



Frank defies the vengeance of the infuriated mob.

THE THRILLING NARRATIVE

AND

Extraordinary Adventures

OF

MISS MADELAINE H. EVERETT,

WHO WAS ABDUCTED

FROM THE

BLOOMINGTON LADIES' SEMINARY,

IN FLORIDA;

AND

AFTER PASSING THROUGH THE MOST WONDERFUL AND PAINFUL
SCENES, WAS FINALLY RESCUED BY HER FRIENDS

AT AN AUCTION MART,

IN HAVANA,

WHERE SHE WAS ABOUT TO BE

SOLD AS A SLAVE.

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THE
THRILLING AND EXTRAORDINARY
ADVENTURES OF
MISS MADELAINE H. EVERETT.

HAVING often been importuned by persons to whom a portion of my history is known, to give to the public in the form of a printed pamphlet, a full narrative of the sufferings and escapes through which I have passed, I have concluded to write this autobiography. I trust that its perusal may not only prove interesting to those into whose hands it may fall, but that it will serve as a warning to the unsuspecting, who are too apt by far to place confidence in those who over-anxiously extend their friendship in the hour of need.

I was born November 17th, 1841, about twenty-two miles from the city of Columbus, Ohio, a short half mile from the main road leading from that place to Zanesville, in the same state. Before I had completed my ninth year I was left an orphan, both my father and mother having died in the early part of the year 1850; not more than three months elapsing after the former's demise before the latter was suddenly seized with spasms, and expired in a few moments thereafter.

I was thus, at a very tender age, left to the mercies of the cold and uncharitable world, there not being even a distant relative that I had the least knowledge of, although I had frequently heard of my parents having emigrated from some part of Eastern Virginia many years before. It is needless for me to attempt to describe the bitterness of my feelings when I saw the remains of my poor mother going into the narrow grave. I wept myself asleep at night, and in the morning awoke with a heavy heart. Several of the

neighbors living adjacent to our dwelling remained in the house with me for a few days, until such time as arrangements could be made for me to be sent to school—it having been determined among them to take out letters of administration on my father's estate, and settle up his affairs at as early a day as practicable. In less than a week after death had sent such a chilling blow to my tender heart, I was hurried away from my home, and taken to a village near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where I was placed under the charge of a stern-looking, hard-featured woman, who, before I was fairly seated and introduced by Mr. Maese, (the gentleman who accompanied me, and the nearest neighbor my father had,) gave me such a terrible frown that the blood curdled in my veins. Her voice, too, sounded harshly on my ear as she replied to Mr. Maese's inquiries relative to her plans of instruction, etc.

Before proceeding any farther, I will here state that Mr. Maese had informed me on our journey that this lady's name was Miss Amelia Fox, who had formerly been a governess in his family in Ohio. She had accepted a similar situation in the South some months previous to my being sent there; but from some cause unknown to me, shortly thereafter resigned it, and opened a school for young females near Baton Rouge—the building for which she had just finished fitting up a day or two prior to my coming. Mr. Maese, having heard of her intentions by means of letters from her, concluded to place me under her tuition; the orphan's court appointing him the administrator of my father's estate, and my guardian. This is what he led me to believe, as well as the neighbors of my parents.

A long conversation ensued between this lady and Mr. Maese, on the evening of our arrival, of which I appeared to be the subject, but of all that was then said I can now recollect nothing, save a few words in reference to some papers which he said it was necessary for him to have written, copied and recorded.

Being much fatigued with my long journey on the railroads and steamboats, I fell asleep on the sofa where I was sitting during their interview, and, when I awoke, I found myself lying on a wretched bed in the cabin of an old negro woman who was bending over me weeping. The tears from her aged eyes had dropped on my face and caused me to awaken. Having often seen and been nursed, when my parents were living, by an old colored woman known in the neighborhood where I was born as "Aunt Kitty," I for a moment thought myself at home, and my heart beat with joy.

"Is that you, Aunt Kitty?" said I; "why, how white your head is! Is it you, dear Aunt Kitty?"

"Ah, dear child—poor child, yes, indeed, it is me! My head is white, and has been white many a day. But you must have something to eat, and be a good girl, for if that Miss Fox knows you are here, she will kill Aunt Kitty and you, too;" saying which she lifted me on her knee and caressed me affectionately, giving me at the same time a biscuit to eat, and holding a bowl of milk to my lips. I was about to drink it, when she dashed it to the floor, and pressed me to her heart, crying out, wildly, "Oh, no! oh, no! that milk *she* gave me!"

She then placed me on a low stool, and I ate my biscuit in silence, for I was extremely hungry, while the poor old woman continued to sob. Presently she went out and brought me another bowl of milk. This I drank immediately, I being quite thirsty, the biscuit, seemingly, containing more salt than any I ever had eaten before.

Aunt Kitty now told me that she had been stolen from old Ohio, and, some time before, sold into slavery by a trader; that I must not go out of the house or near to the fire, which was burning brightly in the chimney-place, as she had to go and see some person who fortunately was but a short distance from her cabin, and that she would be back soon. She then gave me a little book to read, and left; but, before going, she cautioned me that if any one knocked not to open the door, but to hide under the bed. This I promised her. She had not been gone long before there was a rap at the door, and I, at once, hid myself as told. I had scarce got under the bed before Miss Fox and Mr. Maese came into the room. I now kept so still that I heard my little heart beat. Presently they sat down on a bench near the door, but, from where I was I could see nothing but their feet. Mr. Maese was the first to speak; and, as he did so, I listened to catch every syllable, and never shall I forget his words!

"Miss Fox," said he, "I have brought that child here; because, here she can be put out of the way, and no one will be the wiser of it. Her father has left her a fine farm, and unless she is removed I must lose it; and yourself will be a loser, too. Could you not give her a dose like that you gave her mother?"

"Ah, yes!" replied the inhuman fiend, "I gave the little imp, whilst asleep, to Aunt Kitty, as she calls herself, and she has already, no doubt, given her some milk I prepared myself. If she eats any of Kitty's salty bread she will soon want a drink of it."

I could hear no more, for they spoke in a lower tone. I trembled so violently that my teeth chattered, for I was sure they would kill me if they knew I was under the bed. I inwardly commenced say-

ing the child's prayer my dear mother had taught me at her knee, and before I had concluded they left the cabin. Shortly after Aunt Kitty came in and called. I knew her voice, and replied. She told me to come out from my hiding place, as they were gone and would not come back. This overjoyed me. I then told her all they had uttered, and she said a gentleman would come that night and take me to his house up the river, where she would come every other Sunday to see me. She further said he was a good man, a preacher, and would not allow the bad people to get me any more. I told her I was glad to go, but did not like to leave her. At this the poor old creature wept, and said God wanted me to go. I told her I had prayed to God when I was under the bed, and that my mother had always said God would be with me every where. Aunt Kitty then got down on her knees, and with her arms around me, prayed for a long time. This affected me much; but after her prayer was over, she revived my spirits by singing in a low tone a hymn I had often heard sung before.

Nothing more transpired until some time after dark, when I perceived through the window a stranger ride up to the cabin on horseback. I could not see his face, but he gave a low whistle and Aunt Kitty went to the door. In a few minutes she returned, and undressing me of nearly every thing I had on, she carefully wrapped me up in an old blanket, and handed me up to the man. He bade her good bye; and, telling me not to be afraid, that he would not let any one hurt me, he rode rapidly off. How long a time passed before we halted, it is impossible for me to say; but it was quite dark. The gentleman stopped at a small white cottage on the river's bank, and after giving his horse to some one who came to take charge of it, he carried me into a neat parlor, where he untied from over his face a black handkerchief. In this room sat a woman who somewhat resembled my dead mother. Placing me upon her knee, she asked my name, kissed me tenderly, and said she would love me like she did her own little girl. Tea and toast were then brought in by a colored servant, and, after I drank and ate, I was placed in a bed, where a little girl about my own age was quietly sleeping. That night I reposed sweetly and soundly. In the morning I was dressed up finely, and, after breakfasting, said my lessons to the kind lady, who taught me out of a book similar to the one Aunt Kitty had given me to read. My little bedfellow and myself soon became warmly attached to each other; and as the gentleman and his wife treated me kindly and called me daughter, I quickly recovered my spirits, and was as jovial and happy as ever. Aunt Kitty never came to see me, and I soon ceased to think of her.



The Abduction of Miss Everett.

I was told that she had, shortly after my departure, been found dead.

Thus time wore on until I was between eleven and twelve years old. I was then sent, in company with Ida (my foster-sister) to a female institute at Bloomington, near Pensacola, Florida. Here nearly two years were agreeably spent; Ida's father and mother coming to see us every two or three months, and bringing us at each visit many presents. In our studies we progressed rapidly. The name of my foster-father was the Rev. Mr. Hartley; and whilst under his roof he proved a father indeed,—ever treating me as if I was in reality his child.

One evening I was sitting in the parlor of the institute, waiting for Ida to join me, when an unsealed letter was handed me by one of the servants attached to the place. The contents of this epistle were as follows:—

Petersburg, Va., Oct. 24th, 1854.

TO MISS MADELAINE EVERETT:

"My Dearest Sister—You will doubtless think it strange when you receive this letter; for it is quite possible that you are ignorant of having any relatives living. But you must not be astonished to learn that I am your sister. I was sent from home in Ohio, when you were quite an infant, and have been residing in Petersburg, Va. since then, with my uncle, Charles Everett, who is a brother of our father's. Some difficulty occurred between our father and uncle, and probably this is the reason that you do not know I am alive. My uncle has just told me that he led our father to believe, by letters to him, that I was drowned soon after coming to Petersburg, and my body never recovered. He did this out of revenge for some wrong he had imagined our father had done him. My uncle being now on what he considers his death bed, has relented for the deception he used, and, on his receiving a letter from Ohio a few days since, which, as others had before, announced the death of our father and mother some five years ago, he called me to his side, and revealed all these facts. The manner in which he found out where you were he would not exactly tell me, but urged me to write to you at once. I do not know the name you are now called, but if you have a red strawberry mark on the inside of your left arm, near the elbow joint, you are my sister Madelaine, and your name is Everett. I will be in Bloomington in a day or two after you receive this, and hope to see you. Till then, Heaven bless you, my long lost sister.

"Affectionately yours, till we meet,

"IRENE EVERETT."

"P. S.—Do not let your tutors see this until I see you."

Who can tell the pleasure that thrilled through my breast when I read this letter. A newly found sister was to me information that

sent an unspeakable feeling of ecstasy through every vein in my body. I hastened to the room occupied by Ida and myself, and told her the glad tidings. She wept with me for joy. I had often heard my father and mother speak of an angel child, called Irene, whom, they said, God had taken up to heaven for one of His angels, and the whole truth of the deception practised upon them by my uncle, was vividly depicted in my imagination. Here was the mystery solved; but I could not understand the postscript to the letter. Ida said, perhaps Irene did not wish the other pupils to know of my having found a long-lost sister, until she could herself be present and enjoy the surprise they would exhibit on finding out the fact. We therefore concluded to keep the matter secret until the arrival of Irene.

It was some two or three days after the reception of the above letter that I noticed a strange-looking man, attired as a sailor, pass the seminary several times. He cast numerous scrutinizing glances at me as I sat at the parlor window with my embroidery, and the idea flashed across my mind that I had seen his countenance before. I racked my brain for some time to think where I possibly could have met him, but finally concluded that I was mistaken. This conclusion had scarce been arrived at before the stranger again passed the window; and, as he did so, I saw in his hand a letter, which he dropped on the pavement, calling my attention at the time to the fact by pointing his finger towards the fallen billet. He then walked on. As soon as he turned the corner of the building, I went out and picked up the letter. On opening it I read as follows:

Bloomington, Florida, Nov. 27th, 1854.

"DEAREST MADELAINE:—Come immediately to the Union Hotel, where I have just arrived. I desire very much to see you. By no means let any one connected with the institute know of my being in the village. I desire to have a long talk with you previous to any one having a knowledge of my arrival. I shall anxiously await you. Come, no matter what the consequences—come.

"Your affectionate sister,

"IRENE EVERETT."

"P. S.—My uncle requested me thus to caution you against making the fact of my arrival known.

"Yours,

"I. E."

Without consulting any one about the building I concluded to pay a visit to Irene, and conduct her to the seminary; which resolve I at once carried into execution. The Union Hotel stood but a few squares from the seminary, and although the evening began to grow dusky, I had no fear as to going alone. When I arrived I perceived at the inn's private door the sailor, whom I had noticed drop

Irene's note. Recognizing me, with a polite bow he informed me that my sister, not feeling very well, had left the parlor and gone to her chamber, whither she desired me to come. Not knowing the different rooms in the hotel, I asked him to give me the number, which he complied with, writing it on a slip of paper. The chamber was No. 9. I hastened to the door, and gently tapped on its oaken pannels.

"Come in, dear sister!" said a voice within, in tones as soft as Aolian music.

I entered, but, instead of meeting my supposed sister, I was immediately seized by two stout men, gagged and bound with cords. In this helpless condition I remained for about an hour, when I was quietly taken down stairs, and placed in a close carriage, which was instantly driven off at a rapid rate, the two men occupying one of the seats, and myself the other.

The vehicle in which I was confined was so closely curtained that it was impossible for me to see in what direction I was taken. Not a word was spoken by those who accompanied me, and I was at a loss to comprehend the object they had in view. I resolved, nevertheless, to keep myself quiet, fearing that any effort to free myself might make matters worse.

All the fortitude I was capable of commanding was necessary in this trying situation. Thus far my abductors had offered no insult, nor had they even handled me in a brutal manner more than was necessary to overpower me. I was revolving the whole transaction in my mind, and had failed to come to any conclusion, when one of the men gently caught hold of my hand and pressed it. The hand appeared rough and hard, but the manner in which the pressure was given, seemed to indicate that there was friendship for me in the heart that dictated it. My drooping spirits began to revive. Hope, which never dies in the human breast, sprang into new life within me.

How long we had thus ridden in utter silence, it is impossible for me to say; but I should judge some six or seven hours. At length I fell into a deep slumber, from which I was aroused by a low but angry conversation between the two men. On their discovering that I was awake they ceased, and I determined to feign that I slept again, in order to hear, if possible, what I could. My ruse was successful. In a few moments they resumed their discourse as follows:

"Well, Frank, that poor girl is asleep again, and I wish to tell you that I am sick and tired of this infernal business. Here are we, strong, sensible men, engaged in the most rascally piece of business that ever was perpetrated. And, for what? Money. For my part I'm real sick of the job."

"It's too late, now, Joe! We've made the bargain, and you know we *must* stick to it—if we don't we'll swing! You know that's the way they serve all pirates, and there's plenty of proof in old Maese's hands."

At the sound of Maese's name, the whole truth flashed upon me. Here was another piece of villainy which brought vividly to my recollection the conversation I had overheard whilst secreted under the wretched bed of poor old Aunt Kitty. A feeling of revenge instantly took possession of me, and I inwardly said to myself, "I will disappoint you yet." Feigning still to slumber, my abductors proceeded with their conversation.

"Frank, it's no use to quarrel with each other about this matter. We're in for it certain; but, then, can't we take the girl to the vessel and make him believe we've killed her? He'll never know the difference. She can go with us to our snug harbor on 'Piney Island,'* and then the worst the captain can do will be to send her to Cuba, and sell her as a Quadroon? She's not any whiter than the girl he sold there before."

"That's all true enough, Joe. If this new captain were not about, I know it could be done. But, what are we to do when we get to where the other carriage is stopping. It's most time we were there now. I s'pose the other party has got her sister there already, for you know it is a longer distance by this route than the other? Besides, there's that old hag, who calls herself Maese's wife, she will be there, sure; and she's worse by half than the old man."

Here the vehicle halted, and one of my companions opened the door and got out. The other remained inside, and presently the same friendly pressure was felt on my hand. I awoke, as if from a deep sleep, when a soft voice whispered in my ear—

"Be not afraid—they shall not hurt you—drink or eat nothing, unless you get it from me."

He ceased, and I returned the kindly grasp of his hand. My heart overflowed with thanks for the friendly sentences spoken to me, but I could not express them—my mouth was still gagged. He waited for a moment as if for a reply, and then seemed to recollect the cause of my not making one. Instantly his hand removed the cause of my inability to give utterance, but my jaws were so stiff that I could not even then say a word. He continued, in a still lower tone—

"Well, Miss, I have been, and am, a bad man, but I'll do you a good turn. They want to kill you and your sister, but they shan't do it as long as I live; and my name's Joe Boswell. Hush!"

* Isle of Pines.

"Drive on!" said a rough voice outside; and in a moment my other companion had resumed his seat, and the door of the carriage was closed.

"Joe," continued he, "I stopped that cursed nigger here to see if he wasn't taking us the wrong way. There's three or four roads to the rendezvous, and I felt sure he was in the wrong one. I went up on the hill, over which we've just come, and I see the old red light swinging on the tree top. So we'll soon be there."

"Frank, hadn't we better remove that poor sleeping girl's gag and cords, and give her a drink of good wine before we arrive: surely you won't refuse that?"

"Joe," replied the other, "your chicken-hearted, and oughtn't be in the work you are. But you can do what you say, so that you don't tell that old she devil, Maese's wife—or woman."

"I'll awaken her, and do it!" And in a trice I was again pressed by the hand, and my cords were removed. The relief was a great one, and I said—

"Gentlemen, I bless you and thank you."

"Here," little one," said Joe, "take a drop of this and you'll feel better," and he placed a small flask to my lips. I never had tasted wine, but believing from what he had said that it would be of service to me, I took several swallows of it. I felt my spirits rise at once, and instead of imagining myself utterly helpless, as I had done throughout the dreary and dismal journey of the night, I began to believe I possessed courage indomitable. Thoughts crowded fast and thick upon my brain as to my course of action when we should arrive at the rendezvous of which my abductors had spoken. Here I expected to be dealt with in an unmerciful manner, and I formed a resolution to resist to the very last any and all attempts that might be made either on my purity or life.

At length we stopped. Frank, as he was called, opened the door of the carriage and I perceived that day was dawning. Joe remained as before, and during his comrade's absence I appealed to him to give me a knife or something with which to protect myself. He placed in my hand a small dagger; told me to drink the remainder of the wine in the flask, which I did, and he then followed Frank. I remained seated in the carriage.

Presently I heard a loud and violent conversation at a short distance from the spot where the vehicle was left standing, and in a moment thereafter heard several reports of a pistol. I at once jumped out and ran to a thicket near by, where I secreted myself behind a huge log. I remained here but a few seconds, when I was discovered by Frank, and violently dragged toward an old stone

building standing by the roadside. As I was about being pulled in the door, Joe came running up to me, with a torrent of blood streaming from his breast, and grasped one of my hands. As he did so he fell, leaving in my possession, however, a large seal ring, which was unseen by the desperado, Frank. I cast a grateful look at the fallen man—he raised his hand to his lips and shook his head and expired with the words—

"Old Maese has murdered me!"

I was now dragged through a long dark passage and violently thrust into a large, well-furnished room, the windows of which were protected by bars of iron.

The excitement through which I had passed, my lonely situation, the death of the only one I depended upon to be of service to me in the hour of need, all operated upon me so powerfully, that for a time I was unable to rise from the floor on which I had fallen when pushed into the room by the brutal Frank. When I had regained sufficient composure and strength to do so, I fell upon my knees and prayed that God in his mercy would protect me. After thus supplicating Heaven, my fortitude began to return. I felt in the bosom of my dress for the dagger given me by Joe in the carriage. On drawing it out, I observed a motto on its glittering side. Stepping to the window the more closely to examine it, I was startled at a flash of sun-light that streamed through the trees and enabled me to read the words gilded on it. They were these:

"Fear not! I am with thee in all that is just and right!"

I involuntarily placed the weapon next my throbbing heart, and said to myself—

"Here is a friend indeed!"

I was reclining on a velvet lounge shortly after this inward exclamation, when a gentle rap was given at the door, which immediately opened as if by a spring. A few seconds thereafter a middle-aged woman entered the apartment, whom I immediately recognized as Miss Amelia Fox, the fiend whose diabolical heart dictated my murder five years before. She carried in her hand a small silver pitcher and a pair of goblets. I felt a burning thirst—a slight quivering of my cheeks gave symptoms of fever, caused by so many recent conflicting and violent emotions. A thousand times in an instant almost I wished to put my lips to one of the goblets into which she had poured the crystal-like water, but I had not forgotten the warning words of poor Joe, and I turned away from it with horror. During these struggles and alternations, and before Miss Fox had said a single word, our privacy was interrupted by the entrance of a young girl of sixteen or seventeen summers, in whose counte-



Pursuit of the fiendish abductors of Miss Everett.

nance an unusual paleness and agitation were observable. Her sad smile, as she gazed on me, was sweet and gracious, and the expressions which appeared desirous to flow from her quivering lips seemed like those of tenderness and meekness.

"Young ladies," said Miss Fox, "I have a few words to say to you. Pray, be seated."

We accordingly took seats, and Miss Fox continued—

"You, doubtless, wish to know something about your parents, and the reason why you are here. For your information I will explain every thing in a few words, as follows:

"Your father's name was Everett, and in his youthful days he paid attentions to me, much more than he did to your mother. He was rich and I was poor—and *he seduced me!* I then swore an eternal oath to be revenged; and, since the day he led your mother to the altar, I have devoted my life to that object. He removed to Ohio, taking his wife with him, whilst I became the plaything and toy of his younger brother. I did not follow my destroyer until I had held his first legitimate child—you, Irene—in my arms in Petersburg. 'Twas then I resolved to punish him. His brother, also, had deserted me, and married a lady of some character. Her life was short and bitter. I punished your uncle first, my young ladies, and your father, too. Your uncle's wife and your mother each have suffered as much as I have. They are all in their graves, and I am here, and have you both in *my* power. *You are my slaves, and as such I intend to sell you to the highest bidder!*

Here the flashing of her eyes was really demoniac. In a moment, however, she was quite calm. Irene had changed her seat and got closer to me. I could see in her large and beautiful eyes the pearly tears almost ready to overflow, and my own began to feel moist; still I had resolved never to give over, and I looked at Irene in a manner to encourage her.

Miss Fox continued:

"Now, ladies, I have here probably said too much, as I see that my remarks bring tears in your eyes. My husband, Mr. Maese, is in the adjoining room, and if you are willing to give all your claims to the property in Virginia and Ohio, to him and myself, we will give you your freedom. You have one of two chances—either to give your written consent to our taking possession of your father's property, which will be sufficient, if the courts in this state permit you so to do; or, to be sold as slaves. You are both in Louisiana recorded as slave children. You, Madelaine, were *once* there; and many think you were drowned. So did I until lately. Your clothing was found on the river's bank; and Aunt Kitty told me she

threw you in, or that you had fallen in. A circumstance lately revealed where you were at, and you see I have found you. Mr. Hartley, who took so much interest in you, is a Virginian, and by letters to your uncle, found out every thing. It is thus necessary for me in self-defence, and for my husband, Mr. Maese, to protect ourselves. A pirate vessel lies near here, and you must decide at once. What is your answer? Will you give us the property?"

"No!" I vehemently replied. "We will die together, here, sooner than submit to your wishes! If you *can* make slaves of us, *do it!*"

She hastily left the room, leaving the pitcher and goblets remain. My poor sister, Irene, was almost swooning with fright; but my kisses and caresses speedily revived her. She desired to drink, but I told her not to do so, as every thing was filled with poison, and that we must fast and pray. We, thereupon knelt down in the absence of our tormentors, and asked a blessing on the fatherless and motherless. Just as we arose from our devotions to the God of the orphan, a neatly folded letter was thrown into the window. I instantly seized it, and read:

"Lady, the friends of your dead companion, Joseph Boswell, are your friends, and the friends of the other young lady. Eat nothing until you find provisions and wine in this window to-night. Tomorrow the vessel sails. Resolve to go in her to our Island home, and from there we will safely protect you to your friends. Follow our advice. The *signet ring* of Joe is our commander in all cases where females are concerned. We do not war upon helpless women. Fear not!"

"JOE'S FRIENDS."

Here was an answer to our prayer; and as we were not troubled with the company of Miss Fox during the entire day, we sat and consoled each other until night came. At the dusk of the evening she came in, bearing what she called an elegant supper on a large tray, which she placed before us, inviting us to partake thereof. She excused herself for not furnishing us any thing during the day, by remarking that business of the utmost importance had taken her and Mr. Maese to the landing, where they were detained the greater part of the day, and that there were no other females about the premises. We both thanked her for her kindness in remembering us, and promised to do full justice to the meal she had so handsomely gotten up for us. She then left, promising us a light and some books to amuse ourselves with prior to our retiring.

It was but a short time ere she returned, holding in one hand a blue wax candle fixed in a silver candlestick, and in the other some half a dozen books. She then bid us good night trusting, as she

said, that, although her wrongs had been numberless and deep, she would be able to make us yet believe that she was our sincere and devoted friend. This sudden change in her conduct we could not account for. It was my opinion that probably the violent death of Joe had caused a rupture between Mr. Maese and his lady and the sailors belonging to the vessel alluded to both by Miss Fox and "Joe's Friends." This opinion was correct, as I afterwards learned; and as it may as well be told in this connection as not, I will here state that whilst I remained in the carriage in the morning, Frank and Joe had begun a quarrel in reference to who should conduct me from the vehicle to the house, which quarrel resulted in blows. Maese happening to be coming out of a side door of the building, was called to by Frank for assistance, and when he learned that Joe was somewhat backward in the enterprise in which he had embarked, he deliberately pulled out his revolver, shot him and ran. It was at this time that I jumped out of the carriage and secreted myself. After this digression I will proceed:

About an hour after the friendly Miss Fox brought the books and light, we heard a low whistle at the window. I at once went to it, carrying the light in my hand. Holding up the candle, I got a side view of the visitor's face, and knew at once that it was the same person that had dropped the letter of Irene in front of the seminary from which I had been abducted.

"Ladies," said he, "I have done you both a great wrong, but I will try and undo it. I have brought you from the vessel as good a supper as we could get up. As these bars are close together, you will have to take it in pieces. Do not eat a bite or drink anything that infernal she-devil gives you. She will poison you both. She is afraid to murder you openly. She knows the 'Boxer's' crew would not stand it. The death of Joe has caused nearly one-half of our crew to change their minds in regard to this business. But I must go. Hand out the fixins given to you by 'old Lady Macbeth,' as we call her, and she will think you've eat them. Our supper is just like her's, only it's not spiced with rat poison. Here, by Jupiter, is a bottle of wine—I come near forgetting that; and so, good night, my beauties!"

During this speech he was handing us in quite a variety of edibles, off which we made a passable meal. The wine tendered greatly to invigorate our spirits. We sat up and chatted the greater part of the night, fearing to go to bed, (although there was one in the chamber) lest some direful accident might befall us before morning. We talked long and earnestly. My sister told me the whole particulars of the manner in which she had been ensnared. These

particulars I will now relate, as near as possible in her own words:

"About the 15th day of last month, I was playing on the piano in the back parlor, when my uncle, who was in the front parlor called me to see him. 'Irene,' said he, 'I am now going up to bed, and I am satisfied it is the last time I will ever enter my chamber alive. I feel that the finger of God is upon me. I wish to disclose to you the intelligence that your real father, who was my brother, died in Ohio only some five years ago, and in a brief space of time thereafter your mother also expired. They both died without a knowledge of you being still alive. My brother and myself had, many years ago, a difficulty in relation to a young woman, and although this trouble was healed for a brief space, it broke out tenfold worse at the time you were sent here. The woman who first took hold of you on your arrival in this house was the very person who persuaded me to write a falsehood to my brother, telling him that you, his child, had been drowned in crossing the river, and that your body was never recovered! It was through the influence of this same woman that my peace and happiness with your aunt—my wife—was destroyed. From the time the news of your death reached your father and mother, all intercourse ceased between us—they ever after attaching what they called wilful neglect to me!'"

"I have lately received some letters from a gentleman residing in Louisiana, (who was formerly an inhabitant of this State,) asking information in regard to the family of the Everetts in this immediate vicinity; and describing a young girl whom he procured from the hands of a colored woman some five years before. This girl is undoubtedly your sister, Madelaine; for I learned by the communications which announced the death of your father, that his estate had been administered upon by one Maese, (a notorious villian, and friend of the woman alluded to,) a near neighbor, who, as guardian for the orphan Madelaine, had sent her to a Southern seminary to complete her studies. The reason given to the acquaintances of your father for this step was that the constitution of the child was not sufficiently strong to undergo the extreme cold weather of our more Northern schools. Besides, her father, no doubt, like me, desires her to be bred with Southern ideas."

"It is now my wish, Irene, that you write your sister a letter! If she has a red strawberry mark on the inside of her left arm, near the elbow joint, there can then be no mistake, for that mark was mentioned in the letter written to me by her mother shortly after Madelaine's birth. As I wish you to pay a visit to her and discover yourself to her only, previous to any of the pupils having a

knowledge of your relationship, you might as well caution her not to mention the fact of receiving a letter from you to any one, save her room-mate. I am certain it is Madelaine; and as a mercantile friend of mine leaves here on the 25th instant for New Orleans, you can go under his protection, and stop a few weeks in Bloomington, Florida, at which place is located the seminary where your sister is now residing. Therefore, make your preparations accordingly, and you shall inherit all my fortune."

"My uncle having thus concluded his revelation, tenderly kissed me, and sought his chamber. The aged housekeeper soon after entered the parlor, and in a tremulous voice assured me that my uncle's mind was in a dreadful state, and that she feared very ill consequences to all if I did not strictly fulfil his wishes. I assured her I would do so without hesitation. She therefore promised to have everything in readiness by the time Mr. Jasper (the friend alluded to by my uncle) would call for me on his way South."

"The 25th instant arrived, and with it Mr. Jasper, a tall, handsome young gentleman, whose pleasing address and manly deportment, at once won my highest regards. My trunks being already packed, were speedily strapped to the carriage, and, in less than half an hour after Mr. Jasper's arrival at our residence, (and after a short interview with my uncle,) we were on our way to the sunny South. My heart throbbed with pleasure when I thought how soon I was to meet your embrace, dear Madelaine. I had but few regrets to leave behind me—the old housekeeper having always taken considerable pains to render me uncomfortable in the absence of my uncle. Most of my time being spent at the Academy, and having never known what it was to have the love and tenderness of a mother bestowed upon me, the leaving of home was not as sore a trial as many would suppose. True, I had many acquaintances in Petersburg, but as I expected to be absent only a few short weeks, my trip was not the cause of much gossip.

"Our journey from Petersburg to Bloomington was very pleasant. Nothing unusual occurred until my arrival at the Union Hotel, from whence I addressed you the note which enticed you into the hands of the villians who have made us captives. The note I sent you was dictated by Mr. Jasper, who gave it to the landlord for delivery to you that afternoon. Whilst sitting in the parlor of the hotel, (Mr. Jasper having gone out for a stroll,) in anxious expectation of your arrival, I was accosted by a middle-aged man,—whom I recognize here as the villain Maese,—in these words:

"Miss Everett, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," was my reply. He then continued:

"I am here to inform you that I have left your friend, Mr. Jasper, in a very ugly scrape. He has just been seized by a party of sailors, who accuse him of being a gambler; and they have hurried him on board of their boat! I promised to go at once and see him, and he desired that you would instantly accompany me. If you value his life, you will do well to come! Your evidence will doubtless clear him before Judge Lynch, (in whose court he will be tried,) for I think the sailors are mistaken in their man. My wife will remain here, and when your sister arrives from the seminary matters will be explained to her satisfaction. If you are willing to go at once to assist your friend, I will immediately order a carriage and accompany you."

"I hesitated not, but concluded to fly to the rescue of Mr. Jasper, for whom I had already begun to feel,—as I feel now,—something more than friendship! The carriage was quickly at the door, and in it I was placed by Maese, who gave orders to the negro driver to whip up his horses to a lively pace. We had travelled, I suppose, some twenty miles; and it was quite dark when we alighted last night at this prison, (for what else is it, dearest Madelaine? I was anxious to serve Mr. Jasper, and during the whole of our journey from the hotel in Bloomington to this place, I thought not of myself. Maese had used all his argumentative powers to cheer me; and greatly relieved me by remarking that although Mr. Jasper's case was a dangerous one, there was not the least doubt but that my presence would be the signal for his instantaneous release.

"When the carriage stopped at this house, Maese informed me that it was the place where the sailors had conveyed Mr. Jasper. He assisted me out of the vehicle, and conducted me to a small room adjoining the one we are now confined in. As soon as I entered, the door closed behind me, and instead of seeing my kind protector, as I had expected, I observed, sitting by a small toilet-table, the female monster who seeks your life as well as mine. She requested me to lay aside my bonnet and shawl, and said that probably I would see you, Madelaine, before I would see my lover.

"As for him," laughed she, "he is confined in the cabin of the Boxer; and there is no danger of him getting out of there until he takes a voyage to the snug harbor. When he visits Piney Island, and sees some of the beauties in that delectable neighborhood, I fear your charms, Miss Everett, will fail to win him back! You, and your sister Madelaine, are living poisons to my happiness, and until your virtue is knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer, I cannot feel satisfied. What darling morsels you will seem in the arms of some of the blood-thirsty cut-throats of Piney Isle!

"And the fiend laughed exultingly. She then retired,—leaving me pondering over the singular circumstances that surrounded me. I cannot say that I felt much fear, but my mind was racked with a thousand tormenting ideas. The words of my uncle in regard to the woman who had caused our parents so much trouble, forced themselves upon me, and I felt perfectly satisfied that the wretch who had thus inveigled me was no other than the same person. I inwardly determined to treat her insults and taunts with stern contempt, let the consequences be what they might. Fortunately she troubled me no more during the night, and I enjoyed some repose whilst sitting in a chair. This morning I was awakened by her entrance. She tendered me food, but I declined it. She then assured me you were in the next room, and requested me to follow her in a few moments. This I did,—and thus have we met, dearest sister!"

This was the narrative of events that Irene recited to me; and I need not assure the reader that I was greatly excited and angered on hearing it. I showed her the dagger and ring given me by poor Joe, and told her my suspicions in relation to a rupture I thought had taken place between Maese and the pirate vessel's crew. Her spirits and my own were again revived by a recourse to the friendly bottle of wine sent us from the vessel. After this we folded our arms around one another, and threw ourselves on the bed, where a refreshing slumber awaited us.

It was bright, joyous morning, when we awoke, and we were still alone. The few remaining bits of our supper we consumed for breakfast, both intending to refuse every thing in the shape of food or drink, unless it came from the hands of the sailor who had kindly substituted a meal in the place of that tendered us by the wily Miss Fox. We had scarce concluded our frugal repast when Miss Fox made her appearance, and informed us that we must prepare for immediate departure on board the 'Boxer,' which was lying in the stream some one hundred yards from the house. Knowing that we had some friends on board the vessel, I at once commenced placing on my outer garments, and my example was followed by Irene. Scarce any time elapsed before we were ready, and we followed the beckon of our tormentor to an outer door of the house, where a body of eight men surrounded and marched us across a small draw-bridge, which was lowered as we approached. After crossing this we descended a flight of some twenty winding steps, which carried us to the eastern end of the building, (or fort—for such it seemed now to be.) Along this side of the edifice a deep and dark stream slowly glided, and on its bosom rested a rather small, but beautifully shaped barque. She was painted a dazzling white, with her water-



Sale of Miss Everett as a slave.

line marked with a band of gold leaf. Her sails hung loosely from the yards, and the wind gently unfurled a beautiful white banner from her main-mast.

We were speedily placed on board, and on entering the cabin, to our astonishment, we discovered Mr. Maese quietly smoking a cigar, and poring over a newspaper. We seated ourselves, and he laid aside his paper, and commenced chatting with us in a lively tone—seeming to be quite tipsy:

"Well, now, girls!" said he, "the only fault I have got is that I will and must have money! My parents and forefathers all died poor; and I long since determined to at least die rich, so that the name of Maese will not always be found on the records of the almshouse. The devil prompted me to get possession of you both—and that devil is in the form of a woman. She has certain great powers over me, and I have certain great powers over the men who own and man this vessel. I am their commander; and, in the absence of the captain who is now in Cuba, I must act in his place. I must, therefore, sail this day for Havana; and as we have in our possession the papers proving you both to be *our* slaves—I mean by our, my *lovely* wife and myself—you will have to submit to your fate. We have the *law* on our side, and the *justice* we care little about. Mrs. Maese is in her own room in the forward part of the vessel, and I must go to her!"

Saying which he reeled out of the apartment.

Irene and myself remained silent for a short moment. At length she spoke—

"Madelaine! let us submit to our fate. The spirit of my dead mother this instant appeared to whisper the word submission to my heart."

"I will, Irene," replied I; "and you must keep up your courage, for I have no doubt we shall have need of much fortitude to sustain us in the trying ordeal through which we shall have to pass."

There was now considerable din and bustle on deck; and the loud drunken tones of Maese's voice were heard above every thing else. Presently the vessel began to move down stream; the ropes could be heard running glibly through the blocks, and we knew that our voyage had commenced. By this time, the sun had sunk far below meridian, and ere we reached the gulf, night had already set in. A supper was served up in a splendid manner, by the vessel's cook, and brought to us by the friend who had supplied us whilst in the prison room. He told us there was no fear on board the ship,—that a mutiny was loudly talked of, and that the men on board had all taken a solemn oath to swing both Maese and his bet-

ter-half at the yard arm in case they permitted us to be sold in Cuba as slaves. He stated that the captain of the little 'Boxer' was a Baltimorean of excellent character, and that instead of him being a pirate, he was merely in the pay of a captain for a company of smugglers, or something of that sort. He also said that Maese was one of the principals of the smuggling and slave-dealing gang, and that he held a sort of two-edged sword over the heads of the men, because, on shore, he could bring sufficient false evidence to hang any one who might be guilty of smuggling, on the plea that they were pirates.

This news greatly pleased Irene and myself; and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a speedy release. I pictured to myself what sort of man the captain of the vessel could be—there was so much romance in the idea of seeing a real captain of banditti or smugglers, that the very voyage seemed tedious. Irene's heart was lighter too.

Donnelly, (which was the name of the noble fellow who befriended us) had assured us that Mr. Jasper was on board, and although confined, was treated with considerable more respect than he anticipated when he was thrust in the fore-castle. Donnelly appeared to think that Maese expected to privately receive a large sum of money from Mr. Jasper for the ransom of Irene, which cash he desired not to divide with the other partners in the enterprise.

It was on the evening of the third day that our vessel hove in sight of the harbor of Havana. Instead of running into port, a life boat was lowered and in it were placed Irene and myself, Miss Fox and Maese, and, lastly, Mr. Jasper, who smiled graciously as he bowed to me and grasped the hand of my sister. Four stout rowers, (one of whom was the villainous Frank,) with Donnelly as helmsman, now took their places at the oars, and we left the Boxer: Maese leaving orders to the mate to lay off and on until the return of the life-boat.

It was as dark as pitch when we were landed amid the spray of the breakers. The lights of the city were visible, however, and towards them we were conducted by Maese, Frank, Donnelly, and the interesting Miss Fox. No one made any opposition to the course pursued by Maese and his wife; for as long as Donnelly was with us, we knew we were safe, well understanding that there was no friendship for our abductors on his side. We entered a narrow street, and, on Maese's giving a loud knock at the first house on it, the door was opened, and we entered. I involuntarily drew back as I saw the ponderous door swing on its rusty hinges. Maese noticed my hesitation and gave me a violent push, which sent me with

considerable force against Miss Fox, who screamed with terror, not knowing what it was that had thus suddenly fallen against her. Her fright actually caused me to inwardly enjoy a laugh.

After we had gained what seemed to be a sort of council chamber, in which hung a large brass lamp, Maese called Mr. Jasper to one side, and opened a low conversation with him. They then entered a door which Maese opened. In a twinkling after the door closed after them; a bell sounded, and Maese came walking into the chamber from another door. Donnelly, who stood near me, whispered:

"Mr. Jasper has been trapped in a cell; I will see to him and you and your sister. Quick! give me the signet ring!"

I did so, and he then led the way to another door, which opened, as if by magic to receive us. Maese, Frank and Miss Fox entered a similar door on the opposite side. The instant the door closed after them, Donnelly whispered hurriedly to me—

"This ring cannot get you or any one else out until Friday. It is Friday's ring, and is good on no other day with the keeper. There are seven signets—one for each day. Be cheerful,—I will do all I can. There is no danger here; and you can eat whatever is given to you. Look at the chimney-place to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Good bye!"

He swung the door to, and we were alone in a gloomy cell, in which a small lamp was dimly burning. Seating ourselves on a rude bench, we each gave vent to a flood of tears, and then fell into a reverie. A rumbling sound aroused us, and looking about for what caused it, discovered a dumb waiter in one corner of the cell, on which sat a number of well filled dishes,—the delicious flavor of which at once created an appetite. There was, in fact, a charming little supper for two, with excellent drawn tea, sweet-scented butter, and delightfully light rolls. There was no table, however, and we were content to stand and eat off the waiter. That we did full justice to the supper, no one will doubt who has ever been similarly situated. The old saying, that when people are in trouble they cannot eat, does not agree with my philosophy. I had even a greater appetite whilst in this prison than I had before; and my sister expressed herself of the same opinion.

After tea, we left the light burning, and endeavored to fall asleep. In this effort we succeeded. We had gorged ourselves even to gluttony, and the result was when sleep visited our eyes, we were horrified during the entire night with dreadful dreams. Morning came, and with it our breakfast on the dumb waiter. Neither of us had obtained much rest, and our repast was not enjoyed. About ten o'clock we perceived a small vial descending the chimney by means

of a thread to which it was fastened. I knew that it was from Donnelly, and I eagerly grasped it. On opening it, I drew out a small roll of paper, on which was written:—

* "*Despair not!* You are advertised to be sold on Saturday next, at the public slave mart. I go to New Orleans to-day in the steamer, and will be back on Saturday before the sale. I dare not go to Bloomington,—*there* I am too well known,—it is my native place; and it was there I first seen you. I am too deep in guilt to ask any love from one so pure as you, but I will save you and your sister! I will send word to Bloomington where you are.

"Truly, Your friend,

"Tuesday."

"DONNELLY."

"P. S.—Mr. Jasper is still in his cell, and will remain there if I do not get him out. Our captain has gone to New Orleans; *he* is the man I want to see most."

"Noble, generous man!" exclaimed Irene; "he cannot be so bad a person with so good a heart!"

From Tuesday until Saturday morning Irene and myself passed the time as well as we could,—she encouraging me when a fit of despondency seized me, and I acting in the same charitable manner towards her when occasion required. Not a living soul visited us during this period. Our meals were, however, regularly supplied. At ten o'clock on the morning of Saturday, we were waited upon by an officious Spaniard, who, after showing us a couple of writs, requested us to follow him to the slave mart, with which request we thought best to comply. At the door of the prison stood a rather poor excuse for a wagon; the sides and ends of which were boxed up to a height really astonishing. Into this *family* carriage we were lifted with no great exhibition of gallantry on the part of the greasy Spanish official. The wagon was driven off slowly, and in an hour or so we were placed in a court-yard where a large number of the negro race were congregated. There were many sugar-planters and others in the court-yard, and more constantly coming in. The sale at length began. A number of negroes were sold; but the bidding at length almost ceased, and yet the crowd seemed to linger. The auctioneer now called out in Spanish for Mr. Maese! That worthy nodded from a carriage, in which he and the worthy Miss Fox were cozily looking at the disgrace and humiliation of myself and sister, to the Spanish officer who stood by to guard us. We were both closely veiled, but the officer led us to the auction block, and tore the coverings from our faces. When our countenances were seen, expressions of astonishment greeted us from the motley group assembled there, and murmurs of surprise were audible, mingled with those of disgust.

"These girls are white women!" shouted some one in the crowd.

"The owner is present," said the auctioneer; "and here, in my hands, are the legal titles to the property!"

"Read them, then!" cried a number of voices.

The auctioneer here read what purported to be the certificates of ownership of two Quadroon girls, named Irene and Madelaine Everett, certified to by the District Court of the Parish of Orleans, Louisiana, United States.

"It's a terrible shame!" cried some one.

"There is no mistake about it; they are the children of a white man by a Quadroon woman; it is all fair, but they ought to be free; the papers are right. What's bid for the eldest one?"

Irene was here caught by the arm by the auctioneer and pulled to the front of the stand. The blush of shame was called to her cheek by the licentious and bold gaze of a hundred men. She could not speak, and her brain denied her eyes the power of performing their office.

"How much for this beautiful girl, not seventeen years old, and a full guaranty as to title? One thousand dollars! only one thousand dollars!"

Eleven hundred was offered by a rakish looking old fellow. Twelve,—thirteen hundred were bid in quick succession.

"Fourteen hundred dollars!" cried a young planter, whose gaze was steadfastly fixed on the face of Irene.

"We ought to stop this sale!" said several voices; "that young lady cannot be a slave!"

"Upon what ground do you wish it stopped?" said the auctioneer.

"Because we think there is rascality in the affair."

"Can't help that," said the auctioneer; "she can read and write—splendid companion for any one. She's worth double the money! Fifteen! Sixteen; sixteen hundred and fifty dollars!"

Loud curses and exclamations were now heard in the crowd, and it was plainly perceptible that there would shortly be a riot.

Just as the tumult was at its greatest height, the sound of horses' feet were heard, and down the road came a band of men in a cloud of dust. They came thundering up and into the crowd, which scattered right and left.

"Hold!" exclaimed a deep voice from among the horsemen. The speaker leaped from his horse, while the crowd gave way as the others followed his example.

"God has heard my prayer, Madelaine," cried Irene, and she fell into the arms of Mr. Jasper, who, that moment, had stepped upon the platform. My eyes grew dim, and I was about fainting when a tender voice sweetly said to me—

"Look up! look up! Madelaine! You are with your adopted father!" I gazed upward, and found that it was Mr. Hartley who spoke so encouragingly to me. "Awake! dear child!" said he,— "you are saved, and will soon be in the arms of your foster-sister, Ida, who is here, in Havana, with me!"

"Where is the atrocious gang that wished to do this hellish deed!" exclaimed a noble-looking young man, whom I noticed as the first to arrive among the horsemen. "Help me, gentlemen, to seek them, and I will explain all!"

"Here's one of them!" cried Donnelly, who had come with the party, as he pointed to the retreating form of Frank, who was running across the court-yard. He entered a door-way which was instantly closed and bolted after him. Threats were made to induce him to open it, but he remained silent; when heavy blows, however, began to resound on his ear, he exclaimed, "Hold!" A moment after he ran out on the gallery which overlooked the crowd. His presence was the signal for cheers of derision and execration. He stood calmly, with his arms folded over his breast, and returned back the look of scorn fearlessly. If ever a villain did look nobly, he did then, as he there stood, confronting the angry crowd, cool and collected, gazing defiance below.

"Shoot him!" cried a dozen voices, and as many pistols exploded harmlessly in the air. Frank moved not, as the balls whistled past him, and struck the splinters from the weather-boarding back. He was calm, and a look of cold contempt was upon his lips: Not a muscle quivered, as the terrible cry rang out from the maddened mob—

"Let's burn him!" cried some,— "burn him alive!"

"Hold, a moment!" said Frank. The angry crowd sank into a murmur.

"I know very well that I will never leave here; but it will never be by your hands. My neck was never made for the halter, or my form for the torch. You are *all* against me,—singly, I could cope with any one of you!"

"We'll see! we'll see!" cried several. "Run up and break the door open!"

"Wait! don't give yourselves any trouble!" he exclaimed, with a sneering smile. Here he drew a pistol from his bosom, and, coolly cocking it, placed it to his head. He gazed upward for a moment,—his lips moved,—a cry of horror rang through the mass, and fifty arms were stretched out as if to grasp the weapon. His finger moved convulsively, and a report was heard;—he sprang upward and then fell heavily on the floor!—his brains were spattered against the wall!

I must return to Mr. Maese and Miss Fox. They had seen on the arrival of the body of horsemen that matters were growing to a culminating point. They felt that a tragedy must close the drama; they, therefore, drove rapidly for their landing place on the northern side of the city,—leaving Frank to settle the matter himself. Presently the crowd missed them, and their direction was pointed out. Eight or ten horsemen immediately went in pursuit, and just as the carriage reached the shore, the pursuers came in sight. Maese instantly pushed into the water a light skiff which was hauled up on the beach, and Miss Fox and himself jumped into it. He seized an oar, and shoved it out towards the breakers. As the receding tide floated him away, the pursuing party reached the bank. Maese, having but one oar, did his best to pull the skiff further out, but being unused to that kind of work, he made poor progress.

"Shoot him! before he gets too far!" said some one.

"No! let us catch him alive!" cried another.

A pistol was now fired at him, and the ball must have made sad music to his ears, for Miss Fox appeared to have received it. She gave one leap and sprang into the sea with a fearful scream. She was seen no more; and, in looking after her, Maese lost his only oar.

The wind now increased, and the waves ran very high; and a new danger awaited him. He was out of all fear of pursuit; but a pistol ball might strike him. The worst danger now was the waves. The skiff shipped more and more water. She became heavy, and broke through the waves instead of riding them. He jumped up in the skiff terrified, for he could not swim. With no oar left to steady the boat, she was at every dash of the roughened water dancing like a feather, or down in a deep trough; and each wave that broke over her side threw more water into her,—she was half full. Another pistol was fired! A yell of agony broke from him! He arose upright in the frail vessel,—the bullet had taken effect in his neck!—the blood spouted! At this moment a large wave lifted the skiff and dashed her in the hollow! He lost his balance, and fell overboard! He uttered a cry of despair, and sank to rise no more!

After the party of horsemen went in pursuit of Maese and Miss Fox, Irene and myself were conducted by Mr. Hartley and Mr. Jasper to the Universe Hotel, at which place Mr. Hartley was stopping with his family. It was a glorious source of pleasure to me again to behold those kind friends who had taken so much interest in me, and protected me when helpless. Ida and her mother wept for joy. Donnelly had accidentally met Mr. Hartley in New Orleans on the morning of his arrival there from Cuba; and, having often seen him in Bloomington, made bold to speak to him in refe-

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rence to the treatment myself and sister were receiving. Mr. Hartley was at that moment using all the means in his power to ascertain my whereabouts. Ida had told him in reference to the letter from my sister, and as he had never heard me speak of having one, he concluded I had been ensnared and carried off. He at once came with Donnelly to Havana.

When the avenging party returned to the Hotel, I had the pleasure of an introduction to Captain Alexander Donaldson, the commanding officer of the secret-service brig "Boxer," who, instead of being a pirate himself, had acted as a *detective* for a number of years, constantly causing the arrest and conviction of smugglers and pirates, although they, in nine cases out of ten, considered him one of their best friends.

Donnelly, also, took the hands of myself and sister, and we returned him many thanks for the interest he manifested in our welfare. When he was introduced to the gentle Ida, she blushed exceedingly, and his face was somewhat mantled with crimson.

Explanations and congratulations were made on all sides; and, as we told our miseries one to another, sympathy for all,—even the wicked,—was not withheld in our social circle. A splendid banquet was that night given, and, on the following Thursday, the entire party took passage for New Orleans, where we arrived without any occurrence worthy of note.

Having thus given a strictly faithful account of the trying scenes through which my sister and myself were compelled to pass, I will conclude, by adding the most agreeable of sequels to the narrative, which is this:—that on the first day of May following the termination of these extraordinary adventures, there were no less than three weddings at the dwelling of the officiating minister,—Rev. T. H. Hartley. The parties were James T. Jasper and Miss Irene F. Everett; Gustavus H. Donnelly and Miss Ida L. Hartley; and Captain Alexander Donaldson, of the "Boxer," and Miss Madeline H. Everett.

P. S.—In conclusion, I would simply state that the property of my father and uncle (who died a few days after my departure from Petersburg,) has been restored to us through the exertions of Mr. Hartley and others, for which kindness I return the thanks of myself and sister. The old housekeeper confessed on her death-bed that Maese was her son, and Miss Fox the daughter of a butcher in Petersburg.

The public's sincere friend, and servant,

MADELAINE H. E. DONALDSON.