

## DYMOND'S GRAVE.\*

STANDING by Exeter's cathedral tower  
My thoughts went back to that small grassy mound  
Which I had lately left—the grassy mound  
Where Dymond sleeps—and felt how small the power  
Of time-worn walls to waken thoughts profound,  
Compared with that green spot of sacred ground.

DYMOND! death-stricken in thy manhood's flower,  
Thy brows with deathless amaranths are crown'd;  
Thou saw'st the world from thy sequestered bower,  
In old hereditary errors bound;  
And such a truthful trumpet thou didst sound  
As shall ring in men's ears till Time devour  
The vestiges of nations. Yet thy name  
Finds but the tribute of slow-gathered fame.

\* Author of "Essays on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind," reviewed in our September Number for 1842.

B.

## PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

[The daring attempt of Perault and his companions, to free themselves from slavery, must still be fresh in the minds of many of the citizens of South Carolina; nor is it likely to be soon forgotten in any slave-holding State. Although little may be heard within the bounds of the slave-holding States of North America, of the mental faculties of the negro race, facts oftentimes occur, which show that the blacks are gifted with higher talents than they are generally allowed to possess. Of this the Insurrection planned, a few years back, by PERAULT, a negro slave in Charleston, afforded a striking example; and the ringleaders of that deep-laid plot were allowed, on all hands, to have displayed an elevation of mind, and a heroic fortitude, worthy of the best cause. That insurrection is the subject of the following tale, descriptive of the character, manners, and feelings of *Slaves and their Masters*.

It is left to the reader to reconcile the existing institutions of the slave-holding States of America with the following clauses in their Declaration of Independence, dated the 4th July, 1776:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, *that all mankind are created equal*—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that amongst these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted amongst men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is right in the people to alter or abolish it. . . . . When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for future security."]

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE INDIAN OUTBREAK.

"What signifies my deadly standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleeces of woolly hair, that now uncurls  
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head."

*Titus Andronicus.*

THE banks of the Wandoo, in South Carolina, display some of the most diversified and beautiful scenery that is to be found in any part of the Southern States. The rich soil along the banks of this river, is possessed by opulent planters, who reside almost constantly on their extensive plantations, surrounded by crowds of slaves, and display all that easy luxury, and free hospitality, for which the Carolinian planters have been so long and so justly famed.

Of all the planters in that district, few ranked higher than Mr. Bellgrove of Bellgrove, whose family connexions extended far and near throughout the State. Mr. Bellgrove had taken the lead in society around him, until, in a predatory incursion of the Cherokee Indians, his plantation had been destroyed; and his only son—a youth of much promise—seized and carried away by the savages. From that hour no tidings were heard of the fate of the young man; and the melancholy event was soon followed by the death of Mrs. Bellgrove, whom grief for the loss of her son hurried to an early grave. Sick of the world, Mr. Bellgrove retired from society, and secluded himself on his own estate, shunning all intercourse with his wealthy neighbours, and leaving the management of his

plantation to his kinsman and overseer, Mr. Joolay—a rude, unpolished Kentuckian—who ruled with despotic sway over the negro slaves intrusted to his care.

Early one morning, about two years after the destruction of Bellgrove Plantation by the Indians, two negroes were plying their hatchets on the trunk of a tree close by the banks of the Wandoo. One of them was a noble-looking youth, of remarkable regularity and beauty of features. Unlike the generality of the negro race, his figure was handsomely formed, and shown to much advantage by the neat arrangement of his dress, which was of finer materials than that commonly worn by slaves. His companion—who was attired in the ordinary slave-dress—was a chubby, merry-faced, blubber-lipped, flat-nosed negro, who seemed to love laughter and good cheer, and to cherish a thorough negro antipathy to labour; which latter feeling he evinced by repeatedly laying down his hatchet, and stretching his limbs, with a yawn which displayed his capacious mouth from ear to ear.

"Come, Whackie, you must get forward with your work before Mr. Joolay comes round," said his fellow-labourer: "you can't be tired already."

"I is always tire ob dis work," said Whackie, reluctantly resuming his hatchet. "I wish Massa Joolay was at de debil wid all a heart. 'Tis bery kind ob you Zama to come and help I so—but how you like dis workee workee all day?"

"Well enough," answered Zama, "if I saw our poor fellow-negroes looked upon as men and Christians."

"Goley, Zama!" cried Whackie, "Buccra tink

we nigger is no men : and den what right hab nigger for be, Christine?"

"Alas!" sighed Zama, "there is nothing but oppression for the poor negro race."

"Goley!" chuckled Whackie, "if dat be nigger wages, we is always well paid!"

"I grieve to say that you are right," answered Zama, deeply sighing.

"Well," said Whackie, after a pause, "you tink dat Massa Joolay sall go to heben?"

"All good men go there," answered Zama.

"Ah! boy, but Massa Joolay no good man. I tink um go *oder place*, an' poor nigger flog um when um is dere. I no like for workee; but Massa Joolay make me workee like a slave!"

"And what are you but a slave?" said Zama. Nothing provokes a negro quicker than to be called a *slave*, as the name sounds, *even in his ears*, like an *insult*; and Whackie, enraged at the epithet, threw down his hatchet, exclaiming, "Come, boy! no call decen' people names. Lookee, Zama, I no work anoder stroke; an' Massa Joolay may go dam for I!"

"Mr. Joolay," said Zama, "may miss the sound of your axe, and make you feel his whip."

This hint had the desired effect; and Whackie, taking up his axe again, growled,

"Workee work from morn till night;  
Why should black man stoop to white?"

If I was been born planta', an' hab white slave, Lor! how I flog 'em up!" and indulging in this fancy, he plied his hatchet with redoubled vigour, till Zama suddenly ceased working, and gazing earnestly at a small clump of cypress trees, motioned to Whackie to be silent.

"Wot you look at?" inquired Whackie.

"Hush!" said Zama, "there is an Indian lurking in the underwood."

"Oh Lor!" exclaimed Whackie, in a fit of terror, as he concealed himself behind a tree. "Hide, Zama, hide! he shoot like de debil!"

The Indian finding they had observed him, advanced from the thicket. His dress was that of a chieftain of the Cherokee tribe: deer-skin leggans were laced tightly to his shape, while a shirt of beautifully-wrought stuff descended to his knees; his moccasins were trimmed with the skin of the rattlesnake; and a large blanket hung, in not inelegant folds, like a mantle at his back, over which streamed his long, glossy, coarse black hair. The negroes instantly perceived that he bore on his face the streak of war-paint; his wampum belt sustained a huge scalping-knife and a glittering tomahawk, and in his hand he bore a long Kentuckian rifle. With bounding proud step the Indian approached the negroes.

"Peace," said he, extending his hand and lowering the barrel of his rifle; "peace: the Red Indian seeks not the blood of the black slave."

Whackie, on hearing this assurance, recovered his courage, and stepping from his hiding-place, sulkily said, "Why you lurk in a bush? why you frighten poor nigger like I?"

The lip of the Indian curled with contempt as he eyed the negro from head to foot.

"Slave," said he haughtily, "where is the nearest plantation?"

Nettled at the Indian's sneer, and yet frightened at the fiery sparkling of his hawk-like eyes, Whackie sullenly muttered, "Look for him; de first plantation you come to will be de nearest."

The Indian enraged at the insolent answer, and seemingly acquainted with the tenderest part of a negro's frame, suddenly brought the heavy barrel of his rifle in rude contact with the shins of Master Whackie; and that so forcibly, that the poor fellow sprang in the air, and catching hold of the affected part, shrieked with pain and anger, while he pirouetted round on the other splay-foot with the agility of an opera-dancer. "Yeh!" he roared, "yeh! wot is dat?—oh! you dam red tief! yeh! oh Lor! you cus' red waggybone, wot you mean?" The Indian grasped his tomahawk; but Zama, raising his hatchet, threw himself between his companion and the enraged Indian.

"You came with peace on your lips," cried Zama. "Begone then; pass on your way in peace."

"It is good," said the Indian, replacing his tomahawk. "Let there be peace between us. Poor slave," he continued, stroking Whackie's woolly head, "the Red Indian will not harm you."

"Go to de debil, you dam red tief. You break my shin, an' say you no harm me!" was the angry sobbing response of Whackie, as, holding up his cucumber-shaped leg to Zama, he bitterly cried, "Look a' dat Zama, see how he swell!"

Zama expressed his sorrow, and assured Whackie that there was no danger; when the Indian, addressing Zama, inquired, "What is your master's name?"

"Bellgrove," answered Zama.

The eyes of the Indian glowed, as he hastily said—"His plantation is called Bellgrove also. Is it the same Bellgrove whose plantation was destroyed some seasons ago, and whose son was carried away?"

"It is," answered Zama, as he sternly eyed the Indian; "and the Cherokee tribe will yet suffer for the foul deed."

"Have you seen the youth lately?" inquired the Cherokee, eagerly; "he left the wigwams of the Indian to return to his home; has he come? is he well?"

Notwithstanding the assumed composure of the Indian, Zama could easily perceive that there was some deep design labouring in his mind; and he accordingly answered, "The Red Indian comes with a lying tongue. We believe him not. The Cherokees are too bloody to spare the young pale face."

"Then the youth has not returned?" said the Indian.—"No," rejoined Zama.

"Ha!" shouted the Indian, "the young snake has not escaped from the forest yet; he is yet in the power of the Red Cherokee!" With a joyous shout he flourished his rifle in the air, and the wild woods rang with his horrid war-whoop.

"If it is to injure my noble master that you speed thither, you quit not this spot with life!" cried Zama, rushing on the Indian.

"Ay!" cried Whackie, starting up and flourishing his axe, "we do for you. You may kill Massa Joolay, but no harm Massa heshef!"

With a loud war-cry, the Indian bounded forward; and, eluding the grasp of the negroes, with the swiftness of the stag he darted through the mass of the dark forest, pursued by Zama and Whackie.

After a hard chase, the two negroes reached the clearings of the plantation, and in one of the fields observed Mr. Bellgrove walking with Mr. Joolay.

"Thank heaven," cried Zama, "my dear master is safe."

"No be too sure ob dat," panted Whackie, who had ran till he was out of breath: "look, Zama, yonder de red rogue, see he take a bush an' aim him rifle at Massa; oh run, Zama; you, me run, come, come!"

Both rushed to the spot where the Indian lurked; and before he could take a deliberate aim at his intended victim, Zama hurled his hatchet at the savage, and struck him down with the blow. Whackie flew forward and would have completed the victory by chopping off the head of the Indian, but Zama withheld him. "Shame, shame!" he urged, "he cannot harm us now. Why butcher a helpless foe?"

"Ha, ha!" cried Whackie, struggling to get at the Indian; "he no scruple for take my scalp, an' why I no take him head? You tink if de red rascal get up he tank you for knock um down? He shoot you, and scalp you too, for be so werry kind."

While Zama was endeavouring to prevent Whackie from fulfilling his fierce intent, the Indian, recovering from the sudden effect of the blow, slowly brought his rifle to bear on Mr. Bellgrove, and fired; then instantly springing to his feet, hurled his tomahawk at Zama; but Whackie rushed between his friend and the weapon, the handle of which, in its whirl, encountered the head of Whackie with irresistible force, and stretched him at full length on the ground. Zama instantly caught up Whackie's hatchet, and darted on the Indian, who, drawing his long scalping-knife, attempted to grapple with the negro; who, avoiding his grasp, struck him a violent blow on the right arm, which caused the knife to drop from his hand; and ere he could recover it, the gripe of the negro compressed the throat of the savage, and snatching up the knife, Zama plunged it into the body of his foe.

A number of negroes led by Mr. Bellgrove and the overseer reached the spot, and were amazed at beholding Zama standing with the blood-stained weapon in his hand, over the prostrate Cherokee.

"Zama," cried the overseer, "what means this? who fired at your master?"

Zama turned to Mr. Bellgrove, and pointing to the Indian said, "He would have taken your life, my dear master; but you are safe!"

"Thanks, my faithful Zama," said Mr. Bellgrove. "I will reward your gallant conduct; but is this Whackie? Is the poor fellow dead?"

"He no dead yet, Massa," said Whackie, slowly sitting up and scratching his woolly pate; "only got rap on a head; he ring like an old dry calabash; only leely bruise: too tick for crack!"

"My poor fellow, I am afraid that you are seriously hurt," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Oh no, Massa," said Whackie, rising up, as he screwed his mouth with pain; "no hurt much; only noise in a ears; dat all. Oh! de dam red tief, was gib me such rap!" And he squeezed his head all round with his hands, as if to restore it to a proper shape again.

"The Indian appears to be dead," said Mr. Bellgrove.—"He no more dead as I," cried Whackie; "he lie 'tiff an' quiet; but neber say Indine dead till um head off."

Mr. Bellgrove looked at the Indian, and seemed violently agitated.

"Mr. Joolay," said he to the overseer, "do you remember the Indian chief who headed the attack on the night my plantation was destroyed?"

"I marked him sure enough," said Joolay. "I shot part of his cheek away; and, if I guess aright, there he lies. 'Tis Moonakah, the Cherokee chief." The Indian slowly raised his head, while the blood oozed fast from his wounds. "Who spoke of Moonakah?" he feebly asked.

"Oh! tell me of my son!" exclaimed Mr. Bellgrove, as he stooped, and, supporting the Indian, endeavoured to stanch his wounds. The Indian faintly smiled; and, speaking with difficulty, said—

"The Red Indian hated the pale faces, and sought to destroy them. A slave has humbled the pride of the Cherokees. The deer shall bound through the dark forest unhurt—Moonakah's rifle is silent, his bow is unstrung."

"Your wounds will be attended to," said Mr. Bellgrove; "you will live and return to your tribe—only tell me of the fate of my son."

The Indian frowned as he feebly answered, "White man, the fawn of thy bosom hath fled from the wigwams of the Indian. He cannot escape—death stalks before the Red Cherokee—rain is in his train—blood must flow in torrents ere the Red Cherokee seeks the shadows of the dark forest again!" He endeavoured to raise the notes of a warlike death-song; but the mild look of Mr. Bellgrove calmed the fierce spirit of the Indian, and faintly muttering, "I have pursued the young pale face, thy son, with my Braves: even now they surround him—they shall not all fall like Moonakah." With a faint sigh he sunk back into the arms of his supporter, swooning from loss of blood.

"Raise him," said Mr. Bellgrove; "carry him gently to the mansion-house, and let his wounds be properly attended to."

"If you would take my advice," cried Mr. Joolay, "you'd throw him into the Wandoo."

"Silence," said Mr. Bellgrove. "He brings me tidings of my long-lost boy, therefore he must be well treated. Now, my friends," continued he, addressing the negroes, "we must to the woods, and search for your young master; he cannot be far off; and, mark my words—The first negro who brings me intelligence of my son shall be rewarded with *Freedom!*"

"Freedom!" shouted Zama, stepping suddenly forward. "Freedom!—Oh! rapture! Come, my friends, to the forest! Let every swamp and every thicket be explored. Liberty is our reward!"

To his amazement the negroes shrank back and regarded him with sullen angry looks.

"Are ye men?" cried Zama; "hear ye not a father asking for his child—your own master, too; and will you not aid him? Are ye Africans? Ye base dogs! ye are only fit for the whip and the chain: will no one follow me?"

"I go with you," cried a stalwart negro, advancing; but this volunteer was instantly collared by a coarse-looking, blubber-lipped negress, who nearly strangled him with the fury of her gripe as she yelled, "Yeh! oh! you blacka waggibone; you want a go free, an' leave you bootiful wife and you lubely piccaninny!"

"Hold you tongue, Sally," remonstrated the negro, struggling to get away from her; "no 'front me 'fore de whole plantation. See, Massa be angry."

"Let him go, Muma Sally," said Mr. Bellgrove; "if any negro brings me tidings of my son, the negro shall not only obtain his own freedom, but the freedom of his wife and family also."

"No, no, Massa," cried the negress, "no free—no free. Joey go free, Joey go lazy—wife an' piccaninny go starve. No free—no free!"

And the cry of "No free!" arose from the whole sable mob around.

"Pardon me, Sir," said Mr. Joolay, respectfully addressing Mr. Bellgrove. "Your excited feelings cause you to forget the negro character. In the first place, these fellows can do nothing of themselves. In the second place, effectual aid must be obtained, otherwise we are lost. With your permission, therefore, I will proceed to the city, and inform the Governor of this outbreak of the Indians, and request a few companies of Cadet Rifles to scour the woods. In the meantime, send on to Myrtlegrove, and cause your niece to alarm her plantations, and set her negroes to coöperate with your own in watching the clearings till aid arrives. Let your own negroes be well-armed, and a few bands of them be dispersed amongst the thickets to give the alarm. No fear of the Indians harming them; they know the negroes' scalps are no honour, so wont touch them."

"You are right," said Mr. Bellgrove: "proceed instantly to the city; take eight good rowers with you—you will soon reach it. Zama, proceed you to Myrtlegrove and spread the alarm. Request my niece to send out her negroes to cover my son's escape. Mr. Joolay will call at Myrtlegrove on his return, and see that effectual measures are taken. I will arm my own servants, and scour the woods myself at their head."

Zama's countenance became joyful again as he said, "I will strike through the forest, and soon reach Miss Bellgrove's plantation."

"You please, Massa," cried Whackie, "I go wid Zama?"

"If you think you are able, go. Remember, watch the woods well; bring me tidings of my son, and freedom is your reward."

Zama, with an exclamation of joy, caught Whackie in his arms, and cried, "Oh! Whackie, we will yet be free."

"Much good dat do we, eh?" said Whackie, disengaging himself from the embrace of his friend,

"Wot use for be free? Massa," continued he, addressing Mr. Bellgrove, "I no like a be free—I no want a be free."

"Why not, my good lad?" inquired Mr. Bellgrove.

Whackie's blubber lip seemed to dangle over his chin with a ludicrous expression of sorrow as he answered, "'Cause, Massa, free nigger hab to work for um wittals; an' when he fall sick, nobody care for um; free nigger no respectable; oder nigger laugh at um: no, no, Massa, you please I no want a be free."

"But, my good lad, you will still remain with me, and I will be your friend and protector," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Hi!" cried Whackie, joyfully, "dat be oder ting; but wot if Massa Joolay flog I den?"

"Knock him down," cried Zama; "the lash touches not the free!"

"Den, Massa, I want a be free," said Whackie. "I say, Zama," continued he, with a chuckling laugh, addressing his friend in an under tone, "Goley! how I like to hab de pleasure of knock down Massa Joolay!"

"Every man to his duty!" cried Mr. Bellgrove; and instantly the negroes rushed into the thickets.

## CHAPTER II.

"There's a splendid day for yellow fever," said Lieutenant Galliard to Captain Charles Waldenberg, as they sauntered along the piazza in front of the Governor's house in Carlville.—"Ay, or roasting eggs i' the sand," responded the captain. "This is no day for reviewing the troops. I'd as soon go through drill in a baker's oven."

"It seems," said Galliard, "that we're to have hot work somehow. What can the Governor mean by sending for us so hurriedly?"

"I can't tell; but here he comes; he will explain it himself."

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the Governor, as he advanced to meet them. "Have you heard anything of this outbreak of the Cherokees?"

The young officers answered that they had heard nothing of it.

"As yet," said the Governor, "it is merely a rumour; nor has aught transpired to confirm it. A number of the Cherokees recently entered the State, and advanced close to the city on pretence of trading; but it seems they have now broke into open warfare, thinking that we are not prepared for them. Captain Waldenberg, I regret that that unfortunate duel between your brother the colonel and Major Maitland should deprive me of the service of two such gallant officers at such a crisis."

"I am happy to learn," answered the captain, "that Major Maitland is now fully recovered from the effects of his wound. My brother has been self-exiled too long; but I am in hourly expectation of his return."

"I rejoice to hear such news," said the Governor; "but in the meantime it is my wish that your brigade of rifles be in readiness to repel any attack which the Indians may be inclined to make."



Assuring him of their readiness to obey his wishes, the young officers received their instructions from the Governor, and were about to take leave, when Captain Waldenberg, looking down the avenue, exclaimed, "As I live, here comes old Joolay, waddling like an overgrown Muscovy duck."

"I see he has got that eternal coach-whip with him," said Galliard; "I should like to know how many lazy negroes have felt it during his progress through the streets."

"His presence bodes no good," said the Governor, hastily.

"One-half of the negroes in town will swear to that," said the captain, laughing.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the Governor; "I will go and meet him. He seems fatigued. Don't leave till I return." So saying, he hurried down the piazza stairs, and advanced to meet the overseer.

"What does Joolay's face look like?" inquired Galliard of his merry companion, as they watched the approach of that worthy.

"It has been sadly bungled in the making," answered the captain: "Nature, in sculpturing his nose, seems to have missed the chissel, and flattened his features with her mallet, leaving the brow and chin protruding most ludicrously."

"True," said the lieutenant, smiling; "and, by way of amending her blunder, Nature placed a fiery carbuncle where the nose should be, and which the owner nourishes most carefully with brandy and water."

"Did you ever see such a dress?" said the captain; "his nankeen coat and trousers would contain half-a-dozen ordinary-sized men, and his sombrero might thatch a negro hut. Here he comes; keep your gravity—he's a dead shot, and I have no desire that he should try his skill at my corpus."

"Sarvant, gentlemen," roared Joolay, as he waddled towards them. "Warm weather this for running in, ain't it? Tarnation hot, I guess, for agoing through the millinery evolutions!"

"Ay, or flogging lazy negroes, Mr. Joolay," cried the captain. "Any of your negroes ran away, that you have galloped to town so fast?"

"No, no," answered Joolay, taking off his huge sombrero, and wiping the perspiration from his face with the lining of it. "The Indgines are down on us bang slam; we want you chaps up to shoot a lot of 'em."

"We are always ready to oblige our friends, Mr. Joolay," said the captain.

"Then, gentlemen, it is time your Rifles were advancing," said the Governor. "Give orders to sound to arms." The young officers bowed and took leave.

The sound of the bugles were heard through every quarter of the city; and the citizens hurried to ascertain the cause of so sudden a call to arms. Merchants, planters, and store-keepers were running along the streets towards the Exchange—all seemed noise and confusion. The haughty Spaniard paused in his promenade, twirled his moustaches, gulled the cigar from his mouth, and uttering "*Que ruido es este?*" stalked on. The

lively Frenchman jumped quickly round, and listening to the clang of the bugles, exclaimed, "*Ha! preparatifs de guerre!*" as he rubbed his hands with glee. Young Carolinians were seen rushing with speed through the streets, with flushed cheeks, and eagerness and joy sparkling in their eyes. The negroes looked around with distended eyes and mouth, and wondered—"Wot de debil is de row!" while the Catabaw Indian started forward—clutched his bow and arrows with firmer grasp, and drawing his blanket closer around him, sought the outskirts of the city. Americans of every state—Scotch, English, Irish, Spaniards, French, Germans, Italians, Israelites, Indians, Africans, men of every clime and every tongue, were crowded at the Exchange, all eager to know the cause of alarm—when suddenly the Carolinian Cadets, in their elegant uniforms, with their dreaded Kentuckian rifles in their hands, were seen hurrying to their place of rendezvous, and the mounted brigade galloping along at full speed: the alarm was now explained—the Cadets were called out to repel the Cherokees.

The Governor and Joolay stood in the verandah of the Governor's house, watching the gathering of the troops as they rapidly formed on the lawn; and in a short time, four hundred as noble-looking and as gallant-hearted youths as ever breathed, were drawn up in warlike array, ready and eager to advance upon the foe.

"Look, Mr. Joolay," said the Governor, as his voice trembled with emotion, and the tear glistened in his eye; "are they not a noble set of young men? Do they not look like members of one family?"

"I shouldn't like to be the father of such a family!" growled Joolay.

"Is it not a pity that such gallant youths should fall in such a warfare as this, with these savages?" continued the Governor.

"Better for them to be fighting the Red Cherokees, than fighting duels with each other," answered Joolay. "Lord bless you, Sir, they're all as merry at the idea, as if they were going to shoot squirrels. Hillo!" he cried, "what's ado now?" as two mounted officers galloped up from different directions in front of the troops, and, dismounting from their horses, advanced and embraced each other amid the cheers of the brigade.

"Nobly done!" exclaimed the Governor. "It is Waldenberg and Maitland. I am happy that Waldenberg is returned, and still happier at this reconciliation. Now the young sparks will follow them in the face of all danger. Come, Mr. Joolay, it is time they were getting orders."

The Governor, followed by Joolay, approached towards the corps, and the officers gathering around him, awaited his instructions.

"Colonel Waldenberg," said the Governor, "your presence is unexpected, and it affords me much pleasure to behold you again."

"It is not an hour since I arrived in the city," said the colonel. "Indeed, I had but brief time to arm and gallop hither."

"Major Maitland, I am heartily glad to see you at your post again," said the Governor, addressing

Maitland; "but see that your health can stand this campaign."

"My life," said the major, bowing, "is at my country's service."

The officers having received their instructions, fell back, and took their stations by their different companies. The order was given to advance. Amid deafening cheers the star-spangled banner was unfurled—the band struck up the favourite national air; and, amid prayers and blessings, the gallant youths marched forward to meet their savage enemy.

The Cadet brigade marched through the shady avenues of the city, and, having passed the lines, struck into the open country. The day, as before remarked, was sultry—not a cloud was visible in the heavens: the vultures soared high in the air, till they seemed like small specks flitting in the clear blue sky. The mocking-bird was wheeling his restless flight from bush to bush, warbling in a thousand different notes, and seemingly endued with a sincere love of mischief. Now imitating the warbling of the crested red bird, he would cause numbers of them to forsake their perching places, and fly towards him; but no sooner were they nigh him, than he changed his notes to the fierce cry of the hawk, and caused the terrified warblers to fly for safety, till he in turn was obliged to drop his ill-timed mockery, and, with an ill-natured chirp, hop to the root of the bush, to save himself from the real hawk brought forward by his cries.

The brigade soon entered the bowery paths of the forest. The sunbeams, mellowed by the leafy canopy, spread a rich golden hue around; the lovely jasmine, twining from tree to tree, threw forth its brilliant flowers like a gay drapery; while the clustering vines, clambering around the trunks of the cedar and myrtle, hung in rich festoons, heavily laden with large clusters of grapes, as if inviting the thirsty passer-by to pluck and eat; the smilax, twisting from branch to branch, looked like triumphal arches gaily scattered throughout the forest;—flowers of every form and hue, exhaling perfume, seemed to captivate the senses; while the royal palms and gorgeous magnolias, towering like monarchs of the sylvan scene, showed nature in her richest and most splendid trappings. Guarded by alert skirmishers in the front, on each flank, and in the rear, scattered throughout the forest to rouse any ambuscade of their wily foes, the main body of the Cadets advanced joyously and fearlessly through the lovely scenes of their native land.

### CHAPTER III.

Having seen the forces depart, Joolay bade the Governor good-by, and sauntered along the shady streets towards the beach, to regain his canoe. The deep shade of the Pride-of-India, and orange trees, which lined the footpath, could not prevent the overgrown overseer from being oppressed by the excessive heat, which had the effect of making him unusually crabbed. Joolay had a mortal antipathy to "lubberly negroes" wasting their time; and so well-known was he to the sable race, that a glimpse

of his figure was quite enough to make a negro run homewards. It so happened that, on turning the corner of Market Street, he stumbled on three clumsy negroes, busy at a game of marbles, with their baskets filled with provisions lying on the ground. Negroes are all fond of gambling; and, whatever may be the game they engage in, their whole soul seems centred in it while they play. So intent were these negroes on their diversion, that they did not observe the approach of their enemy, who, grasping his long whip more firmly, slyly slipped up to them.

"Ah! you tief, Jupits', play fair!" roared one of the gamblers, who appeared to be the losing party; "play fair. Cus you eye!—knucka down—knucka down—no go for cheat!"

"I'll knuckle down ye, you lazy rascals!" cried Joolay, rushing at them, and plying his long whip about their shins. The gamblers instantly began a fandango, yelling in concert, and rubbing their legs; but no sooner did they recognise the hateful face of their assailant, than each, snatching up his market-basket, fled in a different direction, leaving Joolay master of the field; who, like all other conquerors, instantly seized upon the spoils of the vanquished, and pocketed the marbles which the negroes, in their hurry and alarm, had forgotten.

"One, two, three, four," he muttered, as he picked up the trophies of his victory. "Lazy vagabonds, I'll marble them!—five, six, seven, ay, a dozen—that's winning the game, I guess."

So saying, he waddled on his way, till he reached one of the most retired streets in the city, leading to the upper part of the beach. He had not proceeded far along this street, till he encountered a smart-looking negro, who attempted to take the wall of the overseer in passing. Joolay instantly stopped, stared the negro in the face, and uttered a fierce oath.

"Beg pardon, Massa," said the negro; "I want to pass you."

"How dare you take the wall of me?" roared Joolay.

"Because you fill up all de rest of de pave!" answered the negro, grinning broadly in his face.

"You're an impudent dog, and I've a mind to——" Here Joolay flourished his whip very scientifically at the negro; but happening to place his foot on a trap-door in the pavement, leading to a cellar, the door gave way beneath his weight, and Joolay was precipitated into the cellar, where he lay wallowing in mud. With a look of amazement, the negro beheld the sudden and unexpected exit of the overseer; but summoning up his courage, he cautiously peeped into the cellar.

"Help me out, you darned nigger—help me out!" roared Joolay, in a fury.

"Hu—hu—hu!" shouted the negro, in a convulsion of laughter. "Look at de old Buccra—hu—hu—hu! Um be catch like an old rat in a trap!" he shrieked and laughed, till he could no longer stand; and, throwing himself down on the street, rolled in the sand, exclaiming, "Oh dear!—hu—hoo! Oh lor! I sall die wid laaghee!"

The mirth of the negro added fresh fuel to Joolay's rage. Scrambling out of the cellar without

hat or wig, he regained the pavement, and looked around for the object of his wrath. The street was perfectly deserted—not a creature was visible.

“Darn him!” exclaimed Joolay, “he’s off. No—by the ’ternal here he is!” And there the negro lay at the root of a *Pride-of-India* tree, holding his sides, and gasping for breath.

“Who the devil was you laughing at?” roared Joolay, springing on the negro, and seizing him firmly by the neck.

“Take care, Massa,” bellowed blackie; “I is a free nigger!”

“A free devil!” cried Joolay; “I’ll shake the black soul out of your sooty carcass!”—and the overseer bade fair to put his threat into execution. “You’ll laugh, will ye?—at me, will ye?” he roared, as he shook the negro almost to pieces.

“Oh! no, Massa,” cried the sufferer; “I no laugh—no, Massa—neber laugh no more!”

“If you do, I—”

Here the overseer was interrupted by the clattering of a horse’s hoofs beside him, and a stern loud voice exclaimed, “White monster—unhand the poor African!”

Joolay looked up. The horse was curvetting right over him. A dark face peered on him—a heavy blow descended on his head, and Joolay rolled in the dust, stunned and insensible.

The rescued negro started up and gazed on his deliverer, who was a handsome, haughty-looking negro, attired in a rich Mameluke dress, and mounted on a beautiful and spirited courser.

“Oh, Perault!” exclaimed the poor fellow, with a burst of joy; “can it, indeed, be you?”

“Ay,” rejoined his sable auxiliary; “Perault, indeed. Who else of all our race durst strike that monster down?”

“I fear dat you have killed him,” said the negro, trembling, as he looked at the prostrate form of the overseer.

“I care not if I have,” cried Perault. “If you and the rest of our oppressed race would do the like, our proud tyrants would become the fewer. But, quick—drag his carcass out of the way.”

“What can I do?” inquired the negro, looking more and more frightened and perplexed.

“Toss him into that cellar, and leave him,” answered Perault, pointing to the one from which Joolay had immediately before emerged. With much difficulty the negro dragged the overseer to the cellar, and tumbled him in.

“Will I shut de door on him?” he inquired. “If he come ’live again, and find heshef in de dark, he sail get good fright!”

“No,” said Perault, hastily, “leave the door as it is; if he is found, his fall will be attributed to chance. Now, mark me—not a word of this adventure to any one, if you value your life. Farewell!” He dashed his rowels into his horse’s side, and galloped off at full speed, while the rescued blackie sneaked quickly away.

Some time elapsed ere Joolay recovered his senses. A loud ringing in his ears caused him to think he heard a thousand bells ringing; and he was puzzled to conceive where he was, till, by degrees,

his ideas arranged themselves, and putting his hand to his crown, he found the bump of knock-downism very largely developed.

“I recollect,” he soliloquized, “of tumbling into this darned cellar; but then I got out again to thrash that whorseon nigger, and then I remember of a black rascal riding me down; but how I got into this tarnation hole again, confound me if I can guess.”

So saying, he groped about, and finding his hat and wig, which he adjusted, grasped his whip; and scrambling out of the cellar, with sore bones and an aching head, he proceeded towards the beach. On reaching the shore Joolay looked about for his attendants, and beheld them diverting themselves with the little land-crabs, chasing them into the holes in the sand. The negroes were so intent on their sport, that they had forgotten the receding of the tide, which had left their canoe high and dry on the land: no sooner, however, did they observe Joolay, than they rushed helter-skelter into the canoe, and each of them laying hold of it by the side, began to pull and haul with all their force, to get it into the water again, encouraging each other with loud shouts.

“Did ever mortal man see such jackasses!” exclaimed Joolay. “Jump out of the canoe, every devil of ye, and push it into the water before you.”

The negroes instantly obeyed him, and, to their great delight, the canoe was once more afloat. “Now,” cried Joolay, as he nestled himself in the canoe for a snooze, “row to Myrtle-grove, and don’t utter a word till you are there—row like lightning, ye black boobies!” and the grinning negroes plied their paddles with vigour.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The Columbian mail-coach, or, properly speaking, cart, was rumbling along a sandy road through a dark part of the forest, with two inside passengers—a young lady, and an elderly gentleman.

“I wish,” exclaimed the gentleman, rather testily, “that Government would pay a little more attention to the roads in the State. It certainly would be better to root out these plaguy stumps of trees, that stick up in the road, endangering people’s lives at every jolt. I declare I am shaken all to pieces.”

Here a sudden jolt tossed him nearly head foremost out of the vehicle; but his cranium coming in contact with one of the bars, another jog flung him back on his seat again.

“Plague take it!” cried he, “I’ve got my skull fractured.”

“Do take it easy, papa,” said the young lady; “that’s the thirtieth time to-day you have declared that your skull was fractured—a compound fracture I suppose!”

“I shall be all fractions before I get out of this, anyhow,” said the gentleman, recovering his good humour. “Ah, Letty, Letty! see what a state you have brought your poor old father to: shaken to pieces in this vile machine to please you.”

The coach suddenly stopped, and the driver uttered a fierce oath.

"What is wrong?" said the young lady. "Why is the driver stopping the coach?"

"Hillo, Coachee," cried the gentleman, "anything wrong?"

"An Indgin, Sir!" roared the driver, in answer.

"An Indian; what does he want?"

"I guess, Sir, as how you ha'n't heard that the Cherokees are broken out?"

"Is it possible?" cried the gentleman, somewhat alarmed.

"Calculate as how it is," answered the driver, rolling his quid in his cheek; "and here comes one on 'em." Looking out of the vehicle, the passengers beheld a person in the Indian garb, flying with the speed of the wind towards them. On a sudden the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the supposed Indian, bounding forward, fell prostrate at the side of the carriage.

"Guess I've hitten him!" roared the driver, slowly reloading his rifle.

"Hit him?" cried the gentleman. "You villain, how dared you fire upon him without a cause? he is unarmed, and was giving you no provocation. Poor fellow," he continued, looking at the prostrate form before him, "he must have come a long way; see how torn his garments are.—Letty, my love, let us help him."

Quickly descending from the carriage, the lady and gentleman raised the wounded man; and, to their surprise, beheld not the red face and long coarse black hair of a Cherokee, but a face of youthful beauty, with light-brown hair curling in beautiful ringlets over a brow of purest whiteness. The wounded youth slowly opened his large dark eyes, and bent them for an instant with a look of deep anguish on the lady.

"I am no Indian," he faltered; "I am pursued:" and he sunk insensible, while the blood oozed from his mouth and nostrils.

"No Indian?" said the gentleman, deeply moved by the youth's situation. "No, I'll be sworn for it, fair boy, that no Indian blood runs in thy veins. Here," cried he to the driver, who stood very unconcerned, chewing a quid of tobacco, "here, you harsh brute, lend a hand and help him into the carriage."

"I'm daddled if I does!" exclaimed the driver; "and hark ye, old chap, tip no more jaw, or I guess I've gotten a 'tother ball in my rifle. Besides, who pays this chap's fare? Let him lie—he won't run far?"

"Unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed the lady.

"Tian't manners for us free citizens of America to wallop ladies," said the driver, eyeing her with infinite contempt; "so, I guess, I doesn't fight wi' the fair sex."

"I'll pay this youth's fare," said the gentleman. "He goes with us."

"I guess you'd better tip us the blunt first," said the driver, holding out his hand for prompt payment; "two dollars and a half for carriage and trouble—not a cent less."

"There's your money," said the gentleman, paying his demands. "Now, help him into the carriage—gently now—there, that will do. Letty, take his head upon your knee—poor young fellow,

how I feel for him! "Drive slow, Sir," cried he to the driver, as they set to the road again—"and you may rest assured, I shall inform Government of your wanton attack on this poor youth."

"I doesn't care a sweet 'tatie for Government," answered the driver, carelessly. "Government's more obliged to me, than me to it. I've a free and independent citizen; and I does as I likes."

So saying, he planted himself firmly in his seat, and belaboured the poor skeletons of horses that drew the vehicle, till, to his own wonder—and no doubt the wonder of themselves—they essayed a canter.

While these transactions were taking place, Zama and Whackie had held on their way through the deep forest with the utmost speed, bounding over tangled brakes and vines, dashing through swamps and underwood. Unheeded by them was the hissing of the deadly black snake, and the threatening coil and thrilling rattle of the fiery-eyed and poisonous rattlesnake; the squirrel peeped from his leafy bower with wonder at their speed; the racoon and opossum fled to their places of shelter; while the wild-deer, starting from its covert, bounded away to the darker wilds of the forest. On a sudden Zama stopped, and grasping Whackie by the arm, pointed to the leaves which thickly strewed the ground, and exclaimed—

"See! we are close upon a large band of Indian warriors!"—"Oh, Zama! wot sall we do now?" was the alarmed inquiry, as Whackie, gazing on the ground, beheld the prints of the moccasins of the Indians. "Hush!" whispered Zama; "the trail is quite fresh—let us follow it. Slowly and cautiously now—keep close on the ground among the bushes." Crouching amongst the underwood, and gently pressing the branches aside, they proceeded for some time; when Zama, throwing himself flat on the ground, listened attentively for a few seconds, then motioning to Whackie to follow him, crawled silently to a small thicket of myrtles which commanded a view of an extensive glade. "Look there," whispered Zama, as he pointed to the opening of the forest in front of them; "there the Indians are—in possession of the road too."

Whackie looked in the direction pointed out, and beheld the Indians clustering in numbers. Their tall, erect, and noble figures; their unconstrained and elegant attitudes; their martial air, and wild commanding appearance, arrayed with their fearful weapons, might have struck terror to a firmer heart than that of poor Whackie. There stood the bravest warriors of the Cherokee tribe, among those scenes, and on the soil over which their forefathers had held undoubted sway for ages unknown; yet there, the rightful owners of the land stood as detested blood-thirsty intruders. The soil no longer owned their sway: the white man had seized upon it—driven them from their own hunting-grounds, and cooped them up, like deer in the toils. Now they had rushed from the western wilds, to make the hunting-grounds of their fathers ring once more with the wild war-whoop of the Red Cherokee, and to spread ruin and desolation throughout the land.

A shrill cry of exultation arose from the Indians

as they pressed towards the centre of the road, and a general rush ensued to a place where one of their chiefs stood. Concealed amongst the bushes the two negroes looked on with intense anxiety. "I say, Zama," whispered Whackie, "wot yon long chap wid de red fedder 'tick in him crown mean by point to de wood, den to de road, and shake him rifle?"—"Now, God help our young master!" sighed Zama, bitterly.—"Eh? dey is cotch him, eh?" inquired Whackie.

"Not yet," whispered Zama; "that seems plain from their gestures; but they have got on his trail, and, from their exulting cries, he cannot be far off. See—see," he exclaimed, as he started up; "they point along the road.—Ha! they have vanished. Now, Whackie, let us save Master Charles, or die with him!"

The negroes hurried to the spot where the Indians had previously grouped around, and the trodden leaves showed plainly, that the Cherokees had gathered from all parts of the forest to that particular spot.

"Hi! Zama, see wot a lot ob de red rogues been here!" cried Whackie, pointing to the prints of the Indians' footsteps.

"Ha!" cried Zama, stooping and looking earnestly at the sand, "here is the mark of a white man's foot."

"How you know de difference?" inquired Whackie.

"Notice," said Zama, "how the haughty tread of the Indian causes the sand to sink as he raises his step—see how the leaves and sand are pressed down at the print of the toes; yet you observe that the footstep is turned a little inward, and the mark is smooth by the moccasins—that is the Indian foot-mark. Now, look here," and he pointed to the impression of a small foot on the ground. "See how the footstep is turned outwards; and see, the person must have been running hard, for the sand is pressed forward by the front of the foot, and the mark deeply indented: it is the footstep of a white person."

"How you can tell dat?" inquired Whackie.

"As easily as I can tell the foot-mark of a common negro from that of an Indian," answered Zama; "look at the print of your own foot-mark."

Whackie raised his foot, and examined the sole of it most minutely, then looked at the broad splay mark with the long spur heel in the sand; and, thoroughly satisfied with the proof, he scratched his head and muttered, "Bery well; may be nigger foots be all alike."

"Stay!" exclaimed Zama, "here is blood. See, some one has fallen prostrate on the earth—there is foul play here. Ha! the print of horses' hoofs and carriage wheels—and see here are more foot-marks of white people. I see, it all," he cried, starting up—"he has been wounded, and fallen on the road, where some travellers have found him, and carried him on in their carriage. These red fends know this, and like so many famished wolves, are on the track. There is a narrow foot-path through the cypress swamp which leads to the turning of the roads. Come, Whackie, redouble

your speed, and get between the Red Indians and their prey!"

So saying, he dashed into the thickets at head-long speed, followed by Whackie.

## CHAPTER V.

In a gorgeously decorated apartment, displaying all that wealth and luxury could heap around its occupant, there lay upon a rich ottoman, and wrapped in deep slumber, the young and beautiful heiress of Myrtle Grove. Her face was pale, and bore a deep trace of melancholy and suffering; in her silent slumber she was scarcely seen to breathe, and her pale and beautiful features seemed more like the master-piece of a skilful statuary, sculptured from the purest Parian marble, than like a form of life. The paleness of her countenance was relieved by the exquisitely arched eyebrows, and long black silken eye-lashes, and her dark hair, which lay in clustering ringlets on her neck, while the whiteness of her robes vied with the purity of her face. Over her bent a young negress, whose features, for regularity and beauty, rivalled even those of the slumbering white beauty. The dark blood was seen mantling on her cheek; nor could the glossy darkness of her skin, prevent her features from portraying the various emotions which agitated her breast. Her large gazelle-like eyes lit up the whole countenance with sensitiveness, which caused the looker-on to forget that that dark and exquisitely sweet face belonged to the oppressed African race; while the elegant figure, and beautifully-shaped foot and ankle of this negro girl, showed that Nature could lavish her skill on the despised negress, as well as on the proud and haughty white lady. In her hand the young negress held a fan of richly variegated feathers, with which she gently brushed the musquitoes from the face of her slumbering mistress, as they buzzed around her. "My own dear lady," she murmured, as, with looks of fondness, she bent o'er the fair slumberer. "Hush! Ooknea," she continued, as an elderly Indian woman entered the apartment; "hush! she sleeps."

The Indian squaw stepped gently forward, and gazing on the pale face of the lady, murmured, "Fawn of my bosom—sleep on! And oh! may you awaken but to find new pleasures and happiness!"

Here they were startled by the loud crack of a whip, and a harsh voice beneath the front verandah, sounding like the coarse rasping of a saw, exclaiming—

"Out of my road, ye black rascals, or I'll fly you alive!"

Another loud crack of the whip, followed by the jabbering of a band of negroes, expostulating with the intruder, caused the sleeper to awaken with a start.

"Zada—Ooknea!" she exclaimed, in alarm—"what is that?"

Here another loud oath from the harsh intruder, accompanied by another loud crack of a whip, was followed by an angry exclamation of—

"Flog you own nigger, you dam bnecra tief! wot you flog I for?"

"Serve you right, you black rascal," was the response ; "that's to learn you manners !"

"If floges be good for teachee manners," roared the negro, "you hab much need for get him ten time a-day youshef !"

"You darned black son of a baboon," was the enraged rejoinder, "do you set up your tarnation jaw to me ?"

A loud shout of laughter was now heard, and cries of "Run Haman, run—well done, Haman !" Hitherto the lady and her attendants had listened with silent surprise.

"It is that wretch Joolay striking the negroes," said the lady. "Zada, love, call on him to desist ; tell him I wish to speak with him."

Zada hastened to the verandah, and beheld Joolay, with his long whip in his hand, giving chase to a negro footman, with about a score of other negroes at his heels, who were roaring and laughing at the race. The bulky form of the overseer, set off with his wide coat and trousers, looked like a sugar hogshead mounted on legs, and his huge hat, with a brim like an umbrella, flapped up and down, as he waddled after the negro, as if to wing him onwards. The fugitive proving too nimble for him, Joolay gave up the pursuit, as, shaking the whip at his light-heeled enemy, he shouted—"Stop till I catch ye ! by the Lord Harry, I'll wallop you in style, I calculate !"

The negro instantly turned round, and began dancing in triumph ; and, wriggling his body into the most ludicrous postures, he sang—

"Massa Joolay ugly face,  
I neber like for see um ;  
Pity much *him* nigger case,  
I shouldn't like for be um !"

Joolay's rage arose beyond all bounds, and he yelled out, "I'll make you pity your own case, you darned ourang-outang, if I catch ye !" Turning quickly round, and resolved to wreak his ill-nature on something, Joolay plied his whip right and left amongst the negroes who followed him.

"I'll give you something to laugh at, you 'tarnal caotchou-faced yahoos !" yelled he, as the negroes flew off in all directions, cursing him in most energetic terms. Fretting and fuming with passion, Joolay drew nigh to the house, when Zada called to him.

"Well, my negro-queen," said the overseer, looking up, "what is it ?"

"My lady is alarmed and displeased at your conduct," answered Zada.

"Is she, my pretty treacle-dish ?" he replied—"then let her tell me that herself, and not do it by deputy. I've had enough of your complexion for one day, I guess. Blow my wig," he continued, "I think the world's coming to an end—the niggers care no more for me, than they do for an old turkey-buzzard ! Here, my coal-black Venus—my pretty queen of sables," he added, as he entered the verandah, "put my sombrero and my whip out of the way—don't lose 'em though. Now, where's my Mexican rose, my lovely lily of the Wandoo—your mistress ?" Zada threw open the door, and Joolay entered the apartment.

"Bless my heart, my dear Miss Bellgrove," cried

he, as he looked on the pale face of the lady, "I am sorry to see you thus."

"I have been indisposed for some time," said Matilda.

"Ay, ay, so I heard," said Joolay, "ever since that duel between Colonel Waldenberg and Major Maitland."

Matilda's face flushed with anger as she sternly said, "Silence, Sir ; your business here, I presume, is some message from my uncle."

"I humbly crave your pardon, Miss Bellgrove," said Joolay, "if I have hurt your feelings by my ill-timed allusions. I am plain and blunt, my dear young lady ; but allow me to say, that no man would lay down life faster than old Tom Joolay, if it was to serve you."

"I believe it," said Matilda, smiling, as she held out her hand to the overseer, who pressed it in his paw, somewhat roughly.

"And now," continued Joolay, "have Zama and Whackie been here ?"

Zada answered that they had not arrived.

"They should have been here some hours ago then," said Joolay ; "we must to business without delay. Miss Bellgrove, you must instantly call out your negroes, and arm them well."

"Why so ?" inquired Matilda, with a look of alarm.

"Because the Red Indians are on us," answered Joolay ; "young Master Charles has escaped from them. The woods are filled with them in pursuit of him, and many atrocities have been committed by them."

"Has my cousin escaped ?" cried Matilda, with a burst of joy.

"Alas !" said Joolay, "he is still in the woods, surrounded by the savages. One of them early this morning fired at Mr. Bellgrove ; he had a narrow escape. Faith, Zada," said he, addressing the young negress, "if it hadn't been for your brother, Zama, it might have gone hard with Mr. Bellgrove. Zama did the Indian's business—knocked him down with a hatchet, and then struck him with his own scalping-knife. A capital joke ! keh—keh—keh !"—and the overseer chuckled loudly at the idea.

"My cousin still in danger," cried Matilda ; "the Indians at Bellgrove ! Oh ! Mr. Joolay, what can be done to save him ?"

"Ring the alarm-bell," said Joolay. "Arm your niggers—I'll head them ; the Indians are nigh, and we can keep them in check till the Rifle Cadets come up ; they ought to be close at hand by this time."

"The Rifle Cadets ?" said Matilda, trembling.

"Ay—I was at the city, and saw 'em march off to aid us," said Joolay. "And what's better," he continued, with a knowing look, "Colonel Waldenberg and Major Maitland lead them on !" With a piercing shriek Matilda staggered forward, "Waldenberg," she exclaimed ; "Waldenberg returned—Maitland alive ! Oh ! old man," she continued, as she clasped her hands, and almost sunk on her knees before him, while the tears streamed fast from her eyes, "do not—do not jest with my feelings ! Was not Maitland killed, and Walden-

berg branded as a murderer ; outlawed from his native land, and I, I the fatal cause ?”

“ Bless your lovely little heart !” said Joolay, coaxingly, “ don’t take on so. I declare you’ve almost set me a-crying. You’ll see Waldenberg and Maitland both here, alive and happy, in half an hour !”

“ Thank heaven—thank heaven !” cried Matilda, as with an hysterical sob she sank into the arms of the overseer.

“ Here, Zada, help your lady,” cried he ; “ she’s fainting !”

Zada sprang forward, and took Matilda from the arms of the overseer, while Ooknea bathed her forehead with orange-flower water.

“ Let me rest,” said Matilda faintly ; “ I am better now. Oh ! what a load seems removed from my heart and brain !” and her tears fell unrestrained, as she sobbed aloud on the breast of her attendant.

A distant, shrill, piercing yell, burst on their ears, and Matilda and her attendants started with horror and affright ; even Joolay stood transfixed with amazement. Again the yell arose, so shrill, so horrifying, that it curdled the blood at the heart of the hearers.

“ What means that fearful cry ?” inquired Matilda, in an almost inaudible whisper.

“ Now the Great Spirit defend us !” exclaimed Ooknea. “ ’Tis the war cry of the Red Cherokee !”

“ Steath !” roared Joolay, “ what am I standing here for ! Ring the alarm-bell—arm the niggers—where will I get a rifle ?”

“ This way,” cried Zada ; “ the armoury is on your left hand ; there is the key—I will alarm the negroes.”

The lead peals of the bell rang through the plantation, and the negroes rushed in crowds to the mansion-house ; when Joolay, armed with a long Kentuckian rifle, appeared in front of the verandah ; and beckoning to the negroes to draw nigher, cried with a loud voice—

“ Hearce, boys ! the Red Indians are coming to kill your Missee : will you fight for her and save her ?”

“ Yes ! yes ! we all fight—we all die for Missee !” was the loud and hearty answer.

“ Then,” cried Joolay, “ all you that have got guns, go and bring them, with your powder and shot—I’ll give you plenty more when you want it ; all you that have no guns, come here and you’ll get them.”

Many of the negroes were allowed to keep fowling-pieces, to shoot racoons and wild-turkeys ; and, hurrying to their huts, they speedily returned armed for the conflict, while Joolay rapidly distributed what rifles and other arms he could get amongst the rest. Women and children came crowding forward to fight for “ Missee ;” and hatchets and sharp-pointed poles were flourishing in every direction. Joolay soon mustered those who had fire-arms, and found himself at the head of more than a hundred stout fellows.

“ Now,” said he, “ let forty of you arrange yourselves in the upper verandah, and draw down the blinds, except one or two that you can see to fire

through ; the rest, along with me, will meet them on the lawn. If we are beaten back to the house, then fire from the verandahs down upon the Indians, and give us time to rally again.”

“ Top, Massa,” cried one of the negroes, “ dere be one great big gun in de calla’.”

“ Bring it out !” cried Joolay ; and to his joy the negroes dragged forth a small field-piece.

“ Massa use for keep um for fire on grand days,” cried another negro.

“ Then load it now, and fire at the Indians,” cried Joolay, as he helped to load the piece to the very muzzle.

There was a small grove of orange and citron trees near the avenue, which commanded the front of the mansion ; here Joolay posted his forces.

“ Now, my lads,” cried he, “ you must fight like devils. Recollect you are fighting for your lives and liberties—No, no, that’s a mistake,” he cried, checking himself as he beheld the negroes gaping and staring at the idea of their fighting for *Liberty*, a thing they never dreamed of. “ Fighting for your lives and your lovely young Missee !”

“ Yes, yes, we all fight for Missee !” was again the cry.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The yells of the Indians were drawing nigher and louder every moment, mixed with a loud rumbling sound which Joolay could not account for.

“ Hark !” cried one of the negroes, “ the sound of chariot wheels.”

“ Stand firm, my boys,” cried Joolay ; “ here they come.”

Louder and louder arose the Indian war-whoop, and a carriage dashed like lightning down the avenue, and wheeled through the centre of the negroes, who opened their ranks to make way for it. It passed so rapidly, that Joolay could only get a glimpse of the horses covered with foam, and the driver and two black faces on the coach-box. He had but little time for reflection ; for, like a legion of demons broke loose from pandemonium, the Cherokees came on hard after the carriage.

“ Fire !” roared Joolay ; and the negroes poured in a well-directed volley on the pursuers. The foremost fell, strewed on the ground like leaves shaken by the wind. The check was so sudden, so unexpected, that the Indians for an instant wavered and turned ; but one of their chieftains rushing to their front flourished his rifle, and pointing to the gallant little band of defenders, raised his horrid war-whoop, and urged the Indians on.

“ Tarnation !” cried Joolay, “ that chap must be done for, or we’re all disabled.”

So saying, he levelled his rifle at the chief and fired. The shot told well ; for the Indian, staggering backwards, sunk upon his hand and knee ; then striving to regain his feet, again he fell, but fastened his eyes on Joolay with a look of rage, which made his eyes glitter like those of an enraged rattlesnake.

“ No joke that,” said Joolay, as his cheek blanched a little when he saw the Indian take aim at him : “ I wish I was ahind a tree !”

"Stand out the way," shouted a voice behind the overseer, "till I give that there chap his gruel." A shot whistled past Joolay's ear, and struck the Indian in the forehead, and he fell prostrate, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death.

"Ha! that's saved your bacon, my old cock," cried our friend the mail-driver, as he hit Joolay a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"I'm certainly much obliged t'ye for't," answered the overseer joyfully.

"Is this here thing loaded?" said the driver, pointing to the cannon.

"Yes," answered Joolay.

"Then tip us the match and stand clear." So saying, the driver applied the match to the touch-hole: bang went the piece, and a fearful cry amongst the Indians told of its fatal effects; while the cannon rebounded, and, as if rejoicing at the deed, threw a somerset amongst the negroes, some of whose legs it nearly broke. The cannon shot was answered by the shrill blast of a trumpet in the forest. "Hurrah!" roared Joolay, in a delirium of joy; "we're safe! The Cadets—the Cadets!"

All was hurry and alarm now amongst the Cherokees; and instead of rallying to the attack, they began to pick up their killed and wounded warriors, and prepare for flight.

"Another volley," cried Joolay, "and then charge on the red rascals!"

Another volley was poured in upon the retreating Cherokees; and Zama, with a hatchet in his hand, suddenly rushed to the front of the negroes, followed by the whole band whom Joolay had left to guard the house.

"Follow me, my brethren!" shouted Zama; and leading on the whole body of negroes, he charged furiously on the Indians. The rattling of the rifles was now heard in the wood, mingling with the trumpet-sound of the Cadet brigade; while the Cherokees, broken down, dispersed and dispirited, fled from the lawn to the thickets for safety. The sound of the conflict in the forest was drawing closer and closer, and the main body of the Indians were drawing nigher and nigher to the mansion-house, and were seen hurrying from bush to bush, and from tree to tree, wherever they could maintain their position. It was evident that the Cadets were driving the Cherokees before them; while the negroes, eager in pursuing those who had already fled, could not be rallied to attack the advancing enemy.

"Oh! for a bugle or a horse-whip," cried Joolay, "to bring them black niggers to a sense of their duty. Tarnation! the Cherokees will be round us in a jiffy!"

At this moment Whackie hurried past, armed with a huge club.

"Here," cried Joolay, "roar on Zama and these vagabonds to come back; don't you see the Cherokees coming on us again?"

Whackie instantly darted forward, and considering, that if Zama turned, all the rest would follow, he bellowed out, "Zama, Zama! de Red Indine is behind you; look back—look back!"

Zama heard him, and, looking round, perceived

the Indians approaching the clearings. Instantly halting the negroes, he hurriedly formed them, and led them on the approaching foe. The whole posse of negroes, acting like sheep following their leader, no matter where, charged furiously on the Indians. A fierce but brief struggle ensued; for the vanguard of the Cadets now advanced at double-quick time from the forest, driving the Indians like stricken deer before them; a general rout ensued, and the Indians fled in all directions.

"There's a charge for ye!" shouted Joolay; "there's a glorious charge!" as Zama and his followers seemed actually treading the Indians under foot. "Hurrah! the red rascals are beaten to eternal smash. By jingo! Washington, nor Gates, no, nor no other general, ever did the like. By the hookey, its all my doing!" he roared, as he friked and gambolled about like a young elephant.

"Bravo, my old boy!" cried Captain Waldenberg, as he advanced; "you have stood your ground most nobly!"

"Hav'n't I?" cried Joolay; "show me a general in Ameriky, ay, or out on't either, that could do better!"

The captain laughed, and waving his sword, pointed to the retreating Indians. "On, gentlemen," cried he to the Cadets; "forward on these savages!"

"Oh!" cried Joolay, "if I was as supple as you chaps, I'd show you fun. I've won the battle to your hand, my bucks; so you can chase 'em yourselves. Hillo!" continued he, as a party of the Cadets advanced supporting Major Maitland. "What's ado? What, major, are you wounded?"

"Slightly, slightly," answered the major. "On, gentlemen, on!—Bind that scarf over the wound. Thanks, that will do.—Forward, forward!" He staggered and fell. "Never mind me, gentlemen. On, on; do your duty!" he cried, as he endeavoured to rise.

"This is a sad misfortune," said Joolay, as he stooped down and supported the major's head.

"Yes," said the major; "to be struck down in the moment of victory! I must make another effort to join my gallant comrades."

"What!" cried Joolay, "fight again! and you got a bullet through you already? No, no, let me guide you to the house; Miss Bellgrove must become your sick-nurse."

"No, no," said the major, "rather let me lie where I have fallen; not for the world would I intrude on her!"

"Fiddle-de-dee! my dear fellow," rejoined Joolay, "the turkey-buzzards would gobble you up in a jiffy. Miss Bellgrove knows you are come; so don't offend her again."

"I'll take t'other wing of the gemman," said the coach-driver, "and help him into the house; there's t'other wounded chap in the big house, and a prime wench, I guess, a-looking arter him."

"Is it one of our brigade?" inquired Maitland.

"No," answered the driver, "its a young blade that was chased by them Red Indgins. He's been among 'em a while, and the two black niggers wot saved us from the Cherokees, thinks as how it be's their master."



"Is't possible!" exclaimed Joolay. "Master Charles here? Lord bless me! what am I about?" So saying, he left Maitland, and trotted off to the mansion-house as fast as he could; when, just as he reached the front staircase, a loud voice hailed him. Joolay turned, and beheld Zama and Whackie advancing rapidly towards him.

"Well," cried Joolay, "do you two niggers think you've nothing to do but spanking Indians? Come along, my boys; your young master's here. But why were you not here before me, eh? You came on to give the alarm, and you wasted your time on the road preciously, I gness."

"We could not arrive earlier," answered Zama. "We came upon the Indians in the forest; and, by the aid of Providence, we have been instrumental in saving Master Charles."

"What d'ye say?" cried Joolay; "how? explain yourself."

"The carriage was pursued by the whole of the Indian warriors," answered Zama. "I knew a road through the forest, which leads through the cedar swamp; we took this path, and overtook the carriage just in time to save the passengers. Whackie and I sprang upon it, and compelled the driver to gallop the horses full speed, and we reached this, followed closely by the Cherokees."

"You're a brave and a clever fellow, Zama," exclaimed Joolay; "Natur' never intended you for a nigger, but blackened your face in a mistake. Come along, my lad, and I'll get you a glass o' brandy, the best in the house, for I want one to myself."

Zama shrank back with a bitter sigh, and his lip quivered with a pang of agony, at the insult to his complexion, and the reward offered for his meritorious service. "Yes," he inwardly exclaimed, "had I saved a thousand whites, my thanks would have been their cold disdain; and this, because I am what God has made me—a *Negro!*" The next moment the gallant youth was folded in the embrace of his affectionate sister, Zada.

"My beloved brother!" exclaimed the girl, as she gazed fondly on him. "Oh, what a noble part you have acted this day!"

"My beloved sister," said Zama, tenderly, "to meet thee thus, and merit thy praises, proves a balm for every wound—both of mind and body."

"What's the meaning of this tomfoolery with you two niggers?" roared Joolay. "Zada, show me instantly to Master Charles' room."

"Master Charles?" said Zada; "he is not here."

"Zounds!" cried Joolay, "didn't he come in the carriage that flew past a little ago?"

"The whole party in the carriage," answered Zada, "were more dead than alive when helped out. But there was a young man in the Indian garb, sorely wounded, carried into the house."

"That's him, that's him!" cried Joolay. "Where is he, where is he?"

"Stay a moment," said Zada; "should it be Charles, oh, what happiness!" So saying, she tripped quickly away, leaving the overseer in the piazza.

On entering the apartment where the wounded youth lay, Zada found Ooknea watching over him;

his eyes were closed, and he breathed heavily as with pain. The negress looked earnestly at his features; but grief, harsh usage, and toil, had considerably changed the appearance of the young man. Still Zada saw, or fancied she saw, in the countenance, a strong resemblance to Charles Bellgrove. "Ooknea," said she, "do you not think this is Master Charles who was carried off by the Indians?"

"Nonsense, child," answered Ooknea; "the boy was killed by the Red Cherokees."

At the sound of that dread name the youth started and opened his eyes, while a faint murmur of alarm burst from his lips. The strange appearance of the apartment struck him with surprise, as he gazed around him. "Am I then safe?" he said, "or is this a dream?" He turned, and his eye met the glance of Ooknea. "God help me!" he exclaimed; "am I yet in the power of the Red Indians?"

"Not so, young man," said Zada; "you are safe in the keeping of those who can and will protect you."

The youth started at the sound of her voice, and, looking at her, exclaimed, "A negress! then I must be safe. Where am I?"

"With friends," answered Zada.

"Methinks I hear the horrid yells of the Cherokees ringing in my ears," said the youth; "and yet I must be safe. Where is your master?"

"I have no master," said Zada, smiling.

"You are free, then?" said the youth.

"No," answered Zada.

"Strange!" he said. "Methinks I have seen that face before; and yet my own negroes spoke all in broken dialect. How far am I from Bellgrove?"

"Does your wound pain you?" said Ooknea, interrupting him.

"No, no; not much. The joy of being safe expels all bodily pain. Mother, my beloved mother!" he exclaimed, "am I again near thee?"

"Mr. Bellgrove had a son carried off by the Cherokees," said Zada.

"'Twas I," exclaimed the youth; "I am Charles Bellgrove."

"Joy, joy!" cried Zada, as she sprung towards him. "Oh! Charles, do you not remember me—Zada; your own dear Zama's sister?"

With an exclamation of joy, the youth stretched out his arms to the girl. She caught his hands, and pressed them to her lips. "You are safe," she cried; then rushed from the room with the glad tidings.

"Dence take the wench!" roared Joolay, as Zada hurried from him, leaving him in the piazza; "where is she gone to? Let's see who's here," he continued, as he pushed open a door; and, followed by Zama and Whackie, he entered into a spacious apartment.

"Ha! Joolay, my old boy; how are ye?" cried a friendly voice.

"Eh? it can't be," cried Joolay. "Well, I declare! is it possible? My dear fellow, how are ye?" And Joolay seized the hand of the before-mentioned old gentleman who had picked up young Bellgrove,

"Well, I guess this is odd!" cried Joolay, as he shook the hand of the old gentleman with as much force as if he was working the handle of a pump-well. "My dear Captain Norrisville, what can have brought you here?"

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Joolay, don't shake my arm so. Oh! my bones! I've been bumped and thumped, and tumbled and rumbled, till every joint is dislocated."

"What brought you here?" demanded Joolay.

"That bone-dislocating machine you folks call a mail. My stars! you should call it a new-fashioned wheel for breaking folks alive," answered Mr. Norrisville.

"But bless my wig," cried Joolay, "when did you come? and what brought you to Myrtle-grove at such a time as this?"

"Oh! Joolay, that foolish little jade, my daughter Letty, heard that her cousin, poor Matilda, was ill. So no rest got I, till I agreed to bring her here. Well, as the mail—confound it, say I—was said to be the most expeditious mode of travelling, I secured seats. We got on with plenty of jolting, till we picked up a young wounded lad; and after that we heard an awful yelling and hallooing. Lord bless me! when I looked back, there's about a little thousand of these rascally Cherokees, full drive after two niggers: up come the niggers, jumped up beside the driver like linkin, and lashed the horses like blazes. Away we went—rumbly, tumbling, heels over head in the inside of the coach, rattled up and down, round and round, just like dice in a box, till we got here. We were lifted out by the nigger women, and poor Letty is in hysterics—and as for me, I can't walk a step."

Matilda now entered the apartment, and addressing Mr. Joolay, said—"Oh! Mr. Joolay, this has been a fearful day!" The tears were streaming fast from her eyes, and the overseer felt almost inclined to partake of her grief; but dismissing the thought, he addressed her as he would have done a weeping child, whom he wished to coax with a sugar-plumb.

"Don't cry now—that's a darling: dry those pretty eyes—there's a sweet creature. All's right now, my lovely dear; the Indgines are beaten—all put to flight,—it's devil take the hindmost with them now;—and, hark! there's the Cadets' bugles sounding the recall; faith its time—for the sun's agoing down, and the young chaps can't see to shoot Indgines in the dark." As he spoke, the shrill blast of the bugles sounded the recall. "That's right," cried Joolay.

"Joy—joy!" cried Zada, as she rushed into the apartment; "he is safe—he is safe. Oh, my dear lady, Master Charles is here."

"Hurrah!!!" roared Joolay, as in the height of his joy he pulled off his wig, and tossed it in the air. "Bless you, my dear girl, for the intelligence." So saying, he flung his arms around Zada, and hugging her in a bear-like embrace, imprinted a score of kisses on the cheeks, brow, and lips of the astonished girl.

Whackie, determined to follow the good example thus set him, gave full scope to his joy, and

flinging his arms around the neck of a negro woman, who happened to be near him, impressed upon the blubber lips of the wench a kiss, which sounded like a pistol-shot.

"Yeh! you black nasty nigger," shrieked the female, as she struggled to free herself from Whackie's embrace.

"I say, Whackie," expostulated a sulky looking negro footman; "you no do dat again—dat my wife!"

"I no care if she was you moder!" cried Whackie. "Oh, Lor! I is so glad!—ha!—ha!—ha!" He then, forgetful of where he was, and setting all the rules of decorum at defiance, began a negro jig, to the great surprise of the slaves; and it was not till Joolay roared to him to behave himself, that Whackie was restored to peace.

"Nay, check not his honest mirth," said Miss Bellgrove. "To him and to you, my noble-minded Zama, we are indebted for the safety not only of our long lost Charles, but of my dear Cousin Letia, and her father also. Approach, Zama, and receive the slender reward which I now offer, and take it as a guarantee that a higher reward will yet be yours."

Zama had stood transfixed with the excess of rapture; the sound of Miss Bellgrove's voice aroused him from his stupor; and advancing towards her, he cast himself on his knee before her, while, bending his forehead almost to the dust, he gently took and kissed the hem of her garment.

"Dearest lady," he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "the rapture I now feel in being instrumental in saving the life of my young master is a reward sufficient in itself. To have merited the approbation of one so lovely, and so good as thou art, adds but to the excess of joy which your poor, but faithful negro feels."

"Take this," said Matilda, as she drew a massy chain of gold from her neck, and threw it around that of Zama, as he knelt at her feet. "Take this—and wear it in remembrance of Matilda Bellgrove."

The negro pressed the chain to his throbbing heart, and answered, "And the heart of Zama will be cold in death ere the gift of Matilda Bellgrove quits its resting-place."

He rose, and a loud noise was heard on the verandah, as Haman threw open the door of the apartment.

"What means this uproar, Haman?" said Miss Bellgrove.

"Oh! Lor A'mighty!" cried Haman, "oh! Missee! he be Massa Maja Maitland kill an' wound, an' shot tro' a body, comin' up a stair—Oh, Lor!"

"Maitland wounded!" exclaimed Matilda, as she flew forward, and, at the door of the apartment, met Maitland, supported by the driver and some negroes. "Oh! Maitland," she exclaimed, as she pressed his hand, "is it thus we meet? Alas, it seems that you must never approach the unhappy Matilda Bellgrove but your blood must pay the forfeit!"

"Oh, say not so, Miss Bellgrove: to die in thy cause were bliss indeed," said Maitland.

"Your wounds must be instantly attended to," said Matilda. "Zada, call Ooknea."

"She is dressing the wound of Master Charles," said Zada.

"Wound!" cried Joolay. "Who wounded him—was't the Indgines?"

"No," said Mr. Norrisville. "This gentleman," pointing to the driver, "mistook him for an Indian, and shot at and nearly killed him."

Joolay turned upon the driver as if he could have swallowed him. "Oh! you darned ugly son of a racoon! did you shoot Master Charles? Tamation! if I hav'n't a rind to skin you alive."

"Not so fast, master," said the driver. "How was I to know the young gemman from an Indgine?—he was more like that nor a decent Christian. I wasn't a-going to wait to see if he'd knock my brains out with his tommy hawk; no, I guess. I fired to save myself,—self-preservation, you know. Besides, if I shot him by mistake, I carried him here, in spite of the red rascals who were after him; and, I guess, if I hadn't a-come to your assistance, and shot yon red chap that was a-going to make you his target, eod! you wouldn't be crowing so loud now."

"You're right, Sir," said Joolay; "and I forgive you."

"Conduct Major Maitland to the apartment next to Charles, and see that Ooknea attends him instantly," said Matilda.

"He couldn't get a better she-doctor than that old copper-faced crone in the State," said Joolay. "So, come, major; I'll escort you. Lend a hand Mr. Norrisville."

The major, expressing his fondest thanks for the kindness, was conducted to his apartment.

A loud altercation in the piazza now arose, and Zada hurried to ascertain the cause of dispute.

"You can't get in," cried Haman.

"What's wrong?" said Zada.

"Oh! him be lot ob dam low nigger want for see Missee," answered Haman.

"Admit them instantly," cried Matilda. A group of armed negroes rushed into the room, and shouted, "Long live Missee!—we beat de Red Indgines,—dem no take good Missee away,—no, no, nigger fight for Missee!"

The negroes were all attired in white Osamburg dresses,—wide trousers, fastened with a red and white sash around the waist,—their jackets, vests, and broad shirt-collars folded over, gave them a neat and smart appearance; and, while each stood before her, grasping his gun firmly, and rejoicing that they could protect her, Matilda felt proud that she could rely upon their courage and fidelity.

"Thanks, my friends," said she. "To-night let there be feasts at your huts: ask freely what you require, and all will be supplied you."

"Massa Corhim Wallenpig!" roared Haman, as he threw open the door; and Colonel Waldenberg entered. A slight wound, which he had received on the cheek during the skirmish, and which he had neglected to think of, was still bleeding. As he advanced, the negroes fell back in two lines; the white dresses of the working negroes blending with the rich liveries of those of the household.

Waldenberg's eyes rested on Matilda. She had sunk back on her chair,—her head was drooping on her bosom, while the heaving of her breast, and the working of every nerve, showed that she was violently agitated. Zada was bending at her feet, and looking with sorrow on her mistress. Thrice Waldenberg essayed to speak, and as often his tongue refused its office. He glanced around the room on the silent slaves, and, for a second, not a breath was heard. At length Waldenberg found speech, and tremulously uttered, "Lady!" Matilda started, and Zada, pressing her hand, fondly whispered, "Oh, be calm,—do compose yourself." Waldenberg advanced closer to her, and said, in a tone of deep entreaty, "Miss Bellgrove!" One or two large tears coursed down her cheeks, and fell upon her hand; he took her hand unresistingly, and pressed it fondly in his, as he said, in a tone so soft that it thrilled through every nerve, "Dear Matilda! will not thy sweet lips welcome the weary wanderer to his home?"

Matilda raised her tearful eyes; they fell upon the bleeding wound on his cheek. With a loud shriek she started up, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Waldenberg! you are wounded!" sunk insensible on his bosom.

He looked with alarm on her pale face, and, pressing her to his breast, exclaimed, "O God! I have killed her!"

The negroes, taking the exclamation of the colonel to be a literal fact, raised an ugly and fierce howl, while a dozen of firelocks were instantly levelled at his body. Another moment, and he would have been stretched a bleeding corpse; when Zama rushed on the levelled fire-arms. "Madmen!" he shouted, "what means this folly?"

"Stan' out a road," cried one of the avengers; "you no yearee dat dam buccra say him was *kill Missee!*"

"No, no," cried Zada, throwing herself between the colonel and the weapons. "She has only fainted. Bear her to the window—she will soon recover—give her more air."

The colonel raised Matilda in his arms, and, forcing the negroes aside, bore her into the verandah.

Zama stepped fiercely up to him and said, "Give the lady in charge to her attendants."

"Begone, dog!" was the angry answer.

Zama turned and pressed his hands on his heart. "I forgot," he said, "I am a *negro* and a *slave!*" and with a look of deep anguish he quitted the spot.

A considerable time elapsed before Miss Bellgrove was restored to consciousness; and on her reviving, and finding herself in the arms of Waldenberg, her cup of happiness seemed once more full. In the deep fond look, in which the whole feelings of the soul were concentrated into one blaze of love and joy, Waldenberg read all that his heart could wish.

"My own Matilda," he said, as he pressed her to his bosom, "you have not forgot me?"

"Ah, Waldenberg," she answered, "what I have suffered since that fatal day—"

"I erred," he said, "but still I hope for forgiveness; and I have a long story to tell thee," added

he, smiling ; "but you must thank my faithful slave Perault for seeing me here."

"Why so?—you know I never could endure him."

"We were attacked by pirates on our return from Havannah, and Perault's bravery alone saved us—"

"Then he merits regard from me. Is he with you !"

"He follows our route with my horses through the forest."

The sound of Joolay's voice, in angry altercation with Ooknea, now interrupted them.

"Not admit me to see Master Charles !" bellowed Joolay. "You red-faced, brick-bat-looking b—— ! I must, and shall see him."

"You can't," said Ooknea. "He sleeps. You must not disturb him."

"Well, that's an excuse," cried Joolay. "Why not say so before ?"

"Ha !" said Waldenberg, "this reminds me of sending forces on to Bellgrove, Mr. Joolay !"

The overseer joined them. "We must get canoes to send our men to your plantation."

"With Miss Bellgrove's permission I shall do this," said Joolay.

"Order my negroes, Mr. Joolay ; all is at your service. I will prepare a letter for my uncle." So saying, she took the colonel's arm, and retired.

(To be continued.)

## MONTHLY MEMENTOES.

NO. I. FOR JANUARY—THE OLD CENTINEL.

### I.

Loud revel sleeps—the lights grow dim  
 In Pleasure's gilded halls,  
 While thronging spectres visit him  
 Who paces round the walls ;  
 Yes, midnight stark,  
 With storm and dark  
 And solitude, appals  
 The breast that ever foremost wont  
 Where Fury scorched the battle's front ;  
 For stern reflection calls,  
 Demanding, with unceasing cry  
 From gibbering forms that fitful wake  
 And mock the sense they cause to ache,  
 "Should man, uninjuring, injured die ?  
 You gave my heart to the vulture's beak,  
 Death's blood-hound—servile, moral Cain—  
 You gave sin's blush to my daughter's cheek,  
 And my son to the galley chain ;  
 They would have blest the sire you slew :—  
 What wrong had I e'er done to you ?"—  
 When the stars are hid and the blast is loud,  
 And the snow-flake, weaving his winter shroud,  
 Gives depth to the midnight bell,  
 These visions of glorious war will crowd  
 On the aged Centinel.

### II.

Slaying, he stood in the reeking fosse  
 Till Glory filled the trench  
 Before the breach of Badajos,  
 Cursing whate'er was French ;  
 His ire and hate,  
 Exasperate,  
 No sea of blood could quench !  
 And man on man—or foe on foe,  
 If inhuman fools will have it so—  
 Hurl'd with desperate wrench,  
 Down from the ramparts headlong went  
 To the pikes below, whence wretches' groans

Of agony o'ertopped the stones  
 That coped the battered battlement.—  
 The Centinel, as thought haunts him there,  
 Inquires, in reason's rising flood,  
 "What kings take arms !—Why did I wear  
 Their hateful livery of blood ?  
 In the mélé, though tried and true,  
 My bayonet run my comrade through."  
 When the stars are hid and the blast is loud,  
 And the snow-flake, weaving his winter shroud,  
 Gives depth to the midnight bell,  
 These visions of glorious war will crowd  
 On the aged Centinel.

### III.

Who war applauds, convince him now—  
 His tears freeze as they flow—  
 True bravery's scars are on his brow,  
 But on his mind there's woe ;  
 The pang of one  
 That's murder done  
 By many a ball and blow,  
 Which no invaded home defends,  
 Through all his lone reflection wends ;  
 And he has learnt to know.  
 The valour spent to build a king,  
 Perforce, upon a nation's wrong,  
 Nor blesses life, nor triumphs long,  
 Nor glows at Freedom's beckoning.—  
 And thus his foraging crimes return ;  
 Maidens shriek to their fathers slain ;  
 Chateau and chalet before him burn ;  
 And brothers, with scatter'd brain,  
 Peer in his eyes and sift him through  
 With, "Servile Serf ! how harmed we you ?"  
 When the stars are hid and the blast is loud,  
 And the snow-flake, weaving his winter shroud,  
 Gives depth to the midnight bell,  
 These visions of glorious war will crowd  
 On the aged Centinel.

J. A. O.

## PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(Continued from page 20 of our January No.)

## CHAPTER VII.

A GROUP of officers of the brigade were standing in the verandah, when Colonel Waldenberg joined them.

"Captain Osborne," said he, addressing one of the officers, "take a hundred of our best rifles, and advance to Bellgrove plantation. The surrounding country must be protected from the incursions of the Indians. I have made arrangements for your proceeding in canoes, so that you will not be fatigued marching through the forests."

Osborne bowed, and was retiring to issue orders, when Joolay came up, and catching him by the arm, dragged him into a corner.

"My dear fellow," said Joolay, with a most melancholy and imploring look, "I understand that you are proceeding to Bellgrove with a lot of your young chaps, to garrison the plantation."

"I am," said Osborne. "Do you go with us?"

"Can't get just now," said Joolay; "but tell Mr. Bellgrove that his son is safe. Please hand him that letter from his niece, which will explain all. Tell him we expect him here to-morrow. And I say, Captain, let the young chaps you take with you be the most steady, sober, cool-blooded fellows in your whole brigade."

"Why so?" inquired the Captain.

"You see," said Joolay, with a knowing look, "there are some fine nigger wenches about Bellgrove; and I beg, earnestly beg, Captain, that you'll issue a standing order, that your young fellows are not to meddle with them."

"You surprise me, Mr. Joolay," said Osborne.

"Oh! maybe I do," replied Joolay; "but you see, Captain, it looks horrid ugly to see a plantation peopled with mulattoes; and in that case, the overseer generally gets the blame. Now, my dear fellow, I've got a character,"—and here he laid his hand on his heart,—and for my sake keep your young chaps well in. You understand me, eh?"

"You must issue the same orders here," said Osborne, laughing.

"No, no," answered Joolay. "You see there are no overseers here; so all the blame shall rest on the Cadets themselves."

"We shall see to it," said Osborne, as, turning to his brother officers, he told them Joolay's orders, which gave rise to much mirth, which was still farther increased as the overseer marshalled them to the dining-room, and, in absence of the lady of the mansion, did the honours of the table, boasting, in the most magniloquent terms, of his own military talents, and placing himself above all heroes ancient and modern.

Zada, in passing the door of the apartment, observed her brother enter, and heard him request of Joolay to allow him to return to Bellgrove with the canoes.

"No," answered Joolay; "Whackie and you

stay here till I go. Gentlemen," continued he, addressing the officers, "there's a nigger for you—a rigglar wild-cat. Lord! if you had seen how he walloped the Indjines!"

The proud spirit of Zama could ill brook the contemptuous and haughty looks of the young planters, as they glanced at him, and with a proud look he folded his arms and returned their gaze.

"What a saucy, impudent dog," remarked some of them as they turned away.

"Ah!" cried Joolay, "he's a clever chap, Zama—worth a thousand dollars in any market; devil of a pity he's a nigger. If he'd been a white man, like me, he'd gotten on famously!"

Zama heard no more, for, turning on his heel, he suddenly left the apartment.

Zada followed her brother, and found him leaning against one of the pillars in the verandah, groaning in bitter agony of soul.

"Zama," said the affectionate girl, as she threw her arms around his neck, "Zama, what means this burst of grief?"

"Oh, Zada, can it be otherwise," he answered, leaning his forehead on her shoulder, "when I reflect that I am a *slave*."

"Then, my brother, look around you, and behold how many thousands, nay, millions of our race, are the same."

"That is the worst of it," replied Zama, bitterly; "for even were I free, the curse of Heaven would still cling to me, and the white man would despise and spurn me for my complexion."

"Oh! cease to talk thus," said Zada, reproachfully, "nor raise thy voice in vain upbraiding against that Power who made thee what thou art."

"Zada, my dear Zada," he exclaimed, "I have done deeds this day which, had my features been white, instead of Ethiopian dye, would have entitled me to esteem and honour. As I am, what have I gained by it? Insult and contumely! A slave I am—degraded, lost, dishonoured—a slave I must remain!"

"Alas, Zama, what wouldst thou be?" inquired his sister.

"I would be free, my sister—free as the eagle that soars o'er yon forest. Oh, God! how glorious the thought, that man should bend to nought but his Creator!"

"Ah, Zama, Zama, 'tis a wild and a vain thought. Look around you, and ask where is freedom to be found? Mark the young white men whom you envy so much: the greater number of them are compelled to toil through life like slaves, ay, worse at times than the poor negro they despise. Oh! Zama, I could tell you of some noble-minded youths, the sole support of helpless, aged parents, whose lives are gall and wormwood, bound to submit to every capricious whim, and every insolent word of brutal and tyrannical employers. They dare not murmur; for if they did, they would

be driven to the world, without hope, without succour : yet with galled spirits, and broken hearts, they must submit and toil on. Contrast them with the poor negro : in many cases the latter has the advantage."

"What!" exclaimed Zama, angrily, "wouldst thou argue me into love of slavery? Art thou so fond of our degraded lot?"

"Not so, my dear brother," she answered; "but when I look upon young white females, who are dependent upon others, and who, to gain a morsel of bread, must submit to the vilest drudgery, and calmly bend to insolent and tyrannic pride, I have thanked Heaven that my lot was cast with one whom, next to my God, I honour and adore—my own beloved and loving lady! You tremble, Zama : have I offended you?"

"No, dearest—thy lady! Yes, love dwells in all around her—air, earth, and sky seem hallowed with her presence; let us talk no more of her, Zada. Alas! were I free, I'd seek for other lands where the tincture of my skin would be no barrier to bravery. I'd live a soldier's life, and seek a soldier's grave."

"A soldier's life, Zama!—a slave of slaves. Is not the soldier but the bond-slave of his superiors? I have often read and heard that the poor soldier is lashed, at times, worse than ever any negro was."

"What sayest thou to a sailor's life, then?" inquired Zama.

"The same objection that I have to a soldier's; but often more toil and worse usage," she answered.

"But it is only the vile and bad of them who are kept down," he argued.

"The same with the negroes," answered Zada. "'Tis only the vile and bad of them who suffer punishment. Didst thou ever behold a well-behaved negro punished? Did Mr. Bellgrove ever punish his negroes wantonly?"

"Never, Zada—never. He treats them as a father would his children."

"Then, Zama, repay him with the affection you ought, and repine not. Believe me, you will find the white man oftener in worse bondage than the negro ever could be."

"Cease, Zada—cease to talk thus!" exclaimed Zama, fiercely. "Thy reasoning can never remove the bitter sting of *slavery* which thou, and I, and all our hapless brethren writhe under."

"And which thy offspring and theirs must ever endure!" exclaimed a deep, stern voice, from beneath the verandah.

With an exclamation of terror, Zada clung to her brother, who looked around for the intruder, but could discover no one.

"We have been overheard, Zada. Retire; no one dare harm thee while I am nigh," said Zama.

A slight rustling amongst the shrubbery was now heard; and Zada, loosing herself from her brother's embrace, murmured—"Good night," and hurried to rejoin her mistress.

"Who, and what are you?" cried Zama, as a dark figure emerged from the shrubbery.

"An old friend and comrade," exclaimed the stranger, advancing.

"Thy name?" inquired Zama.

"PERAULT!" exclaimed the stranger, as he leaped over the balustrade into the verandah; and, catching Zama in his arms with a firm embrace, said—"Hast thou forgotten me!"

Zama returned the embrace with much cordiality, and expressed his joy at the meeting. "'Tis so unexpected," he said. "How came you here?"

"In the honourable capacity of guide to my master's horse," said Perault, with bitterness. I had not long arrived, and tired of attending on him who *owns* me, I strolled forth to hear the bullfrogs croak, and the locust and grasshopper chirp their vesper hymn. Hearing thy voice, I turned hither, and overheard thee repining at thy bitter lot. But where is Zada?"

"She was alarmed, and fled," answered Zama.

"'Tis a pity," said Perault, heaving a deep sigh; "a great pity that a girl so noble-minded as Zada, should be dragged forth to a public market, like a beast of burden, exposed to the view of the rude and vulgar, and sold to the highest bidder."

"What mean ye, Perault?" cried Zama, with a shudder, as he placed his hand on Perault's arm.

"And then," continued Perault, as if unmindful of the interruption, "to see the monsters feeling her joints, and passing their brutal jests on her; to behold her bathed in tears, looking with imploring eyes for succour!"

"Death and hell!" exclaimed Zama, as he clutched Perault firmly by the throat; "utter but another word in that strain, and by heaven I will strangle thee!"

"Stay, my friend, unloose thy grasp; I speak but of the fate of *slaves*," said Perault, as he gently relaxed the hand of Zama. "Are we not liable to be sold when it suits the whim of our masters? Suppose it should be *thyself* who stood upon the hated platform in the slave-market, how would thy haughty spirit brook the ruffian jests of the detested slave-dealers, and the disdainful looks of the haughty planters: to have thy good qualities bellowed out to the gaping crowd, and paced up and down like a horse for sale?"

"Perault, I give thee fair warning," said Zama, his voice quivering with rage. "Beware! and provoke me no farther."

"Then suppose 'twas I—Perault, the favoured slave amongst a thousand," said the negro, still urging his point. "I who am pointed out by the passers-by as the haughtiest slave in the city: how would I feel, stationed on the market platform, and the accursed placard o'er my head, 'For sale, Perault, an *educated* Negro?' Mark me, Zama! Colonel Waldenberg will soon be married to the lady of this mansion. Ha! you start at that? I, his favourite slave, will be discarded; Zada, thy sister—*her* favourite slave—will be given up. What have we to look to? The slave-market!—sold to some brutal tyrant! We are unfit for labour—the whip must force us on to toil! 'Tis a pleasing prospect, is it not?"

"In mercy cease this theme!" said Zama, faintly; "it sickens me almost to death!"

"Most gladly would I cease," rejoined Perault, "if thou couldst cause the *slave-dealers* to cease also."

"Alas! what can we do?" cried Zama.

"We are men," said Perault, "and can strike for freedom!"

"Only to meet with defeat and death," said Zama.

"Better to die in freedom's cause, than live in bands of slavery!" said Perault. "Now, Zama, suppose that fifteen thousand negroes were at this moment leagued to vindicate their freedom, and wrench the chains of slavery asunder—wouldst thou join them?"

"With heart and soul!" exclaimed Zama.

"Wilt thou be true and secret?" said Perault.

"Both," answered Zama; "or may my soul pay the forfeit!"

"Thy hand on't, my noble Zama! Then learn,"—and here Perault's voice sunk into a stern, low whisper,—"*I have stirred the negroes in the city on to revolt: full fifteen thousand, fully armed, await my signal to wrap the city in flames,—then seize the shipping, and escape to Hayti.*"

"You amaze and confuse me, Perault," said Zama, starting up. "What if this plot should be discovered?"

"Our plans are too well laid," answered the conspirator. "I have just now returned from Hayti, where King Christophe and his free negro subjects have already assigned us a rich and fertile portion of the island, and await with open arms our coming. Ha! my Zama, with fifteen thousand well-armed followers at our back, e'en King Christophe might tremble on his throne, and from the hills of Hayti the negroes' name might ring throughout the western world!"

"I am so confused," said Zama, "that my very brain seems swimming round."

"A new light hath burst upon thy mind," replied Perault; "a field of fame and glory lies before thee. The seeds of sedition are sown throughout the whole plantations, and scarcely a family in the city, or for miles around it, but have their negroes in the plot. Even on this plantation, and on Bellgrove, there are parties in it."

"Perault," said Zama, "I cannot consent to this. I will not, cannot harm my good, kind master; and Miss Bellgrove,—so young, so lovely. No, Matilda; no—that cannot be."

"So ho! friend Zama, sets the wind in that quarter? What, injure *her*? No; for thy sake she shall be safe. Nay, more, Zama, what will prevent thee *carrying her off to Hayti*? Trust me, were she once there, and none but negroes around her, she would cling to one who could, and would protect her."

"Cease, Perault, cease!—I feel fatigued and sick at heart. To-morrow we will talk of this."

"To-morrow, at day-break, meet me in yonder citron grove. Good-night, Zama,—dream of liberty, power, and love!" So saying, he parted from Zama, who, with swelling bosom, sought the apartment of Joolay; but finding that he was still carousing with the young officers, he left the care of the overseer to Whackie, and retired to the apartment allotted to himself.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"How do you feel after yesterday's work?" said Captain Waldenberg to his friend Galliard, as they met on the banks of the Wandoo.

"Confoundedly fatigued, I assure you," answered Galliard; "and I have been annoyed all morning with that chatterbox of a negro of mine, who arrived with the rest of our servants last night."

"What, Tom? he is a genuine negro dandy!" said the Captain, laughing.

"Yes," said the Lieutenant, laughing; "too much so. The rascal makes free with my clothes on all occasions: gives his tea and supper-parties too. I caught him, a few nights ago, figuring in a dress-coat of mine; and when I swore at him for it, the fellow grinned in my face, and told me 'he hab a ball and a card-party in de ketchen, an' he mos' look like a genelum for *my* credit!' I could have kicked the scamp out of the room!"

"You are too easy with him, Galliard. But, heigho! it's the fault with us Carolinians,—we allow the rascals too much liberty. By the by, how are you going to kill time here? for it seems we'll not kill aught else, since the Cherokees have taken leg bail."

"Suppose we take a look at this plantation, and see how it thrives under petticoat government?"

"Agreed; and, in the first place, we'll take a peep at the negroes and the pigs."

Arm in arm, the two friends sauntered past the negro huts. Some were neatly painted white, and the windows green; while around others the vines, the jessamine, honeysuckle, and the Mexican rose, were trained, so that the huts looked like lovely bowers. In front of each was a neat garden-plot, decorated with orange, pomegranate, and fig trees, while the beautiful shady pride-of-India trees, threw their canopies in front of the entrances. Hearing the voices of children proceeding from one of the larger huts, the friends bent their steps thither; and looking through one of the low windows, witnessed a scene which excited their mirth. The hut was one of those where the children of the negroes are committed to the charge of the elder females during the space the parents are at work—a sort of juvenile negro-school, where the old negroes inculcate the greater part of the moral education which the negroes ever receive. In this hut were assembled about a score of little blackies, the eldest of whom would not be above five years of age. All were dressed in short frocks of clean white Osnaburg, and their round chubby faces bore the very look of happiness.

It was their breakfast hour, and the little ones were all busy at their messes of hominey and molasses, while the old negress was sipping her coffee in a corner by herself. One little urchin had seized upon a large pot full of hominey, into which he had poured a double allowance of treacle, and was defending his possession against other two little negroes who stood close by him with wooden spoons, looking most indignantly at the little glutton, as he sat with the dish between his legs, and eating with all possible speed—now and then knocking aside the spoons of the excluded mem-

bers of the mess, as they vainly endeavoured to partake with him.

"I take some hominey wid you, Billy?" said one of the urchins, as he set himself down coaxingly at the side of the devourer.

"No!" cried the young rascal, with a growl, such as a dog would salute a canine friend with, which, self-invited, wished to partake of a bone. "No!" and he grasped the dish firmer, and whisked his back to the proposer.

"Mumma Wenus say we mos' take our breakfast wid you," said the other, flourishing his spoon, and making a dive at the hominey.

"No!" cried the selfish rogue, as he filled his mouth, and grasping the dish closer to him, twined his legs around it.

"You no gone for sup him all, Billy?" said one of the boys, with a melancholy whine.

"Iss I is!" cried Billy, whisking himself round again.

The two young urchins perceiving that Billy was resolved to maintain his illegal possession, instantly resolved to deprive him thereof by a summary process. Seizing him by the shoulders, they endeavoured to drag him from the dish; but Billy would not untwine his legs, till one of the little negroes hit him a smart rap over the shins with his spoon. A sharp struggle now ensued; but Billy, finding he was likely to be defeated, exclaimed,— "No, you no get none! You sup him now?" cried he, with a chuckle, as he thrust his dirty foot into the dish.

"Oh! you nasty beast!" cried the two boys.

Billy, too eager on his revenge, had forgot that the hominey was *hot*, and, with a loud yell, he hastily drew his foot back, severely burned.

"Wot's de matter now?" cried the old nurse.

"He Billy, ma'am!" responded one of the boys.

"Wot is Billy do now?" inquired she.

"He put him foot in de hominey, ma'am, to keep Coopid an' me from sop wid him."

"Oh! de dorty dam leely blagart!" exclaimed the nurse, flouncing round in her chair. "Bring me dat dere cowskin!"

The boys started forward, and presented the dreaded cowskin to the nurse, with more awe and reverence than ever minister of state presented a sceptre to his liege lord.

"Come here, you leely dorty piccaneeny!" cried the nurse, as she shook the cowskin at the culprit.

"I can't come, ma'am!" whined Billy.

"Why you no can come, eh?" inquired she.

"'Cause I bu'n my foot!" he whined. Billy, however, was forced to limp up.

"Down on you knees, Sar," said the nurse; "if you cry one single word, I flog you ten time more. Now, you leely boys and gals, see what nigger boy get for put him foot in hominey." Whack-whack-whack. "Hold you tongue, you leely blagart!" Whack-whack-whack. "Now, Sar; ax pardon of leely Coopid and Bacchus for spoil him breakfast, an' say you no spoil em hominey an' molasses no more."

Billy obeyed orders, and was dismissed with an application of the cowskin, which made him run

off, forgetful of his burned foot—as he rubbed the affected part most strenuously.

Laughing heartily at the old dame's method of administering justice, the two friends turned from the hut, and observed a handsomely-dressed female in one of the gardens, conversing with some negro children, who were training the tendrils of some vines, so as to form a porch over the garden gate. "There's an elegant figure," exclaimed Waldenberg. "I have never seen a female form of more beautiful symmetry!"

"Suppose we accost her," said Galliard. "Oh! we're too late; there she goes into the hut. What a noble gesture she has! Come, Captain, I don't care if we call on the negro 'Massa' of the next hut, to see this damsel."

With hasty steps they approached the gate, and entered into the garden. "Who lives here, my girl?" said Galliard, to a happy-looking little negress.

"He Mumma Kattey, Sar," answered the girl, dropping a curtsey; "Mumma Kattey been werry sick for long time, an' we come for help she."

"Is there a lady with her just now?" inquired Galliard.

"Yes, Massa; he Zada wid him—jost gone in," answered the little negress.

The friends advanced towards the hut, but hesitated to enter.

"I am glad you are getting better, Mumma," said a soft sweet voice, which sounded on the ears of the young men like the notes of a mellow flute.

"Tankee, Missee Zada," answered the old invalid; "I is get betta; tanks for you kindness, an' my good sweet lady."

"She is coming to see you, Muma," said the sweet voice again.

"La, yearee dat!" exclaimed the old negress. "Has my sweet Missee got betta so soon, and come for see I?—well, I is glad!"

"She is quite recovered, and quite happy now," said the damsel.

Galliard and Captain Waldenberg now entered the hut; and both drew back with surprise, when Zada, startled at their appearance, looked round.

"Sdeath! its only a negress!" exclaimed Galliard, peevishly.

Waldenberg, who instantly noticed the regularly formed features of the girl, said, half bantering, "Ah! my lovely girl, can't you withdraw the dark veil that covers those beautiful features?"

Zada stepped back—her large eyes kindling with indignation as she answered—"When the officers of the Cadet Brigade can act like gentlemen, then the poor negress may change her colour!"

Both the young men keenly felt the rebuke, and the blush of anger and shame rushed to their cheeks. Galliard bit his lip as he haughtily said—"The Cadet Brigade respect your whole sex—no matter what the colour may be."

Here the old crone struck in with a "Yeh! you two imperant buccra wagibone, wot you mean; who send for you here, eh? Get along wid you."

"Nay—nay, Mumma, don't be angry; we only come to ask for you," said the Captain, laughing.



"Wot you know 'bout I—eh?"

"Oh! we heard you were sick, and came to give you a dollar or two, to buy something nice to care you."

"An' wot I buy on de plantation—eh?"

"You can send to town for what you want."

"My Missee gib me all I want, and I no need you money, Sar!—Much oblige to you, tho'."

The sound of voices approaching the hut caused Galliard to turn, and he hastily addressed Waldenberg:—"Here we're fairly caught—here comes Perault and another negro: no doubt your brother and the rest are here also."

Perault and Zama now entered the hut, and both looked with surprise on the two officers. Perault bent a keen glance at Waldenberg, and another at Zada, and his lip curled with a disdainful smile.

"You are surprised at finding us here, Perault," said Galliard.

"Not so," answered Perault, in a smooth sly tone, while he shrugged up his shoulders. "Wherever a sweet-tongued female is to be found, 'tis a sufficient lure for young gallants!"

Zama started, and cast an angry look at Zada, then exchanged glances of deep meaning with Perault; while Galliard and Waldenberg felt as if they could have knocked him down. A loud cry of alarm from the garden now attracted their attention, and one of the negro children rushed into the hut, shrieking, "Obi! Obi! hide me—hide me!"

"Hush, child!" said Zada, as the little one rushed into her arms. "Obi will not harm you."

An aged personage tottered into the hut. The stranger was dressed in a long, flowing dark robe, and the face was almost entirely enveloped in a large dark shawl twisted like a turban, and veil; part of the forehead was exposed, and bore a deep scar in the centre.

"We are going to have a snug family party, I see," said Galliard. "Are you coming, Waldenberg?"

The Obi uttered a piercing cry, and reeled towards the door, exclaiming, "Waldenberg, said he!"

"What ails the old hag?" said the Captain. "Here, Obi, tell me my fortune!"

"Mercy—mercy! spare me!" shrieked Obi, rushing from the hut.

"Plague take the frantic fool!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Allow me to follow the silly wretch," said Perault, and he hurried after the Obi, whom, after a smart chase, he made up to, and caught hold of the fancied charmed dress.

"I am innocent! I am innocent!" shrieked the Obi, falling at the feet of Perault.

"Fool! arise: who talks of guilt?" said Perault. "Answer me this: when did'st thou hear from Woonah?"

The Obi fell prostrate, and exclaimed, "Spare me—I will tell all!"

"Look up," said Perault; "behold one of thy tribe! By the mark on thy brow I know thee. Behold! I bear the same. Rise, thou art safe!"

Trembling and fearful, the Obi arose, and with timid looks gazed on the mark on the brow of Perault.

"Be satisfied," said Perault; "but, mark me! thou art surrounded by danger here. Hie to thy dwelling: give me the clue to find thee."

"In the deep shade of the forest, about three miles from this, stands a lone hut. It is in that direction," and he pointed westward. "There Obi dwells, lonely and unprotected."

"I will meet thee there at midnight. Place a torch in thy window to guide my footsteps through the swamp. Alone I will come. I wish thy advice, good Obi, in a matter interesting to all our poor negro race. 'Tis against our hated oppressors. To-night I will meet thee. Away!" So saying, he turned, leaving the Obi to wend through the forest.

Perault had not proceeded far on his return to the plantation, till he observed the Colonel and Mr. Joolay approaching. With a deep muttered curse, he turned from the path, and perceiving a small gate which led into the garden, pushed it open and entered. Here the sound of female voices caused him to pause, when, observing Miss Bellgrove and Letia on the footpath, he again turned, and ascended an artificial mound, around which a winding footpath led to the summit. The mound was covered with the rarest and most brilliant shrubs and flowers, and even the eye of the discontented conspirator wandered with delight over the fairy scene. At length he reached the summit, and gazed with rapture on the glorious landscape, which lay stretched like a map before him. At a short distance from him stood the mansion-house, embowered amid orange and citron trees, from the dark green leaves of which, the golden fruit burst forth, and glittered in the morning ray, while clumps of myrtle and roses diversified the lovely scene; farther on lay the negro huts, surrounded by their beautiful gardens; while the orange, mulberry, pomegranate, and fig trees, united with the spreading pride-of-India in forming a grateful and a pleasing shade: here the high cocoa and the palm-tree, threw forth their crested heads, towering proudly over the other trees. Again his eye rested on the clearings, in which the negroes were scattered in small groups, hoeing the soil; where the bright green leaves of the cotton shrub, diversified with its lovely flowers, looked like a sweet garden. Wandering from these, his eye rested on the broad expanse of the noble Wandoo, its banks spread with rice-grounds, from which the green crop was waving; and, in the back-ground, lay the boundless dark forest and its dreary wilds. Various and conflicting feelings arose within the bosom of Perault, as he looked on the fair scene before him. Shouts of laughter from the negroes, mingling with their gay songs, came on his ear; while the richest perfumes arose from earth's rarest flowers, and floated richly on the luxuriant balmy gale.

"Here, at least," said he, "my unhappy race have met with peace. 'Tis a pity that a spot so fair as this should be polluted by the breath of slavery. When the volcano bursts o'er nature's brightest scenes, does it feel for the lovely vine:

yard it destroys? No : when the burning lava rolls on its fiery course, earth's gayest gardens and its proudest palaces, are wrapped remorselessly within its blazing, wild embrace. I will yet lead those bands to happier lands, and fairer scenes than this ; and they will soon forget this spot, over which the angel of destruction now hovers."

## CHAPTER IX.

At the entrance to the garden, Letia and Matilda met Waldenberg and Joolay.

"Ha ! my beauties," cried Joolay, "there you are. Letia, my charming little laughing gipsy, I'm glad to see you. Your father told me last night you were almost dead : don't wonder at it ; fearful work you !" and Joolay shook his head, and looked as grave as an over-laden donkey.

There was a vast contrast in the rough salutation of the overseer, and the polished address of the Colonel. Nowhere is there deeper homage paid to the fair sex than in Carolina ; and Colonel Waldenberg threw into his manners all the deep devotion of the friend and the admirer. To both, his looks and language were apparently dictated by the feelings of refined delicacy ; and it was only in the soul-telling glance, and the more softened expression of the countenance, as he turned his eyes on Matilda, that one could read the emotions of his heart.

Conversing on the events of the foregoing day, they rambled onward ; when the sound of lamentation arose on their ears, and a young negro girl was seen sitting beneath a pomegranate tree, weeping very bitterly.

"Sally," said Miss Bellgrove, "why do you weep thus?"

"Oh ! ma'am," sobbed the girl ; "I been insulted, ma'am !"

"I'll take a bet," said Joolay ; "that some of these young wags of yours, Colonel, have been making love to that wench."

"You tell falsehood, Massa Joolay," said the girl, rising indignantly. "I tink more ob myself, dan listen to the young buccra genelem. Oh ! Missee, he Haman insult I." And she again fell a-crying.

"Haman," said Matilda ; "he is a sad rogue ! What new mischief has he been about now?"

"He make song on me, ma'am ; and make all de niggers laugh at me. I shall cry myshef to death, so I shall !" And she gave evident tokens of her suicidal intention, by roaring most grievously.

"He is always making songs on somebody," said Matilda. "You know, Sally, he makes them even on me ; but you should not cry so—laugh at him ; and when he finds he can't vex you, he will compose no more songs on you."

"I can't laugh, ma'am," sobbed the girl, "when he cause—my Joe and Jim go fight about me—and all de rest—stan' by and laugh at 'em."

"Why, Sally," replied Matilda, "you keep these two poor fellows continually fighting ; you should marry one of them, and then you would live quietly and happily."

"Oh no, Missee !" said the girl, with an in-

ignant toss of her head ; "nigger girl may hab two sweetheart as well as white lady. And if Joe and Jim go fight for me, I know some white genelem do de same for white lady, and fight far worsen."

Matilda's face flushed with shame and displeasure ; and Colonel Waldenberg felt the blood tingling in his cheeks, at the impertinent remark of the negress ; while Joolay, with a loud roar of laughter, bellowed,—*"Capital ! capital ! keh, keh, keh ! Colonel, that's a hit at you and Maitland fighting a duel about a certain lady. Oh, Lord ! the idea of you two being compared to two niggers ! ha, ha, ha ! two niggers fighting a duel ! keh, keh, keh !"*

"Mr. Joolay," said Waldenberg, with tones most bland, while his eyes were sparkling with fury, "there are ladies here, whom common sense—I talk not to *you* of good breeding—might teach you to respect."

"Phoo ! my dear Colonel, it's all a joke. None of your honey and arsenic words to me : mixing sweets with poison won't do. Miss Bellgrove, I'm a most unlucky dog ; when I get merry I'm just like the donkey dancing amongst the eggs—always sure to do some damage ; so just forgive and forget, my darlings !"

"Oh, Missee !" cried Sally, starting up, "dere is dat imperant wagabone, Haman, come here ; do gib him good scold."

"I'm not very good at that work," said Matilda, while she smiled at the earnestness of the girl. "But here is Mr. Joolay ; and we'll hand Haman over to him."

"Is that the nigger that made me run after him yesterday?" said Joolay, "and then sung a blasted nigger song about me, because I couldn't catch him ? If it is the same Haman, I'll serve him out in style : by the hookey, I'll do to him as old Queen Esther's husband, Ahasuerus, did to Haman of old."

"Nay, nay," said Matilda ; "Haman is a good and faithful negro : he is a natural improvisatore ; and his songs and satires keep us always in humour. The negroes dread his satirical songs more than they would do your whip. Here he comes, and a stranger with him."

"A stranger !" cried Joolay ; "blow me if it isn't a riggler nigger dandy !"

"Bless me !" exclaimed Letia, "who is that?"

"That is Lieutenant Galliard's valet, negro Tom ; a negro dandy of the first water," answered Colonel Waldenberg, smiling ; "but he seems wonderfully zealous, and excited in his language and gestures ; don't let us interrupt them ;" and the Colonel, along with the party, walked into another path. Tom's loud tongue, however, was going as if it had been swung in the middle ; and the conversation of the two negroes was distinctly heard.

"I tell you wot it is, my good friend, Massa Haman," said Tom, "you is a most complete genises."

"Genesis?" inquired Haman ; "wot you call dat?"

"Lor ! how ignoram you is," responded Tom.

"Genise, my dear Sar, is de French language for—dam clever fellow!"

"Is he?" said Haman. "'Pon soul, I tink you is flatter me!"

"De language ob de heart, Sar, is not de flattery," said Tom, "as Massa Shakimpear say."

"Shakimpear?" inquired Haman; "who nigger he is?"

"Gor Ormighy!" exclaimed Tom; "you no know Massa Shakimpear? I no know wheder him was buerca or nigger; but him make play. See him often. Him dead now. Him was die at New York ob yellow fever!"

"Poor debil!" ejaculated Haman.

Tom's sketch of the life of Shakspeare fairly upset the gravity of the company who overheard it; and the ladies had given way to the most uncontrolled laughter when the cause of their mirth, arm in arm with Haman, suddenly confronted them. His appearance was nowise calculated to allay their merriment; and even Joolay joined in the loud laughter, as he examined the negro's dress, and exclaimed, "Dash me, if ever I saw a nigger macaroni before! Keh, keh, keh!" And he chuckled long and loudly. And Tom was a buck—a leading dandy, of the first water, and a flash-swell of the negro world, of the city of Carlville; and the dress with which he had adorned his elegant person (for Tom thought himself the most fashionable and handsome negro on earth) displayed the refined taste of this sable Adonis. His unmentionables were white, and fitted tight to his shape, displaying his cucumber legs and bullet calves to great advantage; while a pair of buff boots, with huge white tassels dangling in front, completed his nether sheathing. Next came a flaming red vest, from the open bosom of which a plaited shirt-frill, of most formidable width, obtruded like a *clever de frise*. Next came a bright red high stock, sticking tightly under the chin, elevating his face to the skies, as if he scorned to look on the earth, and was watching the firmament; then, on a level with the eyes, arose the shirt-collar, from each side of which appeared the countenance, looking like a singed sheep's head; then came a very light-coloured blue coat, exceedingly short in the waist, and excessively long in the tails, which tails dwindled away to the sharpness of a boatswain's marlinespike. On his woolly pate a small hat was most jauntily fixed to one side, and over the shoulders of the coat appeared a flashy red ribbon, which sustained a quizzing-glass of huge dimensions. To complete the effect, Tom carried in his hand a dashing, purple stick, ornamented with a huge brass head, from which was suspended a red worsted cord and tassel. Tom, on approaching the parties, raised his hat, with refined elegance, between his finger and thumb, and, bowing and scraping, as if his back-bone went on a spring, gently murmured, "Your slave, ladies! Genelem, your sarvant!"

"Well, Tom," said Colonel Waldenberg, "what has become of your master?"

"Massa is follow my example, Sar," responded Tom; "him is spend him time to de best advantage."

Haman had stood grinning at Joolay, who was muttering some hard oaths between his teeth at the negro. Matilda, being apprehensive of an outbreak from Joolay, addressed Haman very gravely.

"I am sorry to hear that you have been insulting poor Sally. I will not suffer this; so, Haman, you must take care in future."

"Lor! Missee," said Haman, "I no insult Sally. Dat gal keep de whole plantation in uproar wid her sweetheart. When white genelem quarrel about dere sweetheart, dey go get pistol, and shoot one anoder decene like; but when nigger quarrel about dere sweetheart, Goley! dey break 'em hoes ober one anoder heads, and put de plantation to expense. Now, dat no do; so Sally must be have heshef. Sally hab bow-leg Jim, and knock-knee Joe, for sweetheart, and dey fight like de berry debil about she: so I compose song on 'em. You like for yeare de song, Missee? Stop I tune my bango!" Without any farther prelude, Haman struck his fingers on a little African drum which he carried, and sung with great glee:—

Our wench Sally  
She hab two bean,  
Dere's bow-legged Jim  
And knock-knee Joe.

To win dis gal  
To dere embrace,  
Poor Jim and Joe  
Would try a race.

Jim couldn't run,  
For tread him toe!  
De skin rab off  
De knees of Joe!

Oh! Sally look sad,  
And cry at de disgrace,  
Dat neider Jim nor Joe  
Were made to ran race.

The ludicrous grimaces, and uncouth contortions of the features, with which Haman sung his song, would have convulsed any one with laughter; but Tom's laughter surpassed all bounds, while his cry of "Debelish good!" at the conclusion, made the ladies look very grave, and put Joolay into a rage.

"I say, you nigger dandy," said the overseer, "where was you caught?"

"Me, Massa? I neber was catch,—I neber run away," answered Tom.

"Indeed, it's a pity for your master! Where did you get your breeding?" inquired the overseer.

"Oh! Sar, I citizen ob Carlville. I born and bred in de city. Always move in de first society," and Tom drew up his shirt collar a little bit higher.

"Indeed," said Joolay—"I thought you had belonged to some grog shop, seeing you had the bottom of a dram-glass in your bosom."

"Lor, Massa, you is surely blind!" exclaimed Tom, as he glanced at a large crystal ornament, stuck at one side of his shirt-frill; "dat is breast-pin, Massa. He is genooin diamond, Sar; him was present from king in Africa to ancestor ob mine."

"To hang at his lovely flat nose, I suppose," said the overseer. "I wish I had the drilling of you for a week; I'd teach you more than ever you saw in the city."

"I hab great many fashional acquaintance dere," said Tom. "Can't leave 'em."

"Indeed," said Joolay. "I'd like to introduce

you to my horse-whip. You'd be in *close terms of intimacy*, I assure you."

"I cut such connexion, Sar!" rejoined Tom, most indignantly.

"The connexion would *cut you*, I'll be bound!" cried the overseer.

Zada, accompanied by her brother, now approached them, and the eyes of the girl beamed with delight as she looked at her mistress.

"Well, Zada, love!" said Matilda; "how did you leave Muma Katey?"

"She is getting better," answered Zada, "and overjoyed,—as, indeed, we all are,—at your recovery."

"And you, my brave Zama," said Matilda; "have you recovered from your fatigues?"

Zama started. His eye wandered restlessly over the features of the lady; but, afraid to trust to his tongue, he bowed lowly to her, sighed, and turned away. While Tom, raising his quizzing glass to his eye, stood admiring Zada, who stared at him as if he had been a wild beast newly caught.

"Ha!" said Joolay, "here comes Captain Waldenberg and Lieutenant Galliard. Massa nigger Dandy Tom, you'd better sneak off, I guess."

Young Waldenberg and Galliard now joined them; and Galliard was chagrined and enraged on beholding the grotesque appearance of his valet. Calming his passion, he paid his devoirs to the ladies; then, turning to Tom, said, "I have some business for you, Tom—follow me."

Tom raised his hat from his woolly head, grinned, and bowed to the ladies, and followed his master. After walking a short distance, so as to be out of hearing of the company, Galliard turned suddenly round,—his face was glowing with anger.

"You infernal black mountebank," he exclaimed; "am I ever to be annoyed with your cursed folly? Who equipped you in that ridiculous garb? Confound you, Sir, you look more like a ring-tailed monkey than a human being!"

"Ring-tail monkey!" exclaimed Tom, in alarm, as he receded a pace or two, and anxiously drew his hand down his back. "Oh no, Massa, you joke. I no got no tail!"

"Where did you get that mountebank dress?" said Galliard angrily.

"Lor! Massa," rejoined the negro, "dis dress be de werry height ob de fashion. He all for you respectability, Massa, dat I was dress so gonteel."

"My respectability, you impudent dog!" exclaimed Galliard, as he snatched the stick from the negro's hands; but Tom, more mindful of his ornaments than his person, cried out,

"Take care, Massa. Lor Amighty! you break my cane!"

"Return instantly to the house," continued Galliard, "and put on your livery. If I catch you out of your livery dress again, I'll cane you while I can stand over you."

"You is wery kind, Massa," growled Tom, with a rueful look; "but I is suffer enough already."

"Begone," said Galliard, throwing him a dollar, "and obey my orders."

"Wid werry great pleasure and moch joy," said Tom, as he picked up the coin, bowed, and walked off.

Galliard looked after him, and laughed to see the alacrity with which Tom walked along.

"I cannot find it in my heart to use him ill," said Galliard; "though he often deserves it. Had I not been accustomed to him from my earliest infancy, I would sell the rascal, to get rid of his plaguy conceit and impudence."

Turning, he again joined the ladies and their party.

"Come away, Mr. Galliard," cried Joolay; "I'm just proposing a turn round the plantation. The Colonel and Miss Bellgrove are for a private confabulation, Miss Norrisville has seized hold of Zada, and Captain Waldenberg is quite sulky at going alone—so come along, my boy; you'll bear him and me company. You are two young stout fellows; so let an old man like me hook in between you." So saying, he seized hold of the two young officers by the arms, and dragged them along with him.

"You are in a hurry, gentlemen," cried Matilda. "Recollect you must all appear at the dinner-table."

"No danger of forgetting that," cried Joolay; "I'm the very one, I guess, to remind 'em of it. Come with me, Zama, and leave your sister and Miss Norrisville together."

"With your permission, Sir, I will watch at the landing-place for Mr. Bellgrove," said Zama, bowing.

"Quite right, my noble fellow," answered Joolay. "Dash me!" he continued, as Zama went away, "I would not part with that nigger for his weight in gold."

#### CHAPTER X.

"And now, Zada, that I have got time to speak to you," said Letia, "I must know what has been the cause of cousin Matilda's long illness. After I received your letter I could not rest till I saw her."

"You must know, then," answered Zada, "that last season in the city was uncommonly gay, and my young lady took the lead in all parties of pleasure. Colonel Waldenberg was her constant attendant, and she latterly accepted the offer of his hand. While preparations were making for the marriage, young Maitland arrived from Havannah, where he had resided for some time, and, being a very intimate friend of my lady's, renewed his acquaintance with her."

"But I do not recollect of hearing of Maitland before," said Letia.

"You have doubtless heard of old Tenda, the wealthiest merchant in town?" said Zada.

"The old miser?" answered Letia; "I have often heard of him."

"Old Tenda had an only daughter named Laura," continued Zada, "who, being her father's reputed heiress, was surrounded by many suitors; her affections, however, were placed on a young man, named Maitland, who acted as her father's head clerk. Young and foolish, they, in an evil hour for themselves, were privately married. It could not be long concealed; and old Tenda was

transported with fury at the discovery. He drove his unhappy daughter from the house, and dismissed her young husband from his employment,—at the same time holding out threats of vengeance against any merchant who dared to employ the young man. Maitland was thus driven to ruin and beggary; and his young and delicate wife, almost broken-hearted, found a sad change in her lot. Ah! Miss Letia, there are many fond hearts who think that this earth is all joy and rapture; and when led astray by love's magic power, fancy life's path strewed with roses. Viewed with the eyes of fond affection, what a world of pleasure this appears! Love's overruling power can make the desert bloom like the fairest garden; but, oh! when the chilling blast of adversity sweeps o'er the heart, the gay hopes, the fairy visions, all vanish; and stern reality shows that this earth is only a place of pain and suffering."

"Fy, fy, Zada," said Letia; "can you not fancy, that when two fond hearts meet they become all in all to each other?—sharing in each other's joys, lightening each other's sorrows. What is the world to them, when they are all the world to each other? Peace, hope, happiness, find their abode within those loving hearts, and heaven itself spreads its lasting sunshine within such bosoms. Life like this, my good Zada, is but a foretaste of Paradise: cheered by each other through life's pilgrimage, their own pure hearts their safest guide, love and joy continually surround them; and when the journey ends, those loving hearts are blended for ever in the realms of the blessed."

"I could fancy such," said Zada; "but, alas! such only exists in fancy. Hearts such as you describe, must be formed of more than mortal mould, and are totally unfitted for a world of sorrow like this. So it fared with Maitland and his young bride: they had looked upon the world as a place formed only for love and joy; they found it one of misery and oppression. Filled with pity at the sad fate of the young pair, some kind friends exerted themselves on their behalf; but all they could do was to obtain a situation of trust for Maitland in Cuba. Accompanied by his wife and a faithful female domestic, Maitland sailed to Havannah, and shortly after their arrival Laura gave birth to a son."

"I suppose," said Letia, "that this son is now Major Maitland."

"The same," said Zada. "Shortly after the birth of young Maitland, the yellow fever broke out in the island, and among the first of its victims was his father. Poor Laura! it was with difficulty she was dragged from the dead body of her husband: the shock was too heavy for her already broken spirits. A few hours after her husband's death she was a lifeless corpse; and within one grave the unhappy pair were laid to lasting rest."

"And what became of their son?" inquired Lara.

"Immediately after the death of the parents, the infant was taken charge of by the domestic they had taken with them. With difficulty she obtained a little money, and took her passage to ~~Catville~~ with the child. On her return she waited

on old Tenda, vainly thinking that, as the unhappy cause of his hatred was gone, he would have compassion on the helpless offspring of his daughter. She told her sad tale to the flinty-hearted wretch, who coldly answered, 'I reared my daughter like a princess: she had her marble palaces, and their gilded halls to dwell in,—she had a thousand obsequious slaves, crouching at her every beck,—she had unbounded wealth at her command,—and, more than all, she had a fond and doating parent's love to rely upon. She stooped from her state—she spurned her father's love—fled from his protecting care, and threw herself into the arms of a beggar! What could she expect? If ruin, beggary, and destitution followed, who brought them on her? It was herself—not I. I would have made *her* the first in the land: *she* brought *herself* to nothing. And who was the object of her choice? A man whom I had taken to my confidence, and who was depending on me for his daily bread. I was his friend, his benefactor. I nourished the viper till it stung me. He robbed me of all my heart held dear—repaid my kindness with black ingratitude. What could *she* expect at my hand?—what could *he* look for? And do you think that this child, the offspring of such ingrates, will receive from my hand more than its parents did? Woman! if so, you are mistaken.' He rose, and would have left the place; but the faithful woman, nothing daunted, placed the infant at his feet, and answered—

"If that poor child's parents wronged you, you have punished them to the death. Vengeance should not extend beyond the grave. There lies the infant, stretching out its little arms to *you*, its sole protector. Behold in it the features of your own once lovely and beloved daughter,—a daughter whom your cruelty hurried to an early tomb.'

"Silence! woman," cried Tenda. 'Begone! and take the brat with you.'

"Never," she answered, 'shall my hand remove the poor infant from those who are bound to protect it.'

"Take up the child, or I will toss it from the window!" cried Tenda, in a fury.

"Yes!" said she, 'and kill it as you killed its parents.' She turned, and was leaving his presence, when, in a furious rage, he stooped and rudely snatched up the infant. Its lovely, soft eye met the enraged glance of Tenda: his heart thrilled, and his passion seemed calming, as he stood rooted to the spot, gazing on the babe, who, sweetly smiling, stretched out its little hands to him, and, throwing its little arms around his neck, nestled its cheek on his bosom. Tenda was overpowered. With a convulsive sob he pressed the infant to his breast; and tears, such as Tenda had not for many a year shed, fell fast from his eyes upon the fair head of his infant grandson."

"And so," said Letia, as she wiped the tears from her own eyes, "this was Maitland's first introduction to his hateful grandfather. The old wretch! was he kind to the poor child?"

"He was," answered Zada; "and the boy grew up, and became the idol of all who knew him. His life, however, was one of mingled joy and grief, and his spirits were sadly crushed by his grand-

father. At times the old man would fancy, that in the looks and gestures of the boy he again beheld his beloved and unhappy Laura; and in those hours the old man's fondness knew no limits. If the boy smiled on another but him, the old man got churlish, and upbraided him, alleging that he had all his mother's ingratitude. If the proud spirit of the boy was aroused by these insults, and he dared to reply, then the old man discovered in the fiery glance, and the bold words of the boy, the looks and language of his unhappy father, and with curses would drive him from his presence. At length the old man resolved on sending young Maitland to England for his education; and at that time Mr. Bellgrove invited the youth to spend some time at Myrtle-grove previous to his leaving America. He came; and a number of young friends were likewise invited to enliven the time. We were then mere children, but I recollect as well what happened then as the events of yesterday. Young Waldenberg was one of the party—Colonel Waldenberg I mean, for his younger brother, Captain Waldenberg, lived with an uncle in the State of Georgia, from whence he has but recently returned. Nothing could be more opposite than the characters of Waldenberg and Maitland; the former was the ring-leader in all mischievous frolics; the latter, sensitive, mild, and gentle, shy of mixing among the youthful party around him. Maitland spent his time in lonely rambles through the forest, and along the banks of the Wandoo. The whole plantation was often thrown into alarm by his absence at nightfall; and, after diligent search, young Maitland would be found seated beneath a fig-tree or spreading pride-of-India, listening to the tales of African warfare from the lips of some aged negro. One incident I recollect well: A number of the boys had gone out to shoot. They had not gone far from the mansion-house when a shot was heard, which was instantly followed by a lamentable cry. On reaching the spot, we found Waldenberg binding up Maitland's arm, from whence the blood was freely flowing. It appeared that Waldenberg, hearing a fluttering amongst some myrtles, levelled his fowling-piece; and Maitland, perceiving a pair of lovely turtle-doves in the bush, rushed between them and the gun. The gun went off, and part of the shot struck Maitland in the arm, while the rest killed one of the poor doves. Careless of the wound, and with eyes streaming with tears, the gentle boy lifted the dead dove, and strove to bring it to life in his bosom.

"I had watched them so long," he sobbed, "and the poor things seemed so fond of each other, always sitting on the same myrtle branch, partaking the food from each other's bills, and so soft and beautiful were their fond, plaintive cries! I would rather have lost my life than injured them. It is of no use to cherish it," he said, as he drew the dead dove from his bosom. "Poor thing! it is quite dead."

"The surviving bird was fluttering around the bush with melancholy notes, calling on its mate, till, perceiving the dead bird in the hand of the boy, it flew fearlessly towards him, and, alighting on his hand, gently pressed its bill to that of the dead

one, and with faint cooings seemed anxious to wile it away. We were all affected at the sight. Every effort to drive the survivor away was answered with its plaintive, fond cry, as it clung to its dead partner.

"Weeping bitterly, Maitland carried both the birds to the mansion-house, and tried all that he could to separate the living from the dead; finding this impossible, he placed them together, and in a few hours afterwards the bereaved one was seen walking anxiously around the other; then it paused, and, stretching its wings over it, fell.—Poor thing! It gave one faint cry, and dropped dead by the side of its partner. Young Maitland exclaimed, 'They reminded me of my poor parents;' and he wept as if his heart would have broken.

While he remained on the plantation, he was adored by the whole of the negroes; every one of their histories he knew, all their little griefs were freely confided in him, and his heart and purse were alike open to every call of humanity. At length he was recalled by his grandfather, and many a bitter tear was shed at his departure. The negroes mourned it as a general loss, and old and young poured their blessings on him. But if it was a sad parting with us, it was still worse when old Tenda came to bid him farewell. Even at parting the old man found fault. He accompanied the boy to the vessel in which he was to sail, and chided him for the alacrity with which he ascended the side of the ship, alleging it was ingratitude, and displaying an anxiety to get away from him. When the moment came to part, and Maitland threw himself into the arms of his grandfather, the old man folded him closely to his heart, and wept like a child. With difficulty they removed him; but after leaving the vessel he remained upon the wharf, wringing his hands, and exclaiming, 'He's gone. I'll never again behold him. So like Laura, too. Why did I part with him?' There he stood, wrapped in bitter grief, till the ship crossed the Bar and her masts disappeared in the distance. He returned to his halls again; they seemed deserted and dreary. He glanced his eyes around his apartment; they rested on a portrait of his ill-fated daughter, taken when she was a happy child; he turned from it, and glanced towards a portrait of his grandson,—the striking resemblance of the two portraits to each other completely overpowered him. He sunk into a seat and remained for some time overwhelmed with grief; then starting up, commanded his slaves instantly to fit out the swiftest sailing packet-boat, and pursue the ship—promising a thousand dollars to any one who brought back his grandson. They obeyed—the boat sailed. All that night the old man slept not. Next day, he paced up and down the beach; in vain did his servants entreat of him to take rest and food. Night came on—the boat returned. Vain effort!—the ship was too swift for them.

"From that hour Tenda became a changed being—avaricious, grasping, greedy, and oppressive! The city became filled with stories of Tenda the Miser. He heeded them not. Years rolled on, and the glad tidings came that young Maitland was

returning. Old Tenda was almost mad with joy. He was seen hurrying through the streets. His sole cry was, 'He is coming back!—he is coming back!'

"At length the vessel which bore young Maitland entered the bay. The old man grew almost frantic when he beheld the signals of the vessel flying. From the highest verandah of his house, he looked upon that splendid expanse of water, with its lovely scattered islands. A boat was seen launched.

"I see him!" cried Tenda, starting up. 'Fly, slaves—welcome him!—welcome him like a prince returning to his territory!'

"He sunk back into the arms of his attendants, overpowered with excess of joy. Hasty steps were soon heard. The loud and joyous cries of a host of slaves announced the approach of their much-loved young master. The entrance to the verandah was thrown open, and Maitland, springing forward, caught the old man in his arms. Tenda gave a feeble cry as he sunk on the bosom of his grandson. He raised his head, and looking fondly on the face of the youth, murmured, 'Image of my murdered Laura!' drooped his head upon the shoulder of the young man.—Alas! the excitement of his feelings had proved fatal to the old man; and in that fond embrace he sunk a lifeless corpse!

"The death of his grandfather was a severe shock to the feelings of Maitland, who loved the old man sincerely; nor could the possession of his immense wealth blunt his grief. Immediately after his grandfather's funeral, Maitland arranged his affairs; and finding himself the sole heir to old Tenda's estate, sailed to Havannah, where he erected a splendid monument over the grave of his parents; thus paying them the only tribute of filial affection that was left in his power.

"On his return to Carlville, his society was much sought after; and, among others, he renewed his friendship with Miss Bellgrove. There was little change in his generous heart. Accomplished as he was, he seemed still the same generous and affectionate youth, who had risked his own life to save that of a poor turtle-dove, and who had wept tears of unavailing sorrow over it.

"Every attention and honour which could be paid to him was shown. The young Cadets elected him one of their body, and the public voice soon named him Major of the Brigade. Many a mother thrust her daughter in his way; but Maitland seemed cold and distant to them: he sought a heart to match his own. Mild, sensitive, and gentle, he soon found there were very few such. The outward glare of accomplishments pleased him not; he sought something deeper—the refined mind, the intellectual soul.

"Surely my cousin did not act the coquette with him?" said Letia.

"Heaven forbid she should be so heartless a character," exclaimed Zada; "she esteemed him as a true and sincere friend. But mark the result. One night at the assembly, Major Maitland was paying the most marked attention to my lady, when Colonel Waldenberg entered. He advanced towards Miss Bellgrove, and seemed violently

agitated. He paused, and turning to his servant, Perault, addressed a few words to him. Perault bowed, and left him. He then advanced, and without taking any notice of Major Maitland, bowed haughtily to Miss Bellgrove, and made a few sneering remarks on the company. My lady felt annoyed, and replied very coldly, and immediately after rose to dance with Major Maitland. The Colonel suddenly left the room; and, in a few minutes afterwards, Perault entered, and requested a private conversation with the Major. They retired, and immediately thereafter the company were alarmed by the report of pistols; and a cry arose, that Major Maitland had been assassinated. Miss Bellgrove was carried home in a state of insensibility; and next morning it was reported that Maitland had died of wounds received in a duel with the Colonel, who had fled. Doubts were thrown out as to the fairness of the duel; and the Colonel was openly branded as a murderer. Unable to look upon her friends, my lady retired to Myrtle Grove, and prohibited all intercourse with the city. She became completely changed, sad, and heart-broken; and being desirous that some friend should be near her, I wrote to you, without her knowledge, pressing you to come. What has occurred since, you know as well as I do. But, see," exclaimed Zada, as she pressed Letia's arm—"see, here comes Colonel Waldenberg's favourite slave, Perault, of whom I spoke."

"He is a noble-looking negro," said Letia, as she gazed on the conspirator as he approached. "He is splendidly attired, too," she added.

"Yes, Miss Letia," said Zada; "but the gaudy skin conceals the poisonous snake."

With folded arms, and wrapt in deep thought—his eyes bent steadfastly on the ground—Perault approached them. He raised his eyes, and perceiving Letia and Zada, started, and seemed confused. Instantly recovering himself, he advanced, and, with a low salaam, said—"Your servant, lady." Letia bent her head, acknowledging his courtesy, when Perault, looking at Zada, said—"You have a lovely abode here. It is a fitting paradise for an angel like your lady." And he bowed again to Letia.

"This is my lady's cousin—Miss Norrisville," said Zada.

"Indeed," said Perault, "there is a strong resemblance, then. I took the lady for Miss Bellgrove, the mistress of this heavenly spot." So saying, he bowed low and passed them.

"He is very polite," said Letia.

Zada smiled as she answered—"Flattery always sounds agreeable. Satan himself gained Eve by flattery: and Perault is a villain. I like him not."

#### CHAPTER XI.

Whackie was discussing the merits of a cold roasted fowl, with some sweet-potato bread, and sassafras beer, when an order to attend Mr. Joolay caused him most reluctantly to suspend his operations.

On entering the overseer's apartment, Whackie

beheld Joolay enveloped in a cloud of smoke, puffing away at a cigar, with a brandy bottle before him.

"Whackie," said Joolay, looking at him, "I think you are an honest, good fellow."

"Werry much so, Massa," answered Whackie, chiming in with the encomiums on his own character.

"So, as your master will not be here till this evening, I mean to retain you near my person," added Joolay.

Whackie gave the overseer a rueful and bewildered look, as he inquired—"Wat you gone ado wid I, Massa Joolay?"

"Make you my own servant," answered the overseer, with an air of importance. Whackie looked as if he would have declined the honour intended for him.

"You see, Whackie, we are going to dine with the young ladies to-day," continued Joolay.

"Tankee, Massa," grinned Whackie.

"And," said the overseer, "there will be a band of these young whelps of Cadets dining with us, and they'll be telling some tarnation cracks about their shooting, and so on; now, you are a favourite with them—"

"Much oblige," grinned Whackie.

"So," added Joolay, "I must tell some things too, for the credit of our own plantation; and, if I say you saw it—never mind what it is—swear that it's a fact."

"Yes, Massa—fac', Massa!" was the answer of the apt scholar.

"Now, Whackie, here's a glass of brandy for you," added Joolay.

Whackie gave a broad grin, showing his teeth from ear to ear, like white keys on a black hurdy-gurdy, as he took the glass, swallowed its contents, and, with a long gasp for breath, handed it back to Joolay.

"Is that good?" inquired the overseer.

"Capal! werry nice!" answered the negro, smacking his lips.

"And now, Whackie," said Joolay, in a languishing tone, "how do I look to-day?"

Whackie fidgetted about, and scratched his head, as if loath to answer.

"Come," said Joolay, "don't be afraid; speak out. How do I look—eh?"

"Dam ugly, Massa!" was the earnest response of the unsophisticated negro.

"Out, you baboon!" cried Joolay, starting up in a fury.

"Beg pardon, Massa!" cried Whackie, stooping to avoid the kick aimed at him; "you looka bootiful—neber see you look betta in all a life."

"Guessed so myself," said Joolay, as he resumed his seat, highly pleased with the somewhat ambiguous flattery of his servant.

"Now, Whackie, go and get the loan of a livery coat, and come back and help to rig me out."

Whackie bowed and departed.

The second dinner-bell had rung, and Joolay, followed by Whackie in his borrowed plumes, bustled into the dining-room. On entering the room, Whackie uttered a very audible "Lor',

Massa—how grand!" The guests were all seated; and at the back of every third chair stood handsome negroes, gorgeously appared, holding long fans of brilliant feathers, which they waved gently from side to side, to prevent the insects, which buzzed around, from annoying the company, and which, at the same time, gave a delicious coolness to the air. The table groaned beneath the display of massy plate. The walls of the apartment were painted so as to seem a beautiful garden, and the ceiling to resemble the sky. Glancing his restless eyes along the brilliant draperies of the apartment, the overseer at length looked towards the head of the table, where sat the fair hostess. A murmur of admiration burst from his lips as he beheld the change in her appearance. Her eyes were sparkling with joy; and the peachy bloom on her cheek, gave to her features a more than earthly beauty.

"Ah! Mr. Joolay," said she, "you are late—be seated." Colonel Waldenberg motioned him to a seat beside himself. "Come, Mr. Joolay," said he, "you must support me at this end of the table." Joolay bowed, and stepped forward to the chair, when his eye encountered the rich Mameluke dress of PERAULT. The overseer started. "I have seen that dress before, surely?" he muttered. He gazed on the features of Perault most earnestly; but the calm dignified look, and the full dark keen eye of the negro, as he returned the stern scrutiny, puzzled and bewildered the overseer.

"The sight of that fellow makes my head ache!" said Joolay. "Blow me, if I don't think it was he who——" Here Joolay filled up the sentence by rubbing his cranium—took another fixed look at Perault, and then sat down.

"You seem to admire my servant, Mr. Joolay," said the Colonel; "have you seen him before?"

"Is that your nigger?" said Joolay, as he pointed to Perault. "I say, Blackie, did you ever see me before—eh?" and Joolay put on a tremendous look. "We have not met that I am aware of, Sir," said Perault, with a somewhat contemptuous smile; "and your face is one that cannot easily be forgotten."

"Is it?" said Joolay, bitterly. "It's better than your —— black mug, any how!" The overseer was on the point of bursting into a fury; but Captain Waldenberg perceiving the storm arising, dexterously diverted Joolay's attention to something else; when the door was thrown open, and Haman, with a stentorian voice, sung out—"Here be a stranger, Genelum."

"Bid him enter, and welcome," answered Matilda.

A tall gaunt personage, with a pale meagre face, and attired in a suit of rusty black, entered; and making a stiff and awkward bow, stood at the door, as if amazed at the display before him, hesitating whether to advance or retire. "I am afraid," he said, "that I am intruding on the company: I am a stranger."

"The stranger is ever welcome to the halls of the Planters," answered Matilda. "Be seated, Sir, and consider yourself at home. Haman, attend the gentleman." R. K. R.

(To be continued.)



## PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

*(Continued from page 86 of our February No.)*

## CHAPTER XII.

WITH a rueful look at Joolay, Haman came forward, and muttering to himself, "I shall place de two ugly buffas face a face," placed a chair for the stranger directly opposite to the overseer. Viands were abundantly placed before the stranger, who did ample justice to them. It seemed to be a contest between him and Joolay, who would devour most. Fish of all descriptions—from the delicious black fish to the huge drumfish—disappeared down their throats; wild turkey and venison vanished before their inroads, till Joolay paused for want of breath, and laid down his knife and fork.

"Stranger," said Joolay, "I'll be glad to take wine with you."

"With pleasure, Sir," mumbled the stranger.

"Whackie," said Joolay, "hand me that bottle."

Whackie laid hold of a small cruet with a red fluid in it; and the overseer, without paying attention to it, poured out the liquor into his glass—raised it, looked fixedly at the stranger, bobbed his head as if he was meaning to toss it off his shoulders into his opposite neighbour's face, who, in return, jerked his head down as if to avoid the blow, then each took a mouthful of the liquors, but with different effects. The stranger's being genuine wine, was drank with a look of pleasure; but Joolay suddenly placed the glass on the table, started half out of his chair, and applied both hands to the pit of his stomach, screwing his face into an expression of the most diabolical loathing, while the liquor squirted from each side of his mouth like a water-spout.

"Bless me, Mr. Joolay," exclaimed the Colonel, "what is wrong?"

"Oh, mercy!" groaned the overseer. "I'm poisoned—I'm poisoned. What is that you've given me, you black rascal?" said he, turning to Whackie; "that ain't wine, Sir!" Whackie gently raised the glass, looked earnestly at it, and, without any farther ceremony, bumpered off the liquor; but suddenly letting the glass fall, he rubbed his stomach strenuously with both hands, and drew up one of his legs, while he looked the very picture of loathing Horror blackballed.

"Kah! Massa," he sputtered; "dat no good for drink."

"Oh, you one stooped nigger!" exclaimed Haman; "wot you is do? Lora me! you hab gib you Massa de essence ob cayenne for wine—oh, you stooped goose!" And Haman grinned at the joke.

"It's an awkward mistake, Mr. Joolay," said the Colonel; "but pray preserve your temper."

"Reserve!" exclaimed he; "if you was in the same pickle, I'd like to know if you wouldn't pepper theascal. Blow me—I feel as if I had a shovelful of hot coals down my throat!"

The Colonel laughed; and Joolay, turning angrily

to Whackie, ordered him to bring another glass; and Whackie, walloping his tongue and drawing in his breath, to cool it, ruefully obeyed.

"Guess I've seen you before," said Joolay, addressing the stranger.

"Mayhap you have," the man answered. "I am a preacher, and am teaching the negroes."

"Ah, hem!" remarked Joolay; "a Missionary chap, eh?"

"I am an Independent preacher," answered the stranger.

"Well, now," said Joolay, "if I was independent, they might preach who liked for me."

"You are facetious, Sir," said the stranger.

"And plain, too," said Joolay. "We don't like some of you chaps putting nonsense into poor niggers' heads: we have had no preachers here since Old Shoes left us."

"Was he a good expounder," inquired the Missionary.

"Capital," said Joolay; "but he was like some others of his kind, totally without education for the profession he followed. However, the niggers liked him, and they'd steal anything, from a sweet potatoe up to an ox, for him."

"Did he encourage them in such a system?" inquired the Missionary.

"How could they pay him otherwise?" said Joolay. "He lost their favour though, by getting too fond of rum. One day, being in a rapturous fit at a camp meeting, he told the niggers he was a-going to heaven; and, amid the roaring and weeping of the negroes, he began to ascend a tall pine tree, bidding them all farewell. When he got to the top, a branch gave way, and he came back again in riglar style!"

"Was he killed?" inquired the stranger.

"No, no; he only got a rumbly-come-tumbly-fication of the limbs, and a clatterification of the ribs. Drunk folks, and little children, are always safe when they tumble," said Joolay.

"What said the negroes?" inquired the stranger.

"Ah! you come back, Massa! He told them a long story, about being struck down by Satan, in the shape of a turkey-buzzard. The niggers would not believe him; so they all left him."

"Had they no preacher after that?" inquired the stranger.

"Nobody but me," answered Joolay.

"You!" exclaimed the Missionary.

"Yes; and a powerful sarmon I gave 'em, I assure ye. I told 'em if they didn't work hard, and drop stealing the Indian corn and sweet 'taties, they'd go to a place where Old Nick kept ninety millions of cowskins going night and day for lazy niggers, and they'd be thrashed there constantly. Why, the poor blackies were horrified, and going into fits, and carried off like killed and wounded from a field of battle. It had a powerful effect,

Sir: you wouldn't see a better gang on any plantation for a month after."

The Missionary shook his head, and gravely answered, "This is working erroneously on poor ignorant minds. If these negroes were educated?"

"Educated!" roared Joolay. "No, Sir; education plays the deuce with niggers. We'd have 'em reading newspapers instead of tending cotton, and studying politics instead of hoeing 'taties. No, no; that won't do. Educate niggers! that won't do."

"But if the Northern States should interfere?" said the Missionary.

Colonel Waldenberg now joined in the conversation, and haughtily said,—“Let the Northern States look to themselves. We will not suffer them to interfere with our internal regulations.”

"But, Sir," said the Missionary, "if the Northern States should, through Congress, declare the negroes free—"

"Then," interrupted the Colonel, "we would end the Union, and declare the Southern States free, and independent of the Northern States."

"What if they should take up arms to enforce their decree?" inquired the Missionary.

"Then we would arm and repel them," exclaimed the Colonel. "The Northern States awe us? What care we for them!"

"I know," said the Missionary, "that you Southern planters despise the Northern States men too much; but surely it adds to your disdain, to behold yourselves surrounded from infancy with crouching slaves, while the citizens of the Northern States proclaim freedom to all."

"They be hanged!" said Joolay, "the darned yankee peddlers and shopkeepers! Show me any place where folks are so happy as in this very State. Look at the niggers; where will you see a happier race? No care, no sorrow."

"Still they are slaves," said the Missionary.

"And pray what is *Slavery*?" inquired Joolay.

"A mere word: give it another name, and our country would be called a second Arcadia."

"But you sell them," said the Missionary; "you flog them; you separate husband and wife, mother and child."

"Look ye, Sir," said Joolay,—“you come here with queer notions about them poor niggers. You've seen labourers in the Northern States—free labourers?"

"Yes, Sir, I have;—not only in the Northern States, but in England also."

"Well, you've seen them *bought* in a public market?"

"A free man bought! How make ye that out?" inquired the Missionary.

"You would see them at times in the market-places, offering their services for sale," continued Joolay. "Well, some one *buys* them for a certain period at a certain price; the labourer goes with his master; he thinks he will be snug; he gets a wife; takes a house, buys furniture; works away—toils on like a slave. Well, he gets a family—perhaps a dozen of squalling brats; his limited wages can't support him and his wife and family. He toils harder, and throws himself into sickness; he can't work, and loses his situation. His rent is due,

his taxes are unpaid. The baker, the butcher and the grocer have all claims against him. & soon as they know that the poor man is out of employment, when he has no *master* to look to, they come forward, and demand him to pay that which they know is out of his power to pay. 'Give n a little time,' says the poor fellow, 'till I g better, and get a new master; I'll pay you al No, that won't do. He is poor; that's a horr crime: so they serve him the same as if he was mad dog: every one must have a blow at him."

But it is superfluous to repeat the stale arguments of the overseer. It is enough that they a those which have been a thousand times refuted when employed by British colonists. The Missionary at last broke in. "But you compel the to work—you flog them."

"Work or starve, is a maxim in nature," answered Joolay. "A schoolboy is thrashed because he won't learn his lesson. If I see an ill-natured stubborn nigger, who won't work, but idling away his time, and stealing all he can get, I threaten him: if he won't obey again, I give him a r across the shins. If that man was free, he'd be thief and a vagabond. Society would flog him: the cart-tail, and, perhaps, hang him."

"But you sell them," insisted the Missionary.

"What is the difference if I sell them, or they sell themselves? They are a set of poor devils: Africa—worst place for slavery that in the world. Folks are never happy there but when they a cutting throats. Compare our niggers to those Africa! Phoo, humbug!"

"If your negroes were free, this country would be in a different state," said the Missionary.

"Ay, faith would it!" exclaimed Joolay, "swarming with thieves and idle blackguards. I settle that question in a minute. Whackie," as he, addressing the negro, "would you like to be free?"

"Me, massa?—no, massa," responded Whackie.

"Wouldn't you like to be free and work for yourself?" inquired the Missionary.

"No, Massa; I no like for workee," answered Whackie.

"Haman," said Joolay, "what would you do if you was free?"

"Me, Massa?" said Haman with a grin. "Oh, go sleep all de day, and I go tief all de night!"

"What says he?" said the Missionary, scarcely crediting his own ears.

"Keh, keh, keh!" chuckled Joolay; "he said he'd sleep all day, and thieve all night! Neg liberty! keh, keh, keh!"

This is the very triumph of planters' logic.

The ladies having left the table, Colonel Waldenberg and a few of the officers soon followed, leaving Joolay at a fair drinking-bout with the other officers.

The wine was circulated freely, and Joolay began, in his favourite style, to narrate most marvellous matters, which, although too full of romance for any human mind to credit, he strenuously maintained were all positive facts. Captain Charls Waldenberg soon perceived Joolay's weak side and began to draw him out by degrees.

"I understand, Mr. Joolay," said the wag, "th

your plantation at Bellgrove is in such a splendid state of cultivation that it will produce everything."

"Astonishing soil!" was the ready response. "No matter what you plant, its sure to grow,—hats, shoes, coats, anything—just plant 'em! By the hookey! they grow up; plant a *dead nigger* and he'll grow alive again! I lost a shoe one day when out shooting; about a month after that, I happened to be in the same direction, judge my astonishment! there was a tree grown up, and a capital crop of shoes upon it!—It's a fact I tell ye."

"Fac', massa," murmured Whackie, "see him heshef. Zama find a shoe, and fling on a tree."

"Tremendous gales, though," said the overseer; "play hell and tommy at times! Lord bless ye! one day I was sailing down the river, when a whirlwind carried off my wig, and nearly carried myself sky high. It blew the wig up to the clouds, where, I suppose, another sort of wind caught it and blew it home. I can't say whether it was the *instinct of the wig*, or what; but judge my astonishment! when I returned home, *there was my wig drying itself before the fire!*—It's a fact I tell ye."

"Fac', massa," said Whackie, "see him heshef. Zama catch a wig in a water, and carry him home for dry."

"Have you many strange birds on your plantation?" inquired Galliard.

"Wonderful, Sir," said the overseer. "You know there is a heavy penalty against shooting turkey-buzzards? Well, Sir, I was annoyed by one lately, so levelled my rifle at him. Judge my astonishment! when he roared out, 'No humbug, old Joolay! darn me, if you fire at me I'll inform against ye, and get ye fined!' I was amazed, Sir, and let him fly off!"

"Fac, Massa," said Whackie.

"Indeed, Whackie!" said Galliard. "Did you ever hear a buzzard speak?"

"No, Massa; neber yearee turkey-buzza peak all a life!"

A number of the young wags observing the peculiar contour of Joolay's phizog, took up a bet, *who would make the ugliest face* in the whole company. Amidst shouts of laughter the bet was accepted, and each in his turn endeavoured to distort his features into the most hideous deformity. No one seemed to relish the joke more than Whackie; but as it came to Joolay's turn, Whackie got extremely excited, and clapping the overseer on the shoulder, exclaimed in an eager tone—

"Massa Joolay, Massa Joolay, *no change you face, no change you face!* Goley, Massa! *you face beat 'em all as him is!*" The roar of laughter which followed this remark, put Joolay into a towering rage, and starting from his chair, he turned on Whackie; but the negro instantly perceiving the blunder he had committed, nimbly fled from the apartment. The young wags now interfered, and Joolay being restored to peace, allowed Whackie to reënter.

The Missionary had sat at the table with the others, and was giving much offence, by his ill-timed remarks on the system of slavery, till, tired with what was considered his impertinence, Galliard arose and addressed him—

"Sir, we have borne with your language till it has become tiresome. Look around you, and ask any one of the negroes who attend us, if he is unhappy; and I doubt not, but his answers would be in the negative. We have been brought up with, and accustomed to them from childhood; and therefore like them. It would be an act of cruelty on our parts, to drive them out from the homes where they have been born and bred. You, and such as you, however, would have us not only give them freedom, but also divide our lands and fortunes amongst them, and bid them to think, that in that empty sound, freedom, they are to be equal to angels in bliss. It is only when they would find the sad reality—when want and sickness, toil and sorrow, bore them down, that they would find that freedom is but an empty name, and curse those who had driven them to ask it."

The Missionary would have interrupted him; but looking up, he encountered the eye of Perault, who, with an angry gesture, beckoned on him to arise and follow him.

"I am glad we have met," said Perault, as he encountered the Missionary at the end of one of the garden walks.

"I heard you had arrived," said the Missionary. Your brethren in the city were most anxious to know the result of your negotiations with Christophe, and the free negroes of Hayti."

"All is arranged," answered Perault. "Christophe has already assigned the territory to us. Secrecy and despatch are all that are now necessary. Our race will hail thee as their friend, and say that there was at least one *White man* to lead them from this house of bondage."

"Yes!" exclaimed the Missionary, "as Moses led the Israelites from Egypt, so would I lead the oppressed negroes from this land. But, Perault, I have my own doubts as to whether we can escape with the secrecy you represent. My soul revolts against bloodshed."

"None will be shed, if it can be avoided," answered Perault. "We only require to fire the buildings, and seize the shipping during the alarm; the negroes from the plantations can enter the city under cloud of night, or join us in their canoes in the bay."

"But will the negroes on this estate join us?" inquired the Missionary.

"Preach thou the blessings of freedom; make them *discontented with their present lot*; tell them that they must effect their own freedom; talk to them of happier lands, where their liberties and wealth can be secured. Do this; and with the aid of those already in the plot, all will go right. I have this day discovered a powerful auxiliary to our cause."

"How?" inquired the Missionary.

"In the Obi, or magician of the woods," answered Perault.

"I will deal with no sorcerers," rejoined the Missionary.

"Bah!" replied Perault. "What would thy preaching in secret to the negroes of the city have done, had Gullah Jack not aided thee?"

"True; but his strength of mind gave him the

power, which by imposition he kept up," said the Missionary.

"It is to his plotting brain that we are indebted for the secrecy of this conspiracy," said Perault; "and, trust me, that, in the Obi of the woods, we will find another Gullah."

"Be it as you wish," said the Missionary. "But when does our purpose hold?"

"Without farther delay," answered Perault: "our plot is now ripe. Proceed thou from hut to hut. Able emissaries will aid thee. On thy talents Perault relies for success. See, some negroes are approaching. To thy work, my friend—away." The Missionary turned and left him, and Perault, clenching his teeth together, muttered,—“Proceed, O fool! to seal thine own doom! Pale-faced renegade, now work thy own destruction.” He turned and proceeded to the house.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The night was stormy, and the loud wind howled through the forest, as Perault, with stealthy steps, slipped past the Cadet outposts, and entered into the thickets. After toiling through the under-wood for a considerable distance, he found himself on the verge of a deep swamp. "Confusion!" he muttered. "I have lost my way. I must skirt along this swamp, and run the risk of being bit by these black snakes which I hear rustling among the leaves. No matter," he continued, "I must grope my way." So saying, he tore a large branch from a tree, and striking it occasionally on the ground before him, proceeded on his journey. At length he reached the firmer soil, and with speedy steps hurried forward. A faint light glimmered occasionally in the distance; and, guided by it, Perault soon reached the hut of the Obi, and struck the door thrice.

"Enter, foe to the white man," cried a shrill voice from within the hut; and the light which had hitherto guided the wanderer's footsteps was suddenly extinguished.

Perault instantly threw open the door and entered. "Peace, and the blessing of heaven, be with you, Obi!" said he, as he groped his way into the hut.

"Ha—ha—ha!" shrieked the shrill voice; "a curse would sound better than a blessing, from thy unhallowed lips!"

"Silence, dotard!" exclaimed Perault, fiercely; "I come not here to listen to thy jargon."

"Thou comest to know what may be the result of thy ambitious schemes?" said the Obi.

"And if I did, what then?" said Perault, scornfully.

"I see," answered the Obi, "a gallows strung with strangled negroes, closer than ever African girl strung beads upon her necklace!"

As the Obi spoke, a lurid flame arose from the centre of the hut, spreading a sickly hue all around, and shone upon the figure of the aged African, attired in a female dress.

Perault eyed the Obi sternly, and said—"A gallows strung with strangled negroes!—Couldst thou behold Abou Abdallah, the murderer, amongst them?"

The African uttered a faint cry of horror and surprise, as he staggered back a few paces, and exclaimed, "Am I betrayed? Who spoke of Abou Abdallah?"

"One who knows thee, and the dark deed that drove thee hither," said Perault. "Thy master's cruelty nerved thy hand; thy insulted nature loudly called for vengeance: thou didst stab thy master to the heart, then fled into the woods; and, by assuming the garb of a negro woman, and practising on the superstitious fears of the fools around thee, thou hast hitherto baffled all pursuit. Is not this thy tale, old man?"

"Thou wouldst not betray me?" said the Obi, tremblingly.

"No," answered Perault. "Thou hast had thy vengeance, and justly too: thou must now aid me in obtaining *mine*."

"And who art thou," said the Obi, sullenly; "who thus tracks the tiger to his lair?"

Perault's form seemed to become dilated, as he proudly answered—"Perault, the son of Hasnan, headman of Woonah!"

With a cry of joy, the old man cast himself at the feet of Perault, exclaiming, "Wah! Wah!—God is great!"

"Rise my kinsman," said Perault; "I have sought thee long and earnestly. Chance has thrown thee in my way; let us make the best use of our meeting."

The old African rose and gazed on Perault with a fond look. "I remember," said he, "that horrid night when the Felatahs stormed Woonah, and thy father and his gallant followers were seized by the foe; thou wert then an infant at thy mother's breast. She also was seized."

"Yes, Abdallah," said Perault, hastily interrupting him; "and all were sold by the conquerors to the White men as slaves! Of this I know nothing save from the lips of my mother and my unhappy father."

"Thy father, Perault? not from *his* lips surely! He was sold to a West Indian planter, and severed from thee and thy mother the instant the slave ship arrived. He was never heard of again," said Obi.

"He was heard of," said Perault; "and fearfully heard of. Listen: I have been told of the horrors of the slave-ship which bore you to this land."

"Hush, hush!" said Abdallah, as he shrank back, shuddering. "Talk of anything but that! Oh! e'en now, the bare remembrance of it sickens my heart."

"And ought to goad thee on to vengeance," cried Perault. "My father, my mother, and thyself, and I, then a poor helpless infant, alone survived of all my father's tribe: the bodies of the rest were tossed to feed the sharks. We arrived at Carlville, and were instantly driven to the slave market, and set up for sale. A stranger bought my father; my mother, myself, and thou were purchased by old Waldenberg of Gladswood. Nay, tremble not, Abdallah; I honour thee for butchering him. My father and mother were torn asunder by force, and never met again. Old Waldenberg

was a harsh and a cruel master; his lady was mild, gentle, and tender-hearted. She heard the story of my mother's wrongs, and would have bought my father back; but the stranger to whom he had been sold had departed no one knew whither. Young Waldenberg, now *my master*—curses on the name!—was then a child of the same age as myself, and Mrs. Waldenberg appointed my mother to be his nurse,—thus Waldenberg and I were nourished at the same breast. A private tutor attended the family, and to please Mrs. Waldenberg I was placed under his care, along with her sons. My thirst for study was unbounded, and my young masters were soon outstripped by the poor black slave. The page of history was opened to me. The more I read, the more I wished to know. At length my young master was sent to college, and thither, as his servant, I accompanied him. There no restraint was placed upon my mind: supplied—liberally supplied, with money by young Waldenberg, I could purchase the means of information. It happened that at this time a son of Bellgrove's attended college with my master. This young man had a slave named Zama, to whom he was devotedly attached. Zama, like myself, was fond of study; and together we perused the classic page, and aided each other in our search for knowledge. At length the question arose in my mind,—to what end all my learning would, or could come? I was a *slave*, fettered and chained in body, while my soul seemed to hold creation too limited for its aspirations. At length my master quitted college, and with him I travelled to the sunny clime of Italy, and to gay and gaudy France. We then heard that old Waldenberg was murdered by one of his slaves.”

“Hold, Perault!” cried Abdallah; “call it not murder,—it was a good deed. I bore with him till human nature could bear no longer. At length I encountered him alone in the forest: he upbraided me, called me idle,—a vagabond; and told me that on my return the whip should teach me how to spend my time. I answered him somewhat haughtily: he struck me on the mouth. Forgetful of myself, I returned the blow, and struck my tyrant to the earth. He arose; and, grappling with me, called loudly on his attendants. I knew what my fate should be should they come up; and, hurried on by vengeance, I drew the knife from my girdle and plunged it into his bosom. Thrice I struck the monster to the very heart! He fell. I dragged his dead body to a small thicket, and covered it with the bushes and withered leaves, and, wiping from my hands and dress the bloody tokens of my revenge, I returned to the fields and mixed amongst the labourers. The old man was soon missed. A search took place, and his favourite dog discovered the dead body where I had laid it. Flight alone remained, and I fled to the dark forests, to herd with beasts of prey. Chance directed my steps to this hut, where I found an aged negro whose fancied magic powers held the whole country in awe, and even the boldest hunter in the woods would tremble at her name. From her I received shelter and protection. After a short time she died, and, burying her body, I assumed her

garb, and practised upon the superstitions of the negroes, who still believe, that in me they fear and reverence Obei Fetmah. Frequently I visited the plantation of Myrtle Grove, till, this morning, on entering the hut of Muma Katy, I heard the name of Waldenberg; and, horrified and trembling, I fled. But I have interrupted thee,—proceed with thy narrative.”

“Let those who may, upbraid thee for the deed,” answered Perault. “To me it is the best recommendation, that thy hand has been dyed with the white man's blood. But to my own matters. I returned to Gladswood in time to witness the death of my poor mother. It was a bitter scene, Abdallah! Even yet, the remembrance of it causes the tear to start unbidden from my eyes. She told me of her sad lot; and, with her dying breath, exhorted me to free my unhappy countrymen from bondage.”

“A few days after this, I happened to be rambling through the city. A crowd in one of the streets attracted my attention. Pressing through it, I beheld an aged, white-haired negro in a dying state. To the rude question of ‘who he belonged to?’ he answered, feebly, that he was a *free negro*,—that he was unable to work, and for nearly three days had not tasted food. My heart bled for the poor old man; and raising him gently, I supported him to the house of a friend. Oh! Abdallah, judge my grief and horror, when in that poor, aged, dying man, I beheld my *father!*” Perault paused, and wringing his hands, paced hurriedly up and down the hut.

“Thy father!” exclaimed Abdallah. “Hassan of Woonah perishing in a strange land for want of food! Oh, blessed Prophet! was there no hand to aid him?”\*

“Oh, Abdallah! had I a thousand lives, how gladly would I have laid them down to save him! Think—only think—that here, in a land *professing* itself a Christian land,—that for *three days* that aged, feeble, dying man, had not tasted food! In vain I strove to save him. Alas! every attention that my fond heart could dictate, was pain to him, and proved unavailing. He died—and in my arms yielded up his last sigh. Because he was a *negro*, he had been treated *like a dog*. He had been a *slave—worked, lashed, branded!* He had *done a generous act*, and for that act was *rewarded*:—mark the word, Abdallah,—*REWARDED* with his freedom! *Rewarded!* such a reward as hell itself would grant to suffering humanity! such a reward as fiends might stand by and laugh at! He was *liberated* because he was *old and feeble*, and could no longer serve his harsh employer. He was freed from bondage, and driven on the world helpless, unprotected,—in poverty and want, to *starve!*”

Here the rage of Perault arose to a fearful pitch. His eyes gleamed with supernatural fire, his figure seemed dilating, and the foam boiled from his mouth, as he paced to and fro, like an infuriated tiger.

\* The reader need not be reminded that many of the African tribes, from their intercourse with the Arabians, hold the faith of Mahomet.

"Yet, Abdallah," he continued, "the sufferings of that old man only accelerated my deadly purpose. O'er the dead body of my unhappy father, I swore eternal hatred to the white oppressors, and vowed that I would never rest till I had effected the freedom of my unhappy negro brethren. Under the pretence of celebrating my father's funeral, I assembled a large body of the discontented negroes in the city. I told them of my father's fate, and pointed out many other instances of a similar nature. I asked if the same fate might not be ours, when we were old and feeble? I called upon them to strike for freedom, and to save themselves and their posterity from bondage. Their hearts responded to my wishes. In that hour we formed a secret combination; each pledged solemnly to spread the flames of discord, and to rally our negro brethren around the standard of liberty. The work went on in secret and in silence. Every hour fresh numbers were added to our cause. Arms and ammunition were purchased, and concealed in various quarters. A number of freed negroes, in our bands, joined the coasting vessels, in order to practise navigation; so that, when an insurrection broke out, there would be no lack of experienced sailors, to carry us from this hateful coast. A communication was opened with Christophe, the negro king of Hayti, in Saint Domingo; and a territory in that island was allotted to us. It latterly became necessary that I, the principal leader in the plot, should meet with King Christophe, to arrange our final plans. This was difficult to accomplish; but fortune favoured our cause. Major Maitland, a young officer in the Cadet Brigade, had recently returned from Cuba, and his mild and gentle manners made a deep impression on the negroes around; and one or two of his own slaves, who were in the plot, began to feel lukewarm in the cause. *They went amissing suddenly*: it was supposed they had fled." A grim, demoniacal sneer overspread the features of Perault, as he narrated this part of his career, which Abdallah soon construed to its proper meaning.

"They fled," he said. "Ah! Perault—but whither fled they?—from earth, and from its sorrows—freed by thy hand, perchance!"

"The sharks in the Ashley river can best tell the tale," said Perault, carelessly. "But the deed was necessary for our safety. Be this as it may. Thou hast heard of this outbreak of the Indians?"

"I have," answered the Obi. "But why have the Red Cherokees left their native wilds to rush to certain danger?"

"Some time ago," continued Perault, "a party of them encamped within ten miles of the city. On pretence of making their chiefs some presents, I went to their tents, and found means to wile these haughty savages into conversation. I lamented the loss of their hunting-grounds, and fishing-stations on the sea-coast; and finding they lent a ready ear, added, that were I a leader in their nation, I would not cut off the smaller villages of the white people, but assemble the whole warriors of the tribe, and destroy the inhabitants of the *larger cities*, which might be taken by surprise at night;

and that being done, the smaller towns could readily be seized, and the whites massacred; and that thus the Indians might recover their power, and hold their native forests free. The subtle savages caught at the idea. I complained of the lot of the poor negroes, who I told them were once, like themselves, free, till the white man made them his slaves; hinted at the negroes aiding the Cherokees; and before I left the camp, arranged with them the attack on Carlville."

"Perault, Perault!" exclaimed the Obi, "beware, beware. Behold the Red Cherokee has been scattered before the power of the white man."

"Not so," answered Perault; "the Red Cherokees are now mustering fast around this spot. Ere long, their wild war-whoop shall arouse the forest echoes, and the boasted troops of Carlville sink before them."

"How effected ye the interview with King Christophe?" inquired the Obi.

"By a lucky stroke of policy, Abdallah," answered Perault, grimly smiling. "Colonel Waldenberg was on the eve of marriage with Miss Bellgrove, when Major Maitland stepped into her good graces. It was an easy matter to rouse Waldenberg to jealousy; and by vague reports, and well-timed innuendoes, I inspired him with a thirst for revenge. I watched my opportunity; and one night, at the Assembly, hinted I had heard a rumour of her breaking off intercourse with him, and marrying Maitland. He saw them both in close conversation. Filled with rage, he commanded me to bring his pistols: with joy I obeyed. It mattered little to me which fell, as I was well supplied with gold for flight. I returned with the pistols; and requesting a private conversation with Maitland, enticed him to the garden. There Waldenberg encountered him. Maitland at first positively refused to fire; till Waldenberg, threatening to brand him as a coward, roused him to anger. They fired, and Maitland fell, severely wounded. The cry of assassination arose, and notwithstanding Waldenberg's reluctance, I forced him to flight. I had engaged a schooner bound to Port-au-Prince: we arrived there; and Waldenberg being too ill to travel, I obtained permission to view part of the island. Leaving my master with Petion and his mulatto brood, I hastened on to Hayti, and had an interview with Christophe. It was attended with complete success. Ha, Abdallah! when I looked upon the sable visage of that king, and saw the weak supporters of his power, methought the crown of Hayti pressed my brows, and the sceptre was already in my grasp. Oh! godlike ambition, how I adore thee!"

"Would ambition induce thee to hurl Christophe, the king who befriends thy cause, from his throne?" said the Obi, with surprise.

"Why not?" said Perault. "He who has the soul to *dare* can *do*. Crowns and thrones are the game of daring minds: all fact, all history shows it. What! think ye that I would lead my warlike thousands through blood, through battle, and through well-won vengeance, to bid them crouch to any other power than mine? No, no, Abdallah. I will reign supreme—I will bear no

secondary part. But now, Abdallah, to my purpose. Thou knowest the Lady of Myrtlegrove?"

"I do," answered the Obi; "and kind has she been to the poor negro."

"She is on the eve of marriage with Waldenberg," said Perault.

The Obi started, and tremblingly said, "Then I am no longer safe."

"Thy safety depends upon thyself," said Perault. "Thou, by thy fancied magic powers, must have a powerful sway over the negroes on Myrtlegrove and the neighbouring plantations!"

"Tis true," said the Obi; "my bidding is like the word of fate to them."

"Then thou must be their leader. The torch of discord is already laid in these plantations: thou must fan it into a flame. All is ready to lead our countrymen from this land of bondage to a land of light and liberty."

"Say how I can aid thee and thy cause," exclaimed the Obi. "Show me but the way, and I will follow it in the face of death!"

"There is a Christian fanatic to join thee in thy labours," said Perault; "one who, moved by fancied zeal, left off his trade of *shoemaker*, in New York, to preach a crusade against slavery. He was seized in Carlville, and tarred and feathered. I took advantage of his rage, and fired his mind with the hopes of vengeance. He has proved of powerful aid in stirring up the discontented negroes. Under the mask of religion, he gives vent but to his own feelings and thirst for vengeance. He will soon make the negroes in Myrtlegrove unhappy: follow thou thy calling in his steps."

"Trust not to the pale-faced Christian," said the Obi; "he will deceive and betray thee."

"He dare not," answered Perault; "his own life would pay the forfeit. As to his religion, it matters not to me whether *my* followers be followers of the Cross or of the Koran. When we pass a brook, we ask not that the stepping-stones be made of solid marble."

"Does this Christian follow thee to Hayti?" inquired the Obi.

"No," said Perault, fiercely; "nor one of his hateful brood. His fate is already sealed; let that content thee."

A loud roll of thunder shook the hut to its foundation, and the sheeted lightning gleamed broad and brightly through the crevices of the frail tenement. Perault and Abdallah started and listened for a few seconds attentively. A still and sullen silence followed, and not even a leaf of the surrounding forest was heard to stir. Then, piercing on the night's dull ear, arose the roar of the dreaded panther, and the wild and melancholy howl of the startled wolf, mingling with the shrill cry of the racoon, and the thrilling rattle of the rattlesnake. Again all sunk into silence; then the thunder rolled in horrific peals, and the heavens seemed one broad sheet of living fire clutching the earth in its blazing embrace.

"The Tornado has set in earlier than I expected," said Perault. "However, I must face it, and hie me homewards."

"Nay, Perault," said the Obi, "you cannot ven-

ture out to-night. Hark to the panthers' and the wolves' wild cry. You are alone and unarmed—you cannot brave them."

Perault laid his hand on the Obi's arm, and, grimly smiling, answered, "The wildest beast of prey that roams the forest, the subtlest snake that crawls, seem to have virtues in their nature, which man, frail man, doth sadly want. Believe me, my good Abdallah, that amongst the human race, you will meet with those in whose breast the bloody temper of the panther, the ravenous nature of the wolf, and the subtle poison of the snake, are all combined, without one portion of their better qualities."

"Most true," replied the Obi. "Yet, still, Perault, you must not venture forth to-night."

"Give me a hatchet," said Perault; "and let panther, wolf, or white man—worse than both, cross my path if they dare!"

"Rest thee till morning, Perault. Hark how the thunder rolls,—see how the vivid lightnings blaze," said the Obi.

"There is a melody in the rolling thunder," answered Perault, "which sounds like sweetest music in mine ear. There is a beauty in the lightning's blaze, when it seems scorching up the hateful earth, that my heart rejoices in. The thunder's roll, the lightning's blaze, seem kindred to my soul; therefore I fear them not."

"Then, if thou wilt persist, I will accompany thee to the verge of the forest," said the Obi.

"Not one step, my kinsman. I would not have thee expose thy grey hairs to this angry blast. Cherish thyself well, my good Abdallah, for the day of our vengeance which is at hand."

"Nay, stay but one moment," entreated the Obi. "Hark, the thunder rolls away in the distance. There comes the rain; all will soon be clear."

A loud rushing wind was heard throughout the forest: crashing, tearing, and uprooting the huge trees, it bore onward in its resistless course. Then came the rain, no stinted shower. It seemed as if ocean had usurped the place of heaven, and was pouring down on earth a second deluge.

"Rest but a few seconds," urged the Obi; "the rain will soon be over—all will be calm again."

"Then," said Perault, "I will remain."

He seated himself at the side of the Obi. "And now," said he, "tell me of the land of my birth—the sunny clime of my childhood: tell me of its palm-groves, and of its free-born tribes."

The Obi smiled and began a sketch of African life; but Perault suddenly arose and said, "Hark, the rain is over, I must be moving. When I am free, Abdallah, we shall talk of Africa."

The loud sound of the frogs and tree-toads joining in their nightly concert, chiming with the deep-mouthed croaking of the huge bull-frog, and the chirping of myriads of locusts, crickets, and lizards, the hum of the night-bettles, and drone of mosquitoes, now arose, mixed with the hissing of the straggling snakes. All seemed awakening into new life. The stars arose bright and clear; not dimly glimmering as in our northern foggy clime, but each large, lustrous, and brilliant, like golden lamps blazing in the heavens; and the milky-way,

dazzling in light and beauty, glowed like a track of burnished gold laid in the realms of glory.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"What think you of Zada, Miss Bellgrove's slave-girl?" exclaimed Captain Waldenberg, to Joolay, as they sauntered along the Wandoo.

"Prime wench! capital wench! famous wench!" exclaimed the overseer.

"She seems well educated, and possessed of good accomplishments," said the Captain.

"Yes, yes," said Joolay; "she had the whole benefit of the same teachers with her young lady. Her brother, Zama, too, a fine fellow, was educated with young master Charley, afore the Indgins grabbed hold of him. Zada's not so proud as Zama. Fine wench!—deuce of a pity she's black."

"Poor girl!" sighed the Captain; "what can all her education and accomplishments avail her? Perhaps married to some rude negro, whose only knowledge is how to handle a hoe. What a fate for such a sweet-natured being!"

"Ay," responded Joolay, as he shook his head; "that comes o' educating niggers. Blow me, if ever I saw it turn out good!"

"What regularity in her features!" continued the Captain: "what an elegant figure and gesture! and, when she speaks, her voice sounds like the breathings of a mellow flute!"

"Ay," said Joolay; "I like poor Zada very much. Deuce of a pity but she could be white-washed! I'd give ten dollars myself for that purpose. Blow me, if it was possible, I'd take her myself!"

"I know not how it is," said the Captain; "but her silvery voice rings still in my ear. What a pity she is a slave!"

"If a body heard her speaking in the dark," observed Joolay, with a wise look, "they wouldn't know her from a white woman. She'd make a famous wife for a blind planter."

"I think she would make a good housekeeper," said the Captain. "And, whep one lived comfortably on their own estate amongst negroes, why, she would make a most agreeable companion."

"You've hit it," said Joolay; "that's what makes Miss Bellgrove so fond of Zada. She's a managing wench; and, when she's in a merry mood, she makes one quite happy to hear her."

"Do you think her mistress would sell her?" inquired the Captain, eagerly.

"Sell Zada!" exclaimed Joolay, gaping with surprise. "No, faith no; she wouldn't take two thousand dollars for her."

"I'll give five thousand for her!" exclaimed the Captain.

Joolay turned and stared till his eyes seemed coming out of their apertures. "What the deuce are you wanting with Zada?" said he. "Ah, Captain, you're a sly dog!—keh, keh, keh!"

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Joolay."

"Oh, not a bit, not a bit. I know how you gentlemen of the city act."

"As I live," said the Captain, "here she comes!"

"So she does," said the overseer. "You know there is an old proverb, Speak of the —, you know it, eh?"

"Good morning, my pretty Zada," cried the Captain. "Whither wend you so early?"

"Hillo, my African Venus!" said Joolay; "gathering dew, eh?"

Zada curtsied lowly, and would have passed; but the Captain suddenly brought Joolay to the right about face, and stood at her side.

"Whither so fast, my pretty girl?" said he.

"Mr. Joolay and I are just taking a walk."

"How is Charley this morn'g?" inquired the overseer. "Getting better, eh?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the timid girl. "He is better; he is now able to converse freely; and, this afternoon, will endeavour to meet my lady."

"And how is Major Maitland?" inquired the Captain.

"Much better, Sir. He is up to-day, and has got his arm in a sling. With a little assistance he could walk now."

"That's right," said Joolay. "Thanks to you and Ooknea, them chaps are getting fast round. Now, if a doctor chap had gotten them, he'd a bolussed and physicked them to death's door, and kept 'em a-bed for a month or two. Nothing like nature herself for working a cure."

"Are you going to see the old sick negress—Katty, I think, you call her?" said the Captain.

"I am, Sir," answered Zada.

"Then we'll go and see her, too. Take my arm, my girl," said the Captain.

"Zounds!" roared Joolay, "what are ye about? Taking me on a friendly visit to an old nigger wench, and going arm in arm with a young one! The puppy's mad, I guess."

Zada had drawn back, on the Captain offering her his arm, and stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, while the Captain felt his face glowing. With mortified feelings he turned to Joolay, and said, "There can be harm in offering aid to one so perfect as Zada."

"Flummery,—stuff! I think I see you meeting the rest of your brother-officers, with a young nigger wench under your wing. Keh, keh, keh! I think I see you! Ecod! you wouldn't hear the last of it for twelve months!"

Zada had glided rapidly onward; and the Captain, extricating his arm from Joolay, would have followed; but the overseer caught him round the waist, and held him as firm as if he had been in the arms of a brown bear. "I tell you, you are mad," said Joolay.

"Just one moment, Mr. Joolay," entreated the Captain. "I'll be back in a moment."

"Don't be foolish," urged the overseer. "Chase any other wench in the plantation, but don't harm that poor girl." So saying, he dragged him reluctantly away.

The Captain, finding remonstrances were vain, went peaceably with the overseer till they reached the house; then, pretending he was going to drill his company, got off. With speedy steps he hied towards Muma Kattay's hut; and, on coming in sight thereof, observed Zada quitting the garden,



He advanced: but the girl, catching a glimpse of him, suddenly struck into another path, amongst the shrubbery. "So ho! my haughty girl," thought he, "you avoid me. I'll baulk you yet." He turned, and, hurrying through the myrtles, intercepted Zada in a narrow footpath.

"Well, my pretty girl," said he, as he fronted the abashed maiden; "you see we have met again."

"Allow me to pass, Sir," said she, as the Captain placed himself firmly in the narrow footpath.

"Don't be in a hurry, my sweet girl," said he; "I mean you no harm."

"I hope not, Sir," said she, looking at him with suspicion. "I never harmed you, and why should I read any injury from you."

"My sweet girl!" said the Captain, "I could listen for ever to the melody of thy voice. Methinks, that in each balmy gale that fans the spreading myrtles, I hear the gentle music of thy tongue!"

The girl stepped back, and looked with indignation on him, as she answered—"Reserve such themes for ears that can listen to them; to my ears they sound as insults."

"Sorry would I be, dear Zada, to offend thee; and if my tongue but speaks the feelings of my heart, surely you cannot deem that rudeness."

"Such language, Sir, is not for me to listen to. You seem to forget that I am a negress and a slave."

"And if I can forget thou art a negress, I have the power, sweet girl, to buy thy freedom," said he, earnestly.

"Insult my feelings no longer with this ribaldry," said she. "Suffer me to pass, Sir, else I turn again."

"Nay, Zada, I mean no insult. I have been brought up from childhood amongst thy race; and my eyes are more accustomed to the African than the white complexion. Wonder not, then, that in meeting one so perfect as thyself, I should take an interest in thy fate, and wish to make thee happy."

"That lies not in your power," answered the girl. "And I am sorry that Captain Waldenberg's gallantry soars no higher, than in coining flattery for the ears of poor slave girls." She turned, and would have fled; but the Captain, springing forward, caught her in his arms.

"Unhand me, Sir!" exclaimed the girl, while her eyes flashed with anger.

"Listen to me, Zada," he entreated.

"Unhand me!" she again exclaimed. "I thought you more of a gentleman and a man of honour, than to insult a helpless negress."

"I am a Carolinian," answered he. "That name might guarantee thy safety, and quell thy foolish fears."

"I trust not to it," she answered, struggling to extricate herself from his embrace. "Unhand me, Sir. This is most unmanly conduct. Release your hold, or my cries will bring me speedy aid." She burst from his arms, and, with the speed of the frightened fawn, fled along the path.

Charles pursued her closely; and, just as he was gaining on her, she darted into a footpath leading through the forest—when, to his chagrin, he beheld Perault standing on the walk before him. The

Captain paused; and with all the fiery, haughty temper of his countrymen when roused, demanded of Perault what he did there?

"Not to interfere with your sport, my young and honoured master," answered Perault. "Don't let me interrupt your chase—the game is yet in sight."

"Dog of a slave, what insolence is this?"

"Slave I am," answered Perault, bitterly; "dog I may be!"

"What mean you, Sirrah?"

"Simply that, as a dog, I may bring down the game for you!"

"Explain yourself, Sir."

"Pardon me, my honoured master, if I, your brother's humble slave, address you thus. I see how your mind, and, I dare say, your affections, lie. That girl, slave as she is, might grace an Eastern throne. Nay, blush not at my rude language to you. Master Charles, I wish you well; and I, although a poor negro, would wish to aid you in your utmost desires."

"And, pray, how would you aid me?" said Charles, with a sneer.

Perault fixed his eyes full on him, with a glance so deep, so penetrating, that it seemed to search the inmost recesses of his heart. "The young men of the city," he answered, "are at times caught by the graces of our negresses; and how often will you find that they continue in that attachment in opposition to the will of all their friends. Is it any wonder, then, that a young sensitive mind should be attracted by the superior graces of a young negress, who, to beauty and regularity of form and features, which might eclipse the boasted beauties of your land, unites a purity of mind, an elevation of soul, and an accomplished understanding, surpassing even the beauties of your polished city?"

"To whom do you allude," said Charles, scarcely trusting a look at Perault, so much did every word tell upon his heart. "If this negress be all you say, why not unite your fate to hers?"

"And rear children for the *Slave Market!*" added Perault. "No, no! Master Charles. Were all mankind of my mind, there would be less sin and misery in this world. That girl is not formed to become the wife of a poor despised slave. Zada must aim at something nobler."

"And, pray, what would you have her be?"

"Under the protection of one who could esteem her amiable qualities—one like thyself!"

"Plainly spoken! And what would I do with her?"

"Carry her to your plantation on the Santee. Keep her there!"

"And how am I to get her there?"

"Leave that to me. To be plain with you, Master Charles, your brother would be happy if this girl was away from Miss Bellgrove. She engrosses too much of her mistress' affections. Besides, Zada is continually praising Major Maitland, and on all occasions holds him up as a paragon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Charles, somewhat thrown off his guard by the tone in which Perault conveyed his information, "Can Zada love Maitland?"

"I doubt it not," answered Perault; "and it were high time, for your brother's sake, she should be disposed of."

"But her mistress; what would she say?" said Charles, with an abstracted, hesitating look.

"When Miss Bellgrove is your brother's wife, she will think less of it," replied Perault. "A thousand dollars or two will settle the difference—"

"I will think of it," said Charles, turning away.

"You must think quickly, then," said the designing villain. "What if Zada should tell her mistress of your attempt on her to-day?"—Charles started, and turned fiercely on him.—"Should it come to your brother's ears—or get amongst your comrades?—Should it be noised abroad in the city that this saucy negro girl spurned you?—Nay, if Major Maitland hears of it, and asks the girl from Miss Bellgrove, she may yield her, to get rid of his importunities.—'Twill be too good a theme for jesting, that the gay Captain Waldenberg was rejected and spurned at by a negress and a slave!"

Charles placed his hand upon his dagger, and angrily said, "Take care, Perault, that I don't stop *your* jesting!"

"Nay, Master Charles, I merely mentioned this to show the necessity of securing this girl for your own sake!"

"What would you have me do?" said Charles.

"Ask leave of absence from your brother instantly—retire to Santee; and I pledge my word, nay, by the bones of my mother, I swear!—an oath which negro never broke—I will place this haughty slave girl in your power within two days."

"Meet me this evening in my apartments; I will settle this with you," said Charles, as he walked away.

"And if *my* plot succeeds!" said Perault to himself, with a withering sneer.

"Why you look so sad now, Zama?" said Whackie to his friend, as they stood watching for Mr. Bellgrove's arrival. "You no speak to me now so kind as you use for do."

"You are mistaken," answered Zama, with a faint smile. "I still love you, Whackie."

"I no tink dat. Since Perault was come, you always wid him; and den I most always attend Massa Joolay. I quite tire ob look at him dam ogly face. I tink tree or two time for run away."

"Run away!" said Zama. "Where to?"

"Home again to de plantation," answered Whackie, "and leab Massa Joolay for take care ob heshef."

"But would you not like to run away from this country altogether?" inquired Zama.

"Me? No; where de debil I was run to?"

"If there was a lovelier and a better country than this, where the negroes were all free, would you not like to go there?"

"What I is do dere?"

"If you were to be happy there, would you not fight for liberty to get to it?"

"Fight! Who I fight wid?" inquired Whackie.

"With the white men," said Zama.

"Gor Amighty!" exclaimed Whackie, "me go fight wid Buccra? Oh Lor! Zama, you is go mad!"

Zama would have answered; but, looking up, he beheld his sister hurrying with speed through a glade, as if she were pursued. Fleeing rapidly towards her, he caught her, and the girl clung to him as she looked with terror backwards.

"What ails thee, Zada? Who pursues thee?" he inquired eagerly.

"A hot-headed fool," she answered. "But I am near thee, my brother, and am safe."

"Who dared to harm thee? You tremble and seem frightened."

"Never mind," said the panting girl; "let us proceed homewards."

"No negro dared to harm thee, Zada. If it was a white man, tell me; and, slave though I be, I shall let the villain feel a brother's vengeance."

"No, no, Zama; think no more of it; he was a fool, and more worthy of contempt than anger."

"You conceal his name, then?"

"To tell it thee would only lead thee into trouble. I have suffered no wrong, let that suffice thee. Nay, do not frown. 'Twill grieve me more to see thee angry with me."

"Angry with thee, Zada? No, I'll smile on thee, if that will banish grief."

She looked up fondly in his face and said, "You are ill, Zama; your hand feels feverish, and your sunken eyes bespeak the languor of disease."

"Why dost thou think so?" he said.

"My lady has observed it too; thy restless glance, thy broken sighs, show there is something weighing on thy mind. My lady thinks that there is something wrong."

"Thy lady! does she ever talk of me?"

"She does, and often. Why startest thou at the mention of her name? When thy master comes she means to ask him to transfer thee to her service. You start again; nay, now your eyes are lighted up with joy! She will exchange two favourite slaves for thee."

"Cease, Zada, cease! that has dispelled the charm. Slavery, thou hideous fiend! which ever way I turn my eyes, I view thee still. Barter me? Eternal Ruler of the universe! What crimes have our forefathers committed, that we their offspring should be treated thus? the brand of slavery stamped upon our brow, bartered from hand to hand like beasts of burden! It shall not long be so, he muttered fiercely. No, my Zada; we shall yet be free. To other climes I'll bear thee, where I can look upon thee with a brother's pride, and tell thee that this hand hath won thy freedom!" He clasped her in his arms.

"What Utopian dream is this, my brother?" said the girl, looking on him with fondness and surprise. "How canst thou achieve our freedom? Why quit this happy land, our birth-place, and the scene of youthful happy days? You smile. I knew you spoke in jest;" and the gentle negro girl bent her head upon his shoulder.

"Wouldst thou roam with me, my sister, to a land where slavery is unknown, and where thy brother's arm would gain thee rank and honour?"

"Where is that unknown region?" said the girl as she smiled in his face. 'Tis not on earth; for slavery binds her chains on all mankind, and with gigantic steps stalks through the world, cherished by all, though under different titles."

"What if thy mistress were to die?" said Zama.

"Then I would look for that land where slavery is indeed unknown, where bond and free are all alike—and to that Master, in whose holy eyes the humble negro and the haughty white alike may meet with favour."

"My noble-minded sister! the day may yet come, when thy sweet voice shall give praises to that Power by whose aid the negro wrought his freedom."

"No more of this, my brother. If you possessed the freedom that you covet, you would find it like the rainbow's flitting hues, ever pursued and ever farther from it. If want and penury assailed thee in a foreign land,—if sickness and disease should waste thy frame, and I stood by thy couch, watching o'er thee, unable as I am to aid thee,—we might sigh again for the land we had left, and the sunny banks of the Wandoo, where we had kind hearts to aid and cherish us."

The distant sound of music now fell upon their ears, and Whackie came running towards them.

"You hear dat, Zama?" he cried. "He Massa boat. Dere him is, ha, ha, ha! my own Massa—my good Massa—my bootiful Massa!" And the poor fellow ran over every term of endearment, as he danced with joy—when, shooting round the turn of the river, an elegant barge, manned by eight gaily-dressed rowers, darted along the broad waters, the merry rowers keeping time with their voices to the ears, as they chanted a negro boat-song. They swept towards the landing-place. Zama flew towards the beach, the boat touched the sand, and Mr. Bellgrove came on shore, and folded Zama in a fond embrace. "My own, my noble Zama, accept a father's thanks, a father's blessing, for the services rendered to his son." The unexpected fondness of the salutation struck the negro to the heart: with a faint cry, he covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. "This, this," he thought, "is the man whom I have sworn to injure!"

Whackie advanced, ducking down his head, and clapping his hands in a delirium of joy, exclaiming, "My own good Massa!" And Mr. Bellgrove, catching him by both hands, shook them kindly as he said, "And you too, my honest, good Whackie, shall not go unrewarded for your gallant conduct."

"Oh! Lor!" exclaimed Whackie, with a shout of joy; "look at dat: my own Massa is shake my hand! Zama, you see dat?"

"And thou, my gentle girl," said Mr. Bellgrove, as he pressed Zada in his arms, "how can a father's heart thank thee for the kindness shown towards his long-lost son!"

"Ah, my dear master," said she, "you overrate the services of the humble negress."

"Thy purity of mind and gentleness of heart,

sweet girl, might grace a nobler circle than the friends around thee," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Let the esteem of those the poor slave loves be Zada's best reward," was the answer of the girl as she bent her eyes upon the ground.

"Come, Zada, lead me to my son—grief hath made sad inroads in my frame, and this most rapturous event hath shaken me more. Thy arm, my gentle Zada; Zama, thine." Leaning on the two he approached the mansion-house. At the entrance he was met by Matilda, Letia, Mr. Norrisville, and the rest. It was a silent but affecting meeting; and one would have thought, as Mr. Bellgrove embraced his friends, that he had come to follow the corpse of his son to the grave, instead of having him restored to his arms again. They entered the house, and Mr. Bellgrove earnestly entreated that they would lead him to his son, when Zada, with a smile, said, "Remain here for a little. He expected you ere now, and is prepared to meet you. Rest and kind attendance have greatly recruited his wasted strength; his wound was but slight, and he is fast recovering. He is up to-day, and I will tell him you are here." She glided from the apartment, and in a few minutes returned along with Ooknea, supporting young Bellgrove. With an exclamation of joy the youth tottered forward, and sunk upon his father's breast; broken exclamations of joy and tears of gladness were the only utterance their hearts would allow; and one by one his friends gathered around him, expressing their happiness at his restoration.

"There is one fond heart wanting yet to bid me welcome," said the youth, as he looked eagerly around. "Where is my adored mother? They told me she was happy; why is she not here?"

"She doubtless beholds thee my son, and shares in the bliss we feel at thy restoration," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Lead me to her then. Oh, my father, when chained to the Indian's fiery stake, and all their horrid tortures around me, the bitterest pang that wrung my heart was, that I should ne'er again behold her. When I fled from them, and set captivity and death at defiance, the fond hope of meeting her nerved my heart, and prompted me on my perilous attempt. You weep—you all look sad. My mother! surely there is nothing wrong with her?"

"Alas, my son!" said Mr. Bellgrove, "she is beyond all earthly sorrow now."

"No, no!" exclaimed the youth, as every nerve of his frame seemed relaxing, and he sunk on the ground. They raised him, and a wild burst of grief nearly overpowered him, when Mr. Bellgrove, anxious to divert his thoughts to another channel, said, "Compose yourself; see, your old friend and schoolmate, Zama, is eager to salute you." Zama rushed forward and cast himself at his feet. Charles stretched out his arms to him, when Zama, starting suddenly up, struck his forehead with his hands and darted from the room.

(To be continued.)

R. K. R.

# TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(Continued from page 159 of our March Number.)

### CHAPTER XV.

PERAULT, on seeing Zama quit the apartment so hastily, followed him, and overtook him on the lawn.

"Perault," said Zama, fiercely, "you have dragged me into an abyss, from whence I cannot escape. I have sworn to abide by you in this struggle for the freedom of our race. Yet there is one pledge which I exact; without it I draw back from this enterprise."

"And betray us, I suppose," said Perault, coldly.

"No, there you wrong me. Your secrets I shall keep; but dare to harm one hair of those who are now on this plantation, and by my soul's best hopes, I swear that my hand shall shed thy heart's blood."

"Be it so," said Perault; "but why this burst of fury?"

"Mark me, Perault," said Zama. "Here are the friends who brought me up from infancy: there is the kind master, kinder than a father to me; there is the youth, my companion in childhood; there is—"

"The lady of thy love," said Perault. "Go on, Zama, with thy catalogue."

"Sneer not at my words, Perault; rouse not the devil in my heart, else you may fare the worse for it!" said Zama, with a burst of passion.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Perault, "how frenzy will mislead a man! Here is the friend of my youth, to whom liberty, glory, honour, and wealth, are offered; and yet, for a silly feeling of gratitude to his owners, he rejects all and remains an abject slave. Revile me, Zama, as you will, I'll calmly listen to you."

"Perault, I cannot—will not hear of my friends being injured in this revolt," said Zama.

"I seek not their lives," said Perault. "Let them live here if they will. Let Miss Bellgrove remain, and be the bride of Waldenberg. Nay, frown not. Let a chosen band remain with thee to guard over Waldenberg and his bride. We ask none to join us who covet not their freedom."

"Perault, you tamper with my feelings too much," said Zama, sternly.

"Nay, Zama. I have heard that you are to become the slave of Miss Bellgrove, as a reward for saving your young master. When you are her

slave, of course you are the slave of her husband—*of Waldenberg.*"

"His slave!" shrieked Zama.

"Ay," continued the wily tempter, "*his slave*; to behold before thee constantly how much she loves him. Nay, more, Zama; thy sister, the gentle Zada, must become *his slave* also, subject to his commands, harsh enough at times, perhaps, should he think she shared with him her lady's love."

"No more of this, Perault," cried Zama. "I will lead your cut-throat bands along with you; so cease this hated theme. And yet," he added, as he clasped his hands, "to think that I should prove an ingrate to one so generous and good."

"Ingrate!" said Perault, "where lies the ingratitude? You wrought hard enough for food and clothing, I presume. After young Charles was carried off, you met with the tender care of that old polecat, Joolay,—a man whose name is a scoff and by-word in the city. As to kindness shown you to-day, they would have shown as much to a favourite dog; for, trust me, Zama, these pale-faced planters make no distinction between a trusty *slave* and a trusty *dog.*"

"There you are wrong, Perault," said Zama. "'Tis true, that after the death of Mistress Bellgrove, my master lived in deep seclusion: if I employed myself amongst the negro bands, it was by no command of his; and as for Joolay, harsh though he is, he never did me wrong."

"He knew you had a soul that would not bear it; but although he dared not touch you with his *whip*, has he not often struck a sorer blow to your *feelings*? Has he not, by taunts, given that injury which is, of all *blows*, the *keenest felt by a sensitive mind*?"

"No more of this," exclaimed Zama.

"I have but one remark to make," said Perault, "and then I have done. Your sister—"

"What of her," said Zama.

"This morning I, by accident, saved her from the rude assault of a Waldenberg."

"Ha! So this accounts for her alarm, and her refusal to tell me the name of her assailant."

"Are such things to be submitted to, Zama? You love your sister, doubtless; would you wish to see her cast into the arms of a Waldenberg?"

"No, never! Sooner than see that, I would stab her to the heart, and free her from such vile pollution," exclaimed Zama.

"I honour you for such sentiments, Zama. But the sooner our blow for liberty is struck the better. Be ready; the hour is at hand."

"As soon as you please, Perault:—my heart is nerved to it," said Zama.

"In the meantime return to the mansion-house. Let no suspicion dwell in the minds of its inmates."

"But recollect, Perault," said Zama, "no harm must befall them, or your own life shall answer for it: I have sworn it."

"Mr. Bellgrove and his son shall be safe," said Perault. "As for Miss Bellgrove, she is in your power; do with her as you please."

Perault turned and proceeded towards the negro huts, when, in passing a small thicket, he observed a stick thrust into the ground, with a piece of black crape attached to it. He started, and, glancing apprehensively around, gave a faint, low whistle. It was answered from a neighbouring brake; and pressing through the underwood, Perault encountered a gigantic negro, of coarse and ferocious appearance. "Gullah!" exclaimed Perault, "what has brought you here?"

"We are in danger, Perault: follow me," answered the negro.

With eager steps Perault followed the negro through the brakes, till, reaching the margin of the river, Gullah pressed back the branches of a huge cypress tree, and pointed to two large canoes, filled with armed negroes, concealed beneath its shade.

"What means this?" said Perault. "Has any outbreak taken place in the city?"

"Not yet," answered Gullah; "but the Governor has been poisoned! and the whole city is in confusion."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed Perault. "By whom?"

"By his own favourite slave, Mahmet," said Gullah; "and despatches have been forwarded to your master, Colonel Waldenberg, to return instantly to the city."

"They must be intercepted," said Perault, in alarm.

"They have been intercepted," said Gullah. "Behold them," and he drew a packet from his bosom and handed it to Perault, who, looking anxiously at the seals thereon, said,

"Is the Governor dead?"

"He is; the dose was strong enough," answered Gullah.

"Then this may concern us," said Perault, as he broke open the packet, and attentively perused its contents. "There are some lurking suspicions here," he added, as he finished his perusal. "We must be speedy in our efforts."

"Are the negroes on these plantations ready?" said Gullah.

"Almost all of them," answered Perault. "I have formed a plot, however, which will throw them into instant open revolt. Zama has joined us."

"I am glad of it," said Gullah.

"The conduct of the young cadets has enraged

the negroes here," said Perault; "and all they ask is vengeance for the insults heaped upon themselves, their wives, and children. Zama has a sister who has the principal charge of this plantation, and who is adored by the negroes."

"You mean Zada? I have heard of her," said Gullah.

"Well," continued Perault, "Waldenberg's brother has taken a foolish fancy to the girl, and I have pledged my word to place her in his power. You must aid me in this; and it must be done in such a manner as to throw the blame on Colonel Waldenberg. If Zada is carried off, her brother will demand instant vengeance. I know his proud, fiery nature too well, to think that he will trust redress to other hands than his own. If he encounters the Colonel—"

"He will murder him," added Gullah.

"The Colonel's life," continued Perault, with a grim smile, "is not to be guaranteed in Zama's hands. The negroes on the plantation will fly to arms to aid Zama, and, uniting with the Red Indians, will soon overpower the Cadet Brigade; that done, the city is at our feet."

"'Tis a shrewd device," said Gullah. "But should Zama suspect you?"

"Tush, man, I am more of the hypocrite than to arouse his suspicions. Have one of your canoes ready, and let six of your followers be close at hand to obey my commands."

"By the bye," said Gullah, sullenly, "they say in the city that on your return from Hayti, you saved Colonel Waldenberg's life from some pirates: how is this?"

"'Tis true," answered Perault, with a savage sneer. "When off the western coast of Cuba, and nigh the Bahamas, a pirate schooner bore down on us. Our crew were but few; yet it was agreed to resist to the utmost. A sabre was placed in my hand, and I had power to destroy granted me. The pirates poured in a broadside, which we returned. They then boarded our vessel. Gullah, they wore white men!"

On returning to the mansion-house, Perault was informed that Captain Waldenberg wished to see him; and understanding that the Captain was with the ladies in the drawing-room, Perault entered, and observed Major Maitland, pale and feeble, reclining on an ottoman, while Miss Bellgrove and Colonel Waldenberg were endeavouring to dispel the heavy clouds of grief which hung on his brow.

"Nay," said Miss Bellgrove, "if nought else will do, I shall try the effect of music on your nerves." Turning to Letia, she requested her to take the harp.

"Major Maitland will consider me but a very indifferent performer," said Letia, as she seated herself at the instrument and sung:—

There is a land, 'tis a land of joy,  
Where roses and myrtles entwine,  
Where no grief and care the heart annoy,  
There love and rapture combine!  
And there I will build thee a sunny bower  
Of the orange and the laughing vine;  
And love will enliven each fitting hour,  
While every bliss shall be thine,  
And I'll twine around thy happy brow  
Love's emblem sweet, the myrtle bough.

She looked up, and encountered the glance of Maitland. She had forgotten that the air and the verses she was singing were his own, which she had but recently received from him ; a deep blush spread over her countenance, and she became confused, when suddenly one of the strings of the harp snapped asunder with a startling sound.

"'Tis a bad omen!" said Letia, rising. "I must call Zada to my aid. I heard her singing a sweet African air. I should like to hear it again."

"I have heard it also," said Matilda ; "and since you have broken off your song, perhaps Zada will try it."

Zada timidly took a small lyre in her hand, and, running her fingers over the strings, looked towards Miss Bellgrove, and said—"The song is but rude and simple. You are aware that it is a popular belief amongst the negroes, that when they die, their souls return to the land of their forefathers, and revel amidst the palm groves of sunny Africa."

"And a beautiful idea it is," said Major Maitland. "I have found that even the efforts of the missionaries cannot make the negroes forego this prospect. 'Tis the only hope the poor negro has of revisiting the home of his fathers."

"It is, indeed," said Zada, with a deep sigh. "The song, then, is that of the Dying Negro." She gently touched the lyre, and, in a sweet, plaintive voice, sung the song of—

THE DYING NEGRO.

Away, my soul, o'er the glittering deep,  
Away to the land where my fathers sleep,  
And their spirits soar on soft gales of balm,  
'Mid groves of the wide and the spreading palm !  
To the palm groves of Afric away !

Away, away to the land of the Sun,  
Where, dazzling in glory, his course is run !  
He kisses the plain with his burning ray,  
The soil and its children adore his sway—  
To the palm groves of Afric away !

Away, away to my forefathers' land,  
To wander once more o'er its golden sand,  
With friends of my youth in freedom to roam  
'Mongst the gorgeous scenes of my native home !  
To the palm groves of Afric away !

A deep sob from Perault interrupted and startled the songstress, and the attention of the company was attracted towards him. His features seemed distorted with conflicting passions ; and his bosom swelled, till the golden studs which bound his vest burst asunder, and were scattered over the floor.

"Perault," exclaimed Colonel Waldenberg, "what means this conduct ?"

Perault turned fiercely on him, his countenance distorted with rage and hatred ; but suddenly calming himself, he said, while his voice trembled with emotion, "Pardon me, Sir. Methought I saw the land of my birth arising on my view,—its sunny clime and its palm groves ; but I forgot myself. I am far—far from it, and in bondage !" He bowed, and pressing his hand upon his forehead, stepped back.

Captain Waldenberg then arose and left the apartment, motioning on Perault to follow him.

"Early to-morrow morning," said the Captain, "I sail down the Wandoo."

"Do you wish Zada to be placed in your power?" said Perault.

"I do ; you understand me?" said the Captain.

"It shall be done," said Perault. "By to-morrow at noon she will be in your possession."

"He's off at last," said Joolay, as he looked after the barque which bore young Waldenberg down the Wandoo. "Well, I never guessed I'd 'a missed anybody's company so much as that young, impudent, teasing, glorious, fine young puppy's. Heigho!"

"Oh! what a sigh was there," said Galliard, who stood beside him. "What strength of lungs you must have to bring up such a breeze, Mr. Joolay ; a puff like that would do honour to a pair of smith's bellows, or set the sails of a wind-mill a-going."

"None of your gibes, you eternal puppy," said Joolay. "Don't you see I am sulky, dull, and melancholy as a starved owl?"

"Or a hackney-coach horse," said Galliard, laughing.

"Ay, bearing the burden of your bad jokes," replied Joolay ; "but you're just like him, so I am satisfied. What's the matter with your dandy nigger?—he seems in a deuce of a fright," he continued, as Tom, with a look of consternation, came running at full speed towards them.

"What's the matter, Tom?" said Galliard.

"Oh Lor! Massa—I is got cus' fright!"

"Was you looking at your own face in a glass?" inquired Joolay.

"No, nor your face eider," said Tom, briskly ; "got fright wid hoss, Massa."

"A horse, you goose!"

"Yes, Massa, wid horn on him head." And Tom placed his hands on either side of his head, spreading out his fingers by way of explanation. "Oh Lor, dere um is!" cried he, as he again took to his heels, leaving his master and Joolay to face the fancied danger themselves.

"The fool," said Galliard ; "what has alarmed him?"

"See, see!" said Joolay, in an eager whisper, as he pointed to an opening in the thickets. "See what a beautiful elk : three of them, by the hookey!"

Galliard looked towards the spot, and soon discovered the cause of Tom's terror. There stood three large and beautiful elks, gazing around them with startled looks.

"Hush," whispered Joolay. "Oh! how beautiful. Oh! for a rifle to have a pop at them."

The lovely animals stood for a second or two ; then tossing up their antlers, bounded away amongst the brakes.

"A hunt—a hunt!" cried Joolay. "To horse! to horse!—a chase! Oh, mother of Moses, what glorious sport! Run, Galliard, run!" and Joolay, in his excitement, ran faster than ever he had run before. Clinging on by Galliard, who was equally excited, Joolay urged forward, swearing at Galliard for running so slow.

"Let go your hold, Mr. Joolay," cried Galliard. "I'd as soon drag a whale along, as you."

Covered with dust and perspiration, Joolay and Galliard reached the house, to the great alarm of the inmates.

"To horse!" roared Joolay, as soon as he came within hearing. "A chase!—a chase!"

"Who is chasing you?" cried Colonel Waldenberg.

"Three elks," cried Joolay—"large beautiful elks. Oh graekie! what sport!"

"Mr. Galliard," said Matilda, "what has excited Mr. Joolay so?"

"There are three elks in the clearings," answered Galliard: "we wish to form a party instantly to hunt them."

"Indeed," cried the Colonel. "To horse, then!"

"Come, you tarnation black rascals," cried Joolay to the negroes; "off to the stables—out with the horses! Away with you, or else—" He flourished his whip, and gave a "whurr," which sent the negroes off grinning at the fun.

"Shall we lay the dogs on the track?" said the Colonel.

"No, no," cried Joolay; "fair rifle-play—full speed, and bang away at them. A good rifle against all your stag-hounds yet!"

"Ladies," said the Colonel, addressing Miss Bellgrove and Letia; "since we proceed no farther than the clearings, may we hope to be honoured with your company?"

"I care not," said Matilda, smiling. "Letia, do you go?"

"Pray, excuse me," answered Letia; "from the mound I will see the sport, if sport you call it, to run down a helpless animal; and I sincerely hope the game will escape."

"Not if I can help it," said the Colonel, gaily.

The horses were soon ready, and the party speedily mounted and galloped away to arouse the game.

Letia sat for a short time after the party had rode away. "Strange," she said; "why do I feel this presentiment of danger? Would that they had remained! Zada," she continued, as the girl approached her, "will you ascend the mound with me?"

"I have this moment received a strange message from my brother," answered Zada, while the tears trembled in her eyes; "he has been bitten by a rattlesnake in the forest, and lies there dangerously ill."

"Indeed," said Letia, in alarm. "Fly then, Zada, to his aid; take some collinsonia, and other remedies, with you."

"These have already been given him, I am told," said Zada; "but I will hurry to him; this negro is to show me the way," as she pointed to Gullah Jack, who had been commissioned by Perault to wile her into the forest, where his gang lay in readiness to seize her; and the poor confiding girl fell at once into the snare laid for her.

Zada had scarcely gone, when Major Maitland, accompanied by Mr. Bellgrove, joined Letia. To them she mentioned her wish to ascend the mound to view the chase, when Maitland, with a look of deep alarm, said, "It was madness to have ventured on this hunting expedition. They might

have guessed that the elks could only be driven from the more distant parts of the forest by the Indians, who now, perhaps, surround us. Come, Mr. Bellgrove, we must get the Cadets ready; for, trust me, our rifles will be needed." So saying, they departed.

Resolved to have his full share of the sport, Joolay armed himself with a long rifle, at the same time commanding Whackie to take another, with plenty of powder and ball, and a good sharp hedge-bill to clear the underwood. Everything being prepared according to order, Joolay mounted his horse, and, followed by Whackie on foot, set out to join the hunting party. A negro can never see a quadruped walking before him, without catching hold of it by the tail, to pull himself onward; and, no sooner was Joolay fairly mounted, than Whackie seized the tail of the horse as his portion. The animal, used to such treatment, submitted quietly to the firm grip of the negro; but Joolay, finding the horse rather slow in its movements, and unaware of the drawback, roared out to Whackie to "Slap him up." Whackie instantly obeyed; and, raising his hedge-bill for the purpose of stirring up the nag, came down with the edge of the bill on the tail. The blow was such, that it severed the tail from the rump; and the poor animal, bounding forward, kicked up its heels—tossing the overseer, with an elegant somerset, heels over head into the thicket; then scoured across the plain, kicking furiously as it flew, leaving the amazed and terror-stricken Whackie holding the severed member firm in his grasp.

"What's the matter with the horse?" roared Joolay, emerging from the bushes.

"Goley, Massa! him tail come off!" answered the astonished negro, holding up the tail to the overseer.

"His tail come off?" roared Joolay, in a towering passion. "How did that happen?"

"Don' know, Massa: he leave him ahind," replied Whackie.

"You infernal yahoo," roared Joolay, "I'll teach you how you meddle with a tail again." So saying, he rushed at the negro; but, just as he collared him, Whackie cried out, "Oh, Lor! Massa Joolay! look, look! dere de dam Red Cherokee." Joolay looked round, and, to his terror, beheld the Indians gathering in a large body on the clearings, and anon their terrific war-hoop rang loud and long in the ears of the astonished overseer.

"Down, down! Whackie," said Joolay, forgetting his anger amid his alarm. "It is that blasted horse that has roused them: down on your face, and let us crawl into the bushes. How lucky the brute's tail came off! Providence certainly put it slightly on, just to save me. Now, Whackie, we are snug," continued he, as they fixed themselves in the thickest part of the bushes. "The rascals have not seen us. Now look well to your rifle, put other four balls into it, take good aim, and fire when I tell you."

In the meantime the rest of the company pressed forward, till they reached the spot where the elks had been seen; and, after riding a short distance, they beheld one of them quietly browsing in a

small glade. The beautiful symmetry of the animal, and the various attitudes it assumed, were such as caused the company to pause and gaze with delight upon it. The Colonel raised his rifle to fire; but Matilda called on him to refrain, and exclaimed, "Oh, that it could be taken alive!"

"We'll try," said the Colonel. "Ha! there it goes!" he cried, as the elk, terrified at the noise, bounded away into the forest.

"Forward! Hurrah!" was the shout; and, at headlong speed, the hunters dashed upon the track.

The elk was in sight,—and Matilda, animated with the chase, still following it at full speed, soon distanced the whole party. The elk suddenly paused, and, tossing its antlers, dashed into another part of the forest. Matilda's steed had cleared a small clump of cypress; and, instantly starting back, snorted and reared with affright. A savage yell arose from the underwood around, and two Cherokees sprang suddenly from the thicket, and seized the horse by the reins. Terrified and trembling, Matilda looked around, and, to her horror, beheld herself surrounded by a host of the savages. Still her presence of mind did not desert her: she struck one of the Indians, who held her horse, a smart blow across the eyes with her whip; and, urging the animal onwards, dashed the other Indian to the ground. The noble animal, darting forward with one bold bound, cleared the heads of the astonished Cherokees. On, on with the speed of the wind she flew; while the Indians, raising their thrilling war-whoop, followed in pursuit, and a number of balls whistled around her head. The dense forest was at length cleared, and the plantation grounds burst upon her view; one high fence alone remained to be surmounted, and she was safe—when, to her dismay, her horse stumbled. Another volley from the Indians' rifles whistled past her, and one of the balls very slightly grazed her on the shoulder; while her horse, uttering a shrill and piercing shriek of agony, sprang over the high fence, then staggered and fell. It struggled to regain its feet,—but, with another piercing cry, which chilled the very heart's blood of its unhappy mistress, looked at her with an expression of agony in its eyes, then drooped its head on the ground and expired. Matilda tried to extricate herself from the fallen steed, but found herself unable to move. "Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "have compassion on me! preserve me from the hands of these savages! Alas! Alas!" she cried, "they have cleared the fence! Oh! merciful heaven, protect me!"

A stalwart Indian rushed upon her, and, with a fiendish yell of triumph, twisted her hair around his hand, and, forcing back her head, flourished his knife before her throat. Already was the cold steel pressed upon her neck, when a sudden exclamation of "Down, monster!" was heard—a heavy crash followed, and the blood and brains of the Indian were spattered over her face and bosom; and, still entangled in the gripe of the dead Indian, she fell to the ground.

"Fear not, dearest Lady," exclaimed a friendly voice, as she felt herself extracted from the Indian's

grasp. Look up, dear lady! 'tis your own faithful Zama!"

Scarcely trusting her senses, Matilda looked up, and found herself in the arms of the noble negro. Her lips almost refused their office, and, murmuring his name, she swooned upon his bosom. Zama raised her in his arms, and grasping his hatchet firmer in his hand, shook it at the advancing Indians; and rushing with his rescued mistress amongst the thick cotton-shrubs, set their pursuers at defiance.

Snugly concealed in the thicket, into which they had crept for safety, sat Joolay and Whackie, chatting with the utmost composure.

"Darn the red rascals," said Joolay, "I guess I'd like to have a pop at some o' 'em."

"Hi! Massa Joolay," said Whackie, who had now learned the art of flattering the overseer, "I no like for be Indine you fire at: you is capal shot—fust rate shot."

"Do you think so, Whackie?" said Joolay, trying to *perpetrate* a smile of pleasure.

"Fac, Massa: you kill dozen ob 'em at one shot."

"Well, I daresay, if they were all *ahind one another*, I'd go pretty right bang-slap through 'em, I guess."

At that moment a crashing sound amongst the bushes caused them to grasp their rifles firmer.

"Who is that rushing through the thicket with a female in his arms?" said Joolay, as Zama, almost breathless with speed, burst through the underwood with Matilda clasped to his bosom.

"Lor, Massa!" cried Whackie, "him is Zama and Missee Bellgrove. See, see! dere is tree dam Red Indine chasing 'em; come, Massa Joolay, we fight de red tiefs." And Whackie would have rushed to the rescue, but Joolay, catching hold of him, drew him back.

"Sit still, you ass," said the overseer; "we can do more service here. Now, take good aim at that foremost Indgine; I'll put daylight through the second rascal. Now, fire!"

Zama, with the insensible form of Matilda in his arms, now cleared the bushes, and became exposed to the rifles of the Indians. Just as the first Indian raised his rifle to fire, Whackie took aim at him, and, with unerring shot, brought him down a lifeless corpse. The other two Indians instantly paused to see from whence the shot had come,—when Joolay fired, and the second Indian bounded in the air, and fell dead.

"Well done, Whackie," said Joolay; "that deserves a glass of brandy."

"Yes, Massa," grinned Whackie, as he reloaded his rifle.

The third Indian had watched the shot, and fled behind a tree, from whence he took aim at Joolay's white trousers, which, of all dresses for bush fighting, is decidedly the worst. Crack went the rifle, and Joolay, kicking up his heels with a thundering oath, applied his hands to a certain part of his body, and fell floundering amongst the bushes.

"You no kill?" said Whackie, in alarm.

"No!" cried Joolay. "Darn the red rogue!"



he's spoiled my sitting for a month, I calculate. I say, Whackie, if you shoot the rascal, I'll give you his rifle and blanket in a present."

Whackie looked forth to see where the Indian was; but the eye of the Cherokee was better trained for this mode of warfare. Before Whackie could take aim, and while he was holding the rifle upright before his face, the Indian again fired, and the ball, striking the barrel of Whackie's rifle, brought it in such rude contact with the poor fellow's nose, that it made the fire flash from his eyes, as, dropping the rifle with a yell of pain, he clapped both hands to his face, and felt for the spot where his *unassuming* nose had once stood. There was little occasion for any additional flattening to that feature, as it was sufficiently flat before; but the blow operated as powerfully as if the nose had been smoothed to the rest of the face with a bottle mall.

"Yeh!" he exclaimed, clutching at the place where his nasal organ *had been*. "Yeh, wurra dat!"

"Hush," said Joolay, "I see the villain: now for him!" So saying, he snatched up Whackie's loaded rifle. The Indian raised his head to take a surer aim, and thereby became exposed to Joolay's fire, and instantly the Indian was writhing, like a wounded snake, amongst the underwood.

"Guess that tarnation thief won't hurt us any more," said Joolay, with a grim smile. "I think he's food for the turkey-buzzards!"

"Yes, dam him eye!" answered Whackie, tenderly touching his injured nose, as if congratulating it on the manner in which it had been avenged.

"Now, Whackie," said Joolay, "you must carry me home on your back. Hookey!" he exclaimed, "there is the Colonel running like a madman. Hillo! Colonel!" he shouted, as Waldenberg was flying with speed past him. Waldenberg turned.

"Miss Bellgrove," he cried; "have you seen her?"

"Ay, ay!" answered Joolay. "Zama has carried her full-bang to the house, I guess."

The Colonel instantly hurried onwards to the house.

"Ho! he's off, dash him!" cried Joolay, as Waldenberg flew past him. "He may thank his stars he can walk so fast: as for *me*, I'm in a rigger fix. Come, Whackie, take me home on your back."

While these transactions were going on, the unsuspecting Zada, filled with grief and alarm at the report of her brother's illness, (a device of Perault to entice her into the forest,) followed Gullah into the thickets, when they were observed by Haman, who, surprised to see Zada with a strange negro, cautiously followed them. After walking for some distance, Gullah suddenly paused, and, turning rapidly on Zada, seized her by the throat, and forced her to the ground; when a band of negroes rushed from the thickets, and, seizing the hapless girl, bore her speedily towards the river. Haman's first impulse was to rush forward to the rescue of Zada; but suddenly recollecting that he was single-handed, before a host of opponents, he thought his best plan was to hurry back to the plantation for aid. He cast another look at the

party, and, to his surprise, beheld several of them in the *Waldenberg* livery. With the utmost speed he traversed the footpath through the forest which led to the clearings, when, to his terror and amazement, the whole forest became one blaze of flame, and the loud report of the rifles of the Indians contending with the cadets burst around him. Haman took no time to look for friend or foe; but as if a pack of bloodhounds were at his heels, he flew over every impediment till he reached the clearings. There he beheld groups of terrified negroes throwing away their hoes, and fleeing for safety to their dwellings, while all around, the incessant rattle of musketry arose loud and appalling. Winged with terror, Haman speedily reached the mansion-house, and darted up the front staircase; when, on reaching the front verandah, he beheld Zama leaning against one of the pillars, breathing quick and hard, as if exhausted; while, in the midst of a group of females, with Miss Norrisville and Ooknea supporting her, lay Matilda, to all appearance dead.

"Oh, Zama!" shrieked Haman, as he flew forward, "help! help; your sister Zada, help!"

"My sister!" cried Zama; "what of her?"

"She has been choke—knock down—carry away—force into boat. Oh, help!" cried Haman.

Zama caught by the pillar to keep himself from falling, and a mortal sickness spread throughout his frame, as he feebly asked—"By the Indians?"

"No, no," cried Haman; "by nigger; Coram Wallenpeg nigger!"

"Waldenberg!" cried Zama, with mingled rage and grief; "the villain! He shall dearly answer for this." So saying, he bounded over the verandah; and, before Haman could recover his breath, was out of sight. Nor did Zama hurry far till he met Waldenberg.

"What have you done with Miss Bellgrove? Where is she?" said the Colonel, hurriedly. "Is she safe?"

"Where is my sister?" cried Zama, fiercely, while his eyes gleamed with rage. "Where is Zada, Colonel Waldenberg? Restore her, or, by the God who made me, your life shall answer for it!"

With looks of mingled anger and surprise, the Colonel receded a pace, and said—"The fellow is either drunk or mad."

"Neither, Sir!" exclaimed Zama. "Again I demand the restoration of my sister."

"Fool!" said Waldenberg, "what should I know of your sister?"

"Liar!" exclaimed Zama. "Who forced her from her home; who tore her from the protecting arms of her friends? Coward! you can shun the foe, to wreak your poor vengeance on a helpless female."

"By heaven! this is too much," exclaimed Waldenberg; "bearded by a negro, and a slave too!"

"Although a negro, I am not the less a man," exclaimed Zama: "and slave though I am, I am not yet void of human feelings. Colonel Waldenberg, I again charge you with carrying off my sister."

"Madman! stand back!" said Waldenberg.

"Why do I listen to a dog like this? The whip shall teach you a little more civility."

"The whip—to me, too!" exclaimed Zama.

"Yes! it were a weapon more befitting your cowardly hand than the sword that mocks your side!"

Thrown off his guard, and enraged at this bitter taunt, Waldenberg sprung forward, and struck Zama so violent a blow on the mouth, that the negro staggered back a few paces, while the blood flowed fast from the effect of the stroke. Instantly recovering himself, and infuriated at this indignity, Zama rushed upon the Colonel, and grasped him by the throat—a fierce struggle ensued, for both were possessed of strong muscular power. With a great effort the Colonel freed his throat from the iron-grip of the negro, and, blinded with passion, clutched the hilt of his dagger; but, in doing so, lost the advantage which he had obtained over his foe, who, with herculean force, raised him in the air, then hurled him on the ground, where he lay bleeding and insensible. Zama gazed for a few seconds on his prostrate enemy, and the rage fled from his bosom.

"I have killed him," he sighed. "'Twas rash—I might have questioned him mildly: all now is lost.—Zada, thou art indeed gone!"

A rustling sound amid the underwood startled him, and he would have turned from the spot; when a friendly voice hailed him—

"Zama!"

"I am here," he answered. "Approach, whoever calls."

"'Tis I, Perault!" said the conspirator, advancing from the thicket. "Ha! this looks well," he exclaimed, as he beheld the insensible form of his master stretched bleeding on the earth. "Behold!" he continued, in a triumphant tone, as he advanced, and firmly placed his foot on the throat of the inanimate Waldenberg. "Behold how the poor slave tramples on his haughty master!"

"For shame, Perault!" exclaimed Zama. "Even I, who struck him down, would scorn to treat him with such base indignity!"

Perault withdrew his foot from the throat of his master, and sullenly said, "Is he dead?"

"If he was alive you dared not treat him so," said Zama.

Darting an angry glance at Zama, Perault knelt down and placed his hand upon the heart of Waldenberg. "Ha," he exclaimed, "he lives. Zama, your work is but half done." Drawing his master's dagger from its sheath, he raised his hand to plunge it into the heart of Waldenberg, exclaiming, "Thus I put an end to farther doubt!"

"Cold-blooded monster, hold!" cried Zama, grasping the upraised arm of Perault, and wrenching the dagger from his hand. Perault sprang to his feet, and for a space the two negroes stood glaring on each other with looks of fiercest anger, till Zama, pointing to the body of the Colonel, said, "Were he able to combat with me now, I would struggle with him to the death; but as he now is, stunned and insensible, he is more an object of pity than of anger. To injure him further would be an act of cold-blooded cruelty; nor would I stand

tamely by, and behold him, deeply though he may have wronged me, treated with such base brutality."

"You forget," said Perault, sternly, "that you have forfeited your own life by this attack on him."

"And if I have," answered Zama, "I alone must answer for it. In fair and open combat would I meet my foe, not stab him like a base assassin."

"Hush!" said Perault, "he revives. Zama, you must seek for safety in instant flight. Away, arouse your friends—the hour of vengeance is come!"

"Promise me," said Zama, "that you will not injure him in that state."

"I swear it," said Perault. "Fly to the forest: meet me at midnight at the hut of Obi—away!" And Zama hurried towards the forest.

Doubtful how to act, Perault stood by the side of Waldenberg, when the sound of the battle approached nigher and nigher to the spot. "Hark," muttered the conspirator, "the Red Cherokee is driving the haughty planters from the woods. Shall I remove the body of this proud lord of mine, or let him lie where he is? Good! let him lie.—If the Cadets stumble on him they will take care of him; if the Red Indians, they will save further trouble on his account; in either way I keep my word to Zama. The fool! had it not been for his romantic folly, Waldenberg would have found the bottom of the Wandoo with a stone about his neck." So saying, he spurned the still insensible form of his master with his foot, and turned from the spot.

Major Maitland, along with Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville, were hastening to the scene of action with a small band of armed negroes, whose sullen looks plainly showed that they had been drawn out against their wills, when Lieutenant Galliard with a party of Cadets suddenly met them.

"What means this?" exclaimed Maitland. "The Cadets retreating?"

"Not so," answered Galliard. "Although the red devils outnumber us, we can cope with them yet."

"Whither so fast then?" said Maitland. Galliard beckoned him aside, and in a low voice said, "Have you seen the Colonel?"

"No," answered Maitland.

"Or Miss Bellgrove?" inquired Galliard.

"No," said Maitland, turning deadly pale; "I hope she is safe."

"This accursed hunting-match has ruined us," said Galliard. "We were too much scattered,—too secure and confident: these wily fiends have completely surrounded us. I fear the Colonel and Miss Bellgrove are seized. Heavens! you are ill," he exclaimed, as he caught Maitland in his arms.

"No, no," said Maitland, faintly; "'tis the effects of my recent wound. But, come; if she is seized, to her rescue!—to her rescue!" So saying, he started up and drew his sword.

"Stay!" said Galliard. "See, here comes Perault, perhaps he knows something of his master."

Perault advanced towards them, and Galliard, calling on him to draw nigher, said, "Know ye aught of your master?"

"I hear that he has fallen; severely, perhaps mortally wounded," answered the hypocrite.

"And Miss Bellgrove?" cried Maitland, shaking with agitation.

"Is wounded also," said Perault. "She is at the mansion-house."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bellgrove, advancing, "you will pardon my interference; but this is no time to hold long parley,—the war-whoop of the Indians is drawing closer to us. Now, my gallant fellows," cried he to the negroes, "to the bush! to the bush! Be cautious,—let every shot tell on the Red Indians: don't let them come near your dwellings. Fight for your wives, your children, your lady!"

An enthusiastic cry burst from the negroes, and they rushed forward to the combat; while Galliard, turning to his followers, cried, "Come, gentlemen, guide the operations of these gallant fellows: under your command they may do much. Forward, then!"

"One moment," said Perault. "I came in search of you, Mr. Galliard, fearing that Major Maitland was too ill to issue orders."

"Well, well," said Galliard, testily, "if I must, I must. Forward, gentlemen," cried he, addressing the cadets nigh him; "aid the negroes!" And the young men hurried once more into the combat.

"I only wish to ask your opinion, gentlemen," said Perault, "as to how I ought to act. My master is severely wounded, and insensible; and despatches from the city have just arrived."

Here he was interrupted by a loud cheer from the negroes, who advanced towards them, dragging a number of Indian prisoners. With proud and haughty looks these sons of the forest walked amid their enemies; but Perault's lip quivered, and he hastily turned aside, to avoid the gaze of the Cherokees, fearing he might be recognised by them. A party of the cadets now came up, and, after a brief conversation, the greater part of the negroes, led on by the cadets, once more betook themselves to the bushes, to oppose the Indians on their own wily system of warfare, while the remainder escorted the Indian prisoners to the dwellings.

"You spoke of despatches from the city," said Maitland, as Perault rejoined them.

"There are despatches from the city," said Perault, "addressed to Colonel Waldenberg. The bearer of these despatches was seized by the Indians, and shamefully ill-used, while the greater part of the despatches were torn and mutilated. By them I perceive that the governor of Carlville has been suddenly seized with yellow fever, and is now dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Galliard, "and so sudden."

Perault bowed, and, interrupting him, continued,— "By these despatches, Colonel Waldenberg is commanded to return to town instantly. Now, gentlemen, I am at a loss how to act. I am loath to carry my master to town in his present state, and yet I must devise some means to get him there."

"'Tis well thought of," said Mr. Bellgrove; "we can readily get the canoes manned, and carry Miss Bellgrove and the others to the city: they will be much safer there than here."

"My only dread," said Perault, "is, that the banks of the river may be in possession of the In-

dians, and the canoes would be exposed to a galling fire from them. Since the cadets are all engaged, perhaps Mr. Bellgrove would arm another body of the negroes to protect the canoes descending the river."

"This must not be," said Maitland; "the presence of the armed negroes in the city might occasion mischief."

"Not so," replied Perault; "their presence will be hailed with joy, and they will only show their zeal for the cause in which they have embarked!"

"Be it so, then," said Maitland. "But, Lieutenant Galliard, you must take the command of this party, and see them safely in the city."

"But, Major," expostulated Galliard, "I cannot think of quitting my brave comrades in the midst of battle. After we drive the Indians back——"

"It may be too late," said Maitland, interrupting him.

Galliard reluctantly agreed; and Perault, requesting Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville to get the canoes pointed out, departed to collect his own party; so that, by the time the canoes were ready, he had forty followers ready armed, all in the plot, conveying his unconscious and intended victims to the city, which was soon to be the scene of ruin and of bloodshed. Before embarking, he despatched a trusty messenger to Obi Abdallah, informing him of his departure, and ordering him to join Zama in leading on their bands to the city without delay.

Two elegant barges, accompanied by six large canoes, filled with the negroes, the prisoners, and the wounded, proceeded down the river. In the first barge were Miss Bellgrove, Letia, Mr. Bellgrove and his son, and Mr. Norrisville. The sudden disappearance of Zada and her brother had increased the alarm of the party; and Miss Bellgrove, now attended by Ooknea, was completely overpowered with grief for the loss of her favourite, though the suggestion made by Mr. Bellgrove, of hearing some tidings of Zada in the city, caused a lingering ray of hope to shine through the dark cloud of grief, and render her almost regardless of her slight wound received from the Indians.

In the second barge were Colonel Waldenberg, Galliard, and the Missionary, accompanied by Perault. The only signs of consciousness which Waldenberg had shown were a slight movement of his hands, and one or two feeble groans; while Perault, by the orders of Galliard, wiped the congealed blood from a wound in his right temple.

Around the barges were the canoes, containing the negroes and prisoners, placed in such a manner as safely to guard off any attack from the banks of the river.

They rowed onwards in silence; now gliding through the thick masses of matted reeds and water-lilies, which here and there impeded the current; then skirting the sides of the deep mangrove and cypress groves, which lined the margin of the river; now passing rich rice swamps, and cotton grounds, and clearings, with the gay villas of the planters embowered in orange and pride-of-India trees.

At length they swept into the conjunction of the river with the Cowper, and the splendid expanse

of the noble bay burst on the view; while, wafted from the shore, the breeze came loaded with perfume. Anon, the high spire of St. Michael's, towering to the sky, and the lines of the city, were seen; then the city itself rose like a dazzling panorama. The splendid mansions of the planters and merchants, with their brilliant verandahs, surrounded with rich gardens, gave a beauty to the scene which the pen cannot describe. Here the palm, orange, and magnolia trees arose; while large and gorgeous blooming roses twined around the porticoes, filling the air with fragrance. Then the shipping burst like a dense forest upon the wondering eye, while flags of every nation streamed gaily from the masts; then came Castle Pickney, and, farther down the bay, lay Fort Moultrie, and, commanding the passage of the bar, Fort Jackson; while, from the ramparts of the various forts, the gorgeous star-spangled banner floated gaily on the breeze. The vast number of vessels, of all sizes, sailing on the bay, and crossing the bar, gave an animation and life to the scene which no mind could look upon without feeling elated.

The boats neared the beach, reached the landing-place, and were soon surrounded by a crowd of people. The guard were easily satisfied as to the appearance of the negroes in arms; and Perault giving a private signal to the negroes of the city assembled around them, the landing-place was speedily cleared.

Tom, the negro dandy, had been most eager, during the whole passage from Bellgrove to the city, to impress Whackie with a high idea of his mighty importance amongst the fashionable negroes of the city.

"Now," said he, "I is so glad I is get away from 'em dam red Indine, wid my scalp safe and sound. Lor! how men does become barbarize in a *wild state of cibil nature*."

"Werry true," said Whackie, shaking his head very gravely; "yet de red Indine is coward. I was fight wid 'em, and chase half-dozen myshef.

"I like for fight 'em too," said Tom, "*perwided* dey was put away 'em rifle, and 'em ugly tomahawks and scalping-knife. I neber like for see 'em; 'pon soul, 'em is cus uncivilize. How de debil should I appear in fassionable society in de city wid my scalp off? 'Pon soul, I shake at de werry thought. How would de ladies in de city lament, poor debils! I almost break my heart for tink how dey would weep for loss ob me!" And Tom wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, at the melancholy idea of the grief which his loss would have occasioned to the fair sex. "Dere!" cried he, as they approached the city; "dere is de land ob beauty! dere is de home of de noble and de fair! See: see how de pride-ob-India, de orange, and de pomegrani line de walks all around; see wot wealth and power can do! Lor! I is feel so glad at get back again;" and, in the height of his joy, he cut a caper which nearly upset the canoe.

"Keep you seat," cried Haman, who was one of the party; "you want for drown us, eh?"

"Beg pardon," said Tom, sitting down quietly.

"But I say, Haman, if you Massa and Missee find all tings right, sha'n't we hab tea-party an' ball to-morrow night, for celebrate our coming?"

"Well," said Haman, "if Massa don't go to dere town-house before to-morrow night, I don't care; but how we raise de wind?"

"Oh, *de ole plan*," said Tom, with a sly look: "cheat de store-keepers." And Tom and Haman laughed loudly.

"Ah!" said Haman, "Whackie is not up to dat plan."

"I is teachify him," said Tom, "for, 'pon soul, he look quite raw; and de cus wagibone niggers in de city will impose on him umsoapfisticate natur."—And Whackie, was, indeed, a perfect specimen of an unsophisticated country negro.

"You got any money, Whackie?" inquired Tom.

"Yes," said Whackie. "I hab five dolla' I was got from Massa."

"You must take care ob you money, den," said Tom, "or you get youshef cheat on all hand. Now, let me see. I is hab one dolla' I got from Massa for tear my trouser; (bad job dat was, 'pon soul)," he continued, by way of parentheses; "and I got oder two dolla' in *Massa waistcoat pocket*, which I took de loan of. Now, lend me you five dolla', if you please?"

Whackie, with the utmost simplicity, pulled out the five dollars, and placed them in Tom's hand, who gave Haman a knowing wink, and thrust his tongue into his cheek.

"Tank you, Whackie," he said; "you is good soul; 'pon hono', you is. I shall gib ball in you *Massa kitchen to-morrow night*, and invite all de beauty and fashion ob de city. Mind you heart, Whackie; no fall in lub wid some ob de pratty galls I shall bring. De nigger galls ob de city is de most lubliest and fairerest dat is: all like noo blown rose, 'pon soul."

Whackie grinned with glee, and rubbed his hands, as he expressed his high sense of Tom's kindness; and the call to aid their masters at landing ended the conversation.

On landing, Mr. Bellgrove gave orders to drive to the Planter's Hôtel, then justly reckoned the most fashionable in the city; and, having despatched Whackie, along with Haman and a few other domestics, to announce the arrival of the family to their household in town, and to get their town dwelling prepared for their reception, he ordered the armed negroes to return to Myrtlegrove. This, however, was prevented by Perault, who secretly commanded them to cross to the opposite side of the bay, and conceal themselves in the woods, till he joined them. Perault then caused his wounded master to be conveyed to the Waldenberg mansion-house, and a physician to be sent for.

Galliard, having seen the company all safely landed, looked around for his valet; but Tom, more eager on his own affairs than attentive to his master's comfort, was detailing, to a group of gaily-attired negroes, his own wonderful adventures and achievements amongst the Red Indians. Provoked at the fellow's carelessness, Galliard walked up to the group, but suddenly paused on hearing one of them cry out—

"Hi! bubba Tom, how many Indine you was kill?"

"More den hunder!" answered Tom. "'Pon soul, 'em was all fright for see me."

"How you plan for kill so many?" inquired the negro.

"Oh! I jost do 'em in style," answered Tom, with a flourish of his arm.

"Come here, you lying vagabond!" cried Galliard. Tom sneaked up to him crestfallen and sulky.

"How dare you tell such notorious lies?" said Galliard. "You know very well you never looked an Indian in the face, but hid yourself in the cellar at Myrtlegrove."

"You please, Massa, no 'peak so loud!" said Tom, with an imploring look. "No mention hide in a cella! Gor, Massa, dat ruin my carrumter: no talkee 'bout dat no more. If de niggers believe I, dat is no do you no harm."

Galliard smiled at Tom's logic, and ordered him home.

After Colonel Waldenberg had been conveyed to his own mansion-house, a considerable time elapsed before he was restored to consciousness. On opening his eyes, the first face he beheld was that of Perault. Shuddering, he again closed them. "Are you much pained?" inquired Perault, in a tone of deep sympathy. The Colonel raised himself partially on his elbow, and looked around, as he feebly asked, "Where am I?"

"In your own mansion at Carlville," answered Perault.

"Carlville!" exclaimed the Colonel; "how is this?"

"Despatches," answered Perault, "were forwarded from the city, commanding your instant return, in consequence of the sudden death of the Governor."

Colonel Waldenberg started, and hurriedly said, "Is the good old man dead?"

"You seem moved, Sir," continued Perault. "He is dead; and his death has made room for your advancement. The bearer of these despatches had been seized by the Indians, and the despatches broken open and partly destroyed. The messenger, however, escaped, and placed the mutilated papers in my hands to be given to you. On searching for you, the war-cry of the Indians arose and the conflict began. I found you at length, stretched on the earth insensible, and a number of Indians around you."

The Colonel fixed his eyes on the subtle traitor, as if he would have read every thought in his breast, but Perault returned the piercing gaze with a calm unperturbed look. The Colonel clenched his teeth, and, clutching at his own breast with both hands as if to crush his fierce emotion, said, "Were there any negroes at my side?"

"One," answered Perault.

"Who?" cried the Colonel, frantically.

"Zama, the favourite slave of Mr. Bellgrove," said Perault. "He was lying at your side, *dead*."

The Colonel sprang from the couch as he thundered forth, "Dead! has he then escaped me?"

Staggering forward, he would have fallen, had Perault not caught him.

"Why this emotion?" said the false villain; "why move yourself for the death of a poor slave? The fellow was doubtless killed by the Indians."

"It was only a passing qualm," said Waldenberg, as he reseated himself.

"Miss Bellgrove came to the city with you," said Perault, endeavouring to divert his attention. To his surprise, however, the Colonel frowned angrily, and inquired—

"Are there any officers of the Cadet Brigade present?"

"Lieutenant Galliard is in town," answered Perault.

"Send him hither instantly," said Waldenberg, motioning to him to quit the apartment. Perault bowed lowly and obeyed.

"Strange!" remarked the Colonel, as he gazed after him. "I feel my very heart's blood chill as I look upon that negro's face now."

Perault's object was, if possible, to prevent all intercourse between the Colonel and Galliard; and instead, therefore, of obeying his master's orders, he returned with a falsehood, stating that Galliard had left town.

Whackie and Haman were arrayed in rich new liveries, and each was admiring the other's appearance, when Tom entered the apartment.

"'Pon soul," said Tom, "I is glad for see you again. Dat is werry handsome libbery you is got on!"

"Aint he?" cried Whackie, with delight, as he turned round and round before the admiring Tom. "Look wot nice long tail I hab: two big yellow button on um! Look at dat, Tom!"

"Capal!" exclaimed Tom. "'Pon soul de country niggers will not know you again. You is look quite fresh. Has you Massa come for stop here?"

"No," answered Haman. "Massa is gone to the Planta Hôtel, for stop a leely while. Him no come here till to-morrow or next day."

"We must hab ball, den, to-morrow night," said Tom.

"Wid all a heart!" cried Haman.

"Den we is go and inwite all de ladies and de genelem ob de city, for come here. 'Pon soul, we must hab splendid affair! All de bootiful and most fassonablerest ladies in de town."

"Come away, den," said Haman.

"Now, Whackie," said Tom, "you must not look at you grand clothes on a street. Gor Amighty! de people will be tink you was neber hab no clothes on before."

So saying, the trio sallied forth, arm in arm, to invite their party. Having secured a sufficient number, it was then agreed that the supplies should be levied from the poor storekeepers, and that Tom and Whackie should take the round, and sponge the simple ones; and, according to this agreement, Tom and Whackie set out to levy the contributions from the generous storekeepers; Whackie carrying a large basket wherein to deposit the spoil.

"We must take all de noo storekeepers," said Tom; "for de old ones is get too sly: 'em is all know me now. 'Top, here be new store; read him sign, Whackie!"

"Where him is?" inquired Whackie.

"'Bove de door," said Tom. "You read him, eh?"

Whackie shook his head. "No can read dat book," he answered.

"Lor!" exclaimed Tom, "you is werry ignoram. All we genelem nigger and lady nigger in de city read. 'Top, I shall read de sign myshef."

So saying, he looked long and gravely at the sign-board.

"What him say?" inquired Whackie, getting tired of Tom's cogitations.

"I tink," said Tom, with a wise shake of his head—"I tink 'em is de French letters; 'em is werry bad for read. 'Top, now; dat fust letta' look debilish like a P. My eyesight been werry weak, you see, Whackie, eber since my Massa was broke my quizee-glass. Dat letter is P. Yes, him is. De next one be A; and de one a-hind him is T. Yes, dat is it: P, A, T. Wot de debil is dat? Oh, him mean *dish*!—dat is de ting! Den come an M, den a U, den an R, and anoder P; den an H, and, last ob all, a Y. Dat all right."

"And wot all dat say?" inquired Whackie.

"'Top, I see again: M, U, R, P, H, Y," spelled Tom. "Hab him now," he cried, triumphantly: "dat is mean 'Tatie. Tatie dish!—dat is him. Massa Tatie-dish. 'Top, we shall see if him good-natured Buccra."

Tom then made a long neck, and peered into the store, where, standing behind the counter, he beheld a little baggy Irishman, whose ruddy cheeks seemed to scorn the sweltering clime he now lived in, and looking the very picture of fun and good nature.

"I say, Whackie," cried Tom, "come away; him is de werry ting for we. Now, you no 'peak—hol' your tongue. No say noting, and I shall do him fust-rate."

So saying, he boldly entered the store, followed by Whackie.

"How you do, Massa Tatie?" said Tom, making a low bow to the storekeeper, and which Whackie did his best to imitate.

"Your sarvant, Mr. Sheepsface," exclaimed the storekeeper. "Troth, and d'ye know the difference betwix a *murphy* and a *potato*?"

"No, Massa," answered Tom, bowing; "I is not hab de felicity."

"Then I'll be after enlightening your darkened understanding," said Pat. "I'm a *Murphy* when I'm above ground, and I'll be a *Tatie* when I'm planted under ground." And the good-humoured storekeeper laughed loudly at his own joke; while both Tom and Whackie roared also, wondering, at the same time, what they were laughing at.

"I hope you is well, Massa?" said Tom, recovering himself.

"Illegant, my honey!" answered Pat. "And who may you be that's so mighty polite as to be inquiring after my own darling self?"

"I be head servant to de noo Governor ob dis city," said the lying knave, while Whackie actually gaped with astonishment, thinking that Tom had forgotten who he really belonged to. "And dis genelem," continued Tom, "is de head servant, and

werry intimate friend, of de rich and bootiful Miss Bellgrove of Myrtlegrove and Wandoo-bank."

Whackie's mouth opened more and more on hearing that he also had changed owners; but his surprise was surpassed by that of the poor storekeeper, who, wondering what could bring the servants of such magnates to his shop, exclaimed—"I'm mighty glad to see yese: faix, it's an honour I didn't expect at all, at all!"

"Don't mention dat," said Tom, most graciously bowing. "You see, Sar, de fac of de matter is dis: De oder day, de young, rich, and lubelly Miss Bellgrove was drive in she's carriage along wid my Massa, de noo Governor. 'Em was pass dis way, when my Massa, de noo Governor, was look out de carriage window, and him see dis werry bootiful store ob yours. 'Look,' say he to Missee, 'dere is one ob de most tастey and handsomest stores in de whole city,—quite noo fit up,—werry neat indeed."

"Long life to his honour!" exclaimed the amazed storekeeper. "Did he really say all that about Paddy Murphy's store?"

"So," continued the lying rogue, "when Missee Bellgrove look out de carriage, she say, 'Oh! wot a pratty genelem is keep dat store! how good lookee him is!'"

"The darlint!" exclaimed poor Paddy, swallowing all the new-coined lies of the negro for positive truths. "Did she see me?" Here he cast an admiring glance at his person. "Faix, and she's right, too," he added. "Be de powers! before I left Tipperary, the girls were after tearing one another to pieces about me!"

"I is sure ob dat, Massa," cried Tom; "handsome, good-lookee genelem like you must play de berry debil wid de gals!"

"Faith and you're the boy for guessing that; ha, ha, ha!" roared Pat.

"Well, Sar," continued Tom, "when de Governor and Missee Bellgrove was come home, dey was meet wid large party at dinner, and dey tell all about de new store and de handsome storekeeper."

"Did the gentry do that!" exclaimed Paddy, in a transport of joy. "Oh! Paddy, my boy, your fortune's after being made!"

"So, Sar," continued this lying varlet, "de whole company was quite delight, and 'em all say—'Berry well, since you recommend de genelem, we is all go deal wid him, *perwided him wittals be de real ting.*'"

"By my showl," exclaimed Paddy, in a fit of rapture, "I keep the best in the world. Sarch all Amerrykay, ay, and owld Ireland to the bargain, the devil a taste you'll find better!"

"Dat is jost wot de bootiful Missee Bellgrove was say," responded Tom, enlarging as he found Mr. Murphy's weak side. "Missee says—'I is sure dat de genelem must hab ebery ting good—he look so good heshef!'"

"Oh! the darlint!" exclaimed Paddy, his very eyes moistening with delight. "If I had her in my arms, I'd give her an Irishman's blessing!"

"So, Sar," continued Tom, thinking it was now high time to bring his colloquy to a peroration, "de company was all say—'We should like to see

*sample ob him different goods* ; and, if dey please us, we sall all go deal wid him ; but we must see wot he deal in, and if de tings be real good.' So, when de Gubernor was hear dat, him say—' I like de genelem, and want for encourage he ; so I sall send my head servant'—dat is me, Sar," he added, by way of parenthesis, laying his hand on his bosom,—" for request of *sample ob him different goods*, and I sall send 'em to you ; and if dey please, you must all become customer and friend ob de genelem.' "

Paddy's mouth was wide open, swallowing the barefaced lies of the rogue. " Well," he exclaimed, " its myself that's proud to think that the Gubernor and the gentry, and more particularly the beautiful young lady, should talk of me ! "

" So, Sar," continued Tom, with increased energy, " de Gubernor say to me—' My good friend,' say he, ' go to dat bootiful new store, and get *sample ob all de tings de genelem is deal in*, and bring 'em to me. Get de best, till I show 'em to all my friend in de city. If de tings be good, de genelem's fortune is made, and him store shall be de fust in de city ! ' "

" Only to think of such kindness ! " exclaimed the deluded storekeeper.

" Well, Sar ! " continued Tom, coining the lies with vast rapidity as he made sure of poor Murphy's weak side, " when de bootiful Missee Bellgrove was hear dat, she say to dis genelem— Here he pointed to Whackie, whose open mouth and staring eyes might have excited a suspicion of something being wrong. There he stood, half-bent forward, staring at his lying companion, and wondering if what he said was really true, so glibly was it uttered. Tom, however, had riveted the attention of the storekeeper to himself ; and, without noticing Whackie's wonder-stricken countenance, he proceeded :—" ' Go,' says Missee Bellgrove ; ' take one basket—call on dat handsome genelem, along wid de Gubernor's sarvant : get *sample ob him goods*, and ax him if he is marry.' "

" Married ! " exclaimed Paddy, in a fit of rapture ; " no, by de powers ! I'm a shingle man yet—hurrah ! Oh ! thunder and turf, I'll live for the pretty darlint for ever and ever, and as long after that as she plases ! "

" I is glad ob dat," said Tom, grinning ; " who know wot may happen handsome, good-lookee genelem like you dat de lady is fall in lub wid ? So, Sar, you be kind enough to gib small *sample ob you goods* ? "

" Faix, my honey, I'll give ye the whole shop if ye like ! " said Paddy.

In the openness of his heart, the good-natured storekeeper proceeded to fill the basket with the various articles which Tom pointed out, till it was completely crammed.

" I tink, Massa, dat is do now," said Tom, when he found that the basket would hold no more. " You is so werry kind, you hab fill de basket. "

" It's myself that's sorry there's no more room in the basket," said the storekeeper. " I'd almost go into it myself to see your lovely mistress ! "

" Oh, Sar ! " grinned Tom, " we is take you in, wid great pleasure, I do assure you ! "

" Now," said Paddy, " you must take a glass of brandy before you go. "

" 'Pon soul," exclaimed Tom, " you is too kind ; Missee shall be quite delight when she hear ob dis. "

The Irishman handed two large glasses, filled with brandy, to the negroes ; and Whackie had raised his glass to his lips, when Tom caught his hand, and requested him to stop. Whackie laid down the glass, with a sulky look at his friend, who said, " I beg you pardon ; but you know you Missee is not like de smell ob brandy ;—so I tink, if dis good genelem is give us small drop ob brandy in one bottle, we is drink him health at night wid great pleasure and much joy. "

" Arrah, dears ! you'll get a bottle full to drink my health then ! " exclaimed Paddy, as he filled a bottle ; and which Tom instantly pocketed, bowing to the very ground as Whackie and he departed, leaving the duped storekeeper to indulge in dreams of love and wealth, which were never to be realized.

On turning the corner of the street, Tom burst into a fit of laughter.

" Ha, ha, ha ! " he shouted. " Oh Lor ! if eber I see such goose as dat storekeeper : was I not do him fust-rate, Whackie ? "

" Tom," answered Whackie, seriously, " I no like de way you was cheat dat good Buccra. You was tell him so many lie ; I no like dat. My Massa say, dat I must always tell de trute, and be honest. "

" *Honest !* " exclaimed Tom, with a look of mingled wonder and contempt ; " wot de debil hab poor niggers got for do wid honesty ? My dear Sar, de white men hab kick trute and honesty out ob de worl' long ago : dere is no such ting now. "

" Den," answered Whackie, earnestly, " if Buccra drive 'em away, poor nigger should bring 'em back again, and keep 'em in him bosom ! "

" And if he do," said Tom, " him no get no credit by 'em. No, no, Whackie ; if you wish to get on in dis dam wicked world, you must send honesty to de debil, and tell no more trute den be occasion for : dat's de way for get on now. If you is honest, den ebery rogue try for cheat you wery eyes out you head ; and if you always tell de trute, dey call you a dam jackaramass, and knock you eyes out : so you see dis world is not made for trute and honesty. "

" Maybe no," said Whackie ; " but while I is in dis worl' I should like for be honest, if I could. "

" Den you neber shall make anyting by 'em," answered Tom.

Whackie ceased arguing, and Tom, suddenly pausing in his career, said, " I say, Whackie, here be anoder new store. Walk you on wid de basket, and I shall go in and get my pockets fill wid *sample*. "

Emboldened by his success with " Pat Murphy," Tom entered into another store, but started when he beheld a tall, raw-boned, grim-looking Scotchman behind the counter, who answered his salutation with a contemptuous grunt.

" You is hab any good tea and sugar ? " inquired Tom, in the most insinuating tone of voice.

" Was ye gaun to buy ony ? " inquired the Scotchman, haughtily.

" Perhaps I is," answered Tom, " perwided you keep 'em good. "

"Guid!" exclaimed the Scotchman. "D'ye mean to say I keep anything bad?"

"Can't say, Massa, till we see sample ob you goods," grinned Tom.

"Get oot o' my shop, ye villain!" cried the Scotchman, menacing Tom with a heavy roller which he snatched up from the counter. "A sample—ye intak'—I'll sample ye!"

"Massa!" exclaimed Tom, retreating into a corner, "'pon soul, dis is most uncivilize usage!"

"Ye villain! I'll sample ye, ye cheatin' rogne. Gang oot, or I'll brain ye!" cried the Scotchman, in a towering rage, advancing towards him with the roller in his hand.

"Dis is most ungenelamy, 'pon soul!" exclaimed Tom. "You is no genelem!"

"Nae gentleman! ye black vagabond, I'll nae gentleman ye!" exclaimed the store-keeper. And, suiting the action to the word, he brought the roller in contact with Tom's skull so forcibly, that he broke the roller through the middle, one end spinning high in the air, while the other remained firm in his grasp.

"Yeh!" yelled Tom, "you dam Scotcha tief, is dat de way you treat you customers?"

"Confoond yerehard head!" exclaimed the wrothful store-keeper; "I nicht as weel haehtten a whinstane: dang ye! ye hae broken my guid roller!" So saying, he dashed the fragment of the roller at Tom's shins, who fled from the store, cursing in the most approved negro style, nor halted till he overtook his friend Whackie, who, observing Tom's flurried appearance, inquired—

"Wot did dat storekeeper gib you?"

"More den I was want," answered Tom sulkily.

"Wot him gib you sample ob?" inquired Whackie.

"Sample ob him good breeding—dam him eye!"

responded Tom. By this time they had entered

the public market, and nothing daunted by his recent failure, Tom looked around for a victim. "We must hab some few egg, for make pancakes," said he. "See here be old mullatta woman be sell 'em. I try she.—How you do, ma'am? hope I is hab de felicity of see you well?" he continued, bowing to a yellow-visaged old woman, who presided with great dignity over two large panniers filled with eggs.

"How you do?" said the dame, with a haughty bend of her head to the negro.

"Is you eggs good?" inquired Tom.

"Best in market," she answered.

"I should tink so, when handsome good-looker lady like you keep em," said Tom, bowing, while the dame smirked and jerked her head, seemingly highly pleased with the compliment; and Tom added—

"Hab you got any *black hen* eggs?"

"How do I know black hen eggs from white hen eggs?" inquired the woman, staring at him.

"You no know dat?" cried Tom, with affected surprise; "de greatest secret in de trade—I must teachify you. I want two dozen ob black hen eggs—I pick 'em myshef if you please." So saying, he began picking out the largest and best eggs he could see, till the woman exclaimed, "My eye! do black hens lay bigger eggs than white hens?"

"Always, always," answered Tom, as he clutched at another large one.

"Stop, stop," cried the woman, pushing him aside. "I have no more black hen eggs."

"I must hab de two dozen," cried Tom.

"You can't get 'em," cried the woman, fiercely.

"I no pay for wot a got, den!" chuckled Tom, as he made off with his booty, amid a shower of curses from the defrauded woman.

(*To be continued.*)

R. K. R.

## THE FIRST HOME.

"Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,  
The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

*The Death of Wallenstein.*

Around the casement of a room  
In which a maid had slept  
From budding infancy to bloom,  
A honeysuckle crept.

And every morning, when the dew  
Lent odour to green lanes,  
The honeysuckle-flowers looked through  
The maiden's window-panes.

How much of loveliness they saw,  
When summer morns were mild,  
It is not meet for man to know—  
I only know they smiled!

They might have smiled at accents sweet,  
And sighs of tenderness,  
Such as the dreams of love may cheat  
A maiden to express.

They might, indeed, have smiled to see  
The early sunbeams dance,  
As if they felt it joy to be  
On such a countenance!

But when the maid her chamber left  
Dressed as became a bride,

Of her soft voice and looks bereft,  
The honeysuckle died.

Upon the lonely window-sill  
Its withering tendrils hung,  
And, through the vacant room, a chill  
Of desolation flung.

The yellow bee, that ever found  
Rich increase of his store  
'Midst flowers that wreathed that casement round,  
Came buzzing there no more;

Nor nestling butterfly, whose wing  
Wore all the hues of June,  
And to its leaves had loved to cling  
Beneath the sultry noon;—

Nor aught, with form imparting grace,  
Or music with its voice,  
About this love-forsaken place  
Did e'er again rejoice;

Because the beauty that had moved  
Upon the chamber floor,  
Delighting everything that loved,  
Returned to it no more.

L. D.



## PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(Continued from page 217 of our April Number.)

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE negro kitchens and apartments are generally built entirely separate from the houses of their masters, and none of the white people ever think of intruding into the negroes' premises; so that the slaves carry on much sport, without their masters or mistresses being in the least aware of it.

The company, according to invitation, assembled in the large kitchen of Mr. Bellgrove's dwelling; and in a very short time the kitchen was crammed with the negro party: "de ladies" arrayed in cast-off or "borrowed" dresses of their mistresses; "de gentlemen" in suits chiefly "taken de loan ob, for dis occasion," from their masters. On the hearth blazed several huge logs of turpentine pine, which lighted up the whole apartment, and, glowing upon the swarthy group, bronzed their happy-looking countenances. Haman, arrayed in his new livery, acted the part of door-keeper; and dandy nigger Tom, adorned in a full-dress suit of his master's, sporting a diamond ring and splendid gold watch and chain belonging to Galliard, acted the part of master of the ceremonies.

"Beg leabe for denounce Massa and Missee Pinkton ob de State 'teatre!" roared Haman, as he huddled into the room a swaggering stout negro, with a spangled jacket on, and a negro wench with a tassel apron.

"Ha!" exclaimed Tom, catching the negro by the hand. "Bless a soul, bubba, how you do? Ha! sista—hope you is berry well?"

"Berry well, tankesheaben!" answered the negro. "How you do bubba Tom? Hope I is see you berry well?"

"Berry well, please de Lor!" was the pious reply; and Tom, then addressing the company, said, "Ladies an' gentlemen, we is now hab de werry unlook-for, and unexpect happiness, ob de felicity, ob Massa and Missee Pinkton company, for encrease de pleasure ob dis joyful and happy 'caasion."

"Yeares—heares—heares—werry good—berry good?" was the unanimous response of the company.

Massa Pinkton then bowed, and politely handing his partner to a seat, threw himself on the floor before her, saying, "As Massa Hamlum say to Missee Owblesly in a play, supper me for lie at you feet, fair lady!"

"Goley! Ben, you always say something good!" was the merry answer.

A large black cauldron, filled with excellent coffee, was placed in the centre of the kitchen, and a number of cups, porringers, bowls, and calabashes, were handed round to the company. With an air of dignified importance, Tom strutted towards the cauldron, and flourishing a huge ladle in his hand, bowed lowly to the company and said—

"Gefelem, do me de honor ob hand in de ladies' cups: please, attend to de fair sex."

Tom was soon surrounded by applicants; and dealing the coffee out with the ladle, he endeavoured to administer equal justice to all—although, at

times, he could not avoid scalding the fingers of some unlucky holder of a calabash. The bustle around the cauldron was animating; and the shoving, jostling, yelling, and chattering, deafening.

"Massa Tom, you please, my cup next," cried one.

"Yeh! goley, no kick my shins!" cried a second.

"Wot de debil you press so for?" cried a third.

"Stan' back!" roared a fourth.

"Yeh! Massa Tom. Oh Lor! you scald my hand!" yelled a fifth, as he let his cup fall on the foot of his neighbour.

"Yeh!" shrieked the sufferer; "you dam tief, you let you cup fall and burn my foot!"

"Order, genelem!" vociferated Tom.

Amidst sounds such as these the ladies' cups were filled; and Tom then filling a bason of respectable dimensions for himself, resigned the ladle, saying, "Now, genelem, help youshefs!"

An engagement instantly ensued for possession of the ladle, each striving to catch it first. A kick on the shins of the holder was the most effectual method of causing the ladle to be relinquished; and, after much struggling, cursing, and jostling, the party was supplied. Waffles and hominy cakes, with sweet-potatoe loaves, were liberally distributed; and the smacking of lips, and loud plying of masticators, mingled with loud and hearty shouts of laughter, testified the very height of negro happiness. After coffee, sassafras beer, gin-aling, apple-jack, cocktail, and brandy, were handed round in the same dishes in which the coffee had been distributed. A cessation at length occurring, a dance was loudly called for; but on inquiry, it was found that the musician engaged for the occasion was not forthcoming.

"Wot de debil hab become ob de moosic?" inquired Tom. "'Pon soul, I was gib dat old blind tief, Apollo, quarta dolla' for come here."

"Pollo can't come," responded Haman; "him got drunk dis morning, and break him fiddle."

"So, him got drunk wid my money!" exclaimed Tom. "Dat's de good ob pay dese low moosicians beforehand: cus' bad lot!"

"Neba mind," cried Haman; "nigger always hab moosic in him own heart. Whackie, han' me down dat ole tin pan, and get I two sticks—I soon gib you plenty moosic."

The pan and two sticks were handed to him, and Haman gave the signal for a country dance. A slave will dance as merrily to the sound of a tin pan, as he will do to a full orchestra of first-rate music; so the party set to with right good will; and all was mirth and gaiety, till the company was startled by a loud and rapid knocking at the door; and a young negro, forcing his way into the kitchen, ran up to dandy Tom, and exclaimed, "Oh! Tom—you Massa is come home; he ax for you. Oh! Lor! him noo coat, and him gold watch and chain, and him big diamond-pin, hab been all stole!"

"Massa home!" exclaimed Tom, in alarm; "him noo coat—him watch and pin! Wot sall I do?"

"Oh! Tom, you rascal tief, you hab got de coat on," cried the youth. "Pull him off—fast: I run home wid him."

"Pull um off, den," cried Tom, in a quandary; "yes, pull away—fast—fast!" as he held out his arm to the young negro to help him in stripping.

The youth, as desired, took hold of the sleeve, and pulled with right good earnest; but the coat seemed resolved not to part from its present wearer; and all their pulling and tugging seemed in vain. No garment could stand such rough usage; and just as the parties had wrought themselves into a state of desperation and perspiration, the sleeve gave way, and both puller and pullee staggered back—one gazing at the sleeveless arm, the other at the armless sleeve.

"Cus' you black heart! see wot you do!" cried Tom, trembling with rage and fear.

"He no me—he youshef, you dam blacka waggibon!" roared the youth.

Tom flew at his opponent; and grappling each other by the shoulders, they forthwith proceeded to rap their heads together; till, tired of this manœuvre, they paused, and looked each other in the face, growling and grinding their teeth. "How you like dat, you black willan!" roared Tom.

"Top till you Massa cotch you!" cried his antagonist; "goley! he sall gib you fum, fum." So saying, he broke from Tom's grasp, and darted out of the kitchen. Levelling his head like a battering-ram, Tom rushed after the fugitive, who, dexterously springing aside, saluted Tom as he passed with a kick, which sent him, head foremost, into the duck-pond, and fled. Half crying with shame and vexation, Tom extricated himself from the pond, and returning to the kitchen, placed himself before the fire to dry.

"I is werry sorry for dis lamencholly ewent," said Haman. "I tink you Massa will send you to de sugar-house."

"I tink dat myshef," groaned Tom.

The nine o'clock bell now struck, and the roll of the drums of the city-guard, gave warning for every negro to hurry home, as none are allowed to walk the street after that hour without a passport from their masters or owners. The company, therefore, hurriedly broke up, and fled in all directions homewards, without waiting the ceremony of bidding each other good night.

Tom and Ben were the only two left, and they agreed to go homewards together as soon as Tom's clothes were dry. Apprehensive, however, of encountering the city-guard, and thereby getting quarters in the guard-house, they entered into a consultation how they could best trick the sentinels. The guard being chiefly composed of Germans, who could not read English, Tom and his friend instantly concocted a plan to get safe off. Ben pulled a piece of dirty white paper from his pocket, and shaped it like a letter, after scrawling two or three lines with shoe-blackening on it.

"Now," said Tom, "when you meet de guard, gib 'em dis leely bit of paper, and say dat you hab got passport from you Massa on business, and I

sall act de part of you dog, and gallop on my hand and feet in de gutter."

This being agreed on, they sallied forth; but had not proceeded far, till they encountered one of the city-guard, when Tom instantly plumped down on his hands and knees in the gutter, imitating the walk of a dog. Ben advanced towards the guard, who presented his bayonet at the negro's breast, and ordered him to stand.

"I hab got passport, Massa," said Ben, holding out the piece of dirty white paper to the sentinel.

"Yaw, yaw," said the sentinel, looking gravely at the paper by the light of a lamp; "passport, yaw, all ish reight—pass!" All would have been right, had Tom not suddenly raised his head, and his black *païs* encountered the eye of the sentinel, who, starting back with affright, nearly drop his musquet, as he exclaimed—"Mein Got! vat de Teufel ish dat?"

"Oh!" said Ben, "dat be my Massa big, black dog."

"Plack Tog!" exclaimed the sentinel. "Denner et blitzen! he ish von ver quere plack tog; standsh, or I vill shot you tead!" So saying, he levelled his firelock at Tom, who, having no desire to get a bullet through his body, yelled out with terror.

"No, no; oh Lor'! Massa, no fire!—no fire! I is only one poor dam black nigger!"

"Surrender!" shouted the guard.

"Yes, Massa; yes," faltered Tom, as, quaking in every limb, he surrendered at discretion to the sentinel, who, tying him arm to arm with Ben, drove them both before him to the guard-house.

Willobay Brookley, captain of the city guard of Carlville, was one of the noblest-minded, and most accomplished young men in the city. Proud and lofty in spirit, like the rest of the gentlemen of his State, he yet had a powerful command over his passions; and his easy, accommodating manner rendered him a favourite with all classes of society.

Brookley was reclining listlessly on a sofa in his own apartment in the guard-house, when a brisk rap at the door aroused him.

"Come in," cried he; and instantly the door opened, and Hans Vonberg, the sergeant of the guard, entered—bowed stiffly, pulled off his cap, and then stood stiff as if he had swallowed a nan-rod.

"Well, Vonberg, is there anything wrong?" inquired Brookley.

"Yaw, Mynheer," answered the sergeant, with a most mysteriously-important look.

"Ha!" cried Brookley, starting up alertly, "what is it?"

"Doo plack rashcal niggersh," responded Vonberg.

"Tut; is that all!" said the Captain.

"Nein, Mynheer!"

"Well, out with the rest."

"Von niggersh, gives shmall pit papersh vidout write for pashport; oder von, vash gallob on hish hant and foots in gutter, like pig plack tog." And Vonberg manœuvred with his hands and feet, to exemplify what he said.

"Oh, to cheat the guard, I suppose," said Brookley, smiling. "Were the negroes taken?"

"Yaw, Mynbeer, boah taken. See here;" and Tom and Ben were marched into the room, tied arm to arm, and guarded by two soldiers.

"Unbind them," said Brookley; and the negroes were instantly loosed.

"So, Sir," said the Captain, addressing Tom, "you have been endeavouring to impose upon the city guard?"

"No, Sir," answered Tom, with a look of offended dignity; "I neber was impose on nobody."

"I think I have seen you before," said the Captain. "Who do you belong to?"

"I belong to my own massa," said Tom, sulkily.

"I should guess as much," responded Brookley, biting his lip. "And, pray, what is your master's name?"

"Dey call um *my massa*," answered Tom, doggedly.

Provoked by the impertinent answers of the negro, Brookley rose and said, in an angry tone, "I shall try the effect of the black-hole on you, my fine fellow; it may cure your insolence."

Tom heard the threat with an uneasy tremour, and was about to beg for mercy, when the door was thrown open, and a servant entering, addressed Captain Brookley, saying, "Lieutenant Galliard presents his compliments, and wishes to know if you are disengaged."

"Show him in," said the Captain.

"Oh Lor', Massa!" ejaculated Tom, in the utmost trepidation. "O Massa, put I into a black-hole, a coal-cella', or up a chimney! O Massa, let I hide myshef!"

Galliard's voice was now heard, and Tom became the more earnest in his entreaties to be allowed to hide, no matter where; so that Brookley paused and looked at him with much surprise, till, on Galliard entering the apartment, Tom made a rush to the door to get off, but was instantly colared by the guard, and brought back.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Galliard, as he recognised his valet in the custody of the guard. "Tom, what are you doing here?"

"I come for look for you, Massa," said Tom, shaking himself free of his captors.

"Look for me!—in a guard-house?" cried Galliard, with astonishment.

"Yes, Sa, for true, Massa," answered Tom, staring him full in the face.

Captain Brookley burst into a loud fit of laughter at the cool impudence of the negro.—"So, ho!" cried he, "Master Blackie, this is your master, then? Mr. Galliard is your owner?"

"Yes, Sa," answered Tom, with a look of importance; "him hab dat felicity."

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" inquired Brookley, addressing Galliard.

"There has been a robbery committed at my house this evening," answered Galliard. "A ball-dress, a gold watch and chain, a diamond ring and pin, have been stolen. I wish you, therefore, to caution the criminal officers to be on the alert after the thief."

During this address Tom shook as if he had a

fit of the ague, and faintly faltered "Massa, you please, I go home."

"You are a prisoner, you black rascal," exclaimed Brookley. "We do not require to look far for the thief. See, Mr. Galliard, that negro fellow of yours has been making free with your property."

Galliard turned to Tom, and with rage and vexation beheld the diamond pin glittering on his bosom, and the gold chain hanging in fantastic folds over the breast of his vest. A second glance showed the soiled and destroyed ball-dress, from which the sleeve of the coat had vanished. Transported with fury, Galliard grasped his delinquent valet by the neck, and was proceeding to execute summary justice on his person, when Tom yelled out—

"Top! wurra de debil you mean? You tink I is gone a be ill use dat way—eh? No, I go dis moment to magistrate, and complain of dis ill use for noting, and 'ply to he for sell I to oder massa!"

"You infernal rascal—you impudent dog!" exclaimed Galliard, quivering with rage; "I'll break every bone in your body!"

"Wot de debil you mean?" yelled Tom. "You gone a kill I? Cus' you! want a get youshef hang for murder—eh?"

"Nay, nay, Mr. Galliard," said the captain of the guard; "restrain your passion—the fellow is not worth your attention: sell him at once, and get quit of him."

"Dat is all I want," cried Tom, freeing himself from his master's grasp. "I want for he sell—handsome, good-looker nigger like I, is worth a thousand dolla' any day. Many nice lady be glad for good-looka chap like I!"

"Then sold you shall be!" said Galliard; "and that, too, in the public market to-morrow morning. Captain Brookley," he continued, addressing the captain of the guard, "I will thank you to keep this rascal under close confinement till to-morrow morning, and send him down to the slave-market."

"With pleasure," answered Brookley. "Here," said he, addressing the guard, "clap that fellow in the black-hole. Strip him of his borrowed plumes, and put some old clothes on him; and, hark ye, give him nothing but bread and water."

"Bread and wata!" exclaimed Tom, with a look of horror. "Lor', Massa!—'pon soul, I no like dat; Massa—you is joke."

"Take him away," said the Captain; "and remove this other fellow," pointing to Ben, who had hitherto stood unnoticed. "Let them be confined separately." And the two prisoners were marched off.

"Don't allow the fellow's conduct to vex you so," said Captain Brookley to Galliard, who was pacing up and down the room, tearing the fingers from his gloves.

"I cannot help it," said Galliard; "but he is an ungrateful dog—let him go—one whom I indulged so much!"

"And by that indulgence ruined him," said Brookley, interrupting him. "Nay, I beg pardon if I have offended you; but you are well aware, my dear Galliard, that these black fellows must be kept under proper subjection, and at a proper dis-

tance. Allow them the least familiarity, and they soon become most insolent."

"Perhaps I am to blame," said Galliard; "but the fellow's mother was my nurse, and I have been accustomed with the rogue's insolence since childhood; and it is very hard to part with one whom—notwithstanding all his folly—I still like; and then, the thoughts of the poor fellow getting a harsh and cruel master. No, no, faith—I won't part with him yet."

"I honour you for your feelings," said Brookley; "but, unless you humble your slave's pride, you will never get any good of him. 'Tis plain he thinks himself superior to the rest of his race. Now, suppose you sink him in his own esteem—'tis the only way of bringing him in."

"How can this be done?" said Galliard.

"Send him to the slave-market early to-morrow morning," answered Brookley; "I will send two persons there, to buy him at a *very low price*, and you can have him from them again."

"Well, arrange it as you will," said Galliard; "but do not let him be ill used."

"Meet me here to-morrow night," said Brookley; "you will have some sport with my plans."

"Agreed—good night!" and Galliard departed.

Early next morning, Tom was awakened from his slumber on the hard floor of the blank-hole by one of the guard saluting him with a kick on the shins. Tom instantly started to his feet, and casting a bewildered glance around, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the lamp which the guard carried.

"Come," growled the guard; "it's time you was in the slave-market. Put on that old coat, and them 'ere old trousers, and come along. Quick—will ye?"

Tom mechanically drew on part of the dress which the guard threw at him; but thrusting his arm into the sleeve of his coat, his hand went through a large rent in the elbow. Tom's fastidious niceness about dress was offended at this; but much more so when he found the coat was *minus* one of the tails.

"Wot de debil is dis?" cried Tom. "You tink I is gone a be exhibit in public like one cuss' raggy-muffin? I see you dam fust!"

And he endeavoured to pull off the coat; but the guard, with a preliminary shake of his fist in Tom's face, said—

"Keep on the coat, or, damn me! I'll wallop your skin for you!"

So Tom most reluctantly assented.

In an open space near the Exchange, were assembled several groups of slaves, who were to be exposed for sale. Here might be seen a group of mothers, chattering merrily to each other; and their children, half naked, chasing one another in sport, or wallowing like little pigs among the mud, with shouts of glee; and there the fair-complexioned quadron, the blood of the white man flowing in his veins, and mantling his cheek with the blush of grief and shame. Here might be seen a group of stalwart negroes, of herculean form, standing with down-cast melancholy looks,

and there a young couple, perchance newly married, clinging to each other, as if taking a long and sad farewell. There, also, was the fond young mother, pressing her sleeping babe to her bosom and bedewing its face with heart-felt tears while others were talking loudly and merrily, to tally careless of their fates. Again the eye would rest upon a group of sallow-faced Mississippi planters, at whose approach the boldest of the slave would shrink back with quivering lips and terror-stricken eye, while the planters were sauntering from group to group, and examining each, with the same look with which a knowing jockey or cattle-dealer would scan a horse or a cow; while around were gathered a host of idle negro boys.

"Looka dere," cried one of the boys; "ol looka dere. See dandy nigger Tom is come for sell! And Tom, with a swaggering gait, entered the market, attended by two of the city guard; and casting a look of infinite contempt upon the poor country negroes, marched directly up to the table and was ordered to ascend it, which he did, and placed himself in what he considered a most commanding and elegant attitude, carefully drawing up the remaining tail of his coat.

The auctioneer now took his place, and, with voice like a bull-frog's, croaked out, "Who bid for this black nigger?"

"Can he hoe, or plant, or work any?" inquired a planter.

"No, no," cried the auctioneer; "he's good for nothing—except stealing his master's clothes."

"Massa," expostulated Tom, "dat is not de way for sell I. You is hurt my carumter wid you dam imprence."

"Five dollars bid!" roared the auctioneer; Tom's great indignation. "Who bids more?—Ten dollars bid!" roared the auctioneer. "Going—going—gone!" and down came the hammer of the auctioneer, who had been previously instructed how to act. "Come down, Sir," said the auctioneer to Tom; "come down—you are sold."

"Sold!" exclaimed Tom, with a strange bewildered look—

"Yes, sold—said the auctioneer: see, there's your new master." And he pointed to a fierce-looking, squint-eyed, hickory-faced man, who stood flourishing a huge whip most ominously. Tom quaked at the very sight, and again said—"Sold?"

"Hav'n't I told you that already?" cried the auctioneer.

"How much I sell for now, Massa?" inquired Tom, shaking as if he had a fit of the ague.

"Ten dollars," said the auctioneer.

"Ten dolla'!" shrieked Tom. "Me? ten dolla'?"

"Yes," said the auctioneer, "only ten; and I think it is too much."

"Oh Lor!" cried Tom, "wot I is come to!"

And if aught else was wanting to humble him more, it was fully supplied by a band of negro boys roaring out, "Ten dolla' Tom! Ten dolla' Tom!" and laughing loudly at the joke.

"Tarnation!" roared the purchaser, striking the table a loud crack with his whip, "come down, Sir! Am I to wait here for you all day?"

"No, Massa," said Tom; "I is come, I is come."

"Ten dolla'?" he muttered, as he descended from the table.

"Come along, then!" roared his purchaser.

"Yes, Massa, yes," faltered the poor fellow, as, with trembling steps and drooping head, he followed his new master from the Slave-market, followed by a crowd of negro boys, yelling in derision, "Ten dolla' Tom!"

Crushed in spirit and in hopes, Tom feebly followed his supposed new owner. He felt confused and stunned, and all seemed a horrid dream; but the shouts of his tormentors, and the threatening growl of his purchaser, struck like a bitter knell on the heart of the poor negro. At length, in turning round the corner of one of the streets, Galliard and Brookley suddenly met them. A single glance of Galliard recalled the wandering senses of his now humbled valet; and, clasping his hands together, in a voice almost choked with emotion, while the huge tears gushed from his eyes, Tom turned to Galliard and exclaimed, "Oh, Massa! is I your poor nigger Tom?"

"You are no longer my negro," answered Galliard. "I don't know you now."

"Gor Ormighy!" exclaimed Tom, still weeping, "I mus' be changed; um can't be me: ten dolla'? Oh Lor, wot I is come to!" And, throwing himself against a Pride-of-India tree, Tom sobbed most bitterly.

"We have carried the joke too far," said Galliard to Brookley. "It grieves me to the very heart to see the poor fellow in such a state.—You know, Tom," said he, addressing the negro, "you wished to be sold; and it was your own fault that I parted with you."

"I knows dat, Massa; I knows dat," sobbed Tom. "But to be sell for ten dolla'! You wouldn't sell you dog for dat; and why you sell poor Tom—dat lub you so!—for less dan you would take for dog?"

So pathetic was the appeal of the poor fellow, that Galliard felt his eyes moistening; but repressing his feelings, he said, "Well, Tom, if I buy you back, will you behave yourself better in future?"

"Yes, Massa, yes," was the eager response.

"Then I will buy you back. Here," said he, addressing the fancied buyer, "how much did you give for this negro?"

"Oh, Massa!" cried Tom, interrupting him, "no mention dat—no talk of dat."

"I gave ten dollars for him," said the man; "but he is a good-for-nothing—I'll sell him at a discount to get rid of him. You may have him at half-price; I'll give him back for five dollars."

"Five dolla'?" exclaimed Tom, almost fainting; "worsen an' more worserer!"

"There's your money," said Galliard, placing it in the man's hand, who received it with a chuckling laugh, and walked away; leaving Tom gazing after him with a look of anger and perplexity, as he muttered "Five dolla'! dam imprence!"

"And now, Tom," said Galliard, addressing him, "return home; see, there's a dollar to you, and behave yourself better than you did."

Tom mechanically took the proffered cash, and as his master retired, looked earnestly after him, and exclaimed, "Dam, I tink I is in one cus-

dream!" Tom was aroused from his stupor, by somebody touching him on the shoulder; and, on looking up, he beheld Perault.

"You seem perplexed," said Perault, in a deep, stern voice, keenly eyeing Tom's countenance.

"Yes," answered Tom. "I is werry much perplex, and werry much grieve. I was been sold in de Slave-market dis mornin'."

"Sold!" exclaimed Perault. "How sold?"

"For ten dolla'!" groaned Tom, as if the words were choking him; "and my Massa buy me back for five dolla'. O Lor'!"

"So," said Perault, with a tone of deep sympathy, "they took you to the Slave-market, and sold you like a horse?"

"A hoss!" yelled Tom, in a perfect fury. "A hoss!—dam you insurance! who you call a hoss?"

Tom's rage got the better of his sorrow; and, not relishing the comparison drawn by his sympathizing friend, he clenched his fists, and stood, grinding his teeth, hesitating whether to fight or not. Without paying attention to Tom's hostile looks and gestures, Perault calmly said—"Tom, we are both negroes."

"We is berry like niggers, anyway!" exclaimed Tom, as he gazed on the sable visage of the conspirator.

"And," added Perault, "we are both slaves!"

Tom looked still more fiercely at him, grinding his teeth till the very foam came from his mouth.

"Our masters," said Perault, "buy their horses, work their horses, lash their horses, and sell their horses. They buy us slaves; they work their slaves; they lash their slaves; they sell their slaves. Now, wherein differs the lot of the slave from that of the horse?"

"Dat all werry good," answered Tom; "but nigger no hoss for all dat. Hoss hab four leg; nigger only hab two. Hoss hab long tail; nigger no got no tail at all. No, no; neber call nigger hoss again."

"You say that you was sold for ten dollars?" said Perault.

"Yes," said Tom, sulkily.

"And your master bought you back for five dollars?"

"Yes," groaned Tom.

"Had you offended your master before he sold you?"

"No; I was only take de loan of him clothes for go to ball last night."

"And do you think that your master would seriously part with you for ten dollars. You are certainly worth more."

"I tink so," said Tom. "I is good-looka nigger. De gals say I is de werry ting for fall in lub wid. I is worth good price. You tink so, eh?"

"And can you not perceive that this sale is all a pretence to insult you, and lessen you in the eyes of your fellow slaves?" Tom started, and looked somewhat bewildered, as Perault continued—"What negro will look at you without laughing at the price you brought? Hark! the very boys on the street are ringing it in your ears!" And the cry again arose from the little black rascals, of "Ten dolla' Tom!"

"Look at the dress they have exposed you for sale in! It would disgrace a scarecrow."

Tom looked at the torn coat, and, tucking up the solitary tail thereof under his arm, ruefully said—"Dat is true. Um was eus insult; 'pon soul him was!"

"And what negro girl will speak to you now? See, they pass along, and point at you with the finger of scorn!" said Perault.

"O lor!" groaned Tom. "I is done for now. Oh, wot I is do!"

Perault said, in a low and impressive whisper, "*Seek for revenge!*"

"How?" said Tom.

"Follow me, and be cautious." So saying, Perault, followed by Tom, entered a narrow by-lane, and sought the outskirts of the city.

After the departure of their negro friends, Haman and Whackie, along with a few more of the household slaves, kept up the sport, till all of them became so much intoxicated, that the duties of the household, and all regard to their owner's interests, were completely forgotten. As it was the first debauch that poor Whackie had ever indulged in, he suffered severely from the consequences. Early in the morning, he was seen staggering forth from the kitchen, with a huge calabash in his hand, and directing his tottering steps towards the water-pump. Thrice he filled, and rapidly swallowed the contents of his calabash; then, laying it down, he stood for a second, and bitterly groaned—"Oh Lor! wot is dis?" Again he suddenly filled his calabash, and bumpered draught after draught, as if determined to commit suicide by drowning himself on a novel principle. While thus endeavouring to quench the burning pain in his interior, Whackie was interrupted by Haman issuing from the kitchen, most miraculously drunk, holding a bottle of brandy in his hand.

"Whack—Whackie," hiccupped the drunken varlet, as he reeled towards his suffering companion. "See—see wot I is got. Looka dere, ole boy—noder bottle ob brandy; take suck ob um—um be far betta' dan col' wata."

"Cus you brandy," exclaimed Whackie, with a look expressive of the utmost loathing. "Get along wid you and de brandy. Oh Lor—my head—I tink um is go all to pieces!" And he bumped his forehead against the pump, with a force which nothing but the skull of a negro could withstand.

Haman, in the meantime, staggered up, and hugging the pump in his arms, endeavoured to balance himself against it, as he began to lecture Whackie on the sin of drunkenness.

"Oh, fie shame," hiccupped this negro bacchanalian, his words so thickly uttered, as to be almost unintelligible. "Oh, fie shame, Whackie, you is dronk—quite tostified: fie shame! Wot will Massa say?"

Before Whackie had time to answer, the court-gate was thrown suddenly open, and Mr. Bellgrove's carriage whirled into the court-yard. The quick eye of Mr. Bellgrove at once detected the situation of the two negroes, and alighting from his

carriage, he walked up to them. With a look of shame and terror, Whackie dropped the calabash on the ground, and covered his face with his hands, while Haman, assuming a look of the most consummate drunken gravity, vainly attempted to pocket his brandy bottle; and, by propping himself against the pump, made a fruitless effort to stand upon one foot, in testimony of his being perfectly steady and sober.

"What have you been doing, Whackie!" said Mr. Bellgrove, sternly.

"Oh Massa!" sobbed the poor fellow, "I was do werry bad. I take some brandy, Massa; and I is werry sick."

"So," said Mr. Bellgrove, "instead of getting the house prepared for our reception, you have spent the night drinking?"

"Oh no, Massa," hiccupped Haman; "we was no drink. Only wata, Massa—only wata!"

"The water must have been very strong that put you both into such a state," said Mr. Bellgrove. "Whackie, you have disobeyed my orders. I told you not to mingle with the negroes in the city, and to take no strong liquors."

"I sall neber take no more brandy, Massa," sobbed Whackie.

"Dat a good boy," exclaimed Haman; "de brandy is no good—um no agree wid country nigger stomach."

"I suspect, Haman, that you are to blame in giving Whackie so much brandy," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Jost small drop, Massa—leely drop," answered Haman; "not so much as put out musquite eye."

"Retire both of you to bed, and sleep yourselves sober," said Mr. Bellgrove. "Miss Bellgrove will be here in the afternoon; the rest of the family go to Sullivan's Island to-night. When you are fit to appear before your Mistress, see that you pay proper attention to her." So saying, he turned and left them.

We now return to another group, for some time lost sight of.

Perault led Tom through a number of by-paths, till they reached a small rude edifice on the southern boundary of the lines, which was commonly reported to be a negro chapel. Pausing at the door, Perault struck it thrice, at intervals, and a voice from within inquired—"Who do you wish to pray for?"

"Hayti," answered Perault.

"Who else?" inquired the voice.

"Christophe, and Freedom," said Perault; and the door was suddenly thrown open, and, entering the chapel, they found it crammed full of negroes.

"Brethren," cried Perault, "I bring a new friend to join our cause," as he presented Tom to the meeting.

"He is a coward, and will betray us," exclaimed Gullah Jack, rising from a seat beneath the pulpit.

"He has been wronged, and seeks for vengeance."

Is not that a sufficient bond for his fidelity to those who will aid him?" said Perault.

"'Tis well, gentlemen," exclaimed Tom, "I is feel under strange here. Wot you is all going for do?"

"Cut your master's throat for insulting an African," said Perault. "Have you the courage to ~~cut~~ him?"

"Ay," said Tom, fiercely.

"'Tis well," rejoined Perault. "Look around you; you will behold none but friends, leagued to vindicate their freedom. Will you join us?"

"I will," said Tom; and, repeating the conspirators' oath of secrecy, he was received into the insurgent band.

The chief ringleaders of the conspiracy were present; and Perault, ascending the rostrum, began, in a fervent address, to arouse their passions and their sense of wild justice. He dwelt upon the wrongs of the poor negroes, who were torn from their native sunny clime by force or fraud, and deprived of that freedom which was the birth-right of all mankind. He reminded them of the sufferings of the captives in the slave-ships, when even the mangled limbs of their dead companions were supplied as food to those who survived. He spoke of the slave-market, where every tie of nature was rent asunder,—where the husband was torn from his wife, the children from the parent,—all, all treated by the ruffian slave-dealer as a scoff, and the subject of brutal laughter by the surrounding planters and the mob. He then called on each to attest their sufferings after they had been sold—when the weak were lashed to compel them to work, and torture of mind and body was the sole reward for the poor African's labour. He reminded them of how brief a space had elapsed since their sufferings had brought on disease and death; and their kind masters, scornful to give them the rites of sepulture, caused the dead bodies to be thrown into the waters that washed the walls of that proud city, till the very fish in the Bay had become so gorged with human flesh, that no man dared to touch them. He told them of his voyage to Hayti, and his interview with King Christophe; he then explained the plans which he and his coadjutors had adopted for gaining freedom to the oppressed Africans. "The hour," he added, "is now come that we must strike for freedom; and this night shall see this city a heap of smoking ruins." A loud shout of applause from the assembled insurgents arose as Perault closed his address; and they called on him to lead them on to freedom, or to death. Calming their wild shouts, Perault called the leaders around him; and after some deliberation, the following mad and desperate orders were issued, as directions for the conspirators to set upon—

That Perault was to meet the country negroes at their rendezvous up the Bay, and lead them on to join the insurgents in the city. That, in the meantime, the negroes in the city were to divide into different bands, and, at night-fall, seize possession of the principal thoroughfares. That the striking of the negro drum at nine o'clock should be the signal for mastering the city-guard, who

were all to be massacred. That Perault, on his return, was to lead the whole negro host forward, and fire the town; and the flames were to be the signal for a general massacre of all who opposed them. The shipping was to be seized, and the plunder of the city placed on board; and the insurgents were then to sail in triumph for Hayti.

Each of the ringleaders' orders were given to them; and Perault urged Tom to conceal himself at night at the back of the guard-house, and to open the gate to him on receiving a private signal. This Tom readily agreed to, as his attendance at the guard-house on his master would not subject him to any suspicion.

Having arranged everything for the outbreak, Perault prepared to cross the bay, to lead over the insurgents from the plantations. Promising solemnly to join the rebel slaves in the city at the hour of nine, when the negro drum should strike, he departed, with a heart filled with exultation, on his horrid errand, accompanied by a few of his band.

The only pale face seen amongst the assembled rebels, was that of the Missionary, whose look of mute horror, at the announcement of the real nature of the plot, showed that he might yet strive to prevent it. Observing this, Perault induced the Missionary to leave the chapel along with him; and pretending that he wished his presence to curb the unruly spirits of the negroes, and that he had a different version of his plans to give him, he induced the unfortunate man to enter the canoe along with himself. They rowed in silence till they reached the heavy current formed by the conjunction of the Cowper and Wandoo rivers, when Perault suddenly turned to the Missionary, and said—"So, you dislike our plans?"

"I do," was the answer.

"And would betray us, if you thought there would be a general massacre of the whites?"

"You have deceived me," said the Missionary; "and before God and man I denounce thy bloody scheme."

"We have a method of silencing rash tongues," said Perault, sternly.

Silence again ensued for a short space, when Perault addressed the rowers—"Is that an alligator in the stream?"

The negroes turned to look in the direction pointed out, when a sudden plunge was heard, and the voice of the Missionary, in wild despair, exclaimed—"Spare me! save me! Mercy! God, have mercy!"

The rowers started up, and beheld the Missionary struggling in the waters, his features distorted with agony and despair. He was suddenly beneath the waves, his hands tossing convulsively for aid as he disappeared. "Resume your seats, and row on," said Perault, sternly. "He was a ~~wise~~ man, and deserved his fate." The rowers silently resumed their paddles; but shuddered at the recollection of the scene.

We must now, for a time, return to the scene of warfare at Myrtle Grove, where we left the Cadet Brigade engaged with the Cherokees.

No sooner had Major Maitland seen the preparations made for escorting Miss Bellgrove and her friends to Carlville, than he headed his own troops in the forest; and, by a series of skilful manoeuvres, forced the stubborn foe from the cover of the woods, and drove them into the clearings. Concealed by the underwood on the verge of the openings, the Cadets poured in a most destructive fire upon the enemy, till the mounted brigade, forming in line, charged furiously upon the Cherokees, and drove them into a large swamp upon the margin of the river, through which the Indians vainly endeavoured to force their way. Maitland then ordered the whole troops to advance, and extend along the outskirts of the swamp, to prevent the Indians extricating themselves from their perilous situation. Exposed to the galling fire of the Cadets and negroes around the swamp, and the deep mud and rapid river preventing all escape, the Indians soon made signs that they wished a cessation of hostilities. The firing having ceased, one of their chiefs scrambled out of the swamp, his long, white blanket thickly covered with mud, while his face, divested of its war-paint, expressed mingled feelings of chagrin and sullen haughtiness. Throwing down his rifle, he stalked, with proud up-springing, but slow steps, towards Maitland and a group of officers, who had assembled to receive him.

"Why do our white brethren war against the Red Cherokees?" demanded the chief, in a sullen, offended tone, as if he and his tribe were the worst-used men in the world.

"Why do the Red Cherokees steal on, like beasts of prey, to destroy the white men?" said Maitland, haughtily. "If ye come like wolves, we shall hunt ye down as wolves."

"The pale-faces were the first aggressors," replied the Indian, doggedly; "and the Red Cherokees only revenged their wrongs."

"You had no cause for this outbreak," rejoined Maitland; "and less cause to wander from the wilds of Georgia, to destroy the inhabitants of South Carolina, who were your friends."

"We came to trade with the Carolinians in peace," said the Indian. "The pale-faces in the State of Georgia would drive the Red Indian from the land. We deal not with them."

"Ye attacked and destroyed several plantations in this very neighbourhood about two years ago; ye burned the plantation of Mr. Bellgrove, who was ever the friend of your race, and carried off his only son: ye wrought ruin and destruction; your very footsteps were marked with massacre and fire; and yet you call this *peace*!"

"Our young braves were shot down like wild deer by your white hunters," said the Indian; "therefore we attacked your plantations. We carried away the young pale-face as a hostage, to prevent farther harm from his race. We meant to restore him, and brought him with us to smoke the pipe of peace, and be in friendship with our white brethren: but he slew some of our young braves, and fled from our wigwams; therefore we pursued him. Our chief, Moonakah, is also slain. Why should the Red Indian not seek redress for his wrongs?"

"Your braves got involved, as I learn, with some white hunters in the woods," answered Maitland, "and fell in combat with them. The young man harmed them not. As for Moonakah, he still lives."

"Restore him to us then," said the chief, "and the Red Indian will depart in peace, and no longer contend with his white brethren."

"Not so," answered Maitland; "your warriors cannot escape us now; let them lay down their arms and surrender."

"Never," exclaimed the Indian, fiercely, "we will die first."

"Look," said Maitland, pointing to the swamp where the Indians were struggling amongst the mud; "if they enter farther into the swamp they will all be drowned. If they try to extricate themselves, they will be shot down. Take your choice. We will spare your lives and send you over to the State of Georgia, if you surrender; if not, we will destroy you all. See, the negroes surrounding the opposite verge of the swamp prevent your escape."

"The negroes' hearts are black like their faces," exclaimed the Indian, fiercely. "They are dogs—and sons of dogs. They are black-hearted, and have acted falsely to the Red Cherokee."

"Ha!" said Maitland, as suspicion flashed across his mind, "did the slaves promise to aid you in this outbreak?"

"They did," answered the Indian. "They seek to destroy the pale-faces, and pretend to offer the Red Indians their own land again. They are bad—bad!" and he spat on the ground to give stronger effect to his expressions of rage against the slave.

Maitland and the officers around him exchanged glances of surprise; and anxious to ascertain the truth of the Cherokee's statement, Maitland again addressed him.

"So the black slaves broke faith with the Cherokees, and instead of aiding them against the whites, they fight against the Indians?"

"The Indian sees his folly in trusting to the black dogs," answered the chief. "Let our white brethren beware of them also. Let the Cherokees return, and they will keep down the black slaves."

"We can keep them down ourselves if we wish it," said Maitland. "You have heard our terms, if not complied with within ten minutes, your blood be upon your own heads."

The Indian shrugged up his shoulders, and muttered, "Ugh, ugh: it is not good—not good."

"Gentlemen," said Maitland, addressing his brother officers, "let the mounted brigade disperse along the margin of the swamp, to cut down any Indians who struggle out. Place the negroes at the farthest-off verge, and order our rifles to advance to the swamp."

"Stay," cried the Cherokee, "I will tell to my brethren what your conditions are."

"That will not prevent us from cutting off all possibility of your escape," said Maitland. "You may return; but the troops must take their ground; so look you to the consequences, if within ten minutes you do not accede to our terms."

With a downcast look, the Indian turned, and



springing lightly on the harder parts of the soil, and rejoined his tribe. An angry altercation ensued, which was suddenly broken off by a strong body of the Indians, making a bold attempt to force their way through the negroes on the verge of the swamp, but all their efforts only tended to their own destruction; and they were reluctantly compelled to surrender.

As soon as the prisoners were secured, than Maitland forwarded despatches to Captain Osborne, to return from Bellgrove Plantation with the troops under his command; and to escort the prisoners to the frontiers of the district. He then called a council of the officers of the Brigade, and represented the necessity of adopting instant measures, for checking any attempt on the part of the negroes, to take advantage of the outbreak of the Indians. Accustomed, however, to the crouching nature of the negroes, and being taught to look upon them as an inferior and degraded race in the scale of humanity, the officers only laughed at the idea of the negroes rising against their white masters; and maintained, that if they should dare to revolt, their owners had only to arm themselves with whips, to overawe their rebel slaves, and reduce them to subjection. Finding his remonstrances unavailing, Maitland consented to remain till the arrival of Captain Osborne's rifles; at the same time begging of the officers to keep a strict watch on the movements of the negroes on Myrtlegrove, and the surrounding plantations.

The loss on the part of the Cadet Brigade had been very trifling, while that of the Indians was severe; and the result was calculated to crush any future hostile movements on the part of the native tribes in the States.

Despatches were forwarded to the city, announcing the defeat of the Indians; and in the course of the following day, Maitland received orders to forward the prisoners to the frontiers of the district, and deliver them over to the troops provided to convey them to their destination; and then to march the Rifle Brigade back to Carlville.

It was late on the evening after the surrender of the Indians, before Captain Osborne's troops arrived at Myrtlegrove; and on the following day, the Indian prisoners were divided into different parties, and each, guarded by a strong body of the Cadets, was marched off, to be handed over to the neighbouring troops. Having seen the arrangements properly made, Maitland issued orders for the Mounted Brigade and remainder of the Cadets to march to Carlville; and, desirous to reach the city before their arrival, he embarked in a canoe on the Wandoe, and proceeded thence.

Evening had set in before Maitland landed at Carlville; but, as he proceeded towards the mansion-house of Colonel Waldenberg, he could not refrain from remarking the singular conduct of the negroes in the streets, and the uncommon number of country negroes assembled in small groups at the corners. He observed that, as often as he eyed any of them closely, they looked startled, and as if conscious of guilt. Filled with vague apprehension, he reached the outer gate of Waldenberg's mansion, and, on knocking, was an-

swered by a surly black porter, who informed him that Waldenberg had left the city a few hours previously. Doubtful of the truth of this statement, but supposing that Waldenberg did not wish to be disturbed, and had given his slaves instructions to deny him, Maitland turned, and walked on to the city guard-house, where he found Galliard and Brookley together. Both were happy to meet with him; and, after the ordinary congratulations were over, Maitland told them of the disclosures made by the Indians, and his own fears that the negroes meditated a revolt. Brookley and Galliard exchanged glances, and a smile lurked around the mouths of both.

"My dear Maitland," said Brookley, "you view this matter too seriously. Your English education has spoiled you altogether. The negroes! Lord help the poor devils! if a single white man was to attack a thousand of them, with only a cowskin in his hand, he would set them all to flight."

"You are wrong, Brookley," answered Maitland. "I have seen the negro race do acts of most heroic daring; and I have heard of Africans whose bravery, in their own land, equalled that of the best and noblest of our patriots."

"Poor black devils!" cried Brookley; "what was the use of all their patriotism?"

"What is the use of *ours*, Brookley? What if our ancestors, when fighting for *freedom*, had been conquered and *sold* as slaves?—made hewers of wood and drawers of water to a race they abhorred, and we, their children, made the scoff and the scorn of our masters?"

"Nay," said Brookley, "that is too strong a picture."

"Not too strong," said Maitland. "Take the case home to ourselves: If the negroes fought openly and fairly for freedom, I'd break my sword in pieces rather than raise it against them."

"But they dare not meet us openly," cried Galliard.

"Therefore," answered Maitland, "they must plot in *secret*. You cannot expect your *slaves* to send their *masters* a fair and open challenge to combat."

Conversing thus, the gentlemen glided on, till Brookley, whose fears began to get excited, caused another body of the guard to assemble at the guard-house; and Galliard and Maitland agreed to remain with him till the guard should be posted at nine o'clock.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—THE INSURRECTION.

The sun was slowly setting behind the dark masses of forest to the westward of the city, and tinged the sky with fiery brightness, while the air felt hot and sulphureous, and gave tokens of an approaching thunder-storm. One dazzling glare of ruddy light shot across the heavy clouds, which came rolling along the heavens, and then all settled into the death-like silence and darkness of the grave. For a space all Nature seemed hushed into the most silent repose, and not even a breath of wind was heard. Suddenly the deep croaking of a solitary bull-frog broke upon the still solitude,

and instantly the concert was joined by the noisy tenants of each swamp and fen; while the shrill chirp of the grasshoppers gave a variety to the rude, though not unpleasant, notes, which sounded far and near; and the fire-flies, darting through the air, spread a bright glare around them, as they ever and anon clustered together like a globe of fire, or darted asunder like sparks struck from a burning torch.

Refreshed by a sound sleep, our acquaintance Whackie was, at this time, listlessly leaning over the balustrade of the verandah of the mansion-house, watching the evolutions of the fire-flies, when the sound of a stealthy step, and a slight rustling amongst the shrubbery, aroused him. "Ah, ha!" he chuckled; "here be some black rogue come for tîef de fruit. I hear him foot; stop, I go catch um!"

The footsteps drew nearer and nearer, and at length were heard slowly ascending the staircase. "Who de debil is dat!" thought Whackie, as, creeping closely to the trellised vines, which clustered around the pillars of the verandah, he lay motionless, listening to the advancing footsteps. A dark figure glided past him, and paused opposite to the window of Miss Bellgrove's apartment. The rays of the taper, beaming through the window, fell full on the face and form of the intruder; and Whackie, with mingled consternation and joy, beheld his friend Zama! Whackie had heard that Zama had been killed by the Indians; and the sudden appearance of his friend, in such a place, chilled the superstitious African's very blood, so that he had not the courage to move, but lay crouched up, gazing, as if transfixed, on the supposed apparition before him. Zama stood for a short space looking into the apartment; and Whackie beheld him wring his hands bitterly, while large tears coursed from his eyes. Heaving a deep sigh, he stepped back close to the spot where Whackie lay concealed. "She is alone," he murmured; "and yet I dare not warn her of her danger. But she shall be safe. Yes, Matilda; when the wild din of war bursts around thee, Zama's arm shall shield thee from all danger." He turned away, and slowly glided from the spot. Whackie, creeping on his hands and knees from his lurking-place, looked anxiously after the receding figure, and, shaking with fear, he uttered, "Dat is no ghost; him Zama hehef: wot him see in dat window?" So saying, he rose; and, running to the window, peered through it, and beheld Miss Bellgrove sitting in a pensive mood at a table. He then turned, and hearing the footsteps of the intruder gliding under the verandah, Whackie instantly thought of running after him, and bringing him back. Hurrying down the staircase, he followed Zama across the garden, and observed him pass through a private gate, and turn down a lonely lane, leading to Vendue range.

Thoroughly convinced that it was Zama, and no ghost, that he was following, and being anxious to find out his lurking-place, Whackie followed closely at his heels; and, slipping from tree to tree, kept Zama in view, without being observed himself.

After walking along the range, Zama struck

down to the beach; and Whackie, availing himself of some piles of wood and bales of cotton which lay along the sand, crept cautiously along. On a sudden, Zama stopped, and gave a low whistle, which was instantly answered from the water, and a canoe shot close to the side of a deserted wharf, on which Zama had placed himself.

"Hayti!" whispered a voice from the canoe.

"Christophe!" answered Zama; and Whackie, to his amazement, beheld Perault, followed by other three negroes, spring upon the wharf, almost close to him.

Stretching himself behind a pile of cotton bales, Whackie listened with breathless attention to the conversation which was carried on in low tones by the conspirators.

"What news?" said Zama, hastily.

"The plantations are fired," answered Perault, "and blood has already flowed. The country negroes are even now crossing the bay. Where are your own hands?"

"They are concealed in the creeks, close to the city," answered Zama.

"All has gone well," said Perault.

"My heart misgives me," answered Zama. "Would to heaven that we could escape without bloodshed!"

"Now, by the soul of my fathers!" exclaimed Perault, "I would not leave the city in peace, if I thought that one white man, woman, or child, were left alive; or that one stone of it stood above another. No, Zama; so far we are successful. We must strike down every one of the pale-faced monsters, and let their blazing dwellings be their funeral piles!" Zama shuddered involuntarily. "But, hark! the canoes are rapidly approaching," continued Perault. "Tis time we were at work."

"But the city guard?" said Zama. "Are they secured?"

"The first stroke of the nine o'clock bell, and the negro drum, settles that," answered Perault. "They will be suddenly overpowered as they issue from the guard-house. Besides, the postern gate, at the back of the guard-house, is in possession of one of our band. Negro Tom will remove the bolts to give us entrance. That done, the rest is easy; and the shipping once secured—Hayti, and Freedom, are before us!"

"But the garrisons in the bay?" inquired Zama, still unsatisfied.

"Are filled with our followers; and the first gleam of destruction from the city, sees the garrisons overpowered. Our schemes are too deeply laid to be thwarted."

The rippling of the water, and the slight splash of paddles, gave token of the advance of the canoes of the insurgents. A signal was exchanged between Perault and the foremost canoe, and a dense mass of negroes moved towards the place where Perault stood. Whackie crept closer behind the pile of cotton bales, where he lay concealed, peering out with terror on the scene before him. Canoe followed canoe, till the creek seemed crammed with them; and band after band of armed negroes sprang upon the landing-place, close to the spot where Whackie lay concealed. Rank

on rank, and file on file, they moved past, and formed into close column. The words of command were given in suppressed whispers by the leaders. It was evident that considerable time must have been spent in bringing the insurgents to such perfection in their evolutions. No clang of weapons was heard amongst them; and the deep dry sand scarcely echoed back the measured tramp of the armed thousands, as they swept along the beach towards the city.

As the last column defiled past the spot, Whackie heard the voice of Perault in earnest expostulation with Zama.

"Not one of my hand shall attack a white man, unless in self-defence, and in fair and open combat, should the citizens oppose our escape," Zama was heard to say.

"Zama, are you mad?" answered Perault. "Where can there be fair and open combat, when all our hopes depend on secrecy and expedition, under cloud of night? But, see!" he cried, with a burst of joy, "the plantations are in flames! God of my fathers! this is rapture! See how the flames kiss the sky, lighting the heavens like a vault of fire!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Zama, "this may alarm the whites."

"Tush!" said Perault, "fear not. The citizens will only think the neighbouring planters are burning down the long grass and reeds in the forest. But let us on; our host is far advanced towards the mustering-place. Now, proud city," he continued, shaking his clenched hand towards it, "the hour of thy destruction hath come; the chains of thy slaves are broken; and the blood of their oppressors shall hiss in thy smoking ruins. Come, Zama; on, on to vengeance and to freedom!"

With hurried steps the conspirators hastened after their fellow rebels; and Whackie, horrified at what he had overheard, raised his head, and looked cautiously around. The whole of the woods on the opposite side of the bay, was one vast body of flame; while, faintly wafted over its waters, came sounds of exultation and triumph. He rose, but, staggering, sunk on the ground.—"O God!" he exclaimed, "what, what is this? Plantations on fire—murder—burn—kill all—destroy de city! No, you dam black-hearted villains!—no, I will baulk you yet!"

So saying, he sprang to his feet, and with speedy, but guarded steps, hurried through the most unfrequented lanes; and, scrambling over some walls, soon reached his master's house. Dreading lest the other negroes should be in the plot, he avoided the front staircase, and, climbing up the pillars, he entered the piazza. The light was still burning in the apartment where Miss Bellgrove sat; and Whackie, without ceremony, threw open the door and rushed in. Matilda was sitting alone; and, alarmed at the rude intrusion of the negro, she started from her seat, demanding what he meant by such conduct. Throwing himself at her feet, and, stretching his clasped hands towards her, while tears rolled fast down his cheeks, in broken accents the faithful negro exclaimed—"O Missee, save youshet!—save de city!"

"What mean ye, Whackie?" said Matilda, gazing, with amazement, on the kneeling negro.

"O Missee, de niggers are in rebellion; de plantations are destroyed; dey come to burn de city." And he told the appalling tale.—"Look," he cried, as, starting up, he threw open the window, and pointed to the clouds, which were illumined by the broad glare of the blazing plantations. "See, Missee, see!" cried the negro; dare is no time for put off here."

"Great God!" ejaculated Matilda, "what can be done?"

"Much, Missee, much!" answered the negro, as he earnestly approached her. "Come and alarm de city guard."

"Are there none of the citizens prepared to repel the negroes?"

"Not one," was the answer. "Dey do not seem to suspect ought wrong. But come, Missee—dare is no time for lose—come and arouse de guard."

"Dare I trust you?" said Matilda, looking earnestly at Whackie. "Surely you will not betray me?"

"No, Missee," was the earnest response; "poor Whackie would rader hab him heart cut out, dan betray you."

"I will trust you, then," answered Matilda. "Let us hasten to the guard-house."

"Thank you, Missee," cried Whackie, joyfully; "thank you! We is do fer de dam rogues yet! But no put on you bonnet," he continued, as he saw Matilda preparing to dress. "Tie black crape veil round you face, and look like nigger girl." So saying, he tore the veil from the bonnet, and, casting it over Matilda's face, caused her to fasten it firmly. Then snatching up a poker, he said, "We sall do now: de fust nigger dat touch you sall feel dis." So saying, he brandished the poker; and requesting Matilda to take the private gate through the garden, led her along by the hand. No sooner had they passed from the garden, and entered on the street, than they found themselves in the midst of a group of armed negroes, one of whom grasped Whackie by the arm, and roughly inquired—

"Hallo! bubba, wheresaway?"

With amazing coolness Whackie answered—

"To Hayti."

"Dat's good," was the murmur of applause around him; and he was allowed to pass. On advancing further along the street, they found that the lamps had all been extinguished. The night was now misty, and the heavy fog was loaded with the pestiferous exhalations from the swamps and fens around. On drawing near to the guard-house, they found it completely surrounded by a dense mass of the negro rebels. Again they were stopped; but Whackie, with ready coolness, gave the parole, "Hayti and Christophe," the password of the rebels, and was allowed to pass through their ranks.

"Go on, bubba," was whispered to him by more than one of the insurgent host; "in few minutes we sall dance in white man's blood."

Still holding Matilda by the hand, and cheering her onwards by his broken exclamations and whispering, Whackie reached the back entrance, which

led through the Court behind the guard-house. On trying the door he found it secured in the inside, but suddenly was addressed in a deep whisper from within—

“Is dat you, Perault?”

Whackie at once answered, “Yes,” and the door was slowly opened; and, dragging Matilda after him, he rushed in.

“Who de debil is you?” was the inquiry from the party who had opened the door, and whom Whackie instantly recognised to be Dandy Tom!

“Anybody along wid you, Tom?” inquired Whackie.

“No,” answered Tom; “but who de debil is you?”

“He me—Whackie! and take dat, you dam tief.” So saying, he raised his poker, and with a blow which might have brained a bullock, brought Tom to the ground. Then turning to Matilda, he cried, “Fly to de guard-house; I will secure dis door.” He turned and refastened the bolts; then, raising Tom in his arms, said, “You shall go wid me, you dam *black* rogue,” and followed his mistress.

Matilda flew forward and knocked loudly at the guard-house door, when a Spanish soldier from within cried out “*Que es esto?*”

“*Abra V.M. la puerta,*” exclaimed Matilda.

Surprised at hearing the sound of a female voice, the soldier instantly opened the door, and Matilda rushed past him into the guard-room; and, to the surprise of the sentinel, Whackie also followed, with negro Tom lying over his shoulder. An exclamation of surprise from the guard, when they saw Matilda tear the veil from her face, and Whackie throw down his load, aroused Brookley, Maitland, and Galliard, who were consulting together.

“Where is the Captain of the guard?” cried Matilda.

Maitland at once recognised the voice, and, rushing forward, caught her by both hands.

“Miss Bellgrove!” he exclaimed.

“Oh, Maitland!” she answered, almost sinking into his arms, “the negroes are up in open rebellion; the streets are crowded with their armed bands, and the citizens are not aware of the danger.”

“Yes,” cried Whackie, “here be one of de *black*

waggibones;” and he pointed to Tom, who was now sitting up scratching his head with a look of bewildered astonishment.

In a transport of rage, Galliard drew his sword and placing it at the throat of his rebel slave, exclaimed, “Villain, confess, or I will plunge my sword into your body.”

The sound of his master’s voice, and the sight the cold steel glittering before him, recalled the wandering senses of Tom. “Yes, Massa, yes,” ejaculated, “I will confess all.”

“Quick, then,” exclaimed Galliard. “How many negroes are in this plot?”

“Thousands—all de niggers in de city a country round.”

“What is their object?” cried Galliard, still menacing him.

The answer of the trembling conspirator was pretty near the truth.

“Have they already made the attack?”

“No, Massa; not till de nigger drum beats.”

“We have time yet,” cried Maitland, “although it is close upon the hour; we must take instant measures to alarm the citizens.”

“The guard,” said Captain Brookley, “will make their stand against the rebels till aid arrives.”

“Would to Heaven!” exclaimed Maitland “that our rifles were at hand; and yet they cannot be far off. A trusty messenger might readily meet and hurry them forward.”

“Alas!” exclaimed Matilda, “the guard-house is already surrounded by the negroes, so that it is impossible to get intelligence conveyed.”

“Oh no, Misse,” answered Whackie, eagerly “I shall go myshef, and bring de Cadets to flog de black rascals. I shall get tro’ de crowd of black niggers by say ‘Hayti and Christophe.’”

“Is that their password?” cried Galliard, again menacing his delinquent valet.

“Yes, Massa,” cried Tom, trembling. “N nigger in de plot has any oder signal.”

“Then by your leave, Miss Bellgrove, I shall borrow your black veil,” answered Galliard, lightly “and become a negro for once. By this means I will hurry forward, and bring the Cadets in myself.”

(To be continued.)

## A FLIGHT IN THE AERIAL.

BY BON GAULTIER.

“Bless my soul, what can it be? A burnt-out comet, or Sinbad’s roc? This is really very remarkable!” and I drew my cheroot from my mouth, and leaning against the old battlement of Ehrenbreitstein, where I had been sauntering for the last half-hour, gazed intently towards a black object, which I had observed for some time sailing towards the town. The afternoon had been squally, and the sky a good deal broken up with clouds, from a bank of which I had seen this inexplicable object emerge a little before, on the extreme verge of the horizon. By degrees, what had at first seemed but

a speck glancing in the rays of the westering sun, grew larger and larger, as it advanced rapidly in the direction where I was standing. The wind, before which it was scudding, seemed to buffet it about considerably. It dodged and tacked and veered, as we have seen a crow do under similar circumstances, but, upon the whole, kept steadily on its course. It maintained a considerable elevation, and, as it drew near, looked for all the world like a gigantic eagle, except that it wanted a neck and head; for which, however, a stream of dense black smoke that issued from its back formed an

# TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1843.

## PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(Continued from page 360 of our June Number.)

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE INSURRECTION, AND ITS SUPPRESSION.

A NUMBER of the most intelligent of the guard volunteered their services to alarm the citizens at the various club-houses, theatre, and principal boarding-houses; and being all disguised, and in possession of the negro password, they slipped one by one from the private entrance of the guard-house, and passing the negro bands with the well-known signal, succeeded in putting a powerful body of the citizens upon the alert. In the meantime, Galliard passed safely through the various gangs, and having secured a horse, dashed through the city lines, and speedily gained the road along which the Cadets had been ordered to advance.

Brookley and Maitland were not idle. The guard were employed in secretly dragging several pieces of artillery from the sheds at the back of the premises, and placing them at the lower windows of the guard-house; whilst a strong body of the guard was placed on the upper part of the building, and even on the roof. These preparations being secretly and fully made, Miss Bellgrove was removed to the safest part of the building, and entrusted to Whackie's care, whilst Tom was placed in his old quarters, the *black-hole*; and the guard, in anxious silence, awaited the onset of the insurgent host.

The hour of nine was heard pealing from the various steeples of the city; still the negro drum was silent. A buzz of voices was heard: the sound rose louder and louder; a distant horn sounded; a wild horrific yell burst upon the ears of the guard, and amidst a tremendous volley of musketry, which smashed every window of the guard-house, the negroes advanced to the assault. Instantly the signal was given to the guard; the guns were pointed from the windows, and opened at once upon the assailants; whilst from the roof and upper windows of the building, the guard poured down a continued fire amidst the thick mass of the insurgents.

Surprised at the unexpected resistance, the negroes retired for a space; but the cry arose

amongst them, to fire the guard-house and destroy its defenders. Maitland and Brookley instantly formed the design of attempting to drive the negroes back, and maintaining their position in front of the guard-house, till aid should arrive. They, therefore, headed a considerable body of the guard, and sallying out upon the insurgent host, by a sudden assault, drove them before them at the point of the bayonet; then causing a number of the trees to be torn down from the side walks, the street was speedily and effectually barricaded against the assailants. A number of the citizens had by this time assembled; but unable to break through the negro ranks, they took possession of a large wooden building adjoining the guard-house, and from the verandahs opened a most destructive fire upon the insurgents. It was then that the loud shouts of the advancing host, headed by Perault and the other ringleaders, was heard, and led the citizens to expect the fiercest part of the conflict. A number of buildings by this time had been set on fire; and, by the broad blaze, the immense mass of the rebel army was seen rapidly approaching.

Maitland and Brookley now caused the cannon to be dragged from the guard-house, and placed so as to enfilade the streets; and as the dense mass approached, the cannon opened upon them with fearful effect, and the well-directed volleys of musketry caused the fiercest of the insurgents to shrink back.

Perault now saw, that unless the barrier was surmounted, and the guard overpowered, the citizens would soon give sufficient aid to keep the negroes in check; and, followed by Zama, he rushed to the front of the assailants, and, cheering on their forces, dashed boldly over the barricade; but they were repelled, with dreadful loss, and obliged to retire. The citizens were now gathering fast; and, from the roofs and verandahs, a deadly fire was opened upon the negroes. Perceiving that the citizens, from one of these houses, were thinning the ranks of the insurgents, Perault ordered the house to be set on fire. Instantly his orders were obeyed. The negroes rushed to the assault; and

a fierce struggle was carried on between the incendiaries and the defenders of the house, even while the flames were curling around the pillars of the piazzas, and bursting from the windows ; while the gallant band forced their way through the insurgents' ranks, and joined the city guard. The whole host of the insurgents now advanced ; and victory seemed inclining in their favour, when the rushing sound of horses' hoofs, mingling with the clang of sabres, was heard. The bright blaze gleamed upon the helmets of the mounted Brigade ; and, with a wild hurrah, the cavalry dashed into the serried ranks of the rebels. Loud shrieks of terror burst from the trampled negro bands ; and numbers of them, throwing away their weapons, fled for safety to the very homes which they had dedicated to bloodshed and ruin. Driven back by the furious charge of the cavalry, and checked in the midst of their career, the negroes became dispirited, and the tide of battle seemed rolling against them ; when the quick eye of Perault at once perceived the ruin of their cause, and with ready tact the insurgent leader resolved to make one more desperate effort to retrieve his sinking power. Rallying the boldest of his followers around him, he led them again to the attack, and, in turn, caused the mounted Brigade to retire, disputing every inch of their ground. A number of trees were hastily torn down from the side walks ; and, with them and the large paving-bricks and wood, the negroes speedily formed a strong barricade, to protect themselves from the sudden charges of the cavalry ; and, from behind this barricade, the insurgents kept up a galling fire on the cavalry, causing horses and riders to roll in the dust. Still the Brigade resolved not to be repulsed ; but their vain efforts to overleap the barricade only tended to their own loss and disadvantage. The white troops, seeing the strong position which the negroes were now assuming, resolved to drive them from it ; and the signal being given for the mounted Brigade to fall back, Major Maitland advanced with his Cadets, who, pouring in a well-directed volley on the negroes, charged across the barricade, and drove the insurgent host before them.

Perault and Zama rushed to the spot ; and the ranks of the Cadets being broken, the renewed combat became one of individual prowess—hand to hand, and man to man. Hemmed in, and surrounded by the whole host of the insurgents, the Cadets found their rifles of no use, and were obliged to have recourse to their daggers and long bowie-knives, which were of effectual service in this close fighting. Fresh troops, meanwhile, poured over the barricade to assist the Cadets ; and the combat deepened. It was then that Perault singled out Maitland in the *mêlée*, to whom he imputed the frustration of his designs ; and with redoubled ferocity he sprang upon him. Maitland parried the blows of the infuriated Perault, till Gullah Jack, rushing forward to the assistance of his friend, struck the sword from the hand of Maitland, and left him exposed to certain death. With a shout of exultation, Perault lifted his sabre ; and the blow was descending on the helpless, unarmed youth, when it was suddenly arrested by Zama, who, per-

ceiving the perilous situation of Maitland, and mindful of the affection which Zama had towards him, rushed forward to the rescue on the impulse of the moment, heedless of the consequence. Gullah Jack, at the same instant, was stretched upon the earth, and Zamastood between Maitland and his foe.

"Monsters !" exclaimed the negro ; "two of you against an unarmed man."

"Hell !" shouted Perault, "are you against us ? Do you betray us ? Traitor ! take your reward." So saying, he struck down Zama's guard, shivered his sabre to the hilt, and stretched him at the feet of Maitland. By this time the white troops had cleared away the barricade ; and the cavalry, like a whirlwind, rushed on, driving all before them. Maitland, with difficulty, saved himself from the fearful rush ; but Zama was completely covered by the falling negroes, and trampled beneath the horses' hoofs.

The stubborn spirit of the negro rebels was fast sinking, and their energies seemed almost paralyzed ;—still they fought on without yielding one inch of ground. Perault's voice was still heard above the din, animating the rebels to the attack ; till, maddened at the failure of his bold attempt, and still kept in check by the citizens, he gave the signal for the insurgent host to seize the shipping : and, while the foremost ranks continued to oppose the white troops, a heavy mass of the insurgent host deployed through the lanes and streets, and commenced their attack on the troops drawn up to defend the harbour. But here an unexpected obstacle arose. The sailors belonging to the various vessels had been speedily assembled and armed ; and the garrison of Castle Pinckney, alarmed by the blaze of the buildings, and the sounds of warfare in the city, had forwarded a strong party to aid the citizens. These uniting with the sailors, repelled the insurgents with immense loss ; and Perault, baffled in this attempt, was compelled to withdraw his forces. It was then that Perault formed the most daring project that ever entered his fertile brain. Seeing that almost every hope of success or escape was cut off, and knowing that the garrison had been hurriedly called from Castle Pinckney, and that the negroes in that fortress were all engaged in the plot, he resolved to seize it, and thus command his own terms with the city, which lay under its guns. His intentions were instantly communicated to the insurgent leaders ; and in regular order the negroes retreated to the beach, (where their canoes lay,) closely pursued by the white troops. Having reached the beach, they formed ; and, while one body endeavoured to drive back the white troops, another strong body entered the canoes, and gave the signal, "To the fort !—to the fort !" The citizens at once perceived the desperate game of the insurgents, and strained every nerve to defeat their object. One fierce charge broke the ranks of the negroes on the beach ; and they fled to the canoes, scrambling in confusion through the water. The combat now became more fierce ; for the white troops, rushing into the water after the fugitives, grappled with and upset the canoes ; while others, hurling the negroes from the canoes,

darted forward and prevented the foremost from proceeding. Among those most prominent on this occasion was Galliard, who took the lead, and, accompanied by a few of his gallant comrades in a boat, dashed forward to the place where Perault's voice was heard animating the insurgents; and sweeping alongside of the canoe which contained the rebel leader, Galliard and his companions grappled with the rowers, and with their bowie-knives cleared a space, into which they sprang. Galliard rushed on Perault, who struck him a blow which nearly shivered the steel frontlet of his helmet, and almost forced him overboard. Instantly recovering from the shock, Galliard flew upon, and closed with the insurgent leader. A furious struggle ensued; but the frail canoe, unable to bear the violent motions of the combatants, reeled from side to side, and at length upsetting, hurled the combatants into the waves. Other canoes pressed to the spot; and Perault, nearly drowned, and covered with wounds, was dragged insensible from the water; while the loud shouts of his conquerors, proclaimed the joyful tidings of victory.

The insurgents now sought for safety in confused flight; and the morning dawn broke in upon the scene of bloodshed, when, tired of their efforts, the citizens allowed the wreck of the rebel host to escape; while Perault, bound hand and foot, was dragged to the strongest cell of the city prison.

The sun arose upon a scene of horror and desolation. The streets were strewed with the dead and dying—negroes and whites stretched side by side; while the black and smouldering ruins of the burned houses, bore fearful evidence of the horrors of the preceding night.

Fatigue parties were sent out to carry in the wounded, and collect the dead. Few rites of sepulture were awarded to the negro dead; who were generally tossed into the bay, to become the prey of the swarm of sharks which always infest it. Amongst some of the parties who were removing the wounded and the dead, Maitland and Mr. Bellgrove, accompanied by Mr. Norrisville, appeared. Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville had been alarmed, along with the other inhabitants of Sullivan's Island, at the sounds of war in the city, and had instantly left the island, and returned to town, where they had arrived immediately after the insurgent host was defeated. Many of the planters accompanied them; and amidst every group of the dead negroes, the favourite slave of some one or other of them was found. From amongst a group of the slain, one negro was dragged, who was still breathing; and the surprise of the guard, and those around, was great at the remarkable symmetry of this negro's form and features. Some considered that it was some young white man, who had tinged his features and disguised himself to lead on the insurgent bands; and they became still more confirmed in that opinion, when, on opening his vesture, they found a massy gold chain, to which was attached the portrait of a young and beautiful white female. Attracted by the crowd around this negro, Maitland and his friends pressed forward, and instantly recognised the wounded Zama. With some difficulty, they persuaded the guard

to carry him to Mr. Bellgrove's mansion, pledging themselves to give him up should he be demanded; and Zama was instantly borne thence, and placed under the care of a skilful surgeon.

The citizens and army of the district were speedily assembled under arms; the city lines and fortifications were strongly guarded, and artillery was planted in every street; while troops of cavalry scoured the avenues to the town and the surrounding country. Strict search was made for the suspected ringleaders of the insurrection; and fully four hundred negroes were thrown into prison in the course of the forenoon. From documents found upon the persons of some of the conspirators, it was easily ascertained who were the principal instigators of the plot; and Perault was discovered to be the prime mover of the insurrection. His intercourse with Hayti was exposed, and the whole of his deep-laid plans were developed. The fearful extent of the conspiracy, and the profound secrecy in which it had been kept, amazed the citizens; and a feeling of distrust and inquietude pervaded every bosom.

Colonel Waldenberg heard of the defeat of the Cherokees, and the suppression of the insurrection of the negroes, in the same breath; and his rage, on learning that Major Maitland had the honour of both, completely overpowered every other feeling. Chagrined that his slave, Perault, should have carried on the whole conspiracy, actually under his own eye, and made him the unsuspecting tool of his personal negotiations at Hayti, Waldenberg felt no pity that his rebellious slave had fallen into the hands of the conquerors; and an anxious desire to throw part of the blame on Maitland, for forwarding Perault and the armed negroes to the city, was now his sole object. It was with a feeling of fiend-like joy that he heard Zama yet lived, and had been taken; and Waldenberg now swore deep and fearful vengeance against the negro for the blow which had reduced him to his present helpless state; and, shaking off sickness, he suddenly summoned his council to attend him.

In the evening, Mr. Bellgrove was seated with Major Maitland and Mr. Norrisville, talking over the events of the day, when Maitland expressed some anxiety about Zama.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Bellgrove; "he has been sadly misled. There was some foul play on Waldenberg's part towards Zama, which drove the poor fellow into the arms of the insurgents. Yet I feel deeply, that he of all others should have betrayed me."

"Horrible though that plot was," said Maitland, "still there are circumstances which ought to plead on the behalf of the greater number of those who joined it; and if examples are to be made, severity should not be stretched too far."

They were here interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate, which was no sooner opened, than a troop of cavalry galloped into the courtyard and surrounded the premises; and the commanding officer, dismounting, requested to be conducted to the presence of Mr. Bellgrove.

"Captain Riley," said Mr. Bellgrove, as the officer entered, "you come followed as if you expected to meet with foes here."

"A council is at present sitting at the Governor's house," answered Riley, "which you and Major Maitland are requested to attend.—My orders are to search your premises, and seize upon the negroes therein."

"My name and rank," rejoined Mr. Bellgrove, "might have proved a sufficient protection from this violation of my house. By whose orders do you act?"

"By the orders of Colonel Waldenberg," he answered. "He heard that one of your favourite slaves led the insurgents last night, and that he lies concealed in your house."

Mr. Bellgrove, accompanied by Maitland, instantly proceeded to the Governor's house; and on entering the hall, observed that the council was composed of some of the district judges and citizens. Colonel Waldenberg acted as president of the meeting. His head was bound up,—his features were pale, and strongly marked with pain; while now and then an angry scowl gathered on his brows, as if he was bent on some desperate effort. At the moment of their entry, Lieutenant Galliard was undergoing an examination, relative to his negroes, some of whom were amissing, and, among the rest, dandy Tom.

"I can assure you, gentlemen," said Galliard, addressing the council, "that the fellow Tom is so great a coward, that he would not face his own shadow; and had it not been for his confession, we might have been overpowered by the insurgents before we were aware of their force."

"The negro is not worthy of our attention," said Colonel Waldenberg; "let him go, on Mr. Galliard's responsibility for his conduct." His eye fell on Major Maitland; and with a malignant scowl, he addressed him, saying—"So, Major Maitland, you have thought proper to call on me at last."

"Yesterday I called, but found your house locked up," answered Maitland; "hence I could not meet with you."

"You brought the Indian warfare to a close, I understand, on terms which we may yet reject," said Waldenberg; "and timed your arrival in the city so as to hurl our Cadets upon the unruly rabble of negroes."

"You speak the truth," answered Maitland, angry at the tone in which Waldenberg addressed him; "but had you followed up the first advantage which our Cadets obtained over the Indians, instead of loitering away the time at Myrtle Grove, their power would have been sooner broken, the insurgent negroes more easily awed, and much bloodshed prevented."

"I sit not here to be lectured by you," said Waldenberg, fiercely. "I am informed that you forwarded forty armed negroes to the city, under the command of one of the most powerful ringleaders of the insurrection."

"To guard you and the friends accompanying you to the city, I allowed certain of the negroes of Myrtle Grove plantation to escort you down the

Wandoo, under the command of Lieutenant Galliard."

"You hear this, gentlemen," cried Waldenberg, addressing the council; "and you know that the greater part of these negroes were taken prisoners this morning! And I understand, further, that you, Major Maitland, refuse to give up any of your own slaves on this occasion."

"Because none of them were concerned in the insurrection," answered Maitland.

"How do you know that?" inquired Waldenberg, testily.

"Because my servants know, if they want their freedom they may have it for the asking; and they know, that every well-deserving negro on my estates is freed, without his asking it, and amply provided for," answered Maitland.

The councillors looked at each other with surprise; and Waldenberg, throwing himself back on his chair, addressed Mr. Bellgrove with assumed hauteur, which ill disguised the agitation he was evidently labouring under. "I regret to hear that you, Mr. Bellgrove, have been aiding the concealment of one of the principal ringleaders of this plot—I mean your slave, Zama."

"There has been no concealment, so far as he is concerned," said Mr. Bellgrove; "the poor lad may have been misled, like many others. Perhaps you know best, Colonel Waldenberg, what forced him to join the insurgents."

Waldenberg half started from his seat, his face flushed with anger; but he sunk back again, and, with quivering lips, sat trembling, lest the fact of his having been struck to the earth by the negro should be made public. Mr. Bellgrove, however, alluded to the carrying off of Zada, and imputed the Colonel's agitation to a consciousness of his guilt. Further conversation was broken off by the entrance of Captain Riley, who approached Colonel Waldenberg, and said, "Your orders have been obeyed."

"Is the negro, Zama, taken?" inquired Waldenberg, more violently agitated than before, as he arose hastily from his seat.

"He is," the Captain replied; "and he now lies in prison."

"Thank you!—thank you!" gasped Waldenberg, as he dropped on the chair again, and sat for some time silent; then suddenly rising, he said—"Gentlemen, I must now retire; I feel that to-day's proceedings have been too much for me." He bowed, and, leaning on the arm of Captain Riley, slowly left the hall.

The prisons were no sooner filled with the insurgent slaves, and preparations commenced for their trials, than Waldenberg, by dark hints and innuendoes, threw out suspicions of Maitland's conduct. The whole nature of Waldenberg seemed to have undergone a revolution. Pride, honour, rank, fortune,—all would have been gladly sacrificed, to drag Maitland into the toils; so bitter and so deep was hatred implanted in his bosom. There are, in every human breast, some latent sparks of evil, which, once struck, are fanned readily into a flame, and, in their volcano-like eruption, overwhelm all that is good and fair, even in



the noblest character. So it fared with Waldenberg. Struck to the earth by a negro!—there was madness in the thought. Reduced, in consequence of that blow, to a state of almost utter helplessness; while Maitland, his rival in every point, was gaining high renown, and his name the theme of every tongue. It was beyond endurance. In the hopes that his influence with Perault would induce the negro to make some admission or confession which might militate against Maitland, Waldenberg proposed to the council that Perault should be examined before them; and, having gained their consent, orders were given to bring the fallen, though yet dreaded rebel chief into their presence.

In the strongest cell of the prison, heavily ironed and closely guarded, lay the haughty Perault. Knowing that every look was watched, and every word caught at, he had been extremely guarded in his looks, words, and actions; and no Indian Brave could meet his fate with more apparent coolness and indifference than did the baffled negro. Yet within his bosom hell raged; and, had the power been granted him, the wreck of creation alone would have gratified his thirst of vengeance. In this mood he was led before the council.

There was a calmness and dignity in the deportment of the fettered rebel, which inspired the judges with mingled feelings of wonder and hate. Walking with a proud step through the hall, he confronted Waldenberg, and haughtily said, "In obedience to your commands I have been brought hither: what would you with me?"

Waldenberg eyed him sternly, and answered, "I little expected that we should meet in circumstances like the present."

"Nor is it my fault," said the haughty insurgent, "that we do meet thus. If Perault had had his will, he would have saved you all this trouble."

"Remember your situation, Sir," said one of the judges; "and treat your master with respect."

"These," said Perault, as he held out his fettered hands, "remind me too strongly of my situation, but cannot teach me to respect what I despise."

"Perault," said Colonel Waldenberg, "your conduct annoys me. I have ever been a kind and indulgent master to you, and little anticipated such a reward for my kindness."

"Kindness!" exclaimed Perault, bitterly. "Mark me, Colonel Waldenberg: I was a free-born African; more nobly born than you, or any one of you who now pretend to sit in judgment on me. I was dragged from my native home, and illegally deprived of my freedom. Your father bought me; and I became your property. I was deprived of home, of fortune, rank and power, and kept the bond-slave of a petty Carolinian planter: this was kindness, was it not?"

"You give your insolent tongue too much license," said one of the judges. "You forget that you are a negro, and a slave."

Perault turned to the judge, and, with a sarcastic smile, answered:—"If I mistake not, when you Americans shook off the *British* yoke, you pro-

claimed to the world, that *all mankind were born free*; and ye raised the standard of *Rebellion* in the name of *life, LIBERTY, and fortune*: how then come you to drive the poor negro from the pale of humanity, and deprive him of the blessings you proclaimed to *all mankind*?"

"We came not here to discuss the question of slavery with you," said another of the judges, interrupting him.

"No," said Perault; "nor would you discuss it elsewhere, till the negro, aroused from his lethargy, pleaded his cause with the torch in one hand, and the sword in the other. You Americans fought for *freedom*, and were triumphant; we fought for *freedom* also—we have in the meantime been vanquished: a better day may yet arrive."

"Dog!" exclaimed one of the judges, starting from his seat, "do you hurl defiance in our teeth, and hold out threats to us?"

"I do," answered Perault; "and every negro in the land will respond to my feelings."

"You are too rashly rushing upon destruction," said Colonel Waldenberg. "Yet still we wish to extend mercy to you; and my own wishes will be altogether in your favour, provided you give up the *real Instigators* of the late rebellion, and confess who supplied the insurgent slaves with arms and money."

"Colonel Waldenberg, you think too meanly of the negro character," said Perault. "The negroes are not so destitute of means and money as the world imagine; and in the cause of freedom they would lavish all they have. Behold in *me* the sole instigator of the late attempt to break the yoke of slavery! *I, and I alone*, am the man who first aroused my countrymen to strike for freedom—I was the sole head and mover of the bold attempt. On *me*, then, and on *me* alone, let your vengeance fall; and if you hope for peace in this world, and for mercy in the next—shed no more blood than *mine*."

Waldenberg sat for some time in fixed astonishment, gazing at the insurgent. "You," he at length cried, "you whose every movement was under my own eyes; you who so recently ventured your own life to save mine from a band of blood-thirsty pirates!"

"Do not deceive yourself, Sir," answered Perault; "it was from no love to you, that I opposed the pirate horde: they were *white men*, and I was at liberty to slay them. When, single-handed, I had nearly cleared the deck, my rage could have turned on you, and our own white crew."

"You must have a savage heart indeed, to injure one who benefited you so much," replied Waldenberg.

"Benefited me?" cried Perault; "me who was born a prince, and leader of my native land! What benefits do you allude to? There is not an angry word or look, not a scornful taunt or gesture, but stands engraven upon my heart in indelible characters, and cries aloud for vengeance! My very garb, the glittering trappings of your own vanity, was to point me out to passers-by, that they might say—There goes some rich man's *SLAVE*."

"I can overlook your hatred and despise it," answered Waldenberg. "Yet I cannot believe,

that you alone, and of your own accord, could have given to this conspiracy the deep and extensive organisation it assumed. It is generally thought that some foreign power, by means of *some wealthy whites in this city*, first set the Insurrection on foot. Confess, therefore, who are the real parties, and save yourself."

"Were I free to-night," said Perault, "my first act would be, to place myself at the head of my gallant countrymen, and again raise the banner of freedom. I have sworn eternal hatred to your race, and would not ask for mercy at your hands."

"You refuse to confess, then?" said Waldenberg.

"I have already confessed all I ever will confess," answered Perault.

"You know that you have forfeited your life to the injured laws of the State?" said Waldenberg.

"No man," answered the insurgent, "is to blame for recovering that, of which he has been illegally deprived. You talk of injured *laws*—I talk of injured *justice*! Maintaining as we do, that you hold us in illegal and unnatural bondage, we were and are at perfect liberty to recover our freedom by all means in our power."

"The laws of this State declare it to be death for any negro to rise in rebellion against his master," said Waldenberg.

"Laws," answered Perault, "are subservient to justice, and merely point out how justice ought to be administered: such a law as that which you lay down, is founded on *injustice*, and the sooner such laws are blotted from your statute-book the better. Beware! I say—beware! that they are not blotted out with the blood of their upholders."

"You are an incorrigible villain, Perault," said Waldenberg; "and I shall no longer stand between you and the death you merit."

"I know my fate," answered Perault, "and will meet it as I may. Would to heaven," he added, with energy, "that the shedding of my blood might be the means of filling every negro in your land with a desire of vengeance! My life would then not be laid down in vain."

"Remove him!" cried one of the judges. And, with the same haughty air with which he had entered, Perault retired from their presence.

"We must strike terror to the negro slaves, by making a fearful example of the ringleaders of this plot," said Colonel Waldenberg. "Let there be no delay in bringing the prisoners to trial."

So saying, the meeting broke up.

Every preparation was at length made, and the captive insurgents were brought to trial. No undue advantage was taken of their situation, and every legal means of defence was allowed them. Their trial was fair and open. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, when it is considered that many of the rebels were the favourite slaves of the wealthiest families in the city, and that every negro who was convicted was a *considerable dead loss* to his owner; so that the citizens, even had they no other feeling than the all-ruling one of *dollars and cents*, exerted every nerve to get their negroes freed of the impu-

tation of participation in the insurrection. Legal talent was not wanting to aid the unfortunate negroes. The brightest and the best stepped boldly forward in their cause; and, to the eternal honour of the Carolinian Bar be it said, that no class of society in the whole Union have shown more determination to vindicate the legal rights, such as they are, of the poor negro.

Perault and Zama were the two most prominent ringleaders; and the bold and headlong charges which they had led on that fearful night, had pointed them out to be the master-spirits of the revolt. In vain was every impediment that legal acumen and forensic knowledge could display, thrown in the way of the trial. About three hundred of the negroes were found guilty. Perault and Zama, with Gullah Jack, Abdallah the Obi, and thirty of the ringleaders were condemned to death. The remainder of the negroes were banished to the swamps of the Mississippi—to them a fate more horrible than death in its worst form.

The only symptoms of agitation which Perault displayed throughout the whole trial, was when the dreadful sentence of death was pronounced, and his eye caught that of Abdallah, bent upon him with a look of deep grief. Regardless of the crowded court, and the mass of armed troops around, Perault stepped forward, and, grasping the hand of the old man, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion,—“Alas! my friend, I have been sorely to blame in dragging thy gray hairs to a bloody grave.”

“Fear not for me,” said Abdallah, faintly smiling; “they cannot harm me. Fear not for thyself: boldly hast thou braved them, and nobly shalt thou die.”

A loud tumult arose near the bar, and the spectators were surprised to behold Colonel Waldenberg, pale and trembling, arise from his seat, and press forward till he stood before Perault and Abdallah.

“Do my eyes deceive me?” exclaimed the Colonel, as he gazed earnestly on Abdallah. “Do I behold——”

“The murderer of thy father!” cried the Obi, interrupting him. “Yes, proud man, thy father fell by my hand. The poor oppressed negro revenged his own wrongs. Thine own fate shall be like thy father’s!” he added, in a deep, sepulchral voice; “a negro’s hand shall hurl thee to eternity!” The Obi sunk back exhausted, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Perault caught him in his arms.

“Remove the prisoners,” exclaimed a stern voice from the Bench; and the armed guards advanced, but suddenly paused as Perault, in a voice almost choked with grief, exclaimed—

“Hold! but one moment: he was the friend of my youth, the only one remaining of my tribe and kindred. If ye are men, grant me but a brief space:—’tis all the grace Perault asks of his conquerers.”

Abdallah raised his head feebly, and looking fondly in Perault’s face, said,—“I am dying; we will meet again in our own sunny clime, and fear no more oppression. My soul is eager again to wing its flight to its own loved clime. Perault, we

part for a short space now ——” He rolled from the arms of Perault a lifeless corpse. The insurgent bent over the dead body for an instant, and hot scalding tears rolled fast from his eyes; then dashing the signs of his weakness aside, he rose haughtily, and with a look of proud defiance stepped back. He was instantly manœuvred with the rest of his unfortunate companions, and hurried away to the dungeons allotted for the condemned criminals.

Every exertion which could possibly be made, was essayed by Mr. Bellgrove and Maitland to obtain a respite for Zama. To their surprise, however, they found that every measure which they adopted was thwarted by Colonel Waldenberg; and at last they received a formal announcement, that any alteration of his sentence was impossible, and that Zama must prepare for death.

Among others by whom the fate of Zama was deeply regretted, was Miss Bellgrove. The fond attachment which she had to his sister, and the gratitude she felt towards Zama himself for having saved her life from the Indians, interested her the more in his behalf. The sudden and strange alteration in the conduct and character of Colonel Waldenberg, surprised and grieved her; and the innumerable mean subterfuges which he had recourse to, in protracting the measures for a mitigation of Zama's sentence, inspired her with a feeling of aversion and contempt. The open hostility which Waldenberg now displayed toward Mr. Bellgrove and his household, became the subject of public comment; and the manifold petty, yet irksome duties, imposed upon Major Maitland by his colonel, marked, in the strongest terms, the malignant feelings of the latter, and his anxious desire to harass and annoy his rival. Provoked as he many times was, at the conduct of Waldenberg, still Maitland knew, that whilst the city was in a disturbed state, it was the duty of every citizen to exert himself to the utmost in preserving peace. His duties, therefore, were cheerfully performed; and, in many instances, his gentleness and urbanity effected more in securing the affections of the most stubborn of the suspected negroes, and binding the disaffected ones to the whites, than could all the fearful display around, meant to crush and terrify them into submission.

Whackie was acknowledged as the preserver of the city; and the citizens determined to be for once generous to a negro. Mr. Bellgrove had already given him his freedom, and provided amply for his future support. But Whackie resolved that he would not quit “his good, kind massa;” and, at his own earnest request, he was appointed chief attendant on young Bellgrove.

One day, to Whackie's great consternation, he was ordered to attend a public meeting of the citizens in the Merchants' Hall; and, to his still greater perplexity, he was requested by Mr. Bellgrove to array himself in an elegant suit of clothes of the most fashionable cut. Having equipped himself, Whackie stood for a few minutes admiring his changed appearance in a large pier-glass.

“Oh!” he exclaimed; “wot would dandy Tom say if he saw I now?”

“Whackie, Whackie!” exclaimed one of the negro house-girls, who had pressed into the room unknown to him, “oh! how bootiful you is! you look jost like grand buccora genelem—only you is so black!”

“You is tink dat, Dolly?” said Whackie, with an approving grin.

“La, Whackie!” exclaimed the girl, “wot a nice husband you make to pretty young nigger gal!” And she glanced at the looking-glass to catch a glimpse of her own face.

“Ah!” said Whackie, grinning and looking most gallantly at her, “some pretty gal jost like you, eh?”

“Oh! fie shame, Whackie!” cried the girl, with an affected giggle; “you make I blush!” And she hid her coal-black face, to prevent Whackie seeing whether a negro girl really blushed, or if, as is ridiculously supposed, they blush yellow.

“Don't blush,” said Whackie, fondly; “I shall kiss de blush from dat lubelly cheek!” So saying, he flung his arms around the girl's neck; but was interrupted in the act by young Bellgrove entering the apartment.

“Whackie,” cried the youth, laughing; “what is this you're about?”

“Beg pardon, Massa,” said Whackie, looking rather awkward; “him was only Dolly—want for brush my coat.”

“I should rather think,” said the youth, laughing, “you wanted to brush her cheeks!”

Whackie hung his head and gave no answer: hurried Dolly, casting a saucy look at Charles, hurried from the room.

“Come, Whackie,” said young Bellgrove, “the carriage is waiting.”

Whackie instantly followed him, and at the front entrance was met by Mr. Bellgrove, who kindly shook hands with him; but the negro was still further amazed, when his friend Haman stood hat in hand before him, and bowing, requested him to step *into* the carriage. Totally bewildered, Whackie knew not what to say or think, till he found himself inside of the carriage, seated by Mr. Bellgrove. Mr. Charles and Mr. Norrisville followed in another carriage; and, drawing up at the Merchants' Hall, Whackie was ushered into the midst of a large assembly, with loud cheers and waving of hats; and, to his great consternation, was seated upon a chair raised on a platform above the spectators. An aged white gentleman approached him, and in name of the citizens of Carlville, presented him with a splendid gold medal, bearing an inscription expressive of their gratitude for the negro's fidelity. This was accompanied with a grant of one thousand dollars per annum while he lived, and freedom from all immunities. A long address was made, of which Whackie did not understand a single sentence, although the words “Saviour of the city”—“preserver of wives and families”—“eternal gratitude”—“negro rebels”—“fire”—“throats cut”—“blood and murder”—“noble negro”—“generous spirit”—“negro fidelity”—“annals of fame”—&c., sometimes struck his ear, which led him at last to sup-

pose, that instead of going to shoot or hang him, as he had at first fancied, they were giving him praise for saving the city and its inhabitants.

"You will be gratified to learn," continued the speaker, "that those rebellious negroes have been brought to trial, found guilty, and condemned to death."

Whackie started, and looked anything but gratified at such intelligence; for, till that moment, he had been kept ignorant of the result of the trials.

"Yes!" continued the speaker, "it affords us the more gratification to honour and admire your fidelity, when we consider, that one of the principal ringleaders of the horrid plot was one of your own fellow-servants, and the favourite slave of your master. Yet vengeance has overtaken his ingratitude, and on the scaffold Zama will soon expiate his crime——"

A loud cry of grief and horror burst from Whackie's lips, as he started from his seat and exclaimed, "Oh! no, Massa!—don't say dat Zama is die!—my good, *kind* Zama! Oh! Massa, you not know poor Zama, or you would not kill him. I love Zama more den I is love my own life. If Zama die, I sall die too—no break poor nigger heart, Massa!—Take back you gold!—take back all you gib me! only spare my dear Zama—dat—dat—is all de reward I ask."

The emphatic noble appeal of the negro was electrifying, and tears were in many an eye that would have been ashamed to weep. The hearts of the hearers were touched, and one simultaneous burst of applause, rang throughout the crowded hall.

"Spare Zama!"—"Spare the negro!"—"Grant the noble fellow's request!"—"Spare them all, if he ask it!"—were the cries now loudly heard. At length the tumult ceased, and Colonel Waldenberg arose, and addressed the meeting. He dwelt upon the most fearful features of the plot, and the influence of the ringleaders over their followers; he pointed out the fairness of their trial, and justice of their sentence; he maintained it was madness to liberate one of the condemned insurgents, as, in that event, they would only plot anew with more effect. He spoke of Perault, his high talents, and depth of power for intrigue; he spoke of Zama as one of Perault's stamp, and blamed Zama for leading Perault into the conspiracy: if they liberated Zama, he maintained they might as well butcher their fellow-citizens at once, and fire the city themselves. So effectually did he lead his hearers along with him, that before he ended they were displeased with Whackie for having asked them to spare Zama.

Every word which Colonel Waldenberg spoke, was listened to by Whackie with intense eagerness, and he grew faint as he perceived there was no hope for Zama. Waldenberg having gained his point, now turned to Whackie, and proudly addressed him: "Take the rewards the citizens have thought fit to give you; but dare not to interfere with the course of justice."

"Dam you black heart!" exclaimed Whackie, transported with rage. "Oh! dat I was a white man for jost five minute, to lickee you!"

Waldenberg frowned darkly, and, turning to the

spectators, proposed that the meeting should break up, which was agreed to; and poor Whackie, almost broken-hearted, was carried home again.

Resolved to make another effort to save Zama, Whackie instantly sought Miss Bellgrove, whose influence with Colonel Waldenberg, he thought, would go far in Zama's favour, and cause him to forego the bitter rancour he had displayed against the ill-fated negro. With the traces of grief still on his countenance, Whackie stood before Matilda, and sobbing, said:—"Missee, will you do poor nigger one favour?"

"Most cheerfully, if it is in my power," she answered.

"Den, Missee, will you save poor Zama?" he entreated.

"Would that I could!" she sighed. "But every effort has been made, and all in vain."

"Zama was save you life, Missee," said Whackie; "and I tink you can save Zama."

"How? I have no power to do so," she said.

"Yes! Missee, you hab, if Massa Coram Wallinbeg choose for do um, Zama will get free. Now, Missee, Coram Wallinbeg lub you, and he do anything for you."

Matilda, blushing deeply, answered: "I fear, if you rely on that, you will be mistaken. You forget, Whackie, that Colonel Waldenberg has grossly insulted me, by causing his people carry off my poor Zada. Poor, dear girl!" she added, "would that I knew thy fate!"

"Do try, Missee!" implored the negro. "Oh! forget what he was do—he maybe wish for do good now, to hab you lub him again."

"No, no! Whackie, that cannot be," she answered.

"When poor Zama kill de red Indine, dat wanted for kill you, he no fear all de Red Cherokee to-geder; an' why you fear for face Coram Wallinbeg? him was never do for you, wot poor Zama was do. Ah, Missee, do go to de Coram Wallinbeg—say you want Zama save, an' all will do right."

"It is a rash and indelicate step you advise," said Matilda.

"Wot, Missee!" cried Whackie, "it surely no rash and indelicate to save de life of a poor fellow-being?—one, too, dat was so good—so kind as my Zama! If you know how poor Zama lub you, how he use for pray for you—when he thought nobody was near—you would do all you could for save him. If it be rash and indelicate, den we was rash and indelicate for go to de guard-house, and save de city dat night!"

"Then, I will go," said Miss Bellgrove, rising. "You shall also go, Whackie; and heaven grant that we may meet with success!"

Dancing with joy, Whackie flew to order out the carriage for his young lady, and in a short time they arrived at Waldenberg's mansion. Matilda was surprised to observe none but quadroon slaves about the premises; and, on inquiry, learned that the Colonel had sold off all his negroes, and had purchased mulattoes and quadroons in their place, and that he would not suffer a negro to be about his house.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

## PERAULT; OR SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

*(Concluded from page 416 of our July Number.)*

## CHAPTER XIX.

WALDENBERG was sitting alone in his library when Miss Bellgrove was announced; and she had scarcely crossed the verandah when he was at her side. "This is an honour," he exclaimed, as he pressed her hand to his lips; "an honour, indeed, that I little anticipated."

"I fear it may be deemed a rash intrusion," she answered, smiling.

"Say not so," he answered; "surely an angel of mercy may deign to visit the afflicted."

Matilda sighed, and spoke not till they entered the drawing-room and were seated; when, after a few words of every-day courtesy, she at once explained to Waldenberg the object of her visit, and used every effort to gain him over to befriend Zama. He listened with his eyes bent steadfastly on the ground, now and then biting his nether lip, and knitting his brows; and when she had ended, he said, "You seem deeply interested for this negro!"

"I am," she eagerly answered. "I ever found him faithful, generous, and affectionate."

Waldenberg started, and bent upon her a look of searching scrutiny; but, unconscious of his gaze, Matilda continued: "And then his poor sister, Zada, was the companion of my childhood and my friend." Here her voice trembled as she looked up in Waldenberg's face. "Surely," she said, "you have not harmed her?"

"Her!" exclaimed Waldenberg; "harm her? I really do not understand you."

"Say that Zada is safe—save Zama, and I will forgive all," said Matilda, imploringly.

He drew his hand across his forehead as he muttered, "Zada? I remember now—the dog accused me of carrying off his sister, when he struck me to the earth.—Miss Bellgrove," he added, aloud, "I cannot, will not, interfere on this negro's behalf."

"If you have any humanity," said she, "do not, I implore of you, wreak your ill-judged vengeance on the poor lad!"

He frowned bitterly, and striking his heel on the floor, answered in a deep, stern voice,—“If every hair on that negro's head could ransom a universe,—if every breath he drew, could save a soul from perdition,—I would not, and I shall not save him!”

"This is fearful!" said Matilda, shuddering. "But surely, when Matilda Bellgrove asks you to befriend one who saved her life, you will not scorn her entreaties."

"I know that the negro saved your life, Miss Bellgrove," said the Colonel, fiercely. "I saw him save you from the Indians—yet, in that hour of dread and danger, I also saw the base-born dog press his burning lips to your cheek!"

"Slandrous liar!" exclaimed Matilda, starting to her feet, her eyes flashing like fiery orbs, and her whole frame convulsed with passion. The blood

suddenly rushed from her cheek, and left her deadly pale, then flowed again, dying her face and bosom with the deepest blushes. "Yet," she said, as she recovered her power of speech, "I have acted wrong in degrading myself so far, as to solicit favours at the hand of one so utterly beneath contempt; or to talk of pity and mercy to one who has not the common feelings of a man!" She turned, and proudly walked from the apartment, leaving Waldenberg overwhelmed with confusion and regret. He saw the rashness of his conduct, and would have thrown himself at her feet and sued for pardon, but stood rooted to the spot, without the power to move, till looking up, he encountered the stupefied and perplexed countenance of Whackie, who stood, with gaping mouth, staring at him. "Here, fellow," cried Waldenberg, drawing a well-filled purse from his pocket, and placing it in Whackie's hand, "take that—fly after your mistress—delay her for one moment—I wish to speak to her—fly!"

Poor Whackie knew as much about love's diplomacy and bribery, as he did about Hebrew or High Dutch; and naturally thinking the purse was intended for his mistress, hurried after her. Matilda was just stepping into her carriage, when the negro called on her to stop. "Coram Wallinbeg want for speak wid you, and he was send you dat." He placed the purse in her hand, but started back, as she suddenly dashed it at his feet, and with flashing eyes, exclaimed—"What! insult upon insult! Colonel Waldenberg may thank his stars that I am not a man, otherwise he would pay dearly for his conduct." She stepped into the carriage and drove off, leaving Whackie more confounded than ever. He had just enough of sense left to perceive, that Matilda was insulted; and, highly indignant at Waldenberg, he picked up the purse to return it to him.

"Will your mistress consent to see me?" cried Waldenberg, as Whackie entered his presence again.

"No," answered Whackie, sulkily.

"What says she?" inquired the Colonel.

"She says, she get a man to gib you good lickee for insult she. She no want you money—she no take um," said Whackie, as he tossed the purse on the table.

"The fellow's mad," exclaimed the Colonel. "I gave you no money to give her."

"O Lor! wot a lie!" exclaimed Whackie.

The Colonel darted at Whackie like an enraged tiger. "Curses on you!" he exclaimed, "you have ruined me, you black dog! I will tear you limb from limb!"

Whackie did not await the onset of his foe, but fled from the apartment with the utmost speed, tumbling over one of the quadroom footmen, and rolling headlong down the outer staircase; then starting up, vaulted over the closed gateway, nor halted till he had gained the innermost recess of his master's kitchen.

Miss Norrisville was sitting alone in her apartment when Matilda returned, and was surprised to see her cousin enter in a state of violent agitation. Springing towards her, she caught her in her arms, and kindly inquired the cause thereof; when Matilda, leaning her forehead on her fair cousin's bosom, burst into a flood of tears. Suddenly shaking the cloud of sorrow from her brow, she said, "It is past now; I am only angry at myself for being so blinded." The cause of her grief was soon told; and Letia gave free vent to her honest indignation at Waldenberg's rash and ungentlemanly conduct.

The period fixed for the execution of Perault, and the other ringleaders of the plot, was rapidly drawing nigh; and such was the dread felt by the white population of another outbreak, that many of the principal families quitted the city, and retired to the Northern States, and to such other places they considered safe.

Waldenberg resolved to give one blow to the temper and pride of Maitland, which he hoped would gall him to the heart's core. Knowing that Maitland was averse to the wholesale butchery of the condemned negroes, he arranged so that more than twenty of them should be executed on one gallows, and at the same moment; and caused the orders for carrying of the sentence into effect, and superintending the execution, to be placed in the hands of Major Maitland. Against so broad an insult as this, Maitland at once protested, and forwarded the resignation of his commission as major in the Cadet Brigade. Had Waldenberg been in a fit state to meet him in a hostile encounter, he would instantly have challenged him; but the Colonel, knowing the proud and fiery nature of his rival, cautiously kept out of his way, and confined himself to his own mansion, on the allegation of ill health.

While Maitland was chafing against the studied insult he had received, Mr. Bellgrove, accompanied by Lieutenant Galliard, called on him. To them he unfolded all the story of his wrongs, and announced his determination to retire from the city.

"I have been thinking of leaving the city also," said Mr. Bellgrove; "but must retire with my friends to the Northern States; for, in the present excited state of the plantations, I cannot think of my friends risking their lives by returning amongst the negroes."

"And I," said Maitland, smiling, "mean to retire to my own plantation on the coast, and take up my abode amongst negroes, whose affection and fidelity I can depend upon."

"As for me," said Galliard, "my negroes are nearly all in this confounded plot together; and if some of the poor fellows should be executed, the rest will be up in arms beyond all doubt."

"Then, gentlemen," said Maitland, "I shall be most happy if you will accompany me to Tenda Cove. Mr. Bellgrove, if you can influence your fair nieces to risk themselves among my faithful negroes, it will afford me much pleasure to watch over their safety till the city becomes more settled."

Mr. Bellgrove caught him by the hand, and said, "Joyfully do I accept of your kind invitation; and, therefore, I shall burden you with my whole household for a season."

"And I with mine," said Galliard.

Maitland expressed his pleasure at the ready acceptance of the invitation; and Mr. Bellgrove and Galliard hurried homewards to make the necessary preparations.

Miss Bellgrove and Letia received the invitation with much pleasure; for they had long wished to see a plantation so much spoken of, and so highly praised as was Maitland's. Maitland sent an express to Tenda Cove to prepare for their reception; and, in the course of the afternoon, the whole party embarked for the plantation, attended by several of their household negroes.

On approaching the island, the party beheld a large body of negroes drawn up on the beach; and Mr. Bellgrove cast an anxious and alarmed glance at Maitland, who, smiling, answered the look.

"There are an immense number of negroes on the beach," said Mr. Bellgrove. "In such troublesome times as these, such numbers might excite alarm."

"Were every planter as certain of a loving welcome from his servants, as I am from mine, he would not dread to encounter them," answered Maitland.

Amid loud cheers and shouts of joy, the party landed on the beach. The negroes seemed actually frantic with rapture, at beholding Maitland. Old men pressed forward to meet him; the young ones were jumping with joy; negro mothers were elevating their little chubby, black, pudding-looking piccaninnies, to get a view "ob Massa;" and the little ones crowed, and kicked, and laughed, with as much glee as their seniors: it seemed a perfect jubilee among the negroes. And as Maitland walked along, with Miss Bellgrove leaning on his arm, the acclamations of the crowd around him sounded more grateful to his ears than any praises he had ever met with. He cast a proud and happy look on the joyous, sable mob; and their merry countenances beamed with redoubled pleasure on catching the kind looks of their "young Massa." The company now entered a long shady avenue of orange, fig, pride-of-India, and magnolia trees, beautifully arranged; and, on each side of the avenue, deeply embowered in their shade, stood the huts of the negroes. Each negro had his beautiful garden in front, and its porch trimmed with vines and jessamines; and flowers of brilliant hues tastefully laid out, glittered here and there.

"I thought," said Matilda, "that my own plantation of Myrtlegrove vied with any in the South; but this surpasses it by far."

Maitland was about to answer, but was interrupted by a band of negro children, all neatly dressed, who came pressing around them, offering them flowers and fruit. "Ah! Massa, good Massa, do take one from me"—"Do take present, Massa"—"I keep all dese flowers for you, Massa"—"cried some of the little ones, offering him beautiful nose-gays of the rarest flowers. "And de pretty lady, too," cried another. "Ah! Misse, oblige me

by taking some fruit: see here be nice peach and nectarine—I keep all for Massa; and if you come and be our pretty Missee, we gib you all de flowers and de sweet fruit. Do take some, dear lady.” Had the party taken all the fruit and flowers offered them, they would have had a wagon-load; and the wild joy the negroes showed, on their presents being even kindly looked at, was truly pleasing. The happy, healthy looks of old and young—the neat and clean, nay, even elegant appearance of their clothing, denoted the great attention paid to them by their generous-hearted master.

“Truly,” said Mr. Norrisville to Mr. Bellgrove, “this is an earthly paradise. Never did I think that one man could inspire so many hearts with such true delight.”

“And he deserves it all,” said Mr. Bellgrove; “for if any man ever befriended the poor negro race, it is Major Maitland.”

Galliard, who was escorting Miss Norrisville, was somewhat surprised to observe her in tears, and kindly inquired the cause of her grief.

“Nay,” said she, smiling, “do not call it grief—for grief cannot be known in so gay a scene as this. How happy must he be who causes such joy!”

“I verily believe,” answered Galliard, “that he has the saddest heart on the plantation—that is to say, if he has a heart at all, which I sadly doubt.”

“No heart!” said Miss Norrisville, with a look of surprise.

“No more than I have,” said Galliard, with a profound sigh. “Both were stolen by two fair cousins—heigho!”

“You should apprehend the fair thieves,” said young Charles Bellgrove, who was at their side.

“So we have,” answered Galliard; “but they don’t apprehend us.”

Bantering each other they walked onwards.

“Pon soul, Whackie,” said Tom, who had again been taken into favour by his master, and now brought up the rear of the party with a few more of the household, “pon soul, dis is fine place. Nice, good-looka gals here—pon soul! Dere is two ob dem smile on me!” and Tom, grinning, kissed his hand to the sable damsels.

“Caw!” said Whackie, “de gals be only laugh at you confounded nonsense. Don’t make fool ob youshes!”

“Pon soul, Whackie, you no know de female heart: em is so werry suspectable of lub—specially wid good-looka chap like I.”

“You is worth *ten dolla* any day!” cried a negro at his side. Tom started, looked frightened-like around, and, hanging his head, muttered “*Dam de ten dolla!*”

Maitland and his party now reached the front of the mansion-house, and here all that was rich and beautiful in that sunny clime, seemed to strew their stores with liberality. The garden glowed in gorgeous beauty like a second Eden, and the senses were intoxicated with the richest perfumes. The front entrance to the house was of the purest marble; whilst the sweet rose, the jessamine, and vine climbed around the verandahs, giving the house the appearance of a bower of richest beauty.

A host of gorgeously-apparelled household negroes were drawn up to receive them; and scarcely had they ascended the marble staircase, when Maitland was clasped in the arms of an aged Mustee woman, who wept with joy, and gave vent to her feelings in broken exclamations of fondness.

“My dear, kind nurse,” said Maitland, affectionately, “I am come to you again.”

“And you have been in battle and in danger,” she sobbed, “and I far from you. But heaven has heard my prayers: you are safe.”

“Ladies,” said Maitland, “you behold in this kind-hearted female, the protectress of my infancy. But for her love and intrepidity, I might have perished, helpless and unknown.”

“And this,” said Matilda, “is the nurse who braved your grandfather’s wrath to place you in his arms?”

“The same,” answered Maitland. “And while I breathe she shall meet with the affection of a son from me.”

They entered a large and richly-adorned apartment, and the eyes of the company were attracted towards a portrait of a young female, of dazzling beauty, which was surrounded by a hanging of black crape.

“Beautiful!” exclaimed Mr. Norrisville, entranced with the lovely features portrayed on the canvass. “Could such a being belong to earth? who, what was she?”

“My mother,” said Maitland, in a voice trembling with emotion. Mr. Norrisville stepped back abashed; and the ladies were shown into their apartments to arrange their dresses.

Tom and Whackie, by way of spending the time, resolved to sport their figures through the different gardens attached to the negro huts, hoping to dazzle the eyes of some sable Venus. In passing one of the huts, a band of children came running along the walk, each with a book in its hand.

“Eh!” cried one little girl, as she observed the two strange negroes, “here be two nigger genelem from town!”

“Ha!” grinned Tom, “you is hear dat, Whackie?—‘*Genelem from Town!*’—dat gal is hab good dish-crymation,”—meaning discrimination, as we suppose.

“Cleba gal dat is,” said Whackie, pleased at being mistaken for a town swell.

“Come here, my pratty gal,” cried Tom to the girl, who drew nigh and curtsied to him. “Wot is dis you hab got—book, eh?—you is read um?”

“Oh yes, Sir,” answered the girl. “Massa is werry good: he teach all de boys and gals on de plantation for read and write.”

“*All de boys and gals!*” cried Tom. “Pon soul, dat is strange!”

Tom opened the book, and holding it upside down, pretended to peruse its contents; while Whackie thrust his head over Tom’s shoulder, to see “wot de book was say.”

“Oh, Sir!” cried the girl to Tom, “you hold de book upside down; dat is de wrong way for read!”

“Ah!” said Tom, gravely, “dat is de way nigger use for read long ago.”



## CHAPTER XX.

It was the night preceding the execution, when Zama, tired of pacing up and down the narrow limits of his cell, threw himself upon the rude couch therein, and gave way to the conflicting feelings which raged within his bosom.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, "to be led aside by a vain chimera—a thing which I might have known was an impossibility! To be dragged to ruin by a vain enthusiast—fearing the good opinion of all I loved—branded as a rebellious murderer—an ingrate—all that is vile! and dying the death of a dog!—Let me not think of it," he continued, as he started up, and once more hurriedly paced to and fro. "Ah, Zada!" he exclaimed, "who will tell thee of thy brother's fate? and *thou*, whose very name was a spell to urge me on—Matilda! what must thou think of me? Alas! there is none to feel for—none to pity the poor slave." He flung himself again upon the couch, as he added, "Let me at least meet my fate like a man. I have erred; and if heaven has doomed me to this death, why should I fly in the face of its decree?" The sound of a key grating in the lock of the door of his dungeon aroused him. "It cannot be time yet," he said; "it is not yet dawn." The door slowly opened, the rays from a dark lantern shone into the cell, and a voice, in a low yet earnest whisper, said, "Zama, arise!"

"I am here," answered Zama. "What wouldst thou with me?"

"Be silent," answered the voice again. "Arise, and follow me."

"Where, and for what purpose?"

"Escape is in your power!" was the earnest answer. "I come in name of your sister, to aid your flight from captivity and death."

"My sister!" exclaimed the negro; "where—how?"

"For heaven's sake be silent," answered the voice. "A single word may betray us: follow me—quick—cautiously, now." Zama sprang to his feet, and followed his deliverer from the dungeon. Silently and cautiously they moved through several windings of the building, till, ascending a narrow staircase, they entered a large hall. Here the stranger paused and whispered, "We must descend from this window. If we escape the sentinel's notice, 'tis well; if not, we must secure him." They approached the window, and the stranger fastened a strong cord to one of the balustrades and quickly descended. Zama, following him, found himself within the small garden attached to the prison. With rapid steps they hurried through the garden; and the stranger, applying a key to a small gate, opened it, and catching Zama by the arm, dragged him along, through the most retired lanes, till they reached the bank of the Ashley. Here the stranger paused and said,—"We are not yet safe; there is a canoe amongst the reeds in yonder swamp, we must cross the Ashley in it." Directing Zama where to find the canoe, the stranger remained close by the banks of the river, till Zama rowed up—then springing into the canoe he took one of the paddles, and telling Zama to pull strongly, they soon passed the current and reached the

opposite side of the river. Here they stepped on shore; and the stranger, addressing Zama, said, "Your work is not yet done. I proceed through the woods to warn your friends of your safety. Enter the canoe again, and row to the bar of the bay, where you will find a small vessel waiting to convey you to the Bermudas."

"You spoke of my sister," said Zama. "Tell me of her: is she safe—is she well?"

"She is," answered his deliverer; "and will meet you on board of the vessel!"

"And you?" said Zama, "surely I may know to whom I am indebted for my escape?"

"To one," answered the stranger, "who foolishly has been the cause of grief to both you and Zada. I am *Charles Waldenberg!*"

"Charles Waldenberg!" exclaimed Zama, starting with surprise.

"Yes," said the Captain. "Led aside by my own foolish passions, and the devices of that arch-deceiver Perault, I carried your sister forcibly from her mistress's plantation. Touched by Zada's grief, I had not the heart to do her farther wrong; and I give you the word of a Carolinian and a soldier, that at my hands, she has, beyond her abduction, received no insult—no injury."

"I will believe you," said Zama. "And yet, what an abyss of guilt and misery you have plunged me into!"

"Let that pass," said the Captain. "I was on the point of restoring Zada to her mistress, when intelligence of your ill-timed rebellion, and your defeat and captivity reached us. I then solemnly pledged myself to aid your escape; and Zada, anxious to accompany you, remained at my plantation on the coast. Repeated attempts were made, but failed; till to-night, imposing on the guards as being on command, I entered your prison. I have been successful—the rest remains with yourself."

Scarcely crediting his senses, Zama listened to the detail of the young man; but was suddenly aroused from his stupor by Charles saying—"Remain here till you observe a light upon yonder point of land: that light will be the signal that all is ready; then row the canoe to the opening of the bay—we will be watching for your arrival." Grasping Zama by the hand, he said,—"God bless you!—I hope to see you soon beyond the reach of danger." He turned, and hurriedly hied through the forest, leaving Zama on the bank of the river. Joyful that his sister was safe, and anxious to behold her once more, the negro earnestly awaited the signal to approach the bay. Yet his joy was oftentimes clouded, with the thoughts of his hapless countrymen, who were so fast drawing nigh their doom; and dark doubts would arise on his mind, whether his own escape could be fully effected. At length he observed the beacon on the point; and as it shot up in a flickering flame, the assurance of safety filled his bosom, and inspired him with new hopes.

Zama entered the canoe, and, seizing the oars, strained every nerve to reach the opening of the bar. He soon passed Fort Pinckney; and, by dint of hard rowing, speedily approached the passage betwixt Fort Moultrie and Fort Jackson; but



the wind suddenly changed, and blew in heavy blasts from the Atlantic ocean. The sea began to rise rapidly; and the heavy swell bursting on the breakers at the bar, whirled their long wreaths of white foam, like fiery flakes, high in the air; while the loud roll of the approaching thunder, came in sullen and terrific peals from the raging main. Zama knew this was a prelude to one of those awful tornadoes, which burst with such wild devastating fury over the southern coasts; and with a view to save himself from the hurricane, he resolved to run the canoe ashore, and seek his way, through the woods and swamps, to the beach. He had scarcely come to this resolution, when the canoe was raised by a heavy swell, while the heavens seemed rolling back like a scroll, and vomiting forth the continual blaze of lightning. A loud prolonged peal of thunder burst around the canoe; while the whirlwind catching it, tossed the canoe, like a feather, in the air, and dashed it to pieces, leaving Zama struggling amongst the raging waters. Boldly he crested the huge billows, and with vigorous strokes strove to reach the nearest point of land. At length he felt himself amongst the breakers, and tossed to and fro in the boiling surge. A fragment of the broken canoe struck against him; and, clutching it in his grasp, he was drifted on along with it. The waves were bursting fast over him; the noise of the waters became louder and louder in his ears; while the waves rolled around him like liquid flame, and a thousand demons seemed whirling their wild flight before him. Helplessly was he drifted onwards, till, seized by one huge billow, he was borne along with fearful force, and dashed headlong on a sand-bank, where he lay stunned and bleeding.

On recovering his senses, Zama was horror-stricken at the fury of the storm. The billows seemed every moment increasing in magnitude, and the lightning blazed forth incessantly, wrapping the ocean in a canopy of fire. His attention was now attracted towards a small dark speck, which was tossing among the breakers. With straining eyeballs he gazed upon the advancing object. As it drew nigher and nigher, and became more distinct beneath the lightning's blaze, he beheld a small vessel dismantled, and drifting before the gale towards the sand-bank on which he stood. One bright, broad flash illumined the deck of the drifting wreck, and Zama beheld two figures clinging to the broken mast, and the glaze shone upon the white robes of a female. With a thrilling cry, Zama rushed amongst the surf, as if his feeble arm could still the raging of the storm; but he was hurled back. Again he saw the vessel borne on the crest of an enormous wave; a piercing shriek arose above the wild uproar of the storm—and the ill-fated vessel was swallowed up by the waters. Again Zama attempted to rush forward, to the rescue of the hapless beings cast amongst the surge; when beholding something floating amongst the foam, he clutched at it, and dragging it to the sand-bank, found his worst fears confirmed—it was his sister! In bitter agony of soul he pressed his lips to the cold, cold cheek of the inanimate form. "Zada—my sister—my beloved one!" he cried, "doest thou not hear thy heart-broken brother? She

hears me not," he cried, in accents of deepest woe. "She is gone; my last, my only hope on earth." He cast himself at the side of the hapless girl, and sense and brain seemed reeling beneath the shock of this unlooked-for misfortune. "Zada, Zada!" he shrieked, as if calling on her name would awaken her to consciousness—and he pressed her to his bosom as if carcases could restore her again to life. "She is dead," he cried, as he started up, and gnashing his teeth, shook his outstretched hands against the heavens. "Ye unrelenting and avenging powers," he exclaimed, "was it too much that the poor slave had one fond tie to earth?" He threw himself again on the sand, and clasped the insensible body of Zada in his arms. Suddenly he observed a movement of her bosom. With a thrill of reviving hope he placed his hand upon her heart, and, almost frantic with joy, he felt that it still throbbed. "She lives—she lives!" he cried, in a voice of rapture. "Oh, heaven! forgive—forgive my blasphemy! My own Zada," he continued, straining her to his breast, "we will yet be happy. I will bear thee far amongst the forest glades,—our white oppressors will not find us there,—we will be all in all to each other,—I will toil for thee, Zada. Oh! we shall be happy." A sullen roar of the waters startled him, and, looking up, he beheld with terrors mighty wave crested with vivid fire come rolling on towards him. Regardless of himself, his only care was for his sister. Throwing himself between the advancing billow and his sister, he stretched forth his hand as if to repel the advancing waters.

Swept from the sand-bank on which they had been cast, Zama still clung by the body of his sister, and struggled gallantly with the swelling surge. Each deep-drawn sob, which burst from his bosom, proved that nature was unequal to the stern struggle. One earnest prayer burst from his lips, and heaven in mercy answered it. When, faint and weary with his exertions, Zama had abandoned every hope of safety, his feet touched the firm ground; and the bright glare of the lightning displayed the dark forests of the land, at a short distance before him. Claspng his helpless burden closer to his bosom, he pressed through the shallow tide, and once more trod the firm land. Breathing a heartfelt prayer for so miraculous an escape, Zama, with renewed strength, hurried through the forest, in the hopes of reaching some abode where he could obtain aid for his sister; nor had he proceeded far, till he reached the clearings of a plantation: the lights shone brightly from the negro huts, and, guided by them, he hurried forward. Faint and sick at heart, he staggered against one of the outer huts, and, listening for a little, he heard voices, which he instantly knew to be those of dandy Tom and Whackie.

"'Pon soul, Whaokia," said Tom, "um is ob no use for cry your eye out 'bout Zama; dey will hang him as sure as I eat dis sweet tattie. When dey was hab de dam insurance for seek for hang I, (de most fasonable nigger in de city), dere is no hope for poor Zama."

"If Zama was do like you," sobbed Whackie, "he would be safe: he fight like man; no hide hehef like dog, in a cella'."

"Pon soul, Whackie, dat is insult!" responded Tom. "Dere be few braver nigger den I—when I like." Farther colloquy was cut short by Zama bursting the door open, and, with his fainting sister in his arms, rushing into the hut. "Help, brethren, help, for the love of heaven!" he exclaimed, as he sank with his burden on the floor.

"Zama, my own Zama!" yelled Whackie with a delirium of joy, as he started up and ran to aid him. Tom, however, sat for a second struck dumb with terror and astonishment; then, giving vent to his alarm in a loud diabolical howl, he tumbled heels over head through a window, and ran, winged with fear, to his master, to tell of the ghost he had seen.

CHAPTER XXI.

That morning was a melancholy one at Tenda Cove. It was fixed for the execution of the insurgents, and of the brave and faithful Zama. The night had been passed in restless gloom by Maitland and his visitors; and when they met for their early morning-walk, to enjoy the freshening sea-breeze before the burning rays of the sun shot forth, there were traces of deep melancholy in every face. The only exceptions to the lachrymose countenances of the party were Galliard, and Whackie, who followed the lieutenant like his shadow, grinning and giggling, and playing off his negro antics, till Mr. Bellgrove seriously thought poor Whackie had lost his wits. In vain did Galliard shake his head, and try to frown at him; Whackie still persevered in his drollery, till the rest of the party began to comment on it.

"Surely the poor fellow has not gone crazy with grief for his friend;" was the remark of Maitland, as he beckoned on the negro to come nigh him. "You seem merry this morning, Whackie," said he, as the negro advanced.

"Yea, Massa, I is werry merry—ha, ha, ha!" roared Whackie, as he cut a caper in the air, and clapped his hands. "Oh! Missee," cried he, with a comical grin to Matilda, "if you know what I is sabey, you would dance wid joy too!"

"What do you know, Whackie? Do tell me; there's a good lad," entreated Matilda.

"Get along with you, Whackie," cried Galliard; "what are you about?"

"I was gone for tell Missee 'bout Zada," said Whackie, laughing.

"Zada!" cried Miss Bellgrove; "what of her?"

"Fie shame, Massa Gallard," cried Whackie, as Galliard strove to push him out of the way. "You no want for tell Missee that Zada be here."

"Zada here?" said Miss Bellgrove, as she suddenly paused; and in a few minutes Zada, who had rapidly recovered under the care of the negro women and Maitland's nurse, was wrapped in the arms of her affectionate mistress. As yet Zada knew not that she had been saved by her brother; or that he was in safety and near her, concealed by his generous friends.

This welcome intelligence was now communicated by Miss Bellgrove. "Cheer thee, my sweet girl," said Matilda, "Zama is now in the care of

friends who will aid and protect him. Let no fears for his safety grieve thee."

"Alas! that he should have acted such a part," exclaimed Zada.

"Nay," said Matilda; "blame him not, blame those who forced him into the act. I will hear no harm of my brave Zama."

The meeting of the girl with her brother was affectionate indeed—the very thoughts of his danger endeared him the more to her; and her health being once more restored, she became his watchful guard and attendant, and would scarcely leave him, unless Whackie was nigh to watch in her place.

In a retired apartment in the mansion-house at Tenda Cove, Mr. Bellgrove consulted with Maitland and Galliard, concerning Zama's future prospects. Zama and Whackie stood close by them.

"It seems to me the best project to get him safely out of this country, and sent to Liberia," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"I beg leave to object to that proposal," said Maitland. "Liberia as yet is but a chimera; and it will be many a long year ere it realize the hopes of its founders. His talents would be completely lost there. However, let him answer for himself."

"Is there any other part of Africa you would wish to go to?" inquired Mr. Bellgrove at Zama.

"Alas! no," said Zama, mournfully. "Poor lost Africa! There the strong oppress the weak—and slavery, in all its hideousness, reigns throughout the land: the brother sells his brother, the parents their offspring, and rapine rules uncurbed; why then should I wish to go to the land of my forefathers, to mourn over the degradation of its people?"

"No, Zama," cried Whackie, eagerly, "no go to Africa. Massa Joolay is tell I, dat all de people go naked dere!—Oh fie shame! de nasty ondecant waggibones! Um no decant place. No, no, Zama; no go to Africa."

Maitland could scarcely refrain from smiling at Whackie's denunciation of African fashions; while Galliard, laughing, said, "Well, Whackie, suppose we send you and Tom out there."

"Ki! no, Massa," answered Whackie, with a look of disgust. "Tom could neber live wid people dat is go wantin' trousse; I no like dat—um is no Christine—ki! fie shame!"

"The influence which a mind like yours would have over the untutored rabble, would lead to great good amongst them," said Mr. Bellgrove to Zama.

"It is not by individual examples that Africa is to be raised in the scale of nations," answered Zama. "Some powerful civilized nation must take the lead; and by opening up the vast resources of so rich a quarter of the world, introduce the blessings of peace and refinement. Then, and not till then, will Africa know her own power."

"I admire your sentiments, Zama," said Maitland; "and I trust in God, that the day is not far distant when Africa will arouse from her lethargy. May I anticipate your wishes, Zama?" continued Maitland, kindly. "There is a land where the negro is free; where his freedom was gained by his own

exertions and bravery; where freedom will reign in defiance of the white man's power, and where a mind like yours will rise to eminence—that land is *Hayti*."

Zama started, and looked confused; while Mr. Bellgrove sat silent, and Whackie muttered, "Dat must be queer place."

"Recent events," said Zama, "make me almost tremble at that name; but to that land I would gladly turn for safety."

"Then," said Mr. Bellgrove, rising, "since that is your wish, you shall go to Hayti."

An arrangement was speedily entered into, by which Maitland agreed to give Zama one of his small schooners which traded to the West Indies; and Galliard undertook to see the captain of the vessel and bring him privately to Tenda Cove. This was done to the satisfaction of all parties; and the captain of the vessel agreed to sail without delay, whenever the signal-flag at Tenda Cove should be hoisted, which was to be the sign of danger.

"I fear that you are placing yourself too rashly in danger," said Zada to her brother, as they wandered into a flowery glade near Maitland's mansion-house. "Perhaps there may be spies around you now."

"Fear not for me, my sister," he answered; "but since my rambling here distresses thee, I will return." He turned, and Zada, leaning on his shoulder, looked fondly in his face and said, "In a few days you will be free from such surveillance; till then I must be your keeper."

"Alas! my sister, there will be one pang, and that a bitter one, to wring my heart at setting out."

"What is it, Zama?" said the fond girl, in alarm. "The thoughts that I must leave thee behind me," he answered.

"Surely," she exclaimed, as she clung to him, "surely you will not leave me! Shall I not go with you? you will not refuse? When you are in sickness, who could tend you so carefully and so fondly as your Zada; when you are in sorrow, who will cheer you so lovingly as your own sister? You must take me with you—I cannot live separate from you. It will break my very heart, to think of your being cast amongst strangers, and no one nigh to cheer you."

"You forget, my dear Zada, that it is not in my power to take thee with me," answered her brother, while the tear glistened in his eye.

"Why not?" said the girl, eagerly; "if I am willing to go with you—Why do you turn from me? Brother, you are weeping."

"Oh! Zada," he said, in a voice almost choked with emotion, "God knows I would cheerfully bear thee through the world with me; gladly would I toil day and night to keep thee happy. You forget that it rests not with me to remove thee from this land."

"Who does it rest with, then?" she inquired, looking earnestly on him.

"With your *owner*, Zada!—You dare not run away from your mistress—you forget that you are a *slave*!"

With a piercing shriek the poor girl threw her-

self into his arms. "Zama, Zama!" she cried, "you will drive me mad!"

"My poor sister," he said, "you feel the bitter curse of slavery now."

"Alas! alas!" she sobbed, "bitter indeed—I little thought of this."

"Nay, cheer thee, Zada," he said; "we will not be long separated. I will toil hard, and late and early; I will save all my hard-won earnings, and buy thy freedom: then you will join me, and then we will be truly happy."

"Ah me," she sobbed, "how degraded I feel! How sunk in the scale of creation to be bought and sold! Hateful, hateful thought!"

"Banish that thought," said Zama; "you will soon be free. Dry up your tears. See, Major Maitland approaches."

They were now joined by Maitland, who stated that he had some intelligence for Zama, and requested him to accompany him. "You seem grieved, Zada," added Maitland, addressing her; "what distresses you now?"

Zama answered for her. "She is grieved at parting from me. She would wish, were it in her power, to accompany me to Hayti—but—"

"I understand you," said Maitland, looking fixedly at him. "However, rest assured you shall not be long separated."

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Zada; "I will comfort myself with that hope."

They reached the mansion-house; and Maitland requesting Zama to follow him, led the way to a retired apartment. "And now," said Maitland, "I am commissioned by Mr. Bellgrove to hand you this packet, which contains your manumission."

Zama started. His hand trembled as he took the packet and pressed it to his heart. With quivering lips and tearful eyes, he breathed forth to heaven the earnest prayer of a grateful, though penitent bosom.

Maitland turned to the window, and Zama had time to compose himself. In broken accents he thanked Maitland for his kindness, who, smiling, answered—"Independently of the gratitude I ought to feel for your saving my life, I owe you a still deeper debt of gratitude for saving the life of one whom I hold dearer to me than life itself."

Zama bent his head, and faintly said, "May you be happy in each other! Heaven must surely smile on the union of two generous, noble hearts."

Maitland sighed, and, turning to a table, lifted therefrom a small box, which he presented to Zama.

"Take this," he said. "In it you will find the only means to make your freedom available to you." Zama took the box, and feeling it was heavy, inquired what it contained.

"That," answered Maitland, smiling, "which the world worships—without which, talents, genius, nay, virtue itself, is spurned at."

"It must be a powerful talisman," said Zama.

"Yes," added Maitland; "it is the key to human hearts—'tis GOLD. In that box you will find three hundred doubloons. On your arrival in Hayti, purchase a small tract of land, and by steadiness and industry strive to gain independence."

"Pardon me," said Zama, as he replaced the

box on the table, "I cannot accept of this kind gift; by my own industry will I gain my bread without becoming a burden to any one."

"And thereby," said Maitland, "lose the freedom that you prize so much. You have never yet experienced the humiliation which a proud heart feels, on soliciting from the hands of some pompous upstart, the hard-earned pittance due for your labour. From that degradation I would save you. Nay, I am too much of the Yankee to give my gold away gratis—I merely give you this sum in loan, and depend on your industry in repaying it. I insist, therefore, on your accepting it." He thrust the box into Zama's hand.

"Then," said Zama, "since your generosity enriches me so much, suffer me to apply the first of it in purchasing my sister's freedom."

Maitland shook his head, and answered, "No, no—that would insult Miss Bellgrove. Leave Zada's freedom to me." So saying, he arose and left the apartment.

Miss Bellgrove was deeply grieved to lose her beloved Zada; but, too generous to separate the sister from the brother, Zada's manumission was formally arranged; and Maitland, having made his nurse prepare everything fitting for Zada's departure, went in quest of Galliard, and explained his views to him.

"Do you not think, that if Zama had been sent to the Northern States he might have eluded Waldenberg's vengeance, and bettered his own condition in the world?" inquired Galliard of Maitland, as they sauntered down the avenue towards the beach.

"No," answered Maitland. "Throughout the whole length and breadth of our land the poor negro is spurned and despised."

"But when anti-slavery societies are springing up amongst them, surely a clever and talented negro like Zama would meet with attention from them."

"Yes; make a lion of him for a day; then toss him aside as unworthy of farther notice."

"The Northern States people appear to esteem the negroes amongst them; and in general the free negroes there are steady and industrious citizens."

"Still, the white citizens, from the highest to the lowest ranks, look upon the negro as of inferior caste to themselves. Ask even the most philanthropic of your Northern States men to sit down at the same table, and partake of the same cheer with a negro: you will see the white man—the man who claims the poor negro for a brother—start with horror, and indignantly spurn the invitation."

"You must admit that the negroes are inferior, in every sense of the word, to the white population of the States," urged Galliard.

"And why," said Maitland, "can the negro mind not be raised to the same standard of perfection as that of the white man? Where will you find more apt scholars than the negroes in general? Educate them; place them in their proper station in a free country—and, trust me, the negroes, in point of intellect and genius, will soon equal their white brethren."

Conversing thus, the two friends strolled arm-in-arm along the beach, when an unusual bustle at the landing-place attracted their attention; and pro-

ceeding thither they observed, to their mutual surprise, our old friend Joolay lifted out of a canoe by half a dozen negroes.

"Easy—easy, now, you black villains!" roared the Overseer; "gently, now, you eternal chimney sweeps! That'll do, now—I'm on my trotters once more: Help me up to the house, will ye?"

"I am heartily glad to see you, Mr. Joolay," said Maitland, approaching and shaking Joolay kindly by the hand. "Welcome to Tenda Cove."

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the Overseer. "Ha!" he cried, as Galliard advanced, "ha! you waggish puppy, are you here? Shake paws, my tartling!" And Joolay grasped the laughing Lieutenant by the hand with hearty energy.

"Bless me, Mr. Joolay," said Galliard, after the customary salutations had been ended, "I little expected to see you venture so far from home. I heard that you had got your leg broke in the last engagement with the Indians."

"No, no," answered Joolay; "my leg wasn't broke; just a sort of a slap crack—kept me a-bed for two or three days. I feel it yet tremendously—quite lame, you see." And the Overseer limped a step or two, till his eye rested on the physiognomy of a negro grinning at him. "Ha!" cried Joolay, "is that you, Whackie? Come here, you rascal." Whackie obeyed the order, and Joolay, taking him by the ear, turned with a proud look to Maitland and Galliard, and said—"This chap, gentlemen, is a negro of my up-bringing; I used to flog him, when he was a little pig o' a nigger, worse than any piccaninny on the whole estate; didn't I, Whackie?" he added, appealing to his disciple for confirmation of the fact. The negro, however, seemed to have entertained no great idea of the Overseer's system of tuition, for he looked very sulky as he grunted,

"Yes, Massa, you werry good at floggee."

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Joolay, "I trained him accordin' to Scripture; and, adopting old King Solomon's rule, I didn't spare the rod. I thrashed him as if he were my own son; and see what he's come to! He has saved the city—become a free nigger, with a thousand dollars a-year, darn me!"

Maitland smiled as he said, "Certainly, by your own account, you have given the honest fellow good cause for loving the white people. I would rely more on his own good heart than your cowskin for his saving the city."

"I thrashed it into him, Sir. Ah! he's an affectionate creature, Whackie," said the Overseer.

"They say, that the more you thrash a dog the more it loves you," said Galliard: "perhaps this is the system you act upon."

"Exactly so," answered Joolay. "But, gentlemen, I've almost forgot my business here: You see, I couldn't think of poor Zama being under the chopification concern yonder without seeing him beforehand.—So, sick and ill as I was, I got into the canoe, and was rowed to town. Well, I went early in the morning to see him; but, my gracky, what a row!—the bird was flown—his prison empty—whew!"

"It must have created a great noise in town," said Maitland.

"Noise—oh! my!" exclaimed the Overseer, "what a cursing among the guard! Some swearing in Dutch, some in Spanish, some in French, some in broad Scotch, and some in *illigant* Irish—whew! Babel was a humbug to't for confusion. But Colonel Waldenberg was the worst of all: he was actually frantic, and swore to extirpate the whole guard himself for letting Zama escape."

"Waldenberg seems to hold the poor fellow in mortal hatred," said Maitland; "what can be the reason of it?"

"I've a half guess," answered Joolay, with a knowing look. "Among ourselves, I think the Colonel is indebted to Zama for getting the thickness of his skull ascertained."

"Impossible!" said Maitland.

"There's no impossibility in the matter," said Joolay. "Zama was the very chap to do it. His sister was carried off—Waldenberg was said to be the cause—Zama meets him—a row is kicked up—Zama breaks the Colonel's head—it's a mercy it was strong enough—then runs off; and, afraid of losing his right hand for striking a white man, or of losing his life, joins the insurgents. Phoo! it's as plain as mud on a door."

"This may explain the cause of Waldenberg's hatred," said Maitland.

"It strikes me as being true," said Galliard; "and Waldenberg, afraid to have it said that he was struck by a negro, would wash out the offence in Zama's blood."

"Just so," said Joolay. "Zama falls into the Colonel's hands, who, having the law on his side, tries to get the nigger hanged, and so square accounts,—the nigger escapes, and Waldenberg is up again in blazes. He'll hunt Zama down if he's in the States, as sure as my granny's dead and buried."

"The sooner Zama gets out of his power the better," said Maitland.

"So say I," added Joolay. "So, thinking Zama would flee to the plantations again, I sent trusty chaps to hide him; and hearing that Waldenberg suspected he was on this island, and that troops were ordered to search it, I got crammed into a boat, and came off here direct to give the hint."

Maitland and Galliard looked at each other; while Whackie, bursting into tears, cried out, "Oh, my poor Zama—oh Maja Maitlam—oh, Massa Galliard, do save him!"

"We will, my faithful fellow. Do you see yonder flag-staff on the top of my mansion-house?" and he pointed out the spot to Whackie.

"Wot," said Whackie, "yon long pole dat I see above de trees?"

"The same," said Maitland. "Ascend instantly to the top balcony of the house, and hoist a red flag to the top of yon pole."

Whackie flew with speed to obey this command; and in a brief space a large red flag fluttered from the flag-staff.

"All is right now," said Maitland. "Let us return to the house."

"But what the plague has that red dish-clout to do with Zama's safety?" cried Joolay.

"You shall see," answered Maitland.

Leaning on Maitland and Galliard, Joolay slowly hobbled to the house, and in front thereof was met by Whackie. "I is do right, Massa?" he inquired, with an eager look.

"Quite right, my good lad," said Maitland.

Ascending the staircase, they entered the upper saloon, where Matilda and Letia were standing admiring some large roses, around which a number of brilliant humming-birds were fluttering. "Mr. Joolay!" exclaimed both ladies, as they flew towards him.

"Yes, my loves—just old Tom Joolay," cried he, as he grasped them by the hands. "I declare I'm getting quite childish now!" he continued, as he wiped his eyes. "I've got water in the head surely, for my eyes have got into a vile habit of overflowing of late." While answering the kind inquiries as to his health, Joolay observed a side-door open and a female figure enter the room. His nether jaw dropped—his eyes became distended, and a shock went through his whole frame as his look became fixed on the face of Zada. "Heaven protect me!" he exclaimed, "what is that?"

"Mr. Joolay," exclaimed that sweet voice which had been so long unheard by him, "have you forgotten your poor Zada?"

These words broke the Overseer's trance. "Zada!" he exclaimed, with a burst of joy, "Zada! no—is it possible?—have you again cometous?" He caught her in his arms; and still as if doubting her identity, passed his hands over her brow, and looked fondly and earnestly in her face.—"Ay, my sweet girl, it is you. The eye is dimmer, though, and the cheek thinner than they were on the banks of the Wandoo. I wish I had the grand rascal who played you such a trick. Darn his buttons! I'd kick him up to the sky and back again!"

"I have another truant to present to you," said Zada, as she stepped to the door and brought Zama forward.

"Eh!" roared Joolay, "magic by the'ternal! Am I awake or dreaming? will nobody pull my nose or kick me, till I find if this be reality?—Zama, is it you or your ghost?"

"It is the unfortunate Zama you behold," said the negro.

"Didn't I say so?" cried Joolay. "Tarnation! I'm so happy—if that darned Indgine hadn't a-slapped that bullet into where it shouldn't 'a been—I could almost dance with joy. Don't think shame, my boy—you're a brave fellow. That comes o' being brought up by me—nateral genius polished up by art."

The Overseer's joy was interrupted by young Bellgrove hastily entering the apartment and beckoning Maitland aside. "There is a schooner," said the young man, "bearing down the bay under a heavy press of sail, with our private signal at her mast-head."

"All is as it should be," said Maitland. "But where is your father and Mr. Norrisville?"

"They are on the balcony watching the movements in the bay."

The upper balcony commanded a full view of the bay; and at the time Maitland ascended, he observed Mr. Bellgrove with a telescope, anxiously direct-

ing Mr. Norrisville's attention to a large boat approaching the island. "It is an armed body of men I am certain," said Mr. Bellgrove. "I see the sunbeams glancing on their muskets and bayonets. What think you, Major?" he added, as he handed the telescope to Maitland, who, taking a hasty glance through it, exclaimed, "It is part of the city-guard,—we must disappoint their errand. Come, gentlemen, we must get Zama and his sister away instantly."

"It will be a painful parting," said Mr. Bellgrove, with a deep sigh.

"I wish to spare them the pain of a formal farewell," said Maitland. And he led Zama from the apartment, and hurried her to the beach where the canoe was waiting.

"What is wrong?" said the poor girl, as he requested her to step into the canoe. "Is my brother in danger?"

Maitland pointed to the schooner, and answered. "That vessel which is now bearing down on us, is the one which carries Zama to Hayti. Nay, my sweet girl, do not tremble so. Your brother goes from this land with every means to make him happy." Zama raised her eyes and fixed them on his, with a look so fond, so beaming bright, and yet so melancholy, that Maitland's heart thrilled to the very core. Those beautiful gazelle-like eyes glowed with all the sensitive feelings of the gentle girl's heart; and Maitland started and felt confused, as a thought, nay almost a conviction, rushed through his mind, that the girl's affections were centred on himself. Zama seemed to read his thoughts, as, with a deep sigh, she drooped her head and burst into tears. "There are happier days in store for you, my gentle Zama," he said, as he pressed her hand. "Let not the feelings of your heart at this moment pain you: all is better than you expect." He placed her in the canoe, and at that moment was joined by Galliard and young Bellgrove.

In the meantime Mr. Bellgrove had mentioned to Zama that the vessel was waiting for him, and that his sister had gone to the beach to meet with him; when Whackie, with terror depicted on his countenance, rushed into the room. "Fly! Zama, fly," he cried. "Captain Riley and Sargem Vanburg, wid' lot ob de city guard, hab landed on de island in search ob you—Oh! save youshel!"

Zama grasped Mr. Bellgrove's hand, and, pressing it to his bosom, said, "Can you forgive me for the grief I have occasioned, by my ingratitude, to you?"

"Fully and freely, my noble-minded Zama," said Mr. Bellgrove. "Farewell! In your future career never deviate from the strict path of virtue, and you will find peace and happiness. Heaven bless you!"

Zama turned to Miss Bellgrove, who, advancing towards him, stretched out her hands. The negro's frame shook with agitation, as, with a convulsive sob, he sprang forward and flung himself at her feet. "Farewell, dear lady, farewell," he cried, in a voice almost choked with anguish. "May all the bliss that a fond heart can wish you, be yours through life!" He grasped her hand, and pressed it to his

forehead, his lips, and his heart, while his hot scalding tears fell fast upon it. "God bless you! God bless you!" One look, in which all the feelings of his soul were concentrated, was for an instant riveted on her—one deep-drawn troubled sigh, and Zama rushed from her presence, leaving her overwhelmed with sorrow and confusion, from which she was aroused by Joolay bellowing out, "There's ingratitude for you!—Zama—Lord preserve me! he's off—and never bade me good-by!"

Zama sped swiftly towards the beach, when Whackie, breathless with speed, overtook him. "Zama," panted the affectionate fellow, "you is angry wid I?"

"No, my kind-hearted friend. Farewell, Whackie; may you be happier than your heart-broken, exiled Zama!"

"See," said Whackie, as he tore the golden medal, the gift of the citizens of Carlville, from his neck, "dis is gold—take him—sell him; de money will do you good."

There was a sternness in Zama's look as he spurned the offering, and said, "Whackie, if you love your countrymen, never show that medal to an African."

"See, den," said Whackie, pulling forth a large well-filled purse, dis is dollars: do take 'em."

"Not a dollar—not a cent," said Zama.

"May I come to Hayti and see you, den?" implored Whackie.

"Most welcome," said Zama, as he pressed his hand; "and you will see the home of the free negro!"

They now joined Maitland and his friends on the beach; and bidding them adieu, Zama stepped into the boat. "And now, my beloved sister," he said, addressing Zama, "we must part for a while."

"Not so," cried Maitland, as he advanced and handed Zama a paper. "Behold her manumission—she is free—she goes with you. God bless and prosper you both!" He signed to the rowers, and instantly the canoe shot rapidly through the waves. Zama cast herself on her brother's bosom, and wept bitterly; and his own feelings were too powerful for restraint. They speedily reached the schooner, and were taken on board; all sail was hoisted to the breeze, and the fond brother and loving sister were wafted over the wide waters to a strange land.

A very different scene was passing in the city of Carlville. It was the day fixed for the wholesale execution of Perault and his comrades; and for miles around, multitudes of people thronged to the prairie, near the lines to the westward of Carlville; and thousands were assembled, gazing on a huge long gallows, which loomed from the ramparts towards the sky, its horrid outline clearly marked against the horizon. This gallows was composed of four huge upright posts, with cross-beams at the top, from whence dangled twenty-three ropes, with the detestable noose to each, indicating the shocking purpose for which they were destined. The platform on which the wretched sufferers were to be stationed, consisted of one long beam supported by three large props, behind each of which two hideous-looking mulattoes were stationed, with large hammers, to strike them away at the given signal.

File upon file of armed troops marched up, and took their station in front of the scaffold: the bells of the city were heard in the distance, tolling, as it might be said, in mockery of the approaching execution, and pealing the solemn funeral knell in the ears of the poor sufferers. The sound of the muffled drums rolled in solemn cadence along the lines; and a loud buzz of voices, and exclamations of expectancy and triumph arose, as the Cadet Brigade marched solemnly forward to the foot of the scaffold, and, opening their ranks, exposed to view, the doomed ringleaders of the rebellion. Chained two by two, Perault and his companions advanced with firm undaunted step to the gallows; and each, as he ascended the platform, looked with a smile of scorn and defiance on the assembled thousands who had come to witness their dying struggles. At length the chains were removed, and each was pinioned; then the spectators observed for the first time, that one place of the platform was vacant, and angry inquiries arose amongst the crowd, why the intended victim was not brought forth. The victim, it was rumoured, had escaped—twas Zama!

The hateful preparations were at length gone through, and a number of clergymen addressed the sufferers, who spurned at their exhortations, and ordered them to be silent nor disturb their dying moments. One addressed himself to Perault, who scornfully ordered him to be gone; and turning to his companions, Perault addressed them in their native tongue, exhorting them to show, by their firmness, that they gloried in the cause for which they suffered, and hoped that their example might yet arouse the drooping spirits of their brethren. A wild, loud, and rapturous shout from his companions burst forth, as he finished his address, and the loud peal of "Africa and freedom!" again rung on the ears of the astonished whites. The signal was then instantly given; but a fearful and soul-harrowing scene ensued. The wild sound of the negroes' war-cry had alarmed and startled the executioners; and such was their trepidation and want of skill, that they struck away the props from *one end only* of the platform—which fell in a slanting direction, leaving the other end firmly fixed on the upmost prop. The unfortunate beings, who were placed at the lower end, were instantly strangled; whilst those whose feet still rested on the standing platform, were thrown into great agony—some hanging half suffocated and struggling violently, and others uttering loud shrieks of pain. These shouts were echoed by the dense mass of spectators, and loud entreaties of "Fire upon them! Oh! put them out of pain!" arose from every quarter. The Cadet Brigade levelled their rifles, and poured in a volley upon the struggling sufferers; but scarcely had the smoke cleared away, when the crowd, in amazement, beheld Perault, who had stood firm upon the raised end of the platform, burst asunder the bands which bound his arms, then, tearing the halter from his neck, and the cap from his face, he sprang with outstretched hands from the platform. "Fire upon him! he will escape!" was now the cry, when, in a voice like the shrill angry blast of a trumpet, sounding to the farthest corner of the

densely-crowded plain, he cried, "Ye monsters! ye traffickers in human blood and flesh! how my soul loathes and abhors ye! Think not that by this foul deed ye have crushed the negroes' hopes of freedom. The day will yet come, when the poor negro will burst the chains of slavery asunder, and bitterly repay the wrongs which he has suffered; then shall this foul scene be remembered to you—then shall retribution be meted out. Curses on you all!—Even in death the negro spurns at and defies you!" He staggered back a few paces, and fell prostrate, when the executioners recovering from their fit of terror approached him; but a young officer from the Cadets stepped forward, and motioned them back.

"He is dying," said the young man. "See ye not how the blood is flowing from his breast over his white dress? Back and touch him not—he was a brave man."

From the faint heavings of his bosom, and difficulty of respiration, Perault was evidently fast dying, and the blood bubbling over his white vesture showed his wounds were many and severe. Feebly raising his head, his eyes rested for an instant on the dead bodies of the insurgents suspended on the gallows. His features softened with emotion. "My poor unhappy countrymen!" he murmured. "We hoped for better fates than this; but we *are free*—they cannot chain or bind our fleeting souls." His head drooped faintly on the ground, and almost inaudibly he uttered, "Home of my childhood!—thy sunny vales and thy palm groves arise upon my view—I come!—I come!—spirits of my fathers!—receive me!" One feeble struggle, and PERAULT, the daring and ambitious insurgent, was hushed in death.

#### CONCLUSION.

The conclusion of our story is taken from the *Carlville Courier* and other newspapers of that city. In the former, the following statement appeared shortly after the events before narrated:—

"We are sorry to inform the public, that the negroes still display feelings of hostility towards their masters, which in many instances lead to the most melancholy results. On the 23d curt., while Colonel Waldenberg of Elmwood was crossing the Savannah river in a canoe, rowed by negroes, one of them gave the Colonel some insolent language; upon which the Colonel instantly struck him a violent blow with his cane. The slave, starting up, struck the Colonel with one of the paddles of the canoe, and, melancholy to narrate, the canoe was upset in the struggle, and the Colonel and two of the negroes were drowned."

In another paper the following appeared:— "We learn, from undoubted authority, that Zama, one of the principal ringleaders in the late negro insurrection, formerly the slave of Mr. Bellgrove, and who broke from prison the night preceding the execution of the other conspirators, has effected his escape to Hayti; and now holds a high situation in the Haytian government."

Some months thereafter, the marriage of Miss Bellgrove and Colonel (late Major) Maitland ap-

peared in the public papers, along with that of Captain (late Lieutenant) Galliard and Miss Norrisville.

Whackie accompanied young Bellgrove on a tour through part of Europe; and old Joolay obtained the management of Myrtlegrove in addition to that of Bellgrove; while Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville took up their residence in the city.

Tom was offered his liberty, but refused it; and strutted about as "de most fassonable nigger in

town," till younger dandies sprang up, and thrust him out of the good graces of "de fair sex." Then, Tom took unto himself a wife, of whom, however, he seems to entertain no high opinion; for, when jested with on the subject of his marriage, Tom puts on a most dolorous look, shakes his head, and mutters, "'Pon soul, dat marry is no joke!" He is often seen with his friend Haman, indulging in gin-aling, and telling him to "Tank de Lor, for put wisdom in Haman head for live single man!"

## WORDS FOR MUSIC.

### No. I. MAID'S SONG.

Sigh of the western sea!  
Wind that softly passes—  
Murmur here, nor haste to be  
With the idle leaves and grasses.—  
Heedless all, it flutters by—  
What a lonely thing am I!

Bird on my bower alight!  
—Not for me he singeth;  
But to join the merry flight  
Fast and far away he wingeth.  
—All are sporting in the sky—  
What a lonely thing am I!

Lily! I tended thee,  
Like a gentle sister!  
—She is courted by the bee,  
Breathing, when the truant kiss'd her,  
All her sweetness in a sigh—  
What a lonely thing am I!

There to the cooing dove,  
Woodland Echo listens;  
O'er a world of life and love,  
Strewing bloom, the Summer glistens:  
—But for me! O sad reply!—  
What a lonely thing am I!

### No. II. YOUTH'S SONG.

Her footstep is the airiest  
That falls on summer ground;  
Her wicked eye the wariest  
Of all that glance and wound.  
So winsomely, so heedlessly,  
She ruins all she knows;  
O! they will perish needlessly,  
Who doat on Lady Rose!

There's not a promise bindeth her;  
She's fairest when she feigns;  
And every heart that mindeth her,  
Must pine for life in chains.  
And while she rules them frowardly,  
There's none that dare oppose;  
The bravest will turn cowardly  
When led by Lady Rose!

Her rivals own her beautiful;  
Her victims think her kind;  
She makes the proudest dutiful;  
She turns the wisest blind.  
There's such a charm, subduing you,  
In every glance she throws,  
A look 's enough to ruin you—  
O! fly from Lady Rose!

### No. III.—WINTER SONG.

Must you coo it still, Fairy,  
Now that summer 's over,  
And the days are dark and chill?  
—Look around, and, if you will,  
Choose another lover!

While the sky was warm and bright,  
And the glow-worm shone all night,  
And the days in flowers were dress'd,  
I could flatter with the rest,  
—Then my heart was light, Fairy—  
Now I cannot jest.

With the summer-bee, Fairy,  
And the swallows vieing,  
You have changed with every breeze;—  
Is it time for flights like these,  
When the year is dying?  
Now that all is cold and gray,  
Still thought will have its way:  
If the Summer's charm beguiles  
Wishes cross'd by froward wiles,  
—When the Sun 's away, Fairy,  
Love must bask in smiles!

I have paid with song, Fairy,  
Every trick you play'd me:  
Though your wildness did me wrong,  
Though you tried and vex'd me long,  
—Such a slave you made me!  
Would you keep me still your own,  
Syren, breathe a kinder tone.  
I have served the summer through;  
Winter comes to claim his due,  
If I have not won, Fairy,  
Bid me cease to woo.

### No. IV.—FORESTER'S LAY.

The bloom was hanging on the vine  
That noon you pass'd amid the May;  
Was never heart so free as mine,  
But ever since I fret and pine,  
And wake the night, and waste the day  
The vintage ripens in the vale,—  
And I am here to tell my tale!

My horse upon the breezy hill;  
The red-deer couching in the dew;  
My greyhound ranging loose at will;  
My forest-lodge, my woodman's skill,  
Are lost; I lost them all for you!  
I journey'd many a weary mile;  
I came;—and now you will not smile!

I linger in the glaring street;  
I lay me at your door at night,  
To hearken for your fairy feet;  
And though you scorn me when we meet,  
I seek you still—as flowers the light!  
Your very frown, so strange and cold,  
I love it more than mines of gold!

Come to our forest-walks again!  
A kinder Nature whispers there,  
That never Love should plead in vain.  
And you shall listen till the strain  
Is softer yet, and learn to care:  
I cannot cure, I cannot fly  
The pain of such a careless eye!