







See Page 176.

ELLEN;  
OR  
THE CHAINED MOTHER  
AND  
PICTURES  
OF  
KENTUCKY SLAVERY.

DRAWN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MARY B. HARLAN.

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## P R E F A C E .

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The following sketches have been written with a design to show the practical workings of slavery, where, as is generally conceded, it exists in its mildest form. And the author, let it be observed, has attempted but little in delineating slavery where she has not witnessed its evils. She has endeavored faithfully to portray slavery in Kentucky, as it has long existed there. While, therefore, these picture-rolls of the past are unfolded to the gaze of enquiring beholders, let no one hastily charge the author with injustice. The scenes she has depicted, as indicated in the title-page, are sketches from *real life*, and hence no exaggerations have been attempted.

But the oft-repeated question may again be asked, "What advantage is likely to result from the continual agitation of the slavery question?" In answering this query it is but just to say, that there is evidently a misapprehension concerning the discussion of slavery, interwoven, as the subject is, with important political pro-

jects of our day. It certainly has not escaped the attention of well informed persons, that an eagerness has been manifested by leading politicians of our country to extend the area of slavery. And what do they contemplate in this important movement? Their schemes when fully developed would present an aspect about as follows: California and Texas must be divided and furnish territory for two more slave States; another slave State must be formed by wresting a large extent of country from the Mexican Government; Cuba also must be purchased, and Hayti conquered before the pro-slavery power of this great *free* Republic, can hold undisputed sway.

Now, it is respectfully asked, are we of the North ready to make such concessions in favor of slavery? Are we ready to legalize slavery in territories where, hitherto it has not existed? or will we coolly submit to see its power augmented in our country by annexing territory where it is already established? We think not. And while the freemen of the North are able to resist the further encroachment of slavery it is their *duty* to do so. They may not successfully *interfere* with the domestic institutions of the slave States, but let them look to it, that the power and patronage of slavery be not enhanced in our Union, by territorial acquisition.

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## CHAPTER I

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### THE SEPARATION.

It was on the first day of the year, while the cold wind whirled in many a pile the drifting snow as it whistled round the corners of the squares, sighed through the alleys, and swept along the wide streets of the city of L——, Ky., that a large number of slaves were seen in shivering groups, standing in and around the market-house. Some were to be hired out for the year, and others were to be sold, as the nature of the case might be. A great concourse of citizens, from the country, and surrounding villages, had early in the morning of that day made their appearance at the scene of action. A large block was placed at the entrance of the market-house, on which the slaves were to be exhibited, prior to their being

hired or sold at auction. These unhappy creatures formed a group, consisting of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters—all the ties that an elevated, free, Christian country holds sacred, were soon to be rent asunder. The shrill cry of the auctioneer was now to be heard pealing above the storm, as slave after slave was put up for hire, and in a short time all that were disposed of in this way, were taken off by their new masters.

The sale now opened with a family consisting of a mother and two daughters. The mother was a middle-aged mulatto. Her daughters were well nigh grown; in appearance healthy, and approaching still nearer than the mother, the perfection of the Anglo-Saxon race. The mother was first placed upon the block. The auctioneer then, in a stentorian voice, cried, "Who'll give me a bid for Lucy, a woman just now in the prime of life—sound, healthy, good cook, first-rate house-woman—Who'll give the first bid." Immediately, a number of bids being heard from different quarters, a confusion was produced. At this juncture, an innkeeper from the vicinity of the city, came forward in advance of the crowd, and with an expressive glance, scanned the woman from head to foot. Again the auctioneer proceeded to speak in glowing terms of the *property* just about to be sold; and after announcing that bids were in order, it was soon evident that the innkeeper was to be the lucky purchaser



of so valuable a prize. Having made the purchase, he conveyed Lucy from the crowd, where she was torn from the affectionate embraces of her two daughters. The auctioneer then proceeded to expose to sale Ellen, the younger daughter, whose tears and sobs spoke the deep anguish of her heart. While the poor girl stood shivering in the cold, and the blast dallying with her long dark ringlets, a plain looking gentleman, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and enveloped in a drab over-coat, pressed through the crowd towards the block. Stopping suddenly, he fixed his eyes upon Ellen. His countenance, which naturally expressed benevolence of feeling, now indicated a deep sympathy for the girl, whose irrepressible grief began to manifest itself, quite to the discomfort of the auctioneer, whose interest prompted him to impose quietness. But our "Friend," (for he was of Quaker origin,) became interested in the welfare of this poor slave, just in proportion to the deep sorrow of heart she was then called to endure. So the perplexity realized by the auctioneer was of short duration; for no sooner did he announce his readiness to receive bids, than he found near at hand a prompt bidder in the person of the Quaker. The contest was warm. There were several eager bidders. But the calm determination of the Quaker was understood from the outset. His every look plainly showed to all present, that he had firmly resolved on the purchase of Ellen.

And when bidders were seen here and there dropping off, and retiring as if to give up the contest, the good Quaker seemed just to have commenced. Of course the result may easily be anticipated. Ellen, according to statute law in the State of Kentucky, became the property of Wm. H. Hammond the Quaker, he attending in person the place of auction on the day of her sale, and giving the highest bid.

The elder sister was next exhibited. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen summers. Her bonnet was taken off and her shawl thrown back, but her head was bowed with grief, and she observed not the crowd, for her eyes followed the retiring form of her dear sister till they were suffused with tears. But she was suddenly startled by the loud voice of the auctioneer, as he cried out, "Julia, a sister of the girl just sold, a house-servant and seamstress—one of the most valuable young women in the country," &c. The auctioneer had now, as in the two former instances, but little trouble in disposing of the slave exposed to public sale. A well-dressed young gentleman, apparently about five and twenty, purchased Julia, the last member of the separated and broken family.

The sale continued with undiminished interest. A very considerable number of slaves were sold during that day. These dejected creatures were now hurried off in different directions, and by

the next evening most of them had reached their new homes, or places rather of toiling and suffering. Lucy was doomed to a miserable destiny. She was not only bereft of her two daughters, through the cruel policy of the slave trade, but was also unfortunate in falling into the hands of an unkind, heartless, and brutal master.



## CHAPTER II.

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### A NEW HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

ELLEN was taken the same day to her new home, which was a neat farm-house, situated on a rising ground, and surrounded with fruit trees, with here and there a locust or dwarf oak; a few hardy shrubs, and lilies, and rose bushes, grew about the doors and windows; and some vines clung around a plain portico at the front door. But every thing was now almost entirely concealed in snow. Hammond, her new master, was a Pennsylvanian by birth. As already noticed, he was by birth and education a Quaker. Having emigrated to a slave State, and settling in a fertile region, he soon found it difficult to pursue the business of cultivating the soil, as it was seldom that any one could procure help, especially in the most busy seasons of the year. He had purchased a large tract of land, and in order to succeed in agricultural pursuits according to his own mind, he at length concluded, though much against the early prejudices of his education, to

purchase a few slaves. In this, however, he greatly erred, as the sequel of our narrative will show. Had he been content to live and labor without conforming his life to the vain, and foolish, and anti-scriptural notions of a people living in open violation of the great law of Christian charity, he might have secured to his household every good thing needful, besides preventing a series of calamities that afterwards befel them.

But to proceed with our story. Ellen was the last of the slaves purchased by Mr. Hammond. By this time the Negro cabin was pretty well stowed with servants; all as comfortably provided for as was the custom in Kentucky. And, indeed, Mr. Hammond was not inclined to conform to any custom of oppressive dealing with slaves. He was a man of humane disposition. His servants all regarded him as an excellent master. It seemed as if the yoke of slavery, when placed in his hands, set lightly on the necks of his servants; and it was under this mild administration that Ellen, the interesting quadroon slave, gradually developed all those excellent traits of character by which she was distinguished in her future history. Mrs. Hammond, although an amiable lady, was one of those sallow, melancholy looking females, in whose dark, sunken eyes one might read a complication of diseases; such as torpor of the liver, affection of the lungs, neuralgia, dyspepsia, a slight affection

of the spine, etc., etc. And to these complaints were added four or five little urchins whose restless habits often disturbed her quiet, and at times, rendered it necessary that she should seek repose by retiring from the din and confusion incident to household responsibilities. It was to take care of these dear little creatures, that the good father and husband plodded his way to the city, through the storm of New Year, and at the slave-market purchased the sprightly and promising young Ellen. In this department she did well, for one of her years. She was kind to the little ones placed in her care, but at times was sad; especially while singing those songs that brought to remembrance the days of her early childhood. She was much concerned about the fate of her sister, as she knew not who had purchased her. But knowledge in such matters would have contributed but little to Ellen's happiness. Her mother was sold to a man of most cruel disposition. He was possessed not only of cruelty of nature, but often in the government of his slaves gave way to paroxysms of anger, which was ensued by violent blows with broomsticks, chairs, brick-bats, or any thing of the kind that chanced to be in his way. Ellen was sufficiently acquainted with this man's character to stand in continual dread for the safety of her mother; and in many instances while pondering this matter in her mind was she affected to weeping. But her



tears, and sympathies, and regrets, availed nothing.

In the meantime, the kindness of Ellen's master served in some measure to assuage the grief that preyed upon her feelings. Having purchased for his children a few school books, Mr. Hammond, prompted by a humane and a benevolent disposition which did honor to his nature, determined on the instruction of his slaves, and accordingly purchased for each one of them a spelling book. This was necessary as a preparatory measure, for all his slaves were destitute of a knowledge, even of the alphabet. But among the number, none of them manifested the same eagerness for instruction as did Ellen. She learned with unusual rapidity; such was her delight at the thoughts of learning from books, a privilege most generally denied the slaves of the South. During the long winter nights, after the children were all asleep, this energetic girl was busily engaged in learning her spelling book, and with the instruction bestowed upon her by Mrs. Hammond, she was soon enabled to read. Her master then gave her a Bible, which she put away carefully in her chest, and kept as something sacred.

Ellen had invented a great many plays and amusements which delighted the children, and served to increase their attachment to her. She had served faithfully as a nurse for three years, rendering satisfaction both to parent and child,

when the unexpected death of the housekeeper made it necessary for her to change her position. The youngest of the children was in its fourth year, and the elder ones being all day at school, Ellen had been for some time assisting the housekeeper, and in this way soon became an adept in the management of household affairs. Hammond had been in Kentucky long enough to lose his *yeas*, and *nays*, and *thees*; yet with this little change of dialect, he had not forgotten to act as the Spirit moved him; and hence, possessing a generous spirit, he was moved to erect comfortable dwellings for his servants, and to furnish those dwellings with every necessary appendage. But Ellen's place was at his own fireside, and her sleeping apartment joined the family room, where she was always near at hand to bestow the necessary attentions upon her little charge. The two elder children, being boys, now lodged in an upper room, and Ellen was left in charge of the two little girls, Jane and Amelia. Mrs. Hammond, who seldom looked beyond her own apartment, placed all her domestic affairs under the judicious care and management of Ellen. And this management did not induce Mrs. Hammond to burden her housekeeper with a load of keys, as was often done under similar circumstances; for her husband had taught her to believe, that if the servants were supplied with a sufficiency of food and raiment, there would most likely

be, on their part, but little temptation to dishonesty.

Ellen entered upon this new theater of action with new energy. She went through the entire house, examined drawers, cupboards, and sideboards, and properly adjusted every thing. Then commenced a series of sunning bed-clothes, washing, scouring, rubbing and scrubbing, until every thing was fixed according to her own taste. She then went to the kitchen, where she found Aunt Bridget, the cook, who had long, in this department of domestic government, held a quiet, and undisturbed and peaceful reign.

Ellen, after looking round a moment, dropped a few hints that a slight change in some of the kitchen affairs would be the better; but this only roused Bridget to resentment, and occasioned a somewhat spirited reproof. "You thinks yourself a great somebody," said Bridget, as she glanced her eye at Ellen with a scowl. "I's always hearn that young folks thinks old folks is fools, but old folks *knows* young folks is fools. If you's so mouty smart, that you knows how ebery thing 'bout house and kitchen both ought to be done, I wish to gracious goodness misses would make you do the work, and then I guess I mout git to rest a while, and look on and larn. But if you gits to marchin' in here to hin-tin' round how ebery thing must be done, like as if you was white as any body, you'd better be some-whar else, I jist tell you now you had."



At this unexpected outburst of displeasure on the part of Bridget, Ellen stood for a minute or two as if confounded. But recovering from the apparent shock, she endeavored to explain herself in such a way as to conciliate the feelings of the old cook, who seemed so much exasperated at the obtrusiveness of the young housekeeper.

"Aunt Bridget," said Ellen meekly, "I am sorry that you misunderstood me. I know that you have a great deal of work to do; and rather than see you do so much more than you are able, I would like very well to come and help you now and then when I get all my own work done."

"O, you's mouty good, so you is," interrupted Bridget. "Well; if you wants to show yourself so clever, I can find work for you. Jis come to de kitchen when de work's done 'bout de family room, and step round as I tells you, and I'll find plenty of work for you to do, I'll a'bound. But I guess you 'most too grand for de sort o' work I has to do. You sets up and primps so much of your time, you knows nothin' 'bout what hard times we all has in here and out o' doors."

Ellen plainly saw from these cutting expressions of Aunt Bridget, that she was prompted by ill-natured feelings, as there was really no just ground of complaint against their master, whose uniform impartiality showed, on his part, a fixed purpose to do equal and exact justice to all his servants.

## CHAPTER III.

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### A VOLUPTUARY.

“ Fill the intoxicating bowl,  
Full high.”

CLAYTON was the only son of a wealthy farmer, living in one of the most fertile and beautiful districts of Kentucky. He had been reared in comparative indolence and ease. No sooner had the son arrived at a suitable age, than the parents, anxious to have his education completed, kindly gave him his choice of all the Literary Institutions of the country. After some deliberation, young Clayton decided on going to West Point. To this far-famed Institution he was accordingly sent. Here he soon displayed superior abilities, and during the first session, succeeded well in his studies. But not having sufficient energy and industry to continue in an arduous course of study, he was at length found dissipating, and assuming the habits of an idler. In addition to all this, he became intractable, and after the usual efforts to effect a reformation, Clayton, in consequence of having proved incorrigible, was expelled the Institution. This was very unexpected to the parents, and occasioned

them the most poignant sorrow of heart. But still desirous of seeing their son attain to some elevation in society, they gave him choice of a profession. Clayton's first and only choice was that of the law. Soon after this decision was made, he was placed under the instruction of the distinguished —— residing at the capital, not far distant from the splendid mansion occupied by his doting parents.

It often happens that the most tender and enduring parental love is in vain lavished upon sons, who continually yield to the influence of a prodigal disposition. This was the case with Clayton. He was placed in a position where he might have attained to distinction ; and nothing was wanting on his part, but a due regard to his parents and preceptor. But an invincible aversion to close thought, and a strong tendency of the mind to seek gratification in light amusements, seemed to have marked Clayton's whole course of life. He was endowed by nature with superior talents, and might have excelled in any of the learned professions of the country. While a student at law, he enjoyed every possible advantage, but to no purpose ; for a great while before he could, in accordance with usage, have been admitted to the bar, he was seen at another bar, drinking his bumper with the besotted and vulgar loungers of the day. And in addition to the pernicious practice of mingling with the intemperate throng infesting the grogshops and ho-



tels of the city, Clayton devoted some portions of his time to reading novels, and infidel works—such as the writings of Payne, Volney, and Voltaire. His appropriate studies, however, were neglected. His instructor admonished him, and did all that could have been suggested, both by prudence and friendship, to give a different direction to the course of his student, but without success.

At length Mr. ———, felt it to be his duty to address a few lines to the father, informing him of the downward career of his son. In a short time young Clayton was brought home. But here he soon became restless, and to pass away the time according to his own mind, he was found associating with a low and worthless set of young men, who kept up their nightly revels at a drinking establishment some miles distant from his own quiet home.

Clayton having formed an early attachment to an amiable and accomplished young lady, and being now in the twenty-second year of his age, his parents thought proper to encourage this attachment, though in former days they had opposed it. They were impressed with the belief that an early marriage with one so agreeable and attractive in her person and manners as the young lady just mentioned, would be the means of saving their son from the degradation and ruin which seemed to await him. A union between these two young persons was

accordingly consummated, and young Mrs. Clayton, accompanied her husband to the country. The delighted parents now fitted up and neatly furnished a lovely dwelling, situated on an excellent farm, that lay about a mile from the city. To this delightful home, the newly married pair was soon removed. They were here surrounded by all that the most aspiring could have desired. The entire house was furnished with the most elegant furniture that could be purchased in the West. In their neat parlor was a fine piano of the latest model, besides sofas, chairs, tables, etc., all of the latest style. Every other department of the house was fitted up in a manner corresponding to the elegance of the parlor. The fond parents having now despaired of their son ever attaining to distinction in literary or professional pursuits, it was the intention of the father, at this time, to strike out a new path for one whose every adventure in life had hitherto proved a failure. Clayton's father accordingly purchased for his son a large and valuable farm, and supplied him with a sufficient number of field-hands to carry on the business of agriculture; and also with several house-servants, and waiting-boys and girls. Mrs. Clayton had but few of those qualities necessary to a house-keeper; but then she had a good substitute, as her mother gave her an excellent house-keeper, who took charge of all the domestic affairs. An overseer, also, was employed to super-

intend the field-hands and manage the farm, while Clayton and his accomplished lady were left to revel in luxury and ease. This wealthy young pair possessed, in a high degree, that hospitality for which Kentucky has ever been distinguished. Their fondness for social pleasures soon prompted them to throw open their fine parlors for the reception of former gay associates. Much of their time was devoted to such entertainments. Music, and dancing, and wine, and cards, etc., seemed to be the order of the times, till, at the end of two years, a pause was made amid these rounds of pleasure, by the entrance of two infant sons into the family. It was shortly after this event, that Clayton was seen at the slave-market as already described, where he purchased Julia. Mrs. Clayton was confined to her room most of the winter, during which time her twins absorbed a great amount of her attention. Julia was a seamstress, but was ever ready to lend her assistance in other departments of business, when required to do so. A mulatto girl and a waiting boy also were employed in the nursery.

Mrs. Clayton, who was naturally of an amiable disposition, would have been happy in this new relation, had she only found a sufficient reciprocity of feeling on the part of her husband. But no sooner did the gay and opulent leave his dwelling, than he was seen wending his way to the capital,



where he was in the habit of engaging in those vices and vain amusements peculiar to the times. The Legislature always attracted a gay and fashionable crowd during the winter season, from all parts of the State. Many and diversified entertainments were given by the hospitable citizens. And whenever the dancer's foot kept time to the melodious violin, and the red wine sparkled, during such seasons of hilarity, Clayton always played well his part. He had an insatiable fondness, too, for cards; and often, at a late hour, was seen with his profane associates at the baneful board, while his neglected wife was at home, with no other protector than Julia, a strange servant girl, keeping her lonely vigils over her little charge, till the blaze grew dim on the hearth, and the lamp shone with a faint flicker, alternately weeping, and chiding her husband's long delay. Often, with eyes suffused in tears, did the fond wife and mother in vain beseech her husband to desist from the ruinous course he seemed inclined to follow. But Clayton always found some plausible excuse for every thing he did. "My dear Eliza," he would say, "You know my business calls for my attention, and it must be neglected if I should be required to return home every day by the going down of the sun. I provide for you every thing necessary for your comfort. Why should you make yourself unhappy? Besides, you ought to consider how wretched it

makes a husband, when his own dear wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows, begins to show, in any measure whatever, feelings of distrust. I hope you will succeed in overcoming these childish whims—at any rate, have confidence in me to think that I am able to take care of myself, and rest assured that I understand my own business, whether at home or in the city. And did I believe it would be interesting to you, I would cheerfully, at my time, communicate such information respecting any business engagements, that you would easily see how it happens that I am so often detained from home until a late hour of the night.”

After such endeavors on the part of Clayton to excuse himself, would his forgiving wife dry her tears, and vainly try to be happy. Julia, who was her only companion during these long, dreary vigils, was always ready to do her bidding, and Mrs. Clayton rewarded her services with many valuable articles, which the poor girl prized very highly. A faded silk cloak, a silk or satin shawl that had outlived the fashion, a fine bonnet, with the rose or plume slightly faded, a piece of refuse jewelry—a half-worn necklace or bracelet—all these were thankfully received by the delighted Julia. But it was unfortunate for her that she became vain of outward adornings. She never associated with the rest of the servants, and in her conversation and conduct, often showed an utter contempt for the lower

classes of white society, which she called "poor white folks;" and ranked them with the negroes. In this way she became odious to all the servants on the premises. While on errands to the cabins or kitchen, the men would frequently pull off their hats, tuck them under their arms, and, looking askance at each other, make many a sly grin at Julia's expense. Then, bowing obsequiously, they would greet "Miss Julia," to the infinite amusement of the sooty, curly-headed inmates of the cabin.



## CHAPTER IV.

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### SKIN OF THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGED.

SPRING now advancing with fairy step, adorned the earth with verdure and flowers, and ever the music of groves and streams, came wafted on the gales of the South, amid soft dews and refreshing showers. Clayton was now necessarily at home, as it was the planting season. And not being insensible to the beauties of nature, here surrounded as he was by her fairest charms, he would sometimes pen a speech, or a few stanzas, which indicated superior genius. His residence was on an eminence, around which, seemed as if nature had touched the living landscape with a master hand. The back grounds were undulating, and in the distance, green with meadows. Near the dwelling were gardens and orchards, all dressed in flowers. On both sides, spread out cultivated fields, interspersed with beautiful clusters of forest trees. In front of the dwelling, far down the sloping green, the river flowed onward, down its rocky channel, with its majestic cliffs towering on either side, where

they terminate at a dizzy height, crowned with their own green cedars. Far off to the left, in the dreamy distance, lay the capital, in amphitheatral form, as if by Herculean hands, it had been excavated from the surrounding rocks, which were piled far above its highest steeples; where, in the blue distance, were seen those beautiful cedars that are no greener when the south wind stirs their bowers, and the woodland notes are heard, than when the Autumn blast sighs mournfully amid their branches and the withered leaves from the surrounding forest, lie mouldering beneath their shadow. If, amid such scenery as this, Clayton had been reared in poverty and honest toil, like the peasant bard of Scotland, he might have been the pride of his age; but while his brain was made giddy by wine and pleasure, in the midst of opulence and ease, his intellect was enervated, and he lived to little purpose.

This reviving season of sunshine and flowers, attracted Mrs. Clayton from her retirement. She was again seen among her gay associates, whom she entertained more for the sake of her husband, than on her own account.

But her cheeks were pale and thin, and her eyes beamed no more with a happy lustre, for the joy had passed away from her heart, and the smile from her lips. Clayton had not perceived any change in the appearance of his wife, but no sooner had his friends made him sensible of her condition,

than he proposed a journey for her health. Clayton had many relatives in Virginia, and in a few weeks he was seen journeying thither, with his wife and her attendants, in a private carriage. Mrs. Clayton, after reaching Virginia, gave Julia and the mulatto girl the care of her children. She, now, in company with her husband, commenced visiting from place to place, among their numerous relatives. Their visits were continued during the early part of the summer. During the hot season, they visited several of the most celebrated watering places, in company with some of their choice friends. Towards the close of the summer, Clayton saw, with apparent joy, the ruddy glow of health again flushing the cheeks of his dear Eliza. But so delighted were they with the many rich entertainments which had been given by their friends, that it was not until the chill autumn had stripped the green forests of their verdure, and blasted the flowers, that Clayton and his family returned home.

Mrs. Clayton was now restored to health, and again associated with her many friends from the city, who greeted her return with a round of fashionable calls. While Clayton's liberality on this occasion, suggested a cotillion party, his amiable wife readily assented; and while the moon peeped down through the mustering clouds of the first snow storm of the coming winter, a gay crowd of



ladies and gentlemen entered the light hall and illuminated parlors, where every thing was arranged in the most tasteful order. On this occasion, Mrs. Clayton arrayed herself like a princess. Waiting boys and girls were running about with merry faces, dressed in white glossy aprons, while Julia appeared in her best array. Mrs. Clayton, after giving orders to her waiters how to proceed with the entertainments, busied herself in the parlor, in receiving and attending to the guests, while her delighted husband, who appeared to be a little stimulated with wine or brandy, was nodding and bowing in every direction. The guests being arranged in order, servant after servant entered according to previous direction, with wine, cakes, cordials, sweetmeats, etc. But Julia was not seen among them, and the mulatto nurse was serving in her place. Mrs. Clayton excused herself a moment, and hastened to the nursery, where she found her boys sleeping quietly, and Julia sitting near them, apparently in deep distress. She had taken off her fine dress and trinkets, and was loosely dressed in a common wrapper. She sat with her hand pressed against her sad brow, while her loose ringlets flowed over her palid face.

“Why, Julia!” exclaimed Mrs. Clayton, “What’s the matter? Why did you send that awkward girl to serve in your place?”

Julia, forcing a smile, said, “I can’t go in there,

Miss Eliza, I'm sick. I'm afraid I'm going to have a bad spell."

"O! don't be alarmed," said her mistress, pleasantly, "Take some camphor, or a little cordial, and you will soon get better."

In the meantime, Clayton led up the waltz with a favorite belle of the crowd, while his accomplished lady entertained the company with the sweet music of the piano, until, from excessive fatigue, she was compelled to desist. Soon, however, the violin was heard, thrilling melodiously, and Clayton was first in the dance. In this amusement he continued, until, dizzy with strong drink, and the hilarity of the occasion, he sank down on a sofa, exhausted, while two or three exquisite belles standing around him, plied their kerchiefs about his face in such rapid succession, as to raise a breeze sufficient to produce a reaction; and soon he so far recovered, that he found himself in possession of strength sufficient to thank his fair guests for the kind attention they were pleased to bestow upon him in the time of need.

This gay crowd continued their amusement until a late hour, after which, they dispersed; the lights were extinguished in the hall and parlors, and Mr. and Mrs. Clayton retired.

But we will now turn, for a moment, and consider the season of festivity and mirth enjoyed by the slaves. Christmas was approaching, and, to the

toilsome slave of Kentucky, a week's leisure, after a year of incessant labor, was always regarded as a sort of jubilee. Various, however, were the different ways in which the great mass of slaves sought to amuse and interest themselves during the Christmas holidays. The more pious slave, attended religious service, as often as practicable, among the people of his own color. Those not so thoroughly inclined to piety, passed their time in agreeable and innocent amusements. Others there were, and of this number not a few, who engaged in those ruder sports and irreligious practices by which life and limb were often endangered. Of this last mentioned class, may be mentioned the slaves of Clayton, who were now, with some two or three exceptions, absent from home, and while they were reveling, and drinking, and giving themselves up to the most rude and degrading of all negro sports, Julia, whose indisposition has been previously noticed, became the mother of a fair boy, whom she called Jerome.

This little stranger would have been a great natural curiosity, if the race had not been changed so gradually, and had not the ebon hue of the African so often disappeared amid the mutations common to southern climes.



## CHAPTER V.

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### VIOLENT DEATH OF A SLAVE.

It was Monday morning, and bitter blew the wintery blast. The white snow spread out like a winding-sheet over the faded form of nature. Far down the frozen steep, lay the smooth river, bound in icy chains, while from its lofty cliffs, streamed long icicles in bright confusion. But far above, still greenly waved those beautiful cedars, taking as it were a deeper hue from the surrounding scenery, with which they so finely contrasted.

"Hurrah! boys," sounded a shrill voice as the overseer buttoned on his great coat. "Hurrah! the sun has been up this hour. Stir yourself, Jake," said he to a sturdy negro man who was tying down his bear-skin cap. "It's high time you had started to mill with that load of corn. And you, Tony," said he to an old man who sat drooping in the corner, just beginning to draw his old mittens from his pocket, "get up the oxen and finish hauling that firewood. And boys, see that you chop that firewood the right length, or you will

catch it before night. Now mind; do your work right, and I will take the rest of the hands and set them about splitting rails, or spring will be on us before we are ready for it."

After these orders had been given out, the cook and housekeeper entered into the following conversation:

"Was you thar at de time," said Winny, the cook, to Tempy, the housekeeper.

"Yes, I was so thar," said Tempy, "and it was the dreffulest times I ever seed sense ever I was baun."

"Woll, I'spose," said Winny, "if a body haves to be killed, da mout as well be killed at once and be done wiv it. I don't see no use in any body bein killed up by inches. But de way he beat his Niggas, poor crittas, dey bettah be dead and out ob dah misery."

"Did you see her?" said Winny to Tempy.

"O yes," answered Tempy; "I hope lay her out, while Aunt Sally and de gals made her cap and shroud."

"And her mastah beat her to def," said Winny, bursting into tears, (for she was a sister to Tony, whose wife was murdered.)

"Yes," interrupted Tempy, "and she froze too—you knows how cold dese nights is—and after beatin her till she got so waum, he jes come off and leff her tied up, and by mornin she was froze stiff."

“O!” exclaimed Winny, the tears still flowing, “and where was Tony?”

“Why,” answered Tempy, “he was coon huntin wiv some men at de time, and dey had de jug ’long win ’um, so I speck he’d been drinkin, for he stoped some whar, and did’nt come till broad daylight; and he looked like he did’nt know what he was ’bout.”

“Who found her fust?”

“Aunt Hagar seed her fust. She found her as she was gwine for cawn to feed de milk cows.”

“What did Tony say?”

“O we had her all fixed and laid out before Tony got sober’nough to take notice on her; but when he got sober he cried, and hollowed, and went on, and when dey put her in de grave, Tony ’peard jes like he was gwine right in wiv her.”

It seems, that during the holidays, the negroes on the premises, had been drinking and otherwise conducting themselves disorderly, and this unfortunate woman having used insolent language to her master, while he was driving some noisy visitors from the quarter, he became enraged, and after tieing up the offending woman, and chastising her unmercifully, left her tied, until, to use his own humane language, “she might have time to cool off.”

“Well,” said Tempy, as she entered the little room over the nursery, where she found Julia sitting by the fire, muffled in an old wrapper, with her babe



wrapped in a blanket, and laid in an old fashioned armed chair, "Well, I jes got home, and I only has time to peep in a little bit;" and, turning to the old armed chair, exclaimed: "What dis yer ye got wrapped in here?" as she drew the blanket from the child's face.

"O, nothing but a little nigger," said Julia, smiling.

The child, at this sudden interruption, drew up its plump arms, stretched itself at full length, contracted its round face, and after yawning, opened its eyes and looked up.

"You white thing!" exclaimed Tempy, raising her hands—"nigger indeed! whiter if anything, dan de twins was, jes see," turning to Julia—"jes see dem ar eyes, I raly blieves dey sky blue. I's wondered many a time, what did make all de little babies look alike. Dis looks de veh spit ob Edgah and Edwin. But Lod bless ye child, I can't stay any longer—Massa's at home, and Miss Liza wants to see me, I knows."

It was a propitious circumstance, that all the servants about the house, endeavored to please their mistress, and always manifested a praiseworthy regard for her comfort, and endeavored, as far as possible, to alleviate her sorrows in times of gloominess and depression of mind. Tempy, especially, was of a kind and sympathetic disposition. She was also lively and cheerful in her manners, and

had a pleasant way of speaking to persons in distress, or bowed down with the cares and sorrows incident to human life.

"How's all de folks dis mornin?" said Tempy, as she opened the door of Mrs. Clayton's apartment, where she was found sitting by the fire, pale as a blighted flower, looking abstractedly into the fire place. The little twins, as fresh as two young roses, with their toy whistles, were playing around, dressed in their scarlet flannel. In one corner, sat the mulatto girl, on a low stool, knitting a small red stocking.

At the entrance of Tempy, Mrs. Clayton started up and exclaimed; "O Tempy, I am happy that you have returned from your Christmas visit. I have had a lonely time, here by myself. Mr. Clayton," continued she, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks, "did'nt come home last night, and I slept none—I fear that something has happened to him. You must bring your mattress in, and sleep here after this. Mr. Clayton is out so late at night, and I would not be so lonely if you were here. O how much I dread this long dreary winter!"

Just as she uttered these last words, the door bell rang, and a waiting boy, who was in attendance, brought a note to Mrs. Clayton, which had just been handed to him by a colored man, then standing on the front step, carelessly cracking his whip. Mrs. Clayton opened the billet and read as follows:

“MRS. ELIZA CLAYTON, Dear Madam,—You will please hasten to the city, as your husband is very ill at present. Call at the Hotel on——St., where you will be shown his room.

“Respectfully,  
“—————”

Tempy ran for her mistress' cloak, and the nurse for her bonnet, and in a few moments she was conveyed in haste to the hotel. She was soon conducted to an upper room, where she found her husband lying on a bed, surrounded by attendants. The physician was sitting at the bed side, holding the hand of his patient, and occasionally applying a cordial to his lips.

“Do not be alarmed,” said the Doctor to Mrs. Clayton, as she approached the sufferer. “He has recovered from this spasm, but he must be more careful in future,” added the doctor.

“Not apoplexy, I hope,” said Mrs. Clayton, with an anxious look.

“Perhaps not,” replied the doctor, “but the attack was rather dangerous, and in future your husband should be careful about his diet, and take nothing stimulating.”

“What makes him breathe so hard?” asked Mrs. Clayton, as she approached, laying her trembling hand upon his forehead.

“He is only sleeping,” answered the doctor. “Sleep almost invariably ensues such paroxysms.”



Clayton slept on for about two hours, but after waking, his mind continued in a bewildered state for some days. No sooner had he recovered, than his wife and the physician apprised him of the dangerous character of the attack by which he had just been prostrated. Upon this intelligence, Clayton became alarmed, and resolved at once to reform his life. Very soon after this, he joined the temperance society, and became a hearty advocate of the temperance reform. A ray of hope now gleamed upon a pathway which hitherto seemed overspread with clouds and darkness, and rendered perilous by reason of howling tempests. The drooping spirits of Mrs. Clayton, were now revived, and when spring approached, she was seen assisting the gardener in decorating, with shrubs and flowers, the yard walks, which had hitherto been neglected. Her little boys were sporting round, happy as the birds that sing the songs of summer. But poor Uncle Tony, for the wrong he had suffered in the brutal murder of his wife, was not redressed; for nothing was said or done in the case, save a rumor went abroad, that the innkeeper, living at the "Half-way House," between L——n, and L——r, had recently beat to death an old negro woman.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### CAMP-MEETING.

“WHAT a warm day,” said Ellen, as she sat down a basket of early ripe fruit by Mrs. Hammond, who assisted her in preparing it for pastry. “It is so clear and beautiful; I hope it won’t rain till after camp-meeting.”

This was the time of the annual camp-meeting, which was held in a beautiful grove not far distant from Hammond’s residence, and as he never failed to tent on the ground during these seasons of worship, it was always a delightful period to the servants, most of whom were pious. As was the case with many from the land of Quakers, Hammond’s Quakerism had long since merged into Methodism, and he became as much attached to camp-meetings as the most strictly educated Methodists of the country.

At these meetings, the tents formed a large area enclosing the seats, which were made of wide slabs, and arranged in order, sufficient to accommodate a congregation numbering from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons. Near the lower row of

tents, (the area being an inclined plane,) was erected a pulpit, on each side, and immediately back of which, seats were arranged for the accommodation of the people of color. Pious people, from the town and country, assembled in this delightful grove, for the purpose of religious worship, and on such occasions they generally remained nearly a week. Boarding tents were then unknown. A few wagons, kept by colored men, might have been seen standing along the road side, as you approached the ground, with beer and gingerbread, which were sold to multitudes of light and vain persons, who are always among the number found in the throng for camp-meeting. But each owner of a tent came prepared to entertain both the friend and the stranger. And as provisions were abundant on such occasions, all orderly and quiet persons who came purposely to attend divine service, were most generally invited by those camping on the ground, to repair to their humble tents, and partake of the camp-meeting hospitalities.

Hammond's tent stood alongside that erected for the accommodation of the preachers. It was a good log cabin, covered with boards, and temporarily lined with blankets. The board floor was sprinkled with straw, and carpeted. The tent contained all the necessary furniture, such as chairs, tables, bedding, etc. In the rear of this tent, was a long plank table, around which, numerous acquaint-



tances and strangers were supplied with every good thing needful in the eating line, from day to day.

The attendance, on this occasion, was very large. A number of effective and popular ministers were present. No rain or storm disturbed the comfort of the worshippers in the frail tents of this forest sanctuary. In a word, the meeting began, continued, and ended, under the special blessing of Heaven. A deep, pervading influence of grace was realized in the great congregation. Many of the contrite in spirit, were enabled to rejoice; nor were the colored people neglected, for God, who is no respecter of persons, was attentive to the prayers of the poor slaves; and many of them were delivered from the bondage of sin, and translated into the liberty of God's dear children. Among the number, Ellen, who had been torn from her kindred and friends, was converted, and adopted into the family of the redeemed on earth. Had her poor, fallen sister, Julia, been surrounded, from time to time, with the genial influences of such religious meetings as the one above noticed, she might now have enjoyed a better position in society than that which has been allotted her. But Ellen and Julia were separated, and their paths, morally speaking, were still further apart.

Ellen now enjoyed that bliss that no power, human or infernal, could destroy. To use a figure,

quite familiar among the slaves in Kentucky, Ellen had now embarked on *The old Ship Zion*. She could now sing, in those thrilling tones, waked, perhaps, by no people living, with such mighty effect as the sable children of Africa:

“ What ship is this that  
 Shall take us all home ?  
     O, glory ! Hallelujah !  
 What ship is this that  
 That shall take us all home ?  
     O, glory ! Hallelujah !  
 It's the old ship of Zion,  
     Hallelujah !  
 It's the old ship of Zion,  
     Hallelujah !  
 She has landed many  
     A thousand.  
 She'll land as many more,  
     O, glory ! Hallelujah !  
 She has landed many  
     A thousand,  
 She'll land as many more,  
     O, glory ! Hallelujah ! ”

This is the only safe conveyance that floats on the bosom of the broad waters ; all others must suffer wreck. While this heaven-piloted vessel moves steadily onward, braving alike the bolt and billow of the storm, its life-flag waves to every foundering vessel, and invites the sinking mariner to come on board. It was in this divine ship, that Ellen had careered many a threatening deluge, with faith's undimmed eye ever directed to the bow

of promise, as it was seen arching the dark vault where the last storm had spent its rage.

Ellen now enjoyed that holy religion which tinges this dark earth with the hues of Heaven. She saw that the design of her existence on earth, was to glorify God, and to worship him in the beauty of holiness. She felt that she had a work to do.

Accordingly, through her arrangements, prayer meetings were appointed on the Sabbath evenings, to be held in one of the cabins, where all the slaves from the surrounding neighborhood, were invited to attend. In these meetings, Ellen took an active part. And no one could look unmoved on this young Christian slave, as she knelt down in the midst of the dark, rough forms that crowded the cabins, and with clasped hands, and eyes lifted to Heaven, implored its richest blessings on her oppressed and degraded race. She read many passages of Scripture to these illiterate slaves, who had not been blessed with her advantages, and endeavored to teach them the way of salvation, as she had found it herself.

The interest in the religious services conducted by Ellen, was increased from Sabbath to Sabbath. Many of the slaves were attracted thither by the sweetness of her voice. There was such a thrilling melody in its intonations, that whether she sung or prayed, it always fell on the ear in tones that mel-



ted the heart. And, through her pious labors at the prayer meeting, many of her down-trodden race were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan, to the living God.

Ellen was now on the threshold of womanhood, a period, of all others, the most critical for a beautiful quadroon slave, as such, in Kentucky, are exposed to the insults of every passing ruffian. Her soft black eyes seemed almost to melt in their own bright beams, so full of love and tenderness. Her dark brown ringlets were such as would have adorned the brow of a princess. And even her lips and cheeks were tinged with a richer rose than those of the fairer *sisters* who are purely of Anglo-Saxon extraction. In a word, her finely moulded form was such as might have been a model for an Italian sculptor. And besides those personal charms, she possessed all those qualities so necessary to female character, such as virtue, honesty, truthfulness, etc. And if those virtues are rare among the slaves of Kentucky, or of other slave States, (as is, without doubt, the case,) there is a vast amount of blame attached to those who own them, and whose duty it is to educate and instruct them in the doctrines and duties of religion. But more on this subject hereafter.

Shortly after Ellen's conversion, she formed an acquaintance with Willis, a young slave of her own color. This young man, who had been living for

a considerable time in a neighboring town, was raised to honest toil and industry. His master was known by the familiar style of "Uncle Joseph," who was a Baptist Minister, and served a country congregation. As was customary with many Baptist ministers in Kentucky, "Uncle Joseph" served his flock without any regular compensation. He preached to them on the Sabbath days, and during the week his own hands ministered to his wants, and the wants of his household. Willis, at an early age, under the pious instructions of this good Baptist preacher, became serious, and after going through all the necessary preliminaries, was admitted into the Church, through the initiatory rite of baptism by immersion. A more faithful servant than Willis, could not be found, and all persons of his acquaintance, black and white, had the utmost confidence in his religious pretensions. He attended Divine service in his own Church regularly on the Sabbath days, and of evenings, during the week, he would attend the prayer-meetings in the neighborhood, at which he first saw and loved Ellen.

In addition to the many good qualities Willis possessed, he was, withal, of a comely person, and his countenance indicated superior mental endowments. It was not strange that two young persons so well adapted to each other, as were Willis and Ellen, should form an attachment. Ellen was very

desirous that her new and interesting friend should become a Methodist, while he, on the other hand, insisted that baptism, by immersion, was the only means by which a soul could be saved; and feeling a deep interest in the *soul* of his young friend, exhorted her, with much earnestness, to be immersed.

“Well,” said Ellen, one day, playfully, “I’ll attend some of your meetings at the Baptist Church, and then I’ll know more about them. I’ve never been used to hearing the Baptist preachers much, and I don’t know whether I would like them or not.”

“Well,” said Willis, “I’ll be along one of these days, and if you will go with me, you shall have a chance to see and hear for yourself. I think you would be very apt to like our preachers, for they are all great on experimental religion; and that, you know, is the right sort—the very kind you Methodists always contend for.”

“Yes,” said Ellen, “I believe in experience as much as any body, and I’ve always been used to hearing it said that your people give in their experience before they join Church, which makes me think well of their religion. But I would not like to make any rash promises about joining your Church or any other, I like my own so well.”

“That’s all right,” said Willis, “but just say



you'll go to our Church with me when I call for you, and no danger of our falling out about good Churches, for we are none of us so good but we might be a great deal better."

With this, Ellen consented to accompany him to the Baptist Church when he called for her.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### NEGRO MEETING.

EARLY the next Sabbath, Willis was seen driving up in a little yellow dearborn, towards the door of one of the cabins, where Ellen had been busily dressing herself. Just as she was giving the finishing touch at her toilet, she heard the rumbling sound of carriage wheels, and on looking out, discovered that her friend Willis was at hand. Putting on her bonnet and shawl, she immediately took a seat at his side. They started on their way, and soon arrived at the Church, which consisted of a huge pile of logs, that, from their weather-beaten appearance, plainly showed that the fabric was growing old. The large cracks, both inside and out, having an exterior coat of whitewash upon the rocks and mortar with which they were filled, contrasted strikingly with the old rough hewn logs of the building. A large door, made of rough plank, stood open at one end of the house, and at the other was a high pulpit, made of poplar plank,

unpainted. In the center of the house was a stove, on which was placed a large cedar bucket, containing water. Beside it, lay a gourd large enough to contain a sufficient quantity of water to quench the thirst of some three or four persons. The seats, which were made of slabs, had no backs to them and were arranged promiscuously, some with the sides, others with the ends towards the pulpit, just as it suited the tastes of the hearers. This was the church of which "Uncle Joseph" was pastor; but the benevolent brother had an appointment abroad occasionally, and while absent, kindly tendered his church to the "brethren of color," a considerable number of them living in the neighborhood.

A two-days meeting was now to be held by the congregation of colored members, at this church. When Willis and Ellen entered, the morning meeting was just closing, with the experience of two persons who had applied for membership the evening before.

These two persons were now called on to rise and state the particulars connected with their conversion. The first one that arose, was a negro man, rather advanced in life. He spoke in a very serious tone, although the language used was rather amusing:

"I's bin," said he, "a great sinner. I's bin gwine headlong down de steeps o' ruin, till it pleased de Lod, by his own good will and revolu-



tion, to fetch a poor creatah from darkness to light. I's been 'long time in dis broad road dat leads right smack to de brink o' construction. When I fust sot out in dis way, de more I prayed de more deblish I kep feelin', so arter while I couldn't eat, nor drink, nor do nothin'. At last, my old woman thar, she say to me,

"What's de matter, Cato? You's bin so dauncy now-a-days."

"But I kep still, and didn't say nothin', I didn't; so one night, while all de black folks war snorin', I got up, and den got down on my knees, and it 'peared jes like de debil had got arter me wiv his long horns, and dat his firey eyes was lookin' me right in de face; but I jes shet my eyes, I did, and kep prayin', and de Lod blest me; and now, come anything or nothin', I's gwine to serve de Lod as long as I libs, and trabel de length of de palistial road."

In this singular strain did Cato continue to speak for nearly a quarter of an hour, after which, an old woman arose and said:

"I's a sinner saved by grace. I'd went on in de ways ob sin dese many years, till late one Saturday night, while Cato had bin at de cawn shuckin'. De baby, poor thing, was sick, and I was a watchin' on him by myself, but I hearn such a racket out o' doors, and thinkin' Cato was comin' from de cawn shuckin', and I onpinned de door and peeped out; and, dear brothers and sisters, I see'd

a great fiery evil flyin' over de grave-yard, and so I jes shet de door. De baby, poor thing, he begin screamin', and I gits him a drink ob water, but he would'nt drink none, nor he wouldn't eat none, so he kep gittin' wuss, till late, and den he open his eyes, and look straight at me, and den look at de cup o' water, settin' by de fire. And so I jes thinks he want water, and when I gin him water, he took one little sup, and look me right in de face and perspired—poor thing, I neber shall forget dat last look. But I goes a prayin,' and de good Lod he hear and answer my poor petition; and now, he's gin me my old man to go 'long wid me to dat good country on de udder side ob Jordan."

At the close of these touching experiences, the applicants were taken to a pond not far distant, and immersed.

A short intermission was given, after which, the congregation was again quietly seated. Even old Charlotte, who had taken her station near the stove, in order to wait on the congregation with water, after having exhausted the bucket some three or four times, she, too, was seated.

All eyes were now turned in the direction of the pulpit. Old uncle Billy, the preacher, was before them. Every one knew that this saintly divine could neither read or write, but he had an old pair of rusty looking glasses, which he always hung over his nose on such occasions, through which he

read the hymn and the text. He now opened the hymn-book, and commenced reading,

“Come sinners to the Gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest.” &c.

After reading the entire hymn, he commenced, as was the custom among the Baptists, repeating and singing a line at a time, instead of singing, after the general manner, two lines of the stanza. The whole congregation seemed all of a sudden to burst forth in a rapturous strain of melody, such as is seldom heard among the most refined white congregations in the country.

The singing over, Uncle Billy addressed the Throne of Grace, in a long and fervent prayer; yet interspersed with expressions clearly evincing the deplorable ignorance common among vast numbers of slaves in Kentucky. And if the reader will excuse the writer from the blame of levity, or trifling with sacred things, a few paragraphs from this remarkable prayer, may here be given. The writer would suggest, however, to all who may read this singular composition, that the blunders of a poor African slave are not here given for the purpose of amusing the vain and thoughtless; but let it be borne in mind that this specimen is given showing the highly criminal neglect of the wealthy citizens of Kentucky, respecting the education of their slaves.

But to the prayer of Uncle Billy. Standing



erect in the pulpit, and lifting his hands toward Heaven, he said:

“O! thou great and powerful Bein’, it is thy divine munificence dat filleth all space—thou art our kind mediator, and great manefactor. We pray for dese poor sinners, dat dar hearts may be jarred wid Jeremiah’s hammer, and dat dey may be shaken to dar foundations. May dey be surrounded like Jericho, in de old times, in de days ob de apostles. Bless all de people, and may we at last, like good old Daniel in de lion’s den, be able to pass over Jordan. And like good old Stephen, may we all go safe up Jacob’s ladder,” etc., etc.

Now, kind reader, remember that these poor slaves, worshipping on this occasion, together with Uncle Billy, their pastor, are not here held up to the derision of the intelligent, who can read their Bibles, and who enjoy the advantages of enlightened, refined society. Certainly not. But you may here, in a very short time, take a view of the melancholy condition of the slaves of a State, abounding in all the elements of wealth, and of physical, mental, and moral progress. Here may be found, in a state of vassalage, (mild, it is said, when compared with the slavery farther south,) the unfortunate descendants of Ham, thousands, and tens of thousands, enshrouded with a moral darkness, deep as can be found in any lands except those where Heathenism holds undisputed sway. And that the

reader may not consider this an extravagant assertion, let it be remembered, that the slaves here referred to, are well nigh in a state of utter moral destitution. In the first place, their education is totally neglected. They can neither read nor spell, nor do they know the letters of the alphabet. As to writing, that, say most of their owners, would be a dangerous privilege, hence, they are deprived of it. In the second place, the moral instruction of those slaves, is neglected. The Bible, that holy book of God, sent down from Heaven to direct thitherward the erring children of men, is denied the African slave. True, the Bible is in his master's house, but he seldom, perhaps never, heard it read. It is in the church frequented by his master, but the slave may not go there. And if he, poor offcast, would learn anything about revealed religion, he must mingle with his own race, and hear, in some school-house, or dilapidated church, it may be, an Uncle Billy explain the doctrines and duties set forth in a book which he, though preacher, never read, nor, perhaps, in all his life ever heard read!

The superstition prevalent among the black population, is remarkable. Ghosts, hobgoblins, witches, etc., are produced in abundance, by their fruitful imaginations. The sudden glare of a meteor, in the direction of a graveyard, most surely betokens the sudden death of some dear friend. Dreams

invariably have some specific meaning. In a word, that darkness which has ever reigned, and which must ever reign where God is not known through the medium of His holy Word, prevails fearfully among the slaves of the wealthy and middling classes in Kentucky; and to those slaveholders is chargeable the sin of withholding from their slaves, the Bible, the fountain of light and life.

Then let those slaves be taught at least to read the word of God—the light shining in the dark places of this sin-cursed earth. Let them read religious books, and enjoy the blessings everywhere resulting from moral instruction; and both master and slave may enjoy the common benefits freely offered by that Almighty and gracious Being, who hath “made of one blood all the kindreds of the earth.”



## CHAPTER VIII.

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SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE last notice given of Uncle Billy was his prayer. We will now bestow some attention on the sermon. His text was, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls: for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

"Now, my dear bredren and sisters," said the speaker, "we have condesembled ourselves together, in de presence of dad great Bein' dat made all things. He made de white man as well as de black man. Now, ye all knows I a'int no power o' my own in speakin'; but den I has some good things to tell you 'bout de text. And fust, jes hear what de good Lod say at de beginnin:— 'Come unto me all ye dat labor and is heaby laded.' Now, de Lod see poor nigga toilin on in de sun, and he see him packin big logs till he all

but fall down; and jes see how good de Lod is; he say, 'Come to me, all you dat labor.' Now, we ought to be moughty thankful to de Lod for bein' so good to us poor work hands; for he neber meant dis text for de white man, 'caze he sets in de shade and don't work none; but he meant it for us poor, hard-working black folks."

After preaching some twenty minutes, in this strain, he finished this part of the subject, by saying, "And dis, my dear bredren, brings us to de yoke. Now, you may all see dat dis yoke is mouty hard to splain; but, den, I thinks de Lod didn't mean de yoke o' slabery, or he wouldn't said easy yoke; for we's all been pullin long enough in it to know it's not easy. And den, agin, de text say dis yoke light; but den you all knows what heby loads we has to tote. And den, agin, de Lod say, in de text, he meek and lowly ob heart. In dis he like we poor crittas: for, we's not proud and stuck up like white folks.

"But, de last thing to be spoken ob is de rest. Now see what hard times we all has. We has to work hard, and don't get good things to eat like massah and mistess. Massah take all de big taters and de big heads o' cabbage, and de good ham, and de best ob ebery thing gwine. We poor niggas has to raise de corn, and oats, and hemp, and taters, and cabbage, and we has to fatten de hogs and den kill 'em and salt 'em away. And

what, my bredren, does we all gits for working so hard? You knows, when it comes to eatin, we gets de hard, dry bread, and de trimmins ob de hams, and de little taters, and de trimmins ob de cabbage heads." When Uncle Billy got to this part of his subject, he waxed warm, and elevating his voice, spoke with an air of joyous anticipation, as he said, "My bredren, it's not always gwine to be dis way; for, in dat good world ob rest, spoken ob in de text, de Lod will rain down whole hams, and big taters, and de inside ob de cabbage heads, and big lobes ob bread right out ob de oben, jes like he rain de manna on de children ob Israel de time Moses led 'em ober de Dead Sea, in de days ob Herod de king."

After this manner did old Uncle Billy discourse. He was a man of very good character, and although he was never accused of any lack of fidelity as a servant, yet he often dwelt upon the inequalities of this life, especially the disparity between the whites and blacks—the masters and their slaves.

After Uncle Billy finished his discourse, he was succeeded by Uncle Ned, an old preacher who was not so favorably received by the colored people in the neighborhood. Uncle Ned lacked that candor and uprightness of character necessary to a preacher of righteousness. And he evidently felt that he would not be so well received as the speaker who



had just preceded him. Nevertheless, he arose before the assembly, not to preach a sermon, but to enforce, by way of exhortation, the truths contained in the discourse just delivered. In his exhortation Uncle Ned remarked, "I 'spose dar some folks here dat don't care much about hearin old Ned. I knows dis is a bery inspectable dissembly; and I knows dat dar some things said 'bout Uncle Ned not bein right his self; but now, I jes tell you all, I's gwine to do de best I can and den leab de advent to de Lod. Dis, you know, is de doctrine right from de Book ob Paul, de Apostle; and you all knows he used to be a mouty wicked man, and in dat he take smack arter me. Sometime I goes in de crooked ways, but den I knows how to chalk de line for all de good folks 'bout as well as de nextone. Dar some poor ignant cretahs in de world, and I can soon show you by tellin' one antidote. Dar war two men one time gwine cross de riber in a skiff, and when dey got out a little way from show, de wind blowed and de water run in de skiff, and so one ob 'um got mouty 'fraid, and he hollowed out, 'O mass'r Lod, if you jes set my foot on yan yandah show, I gives you two big oranges.' Den de uver say, 'Whar you 'spect to get dem two big oranges, I'd like to know?' And den de one dat was scared said, 'Neber mind; jes tell him so till we gets thar.' Now he, poor, foolish niggah, thought de Lod

didn't know ebery thing; but you knows dat king Dabid, de apostle, say he does know ebery thing. And now, my dear bredren, I's gwine to take a fresh start for de kingdom on de other side o' Jordan, in de Promised Land."

The third and last speaker now arose. He was much older than the other two who had preceded him. His head was white with age, and his form was bent beneath the toil and weight of numerous years. After looking over the congregation, which by this time began to show some signs of restlessness, he commenced by saying:

"You's jes been listenin to one o' de meanest ob God's creation; and now you's got to hear Wheeler's old Joe, not much better. But," continued he, "it is by de grace o' God I's as good as I is. We has hard times here; but, up in dat good world Uncle Billy told us about, dar be no more hard times. I feel dis poor old mortal frame givin way. Dese old, stiff hands is tired holdin de plow and de hoe. I feels monty weak sometimes. It won't be long till poor old Joe gets free."

After a few remarks further, Joe brought the services to a close by inviting persons forward to join the church. A hymn was now sung, and one came forward, the hearing of whose religious experience was deferred until the next meeting. After prayer the congregation was dismissed.

Willis now hastened and got ready for his homeward journey; and, while on the way, Ellen, who had never before heard such a display of pulpit eloquence, frankly told her friend that she preferred her own church; although she expressed great sorrow for those illiterate, poor creatures who so clearly showed their lack of education and religious training.



## CHAPTER IX.

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### THE NUPTIAL EVE.

It was a rich autumnal eve. The sun had just wheeled his golden chariot beyond the western hills, while a glory still lingered on his ethereal pathway, which now blending with the twilight, deepened into a ruddy hue. The lilies had languished; the fragrant leaves of the rose had fallen, one by one, from the withered stem, and had lost their sweetness on a milder breeze. A few fall flowers still stood amid the faded foliage, but they wore a sickly hue, and shuddered in the cold wind that swept the yellow leaves from the clinging vines and surrounding trees. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth of Hammond's plain parlor, near which Mrs. Hammond and her two daughters, neatly dressed, were now sitting.

Beside a centre table, on which lay some new books, sat Hammond, who, by the way, was a very plain man, but was, on this occasion, dressed a little above his every day attire. He was busily engaged in conversing with a reverend gentleman,

who was the preacher that traveled the circuit that year. In an adjoining room were his two sons: the elder now verging on to manhood. One of them was tooting a clarionet, and the other was creaking an old fiddle, which grated harshly upon our venerable Methodized Quaker's ear, and called forth from him the remark, by way of apology, that young people were not then what they were when he was a boy.

But, in and around the quarter, every thing was in motion. Sam, Jake, Pete, and the boys were in their best. Even old Sancho had a broad grin on his sable countenance, and was dressed in his new coat and breeches. The little girls, whose black, glossy faces were dimpled with smiles, had on their new calico gowns; their front locks, shining with 'possum grease, were closely plaited on their temples, and the balance confined, with red strings, at the back of the head. The little boys, with clean, bright faces, all had on their new striped linsey. And last, but not least, Aunt Bridget; how exquisite was her joy, as she hustled around, in her orange bumbazette and black apron; her head turbaned with a new gingham 'kerchief which gave out as many hues as the rainbow. She was busily engaged in cooking supper, by a pile of blazing logs which produced heat enough to roast an elephant; but, being so elated, with joy, she hardly perceived the big drops of perspiration

as they rolled down her happy face. Her usual rough manner was now softened down into a kind of gentleness, such as :

“Dat a good boy, Bobby; run and fetch ya mudda anudda bucket o’ water; and you Sally, honey, jis carry dis here dish to de dinin room; and Jack, you dear boy, jis empty dis bucket ob offal, and den run and split and tote yar mudda anudda turn o’ wood.”

In the dining room sat the supper table, spread with a clean domestic cloth. It was furnished with a plain set of white china. It was already supplied with a number of dishes, sweetmeats, custard and cake; and to these were soon added a roast turkey, baked hens and roast pig in abundance.

Willis and Ellen now entered the parlor, with a train of negroes of all sizes. As they stepped forward, in full view of the minister, and standing immediately before him, the dreamy light of a glass lamp fell upon their fine forms. The one was arrayed in a suit of rich black and the other in a dress of dazzling white. Willis had never been much exposed to the sun’s heat; and, now, while his attire, dark eyes, and wavy locks, contrasted with his fine face, he showed but a faint tinge of color; while Ellen, fresh and ruddy as the morning, stood by his side, unadorned. She had not culled from the gaudy boquettes of art a rose



or an orange blossom with which to decorate her person; for her smooth brow needed no other adornment than its own brown ringlets.

A deeper glow flushed the cheeks of the young pair, as the minister now arose, to unite them in the sacred bonds of matrimony. But no license was produced, on this occasion, and none was necessary; for the interesting young couple, whose nuptials were now solemnized, were slaves.

What a humiliating picture this, of Kentucky slavery! The religious world has always regarded matrimony as an institution of Divine origin. And statesmen and law-makers every where, throughout Christendom, have regarded the institution as worthy their attention, and have made it a subject of legal enactment.

This is as it should be. The Divine law, concerning matrimony, should be the basis of civil law. But it is unfortunate, for the slaves of Kentucky, that there no laws have been enacted regulating their marriages. And what are the results? Just those that such a state of things must inevitably bring about. In the absence of statutory law on this subject, both white and black—servants and masters, bring to bear the Scripture rule, that “Where there is no law, there is no transgression;” and this rule is applied just as its suits their fancies, whims, or interests. The purchaser and the seller of slaves are alike exempt from all legal

penalties, though they sever the strongest ties of conjugal affection. The Divine Lawgiver, speaking upon the subject of matrimonial union, says, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But, how utterly is this authority disregarded by the slaveholder! True, it sometimes accords with his interests to fulfill the Bible precept, and it would require a heavy sum of money to induce him to violate it. Such instances may occasionally be found. Sometimes it happens that the lucky slaveholder owns both man and wife; and so long as prospects of fruitfulness are fair—if the sable pair bear well their part in "multiplying and replenishing the earth," then, in such case, they most generally are not "put asunder," so far as it respects abiding under the same shelter, whatever else, in violation of the Divine precept, may occur.

But, to proceed with our narrative. The minister performed a very brief ceremony, and Willis and Ellen took their seats. Mrs. Hammond, with the family and minister, retired to an adjoining room, leaving the servants in full possession of the parlor, that they might enjoy themselves in their own way. They had hardly finished their wishes of "much joy" and various other compliments to the young married pair, till the return of the family and minister, from the supper table, announced to the wedding party that the table was

ready for them. This was a time of rejoicing to the poor slaves, who seldom enjoy such privileges in the line of feasting, and indeed, never, unless occasioned by the marriage of some favorite house servant, as was the case on this occasion.

The feast went on; and long and loud was the clatter of knives and forks, and louder still, the gush of compliments that flowed in ever direction: such as, "Miss, will you hab some o' dis chick; and any on you, over thar, at dat end o' de table, hab some o' de roast turkey: and ladies and gentlemen, please hope yourselves to de nic-nacs, and make all o' yourselves at home. It's no use, no how, for folks to be bashful—help yourselves, all o' you."

Meantime Aunt Bridget, who stood at one of the table, gnawing a chicken bone, feeling herself out of place, spoke out—"Oh! I doesn't like dis way o' bein white folks any more;" and, collecting up a load of the fragments, promptly moved off in the direction of the kitchen, followed by her children; where they, together, finished their feast.

After supper Willis and Ellen repaired, with some of their guests, to a little cabin which was furnished for their reception. This humble dwelling had only one small window, in which now hung a faded calico curtain. An old rag carpet covered the rough floor. Behind the door, against the newly whitewashed logs, stood an old fashioned



bedstead, on which was laid a bed filled with hen feathers, overspread with a white counterpane that looked, from its threadbare appearance and ragged network, as though it might have been used on the bridal occasion of Mrs. Hammond's great grandmother. To these were added an old table, four or five unpainted chairs, and an iron lamp. And this was the entire furniture the cabin contained.

In an adjoining cabin was a crowd of young negroes, where Uncle Sancho, (who always maintained that he was good enough without joining any church), was tuning up his fiddle to give the young people a few tunes. But, as he screwed up string after string, about the time he thought the instrument well strung and tuned, and applied the bow, suddenly, snap went a string. In this way he broke and mended several strings, and finally he concluded, after one of them had broken a second time that the "wery mischief," as he expressed it, had "got into de fiddle;" but, mending it again, he played on.

Aunt Bridget, after having cleared away the supper table, was hustling about in the kitchen. Her lamp had nearly burned out; the big log fire was in embers. She muttered to herself about the way things were fixed—tossing, now and then, a sleeping negro child on its bed. She found one of her spoons here and another there; her cups were all scattered about, and the most of her pewter

plates dimmed with grease. At this late hour of the night she became tired of the wedding, and lighting her pipe, seated herself in one corner of the chimney where she waited the return of Sancho, who was sawing away, on his old fiddle, to the infinite delight of the young people around him.

## CHAPTER X.

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### PLAN FOR SECURING FREEDOM.

WILLIS now thought only of freedom. He had obtained the object of his affections, in winning the heart of the beautiful and lovely Ellen. A mighty impulse now stirred him to seek for liberty; and how natural was this impulse, when we consider that most of the blood which then coursed through his veins, flushed his cheek, and animated his bosom, was that of a free native, who proudly refuses to bow the neck to any yoke, and disdains submission to any chain! It is true, the good Baptist minister, the only master that Willis ever had, possessed a very humane and gentle disposition, and he gave Willis, his only servant, many privileges not common to most other slaves. But then, those privileges were not calculated to satisfy the continual longings of one whose every desire was for freedom.

When a small waiting boy, Willis displayed considerable ingenuity, by carving wooden paddles



and spoons, and making toy chairs and tables of cornstalks, etc. As soon as he grew large enough to use heavier tools, he would employ himself in making small sleds and wagons, and in building curious traps to catch rats and birds. His master, the good Baptist minister, whose hands, (like those of the apostle whom he professed to follow,) ministered to his own wants, was by trade a furniture maker, and as this ingenious little boy was the only child he had to serve him, it was thought advisable to take him into the shop, and learn him to work. This arrangement pleased Willis exceedingly. Such was his eagerness to learn, he acquired the trade with great ease, and at the age of twenty-one, was considered by his master an excellent workman. He now brought in many dollars and cents, which his master received, and carefully locked up.

But now a change had come over the spirit of Willis' dream. He was a husband and a slave, and his wife, too, was a slave. It was not strange that this young man should desire liberty, if it were for nothing else than the pleasure of living in the same house, and being associated with his family.

"What is the least you would take for me?" said Willis to his master, one day, as they were busily engaged in plying their planes. "I have been thinking about buying my freedom."

After some little hesitation, the old gentleman replied,

"I hardly know, Willis, how that would be. I'm afraid you're getting tired of old master, and I think he has done a pretty good part by you, so far."

Willis plainly discovered that there was more of pleasantry than of sober earnestness in this reply; yet he took advantage of an opportunity which was now afforded him, of appealing to one whose generosity of disposition, no one who knew him could reasonably doubt.

"I am well pleased," said Willis, "with what you have done for me. I have never lacked for anything, and it is very plain to me how much better I fare than many of the slaves about here. But then, master, I think you will not be displeased with me when I tell you that I long now, above everything on this earth, to be a free man. But I would not ask you to give me my freedom till I pay for myself, because I feel satisfied that I am under obligations to you for the good care taken of me while I was growing up."

In these remarks of Willis, he certainly did ample justice to his master, for when it is remembered that for years he had been laboring diligently and increasing thereby the income which was regularly laid up, there was hardly, it would seem, so heavy an obligation resting upon the shoulders of

this faithful servant, as he showed himself willing to admit. However this may have been, "Uncle Joseph" was not a little pleased with the magnanimity of Willis, and forthwith expressed a readiness to entertain any reasonable proposition that he might make respecting his freedom.

"Well," said Willis, "my idea is, to go to the city of L——, where work hands in our line of business are wanted; I heard the other day that workmen were wanted in a shop belonging to——, and they could get good wages."

"That might be," observed the good natured pastor, "but as you seem to think that I am not a hard hand to deal with, how if you follow my plan."

"And what is that, master?" said Willis, promptly, his countenance beaming with earnestness.

"Why," said his master, "if you are so much in earnest about your freedom, just proceed with your work here, and the more money you make, the sooner you shall be free; for I will give you a certain percentage on all the money taken in until the amount is raised sufficient to answer your purpose."

"That's it, exactly," said Willis, "and now how much money must be raised?" inquired he, with an earnestness of manner which evinced the deep emotion produced in his mind at the thought of freedom.



“When six hundred dollars are raised in the way I propose,” said his master, “you shall have your freedom.”

“But how long do you think it will take,” inquired Willis, “to raise that amount?”

“Ah! that’s another matter,” said the master; “but you shall have twelve per cent. of all the money we receive for our work from this time forward, which shall be regularly entered to your credit. So, you see, that a great deal will depend upon the amount of work done, and the general success of our business. The amount of money taken in, has ranged from seven to nine hundred dollars, for a number of years past: ever since, indeed, you have been doing a good hand’s work. According to this rate, you may reasonably expect to lay up for yourself from eighty to a hundred dollars a year, which may go toward purchasing your freedom.”

Willis, who had every confidence in his master’s integrity, was abundantly delighted with this new arrangement. His heart bounded with joy, as he saw already in the distance, his star of freedom rising above the dark horizon which had hitherto surrounded him. He now renewed his toils with increasing energy. Late and early was he seen at the work bench with a quick step and a busy hand.

Willis possessed an ardent temperament. He was constitutionally of a buoyant and hopeful turn

of mind. And now, that he enjoyed the prospect of one day obtaining his freedom, the time passed away almost imperceptibly. Saturday night came before he was aware, and he was seen winding his way toward the little cabin where Ellen, his young wife, had been for some time looking for him, through her little window, with an anxious heart. But hearing his hurried footsteps at the door, she hastened with a cheerful spirit, and smiling face, to meet him.

"You have come at last," said she, while the dimples played upon her cheeks, and a joyous expression lit up her countenance. "I've been watching for you at the window till it got so dark I couldn't see you when you did come. I was uneasy about you for fear you was sick."

"Why," said Willis, with a smile, "you ought to know by this time, that we darkies have our masters to serve, and we come when we can, not when we will."

Willis and Ellen were now in full possession of this humble dwelling, to which were added some cooking utensils, an old bucket and gourd; while in one corner, was fixed on pins that were driven in the wall, a shelf, containing a few old dishes, cups and saucers, some cracked tumblers, a sugar bowl without a lid, a cream pot, with a piece broken off from the top, and a teapot that had lost a part of its spout. On a small supper table lay a

clean cloth, which was now spread for the evening meal, and while Ellen, with becoming diffidence, was preparing their first supper, in came Bridget with her usual bustle, and a pleasant grin on her face. She had a dish full of sweet potatoes, and a piece of roast pork. On entering the cabin she said,

“Sancho jes bin killin’ one ob his pigs, and I thought dis gal didn’t know how to fix your supper, and I jis fetch you a piece of dis, ’kase I knows white niggas don’t know how to do things like Aunt Bridget.”

But being in haste, she left, muttering as she went,

“You young folks hab to do de bes you can.”

After this little repast was over, Willis related to his wife the joyful tidings that there was a probability of his one day being free.

“And,” said he, holding up his hands, “these are the hands, when I get free, that can loose your bonds.”

Willis’ visions of freedom stretched away far in the future, and took a wide range. He had not looked thoughtfully upon the changeful scenes awaiting his beloved Ellen, for he knew not the future; and when he, from the warmth of his ardent nature, spoke of loosing bonds, he knew not with what terrible and crushing force those bonds would be tightened.

Ellen, after listening attentively to her husband



relate his prospects of freedom, seemed but little elated with hope. The time was too far distant, and there were so many intervening circumstances calculated to prevent the project from terminating favorably, that she thought it best not to be very sanguine in her expectations. The future was too dark for much encouragement.

After conversing for some time about various neighborhood matters, a rap was heard at the door and Sancho peeping in, said:

"I's come to ax you young folks, boaf on you, to come ober and take breakfus wiv us in de mornin' I jes cotch some partridges in my new net, and de old woman is pickin' on um."

"Come in, Uncle Sancho," said Ellen, smiling, for she had always felt amused at the drolleries of this old fellow servant.

"Well," said Sancho, "I don't care if I does come in a minute, and wait till de old woman gets her work done. Dese old niggas works mouty slow, somehow," and stepping up to the fire, gave it a kick with one of his boots. Then turning to Willis and Ellen, remarked that young married folks generally saw pretty good times for a while.

"But," said he, "you'll not always be dis lubbin. You can't think what a curis change they'll be a takin' place a few years from now."

At this time, a sudden stop was put to Sancho's smart sayings, by the unexpected entrance of

Bridget, with a squalling child in her arms, and scolding at the top of her voice.

“Old man,” said she, “what made you leab dis poor little nigga to crawl in de fire and burn him hand,” holding up his scorched fingers, “dat always de way if I happens to leab awhile.”

Ellen took some cotton and lard and bound up the hand of the little sufferer, and Sancho, somewhat agitated, excused himself by saying that he didn't expect to stay so long, and taking the child from Bridget, who by this time had softened down a little, bid his neighbors good night, not, however, without renewing the invitation to come over and help devour the partridges next morning.

## CHAPTER XI.

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### REFLECTIONS IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

WILLIS toiled on, with unabating energy, the ensuing year; spending only his Saturday nights and Sundays at the cabin; and, at the end of the year, was informed by his master that it required about five years more of labor to purchase his freedom. This calculation was made on the supposition, that the next five years would be as the year that had just past. Willis was not at all discouraged at this information, or rather, supposition; but a new subject now attracted his attention, and that was, the entrance of an infant daughter into the small family circle. While regarding with paternal affection and tenderness this interesting little creature, Willis sighed, as he reflected that she too was a slave. Still, however, he toiled on. But Ellen, who could do nothing to assist her husband in this enterprise was not so sanguine in her expectations; for, beside the care of her infant, she felt much solicitude for Hammond, her master, whose health was now declining, and whose business affairs



were also in a state of great derangement. And to increase the troubles of this worthy old man, his sons, despite his pious admonitions, had become idle and vicious in their habits. The surrounding country was infested with young men who were reared in idleness, and amid the romantic scenery that lies between the Kentucky and Dick's rivers, was seen occasionally peering through the beautiful cedars, a low inn where ardent spirits were sold.

Somewhere, between these two rivers, on a beautiful plain, not far from Hammond's, was a race track; and thither, at stated times, were brought the fleetest horses the country could produce, for the purpose of racing. This race-ground was a centre of attraction for the loungers and vicious characters of the surrounding towns and counties; and, for the two young Hammonds, it was a fearful maelstrom, in which they were drawn. At an early age they would steal away, and perching themselves on some elevated place, in the vicinity of this race-ground, would watch the races with intense interest.

In addition to the profligacy of the two sons, the two daughters, Jane and Amelia, were extravagant in dress, and were frequently attired in all the gaudy parade of fashion, such as, costly jewelry, rich silk and satin dresses, fine shawls and bonnets, etc., etc. And now, as the father's health

did not permit him to attend to his affairs, the estate was involved before he was aware of it. He was soon confined to his bed, and although impressed with the belief that his stay on earth would be short, he made no will, but left the entire estate in the hands of his wife, to be disposed of according to law.

While in this lingering condition, Hammond's thoughts were occupied about death and the future world. His sun of life was fast declining, and his greatest desire, now, was to arrange all his earthly business with a view to the final judgement.

One thing, at this period, greatly troubled him, and that was his connection with slavery. Calling his wife to his bedside, one afternoon, while this subject pressed heavily upon his mind, he said :

"I desire, my dear Fanny, to let you know some of the troubles of my heart."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Hammond, "and what has happened?"

"O! nothing," replied Mr. Hammond, "but what you have been familiar with for many long years."

"And, pray tell me," said Mrs. Hammond, "for I have not been apprized of anything, of late years, that has given you special trouble."

"That may have been my misfortune," said Mr. Hammond, "that the troubles which I now endure were not more deeply felt at an earlier period of life. You know," continued he, "that I have long

been the owner of a considerable number of slaves. It is well known to them, however, that I provided for them as well as was in my power; and they were never oppressed while under my control. But, on reflection, I have been led to the conclusion, that in all my connection with slavery, a great injustice has been done my family, to say nothing of my slaves. My sons have grown up in idleness, which has been, in a great measure, the result of having slaves to labor for them. And their idle habits have led to various kinds of vicious pursuits, which, I much fear, will lead to their ruin. But not only have we seen the evils of slavery as regards our sons, but look at its influence upon our daughters. They have done but little labor, in the whole course of their lives, thus far. Yet, you see how much it takes to support them. They must dress in the best style of the day; spend most of their time in visiting and receiving company; and all their dependence, for a support, is upon the labor of our poor slaves.

“After serious reflection, upon these things,” continued Mr. Hammond, “it strikes me forcibly that the introduction of slavery into my family has been a grievous calamity. But the past cannot now be helped; and although we may learn some useful lessons in retrospecting the errors of past life, yet it is a matter of still greater importance that we amend our lives in future.”



“But, what amendment would you suggest?” inquired Mrs. Hammond.

“I have been thinking,” said Hammond, “of fixing upon some plan for the emancipation of my slaves. I think you may see clearly that it would be the best thing that could possibly be done for my children. I have endeavored to train them right, but it has been a sad failure; and, of late, I have been led to think that the displeasure of the Almighty has rested upon me, on account of the course I have pursued in their early training. I have endeavored to teach them the way of a religious life; but I fear that I have deviated from that way too much myself. The truth is, I never was fully satisfied that the institution of slavery, as it exists in this country, is compatible with the religion of the Bible, although I have purchased and held in bondage a considerable number of them in the course of my life, and the most of them are in my possession yet. But, poor creatures! where they will be scattered, in a few years from now, is the trouble. And while I feel no remorse of conscience for the way I have dealt with them hitherto, yet it horrifies me to look into the future and contemplate the calamities that may yet befall them.”

“But why,” interrupted Mrs. Hammond, just here, “why should you now be looking, as we sometimes say, upon the dark side of the picture?”

The Saviour says, 'Let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"Your quotation, my dear, I believe is right," said Mr. Hammond; "yet, surely, the application you make is incorrect. The Saviour would teach us to depend upon the kind providence of our Heavenly Father; and that, so far as it regards the future, we should not be anxious, for that would evince a feeling of distrust. But the same blessed Teacher who encourages us to rely upon the Divine goodness, requires us also to do unto others as we would they should unto us; for this is the law and the prophets. In my present situation I find a serious difficulty in fulfilling this precept without making a change in the direction of my affairs. My sons are profligate in their manners, and I see no prospect of a reformation. If I leave my business in their hands it will not be a great while before the estate is involved, and these slaves, now living in comparative ease and comfort, will be sold to satisfy the claims of creditors, and no one can tell into whose hands they will fall. Some may go to the far South; others may be sold to cruel masters in our own State; husbands and wives, and parents and children, may be separated, never again to be united in this present world. And should you have entire control of my business the prospects for my slaves would be

no brighter, as you are incapable of managing so many hands, who have never been accustomed to your oversight. So it appears evident, to my mind, that unless my slaves are set free, or their freedom arranged for before I go hence, there is every probability that most of them, perhaps all, may yet come to a lamentable destiny."

Mrs. Hammond, who knew but little about the affairs of her husband, was much alarmed at the threatening aspect they seemed now to assume. But fearing that Hammond's solicitude for his slaves was likely to weigh down his spirits, she urged him to be as much composed as possible, and consoled him with the reflection, that he had long served God, and now, that he was old and infirm, he would not be forsaken.

"And now, my dear husband," said she, "I want that good minister, living at H——, to visit us, and he may, by his counsel, afford some light as to what is the best course for you to pursue, in these matters, for I am sure I don't know."

"I shall be very happy to see him," said Mr. Hammond, "and, as the distance is not great, suppose you call on him soon, and invite him to spend a day with us, when he finds leisure to do so."

"Very well," said Mrs. Hammond, "and, now do, my dear, be quiet and let nothing trouble you; put trust in the Lord, and all things shall turn out well in the end."



## CHAPTER XII.

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### THE PASTOR'S CONSOLATION.

IT WAS NOT long after this conversation, between Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, until the minister residing at H—— was sent for, and the day was set for the desired visit. When the time arrived, Hammond sent a servant, early in the morning, with a horse and carriage, accompanied with a note requesting the minister to come as soon as possible and spend the rest of the day with him. This request was accordingly complied with, and early in the day the minister made his appearance at the residence of his afflicted friend. Immediately upon entering the chamber of the sick, after the usually interchanged compliments, the conversation turned upon the subject of religion.

“I trust, brother,” said the minister to Mr. Hammond, “you feel that your peace is made with God, and that now you are waiting, with patience, until your change come.”

“The great business of my life for years past,” replied Hammond, “has been to seek peace and

ensue it. But now I am contending with the waves—they have of late passed over me, and all my powers have been employed, for days and weeks past to find some Scriptural deliverance from these tossings of soul."

A deep seriousness now seemed to settle upon the countenance of the minister, as he listened to the outpourings of a troubled spirit. "Do you wish," inquired he of Hammond, "to make any special communication to me on this subject?"

"That is my wish," replied Hammond, "and I hope you will deal candidly with me, as I must soon go to my final reckoning with God."

"Most certainly," answered the minister, "it is a very responsible task, for one to administer the consolations of the Gospel to the afflicted and dying; but to those above all others, we should be careful not to say, 'Peace, peace,' unless God has spoken to them in the same soul-cheering language."

"You certainly take a proper view of ministerial responsibility," said Hammond. "Sincerity should characterize all the dealings of a minister with immortal souls for whom Christ died. But, without detaining you further, rehearsing mere abstract truths, I will state to you, briefly, the cause which has led to my present distress of mind. I am a slaveholder. For many years past I have owned a considerable number of slaves. In purchasing

them, I was influenced by the prejudices of the times and the customs of the people around me. I endeavored to persuade myself that as the people of this State will hold, in bondage, the poor African, it might, perhaps, be an act of mercy, in me, to purchase slaves and take that care of them which would ensure them a greater amount of happiness than they would be likely to enjoy were they left to the chances of protection and a good home wherever the current of events might fix their destiny. I have long tried to persuade myself that the institution of slavery is only evil as it is made so by tyrants and oppressors and traffickers in human flesh and blood. But I honestly confess to you, my brother, that after much reflection upon this subject, I am impressed with the belief that slavery is an essential evil in human society; that the institution itself, is at variance with all the benign, redeeming principles of Christianity; and that the remedy of such an evil must be its extirpation. And if God, in his infinite mercy, should prolong my life for a while, I hope to be able, before I finish my work upon earth, to set on foot some successful plan for the emancipation of my slaves."

"Well," said the minister, "it is truly gratifying to me to find you so ready to conform to the precept which requires all to 'Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.' And remember,



that a willing mind is always accepted before God, according to that a man hath and not according to that he hath not. I would say to you, moreover, that were it a duty, under ordinary circumstances, for you to emancipate your slaves, I think, in your present condition, that obligation would not be imperious. Such is your state of health, at present, that you should not be agitated on any subject whatever.

“And, as it respects your views on slavery,” continued the minister, “I am inclined to think you are in error; although your aims, I doubt not, are pure. The Bible nowhere, that I am aware, utters a word against slavery. The relative duties of both master and slave are pointed out. Leniency and a reasonable forbearance should ever characterize the master—submission and fidelity, the slave. But, to say that any man is bound, as a Christian, to manumit his slaves, is more than can be proved from the Word of God. Under the Mosaic economy, slavery was established by Divine authority. This is unquestionable. The Jewish slaveholder possessed not merely a nominal, but also an absolute ownership in his slaves. This right extended to their persons, their goods, and, in many instances, their lives. And, under the Christian dispensation, we find no new law regulating the institution of slavery? In the days of Christ, slavery existed under the Roman empire,

in its most rigorous forms. But what was the course pursued by this infallible Teacher respecting the then existing institution of slavery? In all his teachings, both in public and in private, we have not one word about slavery, either directly or indirectly. Had it been his intention to abolish an institution with which the nations of the earth were every where familiar, it is reasonable to suppose that such design would have been revealed, and that the Apostles would have propagated the anti-slavery doctrines of their master in every part of the world where they published the tidings of salvation. But no such doctrines have been transmitted to our times. The New Testament is totally silent on this subject. But, it certainly will not be maintained, by any one conversant with the primitive history of Christianity, that the Apostles, either through fear or from motives of policy, omitted noticing any moral wrongs that deserved a rebuke at their hands. Their voice was lifted up against all ungodliness and superstition and corrupt forms of religious worship. No threats nor punishments could deter them from their duty. They proclaimed open hostility to every doctrine, influence, and religion that opposed Christianity. And, mark their success: they preached against the religion of the heathen and it was abolished; they preached against the temples of heathenism, and despite their splendor and magnificence, they

were deserted; they preached against the very gods so much adored and revered by heathen nations, and viewed as the guardians of the state, and as the immediate authors of all good. And what was the grand result? Let prophecy tell: 'The gods, that made not the heavens and the earth, have perished from the earth and from under these heavens.' But, amidst all these successes and triumphs, we hear not one word against the institution of slavery, which, to my own mind, is the strongest possible presumptive evidence that Messiah, the great prophet and infallible expounder of the doctrines and morals of the new religion, never designed his Gospel to interfere with the relations of master and slaves; and, in accordance with this view of the subject, we find the relative duties of the one and the other set forth by those very disciples who were called and sent forth into all parts of the world to publish the truths of unerring wisdom."

Hammond listened to this learned argument with undivided attention; and remaining silent for a minute or two after the minister was done, observed, somewhat pleasantly, "It is remarkable what various and conflicting views mankind will have about the way of obedience; and all derived from Scripture." He added nothing further, just then; but it was evident that the learned divine had failed to convince him that American slavery is authorized by the Bible.



And now, gentle reader, consider, for a moment, the position of a minister of the New Testament, maintaining the horrible doctrine held forth in the hearing of one just upon the confines of the eternal world. Does not a Christian minister—one who truly follows Christ—"preach deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound?" Should he not deliver the soul-cheering and redeeming, and disenthraling proclamation of the Gospel? Does "a preacher of righteousness" proclaim, in any sense whatever, "deliverance to the captive," when he maintains that slavery is a part of the Divine administration, and, in proof of his doctrine, appeals to the Bible, the only infallible charter of human liberty? Is it at all likely that this kind of preaching will ever tend to the opening of prison-doors, and to the binding up of hearts, broken and crushed by the slaveholder and the tyranny of oppressors? Most surely not. It is, moreover, to be feared, that the pastor's cry of "Peace, peace! when there is no peace," is but too common in our land, and often serves to mislead plain and conscientious men, who show a willingness to yield to the dictates of revealed truth, and "let the oppressed go free."

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### A KENTUCKY SLAVE-TRADER.

WE WILL now take leave, for a time, of our friend Hammond, and introduce to the reader a Kentucky slave-trader. And this the writer considers of some importance, as the impression seems to be prevalent in these Northern States, that all the great traders in human flesh and blood, are from the far South. But we shall soon see the incorrectness of such an impression.

Kentucky has not only produced many slaves for a Southern market, but also a respectable (?) number of slave-merchants, who have figured in this line of business extensively.

One of these traders, Mr. Hardy, we will notice, as he now comes immediately under our observation, and our narrative would be incomplete, were he passed by without some attention.

Mr. Hardy was not one of those coarse, low-bred characters we sometimes hear of, and about whom we often read. True, in early life, his educational advantages were limited, and his attention was

wholly turned to agricultural pursuits. Though poor during early life, he inherited, after the death of a wealthy relative, a considerable estate, and at the age of twenty-two, married a young lady of fortune. He was now ranked among the wealthy men of one of the richest districts in central Kentucky. And, without doubt, the intelligent reader is aware, that in the central part of this State, there is an extensive scope of country, which, for fertility of soil and picturesque beauty, is supposed by many who have traveled extensively, to be one of the most delightful portions of the habitable globe.

This beautiful region was for years a theater for the exploits of Mr. Hardy, the slave-trader. Here it was, that he amassed great wealth in agricultural pursuits. His farm was exceedingly productive. It yielded an abundance of nearly all the staple products of the State. And in addition to this, it was well adapted to raising stock.

One would have thought that with such resources, the owner of so valuable a farm would have aimed at nothing further, as a means of accumulating wealth. But poor, frail man! his avarice is unbounded. Mr. Hardy, not satisfied with vast fields of corn and oats, and hemp; and meadows waving with most luxuriant grass; and the richest of pastures, affording sustenance and cooling shades for immense herds of cattle and hogs, and mules; all this did not satisfy the enlarged desires of Mr.



Hardy. The annual profits on the products of the earth, and of "four footed beasts," failed to satisfy him. His profits on "live stock," especially, were too meagre—he must enlarge the business. Accordingly, the slave traffic was suggested to his mind. He engaged in it and "bought, and sold, and got gain."

The year following this, his first speculation in slaves, Mr. Hardy aspired to office, and thrust himself before the people of his county as a candidate to represent them the ensuing session of the Legislature. This was supposed by many, at the time, to be a somewhat quixotic movement on the part of Hardy, as two other candidates, Messrs. Mercer and Thompson, had been in the field for a considerable time before his name was announced to the public as a rival.

The two candidates above named, were prominent members of the bar, and were, as a matter of course, supposed to be somewhat conversant with the politics of the day. When the rumor first went abroad that Hardy had all of a sudden turned politician, Mercer and Thompson, and their respective friends, were not a little amused at the idea. As a farmer, a slave-trader, and a man of wealth, they knew sufficiently well how he could figure before the people; but as a politician and rival candidate for office, they held him in utter contempt. The race was, moreover, supposed to be between

Mercer and Thompson, and those gentlemen gave themselves but little trouble about the third candidate, who followed them in the field at so late a period of the contest.

To do justice to our hero, Mr. Hardy, it should here be stated that the county in which he was contending for political honor, was of Whig politics, by such an overwhelming majority, that no aspirant of the other party ever thought it worth his while to spend his time and breath in contending with the fearful odds against him. The three candidates, then, above named, were Whigs, and of course the foremost on the track would be proclaimed victor.

Well, now for the contest, and the tumult, and the strife of three candidates, all at full speed on the political race course.

Let us first notice Mr. Hardy. He was a man of indomitable energy. This was, indeed, his most striking characteristic. In what enterprise soever he saw fit to engage, he put forth all his strength. As to intellectual culture, he was far inferior to the other two candidates. But he possessed a self-determining will, a courage that no opposition could daunt. He bore, in this respect, a striking resemblance to Ajax, who, according to Homer, possessed undoubted valor, but was deficient in intellectual powers. And like Ajax, when clothed by Hercules with the skin of the Nemean

lion, he proved invulnerable. No opposition could discourage him, nor did it really accomplish much. While his opponents were everywhere endeavoring to rouse the public against him on the ground of his previous connection with the slave trade, he was busily engaged among the poorer classes, distributing the gold coin, called by the people there the "yellow boys," which was dealt out by him with a lavish hand. And through the influence of the *yellow boys*, was the day declared in his favor, despite all that could be said and done to the contrary.

But in the meantime Mercer and Thompson were not idle. The contest, however, as already remarked, was supposed to be between these two gentlemen. Nevertheless, in this the people were greatly mistaken. On the first day of the election, it was ascertained, by noon, that Hardy had far outstripped his competitors for office. Even in the town of L—, the seat of justice for the county, he was triumphant. And in the southern precincts, and up and down every rill and creek, remote from the town, he swept all opposition right before him. And by afternoon of the first day of election, the older citizens of L—, were astounded as they saw the couriers coming in at full speed, waving their hats in the air, and hallooing at the top of their voices,

"Hurrah for our side. Hurrah for h—ll, our



side's beat. O, you Mercer and Thompson men, you can't come it. Hardy's beat you all holler!"

This, however, was considered by some as a mere bravado, designed to discourage the friends of the other parties, and induce them to relax their efforts. Before midnight, however, the election of Hardy was ascertained beyond the possibility of a remaining doubt.

The question was soon afterwards raised, "How has it happened that the candidate whose claims and qualifications for office have been so much decried about here, has been elected?"

Sometime afterward, in a very intelligent circle, in the town of L——, this question was investigated. After prolonged discussion, one remarks, with evident chagrin,

"Well, this election is a great mystery, I must confess;" a second, "it is a great shame;" a third, "it has no parallel in the history of our county elections;" and a fourth, "it is a great stigma upon every thing like truth and justice." "Now," said a fifth, "you are coming right home to the subject. Hardy has been very actively engaged during the canvass, in endeavoring to make the laboring classes believe he takes a great interest in their welfare. If they were black, he would buy them, and sell them down South, just as long as he could make the business profitable. And there is one thing about this man's career which ought not to

be overlooked, and that is, he has made a great deal of money in the slave-trade, and has used that same money, in one way or other, to procure his election. So he buys the black man and sells him, and makes money enough in the transaction, to buy up a sufficient number of white men to control our county election!"

But, dear reader, I will pursue this subject no farther, at present, but unceremoniously leave this interesting little company to their further reflections on the subject under consideration. This picture is sufficiently dark, but remember, it is one that is drawn from "real life."

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### FEARFUL FOREBODINGS.

It is now time that we turn and pay our last respects to our good friend Hammond. Disease is now rapidly hastening him to the grave. A few more days, or weeks at farthest, and his earthly pilgrimage must close. He is fully apprised of his situation, and is doing all that one in his circumstances can do, to arrange for the future. But the time is too short, and frail, trembling mortality may not now endure the anxious care necessary to accomplish the work most desired to be done.

We have already seen Hammond distressed in mind, on account of the exposed condition of his slaves. And during his entire illness, this subject occasioned him much care and solicitude. The views of the learned divine mentioned in a previous chapter, were by no means satisfactory, as the God of humanity was thereby represented as being the author of slavery. This view was revolting to the feelings of Hammond, and on his dying bed he



would have gladly provided for the freedom of his slaves, had the situation of his affairs rendered it practicable. But his condition was peculiar. Through the recklessness and extravagance of his family, he was much involved in debt. And in Kentucky it often happens, upon the death of one largely in debt, that the slaves of the deceased are seized upon before any other property that can be produced. It should be said, moreover, that in cases of indebtedness, slaves are almost invariably the first species of property exposed to public sale; and this is true of all classes of debtors owning slaves, unless it be those whose liabilities fall below the ordinary value of a slave. This point deserves some illustration.

Suppose a Kentucky farmer owns a tract of land, say two hundred acres. He owns from ten to fifteen slaves, six or eight head of horses, and nothing more than an ordinary amount of cattle, hogs, and sheep, etc. This farmer gets in debt; say from eight hundred to a thousand dollars, and his property is exposed to Sheriff's sale. In such case, the slave is the first property seized, as all the rest of "live stock" on the place would not, at the ordinary rates, more than pay the debt.

Hence, we see, how, in Kentucky, indebtedness often exposes the poor slave to fearful and perilous times.

In this situation we see the slaves of Hammond,

as he drew near the hour of his earthly dissolution. And much as he regretted their condition, he was now unable to prevent that which he most dreaded. Had he recovered from the paralyzing stroke of disease long enough to effect a change in the posture of his affairs, he might have closed his earthly career in the most perfect composure of mind. But he was called away in the midst of regrets and apprehensions, and his business was left to the management of his wife—a woman of a kind and generous nature, but ill-calculated to bring the weighty matters entrusted to her hands to a favorable issue.

Hammond died, and soon a change came over the aspect of things about the premises left behind. The inquisitive creditor was soon seen wending his way to the lonely dwelling of the disconsolate widow; not, however, as may well be supposed, for the purpose of condolence, but that he may secure that which he claimed as his right. Visitors now became sufficiently plenty, and all deeply interested—for themselves.

It was now ascertained that a considerable number of debts must soon be paid; the eager creditors, as is usual in such cases, representing that they were in pressing need of money. Several valuable field-hands were soon disposed of, besides a small flock of sheep, some cattle and hogs, that could be spared. Still, the debts were not all paid; and

after some consultation in the family, it was agreed to sell a part of the land belonging to the estate, the proceeds of which were applied to the payment of all other dues; and thus the prying interest of creditors was, for a time, suspended.

The waves were now still, and, for a time, the current seemed to glide on smoothly.

Willis, who had been watching all these vicissitudes with deep interest, having now obtained his freedom, was seen plodding his way through the twilight of Saturday evening, to his humble cabin.

On entering, he found Ellen, who had finished the toils of another week, sitting with her Bible in her hand. She was endeavoring to seek happiness in the religion of the Bible, as without it, earth would have been to her a dreary waste.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, in came Uncle Sancho, whose sad expression of countenance, and tattered garments, told of hard times.

"I's told," said he to Willis, "dat you's gwine to leab us. Sorry for dat, 'kase we all has hard times here—ebery thing gwine out, and nothin' comin' in; de riber itself wou'd go dry 'reckly, at dat rate. Ebery thing begin to look like Massa's gone, sure 'nough. Missis 'pears to be tryin' to do de best she can, but she don't know how to manage on 'em; and de boys is cuttin' up all sorts o' ways to vex her. De gals, for dar parts, got to buyin' more finery than eber they pay



for, wid out dey sell de rest on us. I 'specks I'll be sold arter while."

"I know one," said Willis, pleasantly, turning to Ellen, "I know one that will be sold, after while, if I can have my way. I intend to buy that one myself."

"You'd better be seein' 'bout dat quick as ye can," said Sancho—

"Dar's many a slip  
'Tween de cup and de lip."

as my old massa used to say. Things is gittin' mouty through other here, I jes tell you, da is. I'd like to see things gwine on well, but if da eber does it'll be arter to-day, for boaf my young massas gittin' wuss and wuss ebery day o' dar lives, and de gals is so 'spensive da'll take 'bout couple on us black folks to keep 'um out 'un debt."

"That looks hard," said Willis, "but let us hope for the best."

"Well, raly," said Sancho, "if da any room to hope, I'd be for hopin' 'bout as quick as de next one. But as to my part, I don't see nothin' to hope for."

Sancho guessed pretty well. Hoping, in this case, was to "hope against hope." True, at this time, the estate of the widow, of which Uncle Sancho was part and parcel, was not involved; but the sagacious old man remembered how things had been and he judged of the future by the past.

Early the next morning, Willis took an affectionate leave of his wife, and left for the city of L——, to continue his exertions in the cause of freedom.

It is a little remarkable that Willis had long cherished the hope of raising an amount of money while working at his trade, sufficient to secure his wife's freedom; and he was, moreover, impressed with the belief, that in the city of L——, success would crown his labors sooner than in any other place that he could go. Accordingly, to the city of L——, he repaired, and wrought at his trade. With what success we shall hereafter see.

## CHAPTER XV.

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### LAST HOURS OF AN INEBRIATE.

LEAVING now, this part of our narrative, we return to Clayton's elegant mansion among the cliffs. Years had passed; and time, which ever sweeps onward through creation, bearing age and infirmity to the bourne beyond; fading the fire and the rose from the eye and the cheek of thoughtful manhood, and, at the same time maturing infancy, and decking the cheek of youth with beauty and bloom—time had passed here, tinging the face of all things with his own hues.

On a low couch, in the family apartment sat an infant daughter, dressed in white muslin: her round arms were bare; a strand of coral encircled her fair neck; her eyes were of the mildest blue, and golden ringlets played around her sunny brow, as she rattled her toys and looked toward her mother, the dimples played on her sweet face. Close beside sat Mrs. Clayton, but a sallow hue was on her once fair cheek, and traces of care



marked the thoughtful brow. The long bright hair, slightly touched by time, was smoothly parted on her forehead. Her eyes, as they looked out on the beautiful landscape and then rested on her sweet babe, like the moon shining through the mists of night, beamed with a sorrowful lustre.

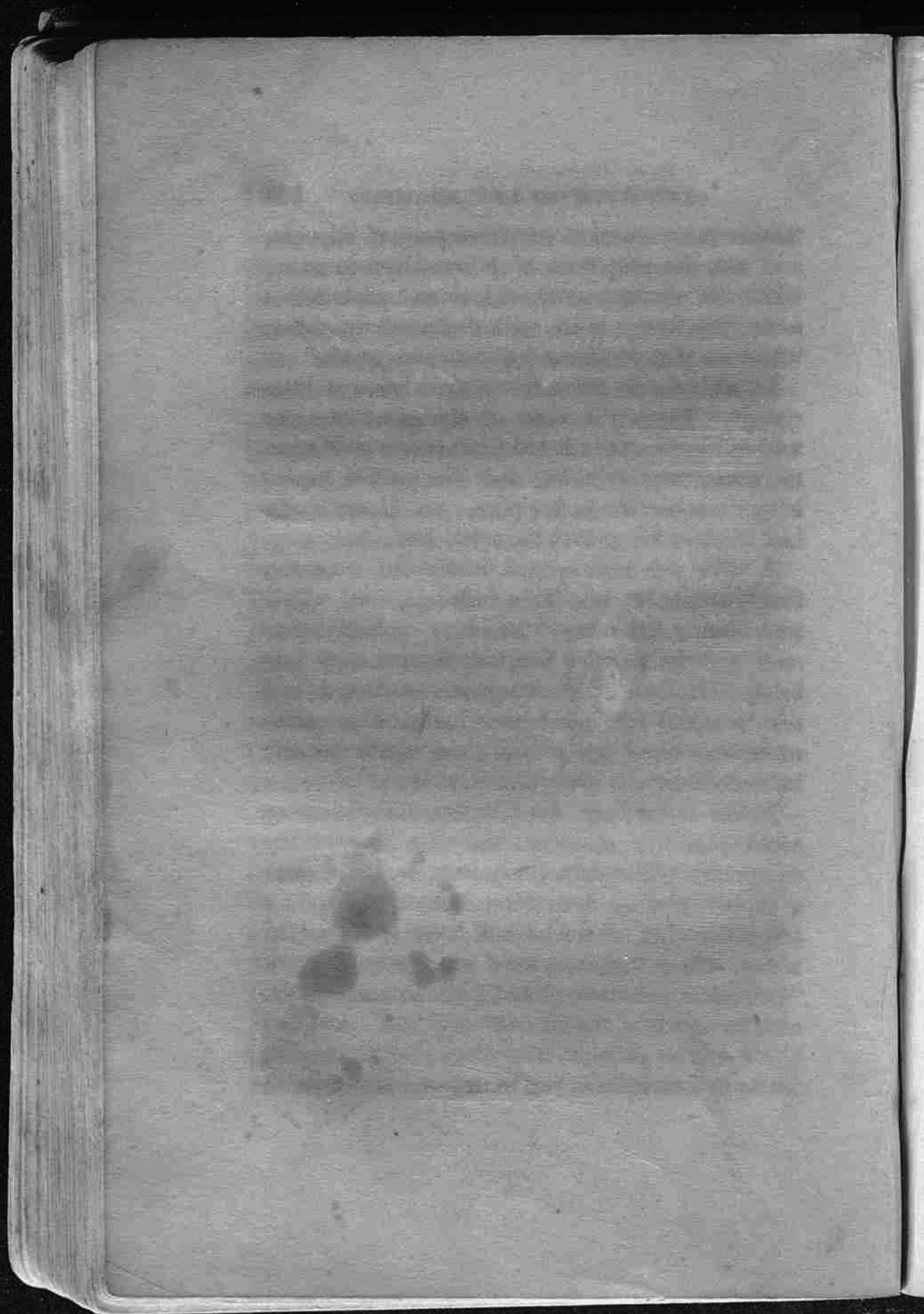
"Julia," said she to a genteel looking woman who was busily adjusting things about the room, "Did you prepare that pitcher of ice-water for your master?" "Yes ma'am, replied Julia, and continued her work.

Julia was dressed in faded calico and an apron of check; a common kerchief concealed her beautiful ringlets. Her manner was somewhat harsh as she hurried through the apartment, brushing and arranging chairs and tables; for it seems that her occupation had been changed from a seamstress to that of a housekeeper.

In the wide hall, for it was summer, sat two handsome boys, dressed in light apparel. One was playing on a flute, with a music book beside him; the other was reading Paul Clifford, one of Bulwer's most celebrated novels. A sprightly boy came in, bearing a striking resemblance to the two already noticed, but in appearance some younger: his eyes and cheeks were touched with a deeper hue; and from the linen apron he wore he was known to be a slave. Stepping forward to these young lads, whom he recognized as his little mas-



See Page 108.





ters, he threw down a couple of pairs of slippers, and after drawing their boots was about to retire, when one young master said, in an authoritative tone, "Black my boots well, Jerome;" the other, "And see that you have my boots here quick."

In, and around the quarter, there was but little change. The shrill voice of the same overseer was still occasionally heard; but poor old Winny, the cook, was no more, and Tempy the house-keeper was serving in her place; and Uncle Toney had followed his wife to the spirit land.

A door was now opened, which led from the family apartment to a large bedroom, from which was heard a sad moan. Beside an open window, on a rich lounge, lay Clayton, the unhappy inebriate. He had been intemperate—reformed, and then relapsed into his former habits of intemperance—reformed again, and then again became intemperate.

It was unfortunate for Clayton, that he never could pass by, unheeded, the siren song of the voluptuary. His only safety was, in keeping at a proper distance from those scenes of reveling and dissipation, where he had been so often lead astray. His manners were often corrupted by "evil communications;" and while listening to the enticing words of the votaries of pleasure, alluring him into the paths of the destroyer, he seemed not to possess sufficient sternness of disposition to

withhold his consent. Against this weakness of his nature he should have sedulously guarded.

Fabulous history informs us that the Fates had ordained, that the Sirens should live until some one who, in passing by, should hear their music and yet escape alive. To Ulysses and Orpheus was this honor given: the one escaped by being tied to the mast of a ship; the other by the sweet music of his harp, and the delightful strains in which he sung praises to the gods, surpassing in effect the rapturous music of the Siren's themselves.

But how few, comparatively, of the voyagers upon the sea of human life may be found, who, like Ulysses and Orpheus, make timely preparation to avoid the dangers and disasters consequent upon listening to the transporting music of the Sirens! How few who steadily refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer! How often is it, that the wayward youth becomes attracted—enticed—allured, until the magic influence of some master passion lulls to a dreamy quietness the finer sensibilities of the soul, and hushes, as in the stillness of death, the voice of conscience; and, at length, with resistless force, hurries the poor soul within the circling eddies of that whirlpool, where destruction shall be the final—the irreversible doom!

Such was the fate of the unfortunate Clayton.

And here he now lay: sometimes muttering strange things, while he seemed to be sleeping, and his bewildered imagination wandered uncontrolled; then starting up, as if escaping from the jaws of some horrid monster, or had been saved from tumbling down some fearful precipice, he would grasp convulsively at an imagined object; then, opening his eyes, would look wildly around the apartment, as if in search of the disturber of his repose, and moaning audibly, would again close his eyes. His family, having been accustomed to seeing him affected similarly after excessive indulgence in strong drink, were not now seriously alarmed. But he continued on till evening, sometimes muttering the wild imaginings of a disordered brain; at other times raving incoherently. In vain he tried to slake his burning thirst with the ice-water which his good Eliza had ordered to be prepared for him, for such was the inflammatory state of his blood, that it coursed like flame, through his veins, till it reached his brain; large drops of perspiration rolled from his livid brow; his bloated face was strangely distorted, and he shrieked aloud, "They have come; O God! save me." He now sprang from the lounge, and after rushing wildly around the apartment for a moment, tearing down curtains, and dashing into pieces every thing that came in his way, he seized a pistol, and escaped from the room. By this time the family,



filled with consternation, were attracted to the the apartment; and, so shocking was the spectacle, that Mrs. Clayton fainted. One of the boys ran for the overseer, and the other for a physician. The overseer came in a few minutes; the physician came also. Clayton, the meantime, was raving around the front yard, and like some fearful demon, destroying every thing in his path. "We must seize him at once," said the doctor, "and confine him." The overseer advancing, Clayton stopped, and bursting into tears, seized him by the hand. "You have come to help me," said he wildly: "they went that way," continued he, pointing to a back gate.

"Who?" inquired the overseer.

"The robbers! the robbers!" said Clayton, making a desperate bound in that direction. The overseer following, seized him by the arm. Clayton, as if suddenly recollecting, exclaimed, "O! my wife and children." Then starting toward the house, he entered the family apartment, followed by the overseer and doctor, who, on entering, locked the door after them. Clayton, after looking round the room, as in quest of his family, ran to the door, but finding it locked, rushed to the window, and with a chair broke the lower sash in pieces. The overseer and physician now seized and succeeded in confining him. On finding himself subdued, Clayton became more rational. He

called for his wife, who came trembling to him. "O! Eliza," said he, "I am going to die. I want you to send for Mr. ——, the minister, if it is not too late. I would like to have him pray."

The minister was sent for, who came with all possible speed, but Clayton was no longer conscious; for reason was gone, and gone forever. In this situation he continued for two days, alternately muttering and raving, until his voice failed, his flushed cheek faded, and his eyes were dim in death.

## CHAPTER XVI.

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### THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS.

It was early in winter, and the white frost was slowly falling through the moonlight, that Isaac Hammond entered his mother's apartment, accompanied by a Mr. Savage, a plain, common looking farmer, who was in pursuit of a good house servant. Upon making known his business, Ellen was immediately called for. Savage scanned her closely, and after some inquiries as to her health, business qualifications, disposition, etc., he proposed purchasing her.

Mrs. Hammond, whose circumstances now required that money should, by some means, be raised to satisfy the demands of a few imperious creditors, found it convenient to dispose of her favorite house-servant. Not being acquainted with Savage, she informed him of a pledge that she had made to Ellen's husband, and that was, that she should not be sold to a Southern trader, nor to any one living out of the county.



"Her husband," said Mrs. Hammond, "expects me to keep her, according to promise. It wouldn't do, you know, to break a promise, such a one as I made. Ellen's husband is hard at work, trying to make money enough to buy his wife and this little girl," pointing to a child standing near her. "He thinks that in the course of a few years from this time, he will be able to purchase his wife and this girl; and she has a young babe now, which of course he expects to purchase; I must arrange for him to buy all. He may buy one at a time, or all together, just as he likes. I must have it in the bargain, however, that if you buy Ellen and her child now, you must not sell her out of the county."

"O, of course not," said Savage, "I am not buying this woman to speculate on, or anything that way. I want a good housekeeper, and I must find one soon, somewhere."

"Ellen," said Mrs. Hammond, "is not a regular cook, but then she's so apt, she would soon learn."

"To be sure," said Savage, "we would soon show her how to do any work that has to be done at our house."

After a few remarks further from Mrs. Hammond, respecting Ellen's many good qualities, Savage agreed to pay seven hundred dollars, the sum required for Ellen and her infant child.

By this time, Isaac Hammond reminded Savage

that it was growing late, and that he must return home.

"If you stay with me to-night," continued he, "suppose we start."

"I guess matters are understood," said Savage, and rising from his seat, started toward the door. Then turning to Mrs. Hammond, remarked, that he would call for Ellen early the next Friday morning; and requested that she would have things in readiness for a removal by that time.

No sooner had Savage left, than Ellen, who was in her cabin, waiting with much anxiety to hear the result, was again called in to her mistress.

Ellen came weeping. She was horror-stricken at the very thought of falling into the hands of Savage.

"Have you sold me?" inquired Ellen of her mistress, in faltering accents.

"Yes, I have sold you," answered Mrs. Hammond, "but then you needn't be afraid, I guess. You'll not have a great deal more to do there than here, and you have such a way of getting along with everybody, you can get along almost anywhere about here, and do pretty much as you like."

"Well," said Ellen, "that man you have sold me to, looks like he had a cruel disposition. I never saw him before, but if I am not mistaken, he has very little feeling for a slave. And then I am so

much afraid that after all the pains Willis has taken to lay up money to buy me, I'll be sold round to one or the other till there will be no chance for us."

"Never mind that," said her mistress, "it is in the bargain that you're not to be sold out of the county, at any time. If Willis gets money to buy you, it will make no difference, you know; it will be about as convenient for him to buy you of Mr. Savage, as to buy you of me."

At this, Ellen, with a look of despondent submission, silently retreated to her cabin, where, till a late hour of the night, she poured out her heart to God in prayer, for the continuance of that sustaining grace which was now her only hope.

Mrs. Hammond was a woman of a kind heart, but her judgment was poor. In selling Ellen, she had failed to calculate the chances that were against the success of Willis, in purchasing his beloved wife, at any reasonable price. Besides, in that sale, there was nothing more than what, in common parlance is called "an understanding," that matters should be so and so.

But Ellen, with much greater clearness of perception than her mistress, viewed all such "understandings," made on behalf of Kentucky slaves, as amounting to little or nothing. And even old Sancho, droll, humorous, good-natured, thoughtful Sancho, with his wise saying, learned from his



good old master, could have taught his mistress a lesson. His shrewd proverb,

“Dar’s many a slip  
’Tween de cup and de lip.”

uttered some time before this, had sunk deep into Ellen’s heart. But her mistress had thought little on the future destiny of her slaves. Her aim was to do well for them all; yet she was easily deceived by representations, either from members of her own family, or from strangers. Hence, there was but little for her slaves to hope while under her jurisdiction.

Next morning, Sancho and Bridget having got an intimation of the sale of Ellen, came into her cabin.

“I spose,” said Sancho, “you’s gwine to be sold, is you, Ellen?”

“Yes,” said Ellen, with a tremulous voice, “this is what I might have been looking for long ago, the way things go on here.”

“Well, I specks,” said Aunt Bridget, “we’s all gwine to be sold one by one till ebery poor nigga on dis place goes; for dese gals is jis ’spensive now as eber da was, and more too. But I does hope when my time comes, me and my old man’ll boaf be sold togever; and I don’t want that ar man Savage to git holt on us, for da say de way he licks dem poor critters dar, drefful to tell.”

“Now stop all dat kind o’ talk,” interrupted

Sancho, "don't make abody take trouble, as der say, by de foretop, 'kaze it'll be hard 'nough to take it when it comes, and let abody take it arterwards, well as da can."

But then Ellen saw pretty clearly some of the hardships ahead. "The coming events had cast their shadows before them."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### TEMPORARY DISAPPOINTMENT OF A TRADER.

EARLY the next morning, while a cold breeze blew from the north, and the trees and shrubbery glittered in the hoar frost, Mrs. Hammond and her two daughters were seated by a good log fire which blazed on the hearth of the family apartment, busily plying their morning task, when a sudden rap was heard at the front door, and the next moment Mr. Hardy, our Kentucky slave-trader, was in the presence of the ladies. He stood before them in his native dignity, with his hat in one hand, and a fine cane in the other, bowing with so much grace and elegance, that the ladies really felt themselves to be in the presence of some superior personage. They had often heard of this distinguished trader, of whom they had formed opinions almost as unfavorable as had the poor slaves themselves.

"Ladies," said Mr. Hardy, immediately after being invited to a seat by the fire, "I suppose I am right, am I not? Is not this the place where there is a yellow woman for sale? or have you already sold her?"



"Not yet," answered Mrs. Hammond; "that is, we have not fully concluded, though there was a man here the other day wanting to trade for her, but she is so distressed about it, I hardly know what to do."

"Well," said Hardy, "I hope I find you in a good humor this morning, and ready to strike a bargain. I heard late last evening that you had an extra good hand, a house-woman, for sale. I am buying up a number of select hands for the South, and if you feel like trading, I will give you a good bargain."

"Mr. Savage," said Mrs. Hammond, "offered me, the other day, seven hundred dollars for Ellen and her child, a little babe. I suppose most likely when she comes to think about it, she will feel like going. I hate to see the poor thing go anywhere, unless she is willing."

"I will give you," said Hardy, seven hundred dollars for your woman, and you may keep the child."

"I would not be willing," answered Mrs. Hammond, "to sell Ellen, South, at any price. Beside I would, on no account, whatever, part the woman and her child."

"Why," said Hardy, with an air of confidence, "I can do better for your woman than she will do for herself, if you let her have her way. Now, I tell you candidly what I have seen. I have been

South; I have sold many of these poor Kentucky negroes down there, that would rather have stayed here, on any terms; but I sold them to the richest men living in the South, and they got the best kind of homes and masters. And such a woman as this you have for sale, I can take South, and soon get a home for her as much superior to any home she can get about here, as the ancient garden of Paradise would be, if it were dressed up anew, and placed alongside your old kitchen garden. So, if you are interested for your woman, or if she understands her own interests well, I think neither of you would object a moment to the trade I propose."

This is a specimen of the manner in which Hardy always went about business. He never undertook any business whatever, without first determining to succeed, if in his power. Then every possible expedient was brought to bear for the accomplishment of his purposes. He was a man of practical mind, and seemed to possess a thorough knowledge of his own business. And he had acquired, withal, such an insight into the affairs of the generality of the people in the county where he resided, that he often, in proposing trades, took the liberty of letting them know that *he* was the man for them to trade with. This sort of *argumentum ad hominem* frequently had the desired effect. When Hardy wished to purchase slaves, he undertook to make the owners believe that he would do

better for them than any one else. When he came before the people as a candidate to represent them in the Legislature, he paid special attention to the laboring classes; for among them was his main hope of success.

"I am the people's man," he would say, "and no aristocrat. I represent the interests of the laborer. All my life has been devoted to agricultural pursuits. Elect me, and you shall have a representative who will consult your interests, whenever he looks to his own."

But to return. Our astute friend, Hardy, failed of success in the purchase of Ellen. His failure, however, was not owing to a lack of argument, or pretension, but rather to the prevalence of humanity and truthfulness in the heart of a Christian woman. She had made a promise, and it must not be broken.

After Hardy left, a discussion arose between the two daughters of Mrs. Hammond.

"Indeed, ma," said Jane, "you ought not to sell Ellen. Why didn't you sell one of the men? I don't see how we will get along with the house work. I am not going to do the washing and ironing, and cooking, and sweeping about this house. Such drudgery always makes the hands so rough," and saying this, she held up a soft, white hand, loaded with rings.

"O!" said Mrs. Hammond, "we never could



get along without the work-hands. They are our main dependence to keep us in provisions. And Ellen's husband, you know, I've promised to sell her to him in a few years, anyhow; and by the time he is ready to buy her, one of the younger girls will be large enough to work in Ellen's place."

"And I will try and help along," said Amelia, the older sister. "I will cut out and make garments for our black people. This has been Ellen's work, you know; but I see we'll have to take part in the house work. I will do my part, and I guess there will be some way provided for us to live. But don't it look pitiful, the way we are all getting along. Poor old father! he used to say frequently in his last sickness that he was afraid that these troubles would come upon us. It is now turning out the very way he anticipated. And now, Jane," continued Amelia, the tears trickling down her cheeks, "we must not be afraid of getting our hands a little dusty and rough. Mother is not able to work; Ellen is to be sold, and of course we will have to change our course a little about our household affairs; so the sooner we begin to take hold of business, the better."

This good advice of Amelia, served to restrain, in some measure, the pride and extravagance of Jane; but, then, the early habits of both these young ladies had been such, that now, they were

unprepared to brook misfortunes, and to grapple with the stern hardships of a life of poverty.

Immediately after Amelia had finished her remarks, the back door was opened, and a negro girl, with her head tied in a soiled kerchief, peeped in.

"Miss Jenny," said she, with a smile, displaying, at the same time, a set of most beautiful ivory, that contrasted with the thick purple lips that curled on either side, "Ellen wants you to come to the quarter, Miss Jenny."

Jane left, and Amelia resumed her work. On entering the cabin, she found Ellen busily engaged in packing her old chest with a few articles of clothing.

"I want you, Miss Jane," said Ellen, "to quilt the baby a hood," holding up some scraps of silk, "if you have a little old ribbon to line it. I am not particular about it, so it keeps out the cold. Tell mistress, will you, that I'm fixing to go?"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SEPARATED.

EARLY on Friday morning, a negro man was seen at the door of Ellen's cabin, with a small wagon, in which he put an old chest and bed; some old chairs and boxes, etc. Ellen having distributed a few keepsakes among her friends at the quarter, now ran to the room of Mrs. Hammond, whom she found conversing with Savage.

"You will have the three hundred, the balance coming to me, ready by the first of March?" said Mrs. Hammond, as she rolled up a bundle of bank bills and slipped them into her pocket.

"Without fail," replied Savage, rising to his feet and looking toward Ellen. "Are you ready, gal?" said he, in a rather surly tone. "You belong to me now—no time for sniveling—spring—get ready quick—want to be right off."

Ellen's eyes were now dimmed with tears, and she was too much absorbed in her own sorrows to take special account of her new master; but bid-



ding her old mistress and the young ladies farewell, she was just turning now to leave, when Melinda, her little daughter, having followed her from the cabin, now seized her by the hand, "O, mamma!" cried the child, "take me with you, do take me with you and let me go where you go. Who'll stay in our cabin if you go and leave me?"

By this time Bridget came in with Ellen's babe, which was neatly clad and looked quite comfortable and happy. At the sight of the babe, the frantic little girl broke out afresh, "O mamma! who'll nuss little Billy. I want to go and nuss and help take care of little Billy."

The afflicted mother now disengaged herself from her little daughter that had been, for some time, clinging around her, and said, in an under tone, "My child, the Lord will take care of little Billy. Now don't forget the prayers I learned you. Good bye, again, Linda."

Ellen's feelings now overcame her, and she was giving way to a mother's tenderness, when Savage brawled out, "Take that child away from there—it wouldn't do for my niggers to act that way. And you, Ellen, make haste to the wagon—we ought to have been off an hour ago."

Ellen knew, from the rough, impatient manner of her new master, that there was no time to be lost, and taking her babe from the arms of Bridget, left the apartment with a heavy heart, and eyes

bedewed with grief. When she had reached the wagon, her friend Bridget, who followed close behind, came up with tears in her eyes, and shaking her head exclaimed, "O! Ellen, I's fraid you's 'bout to fall into de hands ob de berry old Scratch hisself. De Lod save you, poor child; I 'spec we'll neber see you 'gin." Bridget assisted Ellen in getting in the wagon, and Handy, the old negro man, now drove slowly away.

As the wagon rattled over the frozen ground, the driver, who had been bought and sold, and sold and bought, and had been separated again and again from the friends he loved, knew how to sympathize with Ellen in her present affliction; but he felt, for a considerable time, a disinclination to talk about the troubles of past life, and Ellen was left to her own reflections.

But she thought not of the new home to which she was going, nor of her new master, nor of the toils and hardships she would soon be called to endure. Her sad thoughts were of a beloved daughter, just wrested from her fond embraces through the cruel workings of the slave-trade. The last words uttered in her presence by that dear child, "O, mamma! don't leave me," were still ringing in her ear, and the bitter anguish of that hour of separation was not yet assuaged.

But, to the pure in heart, there is, in the extremity of sorrow, an adequate provision in that

joyousness which a faithful Creator supplies, lest the poor soul, bruised and crushed, may sink beneath the burden of temptation too oppressive to be borne. It is a truth, encouraging to the heart of every Christian, that "God will not suffer his people to be tempted above that they are able to bear." While endurance of temptation may subserve the purposes of His mercy and grace, then grace shall be given to endure; but when frail nature would sink, because unable to endure longer, a way is then made for escape.

"To the upright there ariseth light in darkness." How mighty the consolation this sweet promise often imparts to the devoted child of God, when the deepening darkness of earthly sorrow seems to settle upon the pathway! Amid the dense clouds and gloom of the night of sorrow, immortal light breaks forth; the clouds disperse, and the shadows flee away, for "God, in mercy, manifests himself, and He is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." And then, again, how cheering, how inspiring that language of Holy Scripture, which the Christian may ever apply when desolate and afflicted: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

During Ellen's greatest conflict, realized as Handy was slowly and silently journeying homeward, such encouraging passages of Scripture as those just noticed were suggested to her mind. And



while dwelling upon the riches of Divine goodness in providing so many and diversified consolations here, and such bright rewards for the future, she suddenly burst forth in the praises of God, as she sung the following beautiful stanza :

“ There is my house and portion fair ;  
 My treasure and my heart are there,  
 And my abiding home.  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come.”

The romantic banks of the Dick's river now appeared through the green cedars, which every where dotted their majestic steeps, and crowned their rugged summits. At the base of these was seen the river, gliding peacefully onward, bearing, on its calm bosom, no burden to disturb the quiet of the projecting cliffs that were mirrored far down beneath the blue waters.

As this interesting landscape fell full on the quiet glance of Handy, he involuntarily exclaimed, “ De cliffs ! de cliffs ! ” and then raising his voice sung :

“ O, 't is my delight,  
 Ob de shiny night,  
 In de season ob de year ;  
 To take de coon  
 By de light ob de moon,  
 In de season ob de year.”

“ Dar,” said Handy, pointing, far down the river to a projecting cliff, “ dar de place we ketches

coons. Did you eber hear dat drefful story 'bout de boy gittin kill dar?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "did you know him?"

"I was dar by him at de time," said Handy. "It was one bright, moon-shiny night, we all went out huntin coons. My dog he start a coon and run him to de brink o' one ob dem big rocks. De coon he leap down, and gits on one ob dem cedars dar, and pointer, he leap down too, arter him. I was sich a clumsy critter and don't want to follow, but de young white boy, he was 'bitious and active feller he was, he spring down de cliff and climb up de tree and take de coon; but, poor boy; jes as he tie de coon and fling him up to me, his foot slip and he tumble down, and roll off de brink ob de cliff, and come down kathrash at de bottom and kill hissself."

"O! did you know that boy?" inquired Ellen.

"I used," said Handy, "to belong to dat boy's father, and bin sold since, and sold for de wuss; but Lod knows I don't want to 'scourage you and make you feel wuss dan you does, but you's gwine to a hard place. Old missis, dat stay dar, she wonderful spiteful and debilish. She's always tellin tales on us. And massa, O! if he ain't a clinker to whip, den I don't know. He jis believes ebery word missis says, and nearly skin us alive. And den he knock down wid stick or hoe-handle; he jis lumber 'way hard as he can drive. And

missis, she git mad sometime and knock de gals and women folks ober wid broomsticks or anything she get holt on. If it wan't for de mercy ob de Lod I don't know what would come on us."

"Then you trust in the Lord, do you?" said Ellen.

"Sometimes I does," replied Handy, "and prays when things goes on well; but when massa gits to fussin round and beatin me, I gits so 'gravated and incouraged, and jis, fust thing I knows, I's a cussin to myself hard as I can."

"Do you belong to the church?" said Ellen.

"I used to belong to de Baptist," said Handy, "but eber since I's bin sold de last time it's too fur to go."

At this moment Savage overtook the wagon, "Why," said he, "you have come pretty near beating me home; I have rode a good way since I left you this morning."

They now entered a large gate, and drove down to an old dilapidated frame house. Its roof was covered with green moss, and its gray, weather-beaten front had never been painted. Not a single shrub or green thing grew near this dreary looking abode. It was enclosed with a post and railing fence. In the same enclosure stood an old-fashioned kitchen, built of round logs with the bark on. The swagging door, which had grown too heavy for its worn wooden hinges, and grated



at every movement, now stood half open to admit the light; for, the window having lost, every now and then, a pane of glass, was supplied with smooth boards, which were fitted in and called "dark lights:" a quite significant form of expression it must be admitted.

A chilling sensation came over the heart of Ellen, as the wagon stopped in front of this dreary looking habitation, while an old, half blind woman came to the door, in tattered garments, and shading a set of dim eyes with her withered hands, looked eagerly toward the wagon.

## CHAPTER XIX.

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### KITCHEN SCENES.

CYRENA, the old cook, now took the child from its mother, and seated herself with it by the fire, while Ellen assisted Handy, in unloading the wagon, and as soon as the child's cradle was ready it was gently rocked to sleep.

Ellen had never been in such a miserable place before, and she scarcely knew how to arrange her few things. The filthy floor was worn to the naked sleepers in some places—in others there were holes to the ground. Two forks of wood were driven between the rough slabs, down into the earth. In these forks rails were laid, and upon those rails a few boards, that supported Cyrena's straw bed. At the foot of this bed Ellen sat her chest, and in a corner fixed up her bed. She had scarcely finished arranging her few articles of furniture and clothing, till word was sent from Miss Katy, the mistress of the house, ordering her to hasten in to the family room. Ellen, rub-

bing her fingers that were benumbed with the cold, immediately obeyed. On entering the room she found a neat looking old lady, dressed in a black gown; a white muslin cap was on her head; she was muffled in a shawl, and was seated close beside the fire, nursing a limb that was much affected with rheumatism. She at first spoke to Ellen rather kindly, and a favorable impression was made on the mind of the poor dejected slave. But to one who could have read the language of those prominent blue eyes, Miss Katy would not have appeared to such advantage.

When Ellen saw how comfortable the old lady's apartment was, she inquired if a more suitable place could not be fixed for her and her child. But Miss Katy, whose conduct showed as a general thing, a marked indifference as to the comfort of any one in whose veins flowed a drop of African blood, soon let Ellen know, that the kitchen was as good for her as for the rest of the negroes.

Ellen very much fatigued and chilled, stood shivering before Miss Katy, who seemed to be in no particular hurry. At length, however, the old lady began to issue her orders. "Now Ellen," said she, "you can arrange your own little matters this evening, and to-morrow morning you must be up at candle-light and have breakfast ready. We always eat breakfast here this time in the year before day."



"I will do the best I can," said Ellen, "though I don't know much about cooking." "Don't know how to cook!" exclaimed Miss Katy, kindling up to a deep red.

"And what have you been about all your life?" inquired the mistress with an indignant look.

"O," said Ellen, "I first nursed children, then I kept house and did the sewing till I was married, and then I used to at times help cook a little. Aunt Bridget was the cook, and she was a good hand. Sometimes when I helped her, she said I could do cooking right well if I was to practice a little more."

"Well," said Miss Katy, "come to me for the keys in the morning, and I'll explain matters to you, and send Sal to show you where to find things. As its getting dark, you can go on now about your business.

Ellen was happy to have leave of absence, and hurrying off to the kitchen worked till a late hour of the night; washing, and rubbing, and scrubbing, to remove the filth that had doubtless been accumulating for years, under the administration of the old half-blind cook.

Handy and two negro boys, after having nodded and snored around the fire till this late hour, were now prevailed upon to retire; and after yawning awhile, they crept off to bed in a kind of hovel that joined the kitchen, into which were thrown

upon a straw bed, a few old blankets, and here wrapping themselves up, snored the rest of the night away.

Cyrena was desirous of communicating a few things to the newly arrived, and as she wished to be alone with Ellen, Sal was now, with a scowl, ordered to retire.

But Sal was as communicative on such occasions as Cyrena could possibly have been, and soon let her old friend know that no one in Miss Katy's absence had a right to order her about.

Ellen, not aware of the designs of either, had taken her Bible, and was turning over its sacred pages, as if in search of some promise that might give consolation. The Bible was something new to Cyrena, who, if she had ever heard it read, or had seen one, so many years had past since, that she had forgotten it; but what surprised her most was, to hear Ellen read. As for poor Sal, she knew no more about the Bible than she did of the Koran, or Zendavesta, or any other strange book.

Ellen finding these miserable creatures so ignorant, proposed reading to them a few passages of Scripture. Assent being given, she read the Ten Commandments. When the precept, "Thou shalt not steal," was read, Sal of a sudden sprang to her feet. "Thar, law, now I'll bet any thing Miss Katy's read that book for she always makin fuss 'bout stealin things."

Ellen read a few other passages, and tried to explain to her ignorant auditors the way of salvation; but she soon discovered that there was on their part a lack of interest, and her remarks were consequently brief. But she ascertained after a while, that her new acquaintances had some secrets to relate; something pertaining to family matters."

"I 'spose," said Cyrena, as she strained her dim eyes looking in the direction of Ellen, "I 'spose you knows nothin 'bout dis place and dese folks."

"Nothing," answered Ellen, "but what Uncle Handy told me coming along."

"Well, I sho' you," said Cyrena, "dis hard place, no mistake 'bout it. I's bin cooking here in dis old kitchen till de berry floor wore out, and I's wore out too. I's bin toilin on here and it's bin twenty years sense eber I was out o' sight dis place. And I's bin beat and scarred all over from head to foot pretty nigh. And poor Sal, she sech debil I speck she be kill some day, kaze she neber care what she say to nobody." And now lowering her voice, said, "I don't see how people can buse dar own flesh and blood so, if da do beat us black folks half to deff."

Just at this time, Sal, who had been listening with undivided attention to what Cyrena had been communicating to Ellen, seemed extremely anxious to put in a word, and taking a seat close to Ellen



said, "I'll tell you somethin' if you wont tell nobody, kaze I's afraid of old Miss Katy." "Well, what is it?" said Ellen.

"D' you know," said Sal to Ellen in a distinct whisper, with a certain glare of the eye and expression of countenance, indicating her eagerness to tell some strange story; "D' you know who's my daddy?"

"Why no," replied Ellen, "how can I tell?"

"Well, jis guess," said Sal, chuckling.

"Guess indeed!" exclaimed Ellen, "I might guess a month, before I'd guess the right one, and more than that, I don't know the people round here."

"Well I know," said Sal, "and I don't care if other folks knows, so as old Miss Katy dont find out I told."

It was quite plain to Ellen, that Sal intended enjoying the exquisite pleasure of giving her own pedigree, and she was permitted to go on with her story.

"I know," said she "who's my daddy. Massa Henry is, and old Miss Katy's my grandmamma, so she is. And the way she beats me—you never seed the like; she knocks me over with the broomstick, pokin stick, or any thing. And then what you think she say; why she git mad, and fly round and say, 'O you yaller wench, I'll make your master sell you down South, I'll a 'bound you.' That's the way she talks and I'm her grand child."

Sal now being somewhat relieved, Cyrena inquired if such things happened in other places; "I 'spose Ellen, said she, you knows somethin about dese things."

"They are very common I suppose," said Ellen, but in my master's family where I lived before I came here, his black people were instructed how to behave. Nearly all of them were married as soon as grown up, and master let them go to church. He was a mighty good man, I always thought, and mistress was good too, but their own children were not as religious as the servants. My master, though, gave his children and servants all a good chance to know how to do right, and if any of them failed it was not his fault.

"De Lod send," said Cyrena, "dat we had some sort o' chance like you's had. I's had seben chilren, and neber was married. My chilren, some on 'um black and some half white, and da all ob 'um sold 'sep Emm, Sal's mother, she b'longs to one ob old massa's boys."

"Do you suppose," inquired Ellen, "that your old master sold his own children and knew they were his own."

"Certainly, old massa, dat Massa Ned's father," answered Cyrena, "jis sho' as he knowed any thing, but den, he did'nt care; he want de money for 'um, dat all he care for."

Here patient and generous reader, is another

dark picture. It is true, however, true to nature, because founded on facts and the realities of things. One thing more may here be added. There are many descriptions in these days, both of men and things, of which one might justly say, "such and such things are true as far as they go." This remark may well be applied to our picture. *True as far as it goes.*

A deeper shade might in truth be given, but the scenes are too unpleasant to depict further.



## CHAPTER XX.

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### KITCHEN SCENES CONTINUED.

ELLEN had scarcely fallen asleep, till she was startled by Handy, who was rolling a large log into the fire-place. During the night she slept but little. Her child, too, was restless till the latter part of the night, and now it was sleeping quietly on her bosom. She feared to wake it, lest it should be unquiet, and require attention, till after the time appointed for rising.

“Go for the keys,” said Ellen to Sal, who was now dressing herself, “and I’ll get up and be ready by the time you get back, to commence getting breakfast.”

Sal went according to request, but Miss Katy was in a great rage, and inquired,

“Where’s that yaller wench; I told her to come for the keys, she ought to have been here half an hour ago. You had no business to come, you good for nothing thief; you know I never trust you with the keys. Go long and tell Ellen to come here, or I’ll have her fetched in a hurry.”

Sal hurried back to send Ellen, and found her trying to quiet the child, which was now screaming violently.

"Run quick," said Sal, "and get the key yourself, Ellen; Miss Katy's mad as fire."

Ellen hastened into the room of her mistress.

"What was you about, that you didn't come for the keys yourself," said Miss Katy to Ellen, as she dealt her a severe blow over the shoulders with her crutch.

Having spent a part of her rage in the blow, Miss Katy now lowered her voice and said,

"Hand me them keys," pointing to a large bunch of keys hanging on a nail, near the head of the bed. "Now come here to me," said Miss Katy to Ellen, "and let me explain to you about these keys."

Ellen approached her mistress, who now began to point out the different keys.

"This biggest key," said Miss Katy, "belongs to the smoke house; this next biggest to the cellar; look now, and take good notice; this, with the crooked handle, is the key of the safe; this with the rough handle belongs to the pantry and dairy both. Now, see that you don't steal any thing. I was told, though, that you was an honest nigger, or you'd never got holt of these keys. Sal can go 'long with you, but you must watch her, for she steals everything she gets her hands on. Now, go

quick, and when you get through, bring me the keys yourself."

To Ellen, who had seldom seen a key, it was a great task to unlock and lock all these old creaking doors; but taking Sal for her guide, she soon accomplished the work, and returned the keys to her mistress.

Handy, by this time, having brought a large bucket of water, the two cooks began boiling, frying, and baking; and as soon as Sal had the table prepared, the dishes were ready to be carried in.

Ellen having sent in the breakfast, took up her child, that had been crying most of the time she had been engaged in preparing breakfast. While the family surrounded the table to partake of the morning repast, the eldest daughter took her place at the head of the table, to officiate, for a time, in the place of the mistress of the house. She commenced pouring out the coffee, but had passed round only a few cups, till she exclaimed,

"Pa! I do believe this is nothing but hot water."

Savage having poured out a saucer full to cool, now tasted it, and exclaimed,

"Zounds! tell that gal to come in here."

Ellen, on being sent for, was apprised at the same time of the trouble on hand; and as she entered the room earnestly insisted on it that the coffee she had made that morning was good.



"The deuce it is!" exclaimed Savage, as he plied the cowhide furiously over the shoulders of the terrified cook.

At this moment, in stumbled the half blind cook, holding a coffee-pot in one hand, and feeling her way with the other.

"O massa," said she, "do for de Lod's sake, don't beat de poor thing so. Here de coffee. De poor thing make mistake—she not used to things here—ebery thing strange, and she empty out o' de wrong pot."

"What was you about?" said Savage, laying on, with increased violence, the uplifted cowhide, "What was you about that you made such a mistake; we'll have to drink dish water, next, you inf—l huzza—out with you! do your work better, or I'll half kill you."

The cup of Ellen's bitterness now seemed full. With an unprincipled, and often infuriated master, and a peevish and ill-tempered mistress, it was truly a dark and gloomy prospect for one that had been tenderly and kindly dealt with from earliest infancy until now. But such sad changes are of frequent occurrence with the poor slaves of Kentucky.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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### FLAGELLATION AT A CAMP-MEETING.

LATE on Saturday night, while Ellen, Sal, and Cyrena, having finished the toils of another week, were seated near a fire of blazing logs. In one corner sat Uncle Handy, nodding, the two boys were dozing in the other. Little Billy, the babe, was asleep.

Ellen had been listening, for some time, to Cyrena, and was waiting to hear the conclusion of a fearful ghost story, when suddenly a rap was heard at the door. Sal now sprang to her feet, as if the ghost was coming in. Cyrena put her hand over her dim eyes as if fearing lest of a sudden she should behold some dread apparition, while Ellen arose and hastily opened the door. There stood a tall form before her, and soon she heard a familiar voice, reminding her of former days.

"And it is you, sure enough, my dear Willis. It *is* you; come in. I'd know your voice any where."

"Dat your husband, eh?" said Cyrena, with evident satisfaction that no ghost was likely to appear.

"Yes," replied the delighted Ellen, "he has come. I'm so glad to see him."

After the usual salutations, Cyrena waked up the two boys, and while half asleep, they staggered off to their beds. Next Handy must be roused. "Wake up quick, Handy," said Cyrena, "for Ellen's man's come, and somethin must be done wid his hoss." After a hearty yawn, Handy went out and took Willis's horse to a cow-shed, where he had piled up some refuse hay and corn.

In this place the horse stood and helped himself to what was given him, though it is most likely he was not very well suited in the *kind* of food with which he was supplied, for the night, whatever might have been the *quantity*.

"I 'spose," said Cyrena to Willis, "you's bin to supper, has you?"

"No," answered Willis, "I'm tired, and cold, and hungry."

Ellen now looked sad. She knew that all the provisions were under bars and bolts, and there was no probability that the keys could be obtained from her mistress. In this distress of mind she took Cyrena aside, and asked for assistance, in case any could be afforded.

"Well," said Cyrena, "I's got a little stale



bread, and Handy has some partridges he cotech in his trap t'other day, and I killed and picked some on 'um."

The bread was now toasted, the partridges broiled, and soon a refreshing meal was served up for the hungry guest.

After supper, and the servants about the kitchen had retired, Willis remarked to Ellen, "And you had to be sold at last."

"Yes, indeed," replied Ellen mournfully. "It looked like every thing about that old place, where master died, was going to destruction fast. And our dear little Linda; how the poor child screamed when I was sold. I'm afraid she will be sold next."

As Ellen was giving, in detail, an account of the hardships she had passed through, her husband, discovering the depression of mind such trials had produced, interrupted her by relating, briefly, some of the scenes, occasionally enacted, in the city where he was engaged at work.

"You ought," said Willis, "to be at L—— and you would see sights, sure. A woman, there, not long ago, got angry with one of her house-girls, and struck her with the poker. She hit her cross the back of the neck, and she dropped dead.

"A few weeks ago, on Sunday evening, I called on some of my friends, and as soon as I went in, I knew by their looks that something had hap-

pened; and directly some one commenced screaming in the back cellar, and I thought that whoever it was must be nearly murdered. The girls stopped their ears, and shook their heads, and didn't speak a word. In a little while I saw a poor old woman come staggering in, her eyes and face all bloated, and her clothes, about her neck and shoulders, all bloody. I was much surprised when I heard that her master was a member of the —— Church. That day the dinner was not ready quite as soon as usual, and this woman, who was the cook, was threatened, and when night came her master fulfilled the threat.

“And, sometimes, droves of slaves are brought through the city, handcuffed and chained together, driven along the streets, to the boats, to be taken south. So you have not as hard times yet as the people have that are slaves in some other parts.”

Sunday morning came.

“What the deuce is them oxen doing in the yard?” sounded the harsh voice of Savage, as Handy was building his log fire. “Come out here, you black rascal; there's a stray horse stumbling about in the cow-shed.” Handy dropped all and ran to the door to explain matters; but, before he had time to speak, Savage commenced beating him with a rough stick, which he found laying near the door.

“O massa,” cried Handy, “jes wait till I tells

you 'bout it. Dat hoss Willis's; he come here last night, and I put his hoss in de cow-shed, and gin him some corn and hay."

"How comes it," says Savage, "that the fence, there, is down?"

"I 'specks—I 'specks," answered Handy, hurriedly, "dat ar hoss push it down."

"And what's that good for nothing dog about," said Savage, "that he lets his horse run over things in this way?"

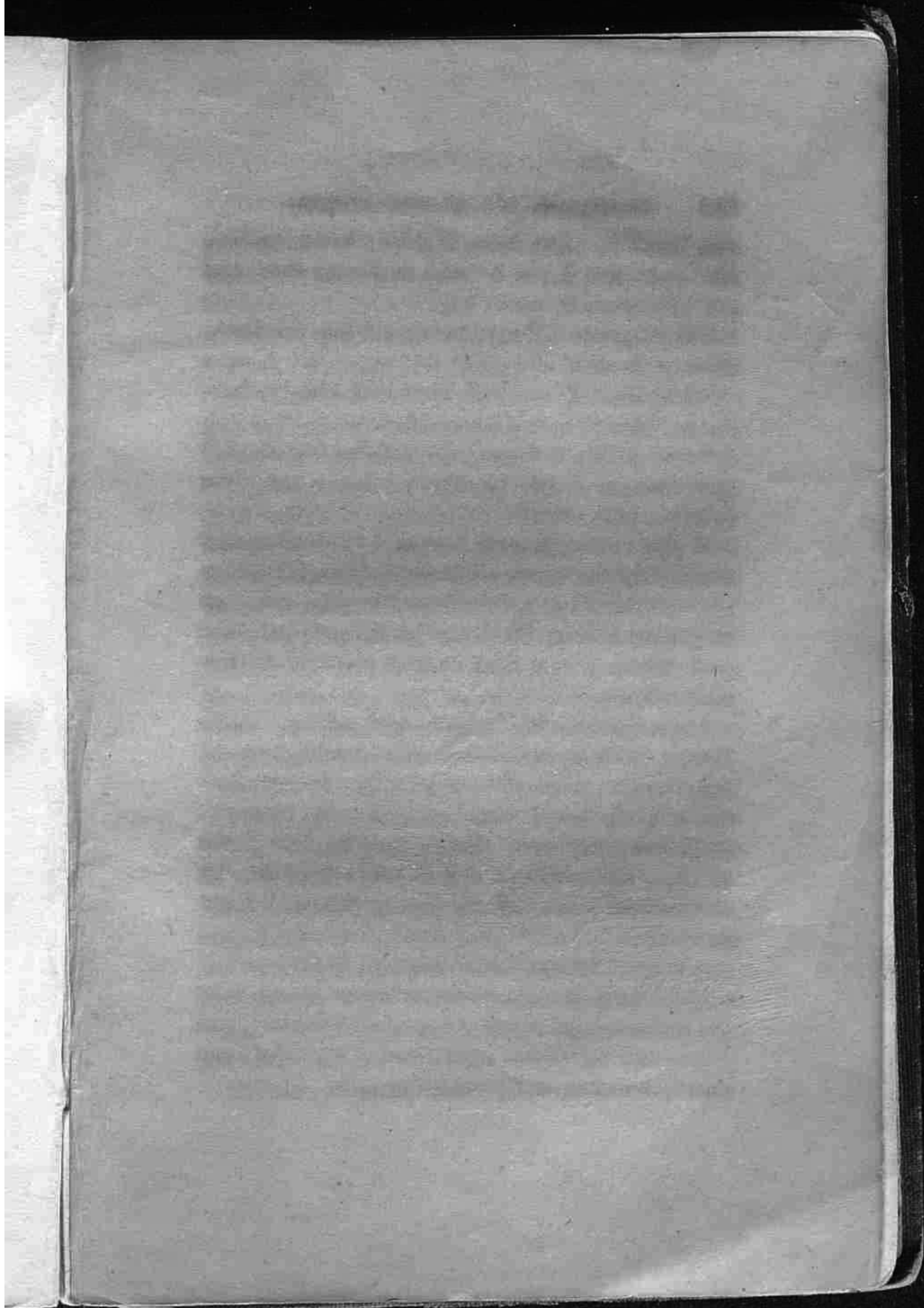
Willis, having dressed himself by this time, and hearing the disturbance without, hastened to let the landlord know, in a very respectful way, too, that he desired to have his horse taken care of till the next morning, and that he was prepared to pay expenses, etc.

Immediately after matters got settled, Uncle Handy, with a sad look, and sorrowful tone of expression, remarked to Willis, that he was particularly opposed to being beat on Sunday morning. "It 'minds me," said Handy, "ob de time I was at de camp-meetin, and thar was some cuttin up one sort or other on Sunday mornin, and I got drefful beatin."

"Why, how was that?" inquired Willis.

"O," said Handy, "dar war some young folks dar; some boys wanted somethin to drink, and I goes and buys some liquor, and it was found out and told on me, and I got whipped."







See Page 151.

"Well, how was you whipped," said Willis, and who whipped you?"

"Why," replied Handy, "they was a preacher, a great big feller he was. Fust thing I knowed arter I brought de liquor, and den knocked round awhile, dis big man come long and he say to me, come dis way; and I comes and he say come arter me; and he start out to de woods, and I begins, by dis time, to 'spicion a little what he was arter, and so I ax him what he want wid me; and he say O! neber mind jes yet—I show you directly; and when he got nearly out o' sight o' de tents he say, I has a short way settlin wid all such fellers as you is; and den he took a string out un his pocket and den he tie my arms round a tree and give me one ob de most onmercifulest whippins wiv what da calls, you knows, one ob dese black hickories."

"What!" you don't pretend to say that man was a preacher, do you?" inquired Willis, with an air of surprise.

"O yes, but den he was," replied Handy, "and one ob de noisiest kind too. He make a fuss at a big meetin' more dan two common preachers does."

"I suppose so," said Willis, somewhat humorously, "I suppose so, from the way he must have made you holloa, that he was rather calculated to raise a racket at camp-meeting."



“O, but den I neber mean dat,” replied Handy, “but I means when he gits up in de pulpit, he always had oncommon big bellerin voice, and he hollow out de people so loud he would, and da make great fuss ober him.”

“Well, well,” said Willis, such a preacher! I wouldn’t want him to preach for me. I should like to know if he preached much?” inquired Willis.

“Right smart,” answered Handy; “but den, he warn’t what da calls a circus preacher. Dar two kinds o’ preachers: da one is de preacher dat rides a circus; and den, ’gin, dar one da calls a locus preacher; and dis one what beat me at camp-meetin was one ob de locus preachers.”

Here, reader, was a true specimen of what is denominated *Lynch Law*, administered by a regularly authorized minister of the Gospel, on the holy Sabbath day, within hearing of the songs and shouts of the sacred encampment.

## CHAPTER XXII.

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### SUFFERINGS OF THE OPPRESSED INCREASED.

Early on Monday morning, Willis left for the city of L———. Ellen was now left to bewail her sorrows and hardships with but little hope of their mitigation. Her trials hitherto were severe, but “these were only the beginning of sorrows.” In a short time after the visit of her husband which has just been noticed, Ellen became gloomy, her spirits seemed to sink away within her; and from such depression of feeling, there was an inertness in all her movements. Though unconscious, perhaps, of a change which was noticeable in the eyes of an unfeeling mistress, yet Ellen began now to despair of deliverance from an oppression which seemed replete with terror. It will not be difficult for one of a thoughtful turn of mind to conceive, how the best and most faithful of servants, may be borne down by a burden that incessantly overtaxes the strength. Occasional hardships are not calculated to dispirit those who are not addicted to mel-

anchory; but when one trial is regarded by the oppressed soul as the harbinger of another, and a still greater trial—who, it may be asked, could be placed in such a position, and yet remain active and cheerful? True, we might admit with propriety, that direct supernatural aid may be vouchsafed in seasons of distress and sorrow, to sustain those who would otherwise be broken in spirit. Such Divine assistance was given to the Apostles, martyrs, and confessors of the primitive church of God. But in attaining this high moral elevation, there is often a slow, regular process, rather than a sudden transition. The Almighty Father often permits his dear children to acquire a power of endurance, by suffering them to be subjected to a series of trials, increasing in their grievousness until, patience, after the Scripture rule, is learned by the things that are suffered. Under the Divine administration, “tribulation worketh patience.” But often is it the case, that tribulation, such as falls to the lot of the dejected slave, enervates the whole physical system, and renders liveliness and agility of motion, utterly impracticable. The sorrows of the mind affect the slave as they affect the master, and all arguments respecting the hereditary constitutional obtuseness of the African are founded in ignorance, or else they are a libel upon African character.

The individual whose narrative we are now



briefly sketching, was possessed by nature of refined sensibilities, and was capable of enduring such trials as happened in the ordinary arrangements of Providence with an equanimity of mind highly creditable to her as a Christian; but the cruel, barbarous treatment of her master and mistress, gradually prostrated her worn spirit, and she became enfeebled in all her energies of soul and body. And when brought down to this state of depression, it was her melancholy condition, that each day brought some new terror with it. The oppressor frequently has many means and modes of oppression and torture. This was true of Ellen's mistress. When she got tired of beating Ellen with her crutch, it took but a short time to consign her to the tender mercies of her master.

A few days after Willis left the gloomy looking quarter, where his wife was doomed to incessant hardships and oppression, Miss Katy being increasingly dissatisfied with what she was pleased to call "slow motions," thus proceeded to an investigation of the matter.

Elevating her voice, she demanded in a peremptory tone, "What in all creation makes you so dreadful slow, Ellen?"

"Why Miss Katy," answered Ellen, "I've felt weak and poorly for several days, and I am right much discouraged too."

"Discouraged! the mischief you are, exclaimed

Miss Katy; well, I'll see if I can't encourage you a little;" and raising her crutch with this remark, struck Ellen several severe blows across the shoulders. But in administering this dose of encouragement, Ellen's mistress struck a blow across the side of the head, which it is most likely she did not design to inflict. This blow was severe, as it served to aggravate a severe headache with which Ellen had been afflicted for some hours; and its results were otherwise disastrous, for the mistress raising again her crutch, it was seized by the servant, now almost frantic with pain, and wresting it from the hands of her mistress, dropped it, and ran to the kitchen.

The situation of this poor woman was now pitiable in the last degree. She had exposed herself in a moment of acute suffering to the displeasure of a vindictive and cruel mistress. No confessions or mediation could now prove availing. The unpardonable sin had been committed.

Ellen, sensible of her situation, now overcome with fear, ran to the cradle and seizing her child in a frenzy, exclaimed, "Which way shall I go—they'll kill me—O Cyrena! Tell me where to get out of the way! Oh heavens! I know they'll kill me. What *shall* I do?"

"O," said Cyrena, "de Lod only know child. I was 'fraid something like dis arter your man went 'way from here, they got 'spicious on you,

'kaze I hearn Miss Katy speak kind o' low to Massa Ned, and say dat man what come and stay here was some white man wantin to steal niggas. Dis jes what I's bin lookin arter. You hardly be gins to know dese folks as I does."

Ellen then exclaimed, as if her thoughts were absorbed in her sufferings, "O my head!" and wiping off the blood that was trickling down her temples, imploringly asked for help. "Do something for me Cyrena if you can—I'm suffering more than flesh can bear."

Cyrena then took a cloth and dipping it in cold water, washed away the blood from the wound; then turning around said, "Come here Sal, and look at dis hurt place."

Sal ran in haste, and promptly examining it for a moment, pronounced it a slight wound. "You need'nt be a bit 'feard Ellen," said Sal, in her usual hasty manner, as she applied another cold cloth to her head.

"No indeed!" exclaimed Cyrena; "dis aint nothin if you can jis keep out ob massa's hands; but if he git hold on you, den de Lod only can hep you."

"Why dat's nothin," said Sal, lifting up her hands to her head. "Jes look here at de bumps and cut places Missis make wid dat old crutch o'hern. But I dont care much if da jes wont tie me up and whip me on my naked back wid dat



cowhide. I aint bit dis'pinted de way old Missis goes on—she beat me wusser dan she beat Ellen, and she my grandmother, and she know it too."

Ellen now was becoming measurably quiet, and evening drawing nigh, the servants had seated themselves around the fire, and Cyrena sat in one corner smoking her pipe. But the stillness of this melancholy circle was soon disturbed by the fury of the monster in human form that had been so much talked of and so much dreaded.

Just as Sal was about to commence a fearful story, about the way her master once flogged old Uncle Handy, she peeped out of the kitchen door, and suddenly turning round with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "Law sakes! if dar aint Massa wiv cowhide—da say talk 'bout de debil, and den his ims 'pears."

Sal had scarcely finished her remark, till Savage pushed open the door of the kitchen. He was in a very great rage, and seizing Ellen by the throat choked her for awhile; then lifting up his foot kicked her several times, as if to go through the preliminaries of a systematic, thorough castigation.

"What do you mean," said Savage, his frame quivering with anger, "What do you mean Ellen, that you are so impudent to that poor old lame woman. Don't you know she's my mother? How dare you treat her as you did to-day?"

"O," said Ellen, tremblingly, "I only took the

crutch out of her hand, but did'nt hurt her. Now please don't kill me will you, for I hardly could tell what I was about when I took the crutch from Mistress, my head hurt so."

"The deuce! your head hurt, eh? well I'll show you how to snatch a crutch from an old lame woman, and then run to the kitchen;" and raising his cowhide, brought it down upon the thin clad shoulders of the terrified woman, with such force as to cause the blood to flow freely. He continued this chastisement in an infuriated manner, until, Cyrena approaching her master, commenced pleading for Ellen in the most moving language possible.

"Go way you black wench," said Savage; and saying this, struck her a blow on the side of the head with the palm of his hand, and sent her in double quick time across the kitchen.

After puffing awhile, Savage renewed the chastisement of Ellen, whose blood was already flowing freely from many a gash made by the terrific application of the cowhide.

Cyrena having been hurled with such force, fell on the floor, and having ascertained that she was yet "alive and no bones broken," scrambled up and got into a chair in the corner.

Handy, during all this uproar sat in silence, his head reclining against the kitchen table. Sal stood in a corner opposite Cyrena, her arms folded under

her apron, looking on the scene before her without much apparent emotion. The two boys sat side by side immediately before the fire, now and then pushing up the brands, and giving an occasionally glance at their master.

Savage having tortured the poor woman to his heart's content, wound up by saying, "Now you wench, see what you get for your impudence. You've been showing yourself off, your mistress says, ever since that man has been here, that you pretend to call your husband. Mighty uncertain your Mistress thinks, who he is. But this will do for awhile. Now mind, this is only a patchin to what I will do next time, if you don't behave better."

Poor Ellen! How are thy sorrows multiplied! But in these sorrows we behold the trial of thy faith. For the present thy sufferings are not joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward they shall yield "the peaceable fruits of righteousness;" and thy faith shall be "found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Ellen lay for more than two days before she was able to stir again.

After partially recovering, she was mercifully permitted to pursue the ordinary work of a cook for more than two weeks without interruption.

Truly this was to Ellen "a season of heaviness through manifold temptations." Her faith was now undergoing a severe trial.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

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### THE WOUNDED SLAVE.

AFTER Savage left the kitchen, Cyrena changed Ellen's garments, dressed her wounds, and did all in her power to soothe the sorrows of the sufferer. At a late hour Ellen became quiet enough to doze a little, and Cyrena gave vent to her pent up displeasure as follows:

"I wonder if da eber was jis sich 'nother soul as massa Ned. It look like de old Scratch hisself git into him. Dese poor niggas—he kill some òn 'um arter while. Curis he ai'nt done it 'fore now."

Here Sal, who was ever ready to give her opinions on such occasions started up, and with a great deal of forwardness of manner, proceeded to condemn the brutal conduct of her master.

"He jis wusser to us black folks," said Sal, "dan Uncle Handy is to de oxen; 'kaze nobody neber knowed him to cripple one on um, but massa, he jis hit wiv any thing when he git mad, and

ha'nt got no time to git de cowhide. Da neber was sich a man I don't 'speck, no how."

"Jes shet up Sal," said Uncle Handy; "you knows nothin 'bout de ways o' de world, gal; you're de greenest kind. And I's 'sprised de way Cyrena talk. You both goes on jes like you did'nt know nothin 'bout nobody. Now I's seed some- thin in my time, 'kaze I's bin gwine round de world fust one place, den 'nother."

"O yes," said Sal, "but I'd like to see if you eber knowed a body to 'buse da *kinfolks* like massa Ned, and my mistress too."

"Kinfolks!" exclaimed Uncle Handy with a suppressed laugh, "What kinfolks you talkin 'bout, like to know mouty well."

Sal now began to display her volubility, and with an air of pretension which was quite common with her when speaking of her lineage, "Why Uncle Handy," said she, gesturing with great earnestness, "Miss Katy's my grandmamma, and massa Henry's my daddy, and massa Ned's my Uncle, and ebery one ob his brothers is my Uncles, and da all knows it, so my mamma say."

Here Cyrena suddenly checked the speed of Sal's tongue, which seemed now to have started with the rapidity of a race horse. "Shet up Sal; shet up," said Cyrena with a scowl; "you're the biggest gabble I eber seed, so you is. Who wants

to hear you gwine on so drefully 'bout your big kinfolks."

At this amusing dialogue, Uncle Handy could no longer contain himself, and bursting into a loud yah! yah!" exclaimed, "What great somebody lives in dis quarter! 'Spose we'll hab to say 'Miss Sal,' arter dis, but aint it quar? she our young Missis, and gets more floggings de year round dan any on us—like to know how dat comes."

Here Cyrena began to show a disrelish to Uncle Handy's joking, and with a serious look said, "Handy it's no use to be gwine on dis way—its no laughin matter to be gwine on dis way—it's no laughin matter to be 'bused as Sal is. She's bad 'nough, we all knows, but den for folks to beat a poor critter like her wuss dan de brutes, da could'nt be no wusser people livin, I knows."

"Well," said Handy, "sence you all gwine on so 'bout de way massa cuts up on dis plantation, I'll 'gree it's bad 'nough; but den I's seed good many such folks mysef. I knowed a man de time I lib down toward de 'Hio riber, went on jis 'zackly like Massa Ned. He had a lot o' black folks, and one on 'um was a young man 'most white as he was, and da all say he was de man's son what owned de niggas. Dis man had three sons, and da all look jis like da was de closest kind o' kin to dis white nigga, but da father knock round dis fellow drefful, sometime he would. So



'klast dis white nigga say one day to me, (and dat bery mornin his massa beat him), I wont work no more, and I wont be whip no more. My massa's my father, and his boy's is my brothers, and they're cruel to me, and they'll not whip me no more. And so he went in de kitchen and bid 'um all good bye and shook hands wiv 'um and looked serns he did, and say, I wish you all well, but I'm not goin to stay no longer; and one on 'um say, 'Whar you gwine?' Ai'nt gwine to run 'way is you? But he goes out in de back yard and it was snowin, and 'rectly we all hearn we thought a gun go off; but when we went out in de back yard, we see dis poor fellow layin stretched on de snow. He'd blowed out his brains wid a pistol, and da was scattered all 'long on de snow. I seed dat mysef, and hep bury him."

"Now," continued Handy, "we're not much wuss off here dan da is in other places."

By this time, Ellen, who had been roused by the loud laugh of Handy, and remained awake, listening to his conversation, remarked that all the people owning slaves were not so bad. "The man that owned me," said she, "from the time that I was a little girl, always treated his servants well. He was just as kind to them as he was to his own children. I never had any hard times till I came here. But then let us not talk about hard times, but try and serve the Lord, and be obedient to our

master and mistress. There is a better world than this, and let us all try and get there." With these pious suggestions the conversation closed for the evening, and the servants retired to bed.

Early the next morning, Miss Katy not being able to come down to the quarter, after ordering Sal how to proceed with business, inquired about the condition of Ellen. "How does she seem to be getting along since the dressing down her master gave her yesterday evening?" inquired Miss Katy of Sal.

"Why, I 'speck," said Sal, "she'll git 'long bime by. She say this mornin her head keep hurtin."

"Well," said the mistress, "this whipping ought to have been attended to long ago; but the fact is, I'm too merciful and always was. I keep trying as well as I can to get along without whipping, but when I see it's of no use to put off such business, then it has to come—the quicker the better. If Ellen had been right well whipped the day after that man left here, that she says she's married to, you'd have seen another sort of a nigger altogether. But then I'm to blame that it was'nt done sooner. I did want to be down to the quarter yesterday evening to see the impudent thing, get her dues; but then your master Edward is a pretty good hand when pay day comes—he generally settles all accounts, the old and new."

Merciful, kind-hearted, forbearing Miss Katy! if in truth thou art merciful and tender of heart, how true is it, that *The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel!*

In a few days after this horrible chastisement, Ellen was able to walk a little about the kitchen, and so soon as her recovery was apparent, Savage gave orders that she should be set to business. About the first thing she undertook to do, was to prepare him a dinner. Coming home one afternoon, Savage was hungry, having ate nothing since early that morning. Immediately upon entering the house, he ordered dinner. "Tell Ellen," said he to Sal, "to prepare me some dinner here in a hurry." On receiving this word, Ellen hastened to do as she was bidden. But Savage being impatient called for the dinner to be brought in before it could possibly have been prepared by the feeble cook. Waiting a few minutes after the first call, he stepped to the door, and saw Ellen as she commenced slowly ascending the sleety steps leading into the porch. "What the dev—'s kept you so long getting a little dinner, you slow motioned, good for nothing wench you," said Savage, bawling out in such an obstreperous manner, as to startle the affrighted cook, and her foot slipping suddenly, she lost her balance and fell, breaking in pieces the dishes in her hand, and their contents were scattered about her feet. Before she could



fairly arise, Savage with the fury of a fiend, seized a rock laying in the yard, and threw it at her with violence. It struck her on the back of her head, and she fell prostrate in a moment. Savage ran up and gave her a few kicks, and ordered her to get up, but she was no longer able to obey. Savage now took her by the arm and endeavoring to lift her up, discovered that she appeared to be lifeless. Help was now called for—Cyrena, Sal, and even Miss Katy could now be induced to lend the necessary aid, and perform the kindest offices. “Run Sal, quick,” said Miss Katy, “bring me the camphor bottle off the mantel-piece in my room.” Camphor was freely applied to the temples, and every possible effort was made in the way of rubbing to revive the poor woman, now seemingly beyond the reach of all human appliances. At length she showed signs of returning life, but directly swooned away again. Savage now began to think the case hopeless, but thought proper to go for a physician. “Let us all take her in the room carefully,” said Savage, and I will go for the doctor.

After Ellen was taken in the room and laid upon the bed, the blood in the mean time carefully washed from the wound, Savage looked on a moment, and turning off muttered “This cussed luck. The seven hundred dollars laid out for that gal will all be lost I expect at last.” Saying this

he caught his horse and rode off at full speed. In about two hours he returned with the doctor, who immediately examined the wound and pronounced it dangerous. After carefully dressing the wound, the doctor frankly told Savage, that the chances were against the recovery of the woman, "although," said he, "there is a possibility that she may get well." After remaining awhile, he left, with the understanding that he would return the next morning, and treat the case according to his own judgment, until a change should take place either for the better or for the worse.

In a few hours after the doctor left, Ellen revived so as to be able to speak. The first words she spoke were of her little infant child.

"O my poor Billy!" she exclaimed, and forthwith Sal without direction from her mistress, ran to the quarter and brought Billy. "Here Ellen," said Sal in a good natured tone, "here's Billy." The mother turned her eyes, which now shone with a wild glare, upon the form of her little Billy, and instantly replied, "O no, that's not my child—it's another—my Billy—O! they'll kill my poor Billy—I know they'll kill my poor Billy."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### THE CHAINED MOTHER.

IN this bewildered state of mind, did Ellen lay for about six weeks. During the time, she suffered from distressing convulsions, and her mind seemed fearfully deranged. She was visited daily by the physician, whose hopes and fears respecting her recovery seemed to alternate. At length, however, there was a decided improvement. At the close of the seventh week, the doctor pronounced her convalescent. She now awaked as if from a long sleep, and had but little recollection of the circumstances connected with her recent affliction. The last event that she could now call to mind, was, her having fallen with the dishes. She was much surprised at finding herself in Miss Katy's room. Having recovered sufficiently to recognize her child, and expressing a desire to see him, one of the servants was ordered to bring him in. But little Billy was slow to acknowledge his mother, and it was not without difficulty that he was per-



suaded to lay his head on her bosom, as in former days he was wont to do.

“We’ll not turn her out to work any more,” said Savage to Miss Katy. “We must take care of her for a few weeks,” and as soon as she improves enough, I’ll sell her to this nigger trader, Hardy. He wanted to buy her of Mrs. Hammond, and was there a very short time after I bargained for her. I had a talk with this man Hardy a short time ago, and he’ll still give what he first offered, and that was, seven hundred dollars without the child. But then she’s not fit to sell now, and I want nothing said about this till she gets better. Be sure you don’t let her know any thing about it.”

Ellen was struck with the kindness of her mistress, which was manifested every day more and more if possible, from the time of her recovery. And even Savage showed himself a very different man from what he had been. So far from hurrying Ellen to her former employment as cook, he would have the other servants do the cooking and all other work about the house. Ellen’s responsibilities as a servant seemed now to be at an end. While wondering at this matter one day, she proposed rendering some assistance to Cyrena. But her mistress in a very kind manner objected. “You know Ellen,” said she, “that your condition forbids your doing any work about the kitchen. You must not work about the fire, where

your head will become heated, and you have to stoop down so much. Just be content to stir round at your leisure, and don't try to work at anything unless it is something very light. I will see that Cyrena and Sal do the work without you."

This apparent kindness soon inspired Ellen with a cheerfulness that contributed much to the improvement of her health. She began now to cherish some hopes of her freedom. The gloom of the past was now dispelled. The renewal of hopes that had been prostrate, imparted a consolation and buoyancy of feeling to one who seemed at this time to be, as it were, alive from the dead. Every thing conspired at this juncture, to the effacement from Ellen's memory, of the various and piercing trials of the past winter. And now, the joyous spring had introduced new scenes of beauty and interest; and while nature resumed the wonted loveliness and glories of the season, Ellen beheld in all this a fit type of the resuscitation of her own heart from the depths of anguish and gloom, to the enjoyment of animating and brilliant hopes.

But how uncertain are all the prospects of a slave! Besides the ordinary uncertainties attached to all human calculations, in the case of the slave, those uncertainties are greatly augmented. A slave of superior capacity may make the most judicious calculations, and toil on for many long months and years, it may be, in confident expecta-

tion of success, and in one short hour all his cherished hopes may be blasted; and this too, by the every-day occurrences peculiar to slavery.

The consequences of such a state of things are often deplorable, and the poor slave is doomed to the most bitter disappointment. Sometimes the deceit and trickery of the master may be practised upon the unsuspecting slave. Again, the pressing demand for slaves at a Southern market, and the high prices offered by Southern traders for the more valuable Kentucky slaves, have in many instances led to the hurrying into perpetual slavery those who, if indulged a short time, would have been enabled to purchase their freedom.

In other instances (and they are not unfrequent), there may be found those thriftless Kentuckians, who, from pecuniary embarrassment, sell their best servants to protect themselves from the ruinous results of lawsuits. Hence the slave most addicted to reflection, will always have much to dread, so far as it relates to his sojourn upon earth; and they are the wisest who pay the least attention to those flattering, yet deceitful prospects of earthly good, which, from the interested motives of knaves and misers, are frequently held out to them.

The writer would not be understood here as discouraging the slave from using suitable means for the obtaining of his freedom. All slaveholders are not cruel, nor are all of them wholly influenced



by the love of self. And there are instances in Kentucky of truthful, and kind, and generous dealing of masters with their slaves. We might give in detail many such instances. And when an industrious and trustworthy slave is owned by such a master, his hopes of freedom, when such are held out to him, are not always a mockery, and should be encouraged by every philanthropist. But then, the history of Kentucky slavery will show, that cruelty, hardships, oppressions, and disappointments, are the terrors that reign over immense numbers of the slave population of that State; and to the candid, free *white* man it will appear, upon a fair investigation, that to the slave, the very institution by which he is recognized as *property*, is a curse, withering, and blighting, in all its forms, and aspects, and relations, and tendencies.

But to return.

Early one bright morning, while Ellen was arranging a few articles of clothing in her scanty wardrobe, her attention was attracted by the sight of a bible that had been left by her husband, with a request, that it should be sent to their little daughter, Melinda. While leisurely turning over the pages of this book, she was startled by the entrance into the kitchen of Savage, followed by a stranger, a tall elegant looking gentleman, holding in his hands a chain and a pair of hand-cuffs. This man was Hardy, the trader.

"Is that the woman you are to let me have, Mr. Savage?" inquired Hardy, pointing to Ellen.

"That's her," answered Savage; "you'd better put the chain on her now."

"O no! not *me!*" said Ellen, as she was seized and forced to submit to the chains—"surely, not now,"—but she was forthwith handcuffed, and suddenly recollecting her infant, exclaimed, "O my child!"

"You will leave that," said the trader coolly, "I have no use for children now."

"Not leave my child!" said the frantic mother, as she rushed wildly toward the cradle, where, a few minutes before she had placed her little Billy with his toys. "Oh no! you must not separate us," continued she as she stooped over the cradle and vainly tried to take the babe into her arms.

Recovering from the paroxysm produced by this warm gush of maternal affection, the truth now suddenly flashed upon her mind, that, for the last time her dear infant had been held in her fond embraces. Falling upon her knees beside the cradle, she wept aloud, and reclining gently upon the cradle, tenderly pressed her lips upon the cheek of the affrighted babe. And now, lifting the tearful eye with her chained hands toward heaven, she commended with a firm faith her little Billy, to the protection of a merciful and faithful Creator. The two

other members of the family, her husband and daughter, though absent, shared in this most fervent prayer. But her oppressors were not forgotten. She now poured forth her soul in strains of holy ardor that seemed to penetrate the very heavens, asking the Divine mercy upon those at whose hands she now suffered the rending of the tenderest ties of nature, and forgave them, with the same heavenly charity that prompted these words that fell from the lips of her Divine master: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Continuing in prayer, she earnestly besought sustaining grace, and while consecrating herself, in terms of patient resignation, her soul and body anew to the service of Almighty God, she received a blessing such as she never had realized before; and now, she arose in full possession of that freedom that chains could not bind, the damps of dungeons chill, nor its bolts and bars exclude.

During this affecting scene, Savage, who had been accustomed to treating his slaves with cruelty, stood unmoved, and the trader, of course, saw nothing in the separation of an affectionate mother from her infant child to move his unrelenting nature. Such scenes he had witnessed but too frequently before.

Cyrena, who had been out picking up chips, now entered the kitchen, and Ellen, greatly moved at the idea of being so suddenly separated from



her old companion in suffering, would now have fain embraced her, but the chain prevented. The old cook saw, by the dim vision, the glimmering of the chain and the hand cuffs fastened upon Ellen, and approaching her, said, mournfully,

“Poor Ellen! you’s gwine at last.”

“We’ll go now,” said the trader, growing somewhat impatient.

Ellen, immediately turning to Cyrena, bade her an affectionate farewell, and as the rest of the servants were absent, and knowing, from the restless manner of her new master, that there was but a moment of indulgence more to be given, the chained mother now asked the privilege of impressing a farewell kiss upon the lips of her dear little Billy. This privilege being granted, Cyrena took the child in her arms, and Ellen, kissing it a few times with all the tenderness of a mother’s love, said,

“Farewell, my sweet Billy; may the good Lord take care of Billy, and may he meet his mother at last in heaven!”

Ellen, now, with singular self-possession, passed out of the kitchen and proceeded on her journey. As was the custom, she started on foot, while the trader, mounting his horse, followed after. Before she was out of the hearing of her old friend, Cyrena, she commenced singing—

“My suffering time will soon be o’er,  
When I shall sigh and weep no more.”

Late in the evening Ellen arrived at the house of the trader, considerably fatigued from her journey, which she performed on foot. She was, immediately upon arriving, ushered into an upper room, where a number of choice slaves were already collected, waiting until their new owner should start with them on the tour for the southern market.

## CHAPTER XXV

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### DEPARTURE FOR THE SOUTHERN MARKET.

THE traveler in Kentucky, while passing through the most highly cultivated and picturesque regions, as he attains to some elevated spot, is often attracted by a handsome residence which all at once breaks on his vision; whose white walls and enclosures, beautifully contrast with the surrounding scenery.

On approaching the residence of our trader, which was situated on an elevated plain, one would have thought that nature and art had been contending for the mastery. A snow-white mansion, as it stood, with its environs, amid a forest of trees, was adorned with the finest touches of art; while every where around, nature had exhibited to the eye of the beholder one of the most lovely and beautiful of landscapes. Far down, on one hand, and in front of the dwelling, the Dick's river was seen, winding its circuitous route among the cliffs, which, in some places, presented a perpendicular



wall, towering, to a dizzy height, whose smooth surface appeared as though it might have been adjusted with the most perfect symmetry; and in other places, breaking forth into irregular projecting peaks, that overhung the opposite shore.

Amid these, as the river flowed on, it sometimes presented a sheet of blue water; then disappearing among the bluffs, it continued its course until lost in the dim distance.

On the other hand, and in the rear, were seen the blue hills, their summits rising gradually, one above another, until they were bounded by the horizon.

Amid these delightful scenes, dwelt our trader, who had enriched himself in this most atrocious traffic in human flesh and blood. And notwithstanding the many tears, and sighs, and heart-rendings which all this array of wealth had cost, a tranquil beauty pervaded the whole scene. The trader, too, was now at ease: his mind was unperturbed. But a sorrowful scene was soon to be enacted on his premises. His splendid mansion, which never failed to attract the attention of the passing traveler, and though encompassed with scenes of beauty and quietness, was nevertheless, within, a habitation of cruelty. Here the melancholy spectacle was presented, of a group of slaves, loaded with chains, and destined soon to be hurried away, like cattle, to a distant market.

But none of these things disturbed the reflections of the trader. His temporal affairs seemed all to be prospering. And as there was nothing from without that was calculated to interfere with the quiet of his mind, he was therefore free from inward commotion.

But does it not strike you, thoughtful reader, that this very trafficker in the souls and bodies of human beings had just cause of alarm? And might not the denunciation of the Almighty against a certain character of olden time have suited well in this case? Just think, for a moment, of the dreadful language of that expostulation: "Because I was silent, thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." And how many, even in the present age of the world, enjoying all the advantages of civil and religious liberty may be found, who interpret God's silence in the same way! "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore, the heart of the sons of men is set in them to do evil."

But, then, there is a day of future reckoning appointed, and "the judgment of the wicked lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not." The ways of God are equal; justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. The cry of oppression and violence, rising from millions of the enslaved descendants of Ham, has long since entered the ear of that Omniscient and Just One,

whose righteousness will be terribly vindicated in the overthrow of the oppressor.

And it should not be forgotten, that the moral history of the world furnishes us with evidence, that national sins, as well as individual sins, have sometimes been open beforehand going to judgment. Where is now the glory of those ancient kingdoms and empires that oppressed the nations? That glory is faded—gone. Ancient Egypt, once the seat of learning, of the arts and sciences, a nation abounding in wealth and luxury, for her oppression, was doomed by the divine decree to become “one of the basest of kingdoms.” That decree has never been revoked. Egypt has long been a standing testimony to the truth of those prophecies of Scripture that point out the downfall and extermination of oppressive governments.

And there, too, was Babylon, the proud capital of the Chaldean monarchy. How terrible were the denunciations of Scripture against that once powerful metropolis: “And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee’s excellency shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their folds there: but wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures: and owls



shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces; and her time is near at hand, and her days shall not be prolonged."

This fearful doom of Babylon has long since been fulfilled. Great Babylon has fallen, and in her utter desolation we see a fit type of that destruction awaiting those mighty empires and kingdoms that subjugate and oppress the feebler nations of earth.

But, without detaining the reader longer here, let us look, for a moment, at this matter as it regards individual cases. Pharaoh oppressed Israel, and his sins were open beforehand going to judgment. Sennacharib, the conquerer of nations, was suddenly routed and defeated, though at the head of an immense army; because he had oppressed and overcome nation after nation, until the cup of his iniquity was full, and divine justice saw fit to mete out to him a tyrant's punishment.

And there was the proud oppressor, Nebuchadnezzar, and the equally tyrannical and impious Belshazzar, whose daring and open infraction of the rights of man called for the special interposition of heaven.

Now, if the Almighty denounces a woe upon the heathen oppressor, what shall we say to the oppressor in Christian lands? The language ad-

dressed to Sennacharib will not be considered too severe: "Woe to thee that spoilest and thou wast not spoiled; and that dealest treacherously and they dealt not treacherously with thee. When thou shalt cease to spoil thou shalt be spoiled, and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee."

Such instances of retributive justice are so frequently noted in Scripture, that we are at no loss to discover in that retribution, an illustration of the principle in God's moral government, stated in the language of our blessed Saviour; "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." And now, we feel authorized to apply this principle to the oppressors of the African race, whether their oppression be carried on as a system by individuals, or companies, or nations. To all such oppressors we would say, "Lift not up the horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck." According to an unalterable law of the Divine administration, a day of solemn reckoning awaits you.

But let us proceed with our narrative.

Hardy, after taking an affectionate leave of his family, now started on his journey South. The slaves he had purchased for the market, were composed of about an equal number of men and women. The women were favored with the privilege of traveling as far as the Ohio river, in covered wagons, containing, at the same time, their old

trunks, clothing, etc., and such like articles, also, belonging to the men, whose duty it was made to travel on foot until they were put upon board a steamer for the South.

In the afternoon of the third day after leaving his delightful home, Hardy, with his slaves arrived safely in the city of Louisville. The slaves were all stowed away in a few upper rooms of a hotel on ——— street, where they tarried until the next morning. Previous arrangements having been made, with reference to embarking for the South, from the city of Louisville, at an early hour of the day, the whole cargo of Hardy's slaves was received on board the noble steamer BRILLIANT OF ORLEANS.

The heart of Ellen was now indescribably gloomy and desolate. From the hotel where she tarried the night before, she walked down to the wharf, alongside a very interesting mulatto woman, to whom she was chained after the usual manner. In looking around, as she passed along, Ellen vainly cast her eye this way and that, hoping to get a glance, at least, of her husband, who had been laboring here for years past, in confident expectation of raising a sum of money sufficient to purchase his wife's freedom. But the sad scene of a beloved wife in chains, torn away from husband and children, and soon to be conveyed to a distant market, was not that day permitted to pre-



sent itself to the eye of the amiable and excellent Willis.

Before the sun had reached his meridian splendor the magnificent steamer was moving out from the wharf, under a heavy steam, with its long bright streamers flashing in the beams of the sun, and its columns of smoke curling proudly above. Its hold was crowded with the rich products of Kentucky, such as hemp, tobacco, flour, etc.; while its deck contained the more valuable treasure of human beings, doomed to a life of servitude and degradation.

Most of the slaves were mulattoes and quadroons, whose flushed cheeks, throbbing temples, and aching hearts, were animated with the same rich, free blood that coursed through the veins of their aristocratic fathers and kindred, who had sold, in divers instances, and pocketed, the price of their own blood. Such deeds, kind reader, have long been tolerated in a Christian land.

No sooner had the steamer passed out of sight of the city, than the slaves began to collect in groups and adjust their old blankets and clothing as best they could. In the general stir Ellen was silent, and a somewhat pensive expression pervaded her countenance. She was observed by an old woman that had been purchased by another trader, and while paying special attention to five children chained together, she turned to Ellen

and offered her a cake, which was thankfully received.

“Will you please tell me,” said Ellen to the old woman, “how you happen to be loose here, and all the rest of us chained?”

“O yes,” said the old woman cheerfully, “dat’s mouty easy ’splained. Jes look here: dese my chilens,” said she, pointing to the chained group. “I hasn’t bin chained,” continued she, “sence ever we started, kase da knows I follows arter my chilens if da lets me. I goes ’long whar my young ’uns goes, certain, if I gits de chance.” Poor woman! Like as not she followed these children to the slave-market, and there, while upon the block, was separated from them, never again to see their faces in the flesh. When Ellen saw this affectionate mother, so kindly waiting upon her children, fetching them food and drink, and otherwise ministering to their wants, she thought of her two little children that she had left behind, especially the younger, and while reflecting on the past, despite her efforts to be calm, she was deeply affected, and shed tears freely. But remembering that she had, with confidence, committed her all into the hands of that God who is ever faithful, she soon became quiet, and at the usual hour of retiring, after earnestly invoking the Divine blessing upon herself and the absent members of her family, she sank into the peaceful slumbers of the night.

Nothing of special interest further occurred on this trip. The entire cargo having been received at Louisville, the trip was made with unusual speed. Our trader, the energetic Mr. Hardy, after arriving at the great Southern emporium, soon disposed of his slaves; some purchased for the sugar farms; others scattered around, through the city, and among the number was Ellen, whose allotment it was to fall into the hands of a wealthy French family.

And here, for the present we leave her, and return to the romantic banks of the Kentucky river.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

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### ORMSBY THE NEW LANDLORD.

THE sweet breath of a summer morning was breathing through the open doors and windows of the same residence, as it now, being newly repaired and painted, gleamed through the trees. The light mists were curling around the summits of the cliffs, as they gradually melted in the beams of day. Flowers of almost every form and color, were seen bending their beautiful heads, as if in mute adoration to the god of the morning, who gradually exhaled the dew-drops from their surcharged petals, bidding them lift their fair heads and bloom afresh. The majestic trees whose bowers were vocal with the music of summer, lifted their wide branches toward heaven, as if to receive the beaming glories.

In an old cabin that stood half way between the kitchen and garden, sat Julia, rocking a cradle in which slept a mulatto child. Beside her lay a large roll of tow linen, out of which she had cut

some three or four pairs of breeches which were rolled up and laid on a chair. Dressed like a common servant, she sat rocking the cradle, and at the same time, busily engaged in sewing the negroes, clothing.

Having been forced to marry one of the field hands, whom she once treated with indifference, she was long since put out into the quarter. A fine looking youth of about eighteen years of age entered the cabin, and seating himself in an old chair, and pulling off a tattered palmetto hat, with a rough sun-burnt hand, brushed the bright auburn locks from his smooth brow.

A sudden rush of feeling crimsoned his cheek and flashed in his dark eye, as he said, "I will not be beat and driven about like a dog any longer. It is hard enough to work in the hot sun all day, without being goaded at every step.

I go in rags every day, and work very hard at that. I don't see how Miss Eliza can look on and see us treated this way. And there is that overbearing Ormsby. I hate him in my heart, and can't put up with his cruelty much longer—some change must take place—I am resolved on it. I have nothing against Miss Eliza, she has always been reasonable, but as for that old bachelor—take care—I'll never stand his doings much longer, that's certain."

"What will you do?" inquired Julia.

"Why," said Jerome, "I'll slope for Canada, or somewhere else."

"Well," said Julia, closing the door, "you are old enough Jerome, to begin to think for yourself, and I have a secret to tell you, but you must never make it known, whatever you do; for if it should get to Miss Eliza's ears she would be miserable. You have high blood in your veins," continued Julia. "My mother used to tell me that my father was a great man; and that when they lived in Virginia, he used to go to Washington, the place they call the Capital. My mother went too, sometimes as nurse, and she said it was the splendidest place she ever did see. And Jerome," said she, while a deep glow kindled her cheek, "You are master Clayton's own child."

"That's not possible," said Jerome. "Why Aunt Tempy used to tell me that my father was an old red-headed turn-piker that used to be about here, and that's the reason my hair is the color it is."

"That's all guess work with Aunt Tempy," said Julia. "She knows nothing about it, neither any one else except myself. Miss Eliza never dreamed of such a thing, I don't believe; and when Edgar and Edwin kicked and cuffed you 'round so, they didn't know they were abusing their brother; and you are nearly as white as any of them. If you was in a strange place, the people wouldn't be apt to suspicion you was colored at all."



At this moment a shrill voice was heard at the door of the kitchen, calling Jerome. He instantly arose and left, but had proceeded but a few steps from the door, till he was met by a surly, ill-looking man who gave him a few blows over the head and shoulders with a rough hickory stick which he commonly carried about as a cane.

"Take that, you good for nothing yellow dog," said he; "What have you been doing in the kitchen this time o' day. Go on to your work."

Jerome staggering round, picked up his hat, which flew off at the first blow.

In the parlor sat the once amiable Mrs. Clayton, now Mrs. Ormsby. She had married, and who could have blamed her; second marriages are common; and long years had passed over the grave of her first husband, before the thought of a second marriage had been seriously entertained. And then, Ormsby had seen fit at a suitable opportunity during the days of Mrs. Clayton's widowhood, to inform her that she was the first, and indeed, the only woman, that he ever loved, and so deeply was she engraven upon the tablets of his heart, that he had never sought happiness in the company of females since her marriage. Perchance, however, the personal charms of Mrs. Clayton, were not more attractive to Ormsby, than those of her purse; for after her marriage to young Clayton, Ormsby, instead of cutting his throat or taking poison as

some lovers do after being seriously disappointed, he entered upon a regular business, by which he amassed a handsome fortune, and after the death of Clayton, it was sufficiently evident to those acquainted with Ormsby, that his keen eye was fixed upon the widow's estate, which years after, he succeeded in blending with his own.

He had not long been in possession of the fine mansion and farm, which by virtue of his marriage he became master of, until the servants on the premises found that they were to be ruled by the rod of a tyrant. After quarrelling with the overseer, he dismissed him, and assumed the responsibilities of an overseer himself. But his tyranny was such, that some of his best hands ran away, and endeavored to escape from the oversight of their new master. Such attempts, however, proved in almost every instance fruitless. Ormsby was a most expert hand in capturing fugitives, and never failed to make them pay dear for what he was pleased to call their "cursed laziness."

Jerome, however, from having been raised as a house servant, and suddenly thrust in the field and compelled to do the work of a regular, full grown laborer, was not so easily subdued, as will be seen hereafter.

But the servants were not the only sufferers under this new dispensation. Mrs. Ormsby herself, did not find her husband that loving, affec-

tionate, agreeable person that she had expected. So far from this, she found him cold, selfish, and cruel. He was much addicted to fault finding. Angeline was spoiled by indulgence. Edgar and Edwin were impertinent, and would be sure, from their extravagance, to turn out beggars. The servants every one of them appeared as if they had never been taught either obedience or good manners. And Mrs. Ormsby too, was often compelled to submit to a share of complaints. She had no tact for government—business in her hands would never prosper. Expenses would overrun the income if she had her way, etc., etc., etc.

Such was Ormsby.



## CHAPTER XXVII

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### JEROME ESCAPES.

NIGHT, calm, quiet night, that gives rest and repose to the weary, came gradually, shading the face of all things; and while the full moon traveled slowly up the star-lit heavens, the exhausted slaves sank, one by one, into their peaceful slumbers, as they lay upon their beds of straw. No light gleamed from any part of the quarter. The light, also, was extinguished in Ormsby's chamber, for having laid aside his cudgel, he too was quietly resting from the toils of the past day, dreaming, perchance, of gain.

But in one cabin were two persons who had remained up long after the lights were extinguished. Even the old iron lamp that now hung over the hearth was rayless. These two persons were the oppressed mother and son; and now, while the baby slept sweetly and the mulatto husband snored the hours away, Julia and Jerome were conversing by the dim light of the moon that shone through a back window.

"Well," said Julia to Jerome, "I've been harassed and tormented till I have no hope for myself. Ormsby forced me to marry one of his niggers; and because I didn't want to leave Miss Eliza's room he tied me up and whipped me, and drove me out into the quarter among a set of niggers that I always did hate and they always hated me. I always intended, as soon as you were old enough, to persuade you to leave this place, for I know you will never see any peace here. I never wanted to live this way. I wanted that we should both live among the white folks, where we belong. I always liked to be along with Miss Eliza; but the boys kicked you around too much before they went to college and had you doing things for them that they ought to have done for themselves."

"I don't care for the boys," said Jerome, "but as for old Ormsby, I'm perfectly set against him. He is about done with me. He's got all the good out of me he'll get. I've got a plan laid, and I'm going to slope one of these moonshiny nights, when nobody's thinking about it. I've got too much white blood in me to submit to such treatment as I've endured on this place."

"That's perfectly right," said Julia, "and now for the plan. I have between four and five dollars that I'll let you have to start on. Miss Eliza used to let me have money to get little notions, and I

was saving of it and laid up a little now and then: so this money will come in good time."

"I have three dollars and something over," said Jerome, "and that with what you have will be enough. It would be a sorry fellow that couldn't get from here to Indiana on that money, I'm sure."

"O, that's enough," said Julia, "but then, I'm afraid, Jerome, that you'll make the attempt to escape, and be overtaken, and then you may expect to be brought back and nearly murdered. You recollect how Ormsby beat nearly to death the poor fellows that run away from here, first one time, and then another. And you know what a spite he always seemed to have at you. I would not be surprised if he would butcher you the first time he could lay hands on you, if you should be overtaken, while running away."

"I shouldn't either," said Jerome, "but then you know how the darkies 'round here say it's 'ketchin before killin.' When I get started once, then let them catch me that can. These poor fellows here, that were overtaken, were a little too black to make their escape like I can. Whenever I get where I'm not known, I can pass myself for a white man, and when the advertisements are out for a runaway nigger they'll never think of me."

Jerome reasoned pretty well; and when proceeding to the execution of his plans, it was evident they were well matured.



"I thought, when I was first driven out here," said Julia, "that I would try and get off with you; but now I see no prospect of that. But then I'll help you all I can. To-morrow is the fourth day of July, and there is a great celebration in town. Ormsby and Miss Eliza will go, and then we'll have a chance to see more about this matter. It is late now. If Ormsby knew we were up, he'd half kill us. Go to your cabin, and we'll try to-night and dream on our plans."

"I'm not going to dream now;" said Jerome, "I'm on the track of realities;" and gliding out of the door, went to his own cabin, and laying down on his bed of straw, he hardly felt the boards underneath as formerly. The soggy hen-feather pillow, now felt soft as down. Jerome's heart had gone before him, and was already in sight of the gaol; and long did he look out on the beautiful moonlight through a large crack at the back of his bed, and think, and think again, about his elopement, before sleep came to his eyelids. And scarcely had he sank to repose till a thrill, sweet as the harps of heaven, swept over him, and he saw, by the light of a brilliant sun, far in the distance a beautiful abode of rest from toil and sorrow. It was a white mansion. Fair girls and boys were seen gliding about; tall trees waved their green branches on high; cool streams were murmuring all around, and rich gardens and fields

were clothed with most luxuriant growth. There was a wide space between Jerome and this scenery, and he, faint and weary, was making a desperate effort to gain the desired spot, when he awoke. The early birds were singing their songs to the morning dawn when Jerome started up, and never before did their music sound so sweetly. He went out of his cabin and looked toward the east. A deep hue flushed the glorious heaven, and the fragrant breath of the morning was all melody. His spirit caught the inspiration, and he commenced singing—

“Blow on, blow on, ye gentle gales,  
My home’s beyond the wave.”

But this enchantment was broken by the rough voice of Ormsby, who was calling up the servants to assign to them their daily tasks. As Jerome came up, he was ordered, in a very harsh manner, to feed and curry the match horses, and wash the carriage, and have the horses harnessed and hitched up by eight o’clock.

The servants having taken their morning meal, went to their work, and Jerome, according to orders, harnessed the horses, hitched them to the carriage, and drove up before the door of the mansion. Ormsby now came out and scanned the horses and carriages a moment; then stepping up to Jerome, gave him a blow on the side of the head with his cane. “I thought,” said Ormsby,

“that I told you to have every thing in trim. Don't you see that fore wheel is not as clean as it ought to be. Get some water and wash it better you trifling dog. This would be a pretty sight, for a gentleman to ride in such a carriage as this to the city to-day.

Jerome hastened to obey, congratulating himself that this low servitude was nearly at an end. Ormsby stood by to see that the work was well done.

“And now,” said he to Jerome, “see that you are ready instantly to drive into town; you must bring these horses back, and then come for us in the cool of the evening.” Jerome ran to dress himself, and soon made his appearance; but unfortunately for him, one of his boots hurt his foot, and he came out limping. “Hasten! you creep-easy dog,” vociferated Ormsby, “We want to be off.”

As Jerome came forward, Ormsby raised the horsewhip, and dealt a few blows to the poor affrighted boy; “and now, see if that will do you till night; if not I'll try and give you a sound drubbin, and not fool with you at this rate. Get up there,” said he, pointing to the drivers seat, “and see that you drive right.”

After Ormsby entered the carriage, his good wife, chided him for his severity to Jerome. “I know not,” said she, “how you have the heart to



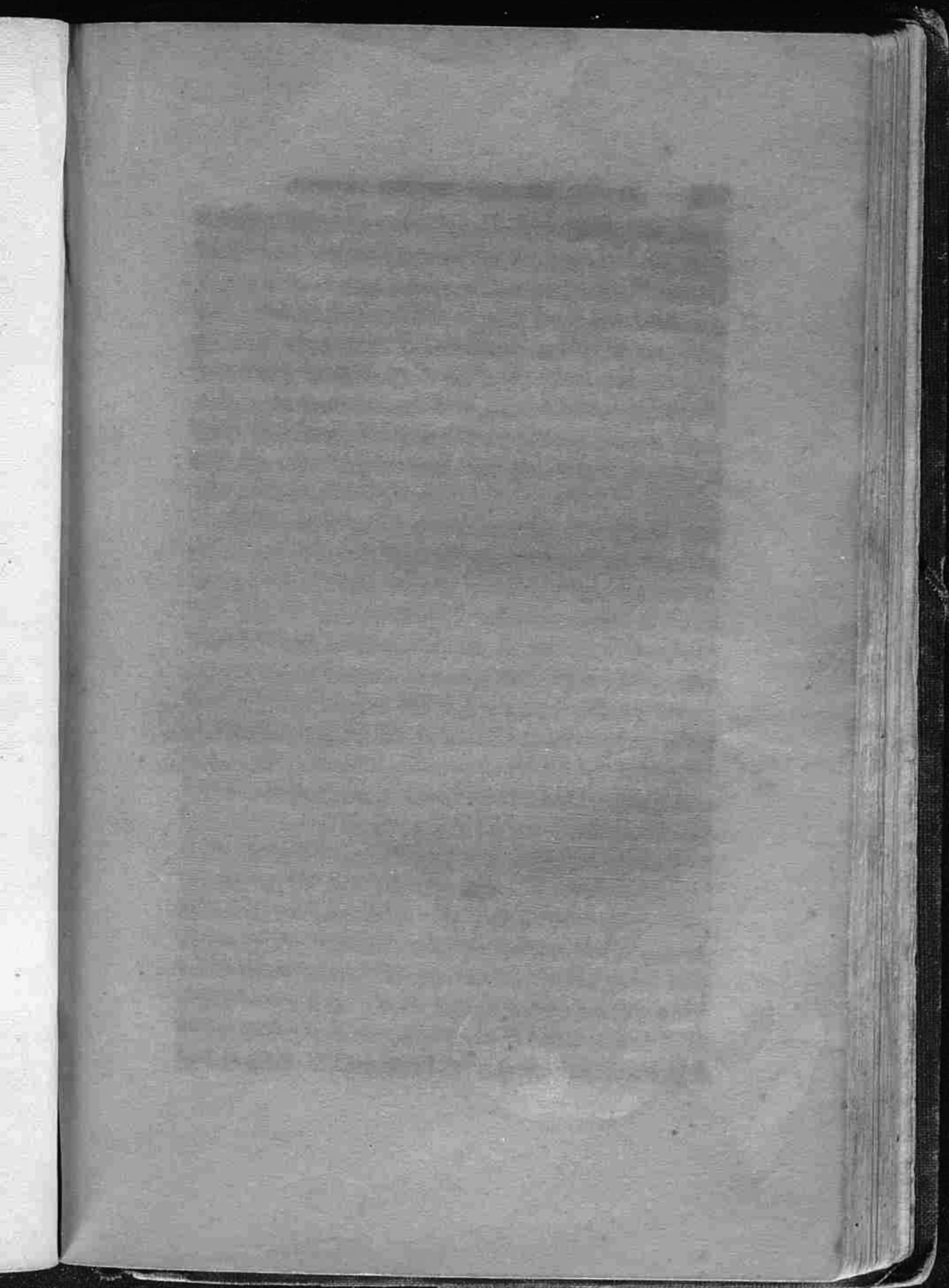
treat that poor boy so cruelly. He was always amiable and obedient, and I never had any trouble with him myself."

"They're all good, to hear your story," said Ormsby, gruffly. "But if, continued he, you will just let me have my way with them awhile, I'll make them know their places."

As Jerome drove along, he saw in the distance the national flag high on the State House, its long pennon floating in the breeze, and the thought instantly struck him; "There are many people in this world that make a great parade about liberty. They prize that very highly, which they take away from others." These thoughts served to stir him up to greater ardor in the enterprise which he had lately set on foot.

Returning home, he requested his mother to have all things in readiness for the adventure of the following night.

The sun had gone down; star after star lighted up the dim vault, and now, the moon round and luminous, rose above the horizon. Jerome's heart throbbed audibly. He sat alone, and saw one light after another fade from the cabin windows; he looked toward the hall, the lamp was extinguished; one only light streamed from Ormsby's bed chamber; he watched it, and it too was gone. A strange thrill swept the chords of his heart, and a dizziness his brain; he stood motionless; it was





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the mother, the long, long separation from Julia, his only earthly friend—and he wept. Then Ormsby, his oppressor—the lash—the long weary days of toil and suffering—all these passed before him, and the chords all vibrated to the one touch, and that was freedom. He now went softly to the cabin where Julia sat weeping. She spoke not a word, but taking up the bundle, moved cautiously out, followed by Jerome. After they had escaped into the open yard, they paused a moment beneath the shadow of the trees, till they discovered that all was silent. Then walking down the ravine, they came to the gate that looked toward the river. The solemn night, the moon and stars, were the only witnesses, save Omniscience, to this scene of maternal and filial affection. The poor, wronged, degraded mother, threw her arms around the neck of her oppressed son, and giving him a long, farewell embrace, said, “Go.” Jerome endeavored to speak, but grief prevented utterance. Both stood silent for a moment. A thin cloud passed over the face of the moon, and now, beaming more brightly, Julia, as if struck by some strange impulse, said, “Go, Jerome, and may the heavens protect you.” Jerome spoke not, but taking up his bundle, turned mournfully away, and passed out of the gate. Julia stood silently gazing on the receding form, till it disappeared in the dim moonlight.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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### ELLEN IN NEW ORLEANS.

To ONE who had served in the lower grades of society in Kentucky, how great the change, when ushered into the gorgeous dwelling of one of the wealthy citizens of the Southern Metropolis.

De Long, Ellen's new master owned a large sugar plantation, a few miles from the metropolis, but his family resided for the most part, in the city. Here he owned also, a most valuable and elegant mansion; containing beautifully pictured halls, and ornamented saloons. It was enclosed with an iron railing through which could be seen all that ornamental shrubbery adapted to Southern climates; with rich variegated flowers of every form, color, and fragrant perfume, all waving in unfading bloom and verdure. Caged birds from the spicy groves of Ceylon, and the ruder climes of the north, mingled their songs with those from the

Canary isles. On a marble pavement was basined a fountain whose limpid waters ever playing, gave coolness and freshness to the atmosphere. The entire house was furnished with the most costly and elegant furniture. In one parlor was placed a splendid organ; in another, the piano, with various other instruments of music. Every thing, in a word, wore the appearance of opulence and ease.

After the old kitchen on Savage's premises in Kentucky was brought up in Ellen's recollections, by the contrast which these new scenes of grandeur suggested, she stood almost bewildered. Madame DeLong was a Creole, and notwithstanding the wealth and splendor with which she was surrounded, was very agreeable, not to say kind, to her slaves. Being pleased with Ellen's personal appearance, she chose her as a waiter, and as time passed away, this arrangement proved for a great while increasingly agreeable, both to the mistress and her servant. Ellen and Lucy, a mulatto girl, whose business it was to perform the labors of a seamstress, occupied a room which joined Madame De Long's apartment. Ellen was here furnished with genteel apparel, and every necessary comfort. The large window of this pleasant room opened to a small grove of orange and lemon trees, where grapes of richest dye were hanging in long and purple clusters from the green vines, which clinging



about the beautiful frame work, formed the most delightful arbors.

Here, amid the deep peals of the organ, and the mild and sweeter tones of other instruments of music, Ellen performed in secret those duties which she had scrupulously observed in former years of her life. The Bible was her daily companion. She read its sacred pages with a heart uplifted in prayer for the continual direction and protection of heaven. Often did her sad thoughts return to the scenes of her former sufferings; and notwithstanding she had with a firm faith committed her children to the care of him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," yet she would often think of their lonely and unprotected condition, and weep.

One day while rubbing and cleansing some rich jewelry for Madame De Long, she was particularly attracted with a gold cross that was thickly set with jewels, and attached to a heavy chain of gold.

"What," said Ellen, to Madame DeLong, "do you wear this for?"

"O," said the mistress, while a deep flush lit up her face, "Don't handle that so roughly; it is the sacred cross," and taking it from Ellen she pressed it fervently to her lips.

Ellen, surprised at this, continued, "Well, mistress, I want you to explain one thing. What's the meaning of that little man standing in that fine

closet there under the big cross? Lucy says that you always kneel before that when you pray."

The mistress again reddened, and she would have given Ellen a severe reproof, but taking a second thought, her displeasure all turned to pity for the poor slave, who had been reared in such ignorance concerning the great subject of religious worship.

One Sabbath afternoon, as Ellen and Lucy were passing up a street, in a somewhat remote part of the city, they heard from a small church a number of persons singing,

"Come thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Calls for joy the loudest praise."

Sweet as the songs of heaven to the weary pilgrims of earth, did this fall on her ear, as Ellen entered the little chapel, accompanied by Lucy who had never before attended a Methodist meeting. Years had passed away since Ellen enjoyed the pleasure of worshipping the true God under circumstances so congenial to her religious feelings. A number of slaves who had embraced religion at their far off homes from which they were torn by oppressors, were here for the purpose of attending religious service according to their former usages. It was a love-feast meeting, and many, and touching were the experiences rehearsed by these illiterate slaves.

They spoke of the separation of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of brothers and sisters; and they spoke also, of the sustaining grace of God; how, thus far through life, he had safely conducted them in their journeyings. Some spoke of prisons, some of stripes, and others of chains from which, in the mercy of God's Providence they were delivered. The occasion was one of peculiar interest. Ellen under a deep emotion arose in the congregation. Her pale, subdued countenance for a moment arrested the attention of those present. She lifted her eyes to heaven, and while an unearthly joy thrilled her soul and lighted her cheek with a smile, she addressed the small audience, as follows: "It was far away in Kentucky that I first saw myself a sinner, and sought the mercy of God. Since that time I have never given up my confidence. But, my strange friends, were I to tell you of all my trials, apart from the sustaining grace of God, it would show greater hardships I expect than any of you have experienced. I once had a kind master who taught me the Scriptures, and I was well taken care of. My husband, too, was religious, but my master died and I was soon afterwards sold. When I was leaving, my little daughter came to me in a great deal of distress, but I had to leave her; and when it seemed to me that I would never cease to hear her screams, I gave her in firm faith to the care of our Hea-



venly Father, who cares for us all. After this I fell into the hands of a cruel master, and by his barbarous treatment he brought me to the very gates of death, but Jesus was with me, and when the chains that separated forever from my tender infant were fast rivetted on my arms, that I could never again press my child to my bosom, in my distress, with this same trust, I committed him to the care of that blessed Jesus, who says that such little children may come unto him, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. When I think of what I have suffered, I think of what Jesus suffered for me; and in all my weary pilgrimage I have found a pillow for my head, but Jesus had no resting place. When he fell into the hands of his enemies, he was scourged, spit upon, and crowned with thorns. He was then crucified; and why should not I then, be content to suffer with him, when the Scripture says, that I shall reign with him." And now elevating her voice, she said, "Praise the Lord—my trust is in him alone, and I care not if I suffer for his sake. I may be loaded with chains, but Jesus has made my soul free—praise his ever blessed name. And now, while I feel this love of God in my soul, I rejoice. What if we are separated from our dearest relations and friends here? We shall all meet again. Our masters may separate us for a time, and then death may separate us till the last day, when we shall all meet again;

and if we do our duty here as we should, we shall meet in heaven, where death, and parting will never be heard of again."

This intelligent and thrilling speech, fell on the hearts of the congregation with singular power, and the others who spoke of their religious experience, had, with but few exceptions, various trials to relate, which Ellen's remarks seemed to have suggested. Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri, and several other slave states were represented, in this little assembly of slaves. They had passed through different scenes of suffering and conflict, but when they spoke of the goodness of God in the forgiveness of sins, and the grace which had sustained them, there was a striking similarity of experience, and all seemed to be confident in their hopes of attaining to the same heaven where they would receive palms and crowns, and royal robes, and be forever re-united with those dear friends from whom they had been separated here below.

When this meeting closed the sun was setting behind the far-off steeples. As Ellen and Lucy hurried along their homeward way, through the crowded streets, a strong feeling of surprise at what she had just witnessed, was expressed by Lucy. "Why," said she, "I never heard the like before." I did'nt know that people could get so happy, when they sing and pray. Mistress al-

ways prays out of a book. 'Spose we tell her about this meeting when we get home."

"O no," said Ellen, "I'd be afraid if she's a Catholic. I used to hear old master, when I was a little girl, read out of a book, how the Catholics, in what they called the old countries, tortured the religious people to death."



## CHAPTER XXIX.

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### THE BURIAL.

WE will now leave the mother in the gay metropolis of the South, and return to Kentucky, that we may look for a while after the child.

One extremely hot Sabbath afternoon, about the middle of August, some groups of slaves were seen standing near the same kitchen from which the mother had been driven away in chains. An empty cradle stood in the yard, with its little bed and quilts scattered around on the grass. The creaking door stood wide open. In this dilapidated abode, Cyrena, the half blind cook, was still groping about at her work as in former years. Having a little respite from her toils, she was now sitting in a corner, smoking her pipe, and conversing with a neighbor woman who sat in an opposite corner. Three or four more women and some girls were sitting, with Sal, near the door. At the foot of Cyrena's bed, on a rough plank, supported by some chairs, lay the corpse of an

infant. It was the little Billy, that had long since been left, as in a state of orphanage. Poor Ellen! when forced away from her child, in that last farewell embrace dedicated him to God, and he had kindly taken him from the evils to come. A sturdy negro man now entered with a little white pine box on his shoulder, which he sat down on the rough floor beside the corpse. Two women went up and raised the coarse sheet which enveloped the form of the little sleeper, and there lay the child arrayed in a white muslin dress and a lace cap which his mother had left him.

"How sweet he looks!" said Sal, weeping, while the negroes crowded around. "I wish his mother could see him, but she don't know nothin' about him now."

"O how cruel it was!" said Cyrena, "to take its mother 'way from it. Poor thing! he neber got ober it; he jes bin pinin' eber since. I thinks I'll neber he done hearin' on him scream. He was too young to git 'long widout his mamma. Me and Sal, we done our best for de poor thing, and we jess fed him, we did, and kep tryin' to git him to eat and grow, and look thrivin'—but no; he kep on pinin' and gittin' wusser, and he jes natally die, in spite ob us. But, poor child, he's dead now," and she wiped the tears from her withered face.

Two women now laid the corpse in the little

box and covered it over with a piece of white muslin. The negro man then nailed down the lid, and, taking this plain coffin on his shoulder, proceeded to the grave-yard, followed by a train of negroes. They went their way through a field that was grown up with weeds and briars, till they came to the back fence, and crossing this, they went on and came at length to a spot of ground that was too poor and rough for cultivation. They stopped here by some nameless graves that were over-grown by the wild briar. Some scrub oaks and dogwood shaded this lonely spot, and here, amid the gravel and yellow clay, a grave was dug for little Billy. It was a rough grave, but to the innocent little sleeper it was soft and pleasant as a bed of down. As the negro man approached and set the coffin down upon the brink of the grave, the whole company collected, and looked silently on, while the coffin was let down into the vault. The grave was now filled up, but there was no mother to weep as the clods rattled upon the coffin-lid. After the little mound was heaped up and smoothed, an old negro man came forward, and taking off his hat, commenced reading the following hymn!

“ And must this body die,  
This well-wrought from decay;  
And must these active limbs of mine,  
Lie mouldering in the clay?



"Corruption, earth and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh ;  
Till my triumphant spirit comes,  
To put it on afresh.

"God, my Redeemer lives,  
And ever from the skies,  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.

"Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face,  
Be heavenly and divine.

"These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love,  
O, may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy praise above!"

The negroes now joined in singing this beautiful hymn, and the woods around echoed with the sound of their melodious voices. The old man, after the hymn was concluded, knelt down amid the rocks, and lifting his hands toward heaven, prayed long and fervently, after which the company carelessly dispersed.

Though no mother will ever shed a tear on the green sod, or pluck the wild thistle from that little mound and plant the rose and woodbine there, yet He, who is no respecter of persons, will regard that little spot; and may we not believe that he will appoint angel guardians that will keep as strictly their vigils over this little grave as over the golden urn that enshrines the monarch's dust?

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

YEARS had passed, and Willis having obtained a sufficient sum of money to purchase his wife, was now wending his way with a cheerful heart to the well known farm house. It was night, and all was dark except Sancho's cabin. On entering the dwelling of his former friends, Willis found Sancho alone by the light of a dim lamp, trying to mend an old tattered garmet.

"Heigh! old friend," said Willis, taking Sancho by the hand, "what! not come to this."

At this salutation, the poor old man looked up, and Willis discovered from the sorrowful countenance of his friend, that he was lonely and disconsolate. A faint smile, however, passed over his worn features, as he recognized the friend of his happier days. And laying down his work, he trimmed the lamp, after which, folding his hands, he looked earnestly on the face of his friend. "I

'spose," said Sancho, "it's bin some time sence you was here, but you's hearn all 'bout ebery thing."

"Not a word," said Willis, "but I hope that all's right."

"Poor Bridget!" said Sancho, "she's done toilin and sufferin dis great while. All our chilin's sold and scattered 'bout ober creation, da is."

"I hope," said Willis, "that my folks are on hand—I've come to buy them, if they're still for sale."

"Why," said Sancho, starting up with surprise, "don't you know dat Ellen's done sold long 'go?"

"Oyes," said Willis, certainly, "you remember, don't you, that I've been here since."

"Well," said Sancho, "but Ellen bin sold 'gin. Mr. Hardy de man what takes black folks off South bought Ellen, and he took her off, and de baby kep a screamin arter her"

"Not possible," said Willis with amazement, "Why, how could that have happened?"

"O my dear fellow," said Sancho, "did'nt I tell you what my old massa used to tell all his folks sometimes:

"Dar many a slip,  
'Tween de cup and de lip,"

"I used to be a calculatin dat Ellen jes be 'bout de fust one dat be sold arter old massa died, and



I did'nt miss fur, I did'nt. You neber seed de like how dese poor niggas has to be sold and scattered round to pay de debts ob de white folks. But den you can hear more 'bout da way things bin gwine on, if you jes go 'mong de white folks, 'kaze they knows more 'bout things dan I does.'

"I will go," said Willis, "and see Mrs. Hammond."

'Go see Missis," said Sancho with surprise, "why ain't you done hearn she bin dead long ago."

At this moment, Melinda, having heard that her father had come, now entered the cabin. She was dressed in tattered raiment, and presented a pitiable appearance, yet she was not insensible as to her condition. "Now father," said she, "won't you take me with you; mother is sold and gone away off, and little Billy is dead. Do please father take me with you, and let me stay where you are, wont you?"

"Yes my child," replied the sorrowing father, as the tears rolled freely down his cheeks; "I will take you with me, and we will try and find mother after awhile. She's away off, but we'll go and ask the people where she stopped, if they will tell us where she is."

"But father," inquired Melinda, with great solicitude; "if they don't tell you where mother is, what will you do then?"

“O,” said the father, “I’ll keep asking till they do tell me.”

And this was the fixed purpose of the devoted husband and father. It is remarkable too, that no disappointments or adverse circumstances ever effectually damped the ardor of this persevering man. He had seen dark days; sudden changes had so repeatedly occurred in the fortunes of the family owning his wife, that there were reasons for the apprehensions of Sancho, which were expressed in the favorite couplet he so often quoted. But Willis seems to have fixed this purpose of securing his wife’s freedom, so deeply in his heart, and having cherished such purpose through many long years of toil, and withal, having succeeded well in procuring money, which was carefully laid up with a sole view, to be used for the accomplishing of the desired result, the hope was not now to be abandoned.

At the request of Melinda, an old chest was now unlocked. “Look here father,” said she, taking out of the chest a small Bible and hymn book; “look here what mother sent me; but I can’t read much yet. I want to read though, for mother sent me these two books, and said I must read; but I don’t know hardly how yet, for there’s nobody for a long while to show me.”

Various other articles from the chest were now taken up one by one, and shown by the little daugh-

ter to her father. That chest, with its contents, the chained mother left when torn from her friends and kindred.

Sancho now approaching, looked in the chest. "Poor gal," said he, "she was always mounty good, she was, sendin things here to little Linda. But if you wants to save dis poor child I jes tells you now, you'd better be lookin out; 'kaze no tellin' what's to 'come on her. She belongs to Miss Jane, and she'll let you have her, 'kaze she'd be glad 'nough to git de money for her!"

Willis found, on inquiry, matters about as related by Sancho; and without delay purchased his daughter. He immediately returned to L—, settled his business there, and left for the south, taking his daughter with him. He stopped in New Orleans, and after placing Melinda in the care of a judicious seamstress, with an arrangement for her instruction in labor, reading, etc., he soon engaged in business, and from his industry and knowledge of the trade, he had long followed, got such wages as enabled him still to succeed in laying up money.

In the meantime, Willis, as may well be supposed, made diligently inquiry after Ellen. He found but few persons, however, to encourage his hopes of success.

It might seem strange to many, living in the free northern states, that a husband and father so



much concerned about the interests of a beloved family as was Willis, could have been induced to be absent from them so long. But this circumstance will appear in a most favorable light, when we consider, that in the great city of L—, Willis was toiling with the utmost diligence to raise money to purchase his dear family, and as he knew full well the perils to which they were exposed, he lost no time from his shop, until he had accumulated money enough to consummate his enterprise.

But leaving him now in the Southern metropolis, still pursuing with industry his trade, we will proceed a few squares and see how business is progressing at the residence of Monsieur De Long.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

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### A RIDE TO THE COUNTRY.

"Is the bath ready?" said Madame De Long, while the bright beams of a southern sun-rise tinged with gold and crimson the rich drapery of her bed-chamber.

"Yes ma'am," replied Ellen, as she was opening the windows to admit the fragrant breath of the early morn.

"This is a fine morning, Ellen," remarked Madame De Long, "and I am going to take a ride to the country to-day. Go now, and get my puffs and light ear-rings. Those long curls are in my way when I ride out, and the rings are too heavy. See that every thing is in place, for I want to start early. Go wake Louise and assist her in dressing, so that she may be ready, when the music teacher comes, to take her lesson. And where," continued she, "is Monsieur De Long?"

"He is in the saloon," said Ellen, "I will go and tell him you want to see him."

In a moment Monsieur De Long made his appearance, and ascertaining the arrangement for an early ride, ordered the coachman to be ready immediately for a trip to the country.

In a short time the vehicle was seen moving swiftly through the crowded street. Having passed the limits of the city, they were attracted by the sight of beautiful gardens, groves, and vineyards, and the coachman was ordered to drive more leisurely.

"Well, my dear," said Monsieur De Long to his lady, "when do you wish to return to the city?"

"Not till late in the evening," replied Madame De Long, "I have arranged my domestic affairs for to-day. Every thing is safe with Ellen. She is honest, and careful, and I never feel uneasy when I leave her in charge of things."

"I am happy," replied Monsieur De Long, "that our Kentucky woman has proved to be such a valuable servant."

"She is," said Madame De Long, "the most amiable servant we ever owned, she is so self-denying, and then, she is very kind to the children. I am really pleased with her, on account of her many good qualities; but it is a great pity that she is so ignorant. Why, she never saw a cross in all her life, and she never heard of an image; she knows nothing about a prayer book, and Lucy says she kneels at her bed-side every night, and



prays without one. She reads a book which, I am told, she calls the Bible, and I sometimes hear her singing songs in which she repeats the name of God and of Jesus, the son of the beloved St. Mary. I shudder at such blasphemy."

"Well," said Monsieur De Long, smiling at the earnest manner of his lady, while delivering these enthusiastic remarks, "I suppose if Ellen does her work well, and is so good and amiable as you say, her superstitious notions about religion will not do any particular hurt. I am sure I would take no concern about this woman's religion. We want our household affairs managed well, and as to praying and singing psalms, that's a matter that I'm sure I'll not trouble myself about."

"But you don't think, my dear," said Madame De Long, "the influence that such a servant would have over the balance of the servants. And then, consider the situation of our children: Ellen often has the care of them; it would be horrible, you know, for them to imbibe her notions, and such a thing could not be prevented entirely, unless there is a change in her religious views and conduct."

"Well," said Monsieur De Long, somewhat carelessly, "may be you can persuade the woman out of her wild notions about religious matters."

"I have been thinking about making the effort," said Madame De Long; "she is too valuable a servant to be led astray by such delusions; but I

suppose she got all her religious notions from having served in Protestant families."

"Do your best," said Monsieur De Long, "and I hope you will succeed." But this polite gentleman cared very little about the matter in any way whatever.

The vehicle rolled on, and as they were approaching a most lovely landscape, Monsieur De Long, who seemed very willing to change the conversation, exclaimed, "How beautiful! I never pass those delightful flower gardens, with their cooling fountains, nor those fine vineyards, with their rich purple clusters, without thinking of the environs of Paris and the days of my boyhood. Look at those large groves of orange trees, and those clumps of dark green lemon. They always bring to my recollection the green olives in the valley of the Seine, where I used to take my school-boy sports. And this suggests to my mind our intended visit to Paris. I must begin soon to arrange business for the journey."

The vehicle now stopped at a large gate, and upon entering the premises, new scenes of beauty were presented to the view. A splendid mansion was near at hand, surrounded with vineyards, groves, and fields of cane, all waving in the dewy freshness of a southern morning. These rural scenes were such as often cheered the vision of those wealthy families as they sallied forth from

the pent-up air of the city to the salubrious atmosphere of a country seat.

This little party spent the day pleasantly at the delightful country residence. So agreeably were they entertained that they lingered about this enchanting spot till the rosy sunset was deepening into the twilight shade, and the full moon had just commenced her blue course among the stars, as they reached home.

The brilliant light of a glass chandelier was streaming from the wide hall, and a deep thrill of most enchanting music came on the air. It was Louise playing and singing a new air.

"What strange piece of music can that be?" said Madame De Long. "I believe though," continued she, "that I never before heard Louise's voice sound so sweetly."

Madame De Long now entered the parlor, and in a moment the arms of the child encircled the neck of the delighted mother, who brushed the dark glossy ringlets from the beautiful brow, and pressing her lips to the rosy cheek of the happy child, said,

"My dear, what beautiful air was that you were singing as we drove up? Your pa and I were delighted with it."

"O ma!" said the little creature, in ecstasy, "it's the sweetest song you ever heard in all your life; I'll play it for you."



"Wait, dear," said the mother, "till your pa comes in."

Monsieur De Long now came in, after which his little daughter took her seat at the melodeon, and, running her fingers over the accompaniment, commenced singing —

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers  
Have all lost their sweetness to me

"The mid-summer's sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay,  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May."

"That will do," said Madame De Long, as Louise closed the first verse of this old-fashioned Methodist hymn, "I guess you have been taking lessons from Ellen;" and turning to her husband, said, "this is nothing more than might have been expected. Ring for the nurse; it is time the children were taken to their bed-room."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

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### TRIAL OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

MADAME DE LONG, who was now preparing to attend the bridal of a favorite sister, whose nuptials were to be solemnized at the Cathedral, called Lucy, as she was busily engaged in finishing a costly dress for her mistress to wear on that occasion.

Lucy came more slowly than usual; and when she entered the room of her mistress, it was with a hesitating step, and at the same time her face was concealed in a large bonnet.

"I only wanted," said Madame De Long, "to see how the trimmings I gave you would suit the color of my dress. Why do you keep that bonnet over your face, I should like to know?"

Lucy now looked up, and her mistress perceived that she had been weeping.

"I have observed, for some time," said Madame De Long to her servant Lucy, "that you have not been like yourself. Why do you put on such sullen airs? I'm sure they are very unbecoming."

“O,” said Lucy, sobbing, “it is because I’m a sinner that”——

“A sinner, indeed!” interrupted Madame De Long, with evident displeasure. “You poor simpleton! Who told you about being a sinner? But this is some of Ellen’s nonsense, I know; she’ll set you all crazy, I expect.”

Lucy was now required to give an account of the means by which she had, according to the judgment of her mistress, been bewildered about religion. A sort of inquisition was now established, and heresy was soon to be extirpated from the very kitchens of the loyal family of Holy Mother.

“Now, Lucy,” said Madame De Long, “I want you to tell me all about this strange excitement that has lately come over you. Don’t keep anything back; for if you tell all you know about it, you shall not be punished, provided you refrain from your foolish notions, and behave as you should. And be sure, Lucy, I’ll never stop till I put an end to this foolishness. If there was any good in such things, I would say nothing; but then it is so much out of the way, that I’m determined to put up with it no longer.”

Lucy now saw plainly that a full confession of her supposed aberration about religion should be made promptly, and accordingly she proceeded to discharge the duty required. Her confession was as follows:



“I’ve been going to the African Church, where they have this religion. Ellen went with me, and she has told me a good many times, that I must pray, and give my heart to God. I have tried to pray and do as Ellen told me, but the more I’ve tried, the worse I’ve felt. Ellen reads the Bible to me, and tries very often to teach me how to believe, for she says we must all be saved by grace through faith, and the book she has, reads that way.”

“What nonsense!” exclaimed Madame De Long; “but see, Lucy, that you never go among those miserable, ignorant creatures that attend that African Church any more. And now go. Tell Ellen to come here immediately.”

Ellen knew something of the danger of her situation, and had used every reasonable precaution to prevent a difficulty with her mistress; resolving, in the meantime, to adhere with all fidelity and constancy to her religion.

On entering the room of her mistress, Ellen was calm, and the tranquil joy of her spirit gave a serenity to her countenance.

“Ellen,” said Madame De Long, sternly, “bring here to me those books of yours.”

Ellen instantly obeyed.

“That is your Bible, is it?” said Madame De Long, pointing to a Protestant Bible, which Ellen held in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ellen, as she offered the book to her mistress.

A shudder now passed over the agitated form of Madame De Long, and shaking her head, she exclaimed—

"No; not for the world would I touch that book with one of my fingers! I suppose," continued she, "that the other book you hold in your hand is the one in which you have learned all those blasphemous songs I hear you singing sometimes. I want to hear no more of such music about my house, for occasionally I hear Louise humming your songs, although I have told her better."

"All the songs I sing," said Ellen, "are in this hymn book. I learned these when I lived in Kentucky, at Master Hammond's; he was a Methodist, and most of his servants belonged to that Church."

Madame De Long's sympathies were now moved in behalf of the poor slave who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of one who was not only a heretic himself, but who had also instilled heretical principles into those ignorant creatures placed under his control.

"I pity you, Ellen, from my heart," said Madame De Long, in a gentle voice. "I pity you on account of these erroneous notions you entertain about religion, and I should be happy indeed to see you converted to the only true faith, since you

have such a notion to be religious. But then, you are dreadfully deluded. Lucy, too, is almost crazy in the same way; and now, Ellen, I will tell you once for all, that this ado about religion must cease in my family, and among the servants. My children shall never be exposed to such delusion any more. Now, I'll give you your choice of two things: you must either burn those books of yours and leave off those songs, or else suffer yourself to be sold. I would like to keep you; but if I do, you will remain as my servant on the terms I propose, and no other."

A serene smile now passed over the pale face of the supposed heretic, as she pressed the Bible to her bosom. "O, my Bible!" she exclaimed. "Do let me keep my Bible! I would not part with it for the world! Now, mistress," continued Ellen, "if you would only read this book, you would not think of it as you do."

"Then you are not willing to burn that book?" said Madame De Long to Ellen.

"O, no, mistress," replied Ellen; "not for the world!"

A deep radiance now lit up the calm features of Ellen, as she lifted her eyes toward heaven, from which she seemed to catch a glimpse of that glory which ever irradiates the throne of the Eternal; and once more clasping her Bible to her bosom, exclaimed—



“O, my Bible! I would not give up this blessed book for all the world! It tells me about heaven, and points out the way to that good world where there will be no more chains or bondage;” and spreading her arms toward her mistress, as if to clasp her also to her glowing bosom, she said—

“Sell me, mistress, if you think best; but let me keep my Bible, for it tells me how to live, and shows me how I may at last be saved in heaven. Praise the Lord, for showing poor sinners how they may be saved!”

These last words were uttered under deep emotion, and produced, for a moment, a thrilling effect upon the heart of Madame De Long, and she stood motionless and silent; then, gradually recovering from the shock, resumed her usual kind manner. She now ordered Ellen to her room, charging her, at the same time, to say nothing further to Lucy about religious matters, as the poor girl was already half crazy on the subject.

No sooner had Ellen left, than Madame De Long retired to her closet, and kneeling before the image, she lifted her hand towards the crucifix, and with streaming eyes, implored the sainted Mary, mother of the blessed child Jesus, before whose divine image she was now kneeling, to grant her sufficient courage to act with decision in this important matter. She also implored other saints, that they would aid her in maintaining the true Catholic

faith, by ridding her house of the heretic Ellen, and that she might not be guilty of any crime with regard to the poor ignorant creature.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, Monsieur and Madame De Long were seated alone in the piazza, while the melodious songs of the canary bird mingled with the rich tones of the sparkling fountain, and the soft south wind stirred the fragrant moss rose, and perfumed geranium that bowed their beautiful heads beneath the fountain's cool spray. This was a fairy spot, and as they were alone, and Madame De Long's mind was ill at ease, she thought it a proper time now to inform her husband of her intention. "I have done," said she, "all that I can do, to prevail on Ellen to destroy those books of hers, and to abandon her wild and superstitious notions about religion. But so far I have labored in vain. The more I talk to her the more devoutly she clings to her follies. It seems strange, too, that she should be so headstrong in this matter, when she is so perfectly docile and obedient in other things. As she is so persevering, I shall hand her over to you, and really I would not speak to her again on this same subject for half the city, for she shocked my feelings so the other day, when I was endeavoring to convince her of her folly, that I have not got over it yet. There must be a kind of witchcraft about some of these people, who fall into delusions on the subject of religion.

Ellen has produced such an impression upon the mind of Lucy, that she's almost crazy, and there is no telling where this thing will end, if you don't look to it immediately."

"Perhaps we would do well to dispense with an investigation of Ellen's case, till a future time," said Monsieur De Long, and saying this left the piazza.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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### CHRISTIAN FIDELITY REWARDED.

DAYS had passed since Madame DeLong had fully decided to sell Ellen, in the event of her refusing to abandon the heresy of the Protestant religion. And she daily urged her husband to put this purpose into execution. But the infidel husband, who apart from the influence of an affectionate, good wife, cared about as little for Romanism, as the religion of the Protestant, saw no good reason for selling so valuable a slave as was Ellen, on merely religious grounds. Yet for the sake of that domestic happiness so much to be desired by all considerate persons, he was urged to the performance of this unpleasant task.

Madame De Long was now preparing a splendid festival to be given the ensuing evening, on the the bridal occasion of her sister. Servants were running in every direction at her bidding, and all were in motion except Monsieur De Long, who was quietly seated in the cool sa'oon reading the

daily news. But he was interrupted by Ellen, who hastily came into the room and took the old drapery from the windows, and supplied them with a new set. After tastefully suspending those rich hangings, as she was passing out of the room, Monsieur De Long ordered her to stop. Her heart now pulsated with a quicker motion and her cheek turned pale. "Bring those books of yours to me," said he, in a gentle tone.

Ellen ran to her room, and returned with her bible and hymn-book. But approaching Monsieur De Long hesitatingly, he reached forth his hand and said, "Let me look at your books."

"You're not going to take hold of them?" said Ellen with apparent surprise; "I thought you would be afraid to touch them."

"Not I," said Monsieur De Long.

He now carefully examined the bible, leaf after leaf, reading a little here and there; some of the parts were nearly effaced, and the marked places were so dim and worn, that it was with great difficulty he read some of the precious promises that, like lights from eternity had often cheered the drooping spirits of the poor slave. The forty-third Psalm it appeared had been abundantly read as it was well nigh obliterated. It would not be an unreasonable stretch of fancy to suppose this Psalm, so full of consolation to the afflicted, down cast soul, was frequently read in the old cabin in Ken-

tucky, where Ellen suffered such bitter oppression. Here it was that she was deprived of all religious privileges, except that of reading her Bible, and of resigning herself in silent thoughtfulness and prayer, to the will of her Maker. And that the reader may see how appropriate this Psalm would have been under the circumstances just supposed, it may be well here to insert it. It reads as follows:

“Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation; O, deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man. For thou art the God of my strength; why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning, because of the oppression of the enemy? O send out thy light and truth; let them lead me, let them bring me to thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God my exceeding joy; yea; upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”

Monsieur De Long, observing the poor slave who stood so pale and subdued before him, could scarcely refrain from dropping a tear on the page where this devout and faithful Christian had shed so many.

He now opened the other book, which had been Ellen's constant companion from childhood. Its



sacred hymns had been her solace through weary years of toiling and suffering. Some of the leaves of this book were quite gone; others were soiled and almost entirely effaced. But many stanzas were yet intelligible, which were marked and read as follows :

“O how it lifts my soul to think,  
Of meeting round the throne !”

And again,

“There I shall bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heavenly rest ;  
And not a wave of trouble roll,  
Across my peaceful breast.”

“There, that will do,” said Monsieur De Long ; and after handing back the books to Ellen, he resumed his paper. The day was waning to the twilight hour, when Madame De Long, who having given her exquisitely fine person the last finishing touches at her toilet, seated herself in an open balcony, arrayed in the most costly apparel, and like a queen, decorated with the richest jewels. She turned her delighted glance toward the west ; her eyes caught the evening star, which she hailed as the welcome harbinger to the night of festivity and mirth. She sat leisurely fanning herself when Monsieur De Long approached her, with a thoughtful expression of countenance, and seated himself by her side.

“I wonder,” said Madame De Long playfully,

“why it is that my husband appears so dignified this evening.”

“O nothing in particular,” replied Monsieur De Long, forcing a smile; “but I have been,” said he, “examining those books of Ellen’s, that have occasioned you so much trouble, and I am inclined to think that they are harmless. Her Bible is nothing more than a collection of sayings about religious doctrines and worship, that will do but little harm I imagine, if they do no good; and her hymn-book contains some things that resemble the chants which you are so well acquainted with. I think upon the whole, it would be unnecessary to part with our Kentucky woman; she has served us so faithfully, and I see no use whatever, in *Christians* differing so widely.”

“Now, if you please,” said Madame De Long, spiritedly, “don’t talk of Christians or Christian Churches; there is no true Church except the holy Catholic Church. And I tell you now, once for all, you must sell Ellen immediately.”

“Well,” said Monsieur De Long, “if it has come to this, I can take her to the auction and have her sold to-morrow morning. But perhaps I had better sell all the servants; they may have caught this dreadful contagion, known to prevail no where, but among the poor deluded heretics. You say Lucy is crazy.”

“I would not trifle about such serious matters,”

said Madame De Long. "I can control Lucy and the other servants, if Ellen is put out of the way in due time, and that is what I am after."

"Very well, Madame," said Monsieur De Long, "have her ready early in the morning, and she shall cause you no more trouble."

"Thank you for that," said the delighted wife: "you almost always come to the right conclusion, if it does take you a long while."

Madame De Long, now rose to her feet, as if relieved of some great burden. "Perhaps I had better tell Ellen of our intention," said Madame De Long; she might probably recant. "I'll let her think of it at any rate," said she, leaving the balcony.

The twilight had deepened into the somber shades of night, and the beautiful stars, like angel watchers, looked down through the dreamy air. Brilliant lights were seen streaming from every apartment, while one of the gayest crowds of this wealthy metropolis, had already entered the beautiful residence of Monsieur De Long. After the delicious repast, the guests were conducted to different apartments, where, unmolested, they might enjoy their favorite amusements.

In a brilliant saloon, were assembled a number of ladies and gentlemen at cards, where the merry laugh was heard, and the red wine sparkled. The young and fair, who talked only of love, and lovers, were promenading through hall and balcony.



In one parlor, were young men and maidens, adorned in the gaudy array of fashion, moving with busy step to the melodious tones of the piano-forte, in the merry waltz.

In another parlor, were ladies and gentlemen, mingling their sacred chants, with the deeper tones of the organ.

In a small back chamber, whose only window looked out on the solemn night, and quiet stars, sat Ellen with a firm resolve to maintain her Christian integrity. Having heard the knell of her approaching doom, she had calmly resigned herself to the care of that Divine Being, in whose faithfulness, she still trusted; and as she looked out on the harmonious spheres, she chanted softly and sweetly of a home beyond their scanty rounds. She knew that the door of her little chamber was bolted, and that she was in custody, but she felt secure beneath the protection of a safer guard. And though she did not hear the rustling of their golden pinions, nor the thrilling tones of their heavenly minstrelsy, yet she knew that those angel guardians kept their vigils around her. In this serene and happy state of mind, she sank to repose, and dreamed that she was chained in some forlorn and desolate place, not unlike to that gloomy abode, the old kitchen in Kentucky, and that a beautiful form passed before her. It was that of an infant, in whose lovely features, she descried a striking re-

semblance to those of her long lost child. With great exertions, she lifted her hands, and the chains fell off, but the shadow vanished away. She started up—the crowd had dispersed, and all was silent, save the low murmur of the fountain, and an occasional note of the caged birds. She arose and looked from her window. The rosy dawn had already tinged the light clouds of mist that moved along the ethereal depth, like floating garlands, and falling on her knees in holy trust, she again dedicated herself to God in prayer.

A light step was now heard at the door, and the bolt was drawn. Lucy entered, and setting down a basket which contained some suitable apparel, she said, "Mistress wants you to dress up. She says, that her servants, when they have to be sold, must look neat and genteel." Then going out she bolted the door after her.

Ellen hastened to obey her mistress, and having dressed herself according to the directions given, she awaited further orders, when Monsieur De Long who had already sent a message to the auctioneer, entered, followed by the coachman. As the way led out through the family apartment, Madame De Long, who was reclining on a lounge, somewhat indisposed, said, "And you are determined to leave me Ellen, are you?"

"No mistress," said Ellen meekly, "not unless you want me to be sold."

"Then you will agree to my terms, and stay, will you?" inquired Madame De Long.

"O no," replied Ellen, "not for the world. I've given up all—I'm willing to be sold, unless I can keep my Bible and hymn book."

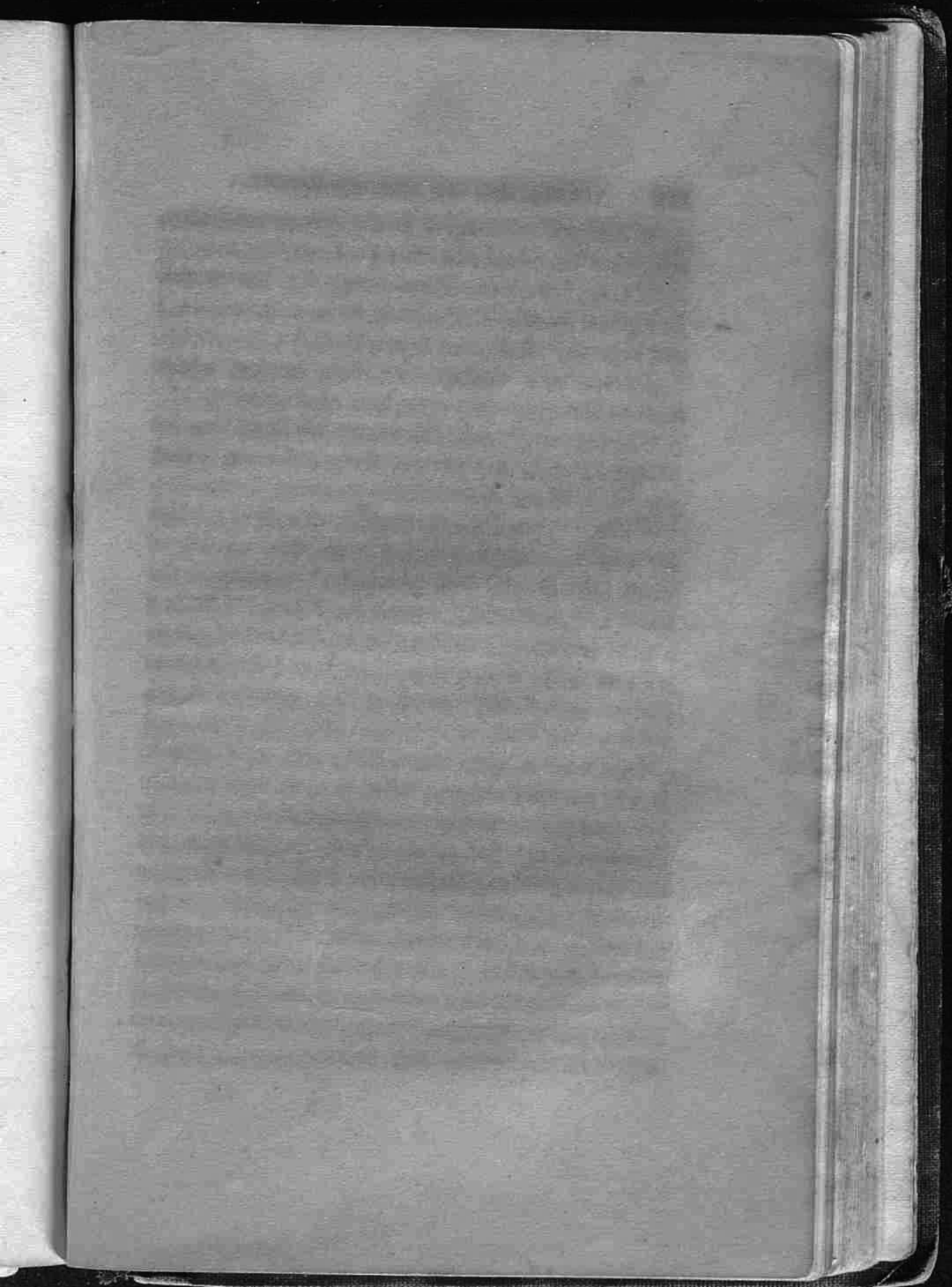
She was now taken to the slave market, where a great concourse of people had assembled.

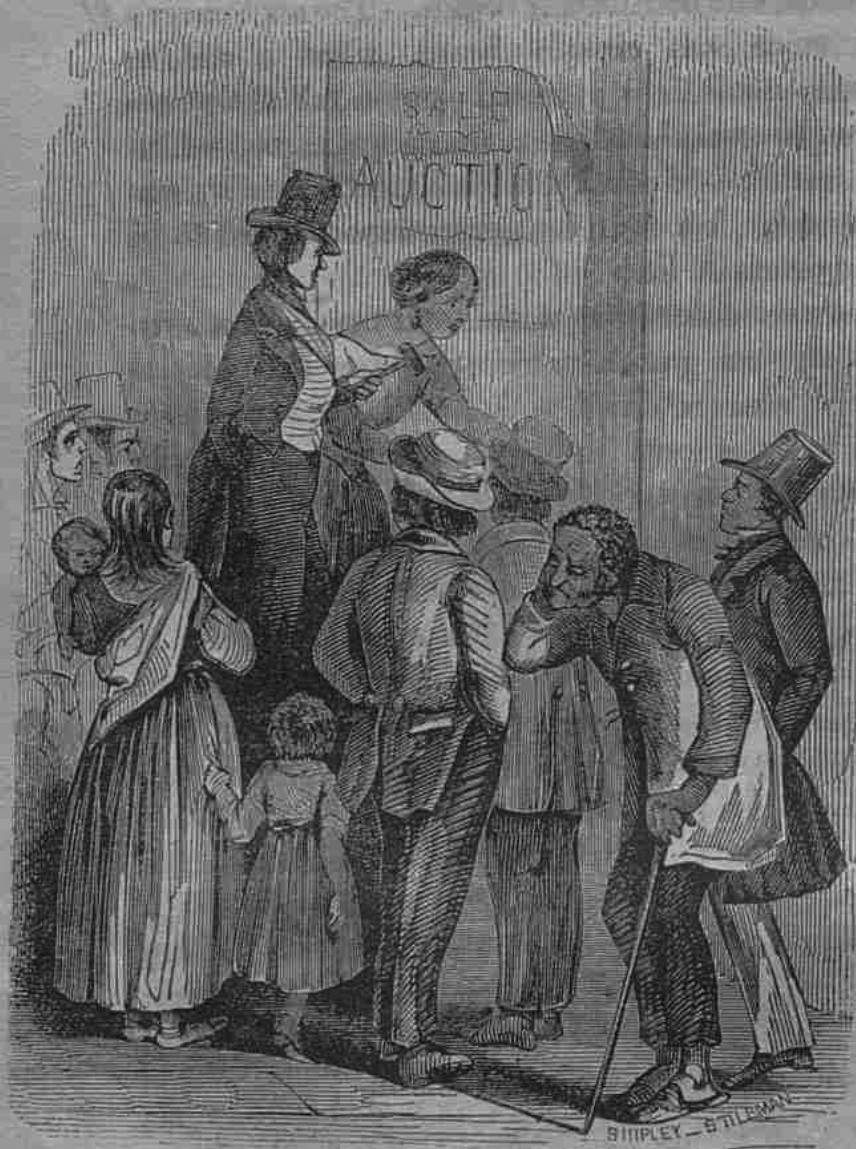
"I suppose," said Monsieur De Long, as he placed Ellen in the care of the auctioneer, "that you received my order of this morning?"

"Yes," replied the auctioneer, all's right; "I'm to open the morning sales with this woman of yours. That will suit precisely," continued the auctioneer, attentively surveying Ellen. "Such a pale, sanctified looking soul as she, would not go off well, after such a rosy, plump, and lively set as you see over there," pointing to a group of handsome young women.

In a few moments more, Ellen was on the block. It was not that she had failed to yield obedience to her mistress, or that her master sighed for gold, that she was here; but as already noticed, it was that she steadfastly maintained the right of reading the word of God, and of serving him according to the dictates of her own conscience. She was willing to trust her safety to the ark which she had entered when the waters were calm and the skies unclouded. Having already crossed many a dark billow, she still sees its white flag floating freely, and is







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content to trust to its faithful pilot, for a safe moorage.

But the sale had already begun. The auctioneer's loud voice was already heard, when a sudden stir was made in the crowd, and a tall figure advanced toward the block. In such a mixed multitude as this, one could not have told either his nation or rank, but from his appearance seemed to be in the prime of life.

The auctioneer had paused, and the anxious eyes of Ellen that gazed inquiringly over this assemblage of strange faces, now rested on one whose familiar lineaments recalled a friend she had seen in happier days. The blood forsook her lips; her heart throbbed with a quicker pulse, as the glance of his kindling eye fell full on her face.

"Can it be possible?" said he, as the eyes of the slave seemed fixed on him, with an imploring expression. His bosom glowed with a fervor that no other glance had ever kindled; a delightful sensation thrilled his whole frame.

The auctioneer now commenced a description of the good qualities of the slave on the block, but one was there who knew all those excellencies described, and when the responses were again heard, Willis was the highest and loudest of all, and the next moment Ellen was free.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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### CAPTURE OF A FUGITIVE.

WE now leave Ellen unchained, and restored to the bosom of her family. Having passed through a series of almost unprecedented trials, it affords a pleasure for us, at the present time, to consign her to the care and tender affections of a devoted husband and the filial attachments of a lovely daughter. And after thus bidding so agreeable an adieu to our heroine, we return to the scenes of our former observations in Kentucky.

Not far distant from Ormsby's lived a celebrated slave-hunter, whom we shall call Speed. Having emigrated from Virginia about the period in which our narrative commences, he purchased a small farm, on which stood a plain dwelling, in a somewhat dilapidated condition. In the rear of this old fabric he built a number of cabins, in which slaves were reared for a southern market. He was also in the habit of purchasing slaves from other parts of the State; and in this way he generally

kept on hand what he was frequently known to call "a good assortment." Out of this selection he often sold to our trader, Hardy.

A negro child was born in one of the cabins, on Speed's premises, which, from some constitutional defect, afterward proved to be a dwarf. It had no strength in its limbs and could neither walk nor stand alone. Years passed, and Speed, who had endeavored to train this little creature to walk, became convinced, at length, that it was all in vain. The child was now about six years of age, and its greedy owner was quite at a loss to know what disposition to make of such property. He finally concluded, however, that this dwarf might be sold to the trader as a negro baby. But, then, a somewhat serious difficulty was in the way of this enterprise. The child had a beautiful set of smooth, white teeth, and, by some means or other, they must be put out of sight of the purchaser, as every body "down South" knows that negro babies are not born into the world with a full set both of front and jaw teeth. It did not, however, take the sagacious Speed long to obviate the difficulty. True, he knew nothing of the theory of pulling teeth, yet he essayed, nevertheless, to undertake the work of a practical dentist; and getting a pair of nippers, placed the head of the child between his knees. This would, doubtless, have proved a most unpleasant and troublesome job to any

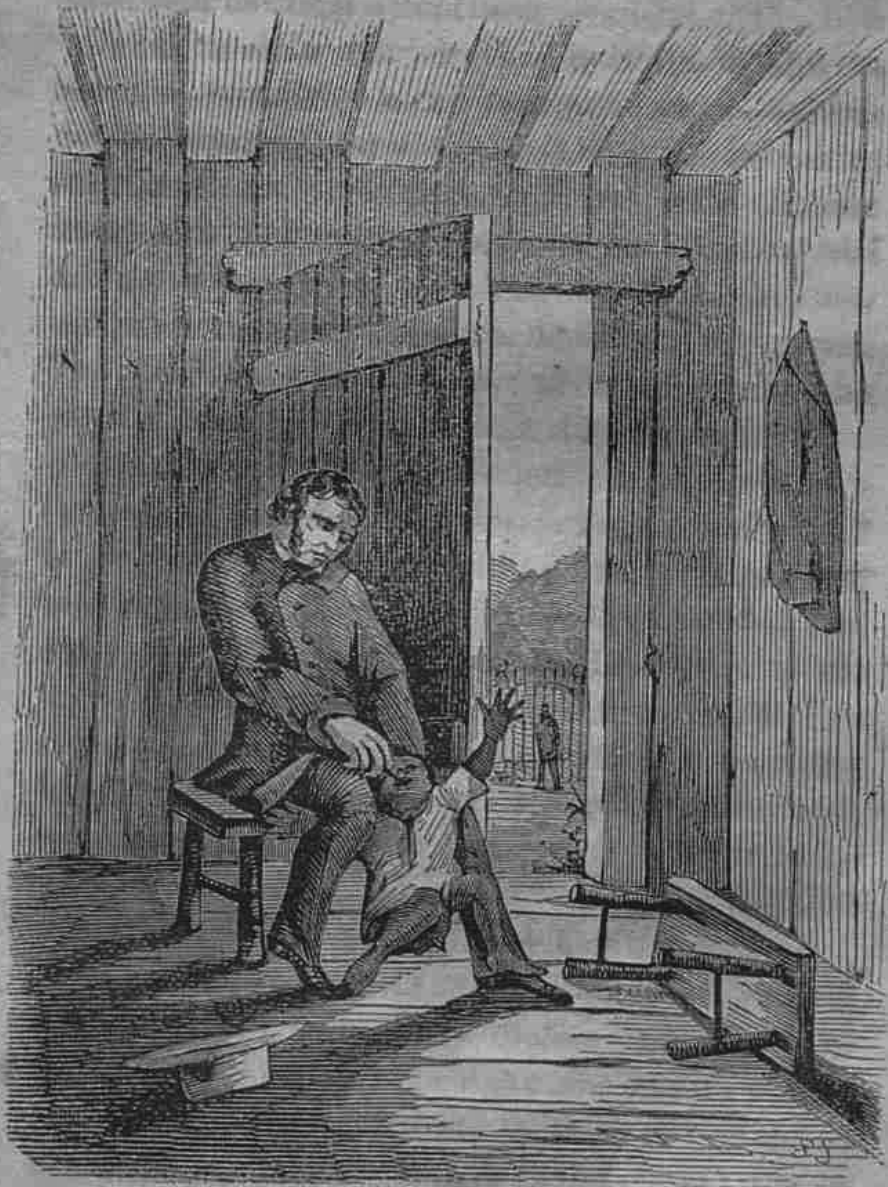
ordinary man; but Speed was not easily disturbed while engaged in any business whatever that paid well. The business now under consideration was of this description. Here was a most inferior article—a property that was a continual expense to the owner, and, without some preparation for market, must continue worthless. An hour's labor bestowed on it would suffice, and this labor was promptly performed; for, notwithstanding the screams of the little sufferer, the owner deliberately extracted all its teeth!

Speed now had a lot of slaves for sale, and as soon as the child's mouth was fairly recovered from the irritation and soreness occasioned by the unprecedented tooth-pulling operation to which it had been subjected, by its brutal owner, it was placed along with a number of valuable slaves and sold as an infant.

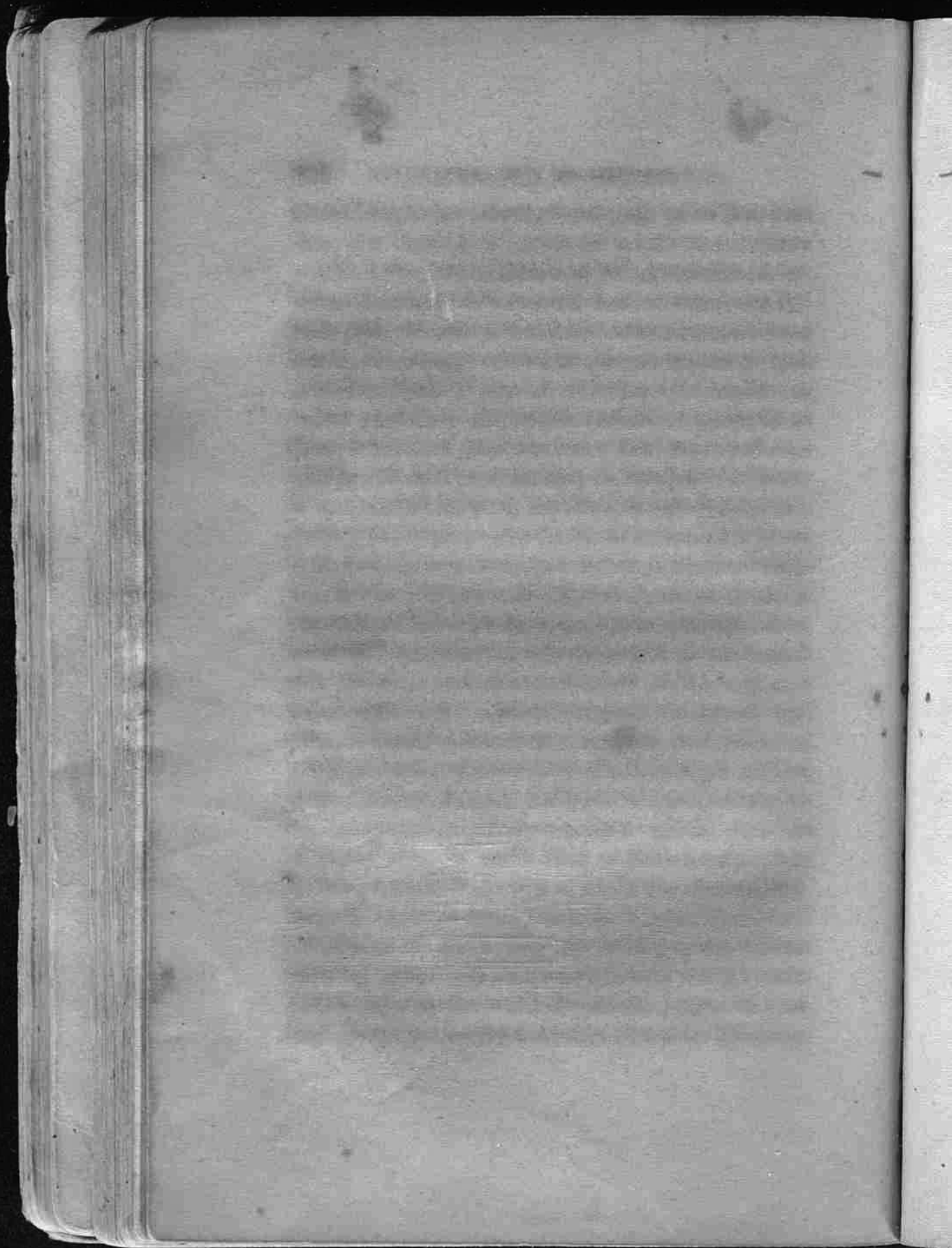
It was generally said that Speed could track a negro with as much accuracy as a gray-hound could track a coon; and few runaways ever escaped him.

No sooner was Jerome's elopement made known to Ormsby than he hastened to acquaint Speed with the fact, and to secure his services in the hunt. But he was unable to overtake Jerome, nor could he tell in what direction the runaway had gone. One hundred dollars reward was offered to any one who might have the good fortune to cap-





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ture and bring back the fugitive, and Speed made a number of efforts to secure to himself the proffered sum, but failed of success.

Time passed; and from the sudden and unexpected disappearance of Jerome, Ormsby supposed that he had gone out, as he was wont to do of the moonlight nights for the purpose of hunting coons, and having ventured too near the cliffs had fallen into the river and was drowned; and, for several years, this impression prevailed, so that all inquiry concerning the fate of the poor slave was, in a great measure, suspended.

But a fearful change was soon to come over the spirit of Jerome's dream. An evil genius seemed to be lurking continually at Speed's habitation. Long after he felt constrained, from personal interest, to abandon the effort to find and restore the fugitive to his *lawful* (?) owner, a circumstance occurred that revived this matter afresh in his mind. A Mr. Bush, of Kentucky, was engaged in purchasing horses for a foreign market, and, one day, falling in company with Speed, proposed making an excursion to Indiana.

"Come," said Bush to Speed, "let's go over to Hoosierdom and look round there awhile. I want a good many horses yet, before my drove will be made up. I'll give you wages if you will go with me, and then you may find that cussed nigger that made his escape from here some years ago. You



know," continued Bush, "that you've suffered no little mortification at your failure in that undertaking, and now, if you succeed, although at so late a period, it will establish your character for ever; and as far as you're known about, in this region, the niggers will quit breaking away from their masters."

This speech, so flattering, both to Speed's interests and vanity, had the desired effect, and forthwith he set off in company with Bush for Indiana. They had not been in Indiana many days until, in an obscure place among the swamps, they came to a new farm-house enclosed by a post-and-railing fence. On one hand was a garden; at a convenient distance was an apple orchard, and in the front yard were some clumps of beech and elm trees.

"Halloo!" said Speed, as he rode up to the gate. A grayhound now started up with a long howl, and a handsome brunette appeared at the door. "Have you any horses here that you would sell for cash?" inquired Speed.

"I believe so," replied the woman as she took up a conk shell and blew a few blasts to call her husband to the house.

Speed and Bush now dismounted, and after hitching their horses walked into the house. They had not been in the house long till two rosy looking children sprang toward the door,

both articulating, at the same time, "Papa's come."

The master of this rural habitation now entered, but a paleness came over his countenance, and a trembling seized his frame, as the glance of Speed's large gray eye fell full upon his face.

"Have you any horses for sale?" inquired Speed, in a somewhat hurried manner.

"None but what are already bargained for," answered the man, with a faltering voice.

"Then," said Speed, addressing Bush, "we'll be off; and, hurrying out of the door, they mounted their horses and rode away.

Here, again, we introduce, to the thoughtful reader, the unfortunate Jerome. It seems that he, instantly, upon coming into the presence of Speed, recognized him, and was recognized by him. After the trepidation, produced by the unexpected call of Speed, Jerome congratulated himself upon having escaped a fearful calamity; but, unfortunately for him, it was only as the flash that precedes the deadly bolt.

"Did you notice that fellow?" said Speed to Bush, as they were rapidly moving along a skirt of woods in sight of Jerome's dwelling. "If that ain't Jerome I'll never see another nigger while I live. The fellow," continued he, "looked scared half to death; and that shows his sense; for he will soon find something to be scared about. I'll

soon have him in safe keeping, you may be sure."

"You had better mind Speed," remarked Bush, "you might get into a scrape before you know it. That fellow might prove to be a troublesome customer to deal with in case you are mistaken."

"Yes; but then I know I'm not mistaken. I have a very distinct recollection of that chap; I've known him ever since he was a little boy, until the time he left, and then he was about grown. However, if *you* wish to be certain about it, I can soon satisfy you, I guess."

Meeting a gentleman, at this moment, they hailed him. "We are purchasing horses," said Speed to the gentleman they had just met; "and we stopped back here at the house of a man that I used to know in another State. He lives at the next house on this road. You are acquainted with him, are you?" continued Speed.

"I have some little acquaintance with him," replied the gentleman. "He came here about five years ago, from Maryland I believe, and engaged to work with a farmer who was a native of the same State. No particular fact was known about them; but there has been a suspicion that there was a small amount of negro blood in them. But this man, at whose house you stopped back here, married one of the daughters of the man he worked with, and as he was industrious



and respected, he has been getting along in the world pretty well."

This intelligence cheered the heart of Speed. "There now," said he to Bush, as they continued their journey; "what did I tell you? I knew I was not mistaken. We'll take him to-night and I want you to help me."

"Why," said Bush, "I'll certainly help you; but suppose we make up our drove of horses first and send them over the river."

"Not at all," said Speed, "that will never do; we must take care of our runaway first. Let me have him first, and then I'm your humble servant till you're satisfied."

Bush seeing the impatience manifested on the part of Speed, respecting the poor fugitive, agreed after purchasing another horse to return to the quiet dwelling of Jerome, where, in the course of the night he was seized, hand-cuffed, and being tied with strong ropes upon a horse, the captors hastened away to Kentucky, with their prize, before the light of the ensuing morning.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

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### FATE OF THE CAPTURED.

The beautiful country seat, where we located the early history of Jerome, having fallen into the hands of the twin brothers, Ormsby moved to his own possessions farther up the Kentucky river. He there occupied a new residence not entirely finished. In front, the cliffs appeared in all their native wildness; in the rear were large fields of corn, hemp, and tobacco, growing luxuriantly. Between the back yard and a vegetable garden stood some new cabins, and on either side, the ancient forest grew unmolested.

Late one evening, while a golden sunset tinged with a mellow lustre the woods and waters, a covered wagon drawn by two horses rolled along a road leading through the woods, skirting the possessions of Ormsby. The driver entered a gate approaching a door of one of the cabins, and knocking at the door, was met by Julia, whose in-

quiring glance was encountered by the wild glare of Speed's protruding eyes. There was a broad grin—a sort of hellish satisfaction which Julia discerned in Speed's countenance. "What under heaven!" exclaimed Julia, within herself, "What evil star has guided the old wretch to this place."

"Is Mr. Ormsby at home?" inquired Speed of Julia.

"He is at home," said Julia, "you will find him in his room."

Julia's curiosity in the mean time, led her to the wagon, where she found a man handcuffed, and his feet tied together with strong ropes.

"It cannot be my long lost boy," said Julia wildly, as the well remembered glance of his dark hazel eyes, flashed full in her face. A fearful shudder passed over her whole frame, and the truth rushed home to her broken spirit, that the poor chained captive, was indeed her own Jerome, hunted down and brought back by this cruel monster in human shape, whose mysterious grin of satisfaction was now explained in the scene before her.

The hurried salutations of the mother, were not responded to by her captive son, until Speed returned, accompanied by one of the twins, the other having recently died of a fever.

"Here he is, said Speed," looking into the



wagon. "He is here, 'snug as a bug in a rug.'"

"You have almost grown out of my knowledge," said Ormsby, as he surveyed the manly form of Jerome.

"I would hardly have known him," continued Ormsby, turning to Speed, "he has changed so since he left."

"Five or six years will change any one," said Speed, loosing the ropes from about Jerome's feet. Then giving him a punch with the butt of his whip, ordered him to get up and show himself.

Jerome was now removed from the wagon, to a room on the premises, convenient to Ormsby's dwelling, where he was closely confined to await further arrangements, as to the disposition that should be made of him.

"Well," said Speed, after things were settled for the night, "I think I had best now give you an opinion about what you should do with this fellow, that I have brought back. You had better sell him, and put the money in your pocket. He went out to Indiana, and married a mighty nice woman of his own color; and they have two little children. They have been doing well in the world I understood, while I was in the neighborhood where Jerome married. Better sell him, for he'll be sure to run away again."

"I have no doubt that would be best," responded

Ormsby, and after a little further conversation on the subject between Ormsby and his step-son, the arrangement was agreed to.

"I will go and see Hardy, the trader," said Speed, "for he is now making up a drove of niggers for the South, and he'll pay a good price for this Jerome, I'll warrant you." This being agreed to, they retired to rest for the night.

Julia, whose deep solicitude for her son, induced her to watch every movement of his oppressors, having entered the hall stealthily, placed her ear at the key hole of the door leading into the apartment and heard the whole of this conversation, which she communicated to Jerome, through a broken pane of the window.

"O heavens!" exclaimed the poor captive as the mournful tidings fell on his ear. "Is there no plan that you can fall on to save me? O my wife and children! they will never know what has become of me." His heart palpitated, his brain reeled wildly, and the cold drops rolled from his forehead.

At this moment, a noise was heard at a window above, and Julia, fearing detection, glided silently away, leaving her son alone to indulge in those appalling apprehensions of the morrow, which his situation was then calculated to create.

This lonely night passed wearily enough to poor Jerome, whose spirit found no repose. Had he,

like many of his fellow servants, laid up treasure in heaven, like those too, he could have submitted more calmly to the cruelty of his oppressors.

But his thoughts had seldom reached beyond this scanty world. Liberty, and home with its social ties were his only treasures, and these were all gone, and gone forever. No brilliant star of hope arose upon the surrounding gloom, to guide him to a world beyond the reach of oppression, and point out to his fainting spirit a reunion with the friends he had lost. No sacred promise, from the volume of divine inspiration, animated him with the blessed assurance of a life beyond the grave. It is not at all surprising, that under such circumstances as these, a phrenzy should seize his brain.

It was near two o'clock the next day, before Speed arrived with the trader. Jerome had refused food, and a sullen, fixed melancholy, brooded darkly over his crushed spirit. On examination, however, Hardy the trader, was willing to purchase the slave, and accordingly paid the price demanded, and now, the ill-fated Jerome, was consigned to the tender mercies of a regular dealer in the souls and bodies of his fellow men.

Every thing connected with the sale of Jerome, being consummated, the purchaser now expressed a wish to return home immediately, that he might place the slave just purchased among others in



fetters upon his own premises, and consigned to the same destiny.

Hardy now entered the room, to claim and conduct away his property, but the hand-cuffs were to be changed. "I've brought back," said Speed, "too many niggers in them cuffs, to give them away at this stage of the game."

"Very well," said Hardy, throwing down a large bowie knife and a brace of pistols, that the fugitive might see that he was well armed, and stepped to the next room for his hand-cuffs and chain, while Speed commenced taking off his.

Hardy had just returned, and was about commencing to put on a new set of handcuffs upon the slave, now in custody, when with the rapidity of thought he sprang up, and seizing the knife with a desperate grasp, with the fury of a madman, he bounded forward and escaped.

The whole party pursued him for a considerable time, but without being able to arrest him. Jerome after leading them a devious rout along the cliffs, among the rocks and tangled cedars, began at length to flag. And finding now that he would be overtaken, he ascended a rock, and facing his pursuers, brandished his knife a moment, as if resolving on self-defence. But as they approached, and were about to seize their victim, he plunged the knife into his own bosom, and fell at their feet.

Speed seized the knife by the hilt and drew it out, while the life-blood gushed freely.

"A horrid business," said he, as Ormsby vainly strove to staunch the blood of the dying man. At this moment the young man, Edward Clayton, came up, almost exhausted with fatigue, and filled with consternation at the spectacle.

"A dreadful affair!" said Hardy, turning slowly away; "he's almost gone."

"It's the first nigger that ever got away from me," said Speed, with a look of disappointment.

"It was wrong to loose him under such circumstances," said Ormsby, "but he's a dead nigger now, certain. He was always one of the kind that needed watching."

They now looked silently on, as the dews of death settled on the calm brow. The swimming eyes of the dying slave now rested a moment on his young master, and a sudden rush of thoughts seemed, though in vain, to strive for utterance. And while the rest looked coldly on, tears moistened the eyes of the young master, while the pale, serene face of the dying slave became settled in the solemn, undisturbed repose of death. Perchance that farewell gaze, and those silent features, brought back to the young master's memory the last looks of his own departed brother.

Jerome's grave was made here near the edge of the cliff among the cedars. And while the super-

stitious slaves of the surrounding neighborhood passed that gloomy spot with a hurried step, and told of ghosts and frightful spectres that were occasionally seen there, yet during Sabbaths and holidays, one living form was often seated upon the rock, beside that lonely grave, prompted doubtless, by the most enduring affection. This was Julia, the wronged, degraded mother of the unfortunate Jerome.

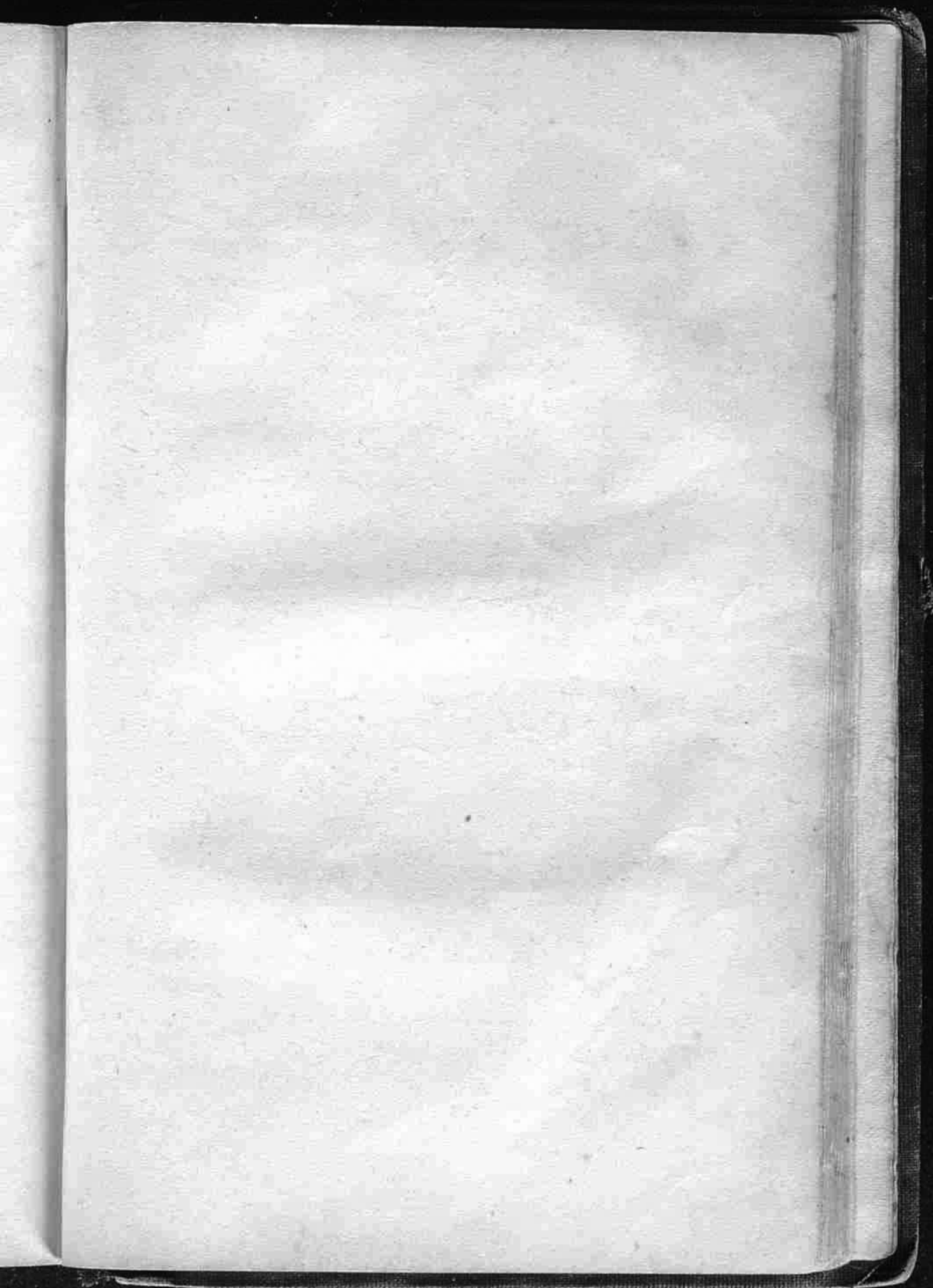
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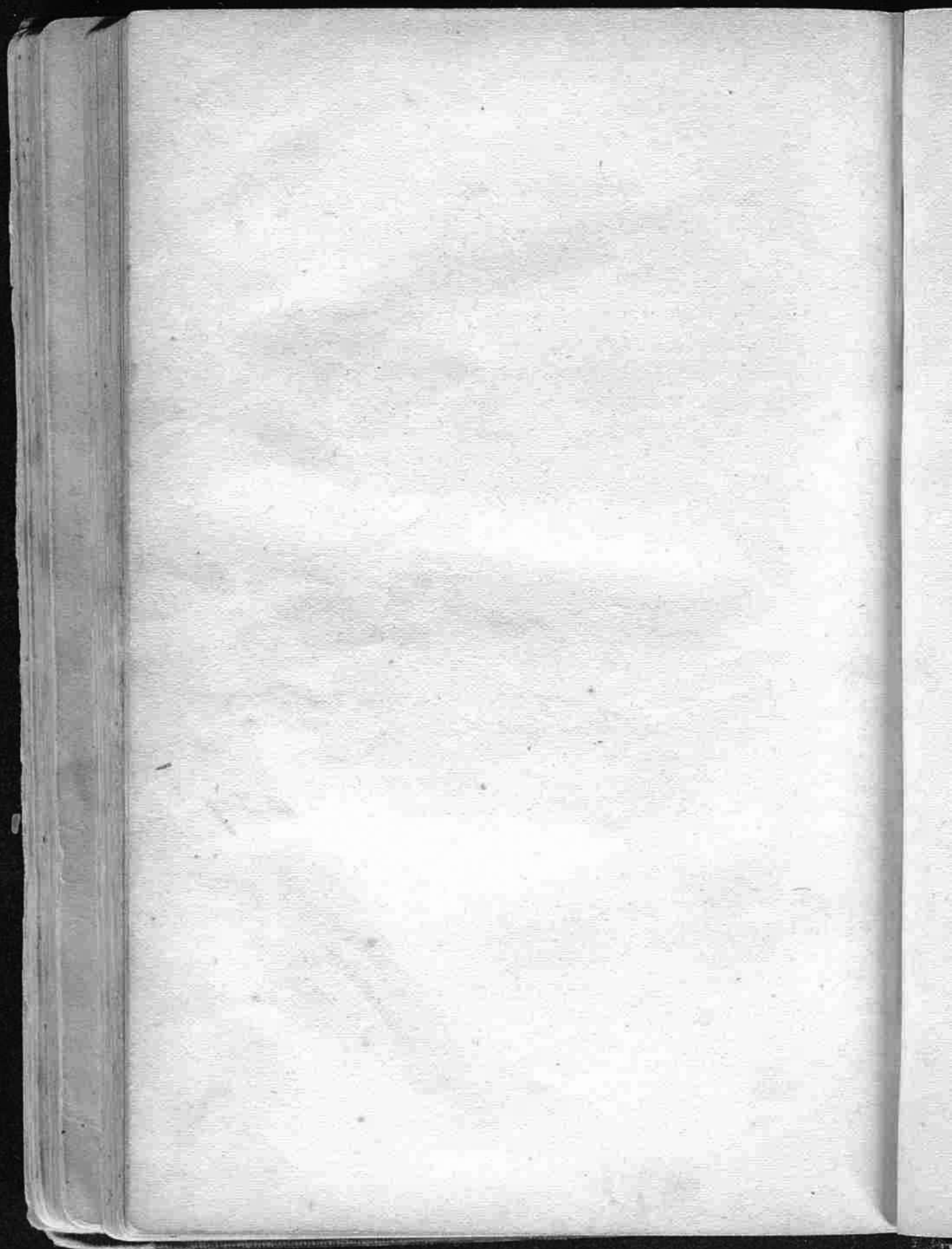
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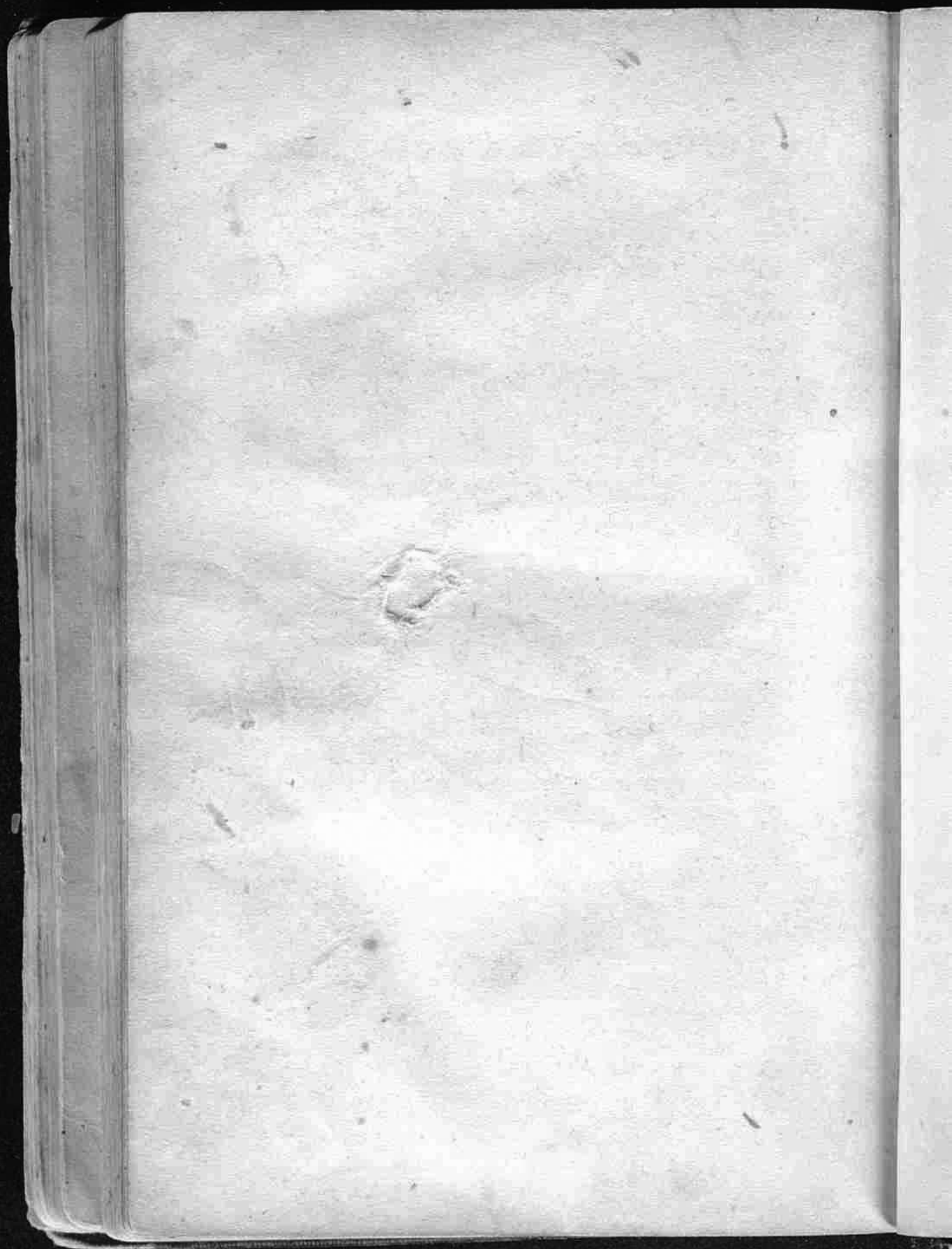
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