed are we advancing with rapid strides to a monarchical despotism. In this case we find that on account of a few editorials the writer stood in danger of losing his life. That press which so nobly and fearlessly vindicated the rights of our fellow man (though with a darker skin) was destroyed. You talk about the "Liberty of the Press." Ha! ha! This was liberty for you. One of the main causes of the French Revolution of '90 was the bridling of the Press—"the great LEVER of public opinions," by which the light of truth, and knowledge are nurtured into an eternal continuation.

Our forefathers crossed the briny wave, to seek a savage shore, and still more savage foes. They fought and conquered. Then that country from which they had fled—that had denied them religious freedom—prevented them from following the dictates of their consciences, and from expressing their opinions raised its hand against

them here. Blood flowed like water on the red-stained fields, and the destroying hoof of war swept along the land. Peace was at length declared after many gallant men had closed their eyelids in death, to obtain for us a glorious freedom—freedom in thought, in words, and in acts. And I now mean to say, that if you visit a slave-holding state, and dare to express your abhorrence of the damning system of slavery you will suffer personal violence. Yes! It is so! The fate of Jerusalem Peabody will be yours. Is this not worse despotism than is practiced by the most arbitrary dictatorial power of Europe. I ween it is.

The wicked like not to hear themselves condemned, and if you converse with them about their many faults, you receive what? Their scoffs. Thus do the guilty advocates of serfdom vindicate their oppressions. It's a sad national feature—that we are what we are.)

## CHAPTER XX.

### (THE MINISTER AND HIS DAUGHTER.)

Happiness was now within the Minister's little cottage, embowed with beautiful trees, flowers, vines, and shrubs. And Thira kept every thing so clean and neat that not a speck of dirt could be seen no where. The gravel walks in the little garden were swept so cleanly—the grass plots were weeded so carefully—the shrubs were trimmed so smoothly—and the roses—Thira loved all kinds of flowers, especially roses, as they so much resembled her own rosy cheeks and coral lips) were propped up so nicely that the utmost harmony was blended in all you saw.

Thira had never loved but one—her father. The fame of the beautiful Hoosier maiden was known far and wide. The suitors that thronged around her, she disregarded, for when she looked beneath their assumed natures, she saw the mildew of sin—she witnessed corroding stains upon their souls. And though she felt ill towards none, yet the defections of others drew the cords of her affection still stronger around her aged parent. For in him—and him only, she saw the impress of the meek and lowly Saviour. She knew that his course on earth would soon be ended, and she affectionately cheered his declining years.

She was pious; her pure, guiltless nature could make her nothing else, (and though we have noticed her participation in the Governor's ball, it was because in her solicitude for her father, she was insensible to all around, and mechanically followed the requests of others.)

It was a beautiful sight, I ween, to see that gentle girl so inseparably attached to her father. It showed that she was above the guilty, sordid passions of the world, and that in her love for her earthly father, she bore a correspondent reverence for her heavenly one.

When the king of day arose from the Hoosier hills behind which he had rested during the shades of night, a luminary of less might also followed his example—Thira Fairchild the Clergyman's daughter.

And while the dews were yet upon the grass, and bright flowers hung their heads languishingly she would sally out to catch the morning breezes, and listen to the songs of birds.

The world was beautiful to her, because it rejoiced the eyes of her surviving parent. What pleased him was her delight, and to obey his slightest wish was her constant study.

When the morning advanced, and

the air grew hot, the songsters left the open fields, and sought the green-wood shades, there to sit silent the live-long day, it was there that she took the much-worn bible from the shelf, her delicate fingers straying among the leaves, and a truant curl shading her face, while her musical voice gave a beauty to the comforting words of the holy book.

Thira was of a solitary nature, and her sweet face ever wore an expression of sadness; but this did not deteriorate. Give me your calm maidens. There is deepness of feeling, a gushing tenderness always springing up within them, which is never known by your wild, laughing flirts. Their sympathies are so evanescent, and I despise your coquettes—they are so cold, so inhuman.

There was a young minister who frequently visited the cottage of Mr. Fairchild, as it was within his circuit, and on account of the estimation in which he was held by the father and daughter.

Purceval Maturin was a holy man. His young life had ever been spent in diffusing happiness to his fellow-men, in advocating the cause of the deemer. The life of the itinerant is a hard life to lead in the wilds of the West. Often without food or shelter, night overtakes him, and then his pillow is the hard ground, his roof is the starry vaults of heaven, stretching into illimitable space. The one who can patiently endure these hardships, must indeed be a devoted follower to his high and glorious calling. His reward on earth is small, his reward in heaven is great.

Of late, the visits of Mr. Maturin had become more frequent, and of longer duration than was usually his wont at the cottage. His attentions too, to Thira, were marked, but delicate. How this was to end, we will soon see.

Thira had, as usual, taken her accustomed morning walk, (which, by the way, is a very unpoetical time for making love) and had reached the gurgling brook that ran by the lower end of the garden, when she paused. "How beautiful," she said to herself, "how beautiful those limpid depths. Ha! And there is my own image reflected on its mirrored surface. Another! And—" She turned suddenly, and there by her side was Purceval Maturin. She was about to return to the house, but he detained her. "Nay, Thira! I would speak to you. My words will be few, for on these words, hangs the doom of the being by your side. Thira, I have long loved you—loved with all the love of an honest heart. By day, my wandering eyes rested upon your form—by night, I saw thy image more glorious to my sight, than the winged worshippers of etherium. In the rustling leaves I heard thy voice, and in the murmuring brook thy song. Thira, you are cold, and passionless to observation, but beneath your exterior, you conceal the most generous, the most noble nature that ever blessed woman. Then you must know what it is to feel as I do—then you must know what it is to be consumed day after day by a passion as wild, as fearful as this. Perhaps it is wrong to love any human being so deeply. It may be deteriorating from God—but if it is sinless, then I will tell you that beneath its influence my life, my soul my all shall be sacrificed at its altar. Answer me, Thira! Will you become a minister's wife—will you save me? For God's sake, answer me!" And here he knelt before her, and seizing her hand, imprinted it with burning kisses.

There were tears in Thira's eyes, and her voice grew sad. "Mr. Maturin, I respect you, and were I differently situated, I might love you. But



love can now have no place within my heart. I am wedded to the cause of my Saviour, and never can I resign my filial love for the love of the world, however pure and guiltless it may be. Farewell, Purceval! Farewell!"

The form of the young minister trembled as with the might of a suppressed tempest. He pressed his hands upon his burning brow—he rose from the ground, exclaiming:—"lost—ruined—forever." He soon recovered, but the change. In that short hour he saw his bright visions fade, never again to revive. His face now wore the impress of age, and oh! what suffering was traced in every line. His heart was broken, and he was a lonely being; lone, lone indeed.

Thira returned to the house; but from that time, her step fell sad and slow, and a more melancholy gloom settled upon her holy face. She loved young Maturin, but her love was smothered by another more engrossing—a higher sentiment—love for her aged father. It's a beautiful record of character—a sublime fortitude against circumstances that we see in the noble bearing of Thira Fairchild, the Clergyman's Daughter.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE TWO ORATORS.

Far down in the darksome mine—on the lone prairie, where the wild winds shriek—on the spreading breast of the ocean—on the slave plantations of the sunny south, there we begin not our tale.

But in the gorgeous senate hall—in the crowded city, the metropolis of the Union, it is there that we pause.

We look around at the crowded galleries, then at the august representatives of a nation's power. All is silence, save the low hum of many voices.

At length the hammer calls to order. Now a tall, and aged man slowly raises from his seat. He looks upon the attentive crowd, and his deep voice echoes—"Mr. Speaker." What a breathless stillness falls upon the auditory! How their very souls seem to be riveted upon the subject! What is the cause of this attentiveness. I will tell you.

But yesterday a handbill was posted up in the market place, announcing that one Henry Clay—a man fresh from the wilds of Kentucky, who was formerly "The Mill-Boy of the Slashes," was to speak on the subject of Slavery Compromise in the Senate.

Why, this excitement, then? Why did multitudes pause suddenly in the street, and gaze upon those flaming characters? Why did some knit their brows, and compress their lips, hissing—"the Abolitionists—the most villainous of all—the vile Abolitionists."

It was because a furious faction was shaking the nation to its very centre and arrayed against each other, were the friends of Liberty, and the adherents of Slavery.

So, on this day, they had assembled to hear the words which fell from the lips of the "backwoods orator." And why had his sentences such power. The reason was, that they came spontaneously from the heart—they were not tinged with affectation—they were the outpourings of Nature.

Again he spoke. "Mr. Speaker, this is an eventful day. The transactions of this day will be recorded in our national history, and be handed down to future posterity." Thus he commenced, and his spirit now soared into unexplored mazes of profound knowledge. Metaphor, simile, and

syllogism came to his aid, and for three long hours he seemed insensible to all around. At last amid thunders of applause he resumed his seat.

He was followed by the youngest senator in the house, Charles Atherton, the author. He had been recently elected, and on this occasion he was to make his debut.

As there always is on such occasions, the greatest curiosity prevailed to learn what his views were.

His manners and actions were at first so awkward, that an involuntary titter ran through the crowd of spectators; but as he proceeded he warmed with his subject. Then the sweat stood in huge globules upon his high, white forehead—his blue eye darted around like lightning—his gestures became as graceful as the waving willow, and his sad silvery voice had a magic spell which bound the heart. He became transcendently eloquent. Words, sciences, politics, and laws were but stepping stones—he went further. His vigorous intellect went forth, and dwelt among new theorems, biased on logical deductions, and poised with undiscovered signs and prophecies, the existence of which had before been doubted. His reasonings were conclusive, and every hypothesis tenable.

The audience were spell-bound. Astonishment was depicted in every feature. It was so silent that you might have heard the beatings of many hearts—it was painful to breath.

Still those silvery cadences seemed to come and melt away to the ear like *Æolian* Symphonies. They saw the poor bleeding slave as he was—they saw the infuriated overseer in his most diabolical colors—they saw the gross darkness which pervades the mind of man in relation to Slavery. Yes! I say that they saw these things, and it was an arrow of con-

viction piercing to their souls. And there were slave-holders there—men, rough, stern, and unfeeling who wept when they heard the cruelties which they themselves had often perpetrated as described by Senator Atherton.

When the speaker had ended, no shouts of applause greeted his ears. There was no occasion for any—the subject was too deep—too solemn.—But whichever way he turned, tearful eyes met his gaze, and low sighs came soft upon his ears from those "fair ones" who are averse to all chains except the ones which they throw around the "lords of creation."

Atherton's triumph was complete, and though afterwards obnoxious laws were passed, yet many things which would have rendered them still more odious were rejected through the influence of the Abolition speaker.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE MANIAC AND MURDERER.

HENNIE DUVERNE, the slave-holder's daughter, was still the same gentle, heart-broken maniac. But when Ada, the strange, dark, wild girl was by, she expressed the utmost abhorrence, and desired them to remove her from her presence; to all others, she was meek, and yielding.

One night, Mr. Duverne tossed restlessly upon his pillow, as he always did at night, muttering incoherent words and ravings. The lamp was burning dimly in its socket, for Mr. Duverne always had a light in the apartment, on account of his guilty terrors.

"O, traitor conscience, thou dost make cowards of us all!"



It was now deep midnight, and the gothic clock had struck the hour of twelve. As the last, whirring sound died away, Mr. Duverne awoke.

He started almost from the bed, for there bending over him, was the maniac, her great, brilliant eyes dancing wildly around. "Girl, what do you here? I thought you was to bed!" he exclaimed, passionately.

By this time, Mrs. Duverne also, was roused from her slumbers, and after using much persuasion, she succeeded in her efforts, and Hennie left the room murmuring—"I know it all, all, all. Hour after hour—night after night, have I listened to his broken words, when he thought that none were nigh. I am glad that he committed not the deed. Now, my Horton are you to be avenged. Ha! ha! ha!"

She silently left the house. By the dim moonlight, she hurriedly pursued her way. All night she journeyed on foot. Morning found her at the "Glen." She had followed the trail of her father, and the school-teacher, through the underwood, and now she stood before that almost concealed the mysterious cabin. Carefully she searched the ground around. Suddenly a cry escaped her, for at her feet she saw the sand encrusted with blood, and a stone near by stained like crimson. "Here, it is, that he died. Murdered—aye, cruelly murdered. Why, did they seek his life? He was innocent—he was good. His body lies in the fathomless depths of this darksome glen, and I, a feeble girl, am here alone, amid these wild scenes to avenge his death, or sleep by his side forever."

At this moment, a crackling among the dry twigs attracted her attention, and looking around, she saw "Cronkey of the Glen." He made an attempt to smile; but the horrid grin rendered his features so demoniac,

that even maniac, and crazed as she was, she fled from his reach. "Fly not, my pretty bird, I would cage thee. Art thou in search of Cronkey—I am he!"

On, on she flew, followed by her pursuer. Now upon high rocks, now skimming along the extreme verge of the yawning abyss, or mounting some narrow path, she for a time eluded him. But every inch of that dangerous ground was familiar to the assassin, and though Hennie passed safely where no being or animal had ever trodden before, her chances of escape seemed to be utterly hopeless, for now a perpendicular rock prevented her further progress. But her quick eye perceived an old log that had fallen over a deep cleft between the rocks, full twenty feet wide. The decayed tree had laid in that bridge-like position, perhaps for centuries, and now it trembled beneath its own weight. In an instant, the planter's daughter was upon it. The rotten trunk quivered, and shook, and swayed to and fro beneath her weight, while it seemed to be sinking down into the horrid depths below.

Cronkey paused on the edge of the cliff, expecting to see her disappear from his view. But, no! It was almost incredible to his senses, when he saw her reach the opposite side, unharmed. "So, ho, my fine lady! Ye's done more as I thought for, this time. The owld tree's purty taut after all, my covey. Wherever any one else goes, Cronkey can foller. So, here goes."

Stealthily, and cat-like, on all fours he slowly proceeded across the tree, his eyes fixed upon the maniac, who calmly awaited his approach. Nearer and nearer he comes—the worst is past—his hand is outstretched—he prepares to spring—he is safe! No! the downward force with which his feet press in order to raise himself, has

defeated his hopes. The shivering bridge parts in twain with a dreadful crash, and the murderer sinks with it—No! By accident, his fingers grasp the edge of the rock, while his body is suspended in the air. Death—speedy death was before his eyes. He could sustain himself in that position but a few moments at the longest. His vile body would soon be dashed to pieces. And—would you believe it; that depraved, blood-stained wretch prayed for mercy. That which he had never given, he now asked for. His trade was "murder" and the blood of many victims was upon his head. I have that picture before me now. The tall, splintered trees—the gray rocks—the beetling cliffs, and the falling cataracts. Then the tragedy there enacting. The maniac with her dark, disheveled tresses floating to the winds—her dark orbs turned upwards through the tree-tops, towards heaven—her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her torn garments fluttering around. Then, that miserable, deformed wretch, clinging with the grips of despair to the flinty stone which has cut his hands to the very bone, discoloring them with blood—his blank, hideous face gazing up into her's—his abject groans, and his supplications. Then this scene—the lonely place, and the fixed attitude of the group. The lunatic starts from her reverie. "Ha! ha! ha! I have you then, you thought that you had me, you cringing, quivering demon. Ha! ha! Now, answer me! Did you murder Horton?"

"Yis! but for God's sake—for the love of Heaven, save me. I killed him. Save me. It wis Horton and—Oh, save me, I am falling. Quick!"

Ha! ha! die! I am so happy. You made me mad—mad—mad forever. I could quench my thirst in blood. But no I will not stain my hands in yours. A just God is fulli-

ing his saying of—"vengeance is mine I will repay." So you are the murderer of Horton. I stood by my father's bed side in the silent watches of the night, and his dreams told me all—all—all. Groan again! It is sweet music to my ears. I tell you I am mad—mad—mad! Ha! ha! ha!"

The assassin's fingers were now bloodless; they were stained to their utmost tension. His arms trembled violently, and his head fell upon his back. He made a superhuman effort to raise his body—he almost succeeded in mounting the steep. But it was in vain, for he slowly sank, and his right arm fell by his side. His body swung around—his bent fingers clasped yet tighter in their hold—then slipped—then trembled—then—then opened, and with a half smothered curse he disappeared. The mad girl heard his body as it fell a short distance, and lodged in some crevice—then fell again, thus bounding against rock after rock, until a dull, heavy splash in the invisible waters below told of the horrible fate of "Cronkey of the Glen."

Then the maniac stood with her strained eyes gazing far down into the yawning chasm. Birds black and fierce, plunged into the blackness of space, and then emerged screaming as they flew away. A smile enwreathed Hennie's features—"Now Horton thou art indeed avenged." The next moment the place was again solitary, and deserted as before. A faint sound of footsteps in the distance told that Hennie Duverne had departed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

(A CHAPTER DEVOTED TO THE TINKEYS AGAIN.)

In the last we noticed scenes of bloodshed and terror, life in its most revolting characters. This although not impregnated with such scenes, still shows that the world is a world of vicissitude and wo.

Tinkey Esquire was an unlucky man. Though Fortune had favored him at first in the shape of a legacy from a deceased relative, she now like a capricious horse threw her rider, amid the "common stock," and left him to take care of himself.

In a short time Tinkey through the kindness extraordinary of his friends for whom he had endorsed, found himself "under the fence."

Beggary stared him in the face. He communicated his misfortunes to his wife, and she wept long, and bitterly. Even the "babies" the "young affectionates" set up a hubbub of cries, and screams "paw-paw" and "maw-maw." All was confusion.

Through the generosity of a few creditors he was permitted to remain in his mansion, by paying a moderate rent. The most useless furniture was sold, and from the sale he realized a sum sufficient to engage in the "grocery, dry-goods, and wet-goods business."

So now we see the good-natured man snugly ensconced in a small one story frame tenement, 20—40, the front part being the store, the rear the dwelling. There were numerous signs hanging up as—"Green mens boots—blue ladies stockings—yellow firkin butter—cheese—sugar—rice, and numerous other articles, then there were the prices given, for instance a barrel of flour was marked, "fifteen cents, twelve dollars and a quarter. A bar-

rel of pork, fifty five picayunes. Butter two bits per pound, and other charges in proportion. The main bulk of the stock consisted of a piece of flannel (which had once been red) nineteen yards long. Seventeen barrels full of nothing. Eight empty bags, and numerous boxes from Cincinnati, full of something unknown.

Mr. Tinkey was sole monarch of this establishment, unless we except the wife, and "babies" who were co-partners of course. "Well wife," said the little man—"Whey he! Oh, dear, I declare that this is dull business, now ten days have passed since we have had a customer, but we must take it easy old woman. He! he! he!"

"Do you call me old woman," said the mother of the "mammy darlings."

"I mean young woman!" quickly answered the hen-pecked husband as she left with the infants.

Mr. Hardin's Irish servant now came in. "Does yes be for kaping sugar here?"

"Yes marm!" answered the delighted merchant as the vision of dimes and dollars crossed his mind.

"And ye'll be for giving me half a stun of the same!"

This last puzzled the novice exceedingly. "Half of what marm?"

"Half an stun sure!"

"We don't weigh here with stones marm; we weighs with weights!"

"Bod luck to the like of ye's—I'll be for laving ye's if I don't have the sugar!"

The thoughts of losing his customer roused him. He hurried out of the door, and soon returned with a large stone and sledge hammer. At length, after pounding away with might and main, he had the satisfaction to see the rock part in twain. With a look of joy he immediately placed one of the "half stuns" in the scales.

"Yer the divels own childer. Troth an did ye's niver larn that a stun was 14 pounds."

Tinkey's countenance immediately "fell-a feet." He weighed out the commodity, and the Irish girl left the store.

Presently judge Ford's negro entered—"Good morning Massa Tinkey!"

"Good morning Caesar, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Well lufs see Massa Ford want one ob de tings wid de spout, and hand! Lufs me alone—what does you call im?"

"A tea-pot."

"Dat's im—I gubs it up. Dis ole nigger am growing dismematory. Well lufs have de child den!"

Mr. Tinkey here opened one of the boxes from Cincinnati containing something, and after displacing straw—breaking glass ware, and damaging other crockery to the amount of ten dollars, the price of a dozen "tea-pots, he found the desired article, which he placed in the scale, (for Mr. Tinkey sold every thing by the pound, even calico, and molasses.) It weighed too much! Accordingly it was but the work of a moment to knock off the spout. Too heavy yet, so the handle also followed the fate of its predecessor. This made the "urn" too light—this was remedied by breaking the spout in two, and throwing it in the scale. "It weighs a little more than two pounds Caesar, but no matter, I am a generous man. He! he! he! And he handed the spoutless, handless vessel to the slave.

The negro laughed till tears stood in his eyes. "Oh, de Lord! Dat's de child for you. De tea can now run out ob two bung holes. Oh, de holes you've made; you've spiled de chile, Massa Tinkey, but if you say go, de nigger takes de holy boy to Massa Ford."

"Yes! I'll charge it to Mr. Ford's account which is opened this morning!" The little man swelled out his chest, and with a pompous air, pointing to the door, he said—"Go Caesar, it's all right!"

The slave left. This manner of store-keeping created a great laugh in L——n, and poor Tinkey, finding that if he continued in this business a few days longer, he would starve, wisely resolved to receive the benefits by becoming the consumer himself.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE LOVERS.

"FATHER!" said Thira Fairchild, one morning, "I would not leave to day, for the skies look dark and lowering."

"What is that to an old itinerant like myself. For fifty years have I braved the stormy elements, and the tempestuous passions of earth. And now, though age is upon me, and I feel my blood course thin, and slow, yet will I not turn aside from the cause of Christ. Still will I labor to do good—still will I follow that precept—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Now, farewell, Thira."

He mounted his horse at the door, and was soon lost in the distance. Thira always had friends, and when her father was away, they would often remain with her. "I feel a presentiment that something dreadful is soon to happen. What it is I know not!" said she after her parent's departure to one of the neighbors.

\* \* \* \* \*

One year had now passed away without bringing any tidings of Purceval Maturin. Had he died? Had he fled to another land? What had been his fate?

Thira remembered him—his noble nature—his gentle manners, and deep piety. And as she remembered, she treasured his every saying in her heart, she loved. But she saw that it was in vain, for she had rejected him, and now perhaps it had been her fault, that he was ruined, self sacrificed.—And as she thought thus, she wept, and now it was that she first learned—that she had loved him, unknown even to herself.

One night the gentle winds sang through the rustling leaves, and bowed the heads of the sweet flowers. The moon shone not, but the bright-eyed stars seemed to be playing bo-peep as they flitted by, one by one. The world was a world of beauty now, for a holy stillness reigned around, broken only by the hum of many insects, or the call of the whippo-will.

Thira was alone in the garden.—Her thoughts were of the handsome young clergyman. "Could I but see him again," she ejaculated.

At that moment, she felt a hot breath upon her cheek, a voice echoed in her ear, "Thira, I am here."

She turned, and there kneeling at her feet was Purceval Maturin. But he was changed—Oh, how changed. By the dim light, she saw that his cheeks were sunken, and of a ghastly pallor—his eye shone with an unnatural glassiness—his hollow voice had a tone of sadness—his hair was uncombed and dishevelled, and his clothes were torn and threadbare.

But still there was, despite this change, the original Purceval Maturin, the philanthropist, the true hearted.

"Thira, despise not the unmanly

thing crouching at your feet. I have struggled—Oh, how I have struggled against my feelings, and now you see what is left of me—nothing—nothing but a wreck. I have come to bid you farewell ere I die."

The minister's daughter turned away, and wept—wept; hot, bitter tears of repentance. She sank into a seat near by, and Maturin seated himself by her side. "Forgive me, Purceval," she sobbed as her head rested upon his bosom, "I have been the cause of your sufferings. Yes! a wild, heedless girl. I thought that you had no place within my heart; but how different. Forgive me my sin, and I will die with you!"

"Yes," said the clergyman, and his voice grew more solemn, in its saddened cadences. Yes, Thira—when I felt my very life blood oozing away drop by drop—when I felt my fevered brain sending electrical fires to my heart's core—when I withered day after day, I cursed you not—not a murmur of reproach escaped my lips, although the cause of my anguish was your unreciprocal affection. Ever since that fatal morning, my abode has been among the fastnesses of Knob Athold. I have prayed for death, and now I feel its icy hands upon me. I could not die amid those glens unseen and unloved for, so I thought to rush into your presence, and breathe out my life at your feet."

"Purceval, talk not thus. Live and I will love you—live, and I will be yours, forever!"

A strange light played upon Maturin's countenance—his high, white forehead became free from the wrinkles of care, and his large, blue eye shone as in days gone by.

He clasped her in a long, long embrace, and impressed kisses upon her brow. "Thira, I little thought this;

## CHAPTER XXV.

NELSE.

About this time, a child was born to me. My joy knew no bounds, and for a time in my solicitude for the little stranger, I forgot my many woes. Day after day, she grew apace, and her features were the exact counterpart of her mother's, regular and beautiful. Zilly, for that was her name, was a gentle child. Poor little slave. I thanked God that he implanted infantile unconsciousness within her breast so that she saw not the misery in store for her future years.

On the bright Sabbath mornings, I always hastened to the cabin of Fidele. Then with little Zilly in my arms, I would walk to the green shades by the crystal waters of the little creek, and then I was happy. Happy in my love for my wife and child.

One day, I called as usual, and was surprised to find little Zilly in a burning fever, and very ill. Fidele prevailed upon me by her earnest solicitations to remain with her during the night. Towards morning the young sufferer fell into a gentle slumber, and with my heart filled with the hope of her speedy recovery, I returned to the plantation. The first person that I saw was the overseer; a cloud had gathered upon his brow. "Nelse, you rascal where have you been—how did you dare to remain out overnight?"

"My child was ill, and I thought to watch by its side."

"Tending your black brat. Well, that's a pretty story. If the thing wants to die, who cares?"

"I care!" I replied firmly.

"None of your sauce, Nelse, or by heavens, I'll stripe you!"

"I am not afraid—for I have done no harm."

and how can I claim your love—the lost, the guilty, the ruined? I have sinned—sinned deeply against the Almighty, and all, because I thought that you scorned me. Oh, pray for me, Thira, and I will bless you. I am too impure now to dare to ask for your hand, so I bid you adieu. At the end of another year, we will meet beneath the old oak at night, then may I claim your love. Farewell!"

He covered her face with his burning salutations, embraced her long and lovingly, and then departed. The next moment she was alone. But the wild poetry of his thrilling words seemed still to be sounding in her ears. Her heart fluttered, and a sensation of pain shot through her frame. She slowly repeated to herself, "End of another year—we meet—No! Yes, I will meet him—I'll fly to his bosom, to be parted never in this. But, my father. Alas, I must resign all. *Love for my father triumphs*, though I die in the wild struggle, while my father lives I cannot leave him. Purceval, though my heart is breaking, I resign thee, forever—aye, forever."

And it's a glorious example, this—it approaches nearer to the character of angels than to a being of this sinful world, where want, misery, and death hold their revels. It claims the attributes of a principle fashioned in the similitude of all that is holy, virtuous, and pure. Would to God that such examples were many. "Rara est adeo concordia formæ atque pudicitiae."

"You d—, scoundrel! Off with your jacket!"

"I shall not, sir!"

The enraged supervisor rushed towards me; but before he reached me, I seized a small board, and struck him to the ground, where he lay for some time insensible.

The whole circle now sallied out, and I was bound hand and foot. I had committed an unpardonable sin, according to the views of my oppressors—for to their eyes, the person of the overseer is sacred, and we be to the poor negro who resists his power.

Well, what do you think was my punishment. Conceive of the most horrible infliction of pain. Conjure up the most direful image of torture, and you will fall short. You will not—cannot have an idea of my sufferings. *They deformed me! Yes, it is too horrible for belief!!* They changed the shape of that body which God had created.

For six long months was I chained in a damp, dark dungeon under the ground. My shoulders were bound around with cords, and my head was drawn down, so that my chin rested upon my breast. Thus was I suffered to remain, without seeing the light of day, except only a few glimmering rays when one of the slaves brought me a dry crust, and a cup of impure water. All the rest of the time it was night—black midnight. Half of the sufferings I there endured as the long, long hours passed drearily away, my tongue can never tell. It seemed as if I was in pandemonium, the sole survivor, for all others were dead—there was a loud ringing forever in my ears—my blood ceased in its circulation, and my body became so numb, and painless that you might have pierced to the very bone, and I would have felt it not. Reason tottered on its

throne, and my aching brain was filled with images of dying infants, weeping mothers, and crazy fathers. At times I laughed, so horribly, so fearfully, that at the sound thereof, cold chills like crawling serpents came upon my back. Then again I would set for entire days without having the least recollection—all would be blank and obscured. God, knows how I ever regained my reason, I do not.—For I was mad there—in that darksome hole. It's a tale of diabolical malice, and the quicker I relate it, the better, for when the memory of those hours crosses my mind, I shudder from my very soul, with strange horror.

When I awoke from my stupor I was lying in my own bed. I turned to look around when a sudden twinge of pain shot through my back. I endeavored to rise, and now I found out that I was *hump-backed*. That I who had prided myself on my noble person, and manly beauty, was hideously deformed. "Oh God thou hast indeed afflicted me." Why did they wreak such a deadly revenge? Why did they not tear my back with their torturing lash until nature sank exhausted. That would have been a mercy—it would have been kind—it would have received their damning cruelty of the most revolting aspect, for then I might have died. But to drag through life suffering a thousand deaths in both body, and mind, I declare it is horrible." Such was his constant lamentation.

I hastened to Fidele, and found out that little Zilly had recovered. This gladdened my heart, and I thanked God that he had not utterly deprived me of every solace.

"Forgive me, if I have given this sketch an air of incredibility. I aver that it is true. That this unheard of

punishment is without parallel, in the annals of the bloody inquisitions or devilish devices, you will readily agree. And if you agree, then you will see the wrong—the sufferings—the oppressions of the "down trodden."

There have been, and there may be books written in favor of the "system," in order to refute opposite arguments, but they are not to be believed, or if true the examples of humanity among the slave-holders of the south are few and far between.

(It is true that there are not many cases of the particular caste of this one, but there are others almost equally barbarous, and such cases are actual occurrences. The slave holder values his negro in the same light as we would hold a horse. The stronger he is—the better his appearance, why of a consequent he is more valuable to the owner, or if he wishes to sell, his worth is enhanced by the gifts which nature has given him, whether of intellectual or bodily powers, combined with natural comprehensiveness. And when we see a man abuse even his beast when the task is too heavy, and the noble animal is straining every nerve, and sinew, do not our hearts bleed with pity? And is not our indignation excited against the cruel owner? Do we not wish that he should suffer some of the punishment for his inhumanity?

Then, when we see a being of flesh and blood like ourselves, embodying the similitude of an all-powerful creator—blessed (No! I mean cursed) with reason—animated with life, and capable of progressive improvement, writhing under great tortures, ought not our sympathies to be enlisted? Ought we not to feel more acutely for our fellow man than for a dumb beast? I ween we should. Then if you do, why not arouse? Why not

throw off your lethargy? Arouse your latent powers and come up to the aid of the weak, against the mighty. For a cry, a deep cry is coming up from the land of Ethiopia, and the pestilence of despair is stalking abroad in the sunlight, and it resteth not in the darkness of night. The world is unsheathed, and in the name of the Most High we will battle for the right till the victory is ours. Let us not enjoy freedom, while others are languishing in the chains of slavery. *Liberté toute entière.*

## CHAPTER XXVI.

(REUBEN FAIRCHILD.)

As we have noticed the Rev. Reuben Fairchild had an appointment to fulfill at Galena, a small town distant eight miles from the river. He reached his destination at night-fall, and on the following day he organized a series of meetings. Thus for two weeks was his voice heard in the log school-house exhorting sinners to flee the wrath to come.

Reuben Fairchild was a man of the right stamp; he resembled the holy men of former days. But the times are sadly altered now. Go with me to your thriving cities. Do you see that massive architectural pile, with its spire looming up against the sky, as if its originators could step from the top to heaven? Enter with me—You are poorly clad. Ah! a porter opens not the gothic door. Well, I enter alone. My feet press upon the soft tapestry as I glide down the long aisle, and seat myself near the pulpit. I gaze around. Theatrical circles of

gorgeous colors are above your head. Huge pillars entwine, and meet a gilt trellis work. Chandeliers hung with glass prisms, are glittering with brass and silver ornaments. The sun's rays strike feebly through the stained windows. It would not do to have the pure, unadulterated light of Heaven shining upon them, for that would remind the fashionable congregation buried in silks, furs, cloth, feathers, and jewelry, of their own impurity. The minister—he is a middle-aged man dressed in the height of fashion. Words flow from his lips softly, and every sentence is smoothly, and beautifully rounded. It would not do to talk ungrammatically there, that would offend the ear. They would not listen to a half-educated orator. No—not they. Oh! they are so religious. Now, the deep, rolling thunders of the organ re-echoe through the vast vault. It would not do to have the natural music of the human voice—it would not do to have Methodistical boisterousness of ancient days, sounding in their ears, although it is a Methodist palace for worship. And besides our musical taste is so much improved now, for we have heard a Jenny Lind—a Catherine Hayes—a Sontag and an "All-bony." Oh, we are so much improved. Yes! Indeed! Little penny dabble-scribbles with two ideas and an "ounce of wit," now days write in the "weeklies, the dailies, and the hourlies," about "bass"—"Soprano"—"Cavatina overture"—"Arie capulettee Montecchi, Il Bevitore" finally ending with "Gzze-xgzzzi!" which in "Turcoman Muslemaricz," means "less than nothing." Oh, how improved! But I am digressing.

Mr. Fairchild's engagement had now expired, and he turned his face homewards.

Late in the afternoon, he met with five fugitive slaves, two of which were men, one woman, and two children. The minister accosted them, "whither are you proceeding, good folks?"

"We's guine to Annady, please Massa!" said the eldest man of the party.

"Please, Massa!" echoed four other voices.

"You are slaves are you not?"

"No, Massa; we ain't slaves!"

"Tell me all, I am your friend, and will aid you!"

They were suspicious at first, for they thought that he might be one of those who deliver up the "fugitives" to their masters again, being stimulated by gold—blood-stained gold.

"Well, Massa, we's belongs to Massa Armstrong, in Louisville, and we cross de-ribber lass night to Jeffersonville. So now we's bound for de land ob freedom!"

They were now twelve miles from Jeffersonville, on the Indiana side, and night was nigh at hand. Suddenly the quick ear of the minister caught the sound of horses hoofs. And looking backwards, he saw a thick cloud of dust in the road. And at intervals, the shouts of pursuers were borne up on the breeze, for as yet they were far in the rear. Not a moment was to be lost. Mr. Fairchild immediately seated the woman and child before him on the horse, while the other, a boy of six years of age was mounted behind. "Run for your lives!" he exclaimed, as he applied his whip with might and main.

And now commenced a race between the minister, the two male negroes, and the pursuers. For two miles they continued their course, but were soon overtaken by the party, which consisted of eight Kentuckians, assisted by a number of Hoosiers

"Halt, or we'll shoot you down!" And the fugitives did stop; for resistance would have been useless. They, together with the clergyman, were then bound, and the overjoyed captors hastened back with their captives to Louisville.

Here they received their reward-money which they divided among themselves, and left their prisoners to be dealt with as the nature of their crime demanded.

(Now again we see the venerable minister in the square, stone courthouse of Louisville, waiting to be tried. Though the excitement here, was not so intense as it had been at Frankfort, still prejudice was excited against him, and after a short absence the jury returned with a verdict of guilty! Then Judge Avery arose and said—"Reuben Fairchild, you are a minister of the gospel, how far your religion goes, the world may judge.—For you, an old man, with silver hairs, this depravity is horrible. You are accused of running off the slaves of Mr. Armstrong of this city, making the second time that you have been convicted of the same offence. And now the court in consideration of your age and feebleness, have mercifully decreed that your imprisonment shall only continue for the term of *fifteen years*, in the Frankfort Penitentiary."

And then they loaded his palsied limbs with chains—heavy chains, and dragged him away to meet his fate.

(Reader, look attentively at the case before you; then if you exclaim—"Right, it served him right; what business had he to meddle with the property of others, the fanatical Abolitionist"—why, then your heart must indeed be obdurate.

It is reasonable—it is in nature, that a man—a man in the decline of life, when his tottering form is about to sink into the grave would suffer

long, long years of imprisonment worse than death, for the sake of causing a disturbance, or from feelings of malice, or from benefits arising to himself. Ha! ha! precious benefits.—The benefit of being scoffed at—of being fettered to the floor—of being deprived of the light of day—of being confined with felons, and of suffering all that mind and body could suffer and live.

I think that this example of fortitude under affliction—righteousness in adversity—endurance against anguish, and devotion in misery approaches a little nigher to the character of our blessed Redeemer than is wont to be exhibited in this abode of sorrow and change. I think that the reward to such a man will be great in after life. For such philanthropy as his is unwearied in its struggles against tyranny, ever using its influence for the good of mankind. It is a sun—a glorious sun throwing its struggling rays through the dark tempests, and stormy clouds of ignorance, superstition, and diabolical malice.

There are a few men in this world like the Rev. Reuben Fairchild—and only a few. The rest are stoics, composed of self-interest, misanthropic views, and sinful ambitions. They move through the world with their eyes shut, and their ears stuffed. When they die a marble slab marks their resting-place; this falls to the ground, a new generation arises, and they are forgotten. But not so with the philanthropist, his deeds—his noble deeds—live in the memory of those whom he has befriended, when his body has been long united with its mother dust. I would rather have the fame that belongs to Howard—the philanthropic Howard, than that false glory which is associated with the mightiest of earth's blood-stained conquerors.)



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A CHAPTER OF HORROR.

ADA—my sister Ada had now grown up to be a graceful and beautiful woman. The family seemed to regard her as one of their own, and as they had despaired of Hennie ever recovering her reason, they forthwith adopted my sister—my white slave sister.

Mr. Duverne had resolved to take a pleasure excursion in company with Ada and Verni. The eventful day at last came, and the trio took their departure. They visited Niagara Falls, and were lost in contemplating the grandeur of Nature's most sublime works. Verni had a taste for the beautiful, and he passed whole days amid the whirling spray, threading the most intricate caverns. He gazed at the shifting rainbows circling above the vast body of falling waters. He saw eagles darting from their eyries, whirling through the dense vapors, and mingling their screams with the loud thunders of the cataract.

After remaining at the "Falls" for some time, they left for Saratoga, to participate in its giddy pleasures—to swill down champagne, and to flutter around the blaze of fashion.

Among the visitors, was one Col. Sanford, a wealthy planter who resided at New-Orleans. He became acquainted with Mr. Duverne, and was by him introduced to his daughter (unnatural daughter) Ada. Her extreme beauty, her natural grace, and great vivacity won the regards of the Southerner, and he became her constant companion. He rode out with her, he danced with her, and they took moonlight walks together. The season was now about over, and Mr. Du-

verne left for Philadelphia, Col. Sanford accompanying the party. They remained in the city two months, attending balls, parties, and soirees. At the end of that time the stranger informed Mr. Duverne that he had obtained the consent of his daughter, and if he would acquiesce the marriage ceremonies would immediately take place. The consent was given, and the day fixed. It was rumored throughout the fashionable circles that the rich Col. Sanford was soon to be united to the lovely brunette who had caused such a sensation.

The night at length came. The wedding was to be consummated at the princely mansion of Mr. Archer, No. 50 Franklin Square. The rooms were filled to overflowing with invited guests. Lights were flashing—around music gave forth its sweetest strains, and costly perfumes were wafted through the apartments. And there were women, beautiful as a dream, their silvery laugh ringing out as clear as if they had never known a day of sorrow. Men, too—men chivalrous, and handsome.

The couple stood up to be united. And now a death-like stillness fell upon the assemblage, all eyes were directed toward the splendid pair. And Ada—Oh, she was wondrously, surpassingly beautiful. Never was being so lovely before. The clear blood mantled her dark cheek—her hair fell around her shoulders in a thousand glorious ringlets—her large, midnight eyes shone lustrously, and her bosom swelled like a heaving wave of the ocean—she appeared to be so happy. Her dress was of white satin, and she was decorated profusely with jewelry.

And at that hour—when a deep stillness was around, and solemnity marked each face, a shrill voice was heard in the hall, and the door was

burst open while a being entered.—This being was a negress! She was so old, that her crisped hair was as white as the driven snow. Her flesh hung in folds upon her stiffened bones—her upturned eyes revealed a horrible white, and her grinning teeth chattered together. The company stood mute as if the "Witch of Endor" was before them. "I've travelled all de way from Ole Birginny to come here. Ohwa! ohwa!" And her loud, shrill voice struck a chill to every heart, but no person stirred.

"Yes," said she, "ye're a fine gemmen. Ye's want to marry my daughter do ye! Ohwa! ohwa! And may be ye's tinks dat—dat she be's de darter of Massa Duverne. No it taint. She be's my darter. A fine gemmen to marry de gal ob de Ole nigga like me. Massa, tot dat when he sold me, I'd nebber come back, and dat he could play de possum—but de nigga keep her eye-teets cut. Ohwa! ohwa!" And the loathsome creature approached Ada, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. The bride fell insensible to the floor, and the old negress disappeared. The company rubbed their eyes as if they doubted their senses; but when they looked around, she was gone.

An universal shriek of horror resounded through the apartments.—The bridegroom stood transfixed to the floor, his whole form quivering like an aspen leaf, his eyes glowing beneath his shaggy brow like living coals. "Incarnate fiend!" burst from his lips—"Demon, what damning contrivance impelled you to palm off you foul offspring—the child of a negress upon me. Deceiver! Take thy reward!" And as he spoke, he drew a revolver from his breast pocket, and fired, once—twice. Mr. Duverne fell upon the floor, and Col.

Sanford believing that he had slain him fled from the house.

This was a tragic conclusion. Some of the party swooned away—others were carried out screaming, and all was confusion.

A few gathered around the wounded man. He opened his eyes. "Horton, away. I did not slay you. Hennie, it was Cronkey—the—the—Oh! I am dreaming a fearful dream. Ada—Col. Sanford—The marriage—The old negress. Oh, I see now! I am dying! God, forgive me. No, he cannot forgive a wretch like me. My clothes are spongy, wet with blood.—The bullet is lodged in my side. Hell's direct curses be upon my murderer. Verni, I command you to avenge my death. Away, I say, ye light winged ghosts. Ye shadowy forms of another world, away. Or by—Horton, I—" The planter became torpescent, and he was conveyed to his hotel.—The wound was severe, but not fatal, for the bullet had taken a downward course, and lodged against the hip bone. For three months and a half, he was confined to his room, and the agony he suffered was great. Verni, in the meantime had departed for Kentucky, but Ada remained.

Spring was now at hand, and Mr. Duverne was impatient to proceed home. Accordingly, they proceeded to Harrisburgh, by railroad, and then took a stage coach to finish another part of their journey. For six days they had passed through the beautiful scenery, and rough crags which are found on the high mountains of the Key Stone state.

It was a cold, blustry day in March that the coach stopped at a little inn on the summit of the Alleghanies. It was a very old building, and its crazy shutters slammed violently to and fro, while the decayed sign creaked as it



swung heavily upon its hinges. Anon fitful gusts would rattle the branches of leafless trees, or whistle loud and shrill through the crevices of the gray rocks. A wild and lonely place was this, on a peak of the Alleghany mountains, and it seemed to be a fit place for the accomplishment of any deadly scheme.

Here at this place the vehicle stopped, and a change of horses and drivers took place. The new driver was a rough, weather-beaten man, "I say, Jenks," said he in a deep, guttural voice, "pass them there are two ducks out of the covey!"

"I! I!" answered the old inn-keeper, and soon he returned with two persons. One was a youth apparently not over eighteen. He was dressed in the costume of a sailor-boy. His wide shirt collar as it lay open, exposed a neck of snowy whiteness, and raven curls overshadowed his face, which was painfully beautiful, on account of its expression of child-like innocence. But had you looked at his eyes you would have seen that they were the eyes of a maniac—they were so preternaturally bright, so wild and restless. The other was an old woman, her form bent nearly in two, and enveloped in a red flannel cloak from head to foot. All that could be seen of her countenance was one eye which peeped from a small hole in her veil.

The old woman entered the coach with Ada and Mr. Duverne, but the youth insisted upon mounting up alongside the driver, and accordingly took his seat. His eyes now shone with a stranger light, and a smile of mysterious import played around his mouth.

The driver had not yet mounted for he stood by the horses brushing off their loose hair with his hands, and

talking with Jenks—"What kind of weather are we to have to-night Jenks?"

"Wall," said the landlord scratching out his tangled locks, and looking dubiously at the frowning heaven, "Wall I kinder ka kerlate that it will be a reg'lar flamby guster, it will, and so it will!"

"I'm be darned Jenks if I like to go down the mountains, what would you say about it? Hurra, its getting dark. Curse the wind, its blow'd my old tarpol'on off!"

"Wall O'Niel you kerstand driving, but I am a reg'lar old stager. Now I've drov'd over these are 'ills for fifty years through rain, hail, snow and flamby gusters, and I tell yer that I have never been deceived, now you can kerwollop me if you don't have one of the worst flamby gusters that 'as come keslap agin' the old 'ganies." Here the conversation fell to a whisper, and Mr. Duverne could only catch the words—"The Black Witch of the Alleghanies—for God's sake—never rode before—30 miles, and Grey Mare." The rest of the colloquy was so low as to be inaudible, and when it was finished the driver took his seat—as he exclaimed, "are the lamps lit, Jenks?"

"Yes!"

"All right then. Good-bye Jenky!"

"Good-bye; but have a kere for the flamby guster!"

The next moment O'Niel cracked his whip—the horses started forward—the coach body rocked once or twice, and then followed the regular trot of hoofs, and the dull rumbling of the heavy wheels.

Not a word was spoken inside, but the three gazed silently upon each other. Suddenly the sun which had been obscured for four days broke through the driving clouds, and shone

for an instant upon their faces. And as it illuminated them, Mr. Duverne saw that horrible, one white eye without the least particle of a dark pupil glaring upon him. A feeling of fear crept over him. He thought that he had seen that eye before, but could not recollect where.

And when the sun again disappeared, darkness ensued. The infant wailing of the storm, swept above those high ridges faintly, but fearfully, and even the very air assumed the properties of a visible, drifting vapor. And now a low muttering sound was heard as if coming from the most distant parts of the mountain, slowly but surely it was borne along, growing louder, and louder until it burst above their heads with the crashing sound of ten thousand congregated volcanoes. The horses plunged madly, but when the thunder had passed over they were again quieted. And now came a fearful calm. The winds were asleep, and a silence like death reigned around. This quiet was portentous. It was the mighty tempest resting a while in order to concentrate its destroying energies.

And it came at last—that awful tornado.

At first the dry leaves rustled slightly—then the trees bent, and in an instant the whirl-wind of the storm was upon them. The rattling thunders pealed without intermission. The lightning came not by flashes, but it was one broad, blue, glare illuminating the dense blackness, and revealing every object with the brightness of noon-day. Huge oaks crashed above, around, and beneath them, and colossal fragments of detached rocks were heard falling, and tumbling from crag to crag, down the yawning precipices. A thousand gullies became filled with flowing, gurgling

waters, and the howls of affrighted animals mingled with the noise.

And in the midst of the tempest, loud, ringing laugh was heard sounding above, while a deep groan followed, and something fell heavily to the ground. The carriage jolted over a soft substance, and the driver now yelled and rapidly plied the whip upon the backs of the shorting animals.—Mr. Duverne looked out from the little side window, and by the electrical light, saw that they were dashing along the edge of a shelving precipice. Beyond its side all was black and fathomless.

The slave-holder covered his face with his hands, as if to banish the dreadful sight. "My God!" he exclaimed, "we are on the edge of a bottomless abyss, with a madman for a driver. In a moment all will be over. The other driver has been thrown upon the road. Oh, God! save us!"

Still the elements continued to rage with terrific fury—still the maniac continued to shout—still the horses plunged—no, they flew madly onward. It was a terrible ride—that. Only an inch of rock between the passengers, and death. My God! it was horrible.

And now the old woman threw off her cloak. Oh! what a sight met their eyes. It was the old negress—Ada's mother. The blue lightning cast a thousand fitting shadows upon her midnight features, her white eyes were as those of the dead, and her grinning teeth were revealed to view. And they heard her shrill voice chilling even to the marrow of their bones—"Doe's you know me. Ha! ha! Doe's you know ole Bellar. I bes ole Bellar, de "Wich of de Hall'-ganies" as de gemmens call me, wen you tout dat you sole me, way

down in de Ole Birginny. I'se was clear gawne. Ohwa! ohwa! Does you's know who de driver is now? It be your darter Hennie!"

He roused from his terror, and cried out. "Is it my lost maniac, Hennie? Merciful God how thou hast afflicted me!"

As the last words escaped his lips, the top of the stage came in contact with a rock; but a large hole was the only damage. The horses continued to fly down the hill—faster and faster, until one continuous clatter of hoofs, and a whirring of wheels was all that could be heard. Fire flew from the flinty road, and rocks, and trees and the long gulf flitted by like phantoms. Steeper and steeper grew the hill—swifter and swifter dashed the maddened steeds onward, and more rapidly rained down the blows of the maniac. "I am riding you to hell," she yelled, "my coursers are winged spirits. Its a long road; but look how we are riding. Mortals never rode like this before. I am taking you to Horton, whom you murdered. Do you not see him by my side. To night I am to be his bride—but in hell. Ha! ha! Hurrah! Ha! ha!"

Mr. Duverne, and Ada groaned with horror; their faces were bloodless; they clung to each other, and the hair of the planter had changed from its primitive blackness to a snowy white.

And now the mighty tornado shrieked, and groaned with madness as it united with the unsuppressed might of the elements of storm. One of the horses at this instant fell. The momentum of the vehicle was so great that it rolled like a ball over, and over, crushing the animals beneath its weight, and breaking from the fastenings. For a moment it toppled on the verge of the

precipice, and then over it went disappearing in the gloom, while horrid shrieks resounded above the wailing storm. Then it was still, for there was a momentary lull. Then again the tempest God continued his wild career through the live long night.

Morning at length broke. But it was not that bright, glorious morning which novelists always talk about after a storm. No! on the contrary, it was a sullen, wrathful morn. The sky was one broad illimitable sheet of fire, the smothered winds moaned fearfully, and the voice of many waters were commingled with the screams of strange birds.

When Mr. Duverne recovered his senses, he gazed around him, and as the recollection of his night ride crossed his mind, he shuddered.—Full one hundred feet high was the precipice, and it extended for miles along the mountain. At a short distance was the body of the coach, now a mass of shivered fragments. One of the horses was caught in the fork of a tree that projected from a crevice in the rock, full fifty feet in the air, and his neighing, and strugglings were piteous to behold. The planter searched for his companions; suddenly he uttered an exclamation of horror, for directly before him lay his disguised daughter, the mad driver. At first he thought that she was asleep; her rest was so calm so gentle.

Her head rested upon her arm, a few glossy curls swept across her upturned face, her eyes were closed, and a sweet, soft smile enwreathed her mouth. Could this be death? (I vow, as I see that picture now, that death seems beautiful. In its Lethe, we forget our many sorrows, for we have fled from the stormy scenes of this troubled world, and we rest peacefully and sweetly.)

And there amid those gray rocks, with his gray hairs streaming in the wind, his dark eyes fixed upon the lifeless corse, and large tears—freezing tears standing upon his cheeks, stood the—FATHER.

He looked in vain for Ada, and the old negress—they had disappeared.

Then he returned to his child. He could not leave her there to rot. He could not leave her on the rough Alleghanies to become the food of worms—to have the claw of the carnivorous bird fasten in her damask cheek, and the driving rains to damper her marble brow. He would bury her at her Kentucky home. So he took the dead body in his arms, and struggled up those steep heights. All day long he dragged his bruised and weary limbs up one after the other, till night came on with sombre gloom, then he rested all alone with the dead. How that long night passed away the planter could never tell. When we are surrounded with great dangers, we forget lesser dangers from which at other times we would shrink with horror. The hours passed heavily and slowly on into morning's waning shades.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A THRILLING RECITAL.

MR. DUVERNE recovered from his stupor, but his brain was crazed.—When reason again dawned upon him, he saw that he was in a small cabin. A bright fire was burning in the rude fire place, and the furniture was of ancient and rough fashion. An old woman was seated in the corner

holding a "baby" about three years old. In spite of her coaxings and scoldings, and chair-rockings, the little fellow continued to bawl most lustily. At length her patience could endure the trial no longer, and she threw him from her arms upon the floor. Immediately the hero became calm, and his mild, black eyes shone through the encrusted dirt upon his features like stars.

While the child was lying upon the ground floor, the slave-holder called to the hag, "Woman, where am I?"

"Ye're in the housen of Jerrey'mi' Spunk, please yere honor, and I'm Mrs. Arnamiti' Spunk, please your honor, sir!"

"How long have I been in this place. How long? Why, it was last night—let's see, the ride. I've been here a night and day, have I not woman?"

"O, la! a massy sakes! Your honor has rested on that bed in our log house for eight months, please your honor!"

"Can it be true? Where is Hennie, Ada and the negress?"

"Please your honor, Jerrey'mi' found the most best's looking boy I ever seed eyes on. Poor thing, he was dead," and here the rough, but tender-hearted creature wiped a tear from the corner of her eye with a soiled apron. "Poor child, Jerrey'mi' buried him in the apple o'chard!"

The planter fell back upon the pillow. "Gone! gone! gone! Lost to me forever. Merciful God, wilt thou not stay thy chastening hand? Indeed, my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

The woodsman soon entered: he was a large, stalwart man, and his swarthy features beamed with benevolence. "Ha! So you are up, my

old boy. I tell you, for eight months you've made a devil of a caterwalling in here. I'm glad to see you up.—Now, if you tell me where you live, when you are well, perhaps we can set you on the right track."

"L——n, Kentucky!" replied Mr. Duverne.

"L——n, Kentucky," repeated the hunter, musingly; then turning to the invalid, while his tongue hung from this mouth for very ire, he exclaimed. "Doesn't a young man live there, named Verni Duverne?"

"Yes!"

"Then, by G——d!" cried he fiercely, knocking his brawny fist upon the table, "I'll go with you. For I have sworn to have his heart's blood!"

"Why, what has he done?" said the planter, shaking as if with an ague fit.

"Done! He has done enough. I will tell you," here his voice fell to a low tone. "I had a daughter a few months ago with me. She was beautiful, finely formed, and named Zorah. Her voice was sweet, and her joyous song was heard from morn to night in this cabin. And when the day was dark, Zorah's presence was as a gleam of sunshine. Here, on these Alleghanies, she grew a lovely and fragile flower. She knew not the deceits of the world, for she had never mingled in its scenes. Her heart was like ours, Sir! generous and brave.—Well, one day the stage coach stopped and committed to our care a young man by the name of Verni Duverne. He had fallen from the top of the carriage upon the ground, and was taken up insensible, and conveyed to our cabin. We attended him, and Zorah watched over him constantly. In a few days he recovered, but he still lingered with us. He was always by

the side of Zorah. And now we took notice that a dreamy sadness had settled upon her young face—that her joyous carols were hushed, and her step fell sad and slow. Whenever the stranger was by, pouring into her ear the poetry of his language—she was happy, when he retired, she watched his form until it was no longer in view, and then she covered her face with her hands. We were unsuspecting—Arnamita and I. Fool, that I was! I might have known that high born as he appeared to be, that he was incapable of truly loving a poor, penniless backwoods girl. There is a little pond back of the house, about a mile from the roadside. Well, one day in their wanderings together, he fell into the deep waters. He could not swim, and he sank once—twice. As he was about sinking for the last time, Zorah plunged in, and at the imminent peril of losing her own life, she rescued him from a watery grave. This is what makes his ingratitude the more damning, more hellish in its outlines. After having watched over him, so devotedly in his sickness—after having saved his life, and given him the rich offerings of her trusting heart—he betrayed her. Would to God that he had murdered her outright the moment he was delivered from his impending death. I would have forgiven him then—even black as the deed would have been; but to make her—to make us suffer a thousand deaths, this I cannot forgive." (Here the hot tears coursed down the hunter's cheeks, thick and fast. He continued with emotion.) "Well, one day they took their customary ramble, arm in arm for the last time, as young Duverne said that he was going to leave on the morrow. Well, he did leave; and about nightfall Zorah returned to the house. But

the change. The light-hearted, glorious girl was transformed into the vulgar rollicking hoyden. Instead of her bird-like song, now came forth blasphemies and curses. The truth—the awful truth flashed upon my mind. I questioned her. My God! I found out that my suspicions were true.—Would to heaven that I had died e'er I heard the awful story from her lips. I reasoned with her, and gradually she became subdued. A deep, settled melancholly preyed like a canker-worm upon her soul. She faded day by day. The round hectic spot upon her cheek increased—her eyes were unusually brilliant, and the frosts of decay had mellowed upon her brow.—One night, the moon-beams flickered upon her face. We were by her. She took me by the hand, and her gentle notes fell thin and low. "Father, mother, dry your tears. I have transgressed, but it was his fault, for I knew not how deeply I sinned. The hand of the destroyer is now upon me. Forgive me Father. Mother, take my child—watch over it tenderly—cherish for my sake. Oh, forgive your erring, guilty daughter. I was so young—so unlearned, and my love for him was so wild that I could have died, had he wished it.—You have ever been kind to me, and now I bless you. For—give—Ver—the—chi—have—mer—" Here there was a rattle in her throat, her limbs became rigid, she was—dead. My wife wept till she could weep no more; but to me, the moon as I gazed upon it, seemed to grin in mockery—there was a crashing in the air—a ringing in my ears, and I wept no outward tears, for my tears were drops of blood dropping one by one from my bleeding soul. I buried her—my broken-hearted child, and above her grave, I recorded a solemn vow in

Heaven that I would never rest until I had slain her betrayer. Now, sir, you have my story, and in a few days I will be prepared to start off with you!"

It was a thrilling recital—this. And as a sense of his son's deep depravity unfolded itself before him, a sensation of pain shot through his temples, and he fell torpescent upon his bed.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

Two weeks passed on, and Mr. Duverne still remained in Jeremiah and his wife Arnamiti Spunk's cabin. He had taken great interest in Zorah's child, and it in return seemed to cling to him as if by instinct. It was a beautiful child. It had the soft curly hair, dark lustrous eyes of his son Verni, and he almost wished that he could wipe off the stain of his son's wickedness by adopting it as his own.

"Stranger," said Spunk, on the day they were about setting out, "I've forgot all this while to ask your name!"

"My name is Harold Smith!" said the planter, assuming another character.

The hour at length arrived, and after taking an affectionate leave of Mr. Spunk, they left for the high-way. The coach coming along soon after they took passage for Blountville.

They reached Blountville late in the afternoon, and here a change of horses took place. Where is Pum? enquired the driver of the ostler.

"He be's down the mountains with

the rest of the peoples, 'kase they'r going to burn the "Witch."

"The Witch," cried the driver. "The Witch" echoed the passengers. And immediately the stage, horses, and journey were forgotten, and they all ran to the spot, about a mile from the village.

Here were assembled fifty persons; men, women and children, the entire population of the five houses called the "village of Blountville."

Mr. Duverne immediately recognized his slave Bella; otherwise "The Black Witch of the Alleghanies," the one who had been his companion on the night that he had taken his fearful ride. He shrank behind the crowd.

And it was a sight, that—the witch bound to the stake—the faggots ready to be lighted—the excited crowd—the solemn silence—the blue skies arching overhead, and the lonely spot.

The silence was broken by a tall, lank mountaineer, "Bell, the time is up. To day you die!"

"Die? Ha! ha!" laughed the shrill voice of the negress, while her sightless, white eyes turned up fearfully. "Die it be's. De old nigga hab to die at lass. You cant luff her alone den. Kin ye speer her dis time?"

"No!" answered the speaker.—"Now you must die. You have been the cause of sending many to an untimely grave. In one minute by the watch the brush wood will be lighted." And the man drew out an old fashioned "bulls eye," and gazed steadfastly upon the dial.

"Well if I eber seed such work. I'se tell you I had a darter once. Dis ere ole nigga's crazy; but for aw that she's knows dat dere is a man in dis ere crowd as is a murdr. Massa Duverne

came out here, and see de ole slave how she die, come!"

"Silence!" thundered Spunk from among the throng. You infamous lying "fiend woman." Duverne has been gone months ago!"

"No! no! dare he stan'. De nigga feel him breaf—it smell of blood. He's gwine, he is to de——"

At this minute the fire was lighted, and the flames wound fiercely around her body. She continued to sing, and yell until she gradually sank down into the fire. All at once her voice became hushed—then she roused again, and with a loud groan bowed her head upon her breast—she was dead. That strange spirit which had such a mysterious existence when even the body was nerveless, and worn out, was now at rest.

A feeling of relief, an indescribable joy animated Mr. Duverne as he saw the last, dying struggles of the miserable being before him. When the flames were extinguished, and the crisped, blackened corse lay upon the white ashes, an involuntary ejaculation escaped his lips.

The crowd slowly dispersed, and the travellers returned to the coach, and resumed their seats and journey.

"Mr. Smith!" said the hunter confidentially, "that was a hard sight. Old Bellar as she called herself, and "The Black Witch of the Alleghanies" as she was called by others came to my house two years ago. She told a long story how she had formerly belonged to a Mr. Duverne!"

"The father of Verni I suppose?"

"I think so!"

"Oh, the depravity of father and son," murmured the hypocrite.

"Yes, would that I had never been born," said Spunk between his clenched teeth, "then that name never would have roused me to madness.

Well, as I said, she was sold to a planter in Old Virginny. Shn managed to escape after remaining in his service awhile. Since that time she has wandered amid the fastnesses of the Alleghanies, and her horrible appearance, together with the truthfulness of her predictions soon obtained for her the cognomen of "The Witch of the Alleghanies." Well as I repeat it; two years ago at night she staid with us. She was journeying to Philadelphia to prevent a marriage between her daughter (whom Duverne had adopted as his own,) and a wealthy Southerner. She left us, and since that I have not seen anything of her till to-day.

For three days they rode along in the coach. At the end of that time their course was obstructed, for several bridges had been torn away by late freshets, consequently they were obliged to perform a journey of ninety-six miles on foot, before they could reach the next stage connection.

It was a perilous undertaking, this. At one time swimming deep and rapid rivers, then traversing extensive swamps and pathless forests, then wandering over high hills and level plains, the route seemed long and toilsome. And what must have been the feelings of the slave-holder when he thought that he was in the power of a savage foe, to whom the least disclosure concerning himself might be attended with fatal consequences.

The planter at once in the recesses of his dark mind, resolved upon taking the life of his companion at the first opportunity which might offer. But Spunk was an old hunter—wary, and ever on the alert, therefore the designs of the slave-holder were frustrated.

About noon-time, on the 12th day of their journey, they came in sight

of Weeling, with its spires, domes, and painted roofs glittering in the burnished rays of the sun.

Here they obtained passage in the mail steamer connection from Wheeling to Pittsburgh.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### LIGHT AND SHADE.

THIRA FAIRCHILD proceeded to Frankfort; but her petitions were now disregarded, for this second trespass of her father had debared him from executive clemency.

She returned to her home. It was now noticed by all, that a change had come over the minister's cottage. The smoke no longer curled from the stone chimney, the shutters were closed and solitude reigned undisturbed. The flowers were neglected, and weeds choaked up the delicate plants. Thira was very rarely seen, or if seen, it was but for an instant for she immediately retired.

The time of her meeting Purceval Maturin had now arrived. But it was now winter—cold, blustering winter. Snows were upon the earth and tempests came forth from their hidden lairs.

Night came on apace, and the little cot shook to its very foundation, as the winds shrieked past. A thousand times had Thira resolved to fulfil her promise, and as many times did she hesitate. At last "Friendship, Love and Truth," triumphed over every other consideration; and hastily putting on her shawl and bonnet she sallied out.

The piercing blast cut like needles

against her flesh, and the cold drifting snows were wafted full into her face. Onward she went, heedless of the storm without, for a storm was raging within her soul—the conflict between love and duty.

She reached the old gray tree. Nothing was to be seen. The dry branches groaned, and it seemed as if fiends were mocking her from the tree-tops.

Was Maturin false—or had she come too late?

It was now midnight. The fury of the elements had abated, and no sound broke the solemn stillness save the continual fall—fall—falling of snow flakes.

Suddenly a faint groan was borne upon her ear. Her heart panted like a hammer: she peered with distended eyes through the gloom. All was still! She saw nothing.

Again she stood motionless as a statue listening for the repetition of that sound. The light flakes fell upon her brow and dissolved. Hours passed on, and though she was perishing with the cold, an enchantment bound her to the spot.

The thought that Maturin might be dying amid the snows aroused her. His piety, his devotion, his love for her crossed her mind. Then the feelings of her soul which had been pent up for years, burst forth, and in a moment she knew how madly she loved. She cried, and her voice resounded far over the dreary waste, "Purceval."

Ah, that word brought a response. A low, smothered moan followed.—Thira flew to the place from which the sound proceeded, and there lay, half buried in the snow, a dark object. "Purceval!" she shrieked.

No answer met her ear. She felt his face—it was like ice. His pulse

beat not, and his limbs were frozen stiff.

"Oh, God!" she cried, as she staggered backwards, "I have killed him. But I will not leave him, I will perish by his side! No, he may still live. I will save him."

So saying, she raised him from his freezing bed, and being sustained by hope, bore him, after great exertions, to the cottage.

She laid him upon a bed before the blazing fire, bathing his forehead with camphor, and chafing his limbs.—Her efforts were successful, and towards morning the sufferer opened his eyes. He gazed around him abstractedly. "Oh, this horrible dream. Am I in the land of spirits?"

With a cry of joy Thira rushed to his side, and was enclasped in his arms.

In a few days the young minister was able to walk about. When he had sufficiently recovered, she questioned him.

"Yes, Thira," he answered, "I had wandered miles that day amid the whirling snows, and night fall found me beneath the trysting tree. You came not. I thought that you would appear in time, and hope still lingered within my breast. But when the long hours had merged into midnight, then indeed did I despair. Chilled, and benumbed, I sank upon the ground. A feeling of drowsiness came over me, and I dreamed. Scenes, bright and beautiful, rose before me, and then I saw you, Thira, holy and lovely, as when you first burst upon my sight. And then came thoughts of my Hoosier home, a father and mother awaiting my return. Then there came a blank, a dull monotony; I felt myself to be dying; yet it was easy dying, so calm, so painless. I felt happy. Then the thought of

your seeming unfaithfulness, caused me to groan. Shortly after, I heard your voice; but it was too late, darkness was around me, and I knew no more. Now, Thira, you have my story, and certainly now, you will not refuse me your hand.

She answered, "Purceval. I had resolved never to wed. But now my father is incarcerated in the gloomy dungeons of Kentucky. He is dead to me now, for I know that he will not long survive—death will soon relieve him of his sufferings. I have loved you, Purceval—loved you long, and now I am yours—yours forever."

We will pass over the rest. Suffice it is to say that the lovers were united. Happiness attended their steps—religion diffused a benign serenity—love entwined their hearts, and the only alloy to their felicity was the doom of Thira's father.

For aught, we know they still live in the little embowered cottage. The flowers still bloom as sweet—sweeter perhaps than before—and the warm, yellow sun shines down as in days of yore upon Indiana—beautiful Hoosier Indiana.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### JERRY.—NELSE.—THE ESCAPES

ABOUT this time, my brother Jerry escaped from his master, and arrived safely at the land of freedom—Canada.

But in his new situation he was not contented, and he left Toronto for Syracuse. Here he remained for some time; but blood-hounds were on the scent, and he was one morning sud-

denly arrested by the slave-holder, and his friends—the police.

He was conveyed to the court-room, but in the meantime the crowd had become so immense that the court found it necessary to retire to other quarters; and now came the "tug of war." One vast, mighty shout came up from that surging multitude—"Save him. Save him."

In vain did the officers of the law resist; Marshall Fitch, of Rochester, had his arm broken in the melee.—The fugitive was forcibly torn away, and conveyed to a place of safety.—He was rescued.

The intelligence of my brother's escape animated me anew, and in the depths of my heart, I resolved to embrace the first opportunity and fly also. But how was this to be accomplished. Miles, hundreds of miles intervened. The pathless forest—the spreading Savanna—the broad prairie were between; and then with the encumbrance of my wife and child! It was a difficult task; but it must be done—death were preferable to slavery.

I communicated my thoughts and intentions to Fidele. She acquiesced to the proposals.

So one dark, starless night, when the cold winds sung a requiem to the departed day, we set out upon our journey. We travelled northward, and when the morning broke we found that we had proceeded about twenty miles. We concealed ourselves in the day time, and travelled in the night; subsisting on the provisions with which we were provided by kind friends.

At one of the interior towns we took the stage for Sandusky; here we arrived safe and sound, a steam-packet conveyed us to Buffalo, where we again took the stage coach for a central village of the Empire State.



We were free—free, in the land of freedom. I fell upon the ground in prayer, and thankfulness to the great Master above, for preserving us through so many dangers. Fidele wept tears of joy, and our hearts overflowed with happiness.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## CONCLUSION.

We left Spunk and Mr. Duverne on the steamer.

It was now near the hour of midnight, and the two, after conversing confidentially, went below to view the huge glowing furnaces. This occupied them for some time.

Presently the hunter went to the rear of the boat; the planter followed—a thought flashed across his mind. It was but the work of an instant to push the backwoodsman through the open space of railing. It was done.

The man clutched on the guards of the boat, his face was turned upward, and on it was depicted baffled vengeance intense hate, despair, and horror. "Do you know who I am?" said the planter in a deep, low voice, "I am Ichabod Duverne, the father of Verni."

The huge form of the poor wretch quivered from head to foot, he raised himself partially up, but his hands were pushed off, and he disappeared from the light of the furnaces, into the darkness below.

At a short distance he arose, the reflection on the water revealed his blanched features upborne by the waves, and then he sank forever.

Mr. Duverne returned to the saloon. Here he found a party engaged in gambling. He joined them.

Opposite to him, sat a young man whose features were nearly concealed by a broad rimmed, slouching hat.

Stake after stake was swept away by him in spite of all the contrivances of his opponents. At midnight the game ended, and the company arose from the table, having lost in all an enormous amount.

The stranger pocketed his ill-gotten gains, and walked out upon the deck.

It was starlight, and the monotonous dipping of the wheels broke upon the ear; on either side lay the dark forest banks of the Ohio.

He looked upward at the half obscured moon, and listened to the moaning winds. He felt a hand laid upon his shoulder—a glittering stiletto flashed before his eyes. He turned. The dark, ferocious face of Duverne was turned upon him, embodying the hidden fires of despairing murder, and anger.

"Give me the ten thousand dollars that you have won of me, or by Heaven, this instant you die, as one has died by my means this night, already," said the planter, and his words fell low, but fearfully.

The stranger flung his hat far away—shook back his long, matted locks, and laughed so wildly, so horribly, that its ringing peals smote upon the heart of the assailant with a strange, unknown, freezing power.

"Die! Ha! ha! ha! And is that not what I have been trying to do for these two years. Ha! ha! Die. Strike—strike here." And he bared his bosom for the blow.

The slave-holders arm fell nerveless by his side.

"Ha! ha!" again broke out that loud, unseemly laugh. "Do you

know who I am! I am *Verni Duverne, your own son*. The son of a blood-stained murderer, the destroyer of his fellow. And you say that you have murdered another this very night. Who was it?"

"Spunk! Zorah! You!" gasped the father, and he trembled as with an ague fit.

"I know it. Ha! ha! Zorah! Oh, I see thee now. Forgive!" and Verni, the hardened bad man wept. His voice sank to a lower tone. "Father, take my low deep curse. It was you, that ruined me. Yes! Once I was free from guilt, but what am I now? Answer me! I discovered your crimes—I found out what an unnatural parent God had given. And in an instant the fountains of charity were frozen up forever in my soul, and my course has been a dark one ever since. I became old in vice in the flush of youth. Wherever there was a chance I blasted the family hearthstone forever.—Wherever there was purity, I left the dark mildew of sin. If I found love, happiness, and confidence, I left in its place, madness, despair, and recklessness.

And around this depraved, this loathsome mass of iniquity, I threw the net work of religion, purity, and generosity. I breathed into the ear of the good man, sentiments of philanthropy, into that of his wife, love and infidelity—his meek-eyed daughter listened to my honeyed words, and—fell—forever. And I laughed at the misery I inflicted. The spirit of the fiend was upon me. I cursed every thing below and above. I stood amid the blackness of desolation, and bade the gray haired father's curse me, for it was sweet music to my soul.

I have long been a professed gambler, and luck has ever been on my side. But what is life to me, I have

sought death in a thousand different forms, but found it not. You, my own father, swore that you would take my life a few moments ago. Now, I am ready. Gray headed fiend, take it, you will meet with no resistance."

There they both stood in the darksome night, the father and son, glaring upon each other with deadly hate.

At length the father broke the silence, he echoed tremulously—"Verni!"

The bosom of the gambler swelled with the pent up emotions of his soul.

"Take thy gold."

And he tore open his vest, and showered the metal around. It fell upon the deck with a ringing sound.

Then with a yell of madness, he started back a few paces, then sprang from the high deck into the air. A dull, heavy splash broke upon the ear, and Verni Duverne had met a watery grave.

Then there was the picture of the gray-headed father, straining his eyes through the night gloom as if to see his child again appear.

The passengers hearing the noise, rushed out from the cabin, just in time to prevent the planter from following his son.

He returned home. But he never spoke again. His property was scattered to the winds, and to this day, he wanders noiseless, and friendless on earth—a sad realization of that awful saying, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

The Tinkeys still continue in the enjoyment of health, and the possession of the "darling babbies."

Reader, our tale is ended. You have seen that it is a connection of separate facts and circumstances, intermingled with a thread of a continuous story.

Dark is the outline of serfdom.—Would to Heaven it were otherwise.

—A short time ago it was announced in the New York papers that, one J. W. Fabens, U. S. Consul, from Cayenne, would deliver a lecture in the Tabernacle, in favor of Slavery; but at the solicitation of a society who were averse to having any excitement on the subject, he consented to speak on the *evils of Freedom*.

#### EVILS OF FREEDOM!

Ha! Ha! Our forefathers thought *freedom an evil*—a great, a glorious evil.

Oh! But freedom has many evils for the *negro*! He is not able to take care of himself he is not our fellow. For what right has the poor slave to breathe the same air—to feel God's sunlight—to see the beauties of creation. They were never made for him, you say.

Freedom has many evils. Oppression has none. I'll tell you about

your *slave liberty*. The liberty of being cursed, of being scourged, of being sold, of being worked, of being torn from all ties of earth, of being permitted to know aught of the way to heaven. This is *Freedom* for you with a vengeance.

Away with such fippery. Down with such philosophy. Fudge! for *such freedom*.

But give us the freedom of equality—of equal rights. Upraise the banner of emancipation, and then, and not till then will a new era commence—then will the millennial day draw nigh. For that movement will embrace the result of one thousand years preaching of the gospel of the blessed Redeemer, and consummate the final era.

And now in conclusion. Brethern, Fellow Citizens, let us without distinction unite in this great work for the benefit of our fellow-man.

## THE MAID OF HONOR.

ROBERTO, king of Sicily, was a weak and erring monarch, of a mild and peaceful nature, living in the quiet luxuriousness of the Sicilian court,—too often yielding to the advice of parasites and flatterers, rather than trusting to his own judgement; but still just and upright when the truth was permitted to approach his ear. In his city of Palermo dwelt Camiola, the maid of honor; young, fair, and wealthy, she was surrounded by suitors; some seeking her for vanity, some for her wealth, some moved by love. Of these, Bertoldo, the natural brother of the king, is the only one whom she affects; but Bertoldo is one of the knights of Malta, who, by the vows of his order, is bound to celibacy. At the commencement of the tale, the court of Sicily is assembled to hear the ambassador of Duke Ferdinand of Urbin, who comes to pray aid and assistance for his master in his desperate fortunes. This duke was a rough wooer, after the fashion of the knights of chivalry. When his overtures of marriage to Aurelia, the duchess of Sienna, were rejected, he sought to compel her consent by surprising her castle of Sienna, and invading her territories. But this knightly mode of courtship was not successful: the duke found, too late, that innocence called forth friends; and the great Gonzaga, a worthy knight of Malta, whose battles were always conquests, rallied the scattered troops of the dutchess, and, before the warlike wooer had time either to victual or to man the captured city, sat down before the walls, invested the place, would listen to no composition, but exacted the rendering up the town, with all within it, to his discretion. The duke finds his anticipated triumph is a captivity,—that his ambition to encroach on his neighbor's territories has endangered his own liberty and life, and put his own possessions in hazard; and therefore he claims the aid and assistance of his ally, the king of Sicily. But the peaceful Roberto is not inclined to help him; he takes his stand upon the league proclaimed between them, which bound neither of them further than to give mutual aid, if foreign forces invaded them; but, as the duke was the aggressor, Roberto chooses rather to be warned by his harms, than to steer on a rock which is seen, and may be avoided. He had no ambition to be made glorious through war; he prefers being known as the father of his people; and, in his care and vigilance for their safety, would neither change their ploughshares into swords, nor force them to leave their own vineyards to expose their lives to

ruin. But these pacific counsels do not at all suit the fiery and impulsive Bertoldo. Without the slightest consideration as to the justice or injustice of the cause,—without thinking for a moment that the duke is the wrong-doer, and a noble lady the sufferer,—he is for rushing at once into war. He taunts the king with bitter words—asking him if the beams of honor cannot thaw his icy fears—telling him that he blushes to perceive he is not the heir to their father's brave spirit and vigor, as well as to his kingdom. The king is naturally enough moved to anger at this, and rates Bertoldo for his presumption; but Bertoldo continues his attack, and accuses his sycophants, that feed upon his favors, of influencing the king to this coldness,—preferring his ease to his honor, and persuading him that the end of human blessings is to eat and sleep supinely. And, with the feelings common to the soldier-knights of the middle ages, he seems to consider bravery and courage as the only virtue, and war the chief good on earth; for he endeavors to incite the king and the courtiers to embark in this war, by telling them, "virtue, when not in action, is a vice;" that is, that unless we are always fighting, we are cowards; for, he says, not to go forward is to go back; and peace he describes as an unhealthy state,—a disease,—the nurse of drones and cowards. These sentiments meet with a ready assent from some of the younger spirits of the court; but the king calls him a "hair-brained fool, with more courage than reason." And then Bertoldo proceeds to give his reasons for entering upon the war;—reasons which we may well imagine had influence with the knights of old, and, even in the present day, would not be without weight among those

who think no honor is to be won but by the sword, and despise the honest gains of labor.

"Consider, sire," he says, "where your command lies,—not on a large continent and extensive dominions, but in an island, where you have no mines of gold or silver to enrich you; no worm spins silk, to make a distinction between your habits and those of a peasant; the luxuries of life are not found among us. What we possess, we have in common with the beasts. Nature designed us to be warriors, and to break through our ring, the sea, which environs us. Whatever we want, or which is precious to us, we must obtain by force. Besides, we are a populous nation, and increase so fast, that, unless we are sent abroad to form new colonies, or have our numbers thinned by the sword, Sicily will not be able to maintain us; we must starve, or eat up one another. May you live long the king of peace, so you do not refuse us the glory to be gained in this war. Let not our courage be withered up with sloth, nor force younger brothers to become thieves for want of employment. It is by our swords that we must sow and reap our harvest. If you wish for examples, look on England; when did she flourish so, as when she was the mistress of the seas,—her navies putting a girdle round about the world? Let not our swords rust, while we spend our time in drink and dice and cards. Rouse us from this idleness. Your birth, indeed, justly claims our father's kingdom; but his heroic soul has descended to me."

The "younglings" of the court take fire at these words, and clamor loudly for war; and the king though sorely displeased with his brother Bertoldo, and though he will neither engage personally in the quarrel, nor press his

subjects to maintain it, yet to convince them that his rule is gentle, and that he has some feeling for Duke Urbin's sufferings, (he, no more than Bertoldo, remembers that these sufferings were occasioned by his attempts to oppress the duchess of Sienna,) consents that, as adventurers and volunteers, Bertoldo, and those who chose to follow him, may make trial of their boasted valor. But they must expect no assistance from him; and if they miscarry in their undertaking, he shall hear it as he would a disaster befallen a stranger; and will not esteem that man his subject, who, either with his purse or in his person, lends them aid; and so frowning on them, he departs, and they prepare themselves for the war.

Bertoldo, before he quits Sicily seeks an interview with Camiola to press his suit with her. We are first introduced to her accompanied by Signior Sylli, a mere vain fool, who seems to imagine that every woman that looks on him must dote on him. So satisfied is he of his own perfections, that he has sworn never to take a wife who cannot hold out a month against him. The gentleness with which Camiola endures his fantastic follies, is an earnest of the noble nature she displays in all her future life. While she is patiently listening to the warnings of her silly suitor, to be on her guard against his many perfections, her waiting-woman informs her that Bertoldo, the brother of the king, craves an audience. He is a suitor of a different sort; for, although Signior Sylli feels no jealousy, confident that a woman who had once looked on him could never love another; yet we learn from Camiola herself, that Bertoldo is a man "absolute and circular in all those wished-for rarities that may take a virgin captive,"—a suitor, whose presence, courtship, and

loving language, would have endangered even the chaste Penelope. And though she owns, to herself, her love for him, her reason tells her she ought neither to yield her love, nor seek his. Bertoldo, entering, salutes her, trusting that being a parting kiss will qualify his boldness, if not altogether excuse it. Camiola, disturbed at the idea of parting, asks what nation, envious of the happiness which Sicily enjoys in his sweet presence, can draw him from her? or what climate can afford him pleasures, exceeding those which he enjoys here, where he is both beloved and honored,—the north-star and guider of all hearts,—and where he holds so high a position as brother of the king? Bertoldo, keeping out of sight, the fiery heat with which he has urged on his enterprise, tells her that it is she who has driven him into exile,—that her unexampled cruelty has enforced his absence, and deprived him of those blessings which she insinuated that he possessed; and yet she accuses him of rushing into wilful exile.—What are titles to him, he says or popular favor, or relationship to the crown?—or what would it be even to be Sovereign of Sicily, when she, who is the essence of his being, the anchor of his hopes, by her disdain turns all these blessings into deceiving shadows? Camiola protests that he accuses her without cause. But Bertoldo still urges her to answer love with love, and to look on him with an eye of favor. Camiola modestly confesses her love for him, and says, that if at that moment all the sceptred monarchs of the world were his rivals, and she worthy of such competition, he alone would carry off the prize.—But the consciousness of her own inferiority prevented her indulging the love she felt. They were like

divided lines, that could never meet in one centre. His birth alone was an ample dowry for one of fairer fortunes; his personal appearance above all value, even if he were ignoble; and his mind "so furnished with harmonious faculties, moulded from heaven," that though he were of no honorable descent, as deformed in person as Thersites, and as beggared in fortune as Iruis, he still would force all to admire him. But all these qualities bound up together were far above her deserts; she only craves leave to look upon them with admiration, but does not venture to presume she may enjoy them. Bertoldo interrupts her, to exclaim that he knows of no disparity between them: she is sprung from a noble family, fair, rich, young,—every way his equal.

But Camiola is not to be flattered out of her sense of right: she holds that the eagle and the wren cannot dwell in the same nest; that it is monstrous to put tissue and freize in the same garment. "But," she goes on, "even if your perfections were diminished, and my deserts increased, the strong bar of religion would oppose our union. You are a knight of Malta, bound by the holy vows of your order to a single life; you cannot marry me; and I believe you to be too honorable to seek my love for baser ends."

Bertoldo, however, treats his religious vows very lightly, and thinks a dispensation of them could be easily obtained, which would entirely absolve him from them.

But Camiola's high and proper notions of honor are shocked at this.—"Oh, take heed, sir," she says; "when what is vowed to heaven is dispensed with to serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow and not a blessing."

Bertoldo, on hearing this, exclaims "Is there no hope left me?"

And Camiola sorrowfully responds, "Nor to myself; true love should walk upon equal feet: with us it does not. In all things, excepting this, rest assured I shall be devoted to your service."

And this being her determinate sentence, and not to be revoked, Bertoldo takes leave of the "fairest cruel," resolved that all thoughts of women shall perish in him. That as love only lends him light to see his folly, the blaze of war shall extinguish that dim taper, and glory be his only mistress. And Camiola feels that, after the fierce contest she has endured, where love was battling with her sense of honor, though honor had gained the victory, yet now that he was gone, her sun had set never to rise again.

Bertoldo and his followers having embarked without taking leave of the king, who is thereby angered, Fulgentio, the king's favorite, takes the opportunity further to incense the king against his brother, by making it appear not only that this was a gross neglect, but that Bertoldo, and those who accompanied him, had thrown off their allegiance to the monarch; that they were disaffected to his person and his government; had discarded their loyalty, and were dangerous to the state. This determines the weak king to send messengers to the Duchess of Sienna, excusing himself from having sent these forces against her, and withdrawing all protection from them as his subjects. Astutio is selected for this office, and ordered not to spare an oath, if necessary, that the king had never consented to it; being reminded that "swearing for the king, though false, is no perjury." Astutio had scarcely

needed this injunction, for he tells us, "they are not fit to be state agents whose scruples of conscience will not permit them to be prodigal in such trifles." Fulgentio had a double object in view in thus increasing the king's anger against his brother. His desire was to keep Bertoldo out of the way first, as he might become a dangerous rival in the king's affection; and next, because he knew Bertoldo was a hindrance to gaining the love of Camiola, to whose fortune he aspired. He reminds the king of his promise to aid him in his project on Camiola, and receives the king's ring as a pledge that the king will make good whatsoever Fulgentio shall say he entreats or commands. And Fulgentio prepares to make his attack upon the lady, and command her to receive him as her husband.

Camiola, shut up in retirement, is mourning the absence of Bertoldo. Among the dependants of her household, is a well born gentleman of the name of Adorni, who though he does not wear her livery, yet acknowledges a duty to her: him Fulgentio orders on his arrival at Camiola's house, to command the lady's presence. Adorni, indignant at this haughty tone, refuses, telling him he must wait her leisure. Fulgentio, with his natural arrogance, and also presuming on the King's favor, draws his sword upon Adorni to compel his obedience; Adorni resists him, and the noise made in the scuffle calls Camiola from her retirement. She orders them to refrain, and tells Fulgentio that, although his glittering outside might lead her to expect a gentleman, the rudeness of his carriage and demeanor speaks him a coarser thing—and she demands what he would with her.

"Proud one," says Fulgentio, in

his arrogant style, "when you know what I am, and what I came for, you will repent the coarseness of my entertainment. You have heard of Fulgentio?"

"I have, sir," Camiola replies, "he is a suit-broker at court. He has the worst report for bribery and extortion I ever heard of; widows and orphans curse him in their prayers for a canker and a caterpillar in the state. I hope you are not the man; much less employed by him as an agent to me."

"This pretended ignorance," Fulgentio returns, "is only to give me a taste of your wit. I like a sharp wit well. Besides, I know this harsh induction must give way to the well-timed observance and respect which you will pay me when you know my credit with the king, and (do not be too much overjoyed) that I deign to love you. Nay, love you honestly."

"That word, 'honesty,' is seldom heard from a courtier's mouth," says Camiola; "but deal plainly with me, and tell me what are the motives which induce you to quit the freedom of a bachelor's life, and take upon you the stubborn yoke of matrimony, and why, of all the beauties in Palermo, you have deigned to select poor me."

"Why, although a little thing, you're a pretty peat, indifferent fair, and the quickness of your eye assures an active spirit."

"You are pleasant, sir," Camiola replies, "yet I presume there was one thing you have not deigned to mention, more attractive than all you have remembered,—my wealth sir."

"Your wealth!" said Fulgentio. "Your wealth; yes, without wealth beauty is a mere flower, to be worn in its bloom and trod on when it fades; but as you add youth to beauty, and fortune to both, I will condescend to marry you."

"Then, sir, excuse me if in plain words I distinctly state that on no terms will I marry you."

"Oh," returned Fulgentio, "you are coy and disdainful, are you! Then I must resort to other means. Look on this ring," showing her the king's signet, "and tremble; by this the king commands you to be mine; by his gift you are so."

"You are mistaken, sir," Camiola replies; "my life and goods the king may dispose of, but my mind is my own and never shall be yours. The king is good and gracious, and will not compel chaste maidens to wed the minions of the court against their will. You are cozened, sir; I am free, and will be so."

Fulgentio, who had hitherto borne her retorts with the coolness of one assured of ultimate success, finding his last resource fail, breaks out into coarse ribaldry and leaves her, threatening to traduce her fair fame in every company.

Our story now leads us to the camp before the walls of Sienna. The forces of the Duchess of Sienna lay encamped before the town to recover it from the Duke of Urbin, who had invaded her territories. The breach is assailable,—the cannoner has so well performed his work that the assailants may enter six abreast; not a man dares show himself on the wall; the soldiers are most anxious for the assault, and to have the city delivered up to them for plunder. Within the walls the Duke of Urbin and his followers are almost bereft of hope, they are famished with hunger, not a day's provision left in the whole city, and await the attack of Gonzaga with faint hearts and weakened bodies; their only chance of safety being in the success of the aid from Sicily, under Bertoldo. While the one par-

ty thus waits the leisure of the bloody hunter, and the other are loudly blaming their commander for delaying the assault, the Sicilian forces appear at hand. Ferdinand, the Duke of Urbin, hopes that heaven is appeased for the wrong he had done to Aurelia, the Duchess of Sienna, and was about to take pity on his miseries. But Gonzaga, the general of the Duchess, is full of wrath and indignation against the King of Sicily, for his foul act in leaguings with the oppressor, and sending troops against the Duchess without proclaiming war, and determines at once to meet them with his cavalry, while he leaves the foot-men to prevent a sally from the town. The forces meet; and, notwithstanding the valor of Bertoldo, the Sicilian forces are defeated, and Bertoldo and others taken prisoners. The gay gallants of Sicily, who were so eager to embark with Bertoldo in the action, found that real war was something different from roaring in a tavern, or carrying away a maypole from a neighboring village. Their burnished arms and gaudy colors were more for show than use; and Gonzaga taunts them unmercifully, as gaudy butterflies, loose carpet-knights, the burden of whose defensive armor was so great as to weigh down their effeminate limbs, and force them on a hot day to yield without a blow. But he turns from these holiday soldiers to show every remark of respect to Bertoldo for the valor he had displayed, when he bravely encountered and wounded him, but who now stands overwhelmed with shame and despair.

"Look up, sir," Gonzaga says to him; "it is no shame to be overcome. If you could accuse yourself of want of courage, it were to be lamented; but you performed as much as could

be done by man when fortune is opposed to him. I feel honored in my victory over you; but to have these carpet-knights for my prisoners is rather a defeat than a triumph. You shall find fair quarter, and your wounds be medicined with as much care as if your nearest friend attended you."

Bertoldo, however, has other sources of shame besides his defeat, and feels that when he is known, this show of favor will be recalled; with this feeling, he despondingly asks Gonzaga if he cannot recall him to his memory. Gonzaga, with astonishment, recognizes him as the brave Bertoldo, a brother of their order.

"By Saint John!" he exclaims, "the holy patron of our order, I am more amazed at thy apostacy, thy breaking the most solemn vows made when this glorious cross was conferred upon thee by the grand master of our order, than if I had seen the most abandoned reprobate baptized in our religion. Fellow-soldiers, look on this man, and, by his example, learn how dangerous it is to trifle with sacred things. In my rage, I shed these tears at the funeral of his faith, his virtue, and religion. His youth was trained to noble uses, and did promise such certainty of great achievements, that, if the fortunes of the Christian world had depended on one encounter with the Ottoman race, this Bertoldo, for his knowledge to direct and his courage to execute,—as being the first soldier, and most deserving of those who wore the cross,—would have been chosen general by common consent. But this cross, which he has now disgraced, I thus tear from him."

Bertoldo, horror-stricken, implores to be allowed to die with it on his breast; but Gonzaga sternly refuses.

"No," he says; "you were sworn as a knight to guard weak ladies from oppression, and never draw your sword against them; but when the princess Aurelia was attacked and dispossessed of her inheritance, you, misled by the hope of plunder or false glory, have broken your oath and labored to uphold her falling enemy. You are unworthy to wear this cross,—your broken vows cancel all friendship's bond between us."

And Bertoldo is borne off to prison to bear the heavy forfeiture of his tarnished honor; learning, too late, that valor employed in an unjust cause partakes more of vice than of virtue. He finds himself degraded from his knighthood, a "wretch forsaken;"—the king will rather thank his captors for detaining him in prison than pay one crown to ransom him; he has besides seized on all Bertoldo's possessions, so that he has nothing left by which he can raise the large sum of fifty thousand crowns, demanded for his freedom; his friends fall off from him, and refuse to assist him; even one whose life he had saved deserts him in his need. Hopelessly he lies in prison, to live and die the slave of Gonzaga.

We left Camiola incensed at the presumption and ribaldry of Fulgentio, wishing for the presence of Bertoldo to avenge her wrongs. Adorni, who at reverent distance loves Camiola, takes upon himself the office of her avenger. He challenges Fulgentio, for having traduced the fair fame of his mistress; but he, as cowardly as he is arrogant, refuses to fight, and threatens Adorni to put in force against him the edict passed against all duelling. Fulgentio will not use his sword, but with his tongue he promises to rid himself of this opponent. But Adorni will not be stopped



by threats. He dare not attempt him in the court,—in public he is so surrounded by parasites and suitors, there is no getting near him,—he therefore resolves to watch for him near a grove, where Fulgentio goes every morning to extort from his petitioners that fruitful harvest which his influence over the king induces them to pay him, to enlist his service in their favor. It is Camiola's birthday, when those who love or serve her bring her the customary presents; and Adorni hopes to wring something from Fulgentio that shall be worthy the acceptance of Camiola. Her servants are presenting to her the birthday gifts; from one a fan, from another a diamond, from a third a piece of plate, when Adorni arrives, slightly wounded, to present his gift.

"It is not," he tells her, "antique plate, nor pearl, nor diamonds; yet," he entreats her, "not to despise his offering, nor to suffer the lowliness of the giver to lessen the value of what he presents, since it is a precious jewel dimmed with clouds of infamy, but redeemed, and in its natural splendor restored to its true owner. I bring you, madam," he goes on, "your wounded reputation cured. That proud man, Fulgentio, when he was refused the honor of your hand, with his ribald tongue did spread untrue reports, defiling your fair name. I have compelled him to give himself the lie, and write in his own blood, the recantation of his infamy; which here I present to you."

But Camiola, instead of receiving his offering with favor, looks frowningly upon him. "Which of my bounties," she asks, "hath nourished this more than rude presumption? Could you suppose my innocence could ever fall so low as to require your rash sword to guard it against

malicious slander? Oh, how those ladies are deceived and cheated, the clearness and integrity of whose actions do not defend themselves, and stand secure on their own virtue! those who, under a seeming service, stand forth to give protection to them, often betray the cause they seek to serve. Malice, when scorned, dies of itself; but to defend one's self against its attacks gives a kind of credit to a false accusation. You believed you did me right; but you have wronged me more in defending my undoubted honor, than false Fulgentio could with all his malice."

Adorni is grieved that what was so well intended was so ill received; but he reminds her that she wished Bertoldo had been present to avenge her.

"True," she says, "I did. But he and you are not equals. If he had punished Fulgentio's insolence, it would have shown his love to her whom he vouchsafed to make his wife; a hope, I trust, that you do not aspire to. The same actions are not alike suitable to all men. But I perceive you do repent; leave me now, and in time I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly. Conceal yourself until this storm be over; you will be sought for; yet, if I can hinder it, you shall not suffer in my service."

And she gives him her hand as he retires. She almost thinks she was too harsh in her reproof to one of so noble a temper. But sadder thoughts are now forced upon her; for she is informed that Gasparo and Antonio, the sworn friends of Bertoldo, are returned from the war without him—that he is left pining in a dungeon—that the king not only refuses to pay the ransom of fifty thousand crowns that is demanded for him, but forbids

all other persons to do so. This news makes her mutter treason in her heart, and exclaim against those impious times, when not only the subordinates of justice are corrupted, but kings themselves forsake their honor. A world of thoughts press on her, how, consistently with her honor, she can redeem Bertoldo from his misery. She seeks for a friend to assist her, and fixes upon Adorni; for they who at a reverent distance love, are ever faithful. She sends her waiting woman for Adorni; and when she has brought him, she bids her leave the room, for wise men might think that in a secret of such weight even one woman were too much. And then she proceeds to unfold her plans to Adorni. She adjures him, by the love he owes her—love born of duty, no farther,—that he will undertake a service for her, in which his faith, his judgment, his discretion, all that is good in him, must be engaged; nor must he study anything in the execution but the ends she aims at. And having received his promise, she proceeds with vehemence to explain her will.

"You have heard of Bertoldo's captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness of his ransom—fifty thousand crowns—two parts of my estate. Yet I so love him, to you I will confess my weakness, that now, when he is forsaken by all others, I purpose to ransom him, and receive him as my husband. You shall go to Sienna, to pay his ransom to Gonzaga. Let him swear a solemn contract of espousal to me; which you must witness; if he should—but why entertain these jealous fears? One thing more,—besides his freedom, he may require many necessities,—furnish him with these according to his birth. And from Camiola deliver this

kiss, printed on your lips, and sealed on his hand." And Adorni promises faithfully to fulfil her commands, although they destroy all his own hopes.

We return once more to Sienna, where we find the Duchess Aurelia in possession of the town; the Duke of Urbino a prisoner, and Bertoldo in a dungeon. Adorni having paid the required ransom, seeks Bertoldo in his prison to set him free; he finds him prostrate on the ground, almost senseless with despair; he causes his irons to be struck off; and watches with anxiety his awakening from his stupor: and when fully roused, informs him he owes his deliverance to Camiola, THE MAID OF HONOR. Bertoldo pours out his gratitude to her, anxiously demanding what service he can render in return. And Adorni, faithful to his trust, informs him all she desires in return for his freedom is, that he binds himself by a solemn compact to marry her. Bertoldo, enraptured, declares this was the highest object of his ambition, and wishes all were prepared to join their hands with the same speed as his heart leaps to her. When told that he must swear to do this,—

"Swear it!" he exclaims,—

"Swear it! collect all oaths and imprecations, whose least breach is damnation, and those Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful; Set Heaven and Hell before me, I will take them; False to Camiola? never! Shall I now Begin my vows to you?"

But Adorni is no churchman, and such a one must make a record of the oath. And the contract is made and sworn to: Bertoldo is once more free, furnished bravely according to the commands of Camiola, while poor Adorni is left to mourn his unhappy love, and contemplate self-destruction as the end of his woes. But his

good genius prompts him to the consideration that the Roman custom of self-murder will not hold water at the high tribunal when it comes to be argued. That it is but a bastard kind of valor that kills itself to avoid misery. His life is like a fortress committed to his trust, which he must not yield up till it is forced, nor will he. True valor consists in bearing calamity boldly, not in daring to die to avoid it.

Aurelia is now restored to her power and authority, and sweetly does she temper justice with mercy: she would rather overcome with courtesies than severity. And while she assures the Duke of Urbin of gentle terms to obtain his liberty, her upbraidings for the past are still more gentle.

Next she turns to inquire after Bertoldo, whom she still thought the prisoner of Gonzaga. She would wish to see this brave enemy, who, she is informed, is a goodly gentleman of noble parts; and desires Gonzaga to bring him to her presence. No sooner does he appear, than he makes as great an impression upon her as he had before done on Camiola, to whom he was now contracted.

"This is he!" she says "how soon mine eye hath found him. A prisoner? a princely suitor rather!" and, extending her hand to him, which he kneels to kiss, she says, "You ill deserve the favor of our hand, that lifted yours against me."

And then dissembling the passion that burns in her veins, she declares that he is still her prisoner, and Gonzaga had no authority to free him; that she would pay back his ransom ten times over rather than let him go. Bertoldo urges that this is against the law of arms, and speaks of the hardships he has already suffered. The usage of which he complains

arouses Aurelia to fury against Gonzaga; her sudden love bursts all bounds, and declares itself before the assembled court; and Bertoldo, although his love for Camiola is present to his mind; although he clearly sees his black ingratitude to her; although the fearful oaths and imprecations with which he bound himself are ever present to his memory; yet led by his ambition to possess the crown Aurelia offers him, forswears Camiola, his honor, and his oath, and yields himself wholly to this new-born love. He is anew contracted to the Duchess, and they set out for Sicily, where she is to reconcile Bertoldo to the king, and where a dispensation from his knightly vows will enable them to marry.

In the mean time Fulgentio, not content with the repulse he has met with from Camiola and the chastisement he has received from Adorni, urges the king in person to enforce his commands on Camiola, to give him her hand. The king, accompanied by Fulgentio, visits Camiola, as he says, to correct her stubborn disobedience, and make her sue for pardon. But Camiola will not so wrong her innocence as to beg a pardon unconscious of offence. She asks her crime, and being told, that of having first scorned and neglected one whom the king favored, and then having set on a desperate bravo to murder him, she boldly answers that subjects are not bound to love their sovereign's vices. Those are tyrants, not kings, who force the liberty of their souls from humble vassals. She could not love Fulgentio, and it was not within the prerogative of kings to compel affection. As to the second charge, it was she to whom the wrong had been done, and unless the king did her right, he was not fit to be a king.

"Do your laws," she says, "punish with death a man that breaks into another's house to rob it, though only of trifles, and shall Fulgentio live, who by his malicious slanders has polluted my clear fame?"

The king, aroused at this, demands of Fulgentio if this be true? and the ruffian being obliged to confess that in his heat he had reported something of the kind, the king banishes him from his presence, vowing that unless by true penitence he gains Camiola to sue his pardon, his grave is already digged.

"The lady shall know that while I wear a crown, justice shall be impartially dealt, even on those nearest to us."

"Happy are the subjects," says Camiola, "when the prince is guided by justice, and not by his own passionate will."

Thus having got rid of one of her troubles, Camiola trifles away the time, waiting in happy expectation the return of her betrothed. At length Adorni comes—and comes alone. Her first question is,—

"Lives Bertoldo?"

"Yes; and returned with safety."

And she exclaims,—

"Then it is not in the power of fate to add to, or take from, my perfect happiness: and yet he should have made his first visit here."

Doubts seem to be springing up in her mind, as she rapidly goes on,—

"Where is he? with whom?"

"At the palace, with the Duchess of Sienna; he's very gracious with her: you may conceive the rest."

All her anticipated joy is ended; she bids Adorni tell the tale; who relates all that has happened; the oaths Bertoldo had sworn, the breaking of those oaths, and his contract with the Duchess of Sienna, which is

speedily to be sanctified with marriage.

"Didst thou not grieve, Adorni, when you saw this, as I do now to hear it?"

But Adorni thought he had little reason to grieve, as Bertoldo's fall from goodness might raise her opinion of his own faith and truth. But Camiola rebukes him for this feeling.

"Here speaks the evil of your disposition. As a man you should lament it, and not glory in it as flattering your false hopes. When good men pursue the path marked-out by virtue, the blessed saints look on with joy; fiends and men made up of envy, with mourning. Whereas, if their divinity could partake of passion, with me would they weep to behold the fair temple of Bertoldo's honor destroyed by his inconstancy; fiends only could rejoice. It is not well in you, Adorni."

Adorni, in surprise at the rare temper manifested by her, says,—

"Can you pity him who showed none to you?"

"His example," she replies, "should not make me cruel. You expect, perhaps, that I shall seek to recover what I have lost by tears, and beg his compassion on my bended knees. No: I scorn to stoop so low. I'll take another course, make the king his brother, and his new mistress, the judges of my cause, and snatch him from her arms. You have the contract in which he swore to marry me?"

"Here, madam."

"Tis well; he shall be then my husband, spite of his will. Send my confessor, father Paulo, to me. I'll presently to court, attire myself as a youthful bride, and something do that shall excite men's wonder. O false men! inconstant! perjured! My

good angel! help me in these extremities."

The court of Sicily is full of splendor at the coming nuptials; the marriage procession is about to proceed to the temple, when it is arrested by the approach of Camiola.

"Stay, royal sir," she says with dignity; "and as you are a king, do justice to an innocent maid."

Bertoldo shrinks back; and the king assures her that as soon as the marriage is over, she shall have audience and satisfaction to all she can demand. But she tells him that her cause admits of no delay.

"If you proceed with the marriage before you hear me, you cannot do me justice. Bertoldo is the guilty man whom I accuse; and you are bound to be impartial, although he is your brother. I bring no hired tongue to plead for me. I stand here mine own advocate, relying on the truth and justice of my cause. And if the king allow, I would have this lady, my greatest enemy, and this stranger prince, to be assistants to him."

Aurelia, surprised, says,—

"I never wronged you."

"Not knowingly," Camiola replies, "nor will you in your judgment when you are acquainted with my story."

They then take their seats, and Camiola presents the contract to the king, saying,—

"By this bond I challenge him for my husband."

The writing is admitted as authentic; but Aurelia urges that it was done in the heat of blood, when charmed with her flatteries, and so might be dispensed with; and Duke Ferdinand thinks that the disparity between their births and fortunes annuls it. And Camiola bitterly says,—

"What can innocence hope for when her judges are corrupted? Disparity of birth and fortune! Think of him as he was some few days back,—in fetters, his honor lost, and his liberty. Despair circling his miseries with her black wings; the king forbidding payment of his ransom; his kinsmen and protesting friends falling off from him; forsaken by the whole world; dead to all hope, and buried in the grave of his calamities; and then say where was the disparity with her, that, as his better angel appeared to him, paid his great ransom, and supplied his wants with a prodigal hand. Being thus my manumitted slave, does he not owe himself to me?"

Bertoldo is silent, and the king judges that his silence acknowledges his guilt. Camiola goes on.

"If I have dwelt too long on what I have done for this ungrateful man, pray pardon me, my cause required it. And though I now speak of his ingratitude, 'tis to deter others from the like. This serpent warmed in my bosom, ruined his preserver. The benefits I had done him, like words written in water, were no more remembered. All washed away in his ambitious hopes to gain a dukedom."

Aurelia, piqued at this, says the object might excuse the change of affection. But Camiola defends her own beauty for a moment with some little heat, then, subduing herself, says,—

"Down, down, proud heart! Why do I defend that which hath undone me! I recant, madam; you are all beauty, goodness, and virtue, and I not worthy to be a foil to set you off: enjoy your conquest, but do not tyrannize over me. Yet you may make him know that even as I am,—even

in my lowness,—if to all men else I were the shame and scorn of women, he is bound to hold me as the masterpiece."

The king turns to Bertoldo, and tells him he has shown himself so abject, he grieves he is so near him in blood. Ferdinand now deems the disparity all on her side. Gonzaga taunts him with breaking the vows of his order for any woman; but, if he must do so, Camiola is the only one who could justify him; and Aurelia feels all the fires of love quenched in her compassion: she disclaims all interest in him, and hands over to Camiola the dispensation which frees him from his vows and enables him to marry. Then Bertoldo lifts up his head and speaks:—

"I have wilfully strayed," he says, "out of the noble track of virtue, surrendered up myself into the power of vice, and with my own hand have branded on my forehead the words, Disloyal and Ungrateful. I confess my guilt, and cannot hope that one tear will be shed for my sufferings."

Camiola tells him, that "Even this compunction for the wrong you have done me, though your sorrow should not extend further, will, because I loved you once, make these eyes weep for you. I do forgive you heartily. Yet I must deny myself

the blessing, that, by favor of the duchess, is offered me. And if, when I am married, as this day I will be, as a sign of your atonement you will wish me joy, I will receive it in full satisfaction of all you owe me. Call in the holy friar."

And while all are waiting in astonishment for what is next to follow, father Paulo enters, and stepping up to Camiola takes her by the hand, saying:—

"Thus as an ornament to the church I seize her."

"Yes," says Camiola, as they all stand thunderstruck, "this is the marriage, this the port to which I steer. Fill my sails with the pure wind of your prayers, that I may reach that secure haven where no temptations enter. I am dead to the world. I thus dispose of all my worldly goods:—one portion to the nunnery to which I dedicate my life, another to pious uses, the third to you, Adorni, for your true and faithful service. I would ask the king to pardon Fulgentio for the harm he did me; and you, Bertoldo, as you hope like me to be made happy, resume your knightly vows, and against the enemies of our faith redeem your mortgaged honors. I am now at rest—conduct me where you please."

And this self sacrifice was the last public act of the MAID OF HONOR.