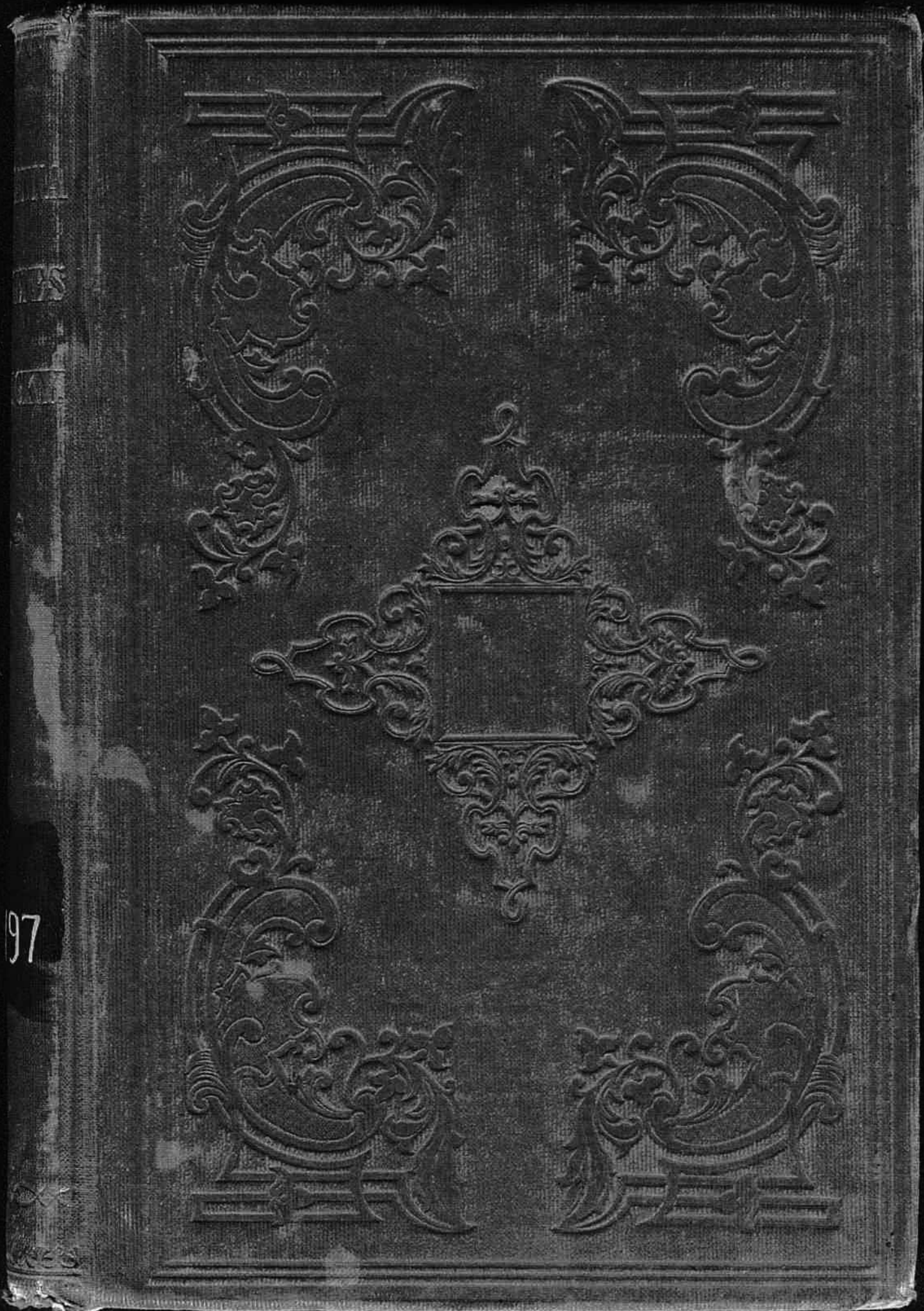


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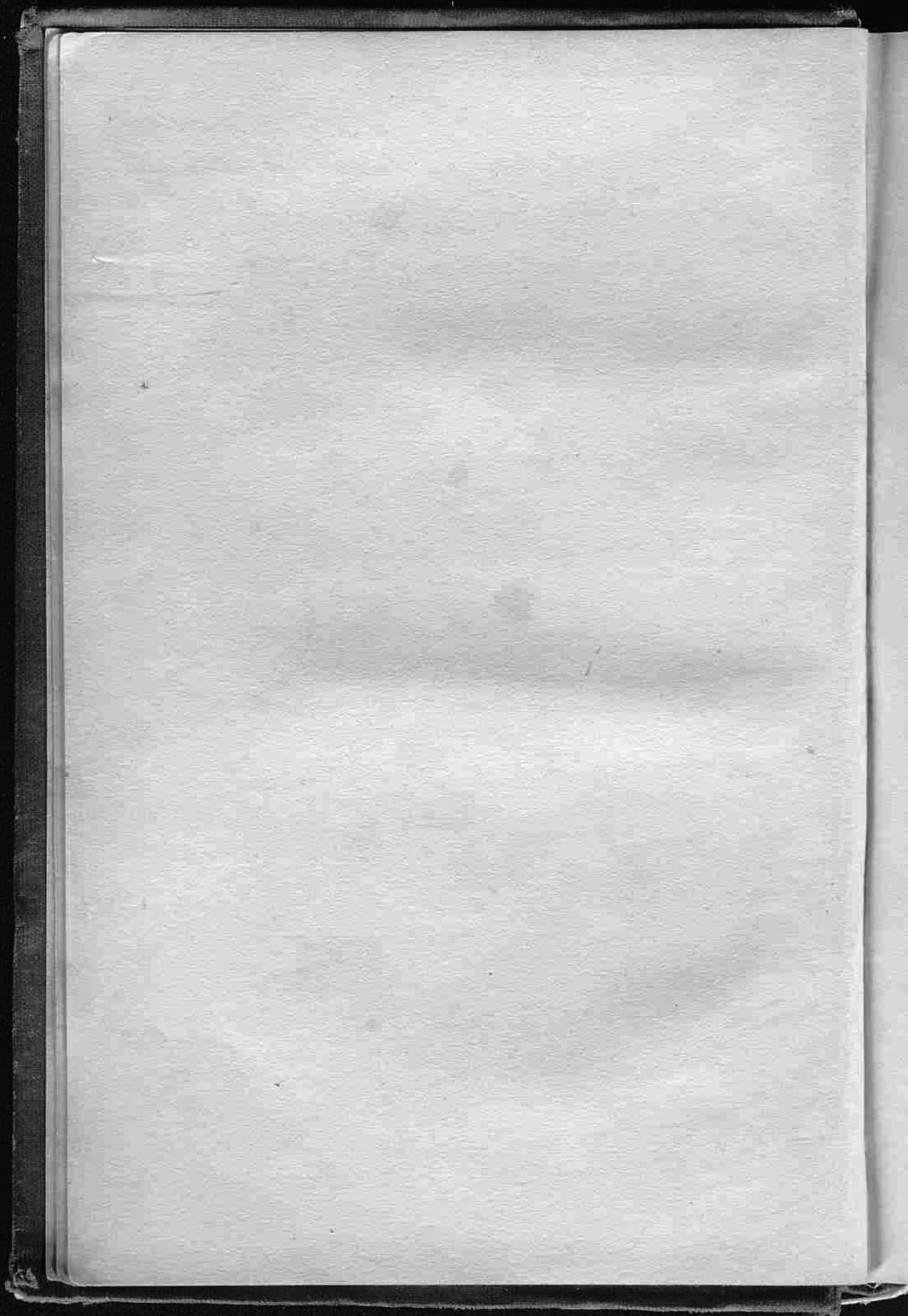
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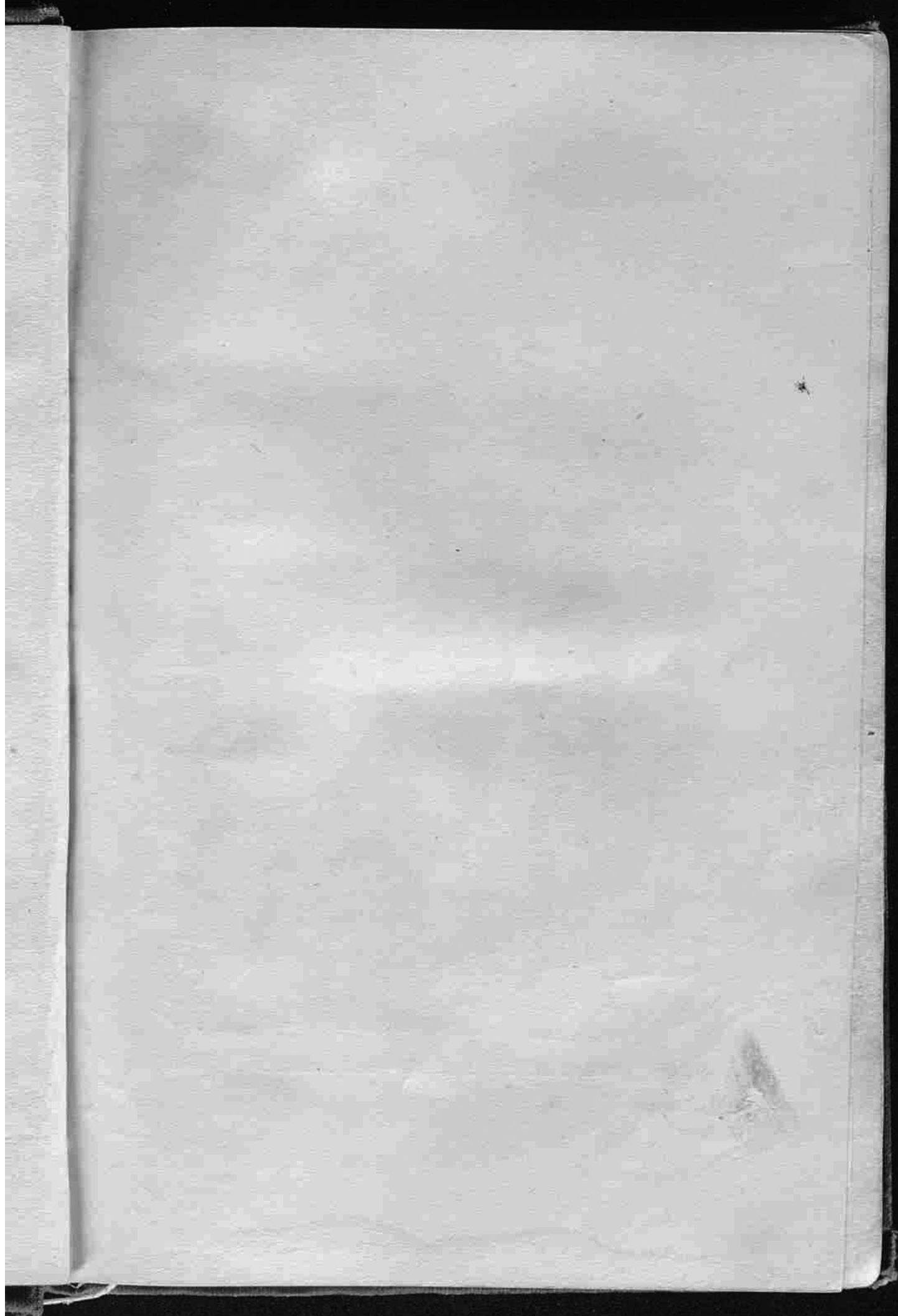
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SCENE AT THE LANDING—THE MEETING.

Mrs. LEANNA,

EARLY BEAVERS IN KENTUCKY.

Mrs. ELIZABETH A. KOK

CHICAGO

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OR,

EARLY SCENES IN KENTUCKY.

BY

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TO THE MEMORY OF

My Parents,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

MC 5-31-50

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him."

COWPER.

PREFACE.

THE following pages were first written for the perusal of the author's family, with no expectation of giving them to the public in book form. Having been read by several of her friends, the deep interest which the narrative excited led them to urge its publication. To their solicitations she has reluctantly yielded, conscious, however, of the many literary faults which the work will be found to contain. If its *style* be not the most accurate and classical, its *statements* may be relied upon as indubitable facts. It is written in the plain "old style," without any attempt at embellishment, as the writer was more anxious to benefit the degraded sons and daughters of oppression, and to enlist the sympathies of the community in their behalf, than to gratify a taste for the beautiful in language or style.

The writer was personally and familiarly acquainted with each character described; and has

embodied in the work her own honest convictions. If those convictions should happen to conflict with the views of any of her readers, she hopes they will accord to her at least uprightness of purpose.

The work is mainly founded upon incidents connected with the emigration and settlement of Colonel MATTHEW LYON and family in Kentucky, of their unwilling participation in the universal custom of slaveholding, and of their benevolent and self-sacrificing efforts for the emancipation and improvement of their slaves.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE.
THE Emigration from Vermont to Kentucky. Location of the Colony. The Country and its Productions. The first Settlers. Their Education, Habits, and Character. The Pioneer of the new Settlement. Dissatisfied with his condition in Vermont. Determines to seek a new Home in the West. His Prospecting Tour. Accompanied by some of his Children. The Journey. Arrival at the Mouth of the Cumberland. Locates there. The Cave. Preparations for the Settlement. The Pioneer returns to Vermont for the remainder of his Family. Returns to Kentucky with additions to his Colony. The Flatboats. Conversation respecting Slavery. Views of the Ladies thereon. Arrival at the Settlement. Laura's Death. Resignation. Progress of the Settlement,	13

CHAPTER II.

Visit of the Southerners to the Yankee Settlement. Their Opinions concerning the new Comers. Distrust. They are hospitably received. Invited to dine. The Invitation accepted. Introduction to Mrs. Lyon. Visit the Cave. The Mill. The Store. Proposition to organize a

	PAGE.
new County. They return home. Remarks concerning the new Comers to their Neighbors. Think the Yankees will become Slave-holders from necessity. A new County organized. Colonel Lyon chosen its first Representative. Is sent to Congress,	27

CHAPTER III.

Visit to the Southern Settlement. Hospitable Reception. Conversation on Slavery. Hire Chloe from Mr. Baker. Kind Treatment. Aunt Sarah and Chloe's Prayer Meeting. Colonel Lyon endeavors to purchase Chloe. Anna found in the Cave. Her Master's Inhumanity. She begs the Colonel to buy her. Micheson reproached for his Cruelty. Scruples against becoming a Slave-holder overcome. Anna is purchased. A dutiful Servant. Chloe's Piety. Influence on Anna,	50
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

George, the Carpenter. Entreats the Colonel to purchase him. Argues the question of the sinfulness of Slavery. Goes to the house with the Colonel. Joy in the Kitchen. Chloe intercedes for the purchase of George. Conscientious scruples overcome. George is sold to the Colonel by Micheson. Marriage of George and Anna. Arrangements for their Freedom. Another visit from Micheson. Richard, the Preacher. Bought by the Colonel. Plans for the Freedom of his Wife and Children. Richard visits his Family. Scene in his Cabin. Their Freedom secured. Removal to Illinois. Richard's usefulness. His Death,	88
---	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE.
The Freedom of George. Pleasant Anticipations. Continues to work for the Colonel. Contemplated Removal to Illinois. Their plans frustrated. Sickness of Anna. Her Death. The Colonel travels South. The Slave Auction. Leanna and her Children. Her appeal to the Colonel to purchase them. Its success. Her arrival at her new Home. Is delighted with it. Mrs. Lyon's feelings on the subject. Another Wedding. George and Leanna. Promise of Leanna's Freedom,	120

CHAPTER VI.

Introduction of Ellick and Family. Their purchase. Bad Habits. Influence of Religion on their Conduct. Depredations on the Smoke-house. They run away. Their Capture. Sale of Jenny and her Children. Ellick's second chance for Freedom. The Colonel's hopes of his Reform. Disappointment. More Thieving. Is Detected. Sentenced to be sent to Louisiana. Wreck of the Boat. Ellick supposed to be lost. His escape from Drowning. Returns to Kentucky. His promises of Reform again broken. He runs away with his Wife, and goes to Ohio,	152
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Sabbath Morning in the Village. The Fleet of Flat Boats. The Slave-gang and their Driver. They land at the Village. Excitement of the Inhabitants. Preparations for the Negro Meeting. Eloquence of the Preacher. Class Meeting. Influence of the Meeting,	188
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

	PAGE.
Prosperity. Building of the new Mansion. Building and Launching of the Schooner. Sail with a valuable Cargo for New Orleans. Change in the Colonel's Circumstances. The Schooner left on a Sandbar. Loss of the Cargo. Colonel Lyon returns Home. Disappointment and anxiety of mind. Settles his business so as to retain the Negroes in the Family. Appointed Agent to the Chickasaw Indians in Arkansas. First trip to the Station. Business Matters. Returns Home. Pleasant Reception. Returns to the Station, with Mr. and Mrs. Griffie and Aunt Leanna. Death of George. Sickness of the Colonel. His Death,	196

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Griffie and his Wife with Aunt Leanna start from the Station. Mrs. Griffie's Death. Aunt Leanna's Detention at the Mouth of White River. Letters written to Aunt Leanna. Her Departure from White River, and safe arrival Home. Receives her Free Papers. Death of Madam Lyon's youngest Son. Aunt Leanna and Mrs. Lyon live with her youngest Daughter. Her devotion to God, and her happy Death. Aunt Chloe's Death,	222
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

Slavery and its Evils. A hopeful Remedy,	234
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Corroborative Evidence in favor of Colonization. Commodore Mayo's Views. Liberia. Its Governor. Its Flag. Elec-	
---	--

CONTENTS.

XI

	PAGE.
tion of President Roberts. Rev. Dr. Gurley's Letter. The Roberts Family. President Roberts' Views on Col- onization. Judge Wayne's Speech. His Arguments in favor of Colonization. Prediction in regard to the South. Plea for Family Colonization Societies. Three Hundred Thousand Slave-holders. Their Soliloquy. Reason to hope for the Sympathy and Influence of Non-slave-holders,	258

CHAPTER XII.

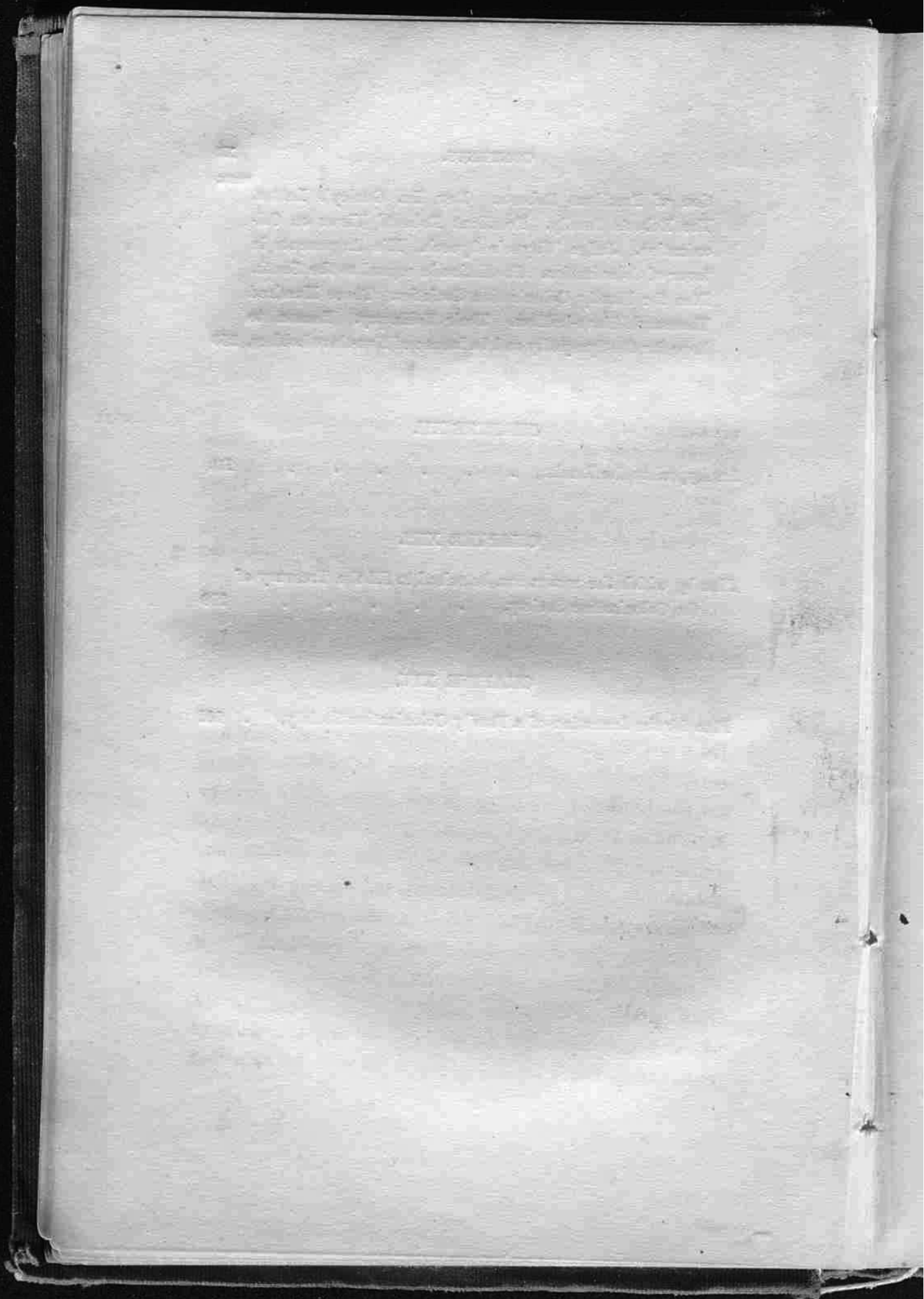
An Appeal to the Reader,	273
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Plan by which the means can be raised to fill the Treasury of the Colonization Society,	278
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Plan for the formation of a Family Colonization Society,	281
--	-----



EARLY SCENES.

CHAPTER I.

THE EMIGRATION FROM VERMONT TO KENTUCKY—LOCATION OF THE COLONY—THE COUNTRY AND ITS PRODUCTIONS—THE FIRST SETTLERS—THEIR EDUCATION, HABITS, AND CHARACTER—THE PIONEER OF THE NEW SETTLEMENT—DISSATISFIED WITH HIS CONDITION IN VERMONT—DETERMINES TO SEEK A NEW HOME IN THE WEST—HIS PROSPECTING TOUR—ACCOMPANIED BY SOME OF HIS CHILDREN—THE JOURNEY—ARRIVAL AT THE MOUTH OF THE CUMBERLAND—LOCATES THERE—THE CAVE—PREPARATIONS FOR THE SETTLEMENT—THE PIONEER RETURNS TO VERMONT FOR THE REMAINDER OF HIS FAMILY—RETURN TO KENTUCKY WITH ADDITIONS TO HIS COLONY—THE FLAT BOATS—CONVERSATION RESPECTING SLAVERY—VIEWS OF THE LADIES THEREON—ARRIVAL AT THE SETTLEMENT—LAURA'S DEATH—RESIGNATION—PROGRESS OF THE SETTLEMENT.

In the year 1799, a colony of New Englanders, from the state of Vermont, emigrated westward, and settled in Kentucky. Their new home was situated on the banks of the Cumberland river, about twenty-five miles from its mouth, in what is now called Lyon county. This county was then thinly settled, and where our colony located themselves there was little to be seen or heard but the red man of the forest, in his savage cruelty, and the yell of the prowling wolf, through the dense cane, which was a natural production of the rich bottom lands that lie along the borders of the beautiful Cumberland. By the hand of cultivation these forests of cane have been subdued,

U O F N Y

and productive farms, with splendid mansions, inhabited by intelligent and enterprising farmers, have sprung up in their stead, while here and there you will find beautiful villages, which will vie with any in the western or south-western states.

This part of the state of Kentucky was settled principally by emigrants from Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. They were as noble and generous-hearted as could be expected, when we consider that many of them could neither read nor write, and in fact had never seen a book or a pen in their lives, except the old tattered bible they "fotched" all the way over the Cumberland mountains. This they considered sacred, although there was usually not more than one in a family who could read its sacred pages. These were generally females. But let me say, that under these circumstances, many of them were pious, praying people; and truly they were the "salt of the earth" where they dwelt, and although they have long since fell asleep in Jesus, we can see the fruits of their labor in the Lord, and truly "their works do follow them." These southern emigrants were what we at the present day would call poor people, having brought all they were worth on a few pack-horses, following after them, accompanied by their slaves, the worst of all their evils.

At the time our eastern colony arrived, the Southerners had located their lands, built their log cabins, and fenced their cornfields, which contained from six to ten acres, according to the size of their families;

W H T O U

and having raised corn enough for their hominy and hoe-cake, with the great variety of game which that new country afforded, a good rifle and plenty of ammunition, they felt like lords of the land. They were far from believing, when they were trudging over the mountains, suffering from hunger and fatigue, and the fear of death by the Indians, that they should so soon enjoy so many of the comforts of life, but it was even so, and we soon find them contented and happy, although they had no county organization, school house, church, nor any such thing.

Such was the state of things at the time our eastern colony arrived at their western home. The pioneer of our colony was a generous, intelligent, energetic, and enterprising man. Being a true republican, and a sound and honest politician, he had become dissatisfied with the state of politics at home, and concluded he would prospect the western and south-western states, for the purpose of seeing what was west of the Green mountains. Although it appeared like going out of the world, and he was opposed by his family and many of his friends, yet his energy and perseverance were sufficient for the enterprise. With a great deal of persuasion he induced some of his children to engage with him in the undertaking.

They started early in the spring of 1799 for the great west, and traveled over the mountains and through the valleys, in their Yankee wagons, to Pittsburgh, which was then a thinly populated city. Here

they embarked on the water, and pursued their course down the Ohio river until they arrived at the mouth of the Cumberland; they then traveled up this stream about twenty-five miles, and stopped a few days, for the purpose of prospecting, and the language of every heart was — "This is the place; we need go no farther; here is rich soil, good timber, and a delightful navigable stream, and one of the best springs that nature ever formed." This spring proceeded from the foot of a very large cleft of rocks, with a smooth, perpendicular front, fifty or sixty feet in height. There was within this rock a beautiful cave, with spacious rooms in it, and many other curiosities in and around it. On the top of the hill, not far from this cave, there was a *sink-hole*, as they call them in that country. A person could descend through this hole, and travel the distance of a half mile or more, and come out at the cave in the rock, or start in at the cave, and come out at the sink-hole, which was a rough, irregular opening through the rock, large enough to admit a man.

The mouth of this cave was near the splendid spring we have before mentioned; the water came out of the spring in such quantities, and ran off immediately with such force, that it created a splendid water-power. This was some inducement to our emigrants.

Here our pioneer thought best to stop, and the company commenced pulling up and cutting down the cane which grew from three to ten feet high,

and in a short time they had some rude log cabins erected. There were three families in the company, and a dwelling was built for each family. The leader of our little company staid with them a few months, erected a temporary saw-mill, and prepared materials to build a comfortable house for his family; and in the fall he returned home, well pleased with the prospect of doing good and deriving benefit from the enterprise. Before returning, however, he purchased a large tract of land, and resolved that if he could induce a number of his neighbors to return with him and settle in that country, he would do so.

His family and friends rejoiced over his return, and gathered around him to hear his report from the goodly land. And while they conversed and thought of the matter, their hearts burned with a desire to go and see, and derive the benefits and advantages this new country afforded to the enterprising and industrious emigrant.

But there arose in the minds of some a very great difficulty; they had not the means to defray the expenses of such a journey; it was all they could do to support their families at home, by their daily labor, and their hearts were pained with the thought of giving up the enterprise.

Our pioneer looked upon them with feelings he dared scarce express. At length, after weighing and considering the matter in his own mind, and examining his purse, he made them the following proposition: That he would take as many mechanics as

would go with him, with their families, defray their expenses on the journey, and deed them a home on their arrival ; and they should work for him at a reasonable compensation until they paid him for the same. In consideration of these inducements, ten families concluded to go with him, and seek their fortunes in the far-famed west.

Accordingly arrangements were made, and they bid farewell to the land of steady habits, and all that was dear to their hearts there, and started for their new home in the romantic wilds of Kentucky. They traveled as far as Pittsburgh that fall, and there remained through the winter. The mechanics were employed during the winter in constructing flat boats.

I do not know that all of my readers know how flat boats are constructed. I will therefore give a partial description. They are a very clumsy looking water craft, constructed on a very cheap plan, of strong and heavy timbers ; they are flat on the bottom ; the sides are boarded up five or six feet, and the top is covered over tight ; they are generally from fifty to sixty feet in length, and are designed only to float down stream.

In such crafts as this our emigrants descended the Ohio river. They would frequently lash two or three of their boats together and float for miles ; and, when it was calm, for days together. On these occasions, the ladies would have social visits, which they enjoyed very much. They would talk of the past un-

til the silent tear would trickle down their cheeks, and in vivid colors portray the future, until the smile would chase the tear away.

On one of these occasions, when they were in a very joyous mood, there was a thoughtful and rather gloomy expression of mind came over the features of the wife of our pioneer. She was a lady of superior qualities of mind—very few of her day and age surpassed her. She was possessed of a warm and generous heart, and fervent zeal in any cause in which she engaged, an observing mind, with all other good qualities characteristic of a New England lady of the first circle.

“There is one thing in regard to our new home,” said she, “that I do not like; that is, the new state to which we are going tolerates slavery. *African slavery!*—there is something so heart-appalling in it, I can scarcely bear to think of it. I do think it a great national evil, and indeed a heinous sin wherever it is practiced.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Throop, a lady of some dignity, who was in the circle that evening, “how in the world did these poor creatures ever get to our country?”

“Do you not know how they were introduced into America?” said Mrs. Lyon.

“I do not; I never saw but one or two of them in my life, and I looked upon them as poor unfortunate creatures. I did not know where they came from,

nor did I care, so long as they kept away from me. They were not slaves, I believe."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Lyon; "our happy state does not tolerate the abominable evil, and I am thankful for it. But I have often looked upon those poor creatures that were there with a great deal of sympathy. They are certainly a strange people, in a strange land; although they are free men and women, they have not equal rights and privileges with our people; and I have often thought, were I one of them, I would rather live in Africa with my own people, enshrouded in heathenism, than to dwell with a people who looked upon me as an inferior being. This, in my view, is not right, and why the Lord suffered it to be so I cannot tell. But mysterious are the dealings of God with the children of men. We are taught this from the history of the Israelites. See how strange and apparently inconsistent were his dealings with those people. There may be some great providential mercy connected with this evil, although we cannot see it at the present time. But one thing I do believe; and that is—the Lord is not well pleased with their treatment in the southern states. But I have digressed some. I was about to give you some idea of the manner in which they were introduced into our country. Our government, at the present time, permits men to fit out vessels for the express purpose of going to Africa to steal these poor creatures, and then they bring

them to our beloved country and sell them as slaves for life, and their posterity forever after them."

"O! I am shocked at the thought," said Mrs. Throop. "You say they steal them, and, worse than that, they sell them as slaves, and their posterity after them! Oh, horrid! can it be possible that America, our free republic, permits such cruelty!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Lyon; "and Kentucky, that promising new state in which our new homes are situated, and where we will probably spend our days, be they many or few, sanctions this great evil. The colonel says that nearly half of the population are slaves; and that it is hard to tell which is the most illiterate, the master or the slave. But with all their ignorance, there are some very pious people among them. I have told the colonel how I felt on the subject. The idea is painful to me; I can scarcely bear to think of settling among them. I have my fears, that, perhaps, under some circumstances, we may become slave-holders. The thought shocks me now; but we know but little of the future; we are creatures of habit, and we can scarcely conceive how much we can be influenced by habit. The colonel says he feels something as I do on this subject, but that we are not going to Kentucky to be slave-holders. We are going to show them how happy, neat, and comfortable we can live without them. But for the life of me I cannot conceive how we are to get along without some help, and I fear we cannot get any other than the colored people. The

colonel is going into business on a large scale, building mills and boats, and opening a large farm, and the dear knows what all; and how all this is to be done without help I cannot conceive, and where they are to come from I do not know. We have a number of men along with us, but they will not be sufficient to consummate half the colonel's plans; and as for my getting along with my large family without help, I cannot see how it can be done; I think it impossible; and we shall have no rosy-cheeked Yankee girls to hire there. How we will get along with the matter I do not know, but I will try to make the best of it, and pray the Lord to save me and mine from the direful evils that are connected with African slavery. I believe tea is ready, and we will dismiss the subject for the present."

Days and nights passed away, and our emigrants moved slowly down the river. Nothing peculiar occurred until they arrived at the mouth of the Cumberland, where they considered themselves almost at the end of their long and perilous journey. Every heart was cheered, and every countenance was lit up with joy, when the colonel told them they were only twenty-five miles from their new home. It was only twenty-five miles by land, but by water it was forty.

Here they changed their flat boats for a large keel boat, fitted out with a set of men and oars—steam boats at that day being unthought of on our western rivers. With this boat they made their way up the

river, slowly but safely, it being propelled by twelve men working at the oars.

One pleasant morning about the first of July, 1800, as the colonel was promenading the deck, he said: "Madam Lyon," (this was his customary manner of addressing her,) "if you will come this way I will show you the first sign of our new home. Do you see those bluffs in the distance?" "I do," said she. "Well, at the foot of those, in a beautiful bottom or valley, our western home is situated.

This was resounded from one end of the boat to the other, and every eye was strained for the sight, and every heart bounded with joy to think they were so near their future home.

"Colonel, how soon do you think we can reach the destined spot?" was the inquiry of those on board.

"I think," said he, "if you are very diligent we may arrive at about twelve o'clock."

Every one being active and assiduous, the boat moved quite rapidly up the stream, and about twelve o'clock they were rounding a large sand bar, about one mile from their desired haven.

"There, there," said the colonel, "I see the large sycamore tree that stands on the banks just where we must land. Boys, we will give them a few guns to let them know we are coming and are very near, for they are all looking anxiously for us, and hoping to see us every moment, and if they are all alive I shall be thankful. But I fear they have been out of provisions some time, for we have been gone much

longer than we expected, and they have not heard one word from us, there being no mail routes through this new country."

A few moments more and they were in sight of the desired spot. The gun they had with them was a small cannon—one that was used in the revolutionary war—the report of which had brought to the bank of the river all the inhabitants of the settlement; men, women, and children were seated under the large sycamore we have before mentioned, which spread its beautiful branches far and wide, and sheltered them from the rays of the sun. Every heart was in a state of joyous suspense, as the boat slowly but gracefully cut her way through the quiet stream, and gradually came nearer the shore.

"It is them! it is them!" said Mrs. Messenger, who was the colonel's oldest daughter; "I know it is father and our folks, for who else can it be? and then it is just like father to fire those guns. O, it is them! I see father and mother standing on the deck;" and the tears began to trickle down their cheeks for joy.

"It is them, without doubt," said Mrs. Cadwell; "and who shall break to them the sad intelligence of the death of dear Laura."

"I cannot," said Mrs. Messenger and Cadwell, both at the same moment.

Laura was a daughter of the colonel, about seventeen years old, whom he took with him for a house-keeper, on his first trip to the west.

"I will save you both the painful task," said Dr. Cadwell, who was the husband of the second daughter, and Laura's physician; "only be calm and cheerful as possible."

By this time the boat had struck the shore, and heart bounded to heart, hand greeted hand, and all was joy and delight. But the parents looked around and said, "We do not see Laura! Oh, tell us, have the cruel Indians killed her?"

"Oh no," said the doctor, "she sickened and died with the billious fever, and she rests in her silent grave in the shady grove, on the top of that large bluff."

"Oh, Madam Lyon," said the colonel, "that was the first sight we saw of the settlement, as we came up the river."

Mrs. Lyon was very much overcome, but said, after a moment's reflection, "It is better than I expected, for I feared we should not find half of them alive."

"Truly," said the colonel, "we have much to be thankful for."

They were all soon made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and after a visit to Laura's lonely grave, they became composed, and began to think of the future.

To our friends, who had suffered so much from the loss of society, want of provisions, and dread of the savages, this was perfect delight, and they did not

realize that they should ever again be compelled to sip from sorrow's cup.

But time brought with it care, anxiety, and solitude. The colonel had brought with him tools and machinery of different kinds sufficient to start a saw-mill, grist-mill, and boat-yard, where he had in time boats of different kinds built, such as flat boats, keel boats, barges, schooners, and gun boats, which were of great service in the last war. He also brought on a large stock of dry goods and groceries, and many other necessaries for the benefit of the colony. To get these matters arranged, and build houses to make the families comfortable, occupied much time.

CHAPTER II.

VISIT OF THE SOUTHERNERS TO THE YANKEE SETTLEMENT—THEIR OPINIONS CONCERNING THE NEW COMERS—DISTRUST—THEY ARE HOSPITABLY RECEIVED—INVITED TO DINE—THE INVITATION ACCEPTED—INTRODUCED TO MRS. LYON—VISIT THE CAVE—THE MILL—THE STORE—PROPOSITION TO ORGANIZE A NEW COUNTY—THEY RETURN HOME—REMARKS CONCERNING THE NEW COMERS TO THEIR NEIGHBORS—THINK THE YANKEES WILL BECOME SLAVE HOLDERS—FROM NECESSITY—A NEW COUNTY ORGANIZED—COLONEL LYON CHOSEN ITS FIRST REPRESENTATIVE—IS SENT TO CONGRESS.

Our southern friends watched the movements of the new colonists with a jealous eye. They concluded that "them are Yankees," as they called them, were there for no good; they were satisfied that they intended to take some advantage of them.

They were very shy for some time, but at length one of their leading men, named Micheson, who belonged to a Carolina colony which was located about twelve miles from the river, said, "boys, less go down to the river and see them thar pleggy Yankees; I'm not afraid of 'em, they'll not hurt a feller if he's civil; let's go and try 'em; any how." So a number of them concluded to go.

"There, Jim, get my nag," said Micheson, "I am gwyne down with a lot of the boys to see the Yankees. I don't know what they will do to a feller, but I'm gwyne to try 'em, any how."

"O, massa, dey won't hurt you; no need bein' 'fraid;—why, Jack and I seen some of 'em tudder Saturday, when we was down dar fishin'."

"Oh, did you? and what did the critters say?"

"Why, massa, dey jist said how-dy-do to me and Jack, jist the same as if we was white men. Dey'll not hurt you, I'll warrant you."

The company were soon mounted, and after receiving some directions from Jim and Jack, how to follow the blazes they had made on the trees in their fishing excursion, they started, but not without taking some of the ladies with them.

As they pursued their course toward the river, directed by the trees Jim and Jack had marked the day they went fishing, Mr. Hubbard said, "boys and galls, we must be master civil among them thar Yankees, for we hearn way down in Carolina what nice sort of folks they is."

"Yes, indeed," said Micheson; "I've hearn about them, too; aint you hearn about their selling wooden nutmegs and hams, and the feller never found it out until they had got clean outen the country?"

"Oh yes," said Birdsong, "I've hearn how they'd shave the hair of'n a feller's head if he didn't look out."

"Well," said Mrs. Hubbard, who was a very pious lady, "I don't believe half I've hearn about 'em; I think we will like 'em first rate. Now, one good spirit begets another, and if we've got a good spirit towards them, then they'll have a good spirit towards

us, I'll be bound. Let's not go there thinking about all the bad things we've hearn about 'em. That's no way to get along with 'em right."

"O dear me!" said Mr. Micheson, "Mrs. Hubbard is so very 'ligious; she wants everybody to do jist right. Well, we are most thar. The boys said how we'd go down a mighty big hill, and I reckon this is it. Oh yes, I begin to see housen, and they say they've got real fine housen, like we used to have down in old Carolina, made outen boards and shingles."

"La! me; how did they git 'em?" said Mrs. Birdsong; "dear knows! they say them thar Yankees can do anything they want to. They've got a saw mill and a grist mill thar a'ready; they think nothing of making boards and shingles."

"Well, here we are, right in town, for town it is; it looks like it for all the world. Oh! see the housen; one, two, three, four, five, six. La! me; if there aint the store, and they've got lots of fine things and Yankee trinkets to fool a feller with, I'll be bound. Now boys, you that's got any money had better take care of it; they'll shave a feller like the mischief; they think it rael smart to shave a feller in a trade. Well, we will have to stop talking now, for we are right jam on the store."

The gentlemen assisted the ladies to alight, and tied their horses to some trees, and made their way to the store. This they did very readily, for our

Yankees had by this time a good road through the cane-brake.

I do not know that my readers ever saw the kind of cane spoken of. I will try to describe it as well as I can. It generally grows very thick on the ground similar to wheat, but in its appearance resembles Indian corn. The joints in the stalk are about the same distance apart, but the stalk is much harder, and is hollow between the joints. The leaf is much smaller than the corn leaf, and several of them put out at each joint. Horses, cattle, and sheep are very fond of this cane, and live on its small branches and leaves all through the winter, if necessary. But it kills out by constant feeding. There is but very little of it to be found at the present day in the settled portions of the southern states. I speak of the cane thus particularly, because it was such a blessing to the early settlers of that state.

When our visitors were near the door of the store, Mr. Micheson said to Mr. Hubbard, "you must tell them ar folks who we is and where we come from, and sich like, for I've been here so long I'm 'fraid I can't say anything."

"Well," said Mr. Hubbard, "I'll do the best I can."

By this time they were quite at the door. Mr. Hubbard said, looking at Mr. Lyon, "is this the store-keeper?"

"Yes, sir," answered the colonel, very politely.

"Well," continued Mr. Hubbard, "we hearn of

you folks down here on the river, and we thought we'd come down and see how you got along. We lives about twelve miles back here, in a grove; we call it Eddy Grove. This here is Mr. Micheson, and his wife, and that ar is Mr. Birdsong, and his wife, and that ar 'tother woman thar, is my woman, and my name is Hubbard; and now we would like to know what your name is."

"My name, sir, is Matthew Lyon. They generally call me Colonel Lyon. Well, gentlemen, I am very happy to see you, and your ladies, and hope for a happy acquaintance. I have heard from some of our neighbors who have settled out on Lick creek, that there was a large settlement in your vicinity; where were you from?"

"Why, bless your soul, that ar jist the way we hearn of you," said Mr. Micheson, not willing that Mr. Hubbard should do all the talking. "We was jist thum old Carolina, and them ar folks told us how you folks had a mill, and lots of things to sell; so we thought we'd come down and see."

"Indeed we have," said the colonel; "and we are very glad that you have called on us, and hope you will come again, and bring your neighbors to see us. And now, if the ladies will walk up to the house and see my wife and daughters, I would be pleased to wait on them."

They were at a stand what to do; finally Mrs. Birdsong said—"I reckon we won't go in this time; we'll come another day and see 'em."

"O, said the colonel, "you have rode some distance, and you will be very hungry and much fatigued before you get home. I think you had better take dinner with us; my wife will be pleased to wait on you; she has had but little society to associate with since we moved to this new country, and she is very fond of company."

They all stepped out of the door as if they were undetermined what to do. "Well," said Mrs. Micheson, "what you all gwyne to do? Did you ever hear any one talk so clever in all your life? what you all think; don't you recollect my man told us how slick and nice them ar Yankees is?—we don't know what they're arter."

"No we don't," said Mrs. Hubbard; "but I can't see any harm they can do us if we do go in. I want to see the wimen, and see what sort of clothes they wear, and how they talk, and walk, and eat; come, let's go, while our men goes to see the mill."

"I think we'd better go with the men," said Mrs. Micheson.

Just then Mr. Hubbard came to the door and said, "Ladies, I think you are not doin' jist right; the colonel is waiting for you to go up to dinner, and he says after that we'll all go and see the mill, and their big cave, and spring. He says it beats all them up our way. He says how there is rooms in it as big as any of our cabins. Come, galls, I want to see all they've got here; that's what we come for."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Hubbard; "I'm gwyne

along with the colonel to git dinner, because he seems so mighty clever and nice, and I'll be bound the wimen are clever too. And don't you 'member what I told you 'bout havin' a good spirit towards 'em. Now bless your souls, jist go along, and I know they'll not hurt us."

With one consent they all started, but not very willingly; still they had so much confidence in Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, that they hoped to get along with the matter pretty well. The colonel accompanied them, and all were soon at the door. The house was two story high, two rooms below, and two above. The rooms below were made quite comfortable, so that Mrs. Lyon had a small parlor, pretty well arranged.

"Well, Madam Lyon," said the colonel, "I have brought up some ladies and gentlemen to take dinner with us. Shall I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Micheson, Mr. and Mrs. Birdsong?"

"I am happy to see you, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Lyon, "and I hope for an agreeable continuance of our acquaintance. Will you walk into the parlor and be seated?"

They did so, but looked very much astonished, for they never saw such a place before in their lives. Mrs. Lyon received the ladies' long white sunbonnets, which were a perfect specimen of the neatness of their whole dress, which consisted of a striped blue and white cotton skirt, of their own manufacture, and

a neat calico short-gown, something like the sacks worn at the present day.

After Mrs. Lyon had waited on them, she asked to be excused for a few moments. They looked at each other, but made no reply. Mrs. Lyon left the room for a few moments to assist her daughters in the arrangement of the dinner. While she was absent the ladies improved the time in conversation.

"Well," said Mrs. Hubbard, "I told you how clever these folks would be."

"They are very clever, indeed," said Mrs. Michelson; "but who knows what they're arter! You'll all see directly, they're only arter your money."

"You will see that they will do us no harm," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"O! look here!" said Mrs. Birdsong, "did you ever see people put such nice blankets on the floor, jist for folks to walk on with their dirty feet? I'd think it would spile 'em."

"La! no; I reckon that's what they was made for," said Mrs. Hubbard; "they saves one a heap of scrubbing."

"But now raly, they're a mighty sight nicer than our coverlids; and jist see what lots of trinkets she's got," said Mrs. Birdsong, as they walked up to the sideboard to look at the glass-ware that was on it. "And la's-a-massy! what is that ar? I wonder if it aint a looking-glass? Yes, I reckon it is, caze you can see yourself all over, jist like you can see your face in my man's shaving-box lid."

Just then Mrs. Lyon returned, and, seating herself, she said, "Ladies, I am very much pleased to see you, for we have had no calls from our neighbors in your grove before. I hope we shall become more acquainted, and have some pleasant visits."

"O yes," said Mrs. Hubbard, "I hope so too."

"O, la!" said Mrs. Birdsong, "we lives in such poor log houses we don't 'spect you to come to see us, though we'd be mighty glad to see you out thar."

"I presume you will see me some time," said Mrs. Lyon, "I should like to come some time, when it is convenient. I do not look at the houses when I go to visit a friend; it is the feelings that they manifest towards me that I look at and think of."

"That's the way, and the right way," said Mrs. Hubbard; "I hope we shall have good times yet."

She was very much pleased to see matters commence so favorably. Mrs. Micheson looked on with deep interest, wondering what would come next; but she thought, "No matter, Mrs. Hubbard will have it all right any how." She already envied the buds of confidence she saw swelling in the hearts of Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Lyon.

"How long have you lived in this country, Mrs. Hubbard?" said Mrs. Lyon.

"Well, raly, I don't know zackly; but I reckon about two or three years."

"Do you like the country as well as you expected to?"

"Well, I reckon I do; but I tell you, we've had

hard times since we come here. When we first come, we most starved to death; and the Injens was so bad we was afraid they would kill some of us, but somehow they never did."

"Have you had your health generally, since you came here?"

"Not so very well; we had a sickness when we first come, and a good many of us died; but we was born to die, and we mout have died in Carolina as well as here."

"I realize that, Mrs. Hubbard; but I fear we shall suffer from billious complaints, in this country, more than we would in a colder climate."

Just at this moment the daughter said, "Ma, dinner is ready." "Ladies, will you walk out to dinner?" said Mrs. Lyon.

They did so, and found the gentlemen already seated. It was a great satisfaction to Mrs. Micheson to see the men once more, for she had been quite anxious about them ever since they left the room to return with the colonel to the store, where the Yankees (as they called them) had gathered, and had been much amused in asking and answering questions.

By this time our southerners began to feel a little more confidence in our new comers—all except Mr. and Mrs. Micheson; they still held themselves at a distance, and watched, with a jealous eye, everything that was said or done. They all enjoyed their dinner very well, although it was something a little different from what they were accustomed to at home. They

held their knife and fork a little awkward, and made many singular gestures which were diverting to our New England friends; but they treated them with the most profound respect; and the colonel enjoyed himself in social conversation with the gentlemen, on general matters.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Lyon, "when do you think we shall be able to have our county organized?"

"La!" said Mr. Micheson, "I didn't know whether we'd ever have a county in this 'ere new country."

"Why not, sir?" said the colonel; "I am sure we have as good a right to a county organization, and to claim the protection of the law, as any people; and I think as soon as our numbers are sufficient, we ought to claim our right. How many men do you number in your colony?"

"Well, now, I can't tell; but we've got a good many of 'em," said Mr. Micheson.

"Well," said the colonel, "I think we had better send out a man to take the census."

"O, la! Colonel, what is that?" said Mr. Micheson.

"Don't you understand that matter?" said the colonel.

"No, sir, we don't." (Micheson answered for the whole.)

"Well," said the colonel, "it is ascertaining how many men, women, and children there are in a given space of country."

"And what then?" said Micheson.

"Then, if we had a sufficient number of men in a certain district of land, we could petition and have our county organized.

"And what next?" inquired Micheson.

"Then we would have our county seat located."

"Ah! indeed; and what would be the next step?"

"We would nominate and elect our county officers; and then we could live like folks, and not like the savages that are here among us."

"Well, now," said Micheson, "I reckon that ar would be nice. Don't you think it would, boys?"

"O, yes;" they replied, with one impulse of feeling.

The colonel was perfectly surprised at their limited knowledge of such matters; but it was his delight to instruct them.

"Well, now, Colonel," said Micheson, "where will we put the county seat? I reckon how it would be a first-rate place out with us, right by our big spring."

"Perhaps it would," said the colonel. But finding the matter arranged in Micheson's mind to suit himself, he thought best to drop the subject for the present.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "as dinner is over, shall we take a walk?"

"Well, I suppose so," said Mr. Hubbard. "I reckon the women will be gwyne with us; git your bonnets, galls, and let's go down and see the colonel's big spring and mill."

"Perhaps Madam Lyon will go with us," said the colonel.

"I will," said she, "if Miss Minerva and Aurelia will wash up the dishes and make the necessary arrangements for tea."

"O yes," said the girls; "with great pleasure; we like to take a walk ourselves, and would like to have you enjoy such a privilege as often as possible."

They were soon off, and as they walked along the road, Mrs. Hubbard said, "How good it seems to have a road to walk in! I have not seen a road before since we crossed the mountains. Your men are mighty smart to make roads all round here; our men aint got nothin' but blazes on the trees to go by up our way."

"Mrs. Hubbard," said Mrs. Lyon, "have you any wolves up your way?"

"Yes, indeed; and they are mighty big ones, too, I tell you. Our boys killed one t'other day, and I tell you it was most as big as a yearlin'."

"O dear! I am so afraid of them. I told the colonel that those that were around here last night, were large enough to kill a man or a woman, and eat them up. They roared and howled tremendously."

"O massy on us! there's the mill!" said Mrs. Birdsong.

"Yes," said Mr. Birdsong, "and it's a mighty one, too; see how fast it strikes, and how the dust flies; now we'll know where to come and git lumber to build our housen."

“Well,” said the colonel, “whenever you want anything of the kind, I expect to have it on hand; it was to benefit others as well as myself that I came to this country.”

Micheson spoke and said, “I’ve seen lots of men jist like you, Colonel, that liked to benefit other folks a little, while they benefited themselves a great deal; but when they stopped blessin’ themselves they stopped blessin’ everybody else.”

The reader can see that Mr. Micheson watched the colonel’s motions and ideas with a jealous eye.

The colonel replied: “All men should be influenced by better motives than supreme selfishness. I hope I am, at any rate. This matter will be solved when we get more acquainted with each other.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Birdsong, “I think we ought to be gwyne, for we’ve got a long ways to go through that ar big woods, and we mus’nt be arter night, for I’ve hearn of panthers in that ar woods.”

“I reckon,” said Mrs. Hubbard, “we’ll jist run down and see the colonel’s spring and cave, where they keep their milk and butter, and then we’ll call at the store and see the fine things they’re got there, and then we’ll be off.”

Mrs. Lyon led the way to the spring and cave. They all followed her, and were soon at the spot.

“Well, well!” said Mr. Hubbard, “this ’ere spring beats anything up our way. I say, women, did you ever see anything so nice for a spring-house, in your lives?”

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Micheson; "it makes a fine spring-house, and I think it would be a mighty nice hidin' place for runaway niggers in thar."

Mrs. Lyon spoke, with some surprise, "Do your negroes run away?"

"Well, no, our'n don't, but good many of 'em does."

Mrs. Lyon replied with deep feeling, which was easily detected in her countenance: "I hope the poor creatures will not come here."

"This spring beats ourn," said Birdsong to Micheson; "and I raly dont know but the colonel will have the county seat, in spite of you yet."

"We must be gwyne," said Mr. Hubbard; "come, galls, don't hinder; we'll come down agin."

So they hurried on to the store, and when they got there, they were so pleased with this, that, and the other curiosity, that they knew not what to buy, but concluded to purchase some trifling articles, remarking that they would visit the settlement again before long. Without much ceremony they were soon off, and after they were fairly under way, Mr. Birdsong said: "We must not stop to talk or we will be in the night. We can do our talking to-morrow, for I 'spect all the boys and galls will be up our way to-morrow to hear what we think of the Yankees," and with but little conversation they hurried on as fast as possible. The women being as good equestrians as the men, they found no difficulty in keeping up,

and they arrived safely at home about dark. As the colonel was sitting at tea he said, "Madam Lyon, how did you like your visitors to-day?"

"Very well; indeed, much better than I expected. They were perfect examples of neatness in their dress. How neat those dresses and bonnets looked, and how white and clear their husbands' shirts appeared; and all of their own manufacture, too, I expect; not quite, neither; for I suppose that their negro girls do the work, but then they superintend the whole, I warrant you. Mrs. Hubbard appeared to be a very kindly disposed lady, but I should think there was some chance of cultivation there. But Mrs. Birdsong is something of a bigot; and that Mrs. Micheson is so very jealous and penurious, that I fear she and I will never be very pleasant associates. I would like to go and see Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard soon, Colonel."

"Well," said the colonel, "we will go before long; and I think you have formed a very accurate idea of the dispositions of the three ladies. And I consider Mr. Micheson a jealous, overbearing, ignorant bigot, and we must look out for him."

By this time several of their neighbors had called in, and some remarks followed in regard to the dress, manners, and conversation of the visitors.

"We have had to-day a fair sample of Carolina, in Kentucky," said the colonel. "Perhaps we have been a little unguarded in our remarks. But I dare say they will have their own sport about us."

"I do not care what they say about us or our man-

ners, if they only keep their runaway negroes away from our premises," said Mrs Lyon. They spake of their negroes running away as though it was a common occurrence."

"Well," said Dr. Cadwell, "I fear we shall have trouble with this wretched slavery; and before I will be tormented with it, I will go to another country, where it is not tolerated."

"Where will you go?" said Mrs. Lyon.

"I will go to the new territory that is forming just north of us and east of the Mississippi river; and I will fight slavery as long as I live."

The doctor became so disgusted with slavery, that, in about eighteen months, he and Mr. Messenger, another son-in-law of the colonel, with their families, left their new home in Kentucky, and started for a land (if such an one could be found) where the withering, blighting curse of slavery did not exist. Their course was down the Ohio river until its confluence with the Mississippi, then up the Father of Waters, until they arrived at the spot where St. Louis now stands. The French and Indians were the only inhabitants there then. They stopped at this place a short time, but finally settled on the Illinois side of the river—Dr. Cadwell a few miles above the city, and Mr. Messenger a few miles below. And when the state was organized they did have to fight against slavery. There was at that time a great political struggle through the state—one party for, and the other against, slavery.

In this great struggle Dr. Cadwell and Mr. Messenger fought against slavery with all their energies, and they had some influence, as they were among the first who settled on the Illinois side of the Mississippi river. That influence they exerted in a good cause and with good success. Twice in his life did Dr. Cadwell give the casting vote in the legislature of Illinois on the subject of slavery, and the last time the matter was settled permanently in favor of freedom. And I hope and pray that the public mind of the state will never be agitated to such a degree again on that subject, unless it be for the purpose of colonizing them to their native country, or to some other free and happy home, to which our christian and gospel enlightened government may assist them in emigrating.

But we must return to our southern friends.

The next morning after their visit, they collected at Mr. Hubbard's for the purpose of talking over the proceedings of the previous day.

"We hearn you've all been down to the river to see them thar Yankees," said Mr. Waddington.

"Well we have," said Mr. Hubbard.

"And what do you think of the critters? do they talk, and walk, and eat like we do?"

"Certainly they do; only they ar a mighty sight nicer about it."

"What are they so nice about?"

"Why, they have cups and sassers, and lots of tea,

and other good things. You must go down and see for yourself."

"I don't b'lieve you'll ketch me gwyne down thar. I've hearn so many bad stories 'bout them Yankees; I reckons how I'll be keepin' clare of 'em."

"Well, now I tell you, boys, they're got purty much town down thar. They're got lots of housen, boarded up, and shingles on 'em too."

"Why, la! Hubbard, whar did they git 'em?"

"Git 'em! indeed; they're got a saw-mill thar a'ready, and they think nothin' of makin' boards and shingles; and, besides that, they're got lots of fine things in their store, and if you go down thar with plenty of money you can have most anything you want."

"I reckon so; but I 'spect they'll shave a feller thinner nor one of their shingles before he gits away."

"La! no; they're real clever folks, I tell you; they gin us our dinners."

"O yes, and then made you pay for it, I'll warrant you."

"Pay for it! no, indeed; and besides that, they jist treated us like we was gentlemen and ladies. I told the boys they would, when we was gwyne down, but they wouldn't b'lieve me."

"O, well, they was all clever enough, but you'll see, by'mby; they was arter our money or something else," said Mr. Micheson. "That old colonel!—he's the feller; he's gwyne to have our county—— (now,

rally, I's forgot what he called it;) at any rate, he's gwyne to have it fixed so he can have the county down thar at his place. That's what he's after, I reckon."

"O, la! Micheson, you's always so 'spicious," said Hubbard. "Maybe that ar is not so. Don't you know the seat was to be right smack in the middle of the county?"

"O, la! Hubbard, is that the way? Then we must look out for that when the time comes," replied Micheson.

"I reckon that will be all right."

"Well, galls, what strange things did you see down thar?" inquired Mrs. Waddington.

"Well, women, I tell you, you had better went down with us and seen for yourselves," replied Mrs. Micheson; "for the way they're got things fixed up is a caution. They're got the purtiest beds and bedin', and tables, and all sich things, you ever see. I tell you they are not like our puncheon-tables,* for all we scour 'em so much. Theirn shines so you can see your face in 'em, when you walks along; and then that thar great big thing—what was it they called it? O! I recollect now what it was; they called it sideboard; and they had such lots of fine things sot on it! I tell you, Mrs. Waddington, you must go and see for yourself. The nicest things that

* A puncheon-table was made of a section of a large ash tree, split in halves, one side smoothed with an ax, and legs inserted.

I saw was them thar blankets what they had on the floor; they was lots nicer nor our coverlids."

"I 'spect they made 'em purpose, but I don't know," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"Yes," said Mrs. Birdsong, "and thar was that ar big lookin'-glass; one could see theirselves all over in it; you may depend upon it, that was nice; and then there was them ar scoops, what the women folks wore on their heads. They looked mighty odd, but then they was so nice, made outen silk, with the finest kind of ribbons all over 'em; and their habits—how nice they set on 'em! I reckon they're got lots of them thar fixens in their store, and we will have some jist zackly like 'em."

"I don't care for all their nice things, we are jist as good as any of 'em," remarked Mrs. Micheson.

"La! Mrs. Micheson, did you mind how funny they talked?" said Mrs. Hubbard. "Do tell us what they said, for you was listening more than we was, Mrs. Micheson."

"Well, I hearn 'em say *humm* when they was talking about home, and *wunt* when they meant went, and lots of other funny words; but next time you go down thar, you must listen for yourselves. You kept such a talking—you and the old lady—jist like there wasn't nobody but yourselves in the house; and she talked about comin' out to see us; the way she'll come is a caution; she'll jist stay at home—and I hope she will till our men gits things fixed better."

"That's the way, galls—gittin' proud a'ready," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"That's not proud ; it is jist natural to want things kind o' comfortable when we see other folks have 'em so ; jist help it, if you can."

"Boys, we'll have to keep our women away from them ar Yankees, or they will spile 'em downright," said Mr. Birdsong. "I 'spect they will be wantin' board housen, with shingles on 'em, and blankets on the floor, and dear knows what all."

"We've jist as good a right to be havin' nice things as anybody," retorted Mrs. Micheson.

"Mrs. Micheson, you didn't tell me how you liked the women folks," said Mrs. Waddington.

"Well, the galls was sorter bashful, but the old lady said and done all she could to make us happy ; but she didn't like it when I talked about the niggers runnin' away and gittin' in her cave. She didn't like that at all."

"O, la! Mrs. Micheson, she spoke very kindly, and said she hoped the poor critters would never come thar to hide. I suppose they don't know much about 'em, and they don't 'tend to have any of 'em," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"Them Yankees never keep niggers about 'em ? Maybe they wont, but I 'spect they'll be buyin' niggers 'fore long. They can't work in this ere hot country ; they'll have to come to it ; I'll be bound, they'll have some of 'em in their cave 'fore long."

“ Well, you mus'n't hurt the old lady's feelin's by tellin' her about 'em.”

In a short time, the colonel concluded that their numbers were sufficient to make an effort for county organization; and the proper steps being taken, it was effected; the county seat being located in the little Yankee village. The colony increased rapidly in numbers and in influence, and Colonel Lyon was elected their first representative to the state legislature, and afterward represented the district in congress for several years, and enjoyed the confidence and good will of his constituents

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO THE SOUTHERN SETTLEMENT—HOSPITABLE RECEPTION—CONVERSATION ON SLAVERY—HIRE CHLOE FROM MR. BAKER—KIND TREATMENT—AUNT SARAH AND CHLOE'S PRAYER MEETING—COLONEL LYON ENDEAVORS TO PURCHASE CHLOE—ANNA FOUND IN THE CAVE—HER MASTER'S INHUMANITY—SHE BEGS THE COLONEL TO BUY HER—MICHESON REPROACHED FOR HIS CRUELTY—SCRUPLES AGAINST BECOMING A SLAVE-HOLDER OVERCOME—ANNA IS PURCHASED—A DUTIFUL SERVANT—CHLOE'S PIETY—INFLUENCE ON ANNA.

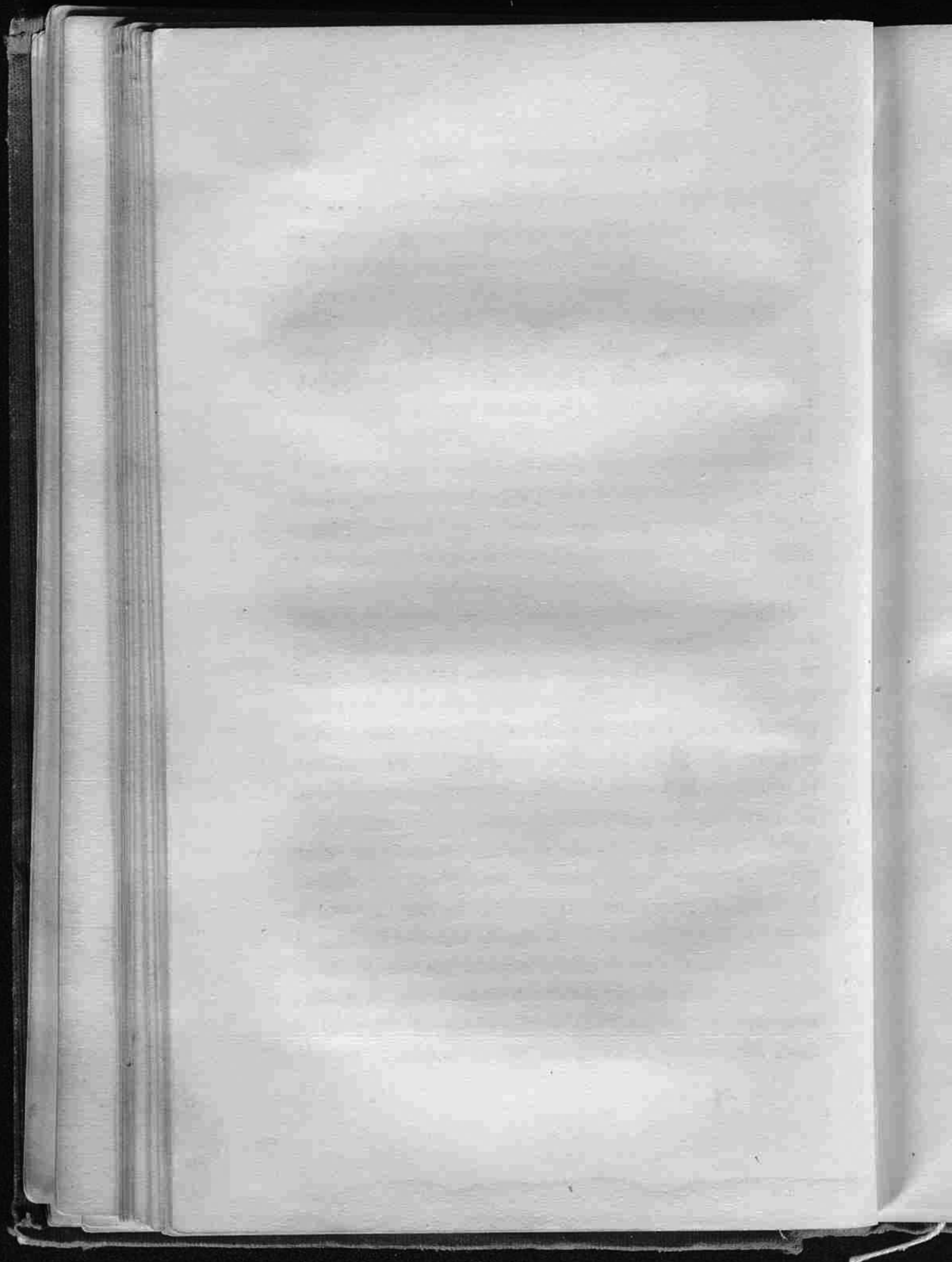
NOTWITHSTANDING the many cares and perplexities with which Mrs. Lyon was burdened, she did not forget her promise to visit Mrs. Hubbard; neither did she wait until her neighbors had an opportunity to make much improvement. One pleasant afternoon she told the colonel she would like to take a ride, and asked him if they could not then make the proposed visit. He replied:

"I presume we can, but I fear it will be a hard job to drive the light carriage over the hills. Nevertheless, I will try it, if you wish to go. But I do not think you will enjoy a visit very much with those folks."

"I told them we would come," said she "and they will think much of our visit. O, do let us go. Besides, I do not know but we will have to hire some help, and I suppose we will be obliged to get some of their black girls; for none of the Yankee girls will



CHLOE AND ANNA.



work out any more; I have tried every one of them. They think they can get sewing enough to do; so they will not do housework any longer. Our work is so hard that the girls and myself cannot do it much longer. Our family is so large, and the weather so extremely warm, that I fear if we attempt to do without help we shall all be sick; and I hope Mrs. Hubbard will be able to tell us where we can get a good, honest servant girl. I much regret the necessity for this arrangement, and I have often thought that I would work myself almost to death rather than have one of those poor slaves about me. In fact, I have nearly done so already, and I can now see no other alternative."

"I have observed for some time past, that you were almost worn down, and I could see no other way to get along. But I dreaded to mention the subject to you; and now, as you have made up your mind to that effect, I will do all in my power to get you a girl, and if she is kind and willing, I think you can soon learn her to do work in your way, and she will be a great help to you."

"I think I can get along with that matter very well, but the thought of the poor things working so hard for us, and then our having to pay the wages to their masters, is what troubles me the most. It seems to me so unjust that I cannot bear to do it."

"Well, we can give them a good many presents; and then, too, they will be much better off with us than with their masters. I have thought of this, if

I ever should be under the necessity of hiring the men,—and I fear I shall, for my business is increasing very fast, and there are few emigrants coming into the country. I am well persuaded that this accursed system of slavery is the cause of it. If I had known what I now know, I never would have settled in this country. But I suppose, under existing circumstances, we can do no better than to hire their colored help.”

These reflections had not delayed the preparations for the ride. They were soon ready, and started for their visit. While on the way, the colonel told Mrs. Lyon that she need expect nothing but venison, hoe-cake, and buttermilk for dinner.

“I do not care what we have for dinner,” replied Mrs. Lyon, “if they only treat us kindly, and that we know we may expect from Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard.”

“O, yes; I have no doubts on that score, but I fear you will be sick after riding so far without your tea.”

“Never mind that; I would have taken some such little notion for Mrs. Hubbard, but I feared it might touch her southern pride, and then our friendship would be broken; and I would not do anything to hurt her feelings for a great deal; you know how very sensitive they are.”

“Well, I presume it is best as it is.”

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon soon arrived, and drove up to the large horse-block—a convenience they all have

in that country, for mounting and alighting from their horses—and they were no sooner there than Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard came out to greet them.

“Well, Colonel,” said they, both at once, “we’re mighty glad to see you both. We was ’fraid you’d never come, but we hoped you would, caze you promised to do so.”

“Well, now you’re come, we’ll send out for some of our neighbors,” said Mr. Hubbard. “Sam, run over and tell Mr. Birdsong and Mr. Prince how the colonel and his woman has come, and we want ’em to bring their women along, and we will be mighty glad to see ’em.”

“Sam, I ’spose you must tell Micheson and his woman to come, too,” said Mrs. Hubbard.

“Yes, Sam, you must, or they’ll be mad. We’re been tellin’ ’em they was comin’, and they said we must send for ’em. Go, Sam, and be quick.”

“Well, now, do come into our cabin; you know I told you how we lived out here,” said Mrs. Hubbard.

“O, do not make any apologies, Mrs. Hubbard; there is no need for any,” replied Mrs. Lyon.

And she thought so, when she looked around and saw what perfect neatness was exhibited in everything about the house. The puncheon floor was as white as wood could be made. One thing which attracted her attention was the pigin, as she afterward learned they called it. It was made of alternate staves of red and white cedar, one of which was

longer than the rest, and answered for a handle. Upon this handle hung a large, nice gourd, for the convenience of drinking. The pail or pigin sat upon a shelf made from a slab of wood or bit of puncheon, resting on two pins that were driven into the logs of the building, near the door. The whole presented an air of neatness and taste, although it was as great a curiosity to Mrs. Lyon as her cut glass was to them, and she was glad to quench her thirst with a draught of pure water from the gourd. The white cotton curtains that hung gracefully around the beds showed that they were good washers, and could starch and iron as well as any Yankee lady. Everything, in fact, bore to the mind of Mrs. Lyon a full conviction (which she had realized in a partial degree before) that her friend, Mrs. Hubbard, was a perfect lady in her own way, and had she had the cultivation of mind and manners that some have she would have been a bright star in any society.

Mrs. Hubbard, after waiting on Mrs. Lyon, said—
“O, you don’t know how glad I am to see you. I wish we could spend all this day together alone. I would like it mightily; but our neighbors wouldn’t like it if we didn’t send for them; and we ought to, caze they are very kind to us. And there’s Mrs. Micheson; she’d think you and I felt above her, she is always so ’spicious.”

“All will be right, Mrs. Hubbard; make yourself happy, I shall enjoy myself.”

“I hope you will; you will jist ’scuse me a minute,

I wants to see the black girls 'bout the dinner," and away she went to the kitchen, a somewhat inferior building near the house. "O, la! Jenny," said she, "the colonel and his lady has come at last; and now I wants you to git the best dinner you can set, for I tell you they has everything mighty nice when we goes down thar."

"I knows dey do," said Jenny. "But, missus, you knows I can't fix things like dey does; we aint got no fine dishes like dey's got, and we aint got none of dat ar stuff what de Yankees drink so much; what is dey call it? la! can't I think—tea!"

"Well, Jenny, never mind that; jist git the best we've got, and mind and have the pewter clean; make it shine so you can see your face in it—that's the way, Jenny; the Yankees is mighty clean. Now, Jenny, you must jist git a lot of venison and hoe-cake, and bake it on the board; that ar will be nice. Then you must send Jim down to the corn-patch, and git a lot of roasting ears; them ar will be good to any one now; and you must git a lot, for your master has sent over for Mr. Birdsong and Mr. Prince, and Mr. Micheson's folks, and I reckon they will all come."

"Well, raly, dat ar will be a house full," said Jenny. "But no matter; anything to please master. O, gwy in de house, missus; I raly b'lieve dey am comin'."

Mrs. Hubbard looked up and saw that they were at the gate. She hastened to receive them, and in-

vited the ladies into the house, while the gentlemen seated themselves on some benches under the shade trees in the yard. After the usual salutations between the ladies, the following dialogue took place:

"Warn't you glad, Mrs. Hubbard, to see the colonel and his lady?"

"Well, I reckon I was, indeed; but I was mighty sorry to see her look so pale and bad, like she was gwyne to be sick."

"La! it's jist caze she works so hard," said Mrs. Prince. "I wonder how she stands it? I should died long ago. Mrs. Lyon, why don't you hire some of the black girls? they'd take lots of work off you."

"I have been talking to the colonel about hiring one, if I could find one that understood business tolerably well, although I am opposed to slavery in every sense of the word. But what am I to do in this country? I cannot hire a white girl at any price. Our Yankee girls have got above work already."

"That's the way in all slave countries; white girls soon git above work. La! Mrs. Lyon, now we don't think it no harm in havin' the niggers. Our daddies and mammies give 'em to us, and we don't know how to do without 'em. Poor things, they don't know how to do without us, nuther."

"I presume it is just so with you; but I know how to do without them, and I would do without them if I had no more than my own family to do for."

Just then Mrs. Lyon saw Mrs. Micheson looking at Mrs. Hubbard and smiling, as if she was very

much pleased to see that Mrs. Lyon had almost come to the point. Mrs. Lyon felt mortified to think that she was, by irresistible circumstances, brought to such an extremity.

"Mrs. Lyon, I believe I know where you can git a black woman that will jist suit you," said Mrs. Hubbard. "Our galls is so thick-headed, they wouldn't do, caze they knows nothin' but to cook venison and hoe-cake, and the like, and they wouldn't do, no how. But that ar woman, they say, is a mighty good cook. She come from some great town in Carolina, where she learned to cook mighty well. She was give to Mrs. Baker by her father. They say they'd hire her if they could git a big price for her. Now, Mrs. Lyon, she'd jist suit you, I know; for she is a mighty good 'ligious body, and I hearn our black ones talk about her. She'd be mighty kind to the children, and do lots of work."

"Can you tell us where Mr. Baker lives?"

"O, yes; they live out jist a little ways from your town, on Lick creek. Now, Mrs. Lyon, I've hearn how them ar Bakers aint none the best to their niggers; they say Aunt Chloe don't like to live thar, caze they don't give their niggers 'nough to eat. Now, our colored folks always has 'nough to eat, when we're got it. When we first come to this here new country, we had some hard times, but we've got through 'em all alive; and I hope we wont be hungry and have nothin' to eat any more."

Mrs. Lyon's countenance seemed to brighten, with

the hope that she might be some comfort to Aunt Chloe, as they called her, and said, "I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Hubbard, for the information you have given me; I will get the colonel to go to Mr. Baker's to-morrow, and see if he can hire the woman you speak of."

"I reckon it will be Aunt Chloe that will be obleeged; I think that she will like to live with you mighty well."

"I will try to be kind to her, Mrs. Hubbard."

At this stage of the conversation Jenny announced that dinner was ready.

"Well, call the gentlemen, Jenny, and we will set down. But, Mrs. Lyon, I don't 'spect you calculates to find such a dinner amongst us as you give us when we was down to your place; but we've done the best we could."

"The dinner is well enough, Mrs. Hubbard; you need make no apologies; I presume we shall enjoy our dinner very much."

They found the table shining with the bright pewter, and loaded with venison and hoe-cake, well-cooked, which, with a large pewter dish full of sweet roasting ears, a bright tin cup full of buttermilk, and a pewter dish full of fresh butter, composed the dinner. The visitors, as might have been expected, enjoyed their dinner very much; and who would not, where there was such warm-hearted hospitality manifested in everything they saw and heard?

After dinner, as the company were enjoying a social chat about general matters, Mr. Micheson said:

"Colonel, do you know we're gwyne to have lots of our old neighbors come out here this fall?"

"No, sir; I have not heard anything on the subject before."

"Well, now, I got a letter t'other day from one of my brothers way down in Carolina, and he says how their niggers is gitin' so sassy they can't hardly do anything with 'em, and he says he is gwyne to take his'n and come out here whar thar aint so many of the pleggy critters."

"I would rather hear of their coming without their negroes."

"O, la! they will be civil here."

"I hope they will; but I do not want this country filled up with them, any more than it is."

"Well, now, colonel, we've got 'em, and we must do the best we can with 'em."

"I have not got them, and I don't intend to have any of them; I would not be a slave-holder for any consideration."

"Well, now, Colonel, you can do jist as you please, but I believes in the niggers. I wants 'em treated 'bout right, so they wont git sassy, and then make 'em work like horses."

"I suppose you slave-holders do just about as you please generally."

"Well, now, I never has no trouble with niggers, but I tell you my brother I'm 'spectin' out here this

fall—he's the feller to train 'em. You'll all see, when he comes, that he wont let his niggers idle away their time."

"Negroes are not generally lazy, are they?" inquired Colonel Lyon.

"You'll see when you try 'em," replied Micheson.

"I do not know that I shall ever try them," replied the colonel, hesitatingly; "I may be under the necessity of hiring them, but I hope not."

"You Yankees will come to it by'mby; you needn't be so nice about it."

"I do not think that any inducement in the world could persuade me to become a slave-holder," said the colonel; little thinking that, within a few short months, he would be the owner of one of the very slaves that Micheson had been talking about his brother bringing to that new country.

Mrs. Lyon listened to every word that was said with deep concern. Her very heart sickened at the thought of ever becoming the owner of one of those poor creatures; and soon after, she intimated to the colonel that it was time for them to start for home. Accordingly, arrangements were made, and they were presently on their way. Soon after leaving Mr. Hubbard's the colonel inquired how she liked her visit.

"Very well, indeed," replied she; "but I should have been much better pleased, if Mr. and Mrs. Micheson had not been present. Mrs. Hubbard did not invite them because she really wished them to be there; but she thought they would be angry with

them, and act ugly towards them if she did not. She is very jealous ; you know I told you that was her disposition."

"Yes, I know you did, and I thought you understood the matter pretty well."

"Now tell me what you thought of Mr. Micheson's ideas about the poor slaves," said Mrs. Lyon.

"I was very much disgusted with them, and if he had been a man of common sense and politeness I would have tried to reason the subject with him. But I knew it would be of no use, and so did not. When he spoke of the Yankees coming to it, I really felt like resentment ; but my better judgment told me to keep still."

"I will tell you how I felt on the subject," said Mrs. Lyon. "I felt as though I could go to the president of the United States and plead with him to stop such an evil as this, and not let such ignorant tyrants have the power to abuse human beings in the way I am confident those Michesons abuse their poor negroes."

"My dear woman, the president cannot stop it."

"I suppose not, for every state enacts laws of its own on this subject. Well, then, I would go to the governor and plead with him."

"That would be as ineffectual as your visit to the president."

"I see, then, that the matter must lay in the hands of the people themselves ; and, if I could do any good, I feel as though I could go to the feet of every

man in the state, or the United States, and plead with him to use his influence against this accursed evil."

"I fear, dear madam, that you are a little excited on this subject. Our government is trying to stop the slave trade, and I hope they will prevent any more slaves being brought to America."

"There is already enough here to ruin the country, if some efficient means are not shortly taken to stay the ruinous march of slavery. I wish we had gone with the children to the new territory; there we could have struggled against the evil to some purpose. But here the state is organized; the laws are enacted; the slaves and the slave-holders are already here, and we can do nothing effectual towards the extinction of human bondage; and, indeed, we cannot express our own feelings on the subject without hurting the feelings of some one else. O, my heart grows sick at the thought of our situation."

"So does mine; but I have laid out all I am worth here, and have a good prospect in business of every kind, and know not what else to do but to stay and make the best of it. I had but little idea of the matter as it really is, or I never would have located in this state."

"I am satisfied of one thing, and that is, we can be kind to the poor creatures, if we are compelled to hire them to work for us; I know of no other way to get along. Are you acquainted with Mr. Baker, and do you know where he lives?"

"I am somewhat acquainted with him, and know the neighborhood where he resides."

"Will you go over there in the morning, and see if they will hire to us a colored woman of theirs, whom they call Chloe? Mrs. Hubbard told me to-day that they had such a woman, and that they would hire her if they could get a big price. I suppose we will have to give more for a good smart negro woman than we would for one of our smart Yankee girls. I expect we will have to pay them about sixty dollars per year for Aunt Chloe."

"That will be quite reasonable."

"I suppose they will hardly let her have enough of her wages to clothe her comfortably," said Mrs. Lyon.

"I presume they will want us to clothe her, negro fashion, in the bargain. They do not allow them much clothing."

"Mrs. Hubbard told me that they did not treat their colored people very well; indeed, they did not give them enough to eat; and she thought Aunt Chloe would like to live with us very well. She said she was given to Mrs. Baker by her father, and they thought a great deal of her, although they did not treat her kindly. She said Chloe understood business very well; and I think you had better get her, if they do not ask an extra price, for it will be so much more pleasant for me to have help that understands all kinds of housework. I do not know that I could have

patience to learn one of those ignorant creatures to do work in our way."

By this time they were at their own gate, and were happy to find all comfortable at home. After a brief description of their visit to the girls, they retired early and enjoyed a comfortable night's rest, and in the morning the colonel started in pursuit of Aunt Chloe. When he arrived at Mr. Baker's, he saw a fine, tidy looking colored woman hoeing in the garden. "Is Mr. Baker at home?" inquired he of her.

"Yes, massa; if you will jist git outen your carriage and go in de house I will call him; he's jist down in de field a little ways."

While the colonel was securing his horse Chloe ran and called Mr. Baker. The two gentlemen met at the gate, and after the usual salutations, the colonel said: "Mr. Baker, have you a colored woman named Chloe, that you will hire to me?"

"I don't know; maybe my wife has; we will go in and see; walk in, Colonel. Mrs. Baker, this is Colonel Lyon, the store-keeper down at the town, and he wants to hire Chloe. What do you think of it?"

"Well, now, Mr. Baker, you know our Chloe is a mighty good woman, and we shall have to have a mighty big price for her."

"Well, well; you and the colonel can settle that matter."

"Mrs. Baker, how much will you ask me a year for Chloe?" said the colonel.

"Well, now, I reckon about sixty dollars."

"Well, if she is willing to go with me, I will take her at that price."

"We never axes our niggers whether they'll go or not," said Mrs. Baker.

"But," said the colonel, "if she is not willing to go, I would not take her on any consideration."

"Well, I reckon she will be willing to go; I'll jist call her, and you may ax her."

The old lady called her, and she came in very quick. The colonel then asked her if she would be willing to go and live with him a year.

"O yes, massa; two of 'em, if you wants me to. I likes to lib in town."

"Then you have lived in town, have you, Chloe?"

"Yes, indeed, I has, massa."

"But, Chloe, we are Yankees."

"Well, massa, I reckons you will be kind to poor niggers."

"Indeed, Chloe, we intend to be kind to all with whom we have to do; we will have a good deal of work to do, but we do not intend to have any of our hands work too hard. Now, Chloe, if you will get ready, we will be off as soon as possible. Mrs. Baker, I will give your price, and pay you at the end of every quarter; will that suit you?"

"Yes, sir, it will," said Mrs. Baker. And while Chloe was gone to pick up her things, she improved every moment in speaking of her good qualities.

But we will leave the colonel and Mrs. Baker, and follow Aunt Chloe as she goes to take leave of her

children. She had two children ; a boy about twelve, and a girl about ten years old. She kissed them again and again, with all the warmth of feeling that a christian mother could express, and you know that is not a little. "Well, children," said she, "you must jist be as good as you can, and I reckon massa and missus wont whip you (poor things) any more nor if I was here ; and I reckon how them ar folks will be kind enough to let me come and see you 'fore long." When she took the last kiss, the silent tear-drop coursed down her cheek. But she thought to herself,—"What a foolish thing I am ; 'twont make a bit of difference 'bout de childrens ; dey will jist whip 'em de same any way, and I know I'll be a mighty sight better off. I's so glad I's gwyne to live with dat ar old Mr. Colonel ! I jist know dey'll be clever to me. I must hurry, for he'll be waitin'. But I must wipe my eyes before I go, or he'll think I don't want to go with him."

In the absence of Chloe, Mrs. Baker said to the colonel, "This here woman was give to me by my father and mother—she and two mighty smart children ; and Mr. Baker jist lets me do with 'em as I please, and I has all the money they earns. You can let her have about two suits a year. This we 'spect in the bargain ; and if you lets her have any more we shant pay for it ; you may depend on that for sartin'."

"Never mind that, madam ; we will attend to that matter," said the colonel.

"Mrs. Baker continued: "I tell you, Colonel, this here woman is the smartest one in the country. She's none of your common niggers; you can trust her anywhere, and she beats all nater a' cooking; and she can wash and iron as good as any Yankee woman in your town."

"I have no doubt of that matter, Mrs. Baker, and I hope she will suit my wife; and that we shall get along with her without any trouble, for my wife and I am opposed to slavery. We have been driven to this necessity, because we cannot hire a white girl in all the country."

"Well," said Mrs. Baker, "we jist believe in it, and we don't know nothin' else; they seems nat'ral to us, and I don't believe there's any sin in it nuther, caze my folks was good 'ligious folks, and they give 'em to us, and we have the law on our side, besides; and I reckon the law wouldn't sanction anything that wasn't right."

"O, yes," said the colonel, "that is what troubles me. I think if you had not the law to sustain you, there might be an influence exerted that would save you from the evil."

"Well," said Mrs. Baker, "there aint no use of you Yankees making such a mighty fuss about it, no how; you will never make it no other way."

"I fear we never shall," said the colonel, "and I am sorry that my fears are founded upon such stubborn facts."

By this time Chloe had entered the room with her

little bundle on her arm, and, telling the colonel she was ready, they started; Chloe was seated in the carriage, although she felt somewhat embarrassed. As they were about to start, Mrs. Baker came to the door and said:

"Do see thar; that old colonel is gwyne to let Chloe ride with him; that beats all nater. I'm 'fraid them ar Yankees will spile that ar critter."

"I will risk that," said Mr. Baker; "they are too clever and honest themselves to learn her anything that is bad."

The colonel and Chloe were soon at home, and they were all glad to learn that they had gained the object in view. The next thing was to know how to treat Chloe. After consulting a little on the subject, Mrs. Lyon said: "I shall treat her just like a white girl; I know no other way. She can have a bed to herself, and eat such as we do; she can sit by herself if she chooses—and I presume she would choose to do so." Mrs. Lyon then entered the room where Chloe had been seated by the colonel. "How do you do, Chloe?" said Mrs. Lyon, in rather a familiar tone of voice.

"Why, la! missus, I is very well," said Chloe, somewhat embarrassed, for she was not used to being accosted in so familiar a manner. "But, missus, I's afraid I can't do your work here, you's so mighty nice; but I'll try and do de best I can."

"That is all I shall expect of you," said Mrs. Lyon, "and if you do not know how to do it as I wish to

have it done, I hope you will not think hard of me if I should tell you."

"O, massy!—no, missus; that's what I 'spects, and I wants to learn de best way, always."

"Well, Chloe, you may assist the girls about washing, to-day, and you will get some idea how we do that branch of business."

"Well, missus, I will; but dare's de dinner, who git dat ar? I will do it, for I always gits dinner and washes too, at home."

"Ah! indeed; that is more than I expect of one woman. I presume your washings are not so large as ours."

"I reckons dey is, for we has mighty big ones when we washes for de white folks and de niggers, too."

"I think you will find our washings all you can do in one day without getting dinner," replied Mrs. Lyon.

Chloe was soon at the wash-tub, and gave good satisfaction in washing, and everything they set her at. She soon became initiated into the business of the family, and Mrs. Lyon found that she was to be trusted and confided in, under all circumstances. She was a great help to Mrs. Lyon, and the whole family became more and more attentive to her. She was so kind and respectful to everybody, and especially to the children, that every one of the family was her friend. Mrs. Lyon often allowed her to visit her children and take them a great many presents. On one

of these occasions, Mrs. Baker said, "Chloe, I wish you wouldn't bring them are children so many Yankee notions; you's jist zackly spilin' 'em."

"O dear,—old missus give 'em to me, and I reckon dey wont hurt no one if dey don't cost nothin'."

"Well, you jist mout as well keep 'em away, for they're lots better nor what our white children has, and if you brings any more I'll jist divide 'em, for I don't want your children to have better nor what our children has."

After this Chloe was instructed how to manage the business. She was not to let Mrs. Baker know what she brought. But Mrs. Lyon dare not send anything but little articles that they could eat. If she did send a toy or a garment, it was taken from them and given to the white children. Thus matters went on for some time; Chloe concluded they did not whip her children any more than usual, and realizing that she was in a much better situation than she had ever been before, she felt quite happy.

There was one other old black lady in the village named Sarah, who was a praying woman. Chloe and her would meet together, and pray, and sing, and talk about Jesus, until their hearts would grow warm with the love of God, and they would rejoice in the God of their salvation. Their prayers, to a cold-hearted professor, or a careless sinner, would be a matter of laughter; but it is the pure desire of the honest heart that the Lord looks at; it is not the

flowery, well composed language that always has access to the throne of grace.

I have often heard Aunt Chloe and Sarah pray in their prayer meetings, and their language would be something like the following: "Lord a-massy on my soul and body! forgib all de sins I commit. O, dear Lord, bress our massa and missus; bress all de sinners, white and black, O Lord a-massy; and send some one to preach de bressed gospel to dem. O send dy spirit to find dem out. Lord save us all, and when our troubles is done here on dis earf take us to heaben to rest wid dee and all de good peoples, for Jesus' sake."

The Lord heard their prayers, and answered them in mercy. They lived like christians, and exerted a christian influence wherever they went. I recollect of seeing Aunt Sarah come into prayer meeting after she was ninety years old, leaning on her staff, trembling and tottering; but she was always ready to give her testimony for the Lord. She would say—"Bress de Lord, he is so good. Dis here old body is jist tremblin' ober de grave. My soul is ripe for heaven; I's gwyne where Jesus is. Brudren and sisters, be faithful; de Lord will gib you grace for ebery day. He'll gib you grace to die; den take you up to heaven."

Chloe grew daily in favor with her new friends. The colonel often tried to buy her. He told her that if her master would sell her he would buy her; and when she had paid him the amount he paid for her,

by allowing her sixty dollars a year and her clothes, she should be free. Chloe was much pleased with the idea, and the colonel made several applications to Mr. and Mrs. Baker to purchase her, but always received from Mrs. Baker the tart answer, "No, sir; you can't have her. She was give to me by my father and mother, and I never will sell her nor her children; so you needn't say another word about it any more; you can have her jist as long as you will give us sixty dollars a year for her." So they understood the matter.

Things went on in this way for some time, when, one evening, as Chloe was down at the cave for some milk and butter for tea, she heard something like the sound of a human voice, back in the cave, calling her name, "Chloe, Chloe." She listened in breathless silence, and heard it again, more distinctly than before—"Chloe, Chloe."

"O, massy on me! is dar a ghost in thar? I've hearn tell of ghosts, but I don't raly b'lieve in 'em." She listened again, and heard the voice saying—

"Chloe, Chloe! don't be 'fraid; I knows you; don't be 'fraid; come in here; I wants to tell you somethin'."

"Oh, dat ar is some poor nigger dat's run away; I'll go in and see. But, la me! it's so dark in thar! and who knows what's in thar! O, massy on me! I can't go in thar all alone, and no light. I must go up and git a light." She listened once more, and heard more distinctly than ever—

"Chloe, Chloe! it's me; it is Micheson's Anna; don't you know me? I wont hurt you; I jist wants to tell you 'bout it."

"Why, what is de matter?" said Chloe; "is you run away? I raly b'lieve it is you, Anna."

"Now, Chloe, I wants to tell you massa has whipped me so hard, I thought I'd run away and come down here and git you to wash my sores, and beg this yer man you lives with to buy me. And when I started, massa he set de dogs on me, and dey tore me so I can't hardly walk. Do look, and see how bad I'm hurt."

"La! I can't see nothin' here in de dark; come out to de light."

With Chloe's help she made her way to the mouth of the cave, and Chloe discovered on her back and shoulders dreadful wounds—gashes two or three inches long, that were cut to the bone, and her lower limbs were very much mangled by the dogs. The flesh was torn off in strips half an inch wide and as long as a person's finger, and the blood was running down her ankles.

Chloe cried out, "Lord hab mercy on de white man dat would jist 'buse a poor nigger gall dis here way. I think it is a mighty shame. I always hearn dat dat ar Micheson was a dreadful critter; but who thought he would set de dogs on a poor gall like you?" and they both wept bitterly. Anna, you must jist go up to de house, and missus will dress dem ar sores all nice. But we must hurry; de folks wont

know what on earth has become of me, caze I stay so long. Now, Anna, I jist b'lieves if we go up thar and show old massa and missus how you's been 'bused, dey will buy you, for dey would bought me long ago, only Missus Baker wouldn't sell me; and la's a-massy! they would be so good to you, if you would be a good gall, and try to do right."

"O, well, I had a good massa once, in old Carolina; but massa's folks was so 'stravagant, dey got in debt, and he had to sell all us poor niggers. Dat's de way Micheson come to git me. Oh, he's mighty ugly to his niggers."

"I think he is," said Chloe, "if he gives it to 'em all, de way he's give it to you. It's a mighty shame, and eberybody ought to know it."

"Oh, la! Chloe, white folks don't care for poor niggers."

"I tell you, Anna, dese Yankee folks does; you'll see when you goes up to de house."

"Well, I hearn tell dey was mighty good to you, and dat's what made me come down here; I told 'em I was comin' down here, and they felt mighty bad 'bout it."

"O yes," said Chloe, "de Lord sent dem ar folks here, as a terror to evil-doers; I hearn somethin' like dat ar outen de bible, and I've thought of it good many times. I know our Carolina folks don't like to have 'em know how dey treat de niggers."

By this time they were at the gate, and Mrs. Lyon stood in the door, looking out for Chloe, being a lit

tle surprised at her staying so long; and she exclaimed, "O, Chloe, who have you got there with you?"

"O, missus, it is poor nigger Anna; she was down dar in de cave."

"Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Lyon, "I'll warrant you she belongs to some of that Micheson gang." Mrs. Lyon spoke this to her daughters, but Chloe heard it, too, and replied:

"She does belong to de brother of de very same one dat was down here visitin', and he has beat her awful bad; and dat's not all, he's set de dogs on her, and tore her most all to pieces. And now, missus, I wants you and old massa to buy de poor critter, for dat ar man will sartin kill her; and, la! missus what a pity dat would be; she's a rael clever gall, and will do you lots of work, and I'll help you to learn her how to work. I 'spect she's been raised pretty clever, for she says she had a mighty good master once."

"O well, Chloe, we must dress her wounds and get some clothes on her; and then, too, I expect the poor creature is hungry and faint. You get her some refreshments, while I prepare some lint and salve, to do up the poor creature's wounds. But I fear those cruel men will be after her."

"No, I reckon not," said Chloe; "for she told dem she was comin' down here to git you and old massa to buy her, and dey will wait until dey hears from de

poor critter; dey knows dat she is so crippled dat she can't go fur."

"It makes my heart sick to look at the poor creature's wounds. Do wash them carefully, Chloe, with that milk and water, and then I will apply some lint and some very good salve that I have here in this box, prepared expressly for fresh wounds. O, dear me! I wish I never had come to this country, to see human beings suffer in this way."

"O la! missus; it aint no use to feel so bad 'bout it; if you nebber come here dare wouldn't been nobody here to tie up Anna's sores; den she'd been worser off."

"I don't know what the poor creature would have done; but it does afflict me to see her suffer so much."

"Now, I tell you, missus, if you hadn't been here, poor Anna would died in de woods. The thought that you and old massa mout buy her kept her up till she got here; if it hadn't been for dat she would died in de woods, and nobody would eber knowed what come of her. Now, I reckon, missus, you will buy her, wont you?"

Mrs. Lyon, half smiling through her tears, said,—
"I do not know, Chloe; it is such an awful sin to be a slave-holder. I cannot bear the thought."

"O, la! missus, you needn't be slave-holders; jist buy her de way you was gwyne to buy me, and den you's no slave-holders."

"I don't know so well about that," replied Mrs.

Lyon; "perhaps it can be fixed in that way. You must see your old master about it."

By this time Mrs. Lyon and Chloe had got Anna's wounds dressed and some clean clothes on her, and having taken some refreshments, she felt much better. As the wounds were only flesh wounds, they hoped they would soon heal.

"Anna, when did you leave your master's home?" asked Mrs. Lyon.

"Yesterday," said she. "He whipped me so hard, caze I couldn't work as hard as some of de galls. Dare is two or three of 'em like me; dey had good masters in Carolina, and dey didn't make 'em work out doors, and none of us has learned to work out very much yet, but we does de best we can. But massa said he was gwyne to make us keep up, or he would whip us to death. He commenced on me, and I thought he would kill me. Now, he hadn't ought to 'spect us young things to work like dem old hands. But he said he was gwyne to bring us to it by de whip; so I tried to do de very best I could, but I could not keep up; and den, Oh, dear me! how he whipped me again." Here the tears burst from her eyes, and flowed down her cheeks, but she still continued: "Oh, dear! I thought he would kill me every lick. After he'd got done, he told me to go with what I'd got, and if I didn't keep up to-morrow I'd ketch it agin. I told him I was gwyne to come down here and see if you wouldn't buy me; he said, 'Go to de debil, if you want to; I aint gwyne to hab

such a lazy nigger 'bout me. Go to dat old Yankee's, and see if he will buy you. I hearn he wanted to buy dat ar woman of Baker's, but dey wouldn't let him have her, no how. Gwy 'long, you lazy thing! But I reckon dey wont have you, no how, caze you don't know nothin'.' But, missus, he don't know, caze he never put me to anything but to work in de field, and I don't know how to work in de field."

"Anna, where did you go to when he told you that?"

"I went out and laid down under a tree, and my back pained me, so I thought I'd come down here and see if you wouldn't buy me; and I jist thought Chloe would do somethin' for my back. And when I started I hearn him say, 'I raly b'lieve dat critter is gwyne down to de old colonel's, and like as not he wont buy her, and then I'll lose so much time for nothin'. But maybe he will; he has to pay a mighty big price for Baker's woman, and if he gits her he'll have to pay for her, too, caze he's the feller what's got de money. But, la's a-massy! what a fuss dem ar Yankees will make about her bein' whipped so! Dey are a perfect pest to us slave-holders. I wish dey were outen de country.' And when he saw me startin' off, he called to de dogs, and said, 'Seize her, Juno! seize her, Tiger!' But I don't know whether he raly meant to set de dogs on me or not, but on dey come, and before I could git up in a tree, dey tore me mighty bad, as you have seen;" and here

Anna's cheeks were again moistened by the silent tear.

"Well, Anna, what did you do next?"

"Well, I jist staid up in de tree till de dogs went away, and den I got down and come dis way as fast as I could; and I thought, la's a-massy on me! I never shall git dar. But den I thought about Chloe—how she'd bathe my sores, and I struggled on, and did git here about dark."

"And why did you not come in!" asked Mrs. Lyon.

"Well now, missus, I'll jist tell you. I begin to think how I was a runaway nigger, and I've hearn folks say how de law was mighty hard on folks if dey tuck any notice of runaways; so I jist thought you wouldn't have anything to do with me, and I happened to think of your cave. I'd hearn about it before, so I jist thought I'd go in dar and take a sup of your milk, and lay down, caze it was cool; I'd hearn a cool place was good for sores; and in de mornin', when Chloe come down for butter and milk I tried to talk wid her; but I couldn't make her hear me a word, and to-night I tried agin, and she hearn me, and arter a long time I coaxed her to come to me, and she helped me to de house. Now, missus, don't you think you and old massa will buy me? I don't want to go back to dat ugly Micheson; he'll surely kill me." And she burst into a loud cry.

Just then the colonel came into the kitchen. He heard such weeping and talking in there that he wished to understand it.

"O la! massa," said Chloe, "we is so glad to see you. Now, here's this poor gall, Anna; she's run away from Micheson's out here,—dat last one dat come from Carolina. Oh, dey're mighty cruel to dar niggers. I wish you could only see her wounds, we've jist done 'em up. Missus can tell you all about 'em; she's better now nor what she was when I found her in de cave. Oh, massa, do buy de poor critter; she's jist come on purpose to git you to buy her."

"And did you find her in the cave?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, indeed we did," said Mrs. Lyon. "Don't you remember what the other Micheson said when we were at the cave the first time they were down?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "and I recollect what was said at Mr. Hubbard's the first time we visited there, and I think this is proving the matter pretty well."

"Colonel," said Mrs. Lyon, "what will we do about buying this poor creature? O dear, she is dreadfully mangled up. After the cruel wretch had whipped her dreadfully, he set the dogs on her, and they mangled her awfully. Oh, I pity her with all my heart. But how can I bear the thought of buying a negro? It did not seem like buying a negro when we talked of buying Chloe, she is so much like our folks."

"Perhaps you would like her when you become acquainted with her disposition. She is young, and you can teach her your own way of doing business."

"I could get along with that matter very well, and then Chloe would be a great help to me in learning her; but the idea of becoming a slave-holder—I cannot bear it."

"But, dear woman," said the colonel, "we would not be slave-holders; we would buy her for the purpose of setting her free."

"But O, Colonel, there would be her children, if she ever should have any, what would become of them? They would be slaves, without doubt, according to the laws of our state."

"Well," said the colonel, "in regard to that matter, we could set them free at the age of twenty-one; and I think that, if you are willing, we had best buy her, for we will be compelled to have more help, and I do not know that we can get any better help than this girl; even if we did, we would have to pay fifty or sixty dollars per year and her clothes. And if you were paying that much towards her freedom every year, you would think you were doing a good deed, would you not?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Lyon.

"Well, my plan is just the same thing; don't you understand it?" said the colonel.

"I do; and perhaps it would answer if you would agree firmly with me to set her children free at the age of twenty-one."

"Indeed, Madam Lyon, I will do so, for I am as far from wishing to become a slave-holder as you are. But I do think that it is better to realize that every

fifty or sixty dollars we pay out is going towards her freedom, and not in the pockets of Mr. Micheson, or some other slave-holder."

"O yes, yes; that does appear a little more like doing something to a purpose," said Mrs. Lyon.

"Well," said the colonel, "if you are willing, I will write to Micheson, and send a man with the letter; I believe he can read a little. I will let him know that she is here, and that I will buy her if he is willing to let me have her at a reasonable price."

"And what do you think would be a reasonable price for her?" said Mrs. Lyon.

"I expect the inhuman creature will ask six or seven hundred dollars for her."

"Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Lyon, "then at fifty dollars per year it would take her twelve or fourteen years to pay for herself. But that would be better than to live with such a monster, and never be free."

The colonel wrote to Micheson that his girl was at his house, and that he would give him six hundred dollars for her; and the boy was instructed to say to Micheson, if he held on for seven hundred, that the colonel would give that, if he would come down and give a bill of sale. This news was soon conveyed to Aunt Chloe and Anna, who were setting in the kitchen, talking over the matter. They had many hopes and fears, but now hope sprang up, and they believed and feared.

Anna said: "I know dat Micheson mighty well; and I tell you, Aunt Chloe, six hundred dollars is

mighty apt to tempt any slave-holder, for such a gall as me, what's so lazy and good for nothin'. What you think, Aunt Chloe?"

"O, I's in hopes old massa will come it. You jist lay down, Anna, and git some rest; you're most dead, any how; and I reckon you'll feel mighty poorly in de mornin'."

So Anna went to bed, with better feelings than she had the night before, in the cave, with her mind and body in perfect torment.

In the morning the man was started early, and soon arrived at Micheson's. The letter was given him, and he made out to read its contents, when, with a very stern voice, he said:

"The old colonel can't have the gall no how short of seven hundred dollars; she is worth eight; but as I am in want of a little money I reckon he can take her at seven hundred dollars."

"Think you can't let her go for less?" said the man.

"I don't think nothin' about it; I jist knows I wont. Don't want to sell no how; but I wants a little money mighty bad. I reckon she may go at seven hundred."

"The colonel told me to say to you that if you would let him have her at seven hundred, you could come down with me and give the bill of sale, and he would pay you the money."

"Well, I'll be gwyne down with you. Dick, get

my nag, and we will soon be off. I's rael glad to git rid of the lazy thing."

They soon arrived at the colonel's. The bill of sale was made out, the money paid, and Anna belonged to the colonel.

"Now, Micheson," said the colonel, "if I ever hear of your treating another negro as you have this girl, you will be made to suffer if there is any law for it. Now, remember, you will be watched."

Micheson made no reply; he was glad to come off as well as that, for he had feared that Anna was dead; he did not see her, however. Mrs. Lyon thought it would be too much for her to be brought into the presence of the monster."

Anna and her friend Chloe were much gratified with the result. Madam Lyon and the colonel felt pleased to think that they had relieved suffering humanity, but felt very serious when they realized the great responsibility it had thrown upon them.

"Oh, what will we do if we find her to be of a refractory disposition, so that we cannot govern her?" said Mrs. Lyon.

"I think you will not have any difficulty with her," said the colonel; "she looks as if she had a good disposition, and then Chloe is so kind, she will teach her to be kind and obedient. I think you will get along with her without any difficulty. I made some severe remarks to Micheson this morning, and I hope he will be on his guard, at least about letting me know how he treats his negroes after this."

We will here say, to Micheson's credit, that he never was altogether so unkind and cruel to his slaves afterward ; but the reader will see, if he peruses these pages a little further, that he was austere and unkind still.

Anna improved very fast under the kind treatment of Mrs. Lyon and Aunt Chloe, and was soon able to assist them in their work about the house. She was very kind and respectful to all, and soon gained the respect and kind feelings of all the family. Mrs. Lyon soon found that she could make good impressions in her mind in regard to neatness and economy ; and, indeed, she got along with her so well that she began to think a little more favorably of the colonel's new slave-holding system. Although she had her forebodings about the future, Mrs. Lyon was often amused and gratified to hear Anna's grateful expressions, such as, "La's a-massy ! I can't do half enough for missus, she has been so kind to me." She would often say to Chloe, "I will be a good gall, and learn all I can, and mind all missus tells me ;" and her improvement in business proved she was attentive.

Although Mrs. Lyon was a woman in whose character was combined so many good qualities, still she was not, at this time, possessed of the christian hope which purifies the heart, rejoices the soul, and fits a person for greater usefulness. She was not, therefore, fully prepared to instruct her young servant in those

matters which are the main-spring to all happiness and usefulness; but Aunt Chloe was matured in grace. She had sought the Lord, and found him, in the pardon of her sins, when quite young, and had lived faithful; and now she enjoyed the pure graces and consolation of the christian religion.

Aunt Chloe watched over Anna for her present and future good, and O how intensely did she feel for her dear old missus, as she called her. She would often say, "Lord hab massy on her soul; she is so good! and for all dat she don't know Jesus; she don't know how de Savior lubs her, and how he will forgib her sins. Oh, how I wish she know'd and lub'd de bressed Jesus! He would comfort her heart so, in all de troubles of dis inconstant life."

And there is no doubt that Mrs. Lyon received from Aunt Chloe some very important lessons in regard to the best interest of her soul,—perhaps the first that were ever attended by the spirit of God. Mrs. Lyon was brought up by very religious parents, after the order of the old school Presbyterians. They seemed to teach their children the possibility of growing in the christian graces without the knowledge of God in the pardon of their sins. This appeared to be the state of her mind at this time. But she did seek and find the pearl of great price in after days; and she often referred to Chloe as one of the instruments, in the hands of the Lord, in bringing her to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

"Oh, what a happy time it will be,
When they each other in heaven do see ;
There the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to meet ;
There the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is a feast to the soul."

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE, THE CARPENTER—ENTREATS THE COLONEL TO PURCHASE HIM—ARGUES THE QUESTION OF THE SINFULNESS OF SLAVERY—GOES TO THE HOUSE WITH THE COLONEL—JOY IN THE KITCHEN—CHLOE INTERCEDES FOR THE PURCHASE OF GEORGE—CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES OVERCOME—GEORGE IS SOLD TO THE COLONEL BY MICHESON—MARRIAGE OF GEORGE AND ANNA—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THEIR FREEDOM—ANOTHER VISIT FROM MICHESON—RICHARD, THE PREACHER—BOUGHT BY THE COLONEL—PLANS FOR THE FREEDOM OF HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN—RICHARD VISITS HIS FAMILY—SCENE IN HIS CABIN—THEIR FREEDOM SECURED—REMOVAL TO ILLINOIS—RICHARD'S USEFULNESS—HIS DEATH.

ONE morning, as the colonel was adjusting matters in the store, his attention was attracted by a graceful looking negro, standing before him, who said—

“Massa, I's come down here to see if you wont buy me. I hearn you wanted hands mighty bad; now, I can work anywhar on de farm, or in de boat-yard, or on de housen; why, massa, I's a pretty good carpenter,—wont you jist buy me? Massa is pretty good to me, but I loves to live in town. I been always livin' 'bout town. I think I'll jist zackly suit you.”

“Well, sir, what is your name, and who do you belong to?” said the colonel.

“Well, massa, my name is George, and I belongs to Micheson, out here in Eddy Grove,—you knows

him ; you bought a girl from him a while ago. Now, massa, I think you had better buy me, caze you knows you have to hire men all de time, and if you buys me you wont have to pay out anything but clothes and somethin' to eat."

"But, George, I never intend to be a slave-holder."

"O, massa, aint no harm in dat ar 'tall ; all de white folks in dis country, and in old Carolina, too, has 'em ; la ! dey don't think nothin' bein' slave-holders everywhar I've been ; I don't know why you need care 'bout it, massa."

"Well, George, I know it, and that is enough for me. Were it proper I would explain to you ; but let it suffice to say, that I do not believe in slavery."

"Well, massa, I do not b'lieve dar is any harm in havin' a few of 'em, and treatin' 'em well. Now, Massa Micheson has treated his niggers 'nough sight better since you bought Anna. His colored folks reckons how you Yankees must have talked to him, and den I reckon he was a little skeered caze he come mighty nigh killin' de poor gall ; and he don't like you Yankees mighty well. He says you're a perfect pest to de slave-holders, and he wishes you was gone clean outen de country. But I don't, massa, caze I wants you to buy me ; you will buy me, wont you, massa ?"

"Well, George, you are a fine looking fellow. I should think you could earn pretty good wages."

"O yes, I told massa so, and tried to git him to let me come down here long ago, but he wouldn't."

This mornin' he got mighty mad at me, and told me, 'Clare out, you dog! and git the old Yankee to buy you!' So I started in a mighty hurry; I was 'fraid he would be gettin' outen de notion. Well, massa, wont you buy me?"

"I don't know, George; it is a very serious matter to me and my wife, to be buying men and women. How much do you think your master would ask me for you?"

"Well, massa, I don't know zackly; he sets a mighty store by me; but I guess maybe he'd let me go for eight hundred or a thousand dollars."

"Well, George, that is a great deal of money to lay out at once for help."

"But, massa, I will work so good, and I neber runs away; wont gib you no trouble dat ar way."

"Well, George, I will think about it. I must talk to my wife about it, for she don't like this slavery business at all. How much do you think you can earn in a month, my good fellow?"

"O, la! massa, you knows best; but I reckon I ought to earn ten or twelve dollars."

"Will you be willing to work for me at twelve dollars per month until you pay me whatever I have to pay Micheson for you, and then be free?"

"O la, yes! massa, indeed I will; for if I lib wid Massa Micheson I'll neber be free."

"Well, George, you know that it would take you a long time to pay for yourself at that rate. Would

it be any inducement for you to be free after so long a time?"

"O yes, indeed, sir; better late nor neber; don't you think so, massa?"

"I do, George; but then the laws of this state are so hard in regard to setting negroes free. If a man sets a negro free here, he is bound to see to him, and take care of him, as much as though he were his child. That is, if you should get sick and not be able to pay your expenses, I would have to do it for you. I would have to pay your doctor's bills, and take care of you without expense to the county. Now you see, George, I would be placing myself in a very difficult situation. Do you understand it, George?"

"O yes, sir, I does; but you needn't be 'fraid. I reckon I can work and pay you de price you pay for me, and then lay up some money for sickness."

"Well, well, George, we will see."

Micheson's negro understood matters pretty well, for Anna had been out there on a visit, and had told them (especially George) what a fine man the old colonel was, and how well he and Mrs. Lyon treated her and Aunt Chloe. Anna and George came over the mountains together, and understood each other's feelings pretty well, and they had talked the matter all over before, as the sequel will show.

"George, let us go up to the house and get some dinner," said the colonel, "and then we will talk over the matter again."

They walked up to the house, and, as dinner was

not quite ready, the colonel said, "George, you can go into the kitchen, and there you will find Chloe and Anna; I suppose you can spend a little time with them pleasantly. They will give you some dinner."

"Thank you, sir," said George; "I will do dat ar wid de greatest pleasure."

"As he entered the kitchen Aunt Chloé cried out, "O, massy on us, George! what on earth has brung you down here? Has Micheson been beatin' you; I's 'fraid he has."

"O no, Chloe, he haint beat me; but I's come down here to see if your old massa wont buy me; I reckon dat's it, dont you, Anna, child?"

"O yes, George; has you said anything to massa 'bout it?"

"O yes, Anna; I been talkin' wid him dis long time."

"O, George! do tell,—does he talk like he was gwyne to buy you?"

"Why, he said he'd think of it, and talk to your missus 'bout it. O, I raly hope he will buy me, and then, Anna, you knows what we was talkin' 'bout, and 'greed on? I 'spose Aunt Chloe knows all 'bout dat ar, don't she?"

"La's a-massy, yes! Now, George, did massa talk about buyin' you, and settin' you free."

"Yes, indeed he did; but he said he must talk wid his wife first."

"O! dat's it; he wouldn't buy a nigger for all de world, widout she said so."

"La's a-massy, George, I must run into de parlor and tell missus all about your and Anna's calculations," said Chloe, "and den I reckon how she will say yes mighty quick. La! old massa don't know nothin' 'bout it nuther; I must run in and tell 'em."

"Aunt Chloe, do go," said Anna, "and tell old missus all about it, for I know she wont let massa buy George unless she does know."

"La! I hates to tell 'em," said Chloe; "but I's a gwyne jist as soon as I gits on my clean apron—don't like to go in de parlor and talk to massa and missus 'bout such a thing with such a dirty apron on. I'll be off in a minute; don't you let dat ar dinner burn while I'm gone."

"O no, Chloe, I'll tend to dat ar; do you go 'long, quick."

But Anna soon forgot the dinner in her earnest conversation with George. They both appeared overjoyed with the thought that they should be together all the time they were working out their money, and then finally both be free together.

Aunt Chloe soon returned to the kitchen and said, "Children, I raly does b'lieve dat old missus is gwyne to let massa buy George; caze when I told her how you two was gwyne to git married, she looked right up to massa and said, 'Did you ever hear of the like before? That is what made Anna so anxious to go out there. Colonel, do you think he is smart enough

for a husband for Anna?' Now, you know, George, dat is de first question a lady always axes when she is gwyne to have a daughter married. I always know'd dat missus set a mighty store by Anna."

"O yes, Chloe, we all sets a great store by her; but what do you think they's gwyne to do 'bout buyin' me?" said George, "I wants to know mighty bad."

"I s'pose you does," said Chloe, "and so does I; but we will have to wait till dey talks awhile. Anna, what you done 'bout dat ar dinner? I know'd you wouldn't take care of it; dat's what made me come back so soon."

The colonel and his wife were very much surprised when they heard from Chloe the calculations of the couple in the kitchen. "Indeed," said Mrs. Lyon, "I did not think of such a thing when Anna went up there. But I suppose she went on purpose to see George. I wonder why he has not been down to see her before."

"I presume," said the colonel, "he was waiting to get Micheson's consent for me to buy him. Now, Madam Lyon, what do you think best to do about buying him?"

"I do not know what to say about it; it looks so much like becoming slave-holders. We have bought one and are about buying another. I think this is coming to it very fast."

"But, dear woman," said the colonel, "are we not justifiable under the circumstances?"

“That is just what I told Mrs. Troop, on the boat, as we were coming to this country,—that I feared, under some circumstances, we might be induced to become slave-holders, and I suppose these are the very circumstances. But perhaps it is all for the best; our motives are to do good, and if in doing good to others we injure ourselves and our children, how will we give up our accounts at last? I hope it will not be with fear and trembling. If you do this, Colonel, you must bear the responsibility yourself. My sympathies overruled my better judgment in the case of Anna. In this matter you will have to act as you think best.”

“You know that it would be very pleasant for them to live together after they were married,” said the colonel, “and when they have worked out their time to be free together.”

“O yes, I realize all that; but O, the awful consequences that may result from this very act. It may be the very means of making slave-holders of our children. They will live and have an influence in society after we are laid in the silent tomb. You know there is a possibility of our not living to set these poor creatures free, and there is a possibility of your failing in business, and then (awful thought) they will be subject to your creditors, just as any other property. The thought is too painful; I cannot bear it.”

“O well, Madam Lyon, quiet your fears in regard to my failure in business. I hope that will never be.

And in regard to my dying before the time for their freedom should arrive, I hope I shall be able to make proper arrangements in regard to that matter."

"Well, Colonel, you must do what you think best on the subject; I am sure it would be a pleasure to me to do anything that would promote the happiness of the poor things, without too great a sacrifice of principle."

"I think," said the colonel, "that it is best to send Micheson a proposition, that, if he will take eight or nine hundred dollars for him, I will buy him. I think, if the fellow is as good as he looks to be, he will earn me eighteen or twenty dollars per month, and it will not take him long to pay the amount at that rate. What do you think of that?"

"I do not know but it will do; but he will be free some time before Anna will."

"I realize that," said the colonel; "but so much the better; he will have the opportunity of earning something to commence in the world with. And if I am prospered, I will give him business still, and they can have a home with us."

"That will be pleasant," said Mrs. Lyon, "and perhaps these plans will all work right. I hope they will."

The letter was written to Micheson, and as the colonel handed it to George, he said, "This, George, is a letter of proposal to your master, and you may tell him to call to-morrow if he pleases; I will be at home."

At this announcement our negro friends felt very joyful, and George soon started for home with a thousand good wishes from Chloe and Anna for his success. He arrived home late in the evening, but could not sleep until he had learned something of his master's mind on the subject; he walked into the house, and handed the letter to his master, with hopes and fears that were expressed in every feature and gesture. Micheson read the letter, which contained merely the propositions mentioned above, with the idea suggested, that if that did not suit he had better call to-morrow.

After he had finished the letter he said, with a great deal of indignation, "I wonder if that ar old Yankee thinks he'll git the very best man I've got on my place for one cent less nor a thousand dollars. If he does, he'll slip up on it, for I give eight hundred for him in Carolina, and niggers is worth more here nor what they is in that country. Now, if he gits my best hands he'll have to pay for 'em, I tell you."

"Massa, will you go down and see de colonel to-morrow?" inquired George.

"Well, I reckon I will, if you gits up mighty early, 'fore day, and does me a good day's work 'fore we starts; caze maybe the old Yankee and me won't trade, and then I'll lose all the time you've been runnin' for nothin'."

"Well, massa, I'll be up bright and early."

George laid down, but he did not sleep much, for his heart was too full of anticipation, hope, and fear.

At length the morning star gleamed forth in the east, and George was at his work. About noon Micheson started on horseback, and told George he might come on afoot. And, although George was so much fatigued by his previous day's walk, restless night, and labor of the morning, he was there almost as soon as Micheson was.

But they had delayed so long Chloe and Anna were almost in despair for fear George could not be bought. At length they saw Micheson and George coming to the store, and their hearts beat high with hope once more.

As Micheson entered the store he said,—“Well, Colonel, I jist naturally wonder if you thought I was gwyne to let you have that ar feller for nine hundred dollars? I tell you, if you did you was mighty bad mistaken, for I jist wont take one cent less nor a thousand. He is worth it, and if I warn't gwyne to Carolina whar I could git more as good as him, you'd not git him for that. But if you's a mind to you can have him for a thousand dollars, and not one cent less.”

“Well,” said the colonel, for he wished to have as little to do with Micheson as possible, “write the bill of sale, and you can have your money.”

The bill of sale was written, the money paid, and George belonged to the colonel. The hearts of Chloe, Anna, and George bounded with joy, and their souls spoke a language through the eye that no pen could describe. But Mrs. Lyon felt differently; she was

so much overcome that she fell on the sofa and wept bitterly. Just at this moment the colonel entered the room, and seeing her grief, he urged her not to feel so bad about this matter, as he thought it would result in the best of consequences.

"I hope it will," said Mrs. Lyon; "but it is mingled with fear in my mind."

"I think you need have no fears, Madam Lyon; and with your consent we are going to have the wedding to-night."

"I am sure I have no objections; but is there any law for them to marry?"

"O no; but George said he heard I married the white folks, and he wanted I should marry them. And then there can certainly be no harm in saying over the ceremony to them, and I suppose they are just as much married in the sight of God, as if they had all the law of the state read over to them. Now, Madam Lyon, I think you had better let the girls and Chloe fix up some cake, and rig up Anna in a wedding suit, and we will have a wedding sure enough; and if George lacks any clothes he can be supplied from the young men's wardrobe. This will help them to realize the solemnities of matrimony."

All necessary preparations were made for the wedding. Some of the Baker negroes were invited out of respect to Aunt Chloe. With all the arrangements Chloe was well pleased; said she: "Dis is de way to treat colored people, and den dey will think dey is raly somebody; but when dey work de poor crit-

ters half to death, and den don't half feed 'em, can't spect 'em to be nobody. Jist look at Massa Baker's niggers, dey neber be nobody nor nuthin'. O, missus, how I wish me and my children belonged to you and old massa!"

"Yes, Chloe, it would be pleasant to me to do anything that would contribute to your happiness as much as that would. But you and I know that that is impossible, while your present mistress lives. But, Chloe, we will keep you as long as we can hire you at any price."

"Well, missus, I's very thankful for dat, and I hope and pray we will git to heaben bym'by."

After the wedding was over, George commenced business. The colonel was much pleased with his ability and disposition to accomplish work of different kinds. He put him at the carpenter and joiner business, under the care of a good workman, and he learned very fast. The colonel concluded that he could well afford to give him eighteen dollars per month.

With this, George was well pleased, realizing that it would take him less than five years to be a free man. The colonel gave him a book in which he placed his debt, and every month as it regularly came round, the eighteen dollars was credited him, so that there need be no mistake in the matter.

Time and circumstances passed on very pleasantly in the colonel's family. He was blessed in his business matters beyond his expectations; everything ap-

peared to be flourishing pecuniarily and politically. But in religious matters the colonel did not interest himself. They had got up a school-house, but they suffered for the want of a suitable teacher. There was occasionally a gospel sermon preached, with but little effect, more than to improve the morals a little. Mrs. Lyon exerted her influence on the side of religion and morality. But there was a new trial awaiting her. Aunt Chloe still prayed the Lord to send his word in the spirit's power. She would often pray—"Dear Lord, send dy word and spirit to de salvation of dese poor sinners."

One day as the colonel and his hands were gathering in to dinner, they saw Micheson riding up, and Richard trudging along behind him. Richard was a fine, robust looking negro, about thirty-five years of age. He had been raised by a very pious family in Carolina. They had taken a great deal of pains to teach him to read the bible, and the Lord had converted his soul when he was quite a lad, and he had lived faithful and grown up to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus. He had preached the gospel in Carolina, and he wanted to preach in this new country. He felt something of the missionary spirit; he said the Lord had called him to preach the gospel, and if he did not he was afraid he would be lost at last.

Micheson was much opposed to Richard's preaching, and called him a hypocrite, and abused him very much. He had bought him and his wife from under the hammer, as it is called; their master had failed

in business, and they had to be sold to meet the demands against the estate, as many others are.

Richard was a very good farmer, and Micheson did not know how to do without him, or he would have sold him long ago. But this morning he came to the conclusion to sell him if he did not get half he was worth. He had gone contrary to his orders in holding meetings on the Sabbath day among the negroes, which he had forbidden him to do; and he told him if he did he would tie him up to a tree and whip him, or he would sell him. Richard had become acquainted with the colonel's family, through Chloe, and he thought through her influence he might persuade them to buy him. Chloe had said to him once, "O, Richard, how I wish you belonged to old massa and missus; dey'd jist let you preach as much as you please, although old massa aint 'ligious himself. It's caze he's got so much to think about; but I think he'll be 'ligious some day, caze he's so good to us poor niggers."

This encouraged Richard to think that perhaps the colonel might buy him. Besides, he had understood that the colonel wanted a man on his farm. Under these circumstances Richard had persuaded Micheson to try the colonel, and he was easily influenced, as he had found him so good a purchaser before. Micheson had borne with Dick (as he called him) ever since he had owned him, thinking that he could curse him out of it.

But Richard was not so easily shaken; he would

pray for him and persevere. Richard had some conversions in his congregations; some among the white people, and some among the colored. Mrs. Hubbard would pray with and for them, and that encouraged Richard to persevere. Micheson concluded that it would not do for him to whip Richard, "caze them ar pesky Yankees would make such a fuss," so he thought he would sell him to the old colonel, and let him try him awhile.

With this purpose he had come to town. He approached the colonel and said: "I have brought this Methodist preacher down here to sell him to you; he's the feller you wants on your farm; he will take the whole care of your farm; and maybe you can stand his preachin' and prayin' better nor I can; he's more nor a match for me; I can't curse nor scare him out of it. The old hypocrite! he keeps the niggers up half the night, and then they can't half work next day. I've got tired of it. O, the old hypocrite! I'll sell him if I don't git half he's worth. Colonel, what will you give for the old sinner?"

"Well," said the colonel, "I don't know that it will do for me to buy him, for I am not very religious myself; I will see what Madam Lyon has to say on the subject."

While this conversation was going on between the colonel and Micheson, Richard had made his way into the kitchen; when he arrived at the door Chloe cried out, "La! Richard, what on earth has brought

you down here. I's 'fraid Micheson has been beatin' you."

"O no, Chloe, he haint whipped none of his niggers since he come so nigh killin' Anna. But he's so cross I can't have a bit of peace. If I sing or pray a little too loud, so he can hear, or hold a meetin', he is cussin' and swearin' all de time; and now he's gwyne to sell me, and I'm 'fraid he'll sell me to somebody worse nor himself; and so I coaxed him to come down and see if the colonel wouldn't buy me; I thought he'd take a little less for me dis mornin', eaze he's so mad at me; he says I aint worth nothin', eaze I spiles his niggers; so now, Chloe, I thought if your old massa would buy me, I could work a great deal better for him nor ever I did for Micheson. I haint no heart to work for him, eaze he's always abusin' me so. Chloe, do you think he'll let me preach?"

"O yes, Richard, I knows he would."

"I know it's a long ways to be from Silvy and de children, but den I thought I'd work so good for old massa, dat he would buy Silvy and de children bym'by; what you think, Chloe?"

"I don't know, Richard; missus is 'posed to bein' a slave-holder; I don't know what she'll think 'bout it; maybe we can coax her to it."

"Well, 'spose we goes and sees her," said Richard, "I reckon she wont be mad."

"O no, Richard, I'll risk dat."

"So they started into the room where Mrs. Lyon

was sitting. As they entered the door Aunt Chloe said, "Missus, I hopes you wont be mad caze I've brought Richard into de room whar you is."

"O no," said Mrs. Lyon, as she looked up and saw Richard's dignified yet humble form at the door, with his hat under his arm.

"Missus," said Chloe, "we's jist come to ax you to let massa buy Richard; he's such a good man! Why, missus, he's a Methodist preacher, and he belongs to dat ar ugly Micheson; for all he's so ugly, Richard loves his soul, and prays for him, and hopes de Lord will convert his soul, and make him a good man, so he will be good to his niggers and eberybody else. Now, missus, wont you buy Richard, and we will neber bodder you 'bout niggers more."

"Oh, yes you will, Chloe," said Mrs. Lyon, with a sigh, for she felt deeply the appeal that Chloe had made. "O, how I wish that I were a christian," said she, "that I might know better how to act in this matter!"

"I wish so to," said Chloe, "and I pray de Lord will show you de right way. Now, missus, I hopes you wont be mad caze we tease you so. O dat ar Micheson is a mighty hard massa."

"I think so too, if he treats all his negroes as he did poor Anna," said Mrs. Lyon.

Richard, encouraged by Mrs. Lyon's kind remarks, said, "Well, missus, he neber did none of us like he did her; but he told me Sunday mornin' dat if I did hold de meetin's, and preach to de niggers, he'd tie

me up to a tree and whip me ; and I 'spected to take it, but de Lord said, 'Go, Richard, and I will be better to you dan all your fears.' Now, missus, dis I reads in de bible ; dis is God's word, and I b'lieved it ; and so I went, and de Lord was wid me, and we had a good meetin'. Some of de niggers got 'ligion, and den I thought, no matter if Dick does git a whippin', de blessed Lord will help him to bear it. Now, missus, I don't want to be ugly, but souls is precious, and de Lord tells me to preach de gospel, and I must do it if massa kills me. Now, I can read de bible—de bressed word of de Lord, and I knows what it says. It says, 'De soul dat sins it shall die ;' and in another place it says, 'De soul dat repents and b'lieves shall live.' Now, missus, I can't preach much to de white folks, but I can preach to de niggers ; dey understands me, and de Lord teaches 'em by his spirit. Now, missus, I does b'lieve in dis 'ligion, and tries to preach it de best I knows ; and massa's gwyne to sell me for it, and I don't know who will buy me. Maybe he will sell me to somebody worse nor himself ; but I hope de Lord will take care of me. Now, de Lord preserved Daniel in de lion's den, and I b'lieves he will take care of me, if I serves him right. I hopes de colonel will buy me."

Mrs. Lyon saw so much firmness, kindness, and resignation in Richard's manner, that she was rather prepossessed in his favor.

"Missus," continued Richard, "I hopes you will be willin' for de colonel to buy me."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Lyon, "we cannot buy all the negroes; I was going to say I wish we could, and set them free."

"La! missus," said Richard, "if you will jist set them ar free you has bought, and buy me and Silvy and our children, we will sarve you all de days of our lives."

"We will think of it, Richard," said Mrs. Lyon. "The colonel is coming. Chloë, you get Richard some dinner; he must be very much fatigued with such a long walk."

When Mrs. Lyon was alone, she said to herself, "I do not know what to do; I wish the Lord would direct me." By this time the colonel had entered the room, and said, "Madam Lyon, have you seen the Methodist preacher?"

"O yes," said she; "poor fellow! he is in a great deal of trouble, and I wish we could relieve him; but when will this matter be at an end. He wants us to buy his wife and children, and we cannot do that for the want of means, and then I cannot think of buying any more until we see how we come out with those we have already bought. I fear the negroes are not all Chloës and Annas."

"Well," said the colonel, "there is no doubt but this man is a good man, or the Methodist would not set him to preaching."

"I guess he is a good man," said Mrs. Lyon, "for I hear him and Chloë in the kitchen praying that the Lord may direct us."

“I don't know so well about this praying and preaching,” said the colonel, “but if he thinks he ought to pray and preach, I am sure he ought to have the privilege, and we want just such a man on the place very much ; and I have figured up a plan that they may all be free, eventually.”

“Ah, indeed !” said Mrs. Lyon, “what is your plan ?”

“It is this: we will buy Richard on the same terms as we have bought the others, and when he is free, I will help him to get up a subscription to buy his wife and children. I am sure we ought to be encouraged with those we have, they do so well ; and they are some nearer free than they were when we bought them. Now, Madam Lyon, if you are willing, I will tell Micheson that I will buy Richard, if he will sell me his wife and children, when I bring him the money, at what may be considered a reasonable price when the purchase is made, and if we cannot agree, it shall be decided by three reasonable men what shall be paid for them. I am satisfied that Micheson will perform as he promises, if no special change takes place in his circumstances. I know he can be depended upon. Although he is a cruel tyrant among his negroes, he thinks a great deal of his word.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Lyon, “if you think best to do so, I will try and help them all I can.”

The colonel went into the kitchen, and said:—

"Richard, how much do you think you can earn a month?"

"I don't know, massa; you knows best."

"Well, do you think you can live with me contented, and not give me any trouble about running away?"

"O, massa, I knows I would neber run away in all de days of my life; I will sarve you as good as I knows how, if you will jist only buy me, and let me live 'ligious, and preach de gospel."

"But, Richard, wont that occupy all your time?"

"O no, massa; I only axes for Saturday afternoon and Sunday."

"Is that all?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir," replied Richard, "dat is all, and I will serve you mighty good on your farm. Now, massa, do buy me; and I hope I shall sarve you so well dat you will buy my wife and children."

"Now, Richard," said the colonel, "I am going to make you a proposition. I expect that your master will ask me at least one thousand dollars for you; will you be willing to work for me at fifteen dollars a month until you pay me back what I have to pay for you, and then be free?"

"O, la! yes, massa; den I could preach all de time!"

"But I want you then to work and get all the money you can, and I will help you all I can, and in this way you can buy your wife and children, and then you will all be free."

"La's a-massy! could dat be done?"

"O yes," said the colonel; "if life and health are spared, I think it can."

"O, la! de Lord told me yesterday, when I went to preach to dem ar poor niggers, dat he would be better nor all my fears. Now bress de Lord, he is gwyne to be better nor all my hopes, for I neber hoped for all dat. Bress de Lord, O my soul, dat is what de good man in de bible said, and I can say it wid all my heart. Massa, I hopes you wont git mad at me, caze I praises de Lord when he is so good to me. O may de Lord bress your soul and body."

The colonel was much affected with what Richard had said, and he realized truly that there was a God in heaven. "Well, Richard, this is the understanding between you and me. I will go and see Micheson."

The proposition was made, and Micheson said, "I will think of it a little; I don't much like the notion of lettin' the women and children go, for they're the likeliest niggers I've got; but maybe there'll be a rise in nigger property by that time."

"I want you to tell me, before we go any further, what you are going to ask me for the man," said the colonel.

"I reckon if you will take the pesky critter off my hands, I will let you have him for nine hundred dollars," said Micheson. "He's worth a thousand, if it wasn't for his tormented preachin'."

"I would soon pay out that for the hire of a man,

and I believe I will take him," said the colonel, "if you will promise to treat him well when he comes to see his wife and children, and agree to let me have them when I call for them at a reasonable price. If you will agree to this before witnesses, you can write the bill of sale."

After reflecting a few a moments he said he would do it. The agreement was repeated before witnesses, the bill of sale written, the money paid, and the hearts of Richard and Aunt Chloe beat free once more.

"Richard," said Aunt Chloe, "how glad I am; now we will have some 'ligion down here. Dare is gittin' a good many colored people round town; you know some of our Carolina folks is moved to town, and I reckon Massa Baker will let his niggers come if you will have meetin's. You can have meetin's in de kitchen; I know missus wont hinder you, caze she's most 'ligious herself. Now, if old massa would jist be 'ligious she'd be 'ligious—I jist knows she would; but massa's got so many things to think 'bout. He's jist bound to be rich; poor man, he don't think how soon riches takes wings and flies away; but den he jist lets missus do what she's a mind to 'bout de like of dat. I know dey'll let you preach right here in de kitchen—it aint very close to de house. Now, Richard, you and George can jist make some benches, and we will hab a meetin'-house right off. O, Richard, how good de Lord is. Aunt Sarah and I has been prayin' dis long time dat de Lord would send

some 'ligious folks here, and now he is gwyne to do it. You is come, and you must preach de bressed gospel, and de lord will convert sinners, and den we will hab good times." Chloe's heart was filled to overflowing with the joy of anticipation.

"O yes," said Richard, "if de Lord will use such a poor critter as me to call sinners to him, I will do de best I can, by his 'sistin' grace. Chloe, you and Aunt Sarah must pray de Lord to keep us by his grace, and we will do all we can to save souls. But, Chloe, I wish Silvy know'd all 'bout dis. Micheson wont tell her nuthin' what's gwyne to be done—how old massa is gwyne to buy her and de children when I gits free. No, he'll not tell her a word 'bout it; he's jist got his money, and dat's all he cares for. He don't care for her poor heart-ache, la! no; and dem ar poor children, how dey will weep and cry when he tells dem he has sold me; dat's all he'll tell 'em. But den massa will let me go and see 'em Saturday, and preach Sunday."

"La! Richard," said Chloe, "he'll let you go now, 'fore you sets into work, if you wants to, and he'll let you have a hoss, too—I jist knows he will."

"Well," said Richard, "I reckon I'll go and ax him,—but O, he's so good, I hates to 'pose on him, but maybe he'll think no harm."

So Richard went into the room where the colonel sat reading, and said, with a graceful bow, (for Richard was a very polite man,) "Massa, will you please to let me go out home and tell Silvy and de children

dis good news. Dere hearts will feel so bad when old massa tells 'em how he's sold me ; and dat's all he'll tell 'em bout it ; he'll not tell 'em who he's sold me to, nor nuthin' 'bout how we're all gwyne to be free bym'by. O, they'll feel so glad when I tells 'em all 'bout it.

"Yes," said the colonel, "you can take a horse and go and see your folks ; I don't want you to walk out there to-night. I suppose you will be back early in the morning."

"O yes, massa, I'll be back bright and early ; don't be uneasy 'bout dat.

His heart beating high with joy and his eyes sparkling like diamonds, he turned into the kitchen. Chloe, anticipating all, said, "There, now, Richard, I told you so ; I knows old massa better nor you do. Now, I reckon you wont be 'fraid to ax him another time."

Richard was soon off in good style, horse, saddle, and bridle, and by traveling pretty fast he arrived at Micheson's just before dark. Micheson seeing him ride up, said, "There comes the old hypocrite. The colonel has begun to spile the old sinner a'ready. I was jist afraid of that when I sold the old cuss to him."

Poor creature, he knew but little of the joy that filled Richard's heart, for he was not very affectionate in his own family.

When Richard rode up to the door of his cabin, (Micheson had allowed him to build one some distance from his, that he might not be annoyed by his

continued praying,) he looked in and saw Silvy with the little ones huddled up around her, all in tears. Silvy was weeping and talking to the children, and trying to comfort their hearts by telling them that they must trust in God; he would take care of them and their father too. But her mind was oppressed with reflections like these: "Oh, where is my husband? Maybe massa has tied him up to a tree and whipped him to death. Oh, la's a-massy! what has become of him; he wont tell me what he has done with him. I wish he would tell me, even if he has killed him, or tied him up to a tree; I would travel all night to find him, so that I might let him loose, and bathe his wounds." Her heart was so full that she cried out, "Lord, hab mercy on us."

Just then she looked up and saw Richard enter the door. She screamed out for joy—"O, children, your father is come; his life is spared. O, Richard, what did massa do to you? did he whip you, or did he sell you? O, do tell me; I's been most crazy 'bout you."

"O, Silvy, be still, and I will tell you all 'bout it; my heart is so full I can't hardly talk, but I's got good news to tell you. Massa has sold me to de very man what bought Anna and George—dat good old colonel; he's de very best man I eber see. He's gwyne to let me preach all I wants to, and let me work for him at fifteen dollars a month till I pays him de money he paid for me, and den I be free. And dat's not all, Silvy; he's gwyne to help me to

buy you and de children. Now dat is a fact, Silvy, caze old massa said so. You needn't look so doubtful, Silvy; it will sarten be so, and den we will be free."

When Richard had said this he seemed to have put on the climax, and cried out, "Praise de Lord! praise de Lord! O, Silvy, don't you know I told you when I was gwyne to preach to dem ar poor niggers, dat de Lord would be better to me nor all my fears; and, bress his name, he's been better nor all my hopes, for I neber thought we'd all be free."

By this time Silvy's heart was full, and she was literally bathed in tears of gratitude and joy. She said, "Let's fall on our knees, and thank de Lord for his goodness;" and while they were pouring out their souls to God in prayer and praise, their little cabin seemed to be the very gate of heaven to their souls. Eternity only can display this scene in its true light. After they had spent a short time in this way, they arose from their knees a little more collected, and began to think of the future.

While this scene was passing in Richard's cabin, Micheson was not far distant. He had been drawn there by curiosity, but he learned a lesson that he never forgot. It was this: that the only true happiness there is in this world is in believing and trusting in God's holy word, providence, and grace; and as he turned away from his eavesdropping, he said, "I would rather be in possession of such feelings than to own all the niggers in Kentucky;" and it is proper

to remark, that from that time forward Micheson became a very different man, and was ever kind to Richard and his family.

Richard was very happy and useful among his new friends. They treated him as a gentleman, and not like a slave. He was allowed a horse, saddle, and bridle to visit his family every Saturday afternoon, and go where he pleased on the Sabbath. He had an appointment for every Sabbath. One of them was at home in Aunt Chloe's meeting-house, and she was very particular to have everything in good order for the Sabbath.

Their meetings were of great benefit both to the white and colored people, and much good was done through the neighborhood, although the instrument was feeble. I for one can look back on those scenes with a delight that I cannot express. There I learned my first lessons in religion; there I learned there was a God; there I learned the immortality of the soul; there I learned there was a heaven to seek, and a hell to shun; there I learned that by nature I was fallen and depraved, and that by grace alone I could be saved; there I learned the story of the cross, in its sweet simplicity.

Well do I remember of often sitting on Uncle Richard's knee, and listening to his talk of those things which pertain to the soul, until his black cheeks would be covered with tears, and then he would raise his melodious voice and sing those old

but precious verses, which are just as good now as they were when the poet first penned them :

“Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.”

And although it is more than fifty years since, I can recollect perfectly well with what fervor he would say, “Lord bress de child,” and that prayer was not forgotten. I can recollect perfectly well how those logs looked that formed the sacred walls of Richard's cabin. It was one of the first that our emigrants built on their arrival in Kentucky, and I think it stood there for more than twenty years as a memento of bygone days. It was within the walls of this cabin that my mother formed the resolution that she would seek and secure the Lord, let others do as they would; and there were many who were induced to seek and serve God, by hearing Richard preach the truth in its simplicity, in that old log cabin, and they realized the power of those sacred words, “The truth shall make you free indeed.”

A few years rolled away, spent in this useful and pleasant manner, and Richard realized that he was a free man. Colonel Lyon gave him what are called free papers, and had them recorded. He also made him a present of forty dollars in money and a serviceable horse, wrote him a subscription to solicit money to buy his family, and gave him a recommendation

(such a one as he deserved) to some of the most influential men in the largest towns throughout the state, and told Richard to get on his horse, and go out and solicit every man he saw ; and, said he, "Don't you stop short of going to all the important towns in the state, or until you get enough to buy your wife and children, and I think without doubt you will soon accomplish your object."

The colonel had been to see Micheson on the subject of the purchase, and he asked seven hundred dollars for Silvy, four hundred for the boy, and three hundred for the girl—fourteen hundred dollars in all. This was a large sum to be raised by subscription ; but Richard started out with a joyous heart, and was very successful, for in a short time he returned home, and was able to purchase his family.

Well do I recollect the morning they left the Yankee village for Illinois. All were bathed in tears,—partly tears of joy for their success, and truly tears of grief for the loss of such a useful man. They had a very pleasant journey and arrived safely, and finally settled on Silver creek, a stream that enters the Father of Waters not far below St. Louis. There he lived until his locks were white with the frosts of many winters. He was useful and active as a gospel minister, and did much good in feeding the hungry, and assisting the needy emigrant who was seeking a new home in Illinois ; and many a stranger has found him to be a friend indeed.

But he has long since gone to his great reward. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." His master has said, "It is enough, come up higher and inherit immortality and eternal life." O, may this be the happy lot of all.

CHAPTER V.

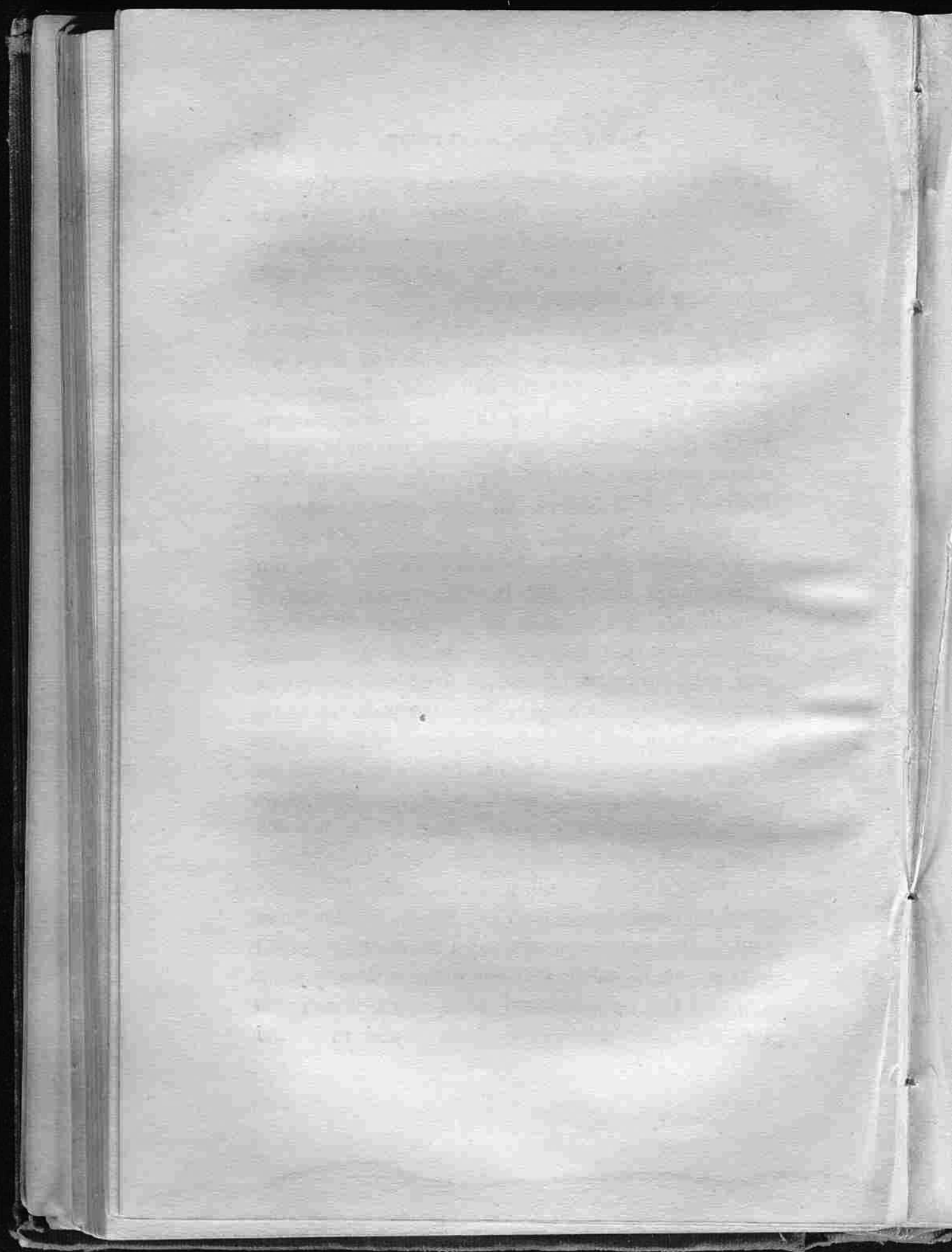
THE FREEDOM OF GEORGE—PLEASANT ANTICIPATIONS—CONTINUES TO WORK FOR THE COLONEL—CONTEMPLATED REMOVAL TO ILLINOIS—THEIR PLANS FRUSTRATED—SICKNESS OF ANNA—HER DEATH—THE COLONEL TRAVELS SOUTH—THE SLAVE AUCTION—LEANNA AND HER CHILDREN—HER APPEAL TO THE COLONEL TO PURCHASE THEM—ITS SUCCESS—HER ARRIVAL AT HER NEW HOME—IS DELIGHTED WITH IT—MRS. LYON'S FEELINGS ON THE SUBJECT—ANOTHER WEDDING—GEORGE AND LEANNA—PROMISE OF LEANNA'S FREEDOM.

Soon after Richard had secured his freedom George likewise became free, having proved faithful to his duties and engagements. Colonel Lyon was prompt to fulfil his promises, and the free papers having been made and recorded, George realized that he was, indeed, his own master. Anna was proud and thankful that her husband was free, and she looked forward to a time not far distant when she too would be no longer a slave. And she worked with renewed vigor and zeal every day. She feared she would not pay her old master for all his kindness to her and her husband.

The colonel hired George at eighteen dollars per month and boarded him, George laying up money to get him a home, where he and Anna might live until their children should be free, and then they purposed moving to Illinois, and settling near Uncle Richard.



SALE OF ELIZA AND HER CHILDREN.



It was a long time to wait for such a possibility, but there was something in the thought that stimulated every nerve and muscle of the body, and strengthened every hope of the heart. George's reflections were something like these :

"I is a free man, and everybody knows it, caze it's recorded in de clerk's office. And den Anna will soon be free ; I knows she will, caze old massa says so ; and we can live here till de children be free ; and by dat time we'll have money 'nough to buy us a farm in Illinois, and we will settle close by Uncle Richard, and all be free. If we is colored people we can be 'spectable dar."

With these reflections he was often comforted, and toiled on diligently. But how often are the hopes of long life and happiness in this world swept away by the cold and resistless hand of death ! This was the case with our colored friends. Anna was taken sick, and a physician was sent for. He pronounced the disease to be an inflammatory fever, of a very dangerous nature, and said he had but little hope of her recovery. She grew worse every day, and about the ninth day the family were called to see her die. George and his little ones stood round the bed, with streaming eyes and aching hearts. Mrs. Lyon, who stood by her bedside, with her fingers on her pulse, said, "Her sufferings are o'er ; I think her pulse will beat no more." Just then there was a mighty struggle, and the dying woman said, "Oh, missus, the angels is coming!—Jesus, Jesus!" and then sank

gently away. Oh, never shall I forget the expression of her eyes as they were fixed on something invisible to us. They seemed to speak the language of eternity as she sank away into the sleep of death.

She died just at twilight, and it was a solemn hour to all. George was much affected, as he looked upon his motherless children; but it was a comfort to him to realize that they would find a mother in Mrs. Lyon.

The news of her death was communicated throughout the neighborhood, and the next day there was a large and solemn funeral procession. The colonel ordered a very good coffin, and Mrs. Lyon procured a nice shroud, and she was placed in her "narrow house" with a great deal of care. Oh! how did my heart throb when my mother took me to the coffin, and said, "Eliza, do you realize that your mamma Anna lies cold in that coffin?" Indeed I did realize it most truly, although I was very young.

I was a little older than Anna's oldest child, and it seemed as though I had the warmest affections of her heart. She was perfectly devoted to me, and gratified me in everything that was in her power. Almost the first thing that I can recollect, is her kindness and devotion to me. I recollect of her taking me again and again to a large rose bush, which stood in the garden, and then she would pick the largest flowers, and weave garlands and place them on my head, and call me queen of May, and press me to her bosom, as though she loved me with all her heart;

and when I was old enough, she would take me into the garden and seat me under the shade of the lilac bushes, and place her babe in my arms, and say,—“Now, Sis, you must hold the baby until I pick de sauce for dinner;” and when she came to caress us no one could tell which she loved the most.

The morning after her death I had been all through the garden, and everything seemed lonely and gloomy. As I went up to the rose tree, (it was in full bloom,) I thought if I could place some of those roses about the remains of my dear Maum Anna, it would be some gratification to my little aching heart. I asked permission, and it was granted. I recollect vividly how those roses looked as I placed them near her heart; I recollect, too, what the desire of my heart was at that time, although I could not find language to express it. I wished that those roses might bloom forever, as a token of the love that existed between us. I recollect when they placed the coffin lid over her, I thought to myself, “Oh! is this the last, last look that I ever shall have of my Maum Anna?” and it seemed as though my heart would break. Oh, how gloomy everything and everybody appeared for a season.

The orphan children were taken into the house with the white folks. George and Anna had occupied a house which the colonel had built for them near his own dwelling, but that was too lonely now. Mrs. Lyon gave them all the care of a mother, and their hearts soon became cheerful.

Previous to the death of Anna Mrs. Baker saw fit to call Chloe home, as they were making rapid advancement in the style and order of their family. The young ladies began to receive company, and the old lady thought it very necessary to have Aunt Chloe at home; and, without consulting Mrs. Lyon, she called her home, and set her at the head of affairs to superintend her interest, while she did not care much for Aunt Chloe's feelings or happiness. This was not very pleasant to Aunt Chloe, but she must submit. Mrs. Lyon was now left alone, with the encumbrance of this family of children.

About this time the colonel was called to travel through the more southern states on business, and his heart was pained to see how the poor negroes were treated in that country. One morning as he was walking through the streets of Georgetown, he heard the voice of an auctioneer, and as he advanced he saw that it was a man selling negroes. He had never before witnessed such a scene; and he was so shocked and pained at the revolting and inhuman spectacle, that his countenance bore the impress of his thoughts and feelings, as the sequel will show.

Among the number to be sold there was a genteel looking black woman, who held a child in each hand, and in whose countenance was depicted the deepest grief. The attention of the colonel being attracted, by the woman fixing her eyes on him, he thought he would wait and see what disposition would be made of her. He had not the least idea of buying any of

the slaves, for he was more than ever disgusted with slavery. But his sympathy had drawn him nearer and still nearer. The woman, with her grief-stricken eyes fixed upon him, said: "Oh, massa, wont you buy me and my children? Dese is all de children I's got; O, massa, do buy us all togedder. I'd rudder die nor to be torn from my children. O, hab massy on me, and buy dese poor little children. Dere fadder is dead, and I'd rudder die nor to leave my children."

The colonel was much affected by her appeals to his sympathy. He said to himself, "There can be no doubt in her directing her appeals to me in particular. The very language of her eyes says I am the man. But I do not know how to spare the money at present; yet it is now or never." Just then he looked up, and the auctioneer was crying, "Just a going,— just a going," with his hammer raised; and he saw from the woman's countenance that she thought she was the next one to be sold, and the hammer came down with the words "gone—gone," and the fate of that poor negro was sealed for a Louisiana plantation.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "here is one of the finest looking women I have seen offered for sale in a great while." In the mean time he had ordered her to walk up on the stand. She started, holding a child in each hand. She seemed to grasp them tighter than ever.

"Leave the children behind," said the auctioneer, "perhaps you will sell better separate."

"O! no, no!" said she, "I will die first," grasping them still tighter if possible. At the same time she cast her eyes around, as if to see if there was any hope. She fixed them upon the colonel once more, and with a penetrating glance said, "O, massa, do buy me and dese poor children; dey is mighty smart children; and I will go wid you anywhar, and sarve you all de days of my life, if you will jist let me stay wid my children."

She had touched the right chord. The resolution was formed; and the colonel remarked that it was cruel to separate that woman and her children. The auctioneer was encouraged by his remark, and said, "Whoever buys one must take the whole; come on with you." She walked up rather lively, and felt as if there was some hope.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "I am going to sell this woman and two children to the highest bidder." One bid after another was made, and still the woman kept her eye upon the colonel. Finally he bid twelve hundred dollars. This bid was not raised, the hammer fell, and the colonel was the owner of Leanna and her children.

After the excitement had abated a little the colonel walked up to her and said, "Will you go with me to Kentucky?"

"O yes, massa, anywhar, if you will jist let me take my children with me;" and tears of gratitude

flowed down her cheeks—very different from the tears of anguish and despair she had shed a few moments previous.

The colonel said, "Your children shall never be separated from you while I have the power to prevent it." This quieted her fears, and she sank into a calm resignation, and said, "Thank de Lord, my children will go wid me;" and she clasped them to her bosom with an expression of joy that none but a mother can express or understand.

The colonel paid down the price, the bill of sale was written, and he took his charge and started for the tavern; he there ordered some refreshments, for the woman looked as though she had not eaten anything or slept for several days, the anxiety of her mind having been so great; she was so much afraid she would be separated from her children that she hardly knew whether she was in the body or out of the body. But she soon wiped away her tears, and took some refreshments, and then appeared quite cheerful.

The colonel was not going directly home, but he had a friend in the city who was on his way to the Yankee village, and it was concluded to send her by this friend directly to Mrs. Lyon. "But I must write her a letter," said the colonel, "and let her know the particulars, or she will think that I have gone into a negro speculation, which would grieve her very much."

The colonel called on his friend and made arrange-

ments to send Leanna (the name of his new servant) the next day. When he returned, he thought he would go and tell her the arrangements he had made. He did so, and she appeared perfectly satisfied, for it seemed that all desire, hope, and fear was absorbed in the one idea, that she was not to be separated from her children.

While the colonel was conversing with her, he asked where she was raised. She told him, and said she had a good master and mistress. "They was mighty rich once, and was good to all de niggers. Me and my husband was married when we was young, and I had dese two children, and den he died; and den, a while ago, old massa died; and den our folks was so 'stravagant,—always buyin' fine things here in Georgetown, dey got mighty in debt; and den all us poor niggers had to be sold. We been 'spectin' it dis good while; old missus and all de children felt mighty bad 'bout it, but dey couldn't help it."

"Well," said the colonel, "I hope you will be well satisfied with your new master, as you call me. I am not a slave-holder, nor do I believe in the system of slavery. But I have bought a few colored people with the understanding that they should eventually be free; I have set some free, and if you will go to Kentucky and be kind and good to my wife and family, I will set you free, and your children, too, when they are twenty-one years old."

"O, massa, dat would be too much; if you will

jist let me live wid my children,—dat's all I ax of you."

"Will you go to Kentucky, and be kind to my family, and see if I don't set you free?"

Here her eye brightened a little, and hope seemed to spring up; but her heart had been so long absorbed in sorrow and despair, that hope was almost a stranger.

The morrow came, and all was ready for a start; Leanna had collected her clothes, and the colonel had written a letter to Mrs. Lyon, relating all the circumstances, which closed by saying, "I hope you will not think me a slave speculator; no, no; far from it. I think worse of slavery than ever. It is horrid to think how much the poor creatures suffer in this country. I hope the woman will be kind and you will like her. She gives evidence of having been raised well, and I think she has a warm and grateful heart. I hope you will be satisfied with the matter. I was led into it by my sympathies, as you was in Anna's case. If I have done wrong I hope I will be forgiven. I will send her home by Mr. Cravens, who starts in the morning. I will be at home as soon as possible."

The colonel saw them safely started, and then returned to his business. They had a very pleasant journey, and when they arrived in sight of the colonel's residence, Mr. Cravens said, "Leanna, there is your new home, and there is mine, just over the bridge. They are looking for me, and we will have a

joyful time when I get there, if all are well ;” and he looked around and saw the tears trickling down Leanna’s cheeks. He said, “Leanna, you need not feel so gloomy ; they are looking for you, too, as I presume Mrs. Lyon has received the letter the colonel wrote from Georgetown.” Mr. Cravens saw the tears were flowing more freely. Her reflections were like these :

“O, if I could go to a home as it was once ! Dar was my good massa and missus, and all dem ar good childrens ! O, how good dey always was to me ! I’s ’fraid I aint gwyne to find no such massa and missus no whar,—no, indeed. Jist look at the nice things they’ve give me ; them nice turbans, and nice laces, and them nice silk dresses ; the young ladies jist soiled ’em a little ; they’s plenty good ’nough for me. But I shant neber wear dem ar here ’mong dese ashy niggers in dis new country ; no, nor nuthin’ else ! But la ! I don’t know ; dat ar new massa looked mighty cleber, and den I’s got my children,” and she clasped them to her heart with emotions that she could only express with her tears.

“You must not feel so bad, Leanna,” said Mr. Cravens, “for I know that you will find this a pleasant home. Don’t you see those beautiful shade trees before the door in that nice green yard ? in that lovely garden there is everything you ever saw in any garden in Carolina, Virginia, or anywhere else, and it is always clean and nice. They keep an old English gardener, hired by the year, to take care of it ; and

that Mrs. Lyon is one of the finest women in all the country. The colored people think she is almost an angel, she is so kind to them. I know she will be kind to you, if you are kind to her and the family."

Hope seemed to spring up in Leanna's heart, and she said, "My new massa told me if I would come to Kentucky, and be good to his wife and children, he would set me free some day,—and my children, too!"

"Well, Leanna," said Mr. Cravens, "if he told you that, you can depend upon it, for he has set two free,—and they don't like this slavery business, anyhow."

By this time they had arrived at the colonel's gate. Mr. Cravens conducted them into the house, and said, "Mrs. Lyon, here is another charge for you." (He was acquainted with her feelings on the subject of slavery.)

"O, well," said Mrs. Lyon, "I was expecting it, Mr. Cravens. I have received a letter from the colonel on the subject."

After making inquiries concerning the health of his own family, Mr. Cravens bade them good night, and hastened home, and Mrs. Lyon was left alone with her new charge. After a few moments she was enabled to collect her feelings so as to speak to the woman, saying, "Leanna, you have come a long ways from your old home and friends to find new ones in this new country. How do you like what you have seen?"

Mrs. Lyon's kind tone of voice encouraged Leanna to speak. "O yes, missus, I's come a long ways, and left mighty good friends, but it couldn't be helped; and den my new massa was so good, to buy my children wid me. I hope I'll find good friends in dis country, as well as in de old country."

"O yes," said Mrs. Lyon, "I have no doubt of that; we wish to be kind to our colored people, and we don't believe in holding them as slaves; but we have, under peculiar circumstances, bought some. I do not know but there are circumstances that will justify it."

Leanna looked up, with humble confidence, into Mrs. Lyon's face, and said, "Oh, missus, I knows massa done jist right when he bought me and my children; caze they'd jist took my children from me if it hadn't been for him, and then I knows I'd died, sartin."

"Well, Leanna, I hope it is all for the best, but it is a serious thing to be a slave-holder."

Here Leanna read something in Mrs. Lyon's countenance that she never saw in the countenance of any one before, and she said, "O, missus, I knows massa done jist zackly right when he bought me and de children. O, don't feel so bad 'bout it, missus; it makes me feel mighty bad to see you feel so. Now, missus, massa talked 'bout settin' us free some day, like he did dem t'other folks; and I'll be jist as good as eber I can, and I'll do a heap of work. O, don't feel so bad, missus."

Mrs. Lyon had been endeavoring to control her feelings so as to speak, and she now found utterance for her thoughts: "Leanna, we will do the best we can, and I hope we shall have some happy days; but we shall have a great deal of trouble in raising so many children together. Here are four little motherless things, and you have two, which makes six; and then I have two, which makes eight."

"O well, missus, neber mind dat ar; de white children dey's no trouble, caze we lets 'em do jist as dey is a mind to, and de black ones, I can make 'em mind well 'nough; and now, missus, I will be lots of help to you 'bout dese poor little children; I's mighty sorry for dem poor things."

Mrs. Lyon looked up and saw the tears dropping down her black cheeks, and I assure you her eyes betokened her feelings. And I tell you, reader, there was a link formed in their feelings that was never broken until death separated them.

"Leanna," said Mrs. Lyon, "you must rest a little, and get acquainted, and then you can help us."

"O, la! missus, I aint a bit tired; I feels like I was jist got home, and I wants you to jist go into de parlor and set down and rest yourself; I knows you is tireder nor I is; I's been ridin' so much I wants to run about."

"Well," said Mrs. Lyon, "I will send Miss Aurelia to show and assist you. I am glad you feel as if you were at home, and I hope you will find it a home to you and your children."

Mrs. Lyon was glad to retire that she might give vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. "O well," thought she, "we are creatures of circumstances. I can scarcely realize all this, but it is even so, and I must submit to it. But I hope the Lord will overrule and govern all as shall be for his glory and our good. The woman appears to be sensitive, kind, and grateful, but I fear she has got a hasty, ungovernable temper. However, I hope—if it were not for hope the heart would break—I hope the colonel will live to set her and her children free. I know his motives are pure, but what circumstances may compel us to do we know not. I recollect Leanna said her former master and mistress were compelled to part with their slaves, and could not help it, and it may be said of us, that we could not help it; and then awful will be the consequences, for the law would govern the matter, and the law of slavery shows no mercy."

Here Miss Aurelia called her mother to tea. Mrs. Lyon entered the room more cheerful than she went out. The family were all seated at the table, looking quite happy, realizing that Mrs. Lyon was to have help about her work, which was a comfort to them all, for they felt that she worked too hard. The little colored children were seated in the corner, eating a bit of cake, and they looked cheerful and happy. Leanna was tripping across the floor like a girl of sixteen. Mrs. Lyon said to herself, "I will try to be cheerful while all seems so pleasant around me. I

know our motives are pure, and I will trust in God, and hope on."

After the family had finished their tea they all retired except Mrs. Lyon and Leanna, who said, "Missus, haint you got no colored people but dese little childrens?"

"No," said Mrs. Lyon, "none except George, the father of these children. The colonel set him free before the death of his wife. He works for the colonel at the carpenter business, and will be in soon for his supper."

Just then George entered the room, and Mrs. Lyon gave him an introduction to Leanna, and said,— "When you have done your supper Miss Aurelia will come in and clean up the dishes." They were soon seated at the table, but not without some embarrassment to our new comers, for they were not in the habit of eating at the same table that the white folks did. As Mrs. Lyon turned into the front room she could not forbear looking into the window to see how the colored family looked at the tea table, and she thought to herself, "It would be rather nice if they should take a notion to each other and get married. It would be quite pleasant to me."

Soon after Mrs. Lyon left the room George commenced conversation with Leanna, by saying,— "Madam, where are you from?"

"I was from Georgetown."

"Ah, indeed. That's not far from Virginia, I be-

lieve. I was raised in Richmond city, Virginia. How does you like dis new country ?”

“O, I don’t hardly know ; I haint been here long ’nough to know zackly ; I thinks I will like de country and dese people mighty well. How does you like ’em, George, you’s been here a good while ?”

“O, I likes ’em well. You will when you’s been here a while.”

“George, does dey always let de black people eat at de table whar de white folks does ?”

“Yes, dey does since Anna died. We used to eat in our own house, but den when she died old missus said it would be so lonesome, we might eat down here, when de white folks was done.”

“Well, dat is good way as any, if you aint keepin’ house for yourself.”

Supper was over, and Mrs. Lyon came in to assist in clearing away the table, and making preparations for breakfast. Mrs. Lyon thought Leanna had better retire to bed, as she was very much fatigued, and as she bid her good night, she remarked, “We will have to get along as well as we can about room until the colonel returns ; and then I expect he will have a house built for you near ours ; you might occupy Anna’s, but it is old and gloomy.”

“Well, missus, jist suit yourself, and dat will suit me ;” and Leanna laid down, but not to sleep. She was so excited with the events of the past evening that she could not. She said to herself, “I neber thought I was comin’ to such a place as dis, whar de

folks is so nice and clever. No wonder dat ar man talked de way he did. I jist thought maybe he talked so to make me feel better, but I b'lieve all what he said is true. I declar, didn't she look like an angel when she sunk down on de char, and looked so pale! I neber seen anybody look so solemcolly 'fore in my life, jist caze she was 'fraid massa done wrong 'bout buyin' me and de children. Now, she no need bein' uneasy 'bout dat, no how. And den dat man talked 'bout massa settin' me free; he said he know'd massa would do it, if he said so. Now, I jist b'lieves it. Here is dat man, he has set him free; and he was gwyne to set his wife free, if she had not died; now, who knows but what I's come all de way to Kentucky to marry dat ar free man, and den bym'by be free myself. And den he talked 'bout settin' de childrens free some day. Now, I'll hab to wear my nice silk gown and turban, what Aunt Sally got me. I'll fix up some of dese days, and den dey will think I is somebody. And den missus talked 'bout buildin' me a new house; dat ar will be nice, I declar. O, well, I must go to sleep, caze I wants to help missus all I can to-morrow; I will think 'bout dat ar some other time."

The morning came, and Aunt Leanna felt refreshed, and commenced the business of the day with delight. She went from room to room, examining the furniture and its arrangement, that she might be the better prepared to perform the duties of house-keeper; and when she came to the kitchen, she appeared to

be perfectly delighted, and said, "I can do ebery bit of de work for dis family myself. Jist look how handy eberything is. Dare is de pantry, (I suppose dese Yankee folks call it buttery;) den dare is de sink, and water, lots of it; and den dare is de big Dutch oven to bake de bread, de pies, de meat, and de puddin's in. La! wont I make dere mouths water!"

Just then she looked up and saw Mrs. Lyon step in, and she said, "La! missus, did you hear me talkin'? I was jist thinkin' how handy you Yankee folks habs eberything. I can do ebery single bit of your work myself."

"I think you will find the kitchen work all you can do, and not injure your health," said Mrs. Lyon, "although the family is not so large by half as it was before the colonel started a boarding-house. That has taken off two-thirds of our number, and we live rather quiet when the colonel is not at home; when he is here we have a great deal of company all the while, and that makes a great deal of work."

"La! missus, when does you 'spect him home?"

"Before long; perhaps very soon."

"O, missus, I feels like I could wait on his company wid de greatest of pleasure, he looked so good to me dat ar day he bought me and de children. O, missus, I think I'll neber forget how good he looked, standin' up dare 'mong all dem ar folks, jist like he wasn't 'fraid of nobody; and den he said so loud dat eberybody could hear him, 'Dat ar is too cruel, to

part dat ar woman and her children.' La! missus, if it hadn't been for dem ar words my children would have been sold apart from me, and I'd neber come to dis nice home. Den he kept biddin' like a man, and I tell you, missus, I jist kept my eye on him all de time, I was so 'fraid he'd stop biddin', but he didn't; he cried out, twelve hundred dollars, so loud I raly b'lieve de men thought it was no use, he'd hab me, any how, so dey quit biddin', and de man kept sayin', 'jist a goin', jist a goin'', but it was no use, he got me. Missus, dat's de way;" and she clapped her hands and skipped over the floor in ecstasy of joy. "Now, missus, I hopes you wont neber feel bad 'bout it no more. Now, I wants to lib wid you and old massa as long as we lives."

Mrs. Lyon, half smiling at her expressions and manouvers, said, "I presume you can stay with us as long as we can live together agreeably."

"Well, missus, I jist b'lieves we can live together all de days of my life."

"But, Leanna, you know the colonel talks of setting you free."

"Well, now, dat ar would be nice; but if I is eber free I wants to lib wid you and old massa, or jist close by you."

"O well," said Mrs. Lyon, "I think the colonel will arrange the matter in a way that will be to the satisfaction of all."

By this time Mrs. Lyon discovered a good deal of

firmness in Leanna's character, although she was so excitable.

Things went on very pleasantly in Mrs. Lyon's kitchen. Leanna moved round her domestic kingdom with the air of a queen. She had been well educated in the culinary art, and gave great satisfaction to the family in the manner of her cooking, her arrangement of the table, and the performance of the various household duties assigned to her. Mrs. Lyon was much pleased with her government among the colored children, but thought she was a little too indulgent to the white ones.

Leanna's boy was large enough to bring in wood and water, and run of errands. This was quite a help. Jenny was old enough to be of some assistance in taking care of the younger children. They were taught to do all in their power to make each other happy, and everything moved along pleasantly.

The time arrived for the colonel's return. All was anxious expectation. Nor were they long kept in suspense. The oldest son, who acted as manager in his father's absence, was heard to exclaim, "Father is coming!" and the joyful announcement was passed from mouth to mouth, until it reached every member of the family. Even Aunt Leanna, who was preparing the supper in the kitchen, heard it, and her heart leaped for joy.

When the colonel opened the door and entered the parlor, Mrs. Lyon, with that dignity and grace which she always exhibited, said, "You are welcome; and

I hope you are well, and have had a pleasant journey."

"Quite well," said the colonel, "and I have had a pleasant journey; but I am very much fatigued."

"I presume so," said Mrs. Lyon; "do take the large chair and rest yourself. You will have to exercise your patience, for all will have to see you; we have been looking for you very anxiously.

The children came and clustered around him. "O, father, father, we are so glad to see you!" was the exclamation of all. "O, pa!" said a little bright-eyed girl, the youngest of the family, called Elizabeth Ann, "We are so glad to see you!—and we are glad you sent Aunt Leanna, and Jack, and Jenny to us. Mr. Cravens brought them. May I tell them to come and see you too?"

"O yes; I would like to see your Aunt Leanna, as you call her; I would like to see how she looks here in Kentucky."

"La! pa, she is very kind to me and brother, and the black children, too. I must go and tell her, and Jack, and Jenny to come in and see you."

"O yes," said Mrs. Lyon, "they want to see your father."

Away the little creature flew into the kitchen, her heart bounding light and free. "Aunt Leanna, Aunt Leanna! pa has come, and ma said you and all the children might come into the parlor and see him."

"O massy sakes! did your ma say I might bring all de children?"

"O yes, Aunt Leanna, pa wants to see them all. He says he wants to see how you look here in Kentucky."

"La's a-massy! children, you must have your faces washed, and dat ar baby must hab a clean apron on."

"Aunt Leanna, hurry and put the baby's apron on, and let me take it to pa; I know he wants to see the poor thing, because it has got no mother. I am so sorry for it!" caressing it all the time, and hindering Aunt Leanna from getting the baby ready.

At length she got its apron on, and little Elizabeth caught up the child and started.

"Now, Jenny, you must have on a clean apron, too; we musn't be gwyne into de parlor lookin' like we didn't care nothin' 'bout massa. I was 'fraid dey wasn't gwyne to let us come in, but we is a gwyne. Come, Jenny, hurry. And now I's got to put on an apron, too; how does my turban look?" She stepped up to the glass and adjusted it a little, and tied on her apron; then started, taking Jenny by the hand, and said, "Come, children, go long wid me into de parlor, and see de good man what bought us down in Georgetown."

"La! mam, is we gwyne to see him?"

"Yes, indeed we is; come along, Jack, and jist pick up dat little Maria; she's so fat she can't hardly walk."

Aunt Leanna hurried them along through the dining room, and at the parlor door she stopped and

primmed her turban a little, and smoothed down her apron, and then opened the door and made a low courtesy. The colonel looked up and said, "How do you do, Leanna; I am very happy to see you here at home."

"I is very well, massa; and we is mighty glad to see you."

"How do you like your new home?" inquired the colonel.

"O, massa, I likes it first rate; and I's so thankful you bought me and de children!" and tears of joy and gratitude began to roll down her cheeks.

By this time Sis had got near her pa, and said,—
"Pa, here is our little black baby, and here is little Maria, with her fat cheeks; don't you think ma and Aunt Leanna takes good care of them?"

"O yes, my dear, I suppose you have had fine times,—so many little fellows together. You must all be good children, and mind what Leanna says, and I will send you a present after tea."

"This made Aunt Leanna think of her tea; and as she brushed the tears from her cheeks she said,—
"Children, you must go wid me to de kitchen; and 'member what massa said to you. Now, massa, I does b'lieve I's gwyne to be lots of help to missus 'bout raisin' dese poor little motherless children. I 'tends to do de best I can, caze you was so good to buy me and bring me here to dis nice home. La! massa, missus felt mighty bad 'bout you buyin' me.

She was 'fraid you done wrong; but I told her you didn't, and I hope she will b'lieve it soon."

The colonel smiled, and looking at Mrs. Lyon, said, "You must all be good, and do all you can to make each other happy, and I hope you will see many happy days in this new home."

"La! missus," said Leanna, "I's staid too long, I mout had supper ready 'fore this time;" and she was soon in the kitchen busy about the evening meal, and the little ones were in the yard playing.

When the room was once more quiet, the colonel said, "Madam, how do you like the new addition to our family?"

"I like them very well," said she; "but O, the awful responsibility that rests upon us! I never think of it without feeling as solemn as death. How deeply did I feel it when I saw those little immortal beings clustered around you just now! If it was certain that they could remain with us until they were free, it would be rather pleasant to have them, particularly as we have Leanna with us. But we know not the circumstances that may surround us. We may be situated as Leanna's former master was; I do not think that extravagance will ever place us there; but misfortune in business, or your death without a will, may, perhaps, and then how awful we should feel if these poor creatures had to be sold into perpetual slavery to pay our debts!"

"My dear woman, that would be a very distressing occurrence; but I hope it will never take place. I

see nothing in my business matters that indicates it at present, and I hope we shall live to see them all free. I told Leanna that if she would come here and be kind to my family I would set her free, and I intend she shall be free; and in regard to the children, I think you need have no fears, for if I should not live to set them free, I can make the arrangement so they will be free when they are twenty-one years old."

"O well, I hope it will all be for the best, but I know that if any misfortune happens to you in your business, they would be subject to your creditors, just as any other property."

The colonel looked up and said, "Now, Madam Lyon, I hope you will dismiss your fears on that subject."

"I will endeavor to do so," said Mrs. Lyon, "and try and be happy; for do see how happy the little creatures are under those shade trees in the yard. It is impossible to tell which are the most happy, the white or the black ones. I was very much pleased to see the two families sitting at the supper table the first evening they came; George and his family on one side, and Leanna and hers on the other. I certainly thought at the moment that it would be pleasant if they should take a fancy to each other and get married."

"Indeed," said the colonel, "that would be a very fine arrangement; have you seen any intimations of such a thing?"

“Nothing in particular, only they were very respectful to each other ; and I heard Leanna say, the other day, when the girls were teasing her about getting married, ‘I didn’t come all de way to Kentuck to git married to none of your ashy niggers ; but maybe I mout marry a free man.’ This set all to laughing, and I left the kitchen. I do not know what else was said, but I should not wonder if there was some such thing on foot between them. But, Colonel, I tell you she is a high-strung piece, although I think she will never be unkind to me.”

At that moment Leanna came to the door and said, “Massa and missus, tea is ready ; I’s called de young folks two or three times, and dey don’t care for no supper ; dey’s so tickled caze dere pa is come home, and I don’t wonder, nudder.”

As they walked into the dining room, Mrs. Lyon said, “Leanna, I will ring the bell for them ; I suppose they have all gone down to the store.”

The young folks soon came in and were all seated at the table. Everything was in perfect order, and Aunt Leanna glided around the room like a young girl. All was life and animation. One of the young men said, “Ma, did you know we are going to have a wedding in the kitchen, now that pa has come home ?”

“Is that really so ?” asked the colonel.

“Yes, sir, it is really so ; they have had it cut and dried for some time, and have only been waiting for your return.”

"Well, well, they have got along with the matter nicely."

"Tea was over, and as the colonel walked out on the piazza at the back door, he saw George coming up to his supper. He recognized the colonel immediately, and hastened along very lively; and as he approached he bowed gracefully, and said, "Massa, we's very glad to see you; we's been lookin' for you some time."

"Ah, indeed. Well, George, my business detained me longer than I anticipated; but I am very glad to get home and find all well, and in such fine spirits. How have you got along with business in my absence?"

"O, massa, we's got along first rate."

"Well, George, how do you like the new folks in the kitchen?"

"Very well indeed, sir," he answered, with but little embarrassment, for he had not the least idea that the colonel had heard the news so soon.

"Well, George," said the colonel, "I expect you think a great deal of them, for I understand you are going to have a wedding, now that I have got home."

"O dear! massa, who has been tellin' you all dat ar news? I knows it's jist dem ar children; dey beats all natur'. I thought they'd keep it a little while; but seein' they've told you all 'bout it, will you please tell me what you and missus thinks 'bout

it?" George was a little embarrassed, but he thought now was his time.

"George, I think it is a first rate opportunity," replied the colonel, "but I do not know what your old mistress will say to it. I will ask her."

"Well, massa, will you please ax her if we might get married to-night, and let me know pretty soon, and 'blige me bery much?"

George passed into the kitchen, and found Leanna waiting for him; she said, "La! George, what in de world was you and old massa talkin' 'bout so long?"

"La! Leanna, didn't you hear us talkin' 'bout business, jist like all de gentlemens does?"

"Yes; but la! you talked 'bout somethin' else besides dat ar."

"O la! Leanna, you jist wants me to tell right here 'fore all dese children." George stepped a little closer to her, and in a low whisper told her all that had passed between them.

"La's a-massy, George! you don't say so, does you? I jist know she will say yes, caze she left de kitchen so quick t'other day when de young ladies was talkin' 'bout it."

The colonel and Mrs. Lyon soon entered the kitchen, and Mrs. Lyon said, "Good evening, George; your master has just told me that you and Leanna wanted to know what I thought about your getting married."

"O yes, missus, if you please."

"I have not the least objection," said Mrs. Lyon, "if you and Leanna think you can live together agreeably. I hope you realize the solemnities of matrimony; and, in regard to your having the wedding to-night, I am willing, certainly, if we can make the necessary arrangements."

Leanna looked up, and smiling, said, "La? missus, I's got lots of cake and pie,—any amount you wants, in de pantry. I's been 'spectin dis."

"Well," said Mrs. Lyon, "how about the clothes?"

"Missus," said George, "I aint like I was t'other time when I was married, hab to wear young massa's clothes; no, indeed. I's a free man now; got lots of clothes and plenty of money, and you and old massa to thank for it, too."

"George," said the colonel, "we have done no more than was our duty, and I will now say to you that Leanna will be free when she has paid me what money I paid for her, at the rate of sixty dollars a year. I consider that I paid six hundred dollars for her, and when the children are twenty-one years old they shall be free, if they have been good and obedient children."

"Now, Leanna, does you hear dat?" said George.

"I does," said she.

"Well, you can 'pend 'pon dat jist as if you had your free papers."

"Well, Leanna," said Mrs. Lyon, "have you got clothes suitable for the wedding?"

"La! yes, missus; I's got a nice silk dress and

turban, dat Miss Sally gib to me ; but la ! she didn't know how I was gwyne to git married in 'em, no, indeed ;" and she tossed her head on one side, and stepped across the floor very lively, and said, " When I gits de dishes washed up I'll jist go and git 'em and see if dey wont do."

" I will send the girls to wash up the dishes," said Mrs. Lyon.

" O no, missus ; I don't want dem children to come in here till de weddin' is all ready ; I loves 'em, but dey is so mischievous."

Mrs. Lyon then told the colonel they would leave them to make their own arrangements.

" George, said the colonel, " you can invite a few of your friends, and when you are ready let me know, and I will perform the ceremony."

They both received the grateful thanks of George and Leanna, as they left the kitchen and went into parlor. There they found the young folks in a perfect titter and glee on the subject of the wedding.

" O, ma, may we go and wash the dishes for her to-night ?" asked one of the girls.

" No, indeed," said Mrs. Lyon, " she said not one of you must come near until you were called ; but while they are making arrangements you may go down to the store and get some little articles, such as candy, raisins, apples, oranges, and nuts. The children were to have some presents, you know, any how ;" and away the girls ran to the store.

The wedding soon came off to the satisfaction of all. Aunt Leanna's new house was built, to her own order, and the newly married couple and their families moved into it with a great deal of delight, and lived very pleasantly together.

CHAPTER VI.

INTRODUCTION OF ELLICK AND FAMILY—THEIR PURCHASE—BAD HABITS—INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON THEIR CONDUCT—DEPREDATIONS ON THE SMOKEHOUSE—THEY RUN AWAY—THEIR CAPTURE—SALE OF JENNY AND HER CHILDREN—ELICK'S SECOND CHANCE FOR FREEDOM—THE COLONEL'S HOPES OF HIS REFORM—DISAPPOINTMENT—MORE THIEVING—IS DETECTED—SENTENCED TO BE SENT TO LOUISIANA—WRECK OF THE BOAT—ELICK SUPPOSED TO BE LOST—HIS ESCAPE FROM DROWNING—RETURNS TO KENTUCKY—HIS PROMISES OF REFORM AGAIN BROKEN—HE RUNS AWAY WITH HIS WIFE, AND GOES TO OHIO.

A FEW days after the wedding, a man came into the colonel's store, leading a negro by a rope which was tied to his arm. The colonel was somewhat surprised, and his feelings were much shocked at the sight.

"Colonel," said the man, "here is a nigger I want to sell you, and I hope you will buy him. He is the worst nigger I ever saw; he will steal, lie and run away, and will not work except when he pleases, and that is not very often. I have understood that all the niggers you buys is good after you owns 'em a while; it makes no odds what the critters was 'fore you bought 'em. Now, I wants you to buy this man, and I think you will find him a match for any or all of you."

"I do not want anybody about me that will lie,

steal, or run away," replied the colonel, "and I want everybody about me to work."

"Well, well, I have given you the true character of this man, without any mistake. I have done everything in my power to make him behave, but all to no purpose; and I had concluded to send him down to New Orleans. They know how to train such fellows down in Louisiana."

"What was your motive in bringing him here?" asked the colonel.

"When the scamp found out what we was going to do with him, he kept beggin' and teasin' me to let him come and see if you would not buy him. He wanted to come alone, but I dare not trust him. He has been away some time, and was brought home the other day by an officer, with a bill of expenses for capture and theft, and now I do not calculate to let him go until I sell him or send him to Louisiana."

"Well," said the colonel, "this is a hard case, indeed; what is the fellow's name?"

"His name is Ellick."

"Ellick, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the colonel.

The fellow looked up and said, "Massa, I knows I's mighty bad, but I'd jist like it if you would buy me, and treat me like you does your t'other niggers, den I'd be a good man."

"Ah, indeed, what makes you think so, Ellick?"

"Caze, massa, I hearn your black people tell how good you all treated 'em; and I think a poor nigger

would have somethin' to live for den; now, dare is Jenny and my two boys, dey don't have half 'nough to eat or wear; and I don't have 'nough to eat nudder; and rather dan starve I steals. Den, massa, he beats me; den I runs away. Now, what feller wants to live wid such a man what treats him so?"

"And is this your master, Ellick?"

"Yes, sir, dis is him."

"Well, really, I think you are both hard cases," said the colonel.

"Colonel," said the negro's master, "you know niggers is always complainin', any how, no matter how you treat 'em."

"I do not hear of my negroes complaining," replied the colonel. "They are always cheerful and happy, ready and willing to do anything expected of them."

"Well, well," said the man, "I think it would be a first rate idea for you to buy this fellow, and try him; if he don't suit, you can sell him again."

"That is what I would not do," said the colonel.

"I think if you had him on your hands, and he cut up like he does now, you would sell him mighty quick, if you had a chance."

"Is he a good hand on the farm?" inquired the colonel.

"O yes, sir, he is as good a hand on the farm as I have got, when he is there. He is active and smart, and is as good a hand among a lot of boys as ever I saw. He is a very good manager."

"Then he has some good qualities."

"O yes, sir; if the old scoundrel would stop stealing, and stay at home, I could get along with him first rate."

"I want a good hand on my farm very much," said the colonel. "I have had a black man on my place until lately; he was the finest fellow I ever saw. I bought him from Micheson, and he worked out his time, and I set him free. He then bought his family and moved to Illinois, and has now got a nice farm, and is living very comfortable. I heard from him not long since. And now, if I thought there was any hope for this man, I would give him a chance."

"Ellick, encouraged by these remarks, turned his eyes upon the colonel, and began to plead: "O now, massa, if you will buy me I will sarve you all de days of my life. I'll neber steal a thing, nor neber tell you a lie,—no nebber, massa; 'pon my word and honor, I neber will."

Here the master smiled, and said the fellow had no more honor than a thieving dog.

"La! massa, you mus'nt b'lieve all dat he says, caze he doesn't like me, no how. Now, massa, if you buys me, and I steals or runs away you may shoot me or send me down to Orleans. O yes, massa, any thing, if you will jist buy me." Here he fell on his knees and wept most bitterly.

The colonel turned around to conceal his emotions. He thought this was more than he could bear, and as he walked across the floor, he said to the master, who

looked on with indifference, "How much will you take for the poor fellow?"

"Well, Colonel, I will let you have him cheap if you will buy the woman and children. I do not like to part them. She is a fine woman, I tell you, and has two as fine boys as you ever saw in Kentucky, or anywhere else."

"Well," said the colonel, "what will you ask me for the man?"

"Well now, Colonel, you can have him for six hundred dollars, if you will take him. He is easy worth a thousand dollars, if he would jist behave himself."

"That is your price for the man; now, what will you ask for the mother and children?"

"You may have them for one thousand dollars; five hundred for the woman, and five hundred for the boys."

"I cannot buy the woman and boys," said the colonel, "but I heard a gentleman say the other day that he wished to purchase a negro woman, and probably your woman would suit him. He lives in the next house on this street; you had better call and see him."

"Colonel, will you trade for the man if he will buy the woman and children?"

"I will," said the colonel, "on the conditions that he proposed himself—that if he ever runs away or steals, he is to be sent to New Orleans, without mercy."

"O well, massa, dat is what I said, and I'll stick to it till I die. O, massa, do buy me," said Ellick.

"Well, Ellick, we must wait till we hear from Mr. O'Hara; I think he will buy your wife and children."

"Well, I will go and see him," said the man. "Colonel, will you oversee Ellick while I am gone?"

"O yes, sir; Ellick will not run away from me; he is going to be a free man one of these days,—he and his wife and children, and then they can go to Ohio or Illinois, and live like somebody."

Ellick's master soon returned, accompanied by Mr. O'Hara, who asked the colonel if he was going to buy Ellick.

"I do not know but I will," said the colonel, "if you will buy the woman and children. What do you think about it?"

"Indeed," said Mr. O'Hara, "I would like to buy the woman very much, and I think if she is anything like as good as he recommends her to be she is worth five hundred dollars, but I don't like the idea of buying the children at that price."

Ellick here interposed, and said, "Massa, if you jist see my boys I knows you would buy 'em. Dat ar Andy can do half a man's work; he's a rael smart boy, and so is Steve. La! massa, I does hope you will buy 'em; den we can live close togedder."

"I wish so too," said Ellick's master, "for I don't want the old scoundrel to come near my place again

while I live. If it was not for this I would not part with the woman and children for any price."

"If you will bring them down to-morrow it is possible we may trade," said Mr. O'Hara.

"Colonel, I suppose I can leave Ellick with you until to-morrow," said his master.

"O yes," said the colonel, "I'll take care of Ellick."

The next day their master brought the woman and children to the village, and made a bargain with Mr. O'Hara. Then the colonel and Mr. O'Hara made a bargain with Ellick and his wife to this effect: The colonel was to allow Ellick one hundred dollars a year, with board and clothes, until he had paid him the six hundred dollars. This would take him six years, and at the end of that time, if they sustained good characters, and had not stolen anything or run away, they were both to be free. The agreement was written and signed by the colonel and Mr. O'Hara, and Ellick and Jenny both signed it by their marks.

They commenced their labors and duties with delight, both well pleased with their new home and friends, ever and anon expressing their gratitude to their benefactors. Jenny was located in a comfortable house on her new master's premises, and Ellick was permitted to spend all his time with his family, when he was not engaged in labor. Ellick and Jenny were both very industrious and economical. They were soon brought under the religious influence that still existed among the colored people in and around

the village, Aunt Chloe and Aunt Sarah still praying for them. They professed religion and joined the Baptist church. Everything was hopeful in their case. Jenny was a great favorite with Mrs. O'Hara, so much so that she was allowed to carry the keys. This was considered a great honor by the colored people. Mrs. O'Hara thought she never had seen so fine a colored woman in her life. Ellick was very polite and respectful to everybody, and no one could have thought that he would steal, although he had done so much of it before he came to the Yankee village.

One year had nearly elapsed since this happy change, and the colonel began to think that there was no danger of Ellick now. Everything went off finely, and all the neighbors applauded the new masters for their deeds of kindness.

But one morning as Aunt Leanna went to the smoke-house to get some ham and sausage for breakfast, she thought she discovered something wrong about the smoke-house. She came running into the room where Mrs. Lyon was, and said, "La! missus, I b'lieves there's a lot of your nice hams and sausages gone outen de smoke-house. Now, how in de world you 'spose it got outen dar, when I had de key all de time in my pocket? Now, missus, I dont b'lieve nobody's been in at de door 'ceptin' you and me, and you know we haint took 'em."

"O no, Leanna; but perhaps you are mistaken; we will go and see."

They went directly to the smoke-house and exam-

ined one pole after another upon which the joints of meat hung. Leanna said, "Dare, missus, dar's one gone off'm dar, and anudder off'm dar; now jist look at de sausage poles; I's certain dar's lot's gone off'm dem. O who ever saw de like 'fore! Now, missus, some ashy niggers jist done dis here; I knows dey did!"

Mrs. Lyon thought they had been used, and she knew Leanna had not made an improper use of them, and as she had the key, Mrs. Lyon thought best not to take any notice of it; and she said, "Leanna, I would not mention this; if we do, perhaps there will be censure placed on some poor negro who is innocent, and who will be made to suffer for it. I would not mention it unless you make further discoveries."

"Well, I jist knows how many dey takes arter dis. I'll jist count 'em."

The day passed over and nothing was said on the subject. Very early next morning there was a heavy rap at the door, and the colonel opened it. Mr. O'Hara entered and said that Ellick, Jenny, and the boys were all gone, every one of them.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Yes, sir, it is, and everything they had on the place is gone, and a good many things are missing out of the kitchen; we have not examined any further."

By this time Mrs. Lyon had entered the room, and she said, "O dear me! are we to have such trouble

as this? I have feared it all the time. I could never see anything to hope from that man; all his goodness appeared to be forced. I could always see something very secretive about his countenance. I have had my fears about him all the time, but I hoped, or tried to hope."

"I thought we had everything to hope from him," said the colonel. "Did you ever discover anything like theft about him?"

"Nothing in particular; but I guess we can now tell what has become of our sausage and ham."

"Have you missed any?" inquired the colonel.

"Leanna says she thinks she has. Perhaps we had better go and see how the smoke-house looks this morning. I will ask Leanna to go with me and see; she has got the key;" and they started off in great haste.

"Well, well," said Mr. O'Hara, "this beats me! My wife will have a fine laugh at my expense. Last night I went into their house, and Ellick asked me to buy some chickens. He said they were some that Jenny had raised out on the farm where they came from. I thought I would buy to encourage them, and when I took them into the house, my wife said that she thought they were her chickens, and that he had got them out of her coop, and sold them to me, and I fear it will turn out so. And it did prove to be the case."

Mrs. Lyon soon came in, and said, "Colonel, I think you will be a little chagrined to see your smoke-

house this morning. It is really stripped of ham and sausage."

Here Leanna came in, and said, "Massa, I does hope you don't blame me 'bout dem things bein' gone outen de smoke house."

"No," replied the colonel, "I do not."

"Well, massa, I reckon how if missus had jist let me told about it yesterday mornin', we mout saved that nice lot dat was took last night, but she was 'fraid somebody would be blamed dat wasn't guilty. So she said we mus'nt say nothin' 'tall 'bout it. I reckon she wishes now she had. You know she is so 'fraid doin' wrong."

"We can't help it now," said the colonel.

Leanna continued: "I reckon de old ashy dog is gwyne to stay a good while. He's got 'nough to last him some time. Plague on such pesky niggers; dey aint fit to live. What makes 'em do so queer, when you is so good to 'em? I'd neber set 'em free in dis world,—no, indeed, I wouldn't."

"Bless my life!" said the colonel, laughing heartily, joined by Mr. O'Hara, "we must pursue them."

"If you will let the young men go with me," said Mr. O'Hara, "we will search about my place and see what discoveries we can make, and find out, if we can, what course they have taken. I have heard them say they calculated to move to Ohio when they should be free, and I expect they have thought that five years would be too long to wait, and have started now. Well, boys, we must be off, and see what dis-

coveries we can make, and if we can find out what course they have taken we must pursue them as fast as we can."

They went and searched around Mr. O'Hara's place, and found a good many things missing, among the rest several hundred weight of flour, some cooking utensils, and a number of other things for their convenience. They all had a hearty laugh about the chicken trade. Mr. O'Hara allowed they wanted a little spending money, and thought that was a good way to get it. They were directed by different appearances to the river. The reader will recollect that the village was located on the Cumberland river. There they found that there was a large pirogue missing. This the fugitives doubtless found a very comfortable dwelling, it being covered so that it sheltered them from the rain. In this they pursued their way down the Cumberland to its mouth, and then up the Ohio. The water being very high, they had an opportunity of paddling out into the sloos and bayous, as they are called. From this circumstance they were enabled to keep from the main stream, so that all search for them availed nothing, although they were pursued very closely for some time.

At length they gave up the search, and advertised them, offering two hundred dollars reward. The colonel said he did not care what became of his man if he kept out of the state. In that case he would not be responsible for his conduct.

Mr. O'Hara was not of the same mind. He said

it was rather too hard to be cheated out of a thousand dollars in that way, and if he could ever get his hands on them again he would sell them into perpetual slavery, without the least compunctions of conscience. "Indeed I will," said he; "I shall feel as though I was discharging my duty to sell such ungrateful creatures, and keep them forever in bondage."

This affair made Mrs. Lyon quite discouraged with the negro character and the colonel's slavery, or rather freedom system; and most sincerely did she hope that they were in Illinois with their children, where they would not be afflicted with such circumstances as these.

Three or four months passed away without hearing a word from Ellick or his family. The frost of winter began to clip the foliage of the forest. The withered leaves had fallen to the ground, and a man could see some distance through the thick woods. A company of bee hunters had encamped on the Ohio bottoms, near the river, where they deposited their honey and venison. One evening, on their return home, they discovered that a number of their venison hams and a quantity of their honey was missing.

The first thought was that there were Indians about. "Well, boys," said one of them, "we must keep a good lookout." Another one said, "Who knows but there are runaway negroes about? I thought I saw a little negro the other day, setting on a log, but I looked again and he was not there, so I passed on and took no more notice of it."

"Can you go to that log again?" inquired the first speaker.

"Yes, I can take you straight to the place."

"Well, we will go in the morning and see what we can find."

They were up early and started, and when they came near the place the man said, "There, boys, I see the little nigger again; don't you see him?"

"Indeed, I do," said one of them; "let us advance carefully; I believe it is a nest of runaway negroes."

They approached, some on one side of the log and some on the other. The negroes saw there was no chance for escape, and surrendered. They had heard them about the time that the men discovered them, and had thrown a large brass kettle over their broiling venison, to prevent the smoke from being seen, and then jerked the little fellow off the log, and laid down close by the side of it, hoping not to be discovered. But their hopes were vain, and they surrendered. Ellick told them who he was, and what his master's name was, and he said he was tired of living so; that he would be glad if they would take them home to their master; and that he knew they would be well paid for their trouble. Ellick acknowledged that he took the venison and honey. He said they were almost starved to death, the provisions they brought from home being all gone. Ellick had no gun, and he could not keep a dog for fear of being detected by his barking. Under these circumstances he had but little success in hunting, but he did once

in a while find an opossum or a raccoon in a hollow tree. They had lived on roots for weeks. They had lost a great deal of their provision in a violent storm while they were on the water; and in this situation they felt very disconsolate, and were glad to have some one find them and take them home.

The bee hunters took them to their camp and treated them kindly, and in a few days made arrangements to take them home. As they came near the Yankee village they heard of the reward, which encouraged them much.

At length they arrived, and there was quite an excitement in the village. The news spread among the villagers that the runaway negroes had come home. "Now the colonel and Mr. O'Hara will have to pay out their two hundred dollars," was the remark of almost every one, as they crowded up among the people who soon collected together. The bee hunters received their reward, and started on their way home, to laugh and chat over their successful tour.

There was a tremendous excitement in the neighborhood. One said, "Now, if I was their master I would tie them up and whip them almost to death." Another said, "I would shoot the old scoundrel; he said, when the colonel bought him, he might shoot him if he ever behaved this way, and I would stick him to it, I do believe." This was spoken in rather a jocular way, as though he did not mean just as he said. Another said, "I would put them in jail and keep them there until they half starved to death."

The masters consulted on the subject, and it did not take Mr. O'Hara long to decide. For his part, he was determined to sell Jenny and the boys the first offer he could get, that was near what he gave for them. It was not long before he had an offer for them, and sold them to a gentleman in the country, about five miles from the village. The family were very kind to them, and allowed them many privileges. They had a house to themselves, a good garden spot, and the privilege of raising poultry for themselves.

The colonel scarcely knew what to do with Ellick. He knew that he was at the bottom of all this mischief, trouble, and expense. He had lost all confidence in him, and what was best to do he knew not. Ellick was very penitent, and asked forgiveness again and again, and promised better for the future, upon his word and honor; but the colonel could now sensibly realize, as did his former master, that he had no more honor than a thieving dog.

Ellick had lost all claims to the former contract, by which the colonel was at liberty to send him to New Orleans, or to shoot him; but he concluded that it was best to give him another chance for his freedom. So he wrote another contract, more binding than the first. This did not leave it at the option of the colonel to send him to Louisiana—it bound him to do it without fail—for the fellow that would break this contract was not fit to live among civil people. This contract was signed by both of them, and Ellick

commenced work again. He was very faithful, obedient, and kind, and was allowed to visit Jenny and the children every Saturday afternoon; and with what assistance he gave them Jenny and the boys were able to cultivate quite an extensive garden; and occasionally Ellick brought in a nice lot of vegetables, a basket of eggs, or a fine fat fowl to market. This enabled them to get many of the comforts of life, and they were quite happy, although they had lost all hopes of Jenny and the boys being free.

Things passed on in this way for more than two years, and the colonel began to think again that there was no danger of Ellick now. "I think there is hope in the worst of cases," said he to Mrs. Lyon, one day, as they were talking the matter over.

"Well, Colonel," said she, "if you can make an honest man of Ellick, I shall think there *is* hope in the worst of cases."

"I do feel encouraged anyhow," said the colonel; and not without reason, thought Mrs. Lyon.

One Saturday evening, a few days after this conversation, the hands observed that Ellick did not start as early as usual, but no one thought any harm of it. But soon after dark one of the neighbors called in and told the colonel that he believed Ellick had stolen one of his bee-hives.

"O no," said the colonel, "I hope not."

"Well, I don't know, but I fear it is the case, for he was about our house late this evening, and no one could tell what he was after; and more than that, he

has been about our barn a good deal lately, and the women think he has been stealing the eggs. I told them they need not say anything about it, but when it came to taking bee-hives I thought best to tell you, and I believe if you follow him up you will find him with the hive, or at least the honey."

"The boys shall go and get an officer, and follow him," replied the colonel. "Are you sure your hive is gone?"

"O yes, sir, there is no mistake about it; and I fear he has got it, for he was there just at dark, and a few moments afterward we went out and the hive was gone."

"Boys, start after him," said the colonel, "but I hope you will find that Ellick has not stolen the beehive."

The boys were soon off with the officer, and they thought they would have a little fun; and as they went to the stable to get their horses they found that the favorite mare was gone. What on earth could that mean? Ellick was allowed to take a horse once in a while, but he was told that he must never take that one.

"This is a fine caper," said one of the boys; "I believe the old scoundrel has been stealing our eggs for some time, and selling them to mother, but we thought it would not do to tell the old folks, they had so much confidence in the old scamp; they would not think that he had done such a thing."

They rode pretty fast, and soon arrived Jenny's

house. They drove up carefully pretty close to the house, and stopped; there they found the favorite old mare standing at the door, with her neck bleeding where he had carried the bee-hive. They advanced a little closer, so that they could look in at the window; although they had drawn the curtain, it was done rather carelessly, so that they could see within, and they discovered the bee-hive standing in the middle of the floor, and the family around it eating.

"Now," said the officer, "we have the old rascal," and they forced the door open. The inmates of the house were very much confused, and the expression of every countenance, as well as their actions, showed they were guilty.

The officer laid hold of Ellick and said, "You are my prisoner."

"Massa, I will go wid you anywhar," said Ellick. "I know I stole de bee-hive, and I 'spect I'll have to go to Orleans now, but I couldn't help it, no how, caze Jenny wanted some sweet'nin' to make some ginger-cakes for court day, when dey lets her go and sell 'em, and dat brings in a little money; and I thought how good de honey would be for cakes, and I thought nobody would think I'd got it."

"O, you old rascal, we have been watching you; we knew when you stole. You have been stealing your mistress' eggs out of the barn, and selling them to her, you ungrateful wretch! Who do you think will pity you? We will see you off to Louisiana before

tomorrow night. You may as well bid your wife and children good-bye, for the neighbors will not let you stay in town long. Mr. Cobb starts on Monday morning for New Orleans; and, sir, I just know you will go with him; so bid your folks good-bye. A fellow that has as good a master as you have got, and then treats him in this way, ought to be hung; and then there is that good old mistress, (you are not worthy to call her mistress,) you are worrying her life out."

"O well, old missus neber liked me, no how, eaze it seemed jist like she know'd all de time dat I was bad. But I don't know how you know'd I stole her eggs, and sold 'em to her."

"She knew it, and that's enough. Don't you think folks watch you?"

"Dey don't watch honest folks."

"Well, Ellick, they watch you pretty close, whether you call yourself honest or not. Come, cross your hands and let me tie them."

This he did very quietly, but when he found that he was really tied he felt very bad, and looked as if he wished to drop through the floor—bee-hive, honey, and all. He looked up and said to the officer,—
"Must I bid my wife and childrens farewell for-
eber?"

"Yes; they will be a great deal better off without you than with you, for you are always leading them into trouble. Boys, put the bee-hive into the wagon, and we will be off in a hurry."

Here Jenny came up to him and said, "Ellick, now you is goin' to Orleans, I's 'fraid,—but who can help it! Old massa is 'bliged to do it; he can't help it, and I told you so all de time, when you was stealin' dem eggs and dem things outen de store, and dem clothes off'm de line, and lots of things."

"La! Jenny, don't mention so many things, maybe dey wont find dem all out."

"Well, Ellick, you knows I always told you not to bring dem ar things here, but you always would; and now, Ellick, you has give me lots of trouble 'bout dese things, many times, but I forgibs all, and hopes you wont neber steal any more. I knows dey will send you to Orleans, and I and de childrens will neber see you more. Now, Ellick, let me tell you once more, don't neber steal down in Orleans, for if you does dey'll jist kill you; dey don't hab no massy on niggers down dar."

"Well, Jenny, you knows I neber means to steal, but some how I always does it."

"We must be going," said the officer. "Boys, are you ready? Have you got your guns ready? But I dont think the fellow will be fool enough to try to run away, for he knows we will shoot him if he does."

"O, massa," said Jenny, "I hope you wont shoot him, caze I don't want to know dat he died dat ar way," and the tears rolled down her cheeks freely.

The officer started him along towards the door, and

Jenny said, "La! Ellick, aint you gwyne to tell de poor boys good-bye?"

"O yes, Jenny; but I feels so bad I can't hardly talk. But, boys, I wants to tell you one thing: don't neber steal like your poor old father; now I's got to be led off like a suck-egg dog, and neber see my boys no more. Boys, don't neber steal."

As he said this, they hoisted him into the wagon, and started off at full speed. They soon arrived at the village, where they were all waiting very anxiously to learn what the result of the trip would be. All were pleased with it excepting the colonel and Mrs. Lyon, who felt very gloomy under the circumstances; but the colonel said he would give him up to the citizens, and they might hold a trial on his case, and see whether he should go with Mr. Cobb to New Orleans.

There was so much novelty and singularity and yet awful reality in the case, that it attracted the attention of the community. They collected at the courthouse, and had a regular trial—judge and jury, with a lawyer on each side. The colonel did not mingle with them, but awaited their decision. They were there the greater part of the night, examining his case. The evidence showed clearly that he was guilty of theft, not only in this case, but in some twenty others. The jury, without a dissenting voice, pronounced him guilty, and the judge sentenced him to start on Monday morning, with Mr. Cobb, for New

Orleans. Ellick ate his supper, and was committed to prison until they should be ready to start.

The feelings of Mrs. Lyon were very gloomy indeed. "This is the consequence," said she, "of living in a slave state, and this is the result of trying to do the poor slave good. In trying to benefit him we have injured ourselves, and done him no good, for he must go to New Orleans at last. I do wish I had never seen the unhappy creature, then I should not have suffered on his account. No amount of money could induce me to suffer as I have on his account; and the worst is to come yet. I cannot bear the thought of my husband selling a negro. No; I will see if there is not some other way of getting along with the matter." She went to the colonel and said, "My dear husband, cannot you manage this affair some other way?"

"No, my dear woman, I cannot," for the citizens are so exasperated with the conduct of the old wretch, that it will not do to let him be here any longer. They say he must go to New Orleans."

"O, dear me! Colonel, are you going to sell a human being into perpetual bondage?"

"No, my dear woman, I shall never give a bill of sale for him, or any other person, but I will give to Mr. Cobb the bill of sale his master gave me, and he can do with him as he pleases. Now, this is the very best I can do. Just think what the miserable old creature has cost me already, and think of the mischief he has done. There is no safety in having him

among us. I hope you will try to be reconciled; you know we have done all, in our power to benefit him and make him happy. I do most sincerely wish I had never seen the poor creature. It is true there are a great many white men who are just as bad as he is, but there is law for their cases, and their iniquities are not thrown on other men."

"I know, Colonel, he has been a source of great trouble and a great deal of expense, and I wish you could be relieved, but I cannot think of your selling him into bondage."

"Why, my dear woman, he has merited the penitentiary, and we have done all we could to reclaim him, but to no purpose; and if he will do no better than this, he must suffer the consequences."

Monday morning came, and Mr. Cobb was all ready for a start. Ellick, with his hands tied, was seated on the boat. The colored people generally came to see him, and bid him farewell. His admonition to them all was: "Don't neber steal; jist look what I gits for stealin'; look what a nice home I had, and de good friends I had dar once,—dat ar good old massa and missus. Dey was de best friends I eber had, but jist see how I treated 'em, and now I's gittin' my pay, and I zackly desarves worse nor dat, but I'd rudder die nor to leave Jenny and de children. But den Jenny was so good; she said she forgib me all. O, if I had been 'ligious, like she was, and prayed ebery day, I mout kept from stealin', caze when I prayed ebery day I didn't want to steal, but

when I gib up my prayin' den I went to stealin'. Now, I tell you all dat I mean to pray ebery day, and see if I can't keep from stealin'."

Aunt Chloe had come to bid Ellick good-bye, and she had been looking on and listening to his remarks, for she was anxious to know if Ellick was penitent. She listened with deep attention, as she thought she saw something to hope from him. "Ellick," said she, "dat is de way. If you does pray ebery day wid all your heart, de Lord will hear you, and gib you grace to lub him, and den you won't want to steal. Now, Ellick, sarve de Lord wid all your heart, and he'll take care of you whereber you go. Maybe it is best for you to go down dar; den you will be humbled, and de Lord will make you a good christian, and take you up to heaven. I hope and pray he mout."

Ellick, encouraged by Aunt Chloe's kind remarks and sympathizing feelings, said, "I hope you will pray for me, Chloe, and I want you tell Jenny to pray for me ebery day; and tell her I mean to pray ebery day for myself, and I neber 'tends to steal agin."

Here the word was given that all was ready, and they pushed off from the shore. "Farewell, farewell," was the lonely sound that was heard from white and black, as the flat-boat moved slowly off into the stream. The villagers all felt as if there was no hope for Ellick, and were glad to see him start. They thought a Louisiana plantation was the place

for him ; he would then be under the eye of an overseer all the time.

The boats moved slowly but carefully down the Cumberland and Ohio rivers, and entered the Mississippi without any particular occurrence. Ellick had behaved so well that they had untied him, and he was permitted to go where he pleased. He acted as cook aboard the boats. The day was fine and pleasant. The boats were lashed together, and were floating along very quietly, when all at once the pilot cried out that there was danger ahead. "See that large sawyer!" said he; "every man to his oar! Pull, boys, pull, or we will be lost!" By this time they could hear the water breaking over and around the sawyer. The water roared so loud that it was with difficulty the pilot could be heard, and the white foam began to dash against the bows of the boats. The pilot cried out at the top of his voice, "All aboard this boat, or you are gone forever!" All who heard him were soon aboard the other boat, but Ellick did not hear, and stood on the other boat. All was consternation and fear, and every face was pale as death. One of the boats struck the sawyer and was stove to pieces. The other glided safely by, but received a severe shock when the cable which held them together broke. They looked back and saw the boat a perfect wreck, and thought Ellick had gone to the bottom with it. They saw the timbers of the boat pitching to and fro in the rush of water below the sawyer, and the load, which was mostly

corn in the ear, was floating down the stream in a perfect flood. But "Poor Ellick is gone!" exclaimed all. "Poor old fellow; it is a pity that he should be shipwrecked." Some of the hands aboard thought that the disaster was a judgment upon them for taking him with them, but the sequel will show that Ellick did not think so, for he thought it to be the providence of God, in saving him from the dreadful bondage to which he was going.

The boat and crew went on, supposing from the observations they could make that Ellick was gone. The flat boat could not be rowed up stream, and in consequence of their best small boat going with the wreck, they did not make a very thorough search, but concluded without doubt that he was lost in the wreck; and the first post-office they came to they wrote home to that effect.

All were sorry to hear that Ellick was lost in that way. The colonel and Mrs. Lyon were sorry, very sorry, for they realized that the circumstances attending his death would draw forth many remarks, and undoubtedly some unjustifiable ones; and they felt that it was awful for him to be called into eternity so suddenly, and, they feared, with so little preparation. Jenny and the children said they were sorry, but that he might as well be dead as to go to Louisiana, for there he would be stealing, and then they would be beating and knocking him about, which would be worse than death. Mrs. Lyon had many gloomy fears about the matter, but tried to comfort

herself with the thought that she had done nothing to bring him to his untimely end. Aunt Chloe had told her what had passed between her and Ellick, and she hoped for the future in his case.

About two or three weeks after they had received the gloomy letter narrating the manner of Ellick's death, as Mrs. Lyon was thinking over the subject, she heard a slight rap at the door, and looking up, she beheld Ellick standing before her; and she exclaimed with astonishment and wonder, "Ellick, is this you?"

"Yes, missus, yes, missus; dis is Ellick;" throwing himself on his knees before her. "What in de world makes you look so scared, missus?"

"Why, Ellick, we thought you were dead and in the bottom of the Mississippi, but here you are, living and moving; where on earth did you come from?"

"Well, missus, if you will forgib me all my bad conduct I will be good, and tell you how de Lord has been mighty good to me. Missus, did you hear anything 'bout the boat bein' stove to pieces on dat big sawyer?"

"Yes, Ellick; and we supposed you were gone with it; Mr. Cobb wrote that you were."

"Well, missus, I suppose dey thought so; but I tell you I was knockin' 'bout dar some time, and I thought de lumber and de timber would kill me ebery minute; but I cotched on one thing and den on another; bym'by I cotched on de sawyer, and I tell you

it was a mighty big one; it went up and down in de water, and it was stuck mighty fast in de mud, in de bottom of de river, and stood up de stream, and it would saw up and down, up and down; and when I got hold of it, de Lord helped me to hold on; and when de water would dash ober me, I would think, 'Lord hab massy on me, I's goin'', but de Lord would strengthen my arms to hold on till de sawyer would come up again. Ebery time I went under de water I could see into eternity jist as plain as day, and I tell you, missus, it looked awful, and I begun to pray wid all my heart, and de Lord hearn me, and sent an angel to comfort me; and de angel told me how de Lord would take me off from dat place if I would go home and preach to de colored people, and tell 'em dey was sinners, and dat dey must repent and b'lieve in de bressed Savior. I promised de Lord I would do de best I could. Now, missus, how happy my heart felt when I b'lieved in de Lord. I b'lieved he would take me off de sawyer, and I b'lieved he had power to forgib all my sins, and dat he'd gib me power to keep from stealin', and take me up to heaven. Now, missus, my poor heart was so happy, I felt like praisin' de Lord wid all my heart; and I did praise him, and felt like I would rudder die and go to heaben dan anything else; but de Lord told me I must come home, and preach de gospel to dese poor niggers; and I said, 'O Lord, gib me grace to do dy will, and I will try to do it;' and de Lord said, 'My grace is sufficient for you.' I did not know how de

Lord was gwyne to take me off de log, but I b'lieved he would do it. Bym'by de wind stopped blowin', and I could set on de log pretty well; but I was mighty tired, for I had been dar all de night, in dat dreadful place. But now I could rest, caze I b'lieved de Lord was gwyne to take me off dar, and my heart felt strong, caze I lub'd de Lord wid all my heart.

“I was layin' on de log, thinkin' how good de Lord was, and I hearn somethin' come puffin' along, and I didn't know what it was, but I kept lookin' at it till I see it was a boat; and I'd hearn about steamboats, and I thought it must be one of dem. But I seen it was gwyne one side of me, and I thought I would lift my hand, caze I 'membered de Lord told de man dat had de lame arm, 'Reach out dy arm,' and I done it, and dey sent de little boat and took me to de steamboat. And I told 'em how I come dar, and who I belonged to. Den dey axed me where I wanted to go, and I told 'em I wanted to go home; and dey said dey would take me to de mouth of de Ohio, and den I could get on some keel-boat and go home. I told 'em I had no money, and dey said if I would carry wood and sweep off de deck, I could pay my way; and, missus, I done it wid de greatest pleasure, caze I didn't want massa to pay for my comin' up on de boat. I felt jist like de Lord sent 'em dar. And when we got to de mouth of de Ohio, I got on a keel-boat, and come up to de mouth of de Cumberland. Dar was no boat dar, so I come on a-foot. Now, missus, I has told you all de particulars; does you think

old massa will let me stay at home and preach to de niggers?"

"Well, Ellick, I don't know what your master will say to all this; but I will do all for you I can, while you live like a christian."

"Well, missus, I thinks I can be a better christian nor what I was before; but, missus, jist as long as I prayed ebery day, I didn't want to steal."

"Well, Ellick, it will be just so now; as long as you pray to God and love him with all your heart, he will give you grace to overcome your besetments, and you will feel contented and happy with what you have, and then you will not want to steal."

The family, white and black, had all gathered around to hear Ellick's story. Some laughed, some wept, and some were a little angry, because they did not believe the story he told, and they were vexed to think that any one would believe it. But Mrs. Lyon said she had confidence in what he said; for, in the first place, it corresponded with what the letter stated, and his story about getting home was a very reasonable one; and in regard to his religious experience and feeling, she thought he was sincere. She said she thought she saw something about Ellick that she never saw before, and that was an honest, frankness of countenance, and a fixed purpose to serve God and to do good; and she thought his adventures had been enough to teach him something good, and that he ought to be encouraged. But the citizens of

the village were enraged to think of his coming back there to torment them.

The colonel came home in the evening, and when he came in he was told of Ellick's arrival. He was much surprised, and said, "Where is the old fellow? I declare, I would like to see him."

Ellick was soon before his master, on his knees, begging him to let him stay at home. After telling over his adventures, much the same as he did to Mrs. Lyon. He still continued to plead with his master to let him stay at home. The colonel told him that he might go out and see his wife and children; "And when you have made them a good visit," said he, "come home, and I will tell you what I will do with you."

Ellick started and was not long in getting there. Jenny and the boys were about going to bed when Ellick rapped at the door. Steve went to the door and opened it. He screamed and fell to the floor. Jenny ran to see what was the matter, and she cried out, "Boys, here is your father, or his ghost!"

"La! mam," said Andy, "don't be talkin' 'bout dad's bein' there, when you knows de fishes eat him up long ago."

By this time Andy had got Steve up, and was at the door. He said, "Mam, I does b'lieve it is de old darkey himself, caze I don't b'lieve in ghosts, no how."

Ellick laughed, and said, "Yes, Andy, it is your old father. De fishes didn't quite eat me up; but I

tell you they come mighty nigh it." He went in and told them all the story and his good resolutions. The children did not have much confidence in him, but Jenny said, "Now, Ellick, I hope you will be a good man, and put your trust in de Lord, and pray to him all de time."

"Well, Jenny, I's 'termined to do it; so let us kneel down and pray togedder."

They had family prayer for the first time in their lives. This pleased Jenny very much, and they all felt much better than they did a few hours previous. Jenny could see something in the old man that she never saw before, and she hoped he would be a better man than he ever had been. Ellick spent a little time with them and then returned to the village.

The colonel was pretty well persuaded in his own mind what course to take with Ellick. The neighbors all said he should not stay about the village. The colonel called him and said, "Ellick, I have concluded to hire you out."

"O no, massa, I hopes not, caze I rudder work for you dan any man in de country."

"Ellick, what price had I ought to ask anybody that may want to hire you?"

"Well, massa, I don't know, but I reckon I could earn ten or twelve dollars a month."

"Well, I guess so, too," said the colonel. "Now, Ellick, you know you are going to be a better man than you were before you went this trip down the

river, and I am going to make you an offer, and that is, if you will pay me eight dollars a month, regularly, you may have your own time, and do with it as you please."

"Why, massa, I can earn 'nough more nor dat; I can earn twice dat."

"Well," said the colonel, "you can lay that up and buy Jenny's freedom. I understand that her master will sell her for four hundred dollars. Now, Ellick, if you can lay up eight dollars per month, and pay me eight dollars, you both can be free in a little more than five years."

Ellick's heart leaped for joy, and with tears of gratitude flowing down his cheeks, he said, "O, massa, de Lord has done so much for me, I is goin' to be a good man now, by de grace of God."

"Well," said the colonel, "that is the way Richard used to talk, and I hope you will do something now; but, Ellick, you must remember the old proviso: if you steal as you have done before, it will take more than the eight dollars to pay expenses. Now, when you have paid me four hundred dollars you shall be free, but you must not come to the village only when you have special business, and then come in the day time, for there is no telling what the town folks would do if you were caught here after dark."

With this proposition to encourage him, and after receiving fresh admonitions from the colonel, Ellick started for Jenny's home. They were surprised to

see him return so soon, but when he explained the matter, they were delighted, and went to Jenny's master, and told him what a chance they had for their freedom. The master said, "I will make you an offer: when you pay me four hundred dollars for Jenny, she shall be free, and I will give you all the work you want, and will give Jenny one dollar a week when she works in the house, and when she works out of doors I will give her within a shilling per day of men's wages."

With this offer they were delighted, and went to work with a good heart. Ellick and Jenny had a meeting appointed at their house, and the colored people came in from all around the neighborhood. Ellick told his experience and trials in his trip down the river, and it had the effect to awaken sympathy, and to create confidence toward him as a christian.

He paid the colonel the eight dollars a month for some time. But at length Jenny and Ellick were missing. When the colonel found that they were gone, he said he was willing if they would stay out of the state. The last they heard from them was that they were settled in the state of Ohio, and were coming back to see their children, and were going to pay the rest of their money. They had paid Jenny's master considerable money, but not all.

With this closes the history of Ellick and his family. Of their subsequent conduct we have no further knowledge. They have doubtless long since

paid the debt of nature; and we sincerely hope that, though often erring while in a state of servitude, they may have truly repented and died in favor with God and man, and have gone to enjoy the rest that remains for the people of God.

CHAPTER VII.

SABBATH MORNING IN THE VILLAGE—THE FLEET OF FLAT BOATS—THE SLAVE-GANG AND THEIR DRIVER—THEY LAND AT THE VILLAGE—EXCITEMENT OF THE INHABITANTS—PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEGRO MEETING—ELOQUENCE OF THE PREACHER—CLASS-MEETING—INFLUENCE OF THE MEETING.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's shores I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But though slave they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask ;
Them from their delights to sever,
Them to torture, them to task.
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claims ;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

COWPER.

ON a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1817, I was seated at the window of a very pleasant room in the new brick house, meditating, while the rest of the family were preparing for church. Through the leaves and blossoms that clustered to and hung around the limbs of a large hawthorn tree, which stood near the window, I cast my eyes out upon the

beautiful Cumberland, and caught a glimpse of a fleet of flat boats floating slowly down the stream. I cried out, "Mother, mother! do see what a number of boats are coming; and I do believe they are going to land right there by the old sycamore tree."

"They are, indeed," said Mrs. Lyon; "and I do believe it is another gang of slaves, that those cruel men are going to take to Louisiana. There, don't you see the poor creatures on the deck, with their chains hanging to them? O, when will this cruel traffic cease! I was in hopes from what I heard your father say the other day, about Louisiana passing a law to prohibit slave-dealers from bringing any more into the country, that my heart would not be pained with such a sight again; but here it is, and I shudder at it."

While we talked and mused on the scene before us the boats were landed and safely cabled to the old sycamore or buttonwood tree. The colored people of the village were all in excitement when they understood that the poor slaves on the boats were going to have a meeting on shore, and that one of them, a pious old man, was going to preach. The master, or rather the tyrant, who held them in chains, had consented to let them come on shore to hold the meeting. The poor creatures felt very grateful, esteeming it a privilege to walk out on the land, and exercise their wearied limbs, for they had already been some time hampered with chains, and crowded together like a flock of sheep for the slaughter. In this act of kind-

ness, (as he wished and hoped it would be called,) the slave-holder had a two-fold object in view; he knew that exercise in the open air would be conducive to their health, and it was as great an object to him to take them into market looking well, as it was for a cattle drover to have his cattle in good plight when they arrived at the market-place; and then he thought this act of benevolence would secure the confidence of the slaves, and render him popular through the country as a slave purchaser. These were all selfish motives, but the poor slaves did not consider it so. They thought it a great privilege and an act of mercy in him.

It was something new and rather novel to have a slave-driver stop all his fleet on the Sabbath day,—especially as fine a day as this was to float down the stream,—for the purpose of holding a religious meeting.

The colored people were all busily engaged, some in circulating the word, others in asking leave and preparing to go, while others, who considered themselves rather under obligation to act as superintendents on the occasion, out of respect for the strangers, as well as for the credit of the village, were busily engaged in preparing seats, table, pitcher of water, and arranging them in order under a cluster of beautiful elms that stood not far from the landing. Among these were George Skinner, (borrowing the name of the master,) Bill Lyon, Abraham Bailey, Ben Bradley, and several others. While engaged in this labor

of love and respect, the following conversation took place.

"Abe, I wonder what on earf made dis here slave-driver let dem ar niggers hab dis here meetin'," asked Bill.

"Well now, Bill, I doesn't know, but I does be lieve, if I was one of dem ar niggers, I'd be mighty apt to run away while dey was havin' de meetin'," replied Abe.

George, who was a little more religious than the rest said, "I don't b'lieve if you was 'ligious 'nough to want to be holdin' a meetin', you'd be thinkin 'bout runnin' away."

"Well now, boys," said Ben, "don't you be mind-in' 'bout dat ar; dem slave-drivers will hab 'nough of 'em to watch 'em, I'll warrant you."

All things were soon in readiness, and the colored people came out of the boats one after another, with their chains clanking, until there were more than two hundred on shore. All were seated that could be, and the rest stood up, while the colored people of the village clustered around, and listened to a sermon, or rather an exhortation, delivered by a venerable looking man of fifty or sixty years of age. The speaker gave evidence, clearly, that he was a child of grace, and that he knew his sins were forgiven for Christ's sake; and while he exhorted his fellow-sufferers to trust in that God who rules the universe, his countenance beamed with delight, declaring to his congregation that God was his refuge. And while

he labored to impart comfort to his hearers, he said, "Brud'rin and sisters, we is not a goin' to lib always in dis world of trouble,—no, indeed. If we is faithful to our Lord and Master, he will say, 'It is enough, come up higher,' and den de 'Postle Paul says, 'Dese light afflictions will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Yes, brud'rin, soon, and it mout be very soon, we shall lay off dis poor body, and dese heavy chains, and dis immortal soul of yourn and mine will go to God dat give 'em."

With such remarks as these he closed, while the animated state of his feelings could be read in the language of his eye. "Now, brud'rin and sisters," said he, "we will hab a speakin' meetin', or a class-meetin', and, brud'rin, I wants you to speak of de goodness of God."

They commenced this part of their meeting in a very devotional frame of mind, by singing a part of the following beautiful hymn :

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
"When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
"Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away."

And as one after another arose with streaming eyes to speak of the mercies of God, they seemed to forget the heavy chains with which they were bound, and would speak of the goodness of God in converting their souls, and of the wonders of Emanuel, with an eloquence that nothing but the spirit of God can inspire. Many, while engaged in this exercise, would speak of the great trial under which they were suffering, by being torn away, one from a dear husband, another from a wife, another from a dear little infant in the cradle, others from father, mother, sisters, and brothers, to go they knew not where. "But this much I do know," said one; "the Lord has said he will go wid me, and keep me by his grace, and dat he will wipe all de tears from my eyes." The Lord poured out his spirit upon them, and truly they "sat together in an heavenly place in Christ Jesus."

O, never shall I forget the scene. It left an impression on my mind that time will not efface. The spot was sacred to me, and often have I visited it, and thought of the scene until it seemed to be again passing before my eyes. Neither shall I ever forget the selfish sneer of the slave-dealer, as he ordered them to the boats to be chained to their stakes. He said to his friends, "This job is worth money to me," meaning that it would inspire his human chattels with confidence and respect toward their owner. I cannot portray the countenance of that man as it appeared to me; indeed, my pen would fail if I should make the attempt. How different were the

feelings of that man from the emotions of those immortal beings he had chained, and was driving to a brutal slave market!

As they returned to the boats, some went shouting, some went weeping; some went slowly, others cheerfully, and all seemed to submit. But, I tell you, reader, there was some deep-felt groans. Methinks awful must be the feelings, and calloused the heart of any man who can persevere in the slave traffic, after witnessing such a scene as this. But such, no doubt, was the case with this slave-driver; for in a few hours the boats were uncabled and pushed from the shore, and wound their way down the stream to the distant port of New Orleans, and left the villagers to reflect on the horrors of the slave-trade. But then so many of them were partakers in it that this scene did not make that impression on their minds that it would have done in other days. I never witnessed another such a scene; for, soon after, to the satisfaction of all lovers of humanity, a law was passed to prohibit the slave-traders from bringing any more slaves to the Louisiana market for a certain length of time, for there were so many there already that they were afraid of an insurrection.

This scene left a very serious impression on the minds of the inhabitants of the village. All felt a sympathy for the slave, and an abhorrence of the slave-dealer and the slave-trade.

"The head must bow, and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkey may go ;
A few more days and the troubles all will end
In the fields where the sugar-canes grow ;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light ;
A few more days still we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night."

CHAPTER VIII.

PROSPERITY—BUILDING OF THE NEW MANSION—BUILDING AND LAUNCHING OF THE SCHOONER—SAIL WITH A VALUABLE CARGO FOR NEW ORLEANS—CHANGE IN THE COLONEL'S CIRCUMSTANCES—THE SCHOONER LEFT ON A SANDBAR—LOSS OF THE CARGO—COLONEL LYON RETURNS HOME—DISAPPOINTMENT AND ANXIETY OF MIND—SETTLES HIS BUSINESS SO AS TO RETAIN THE NEGROES IN THE FAMILY—APPOINTED AGENT TO THE CHICKASAW INDIANS IN ARKANSAS—FIRST TRIP TO THE STATION—BUSINESS MATTERS—RETURNS HOME—PLEASANT RECEPTION—RETURNS TO THE STATION, WITH MR. AND MRS. GRIFFIE AND AUNT LEANNA—DEATH OF GEORGE—SICKNESS OF THE COLONEL—HIS DEATH.

Up to the close of the war of 1812 the colonel was successful in all his business operations. He had one of the best improved farms in all the country, well stocked, and capacious out buildings in which to store the products of the soil, and everything gave evidence of thrift and good management. He had met with occasional losses, but not of sufficient magnitude to affect him permanently.

The old frame house had begun to look rather shabby, and the colonel and Mrs. Lyon had selected a beautiful eminence on the large bluff, not far from where Laura was buried, as a new building place. From this spot they had a very beautiful view of the river for more than two miles, with a full view of the village, which had become quite a town. It was

a delightful view. With one glance of the eye you could see farms and farm-houses, the water, with its crafts of every description landing their heavy burdens, and depositing them in the large ware-houses, farmers hurrying along the road with wagons loaded with tobacco and other produce ; and, in fact, all the business of the town could be seen at one view from the colonel's new building place. Here he built a splendid new house, which cost him five thousand dollars. His mercantile business was going on in the best manner possible ; he made his regular remittances to his eastern creditors, and he did a pretty good wholesale business, supplying the country merchants back from the river with all they could sell.

His boat yard yielded him a very handsome profit. He had built a number of gun-boats for government use, besides many other boats, such as keel-boats, barges, and schooners. These boats were in good demand at that time, there being but few steamboats. The colonel's political character stood very fair. He had been elected representative to the state legislature, and had served two terms as representative in congress ; and his friends and acquaintances had implicit confidence in him, at home and abroad. Mrs. Lyon, with all her caution and care, could see nothing that betokened his failure in business. The last year had been one of success and prosperity to all concerned with him. There had been a good many men employed in building the new house, which was almost finished ; and the boat hands were

engaged in building a large schooner, which was to be loaded with pork and beef, and taken down the Mississippi and then around to the city of New York, to meet payments and make new purchases. Everything was concentrated in this. All concerned knew the importance of the matter, and every effort was made to effect the object. The colonel said to himself, if this fail all is gone. The boat hands were very diligent, and often said, this boat shall be the finest one that ever ran upon the Mississippi. The colonel told the boys at the boat yard that if they would have her ready to launch by the first of April he would give a public dinner. This gave the workmen new energy, and the work went on with great speed till it was accomplished.

The dinner was announced, and a general invitation given to all, far and near. Every preparation was made to accommodate at least five hundred. It was thought best to have the dinner at the ship yard. This was the most satisfactory to the workmen. The tables were arranged in a beautiful shady bower, and loaded with every luxury that the country afforded, cooked in the best style. Aunt Leanna was there, and I assure you she did her part well.

The company assembled, and it was thought there were about one thousand persons present. After listening to a very interesting address on the subject of architecture, the schooner was started on rollers, and launched very gracefully into the deep. The colonel named it after his wife, Beulah Lyon; then

there was a great hurra, and music by as good a band as the country afforded. The company were then marched to the table in order. At a signal all were silent, and thanks were returned and a blessing invoked by a reverend old minister of the gospel named Templeton. They all partook of a bountiful meal, and were much refreshed. After many good wishes and hopes expressed in regard to the colonel and his schooner, they retired to their respective homes.

In as short a time as possible the schooner was finished and loaded to the water's edge with her valuable cargo. She was manned and pushed from the shore, the colonel accompanying her. The schooner and her load was valued at fifty thousand dollars. They glided smoothly and gently down the Cumberland and Ohio rivers, and entered the Mississippi. They had passed safely down the stream several hundred miles, although the water was falling very fast.

One evening as they were about to land, (for they dare not run in the night,) the colonel said to the sailors, "This water is very shallow, is it not?" They sounded and thought it to be perfectly safe, and all retired to bed, not anticipating any danger or trouble; but in the morning they found themselves almost on dry ground. All hands were very much surprised and shocked, and the worst of the matter was, there was no remedy but to wait the rise of the water. The colonel remained with the boat until it was left nearly half a mile from shore, on a sandbar.

The weather was excessively hot, and he soon found that his cargo of pork and beef was spoiled, or so damaged that it was beyond help. He then discharged all but a few of his men, who were to take care of the boat as well as they could until the water should rise. The colonel, with the other men, then got into the small boats and started for home. With a great deal of toil, exposure, and fatigue they finally all got home safe. Their friends had not heard anything from them for so long a time that they thought the probability was that they were lost in the Mississippi, and they were greatly rejoiced at their return.

Mrs. Lyon felt bad to see her husband so much out of health, and his mind so desponding. She did everything in her power to comfort and cheer him up, but all to little purpose.

"Dear madam," said he, "if I had been fearing and looking for this, as you have, it would not go so hard with me. By this time I ought to have been in New York, making my payments,—but where am I? here at home, sick in body and mind, and not a dollar to pay my creditors, and they holding twenty or thirty thousand dollars demands against me, and expecting me there every day to pay them."

"My dear husband," said Mrs. Lyon, "look at the property you have got in your hands."

"I know it," replied he, "but property is not money; and I cannot turn it into money in time. Those city men have no mercy on the western dealers;

they think we can make money like coining it, in this new country."

"O, my dear husband, don't be discouraged; I think there is some way you can get along in the matter. I do not want you to make yourself uneasy about me and the family; we can do without a great many of the blessings of life that we now have, and still be happy. There is but one thing I am uneasy about, and that is Leanna and the colored children. You know what you promised me on the subject, and I hope you will try and save them from perpetual bondage, if it is in your power.

"Madam Lyon, I will try and shield them somehow, if it is in my power, but those men may be here in a few days; I know the news has reached New York before this time, for it was in New Orleans before we left the boat, and they have constant communication between the two places. I shall not be surprised if some of them are here before to-morrow night."

"Well," said Mrs. Lyon, "what then, if they do come?"

"Indeed," said the colonel, "they will make a perfect sweep of everything we have got. If the demands were all in one man's hands it would not be so bad; I could then hope to do something; but there are several men who hold demands, and each one will be afraid that the other will take the advantage, and they will all rush matters, and so crush me at once. I see but one alternative, and if you will agree

to it, I think we may pay our creditors, and save ourselves a comfortable home, with the negroes in the family."

"Well, Colonel, tell me what it is."

"I will," said he. "I think we had better place all our property in our eldest son's hands, and bind him to pay the debts, and then dispose of the property that may be left as we may think best."

"Well, if that can be done, do it, for it will be placing yourself in a situation where you can pay your debts honorably, and save something for yourself in old age. I think no one will think the less of you; and then there will be some chance for the poor children and Leanna. I think you had better see about it immediately."

"My dear woman, do you realize that you will be entirely dependent upon your son?"

"O well, I have not the least uneasiness on that subject; and I think in doing that way we can save our new home, and set the colored people free. Yes, Colonel, and a great deal more. Certainly your property is worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes, more than that."

"Well, Colonel, in doing this way I hope you will not injure your creditors."

"O no; when I get the matter fixed, and any of them comes, my son can tell them that he will sell them any of the property at a reasonable price, and take my notes in payment; and indeed I will have to write to them and tell them the circumstances, and

that my son will sell them good property on reasonable terms, and take my notes in payment. I presume that some of them will be glad to get western property. I hope we will get along with the matter well. I will go and see my son."

The colonel was not long gone, but soon returned with his son. He then made over all his property to him in a legal way, the colored people not excepted, and then the agreement was written that the property that might be left after the payment of the debts, should be disposed of as they mutually thought best.

The colonel then wrote a letter to each one of his creditors, telling them that if they should think best to come there his son would buy the notes and pay the face of them in good property at a reasonable price.

It was not long before several of them were there. Some were very generous and admitted the colonel had adopted the wisest policy, and also believed that his motives were true and honest. Such men were willing to do anything that was right to settle the matter, and the son was able to settle with most of the creditors to their satisfaction.

But they were not all so kind and liberal. There was one man who held a note of fifteen thousand dollars; this was a note on which the colonel was security for a friend who had failed. This appeared hard, under the circumstances; but he was willing to pay as soon as his own creditors were satisfied. But the

man was unreasonable and contrary. He said it was all a sham arrangement, and he would see if he could not get hold of property. "Yes," said he, "I will show that Madam Lyon, as the old colonel calls her, that she can't have them niggers, settin' them up that they are to be free; no, indeed; the law will turn them into money to pay their honest debts; I'll try what can be done."

He did try, but with very poor success. At length he put up his sword of vengeance and waited their own time, and was glad to get it then. The colonel said to him, "It was for just such men as you that I prepared; for of honorable men I was not afraid."

The family moved into the new house, although the debts were not all paid. There was a fall in the price of property of all kinds, and it was thought best to pay interest on some of the notes rather than sacrifice property. Things became calm and lay in this way for some time, the son holding the property in his hands, and managing with it as he thought best.

The colonel thought he would apply to government for an office. He did so, and was appointed agent among the Chickasaw Indians, in Arkansas territory. The colonel's plans had all been frustrated; still, although he was getting quite advanced in age, he thought he could nerve himself for a new effort.

His new situation was a very laborious one, although it was quite lucrative. The labors consisted in making government payments to the Indians, sell

ing them goods, and taking in exchange every kind of peltry, such as buffalo, elk, deer, bear, &c.; and in addition to the common articles received in barter of the Indians, they bought cotton, which was raised quite extensively by the quadroons in that part of the country; and when they had received a sufficient amount they made remittances and received a new stock of goods.

These duties made the office very laborious. His salary was thirteen hundred dollars per year. Perhaps some may think this was great wages for so old a man,—for he was a very old man to think of such a thing; and indeed government scarcely thought he would accept. His family urged him not to. The sons said he should never want for anything, if he would abandon the idea, and stay at home with his family. But, with all their reasoning and entreaties, they could not dissuade him from it. He said,—“What if I am seventy years old? I am as active as many men are at forty; and then there is a sub-agent, a young man, who will perform all the laborious part of the business. See what a field of usefulness there is opening before me. Do let me go without any unhappy feelings on the subject. I must go one year, at least.” With this they gave the matter up; even Mrs. Lyon said it was no use; he would go if he died in the effort.

Mrs. Lyon wished to go with him, but it was considered inexpedient, on account of the Indians and the hardships that she would have to endure. They

did not know what convenience there would be for white folks, or, indeed, whether there was any or not. They knew that there had been an agent there the last year, but he did not do much good for anybody, and was removed. The station was at Spadrid Bluff, some distance above Little Rock, on the Arkansas river.

The family, finding that they could not persuade him to give up the undertaking, did all they could to assist him in getting ready. There was not much to do, for he thought a man had lived there, and he could live where anybody else could. His friends came from far and near to try to persuade him not to go, but all to no purpose.

His trunk and valise were placed on a steamboat; (steamboats had begun to venture up the Cumberland by this time.) His family lingered round the boat with feelings that could not be described. If they had been standing around his death bed they could not have felt any worse. After promising again and again to write as often as possible, the bell rang for the last time, and then the long farewell fell on the ear like the tolling of the death bell. They then hurried up the bank to catch the last glimpse of the departing boat, which was bearing away one whom they loved, and in all probability would never see again.

When they next heard from the old gentleman he had safely landed at his destined port, and had been cordially received by the sub-agent, who was looking

for him very anxiously, for he was lonely, as there was no other white man nearer than Little Rock.

Through the summer the colonel spent his time rather pleasantly. The young agent was intelligent, and possessed a very agreeable disposition, giving reverence and respect to age. The colonel had ordered a number of newspapers, the best that was published at that time. These, with a number of good books the colonel had taken with him, made quite a library, and thus they spent the time rather pleasantly together. During the summer they built a new house, fenced in a garden spot, and raised vegetables enough for their own use.

Winter came on, but not before they had received a new stock of goods. Sales began to increase. The hides, tallow, venison hams, fur, cotton, beeswax, honey, and everything of the kind began to come in rapidly. The colonel found that it would be necessary to build a flatboat to transport these articles to New Orleans. He wrote to the government on the subject, and they instructed him to build a boat and ship the produce to New Orleans, and there lay in a new stock of goods, if he thought best.

The colonel saw that it would be necessary, and a profitable business to have a cotton-gin in that country, for there were a good many quadroons there, who were very industrious, and raised a good deal of cotton. Wishing to encourage them, the colonel told them that they should have a gin for their next crop.

They had always picked it by hand before. He had one at home and had determined to bring it.

By the first of March he had his boat ready, and started for New Orleans. He went down the stream safely, made his sales, and laid in a fine stock of goods, placed them on a steamboat, and came with them up to the mouth of the Arkansas river. There they were reshipped and sent on to the Bluffs, while the colonel came on home to make a visit. He had written that he purposed doing so, if the state of the water would permit.

The family were all in anxiety. The time for his arrival had come and all things in the new house were prepared for his reception, and every heart beat high with expectation. The colonel happened to meet with the best boat on the river, and in a few days he was in the bosom of his family, in safety and health. His friends realized that this was almost a miracle, and certainly a special providence of God, that so old a man as he (he was nearly seventy-two years old) should have passed through so many dangers, seen and unseen, and return in safety after traveling over five thousand miles.

His friends thought this was enough, and if they could ever get him home they would keep him there. But in this they were much mistaken, for the colonel looked at the matter in a very different light. He had business arranged for several years ahead, and when his friends would endeavor to dissuade him from his purpose, he would say, "I see no impropri-

ety in it, for I may live eight or ten years yet, and O, how much good I can do in that time! I am sure I feel at least ten years younger than I did when I left home, and if I had staid here and housed up, in all probability I would have been dead and in my grave by this time."

In the evening, while the family were all clustered around him, he said, "I will tell you now what my purposes are, and I do not want one of you to do anything that will hinder me in the least, if it should lay in your power. In the first place, I wish to take the cotton-gin with me, and to do this I think I had better buy a small keelboat, and then I can take every article with me that I wish, without paying freight, and I wish to take a good deal with me, as I intend staying some time; and if I live I calculate to move all of my family that will go with me to Arkansas; and if the treaty with the Indians is ratified as it is expected to be, this spring, I calculate to move Madam Lyon and the youngest children next fall. I think that country will be settled very soon, and it will have many advantages over this. In the next place, I want to get a white man and his wife to go with me now, and take charge of the cotton-gin and the little farm I have opened; and I also want Leanna to go with me to cook my victuals and wash my clothes. I did not eat a meal of decent victuals while I was at the station. I hired a half Indian woman to cook for me a while but she did worse than

the interpreter; he had done our cooking before, and we put him at it again."

Here all gathered nearer and nearer to him for the purpose of hearing every word, and Aunt Leanna was standing at the kitchen door with all the colored children around her, listening attentively. The colonel said, "Mr. Jones, to whom I have become very much attached, and myself, have lived there alone on venison and bear meat broiled on the coals, and hoe-cake baked in the ashes, with coffee when we wished, and we have slept upon bear skins on the floor; I have not laid my old worn-out frame upon a feather bed since I left this house."

The family were all in a flood of tears at the poor old man's suffering, and Mrs. Lyon said, "My dear husband, wont you stay at home with your family, and take comfort the rest of your days? I have heard you say, more than once, that there was no place like home."

By this time the tears were stealing down the colonel's weather-beaten cheeks, and, drawing a long breath, with a mighty effort to collect his feelings, he said, "O no, dear woman, I must go back to my new home. I see a great field of usefulness there, and I hope to do some good before I die." They all knew him well enough to know that this was decisive.

Here Leanna stepped out into fair view, with her eyes overflowing with tears, and said, "Massa, if you wants me to go wid you I will go wid all my heart. You shant neber cook and eat bear meat, and lay on

de bear skins if I can help it. I know missus will let you hab one of de very best beds in de house, and eberything else 'bout de house dat you wants for your comfort, and I will go wid you and cook and wash for you, and keep de house clean. Here is de galls, dey can do de work for missus till she comes to dat new home."

One of the sons smiled and said, "Father, I don't know but you will be fitted out soon; I think I know of a man and woman that would suit you exactly, if it was not for one thing. The man sometimes drinks too much. That will not hurt him much, for he can get no liquor in that country. I think they would like to go, and Mrs. Griffie would be very kind to you if you should be sick."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lyon, "I would like to have her go, very much; she is an amiable woman."

"I suppose I can see them at any time," said the colonel.

"Yes; they live here in town." The subject was dropped for the present.

Previous to the colonel's journey to Arkansas, George was taken very sick, while away from home, at work. He was sent for, and brought home to Leanna's new brick house, which was built near the colonel's house on the hill. There he received all the attention that could be rendered by a skillful physician, and many kind friends besides Leanna; but with all their attentions he lingered a few weeks and died. Aunt Leanna felt very disconsolate after

his death. She said she did not want to be free now, since her husband was dead. She would rather live with her old master and mistress till they died, anyhow.

The colonel enjoyed a very pleasant visit with his family and many friends, who came from all parts to see him. And now he began to think of returning. He had seen Mr. Griffie, and made an arrangement with him and his wife to go. Aunt Leanna was firm to her purpose. The colonel told her that if she would go with him and stay one year, she should have good wages and be set free in Arkansas, or be brought back to Kentucky and be free. She did not appear to care anything about her freedom, but was determined to go with her old master, and to do all she could to make him comfortable.

The colonel bought a nice keelboat, and put into it the cotton-gin and a great many necessaries for the convenience of the company, besides a good many tools for mechanics and agriculturists. Everything was comfortably arranged, and they started in fine spirits, the boat well manned for running down stream. They anticipated getting a steamboat to tow them up the Arkansas river. They had a very pleasant trip to the mouth of the Arkansas. But when they got there they found the water so low that it was impossible for any steamboat to ascend the stream. This was a great disappointment to them all. But the colonel aroused all his energies, and said it would not do to lay here and wait for the wa-

ter to rise, for he was in a hurry to return. He had been nominated as a delegate to congress, and it was necessary that he should be there immediately.

With a great deal of difficulty the colonel succeeded in procuring hands sufficient to manage the boat, and they proceeded slowly up the river. They had to endure a great deal of hardship in the latter part of their journey. The water was low, and the atmosphere about the stream was very unhealthy. The colonel thought the circumstances compelled him to do all he could to assist in getting along, and he would frequently pole and bush-whack, (that is, catch hold of the bushes ahead of the boat and pull with all his strength,) and as he was very fleshy, and the weather warm, it fatigued him very much. Mrs. Griffie and Aunt Leanna felt very uneasy for fear they would all be sick.

Leanna would often talk to Mrs. Griffie in this way: "La's a-massy, I's so 'fraid old massy will git sick and die here in dis nasty old boat, on dis dirty riber! La! it is 'nough to kill all of us! And den, jist see how hard he works. I am 'fraid old massy will die; and den how dat old missus and dem poor childrens will feel; and den what will we do here in this strange country. Now, Missus Griffie, I felt bad 'nough, I tell you, when I left 'em all. Dere is old missus and all her children, and dere is my own children, and dem poor orphan children; but dey is all gittin' big 'nough to take care of demselves; but dere is old missus and my new house; it did make me feel

so bad to leave dem ;” and here she burst into a flood of tears.

“Leanna, you must not feel so bad,” said Mrs. Griffie ; “you look at the dark side of the picture ; you must hope for the best ; perhaps we shall have fine times in this new country.”

They arrived at the station about the last of June, and found all well and doing well. Mr. Jones had made good sales, and business was prospering. They had got in a good garden, and it looked fine. Aunt Leanna’s heart was cheered to see her new home look so pleasant. The household furniture and comforts were soon arranged in good order by her, and the house looked very different to the colonel and Mr. Jones. They promised themselves much comfort, if life should be spared. But O how transient are all things here below.

After they had got pretty well regulated, Mr. Jones said, “Colonel, I would like to see those gentlemen now that called on you a few weeks before your return.”

“Who were they ?”

“They were some politicians from Little Rock and the missionary station.”

“I saw those from Little Rock as I came up the river, and they said they would be here soon ; and those from the missionary station will be here to-day, perhaps.”

They had scarcely closed the conversation when they saw the gentlemen spoken of riding up to the

gate. The colonel took his hat and cane and started out to receive them, but first turned to Leanna and said, "These are some gentlemen from the missionary station, and some of them are ministers of the gospel. They have come to make us a visit, and I wish you to accommodate them in the very best manner possible, under the circumstances, and, if necessary, Mrs. Griffie will assist you."

The colonel received his friends with warm-hearted cordiality and politeness. They were surprised at the change that had taken place in and around the house. They congratulated the colonel on his safe return, and said that they hoped the first Monday in August would tell the glad story that he was their representative. They said that nothing should be lacking on their part to effect the object in view. They had been there longer than the colonel, and they thought there was no man in the territory that would suit so well as he, and they were well persuaded that he would be elected.

They protracted their visit for some days, and all enjoyed it very well. The colonel had laid in a great many little necessaries for the family, such as fruit, oranges, lemons, wine, and spices of every kind; and Aunt Leanna thought she had perfect liberty and used them with a liberal hand, and the table was graced with many luxuries, rare in a new country. And Leanna was delighted to see her master and his company enjoy themselves, and she said to Mrs. Griffie, "Surely, we is gwyne to hab fine times here in

dis new country,—jist as if old missus was here and all de children, hern and mine, and den massa git a big house built, and hab all dat nice furniture in it; la! Missus Griffie, wouldn't dat be nice?"

"O yes, Leanna, and if life is spared I think your master will do a fine business here. But life is uncertain, and he is an old man. The young may die, but we know that the old must die soon."

Poor woman, she knew but little of what awaited her for the next few months. Things moved on very pleasantly at the station, with considerable excitement on the subject of the election.

On the thirteenth day of July the colonel penned a long letter to his family, stating the situation of his business, the prospect of an amicable treaty with the Indians, and the probability of his election, and closed by saying: "I never felt more encouraged in trying to do good than I do here. Everything is flattering. But life is uncertain, and I realize it so."

A few evenings after this he was rather unwell when he went to bed, and in the night he awoke Mr. Jones, and told him that he thought he was attacked with the billions fever, and that he wished him to bring his Medical Adviser to him, and read the symptoms of that disease. He did so, and they corresponded very nearly with his. "Now, will you bring me my medicine box, which is in that large trunk?" This was done. "Now," said he, "there is, in that box, a prescription of medicines made out, with directions to be followed in this disease. I wish you

to follow the directions precisely. Do not vary, and whether I live or die, I shall think you have done right."

Mr. Jones did as the colonel directed, and everything else that could be was done to promote his comfort and give him relief. Every person near the station gave him their entire attention. The missionaries were sent for. They were about twenty miles off, but arrived as soon as possible. They felt very gloomy, and told the colonel there was but little hope of his recovery. They then sent immediately to Little Rock, a distance of forty miles, for a physician.

Aunt Leanna's heart was bowed down; she did not sleep nor eat. Mrs. Griffie was very attentive, and left nothing undone that would in the least degree promote his comfort.

They all began to realize that nothing could stop the destroyer. Through the missionaries, who staid several days, the dying man arranged his business matters, and provided, as he supposed, for the freedom and safe return of Leanna with Mr. Griffie and his wife. He requested that his coffin should be made of hard wood, and then a large box put around it, and the space between the two filled up with lime. This he thought would preserve the whole, until the family could send and have his remains taken home to be interred in the family burying-ground.

Having arranged all his government business, leaving all moneys and papers in the hands of the sub-

agent, he said, "I have nothing to do but to die. If I could have died at home, with my family, I would have been thankful. But I am thankful that I have so many friends and comforts around me. I feel grateful to you all, and hope you will have such care and attention when you sicken and die." He then placed one hand in Mrs. Griffie's and the other in Leanna's, saying, "Farewell, farewell. Tell my family I loved them, and would gladly have died in their embrace, but Providence has ordered otherwise. I think I was in the way of duty, and had I reached the mouth of the Arkansas in time to have come up on a steamboat, I might have lived for several years yet; but the exposure on the river at that season of the year has undoubtedly shortened my days. But we did what we thought was for the best. Now I am about to die, I wish you to tell Madam Lyon that all was done that could be done. Tell her I am willing to die, if she is living when you get home;" and with a slight struggle he ceased breathing on the first day of August, 1822.

O, who can describe the heartfelt sorrow of those who stood around his bed, when they looked upon him and saw that his last enemy had gained the victory, when they looked upon his noble form and realized that his spirit had gone to God who gave it. They hoped he had gone to the rest that remains for the people of God. The missionaries had prayed with and for him, and they had hope in his case.

They proceeded to bury him as he directed. All

at the mission, and all within a reasonable distance came to the funeral. The missionary preached the funeral sermon, and made some remarks on their great loss, and then they committed his remains to the cold, silent earth, to remain there until his friends could come and remove them to the family burying-ground. This they did some years afterward. He was brought home in a box of lime. The inner coffin was injured but very little. It was placed in a large box of new lime, and came very safely on a steamboat. He was reinterred with Masonic honors, and some four or five thousand people attended on the occasion. A funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. John Johnson, station preacher of the M. E. church, at Nashville, Tennessee, who was there on a visit to his friends in the vicinity. He was a particular friend of the colonel. This scene and the circumstances attending it have been talked of and thought of with a great deal of interest, and will be for generations to come. We will leave the reader to imagine what must have been the feelings of the speaker on the occasion, while he was endeavoring to portray this man's character to the people with whom he had lived so long, under such peculiar and varied circumstances, and whom they had loved and revered so much.

After the ceremonies were over, the coffin lid was lifted, and all that could see, (and they were placed in the best situation to see,) saw his features distinctly; but as soon as the air touched the form it fell into

a shapeless mass of dust. (I had forgotten to state that the coffin was lined with sheet lead; that, it is thought, had a tendency to preserve the form.) Then all that was left of his mouldering remains was laid by the side of Madam Lyon in the family burying-ground, a place having been reserved for him. They ever intended to bring his remains home, but had been prevented, by providential circumstances, until now.

Mrs. Lyon died a peaceful, christian death, in the arms and bosom of her own dear family, on the 7th day of February, 1824, being about eighteen months, or a little more, after the colonel's death. She died with but one bitter reflection, and that was, "I fear these children will never be free, and I fear my children will all be slave-holders. There is very strong intimations of it now. This is the awful consequence I feared, when we were about to buy George. But none of them are of age yet, and I will hope that they may be free when the debts are paid." With this reflection she comforted herself. "I have done everything in my power to make all happy, and to keep any from being slaves or slave-holders," said she, "and I can die in peace, and bless the Lord for his supporting grace."

I held her hand in mine while she struggled with the last enemy, and victory was hers. The sacred dust of both lies side by side, on the large bluff on which Laura was buried. There was but few to follow her to the grave. They are encircled in a large

family vault. The most of the family lie there with them, to wait the morning of the resurrection. O may they be among the just!

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for its woes, full enough for its cheer.

"I would not live alway,—no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bids me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

"O who would live always away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

"There the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren triumphant to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is a feast to the soul."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. GRIFFIE AND WIFE WITH AUNT LEANNA START FROM THE STATION—MRS. GRIFFIE'S DEATH—AUNT LEANNA'S DETENTION AT THE MOUTH OF WHITE RIVER—LETTERS WRITTEN TO AUNT LEANNA—HER DEPARTURE FROM WHITE RIVER, AND SAFE ARRIVAL HOME—RECEIVES HER FREE PAPERS—DEATH OF MADAM LYON'S YOUNGEST SON—AUNT LEANNA AND MRS. LYON LIVE WITH HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER—HER DEVOTION TO GOD, AND HER HAPPY DEATH—AUNT CHLOE'S DEATH.

THERE was a rise in the Arkansas river in a few weeks after the colonel's death, and the little steam-boat, built for the purpose of running on that river, came up. Mr. and Mrs. Griffie and Aunt Leanna took passage on the boat, and were soon on their way home. When they arrived at the mouth of the Arkansas river they changed their boat for one that was going up the Mississippi.

Aunt Leanna felt quite cheerful; she realized that she was in the hands of kind friends, and on her way to her old mistress; and that morning, after they left the mouth of the Arkansas, she said to Mr. Griffie, "I is so glad we is got most home! We will be home soon, for it don't take dese big boats long to go dat far, if dey is gwyne up stream; den I shall see old missus. O, dis makes my heart feel so glad, when I thinks 'bout seein' her and all de children! Wont you be glad, Missus Griffie, to see dat pretty town, and all our friends?"

"O yes," said Mrs. Griffie; "but, Leanna, you must not feel too nice about it; something may happen yet. We may all be drowned in the Mississippi, and not get home at last."

As Mrs. Griffie said this she passed by Leanna, and went to the other end of the boat. While Leanna was still sitting, the engineer stopped the boat, and cried out, "Some one is hurt! some one is hurt!" All was confusion, and in a few minutes a man passed by Leanna carrying Mrs. Griffie in his arms, perfectly insensible. "She is dead," cried the captain; "turn the boat to shore." Mrs. Griffie was laid into her berth, and a physician called. He made an examination, and thought there were some intimations of life; but he said some of her limbs were broken as often as three times, that her jaw was broken, and her skull very badly fractured. In passing a wheel of the engine the skirt of her dress caught in it, and she was injured in the manner described. A crowd soon gathered around her, but Mr. Griffie and Aunt Leanna were nearest to her, ready to do anything for her relief. After rubbing her with some stimulating liniment, and trying to start the blood, (which was all that could be done,) she gasped once, and sank away forever.

The captain ordered the boat to return to the mouth of White river, and leave the corpse there, for they had not passed it far when the accident happened. They were put on shore, and soon found their way to

a tavern, where they received all the kindness that could be shown them.

Mrs. Griffie was buried in a neat and respectful manner. Mr. Griffie talked every day of starting home, but Leanna was grieved to see him often visit the bar and drink to excess. In a few days he became perfectly stupid to everything but the contents of the bottle and glass. Leanna would often try to rouse him, but to no purpose. One day she said,—“Now, Mr. Griffie, I does not b'lieve you is goin' at all, and if you will jist let me hab de money I will go home by myself.”

“O no, Leanna, I could not trust you to go by yourself for fear of some accident. You might fall overboard, or be killed, like my wife, and then who would take care of you?” Here he burst into a flood of tears, and took the glass and drank a draught of brandy, saying, “This is all that keeps my heart from breaking.”

“La! Mr. Griffie, dat is jist what makes you feel so much worser. My poor heart is almost broke, but I don't drink whisky,—no, indeed; and you will jist drink up all de money, so we can't go home. Now, you jist go and pay your bill, and put de things on de boat, and we will be home in a few days.”

Mr. Griffie did not show any signs of starting, and Aunt Leanna said, “I has paid my bill, and if you will give me ten dollars, I will go home, right straight.”

“La! Leanna,” said Mr. Griffie, “somebody will

kidnap you and take you down to New Orleans, and sell you as a slave."

"Ah! but dey can't get my free papers."

"Why, Leanna, your free papers are not good for anything, they are not recorded. They will do you no good until you get home and get them recorded."

"O well," said she, "we must stay here no longer. What is you gwyne to do?" and looking at him with one of her peculiar glances, she continued, "I jist b'lieves you has been playin' cards, and spent all de money."

"Well now, Leanna, I will tell you the truth. I am bound to quit drinking, and go and earn money to get home with."

"Well, where is you gwyne?"

He told her he would go on a boat as clerk or steward, and soon earn money enough to take them home. Leanna told him she could earn some money, but he replied that if she could earn enough to pay her board she would do pretty well.

Leanna turned around and sighed deeply. "O, my blessed Lord," thought she, "what will I do, left here widout friends and widout money? And Mr. Griffie says my free papers wont do me any good, caze dey aint recorded." She was seated in a lonely spot, with her head resting on her hand, while her eyes were diffused with tears, and her heart was throbbing as though it would break, when the landlord approached her and said, "Leanna, what makes you feel so bad?"

"O dear, massa," said Leanna, "I feels so bad caze I wants to go home to my old missus and de children. And Mr. Griffie is so mean and good for nothing, he has been drinking and playing cards, and spent all de money, and now he says he is gwyne to work on de boats to git money to take us home; and he will neber do dat, caze he will neber save any money; he will jist drink it up as fast as he gits it. He says it's caze he's got so much trouble. Now, dat's no way to stop trouble; it only makes lots more trouble. Jist see, if it wasn't for dat, I mout been home long 'fore dis time. O dear me! what shall I do?"

"If you will tell me where your folks live," said the landlord, "and who to write to, I will write to your master, and have him send for you."

"I will," said she, "and I will go to work in de kitchen and help your wife all de time till dey sends for me."

She dashed away the tears and went to work with her usual ease and style. The landlady said she exceeded everything she had ever before had in her kitchen, and she prevailed on her husband not to write to her master, but to wait until the man came for her, which she hoped he never would do. Leanna worked on until the time for a letter had arrived, and then she began to be uneasy, and thought it was possible they had not written; but they told her that they supposed the letter had been miscarried, and that they would write again. Leanna went to work again, grieving about home. Her situation had

impaired her health very much. She waited patiently for the letter to arrive, but it never came, and she told them what she thought. She said, "If my massa know'd I was here, he would send for me mighty quick; and I knows dey's most crazy caze I don't come home. De missionary wrote to dem 'fore we left de station, how I was comin' home wid Mr. Griffie; but dey don't know poor Mrs. Griffie is dead, and Mr. Griffie has used up all de money, and left me here in all dis trouble,—no, indeed. If old mis-sus know'd whar I was, and how much trouble I has seen, she would make 'em send after me, mighty quick. I know dese folks neber wrote a single word, no, indeed. I will jist go down to Mr. Wait's and git him to write to massa, and den dere will be a letter come, mighty quick, wid de money to take me home."

She went to Mr. Wait and told her story. He listened with great interest, and then sat down and wrote a letter, telling all Leanna's troubles. There was a quick reply, with money to pay all charges, directing Mr. Wait to put her under the care of the captain of the best boat that run on the Cumberland river. Leanna's friends were uneasy about her, and wished to see her very much. Her health was much impaired, (when Mr. Wait took her to his house,) from having worked so hard at the tavern. The folks at the tavern undertook to say that Mr. Wait was intending to kidnap her, but when the letter came it set all right, and was plain evidence that the

landlord had never written a word to Leanna's master.

When Mr. Wait told her the news, she skipped over the floor, clapped her hands, and said, "Bless de Lord, all my friends is not dead yet; and now I is gwyne home to see old missus and de children." But then she thought of Mrs. Griffie's last admonitions, and said, a little more moderately, "I does hope I shall live to see my dear old missus." She turned to Mr. Wait and said, "I is so glad, and so much 'bliged to you! I will neber git tired of bein' thankful to you, as long as I live, caze if it hadn't been for you I would jist died in dat nasty tavern; caze I was 'fraid to say I was sick. Jist see how much better I is since I come to your house; and how good you has been to write to my massa, and I know he will pay you well for all your trouble."

"That matter is all settled," said Mr. Wait. "Your master sent money to pay all charges, and here is some left after paying your fare on the boat. The captain says he knows your master, and will see you safe home."

"Bless de Lord!" said she; "I will sarve de Lord all my days, caze he has delivered me out of all my troubles."

Leanna soon collected her things, and was on the boat and on her way home; but she was every moment dreading some accident. Through the providence of God, however, she was permitted to arrive in safety, to the joy of all the family. She soon had

free papers written by her young master, as he was the one to give her freedom legally. The colonel knew this, but he thought the papers he had written for her would be some comfort to her, and perhaps of some advantage if any accident should occur while she was traveling. Her papers were recorded, and Leanna was free; but she insisted that she did not care about freedom; all she wanted was to live with her old mistress as long as she lived. She did not consider that she might live longer than her mistress, although she did, many years.

Mrs. Lyon's health was very poor when she heard of the colonel's death. She had just recovered from a severe attack of billious fever, and she never perfectly regained her health afterward. Her youngest son was improving a new farm, and she told him, after the colonel's death, that she thought to break up house-keeping in the new brick house, and resign it, with the best furniture, to her eldest son, to whom it legally belonged, then go and live a quiet life the remainder of her days, in his little cottage on the new farm. She and Aunt Leanna would keep house for him.

With this he was well pleased, and they were soon moved on the farm. Mrs. Lyon and Aunt Leanna spent the next summer very pleasantly in their new home; but ere September rolled around they had another shock, which was too much for Mrs. Lyon, and she did not survive it long. Her youngest son, the one on whom her hopes for the future were fixed,

was taken very ill, and his life despaired of; but at length he appeared better, and rode out several times, and was just preparing to take another ride, when a tumor on his lungs broke, and he died instantly, without the privilege of saying farewell, or one word to comfort the aching heart of his fond mother. This was a great trial to her; it appeared to destroy almost entirely the energy of her nervous system.

She then went to live with her youngest daughter, Elizabeth Ann, who was married to Dr. J. Roe. She thought a great deal of her son-in-law, for he was very kind to her. She has often been heard to say that she had no child she loved better than she did him. With these children she lived very pleasantly. They were much opposed to slavery, and soon after her death moved to Illinois, that they might spend their days in a free state, or where African slavery was not tolerated. While residing with them, she died a peaceful death, as spoken of in a former chapter. May my last end be like hers, peaceful and triumphant.

Leanna was with Mrs. Lyon in her last illness, and was ready and willing to do all in her power to contribute to her ease and comfort. She thought it a privilege if she could but give her a sup of drink, and Mrs. Lyon thought it a privilege to receive comfort from the same hand that had administered comfort to her dear husband in a far distant land.

After Mrs. Lyon's death Leanna wished to have a house built close by those children with whom Mrs.

Lyon died, that she might have the comfort of living near them until her death. This was done, and she was as happy as she could be, with the loss of so many dear friends. She devoted her last days most sincerely to God, and felt that there was nothing true but heaven. And long since she sleeps in the colored people's burying-ground, not far from the resting-place of the colonel's family and many other dear friends. There she rests in the stillness of death, with George and Anna by her side, and near two of their children, the eldest and little Maria.

I cannot close this chapter without giving some further particulars of the life and death of Aunt Chloe. Not long after Mrs. Lyon moved into the new brick house Mr. Baker saw fit to put Aunt Chloe on a farm that joined the colonel's, where he kept a large number of negroes at work. Aunt Chloe was house-keeper for them. Mrs. Baker thought her rather old and clumsy to superintend her work, as she had learned several girls to do work to suit very well; so she must now be shipped off to live on her peck of corn and a few pounds of pork a week, and do all the work for the large family that lived in this manner. It is true it was not much to cook what little they had to eat, but she often worked out of doors very hard. It was a great satisfaction to her to live so near Mrs. Lyon; she visited her often, and Mrs. Lyon would make her presents of something to eat, drink, and wear, for which Aunt Chloe was very grateful.

Aunt Chloe still had prayer-meetings in her cabin, and lived as religiously and prayed as fervently as ever. She enjoyed great peace in serving the Lord. She was no doubt preparing for her great and happy change, which took place in July, 1821, she being about sixty years old. Her master, Mr. Baker, was not very kind to her during her last illness. A little girl was sent to do the work and stay with her, but she paid very little attention to Aunt Chloe. Mrs. Lyon and her youngest daughter visited her often, and did all they could to mitigate her sufferings, and make her comfortable where she was. They would gladly have taken her home to their own house and made her more comfortable than she was, and when she died would have given her a decent burial; but this they were not allowed to do.

But when she died Mrs. Baker said, "I suppose we shall have to give her a sheet and a coffin, like white folks, or the old colonel's folks will make a mighty fuss." In consequence of this, they gave her a half-way decent burial, for they thought they would be applauded for it. Mrs. Baker did not know how often Mrs. Lyon and her daughter had been to the little hovel,—for it could be called nothing else; she did not know how often they had conversed with her about her prospects of heaven, immortality, and eternal life; she did not know how bright her prospects were, for she had not asked her. But when Mrs. Lyon would talk to her about these things, her eyes would brighten, and she would say, "Bless de Lord,

missus, I soon shall be free. I soon shall go whar my blessed Savior is, and dwell foreber dare." These were her views when she closed her eyes in death, in that dirty little hut, not fit for a decent hog-pen. Happy, happy death! I could say, let my last end be like hers, rather than live in sin and folly, surrounded with all the blessings of life, and die without the life of God in the soul, and without the knowledge of pardoned sin. O may my heavenly Father bless my readers, and guide us all in the good and right way, "even unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," is my prayer.

CHAPTER X.

SLAVERY AND ITS EVILS—A HOPEFUL REMEDY.

If my readers will exercise a little patience and forbearance toward me, I will give them my views on this great and exciting topic in a plain and concise manner.

In my view, slavery is a great national sin and a very great evil, religious, political, and social; and it will be an evil continually, as long as it exists. There are but few persons in North America who will not admit that it is a great wrong to hold men, women, and children in perpetual bondage, and take away from them those rights and privileges which the author of their existence, as well as the christian government under which they live, has guaranteed to the children of men, which are,—the dictates of conscience, pursuit of pleasure, protection of life and property, suffrage at the polls, eligibility to office, and many other privileges which we know too well, by personal observation, the American slave is deprived of. American slave, did I say? Yes, it is too true. America, our gospel-favored land, is teeming with more than three million slaves, who are subject to the will and control of their masters, whether christian or infidel. O, this is a dark spot in the his-

tory of our beloved country; and this would not be the case long,—no, this dark spot would be wiped away as with one mighty stroke,—if our warm-hearted, generous-minded, and aspiring southern friends could view the matter as it really is. If their hearts were rightly affected on the subject, they would rise in one mighty phalanx to wipe this stain from our beloved nation. Many of them, at the present time, would rejoice to realize that there was not a slaveholding state in the Union. And well they might, for if they would just step over into one of our free states, and see how cheerful and happy the inhabitants are, where every one is their own servant, realizing the truth of the old adage, “If you want a good servant serve yourself,” while there is a mutual feeling existing among them in all their political, religious, and social relations. They are free men and women, enjoying equal rights and privileges. Happy thought! Who would not enjoy this state of things? Surely, all christians and true republicans would.

 Methinks I hear each, and I would to God all, of the slave-holding community say, “I truly see and feel the evil of the slave-holding system, and I for one will do all in my power to do away with that evil, in my own family, at least. In my own family I have an influence, and I am resolved to exert that influence in favor of any consistent system that will have a tendency to remove the evil.” Were this the case, the sin and shame of American slavery would

be among the things that are not. Whose heart would not rejoice were this the case? Is it not a grief to every reflecting mind that there is such a dark cloud hanging over our blessed nation? It is truly a blessed nation. But who can tell the blessings and mercies of which this sin has robbed it?

Could our southern friends lay aside the prejudice of education, and shake off the force of habit, and view the subject as they truly ought, I think there is but few but what would cry out from the innermost recesses of their hearts, and say, "It is a great sin and shame to us, as a nation, and as individual citizens of America, O let us do all in our power to wipe this stain away, by helping them to become a free, moral, happy, and distinct people, in Africa, their fatherland; or, if not there, in some part of North America, where they may have the gospel to comfort and inspire, laws to govern, schools to instruct, lands to possess and inhabit; where they may enjoy liberty of conscience, the purest of pleasures, eligibility to office, and suffrage at the polls. Then they will have something to live for and aspire to—the love of God and man, the love of country and home, the love of truth and honor, and the love of society, religious, political, civil, social and domestic. Would not this be a happy change in their situation. Yes, yes, says every one that will investigate the subject.

But there are objectors, and they will find and throw many obstacles in the way of colonization. But, in my view, the greatest obstacle is the want of

decision. I have always thought when this point was gained one half the object was attained; and experience and observation have confirmed this idea.

As a nation, we have been convinced long since that American slavery is a woeful evil, and many wish it removed. But how it shall be removed is the great question to be solved. If the nation, or at least the anti-slavery part of it, would become united, how great would be their strength! For in union there is strength. I do not mean strength of arms, or power to compel,—no, indeed. I have reference to the power of moral suasion. This is a powerful weapon, and when used in love and mercy in this case, who can tell how great an influence it may have? I have no doubt but it would produce great and happy results in behalf of the colonization system, and I sincerely wish all would unite for once, and try it, for a few years, at least, and see if it will not produce results that nothing else ever has.

One great objection to colonization is the expense attending it. But I would ask the objector if he thinks the expense of colonizing all the colored people of America to Africa, their rightful home, would compare with the expense of a national war, without counting the sin, bloodshed, and shame there would be in such a strife? I think the emphatic answer would be, No, I pray the good Lord to save this once blood-bought land from such a painful struggle as that. And so say all the noble sons and daughters of America.

Most certainly, all who are informed on the subject will admit that there has been much done by the present colonization system. Few who have observed the movements of colonization on the coast of Africa but have been made to rejoice in its prosperity. Although they have encountered so much severe opposition, and suffered so much affliction, yet out of this the Lord has brought them, and they now stand on an eminence which is rising higher and higher as a beacon light to this nation, saying,—“Brethren, see what can be done with but little, very little means, and that, too, under the most discouraging circumstances. Brethren, unite in the noble cause, God will own and bless your efforts. Just try it; you can tell from the result of a little what a great deal will produce.”

With pleasure I have traced the lines which told of their onward and upward course, and I have often dropped the silent tear over their discouragements, while my heart would pour out a fervent prayer into the ear of the God of the missionary for their success; and thrice happily has my heart rejoiced at their success and prosperity.

With emotions of joy have I read of ships starting with emigrants for Liberia, mostly from Virginia. It gladdens my heart to think that so many go from slave-holding states, and are liberated for that purpose. This inspires me to believe that all that is necessary to effect a thorough colonization is a proper investigation of the matter as it really is, and a judi-

cious incitement to duty, and what all should consider a privilege. Then there will be such a coming up to this great and noble work as will astonish the world.

Will you, my friends, my slave-holding friends, just look over to the coast of Africa, and see the happy change there since the missionary first set his foot on the shore? There he planted the standard of the cross, and declared salvation by faith in the Son of God. There you can now see churches, well arranged and filled to overflowing with immortal beings, hungering and thirsting for the word of life. The heralds of salvation are pressing their way into the interior of the country, and laboring, with all the earnestness of soul that characterizes the messengers of peace and salvation, to impart to them the bread of life, and lead them to the waters of salvation. There you can see the happy change of civilization, spreading its fertilizing influence all around. The nurseries of education are well filled, and the African character is developed in the gospel minister, the honored politician, the merchant, mechanic, farmer, &c. Does not this tell favorably for colonization? It certainly does; and all that is wanting is to lay aside prejudice and doubt on the subject, and with a prayerful heart and a candid mind investigate the matter; and you will find that it can be done. I have been taught, by precept and observation, that where there is a will there is a way, and I believe it.

How soon after the resolution was formed by our patriotic forefathers that they would throw off the yoke of tyranny and be free, although under the most discouraging circumstances, it was done ; and how glorious the triumph and happy the result, while they tendered to God their warmest thanksgiving and praise.

Little did they think that in less than a century America, their new and free republic, would be teeming with millions of slaves. How they would have revolted at the idea! Nevertheless, it is so; and now the great inquiry is, how shall we extricate ourselves from the evil?

In my opinion, colonization is the only system by which this evil can be consistently, happily, and successfully removed. The south has long been favorably disposed toward the system. They see a consistency in it, and are willing to operate on this plan; and could the north lay aside their prejudices against this system, and come up as the heart of one man in this great cause of benevolence and humanity, there is no doubt but that it would be accomplished. All that is necessary to effect this object is, all together, all of one mind, and all at one time, to resolve that they will do all that is in their power to colonize the Africans of North America in their own fatherland.

Could this state of feeling be brought to bear on this powerful nation, on each state and community, and each individual, it would draw forth a tribute

from them to this great cause. Then how sweetly would each little rill wind its way to an ocean that would bear them home to the pearly shores of Africa, where they may enjoy nationality and citizenship, with all its high and happy privileges. Whose heart would not burn with a desire to contribute something to this great cause of love, humanity, and christian philanthropy?

Many warm-hearted friends say they would gladly contribute to this blessed cause. It is necessary, then, in the first place, that you show moral decision. If you have not formed the resolution before, do it now, and say, as for us we are determined to throw our influence in favor of the colonization system. Then contribute liberally of moral suasion, not compulsion. As far as you have influence, give liberally of that, and this will contribute much to the cause—perhaps more than you are aware of. Just think of what influence you have in church, state, community, or neighborhood. In your own family you have an influence without doubt; and, wherever we have an influence, let us contribute kindly and perseveringly to the colonization system. It will also be necessary to contribute pretty freely from the purse. This touches the tender conscience of some who are very careful of the dimes. But in my view there is no benevolent purpose carried on successfully without money.

It would gratify the desire of my heart very much to see family colonization societies formed throughout

the United States. Let each family be organized into a society, and let them contribute liberally of their means, as God has given them; and let that society be auxiliary to a neighborhood or township society, and that auxiliary to a county society, which should be auxiliary to a state society, and that to a national society, the officers of each society operating in unison. What union and strength there would be in this effort! One object, one feeling, desire, and purpose. How cheering to the heart to realize, while one family society is convened to transact business, each member contributing his influence and money, that near by there is another society convened, and just there another, and yonder another,—all offering in the name of the Lord their tribute, be it large or small. These commingling together will form a rivulet which will find its way to the township or neighborhood society. Here other rivulets come in and form quite a stream, which flows on to the county society; and with pleasure we see these many streams forming a larger stream, which will press its way with considerable force to the state society.

O, how the officers will be cheered and gratified to see what a stream has accumulated here from those little fountains and rivulets that started away yonder in those family societies. Who would have thought it? What! all this money thrown into the treasury of the Lord, to be used for this benevolent purpose, and that from so little effort?

But we will not leave it here; no, indeed. We

here see it form a mighty, mighty stream, which will flow on to the United States society, whose many tributaries will form an ocean which will bear on its bosom the three millions and a half of Africa's oppressed sons and daughters to their fatherland, where they may individually become citizens of an independent government, and aspire to dignified offices. There they may become tillers of the rich soil; they may be proprietors or stockholders in banks, railroads, vessels, wharves, and many such enterprises; by which, with industry and economy, they may become honored, worthy, and useful citizens. Ah, happy thought! How the heart pulsates with hope and desire while the inquiry is suggested, Can this ever be the case? Let me tell you, kind reader, there is strength and influence in union. Come, then, let us try the family colonization system. But some will say that this is nothing more than children's play; we can never do anything in that way; no, no, we must go to the halls of legislation, and have a great contest there on the subject; and if that wont do we must take up the sword and bayonet, and then we can decide the great question. But let tell you, kind reader, that there is a possibility that this little benevolent effort at home may lay aside the necessity of legislation, and, more especially, the horrors of war. Awful thought! who can bear it? In the strength of the Lord let us make an effort to supersede this great evil. The Lord does not despise the

day of small things, and although the engine is small, it may produce powerful results.

Come, friends, give your influence; form the resolution that, "Let others do as they may, as for me, I am determined to give my influence in favor of colonization." If you are the head of a family, exert it there; and if not, let your influence be felt wherever you are. Unite with some society, and give as liberally of your money as you can, and, if it is but one drop, it will exert a fertilizing influence. Let us have decision.

"What if a little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,—
I'll tarry in the sky.

"What if a shining beam at noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Could not create a day!

"Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?"

Perseverance will ensure success. Think how much money could be raised in this way throughout the United States. Soon there might be enough raised to buy one hundred steam ships or sailing vessels, or have them built, and in a short time these would remove all the sons and daughters of Africa to their native home. How long would it take to re-

move them, provided each ship made three trips per year, and transported from six to eight hundred each trip? I think this would colonize them in less than thirty years. But let the colonization society operate successfully for a few years, and see what an impulse it will give the cause. The south are already ripe for colonization. Could they see that warm-hearted, soul-stirring philanthropy manifested in the cause and on the subject, that is due from the non-slave-holding states, they would be ready for action. Many of them say, "We are convinced of the evil of the slave-holding system, and gladly would we aid in removing it from the shores of America." And I do believe that if this family colonization system was introduced among them, they would show us what southern benevolence and philanthropy really is. And this could be done if the right course was taken. Let it be done by moral suasion, in a polite manner, and see if they cannot be influenced to do all that could be expected of them. Let them be approached in a christian manner and with a christian spirit, and you can have access to their feelings, to their fine mansions, and all their kind hospitality. If they are in error, should we not feel for and sympathize with them, and endeavor to persuade them from that error, rather than approach them with threats of compulsion and hard denunciations, such as a sincere, spiritual christian would shudder to hear, and finally excommunicate them from the kingdom of grace and glory? This is no way to approach them; "for

truly how can the love of God dwell in our hearts if we love not our brethren."

If the right spirit was manifested toward them they could be constrained to yield to their better judgment and feeling. Many of them are feelingly convinced of the horrors of the slavery system. In their reflecting moments they feel awful, in consequence of the solemn responsibilities which it throws around them, and they fear and tremble when they think of rendering their final account, knowing that if they are "many masters" they "shall receive the greater condemnation." James iii. 1. But it appears to them like an unavoidable evil in their midst, and gladly would they extricate themselves from it if they could see a reasonable course to pursue; and it is my opinion that if the family colonization system could be carried out in all its bearings, in the spirit of the gospel, with humble, fervent zeal, according to knowledge, christian perseverance, meekness, long suffering, and love toward all men, looking hopefully to the end, glorious would be the triumph.

My dear reader, you may think there are many obstacles in the way. I admit it. If there were not, there would be no need of zeal, patience, meekness, perseverance, long suffering, and love toward all men; but with these graces to inspire and sustain its advocates, the mountains will sink into mole-hills, and the billows will be hushed into stillness—the crooked places will be made straight, and the rough places smooth.

I have no doubt but there are many who think and feel on the subject. But the Apostle James says,—“Faith without works is dead, being alone.” Let us then show our faith by our works, by forming family colonization societies, and there will be an engine set to work that will astonish the nations. Let us try it. The Lord does not despise the day of small things. Are not dollars made of cents, hundreds of dollars and thousands of hundreds; and if we can but contribute one dollar to the thousands or the millions that it will take to transport them to Africa’s hopeful land, where they may enjoy all the happy privileges of a civilized and christianized republic, where they may aspire to the love of home and country, to equal rights and privileges,—would not this be worth an effort?

But the objector would say, they could not be induced to leave this country. Just give them a chance, and inform them in a proper manner on the subject, and see if they will not swarm like bees to the hive, when it is prepared for their reception. And they will labor as hard and as faithfully to promote the interest of their home and country, as the bee does to enrich the hive. Just set before them the high and happy privileges arising from colonization, and they will be ready and willing to substantiate this idea. I need but to refer to the many instances of emigration to Liberia during the past year. One vessel well loaded with emigrants sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, in May, 1853. Charles Henderson,

Esq., of Danville, Kentucky, has emancipated twenty-two of his slaves, to go to Liberia, under the direction of the Kentucky Colonization Society, in the May expedition from that state. He has also purchased the husband of one of his women servants, at a price of one thousand dollars. He gives to all of them a full outfit, and to the Kentucky Colonization Society five hundred dollars.

There are many others which we might refer to, but let it suffice to say that the American Colonization Society for the year 1853, report as having sent nearly one thousand emigrants to Liberia, mostly liberated slaves. This I think is sufficient evidence to prove that they only want the opportunity to improve it. The objector may say that they are not qualified to set up, sustain, and maintain a self-governing republic. But listen to what Bishop Ames says on this subject. At a missionary anniversary held by the Methodist Episcopal church, in the fall of 1853, the bishop said: "In regard to this matter, we have a well authenticated historical fact. We refer to the colored people of this country, who, though they have grown up under the most unfavorable circumstances, were enabled to succeed in establishing a sound republican government in Africa. They have given the most clear and indubitable evidence of their capability of self-government. And in this respect they have shown a higher grade of manhood than the polished Frenchman."

Hear also what Bishop Scott, who presided at the

conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in Africa, in the year 1853, says: "Sabbath morning came, and at the sound of the church-going bell of the seminary, I repaired to the place of worship, and there, to a well clad, and well behaved assembly, preached my first sermon in Africa, from the text, 'For the promise is to you and your children, and to them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.'" How beautifully appropriate the text! That sweet promise has cheered my heart, and it has and will cheer the heart of many an African mother. The bishop further says: "I preached at all the different settlements, and found there the same God and the same religion which I enjoyed in my native land. While there, I witnessed some of the clearest, brightest, and strongest evidences of religion I ever became acquainted with in my life." He further adds: "After having surveyed the whole ground, I am well satisfied with the church in Liberia. The African mission is one of great promise. It will pour its light and salvation all over the continent of Africa, and God designs to awaken and christianize its millions through the agency of her own sons."

Certainly, we have satisfactory evidence to rest our faith upon in regard to this matter, and we will not indulge any fear on the subject. I should not be surprised if they should rival North America in their statutes, although I presume they will not admit of slavery.

As the only hope for the elevation of the colored man is in his separation from the whites, why not then make an effort in the strength of christian and republican union, and effect it at once. I know of no other plan, in view of all the circumstances, which will render to the colored man all that is his inalienable right. I would not contend that they should be colonized to Africa, and nowhere else. But I do contend, there they were found, and there they might have remained a free and happy people. But O, how fallen and degraded by sin! I have thought it possible that the Lord suffered the awful scourge of slavery to come upon them in consequence of their rebellion against him, but I hope the affliction will be sanctified to their spiritual good. While he has suffered many of them to be brought to America, to suffer under the servile slavery system, there have many, very many of them been converted and brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and that truth has made them free, spiritually free; and thousands upon thousands of them have died upon the shores of America in the full triumphs of the christian faith, and have gone to inherit eternal life. Others have gone home to Africa, to preach Jesus and him crucified, and salvation by faith, and, like lighted torches, their influence is felt in that benighted land. Many others stand ready, with a missionary spirit upon them, as it was upon Uncle Richard. While the light of divine truth burns in their hearts, they are wanting to go and scatter its influence in the midst

of the benighted and degraded natives of Africa. O may the Lord, with men and means, (the two great instruments by which he effects his great purposes,) open the way, and may it be thronged with useful and effective men, until Africa is redeemed!

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

Think, kind reader, for a moment, what happy results are evident from what little has been done for Africa. Who can scan the great and happy results, if all of North America would unite in this great cause of love and benevolence? With the two-fold object in view, whose heart would not rejoice at the

thought,—a thought well worthy the aspiration of the purest and the noblest heart—the redemption of Africa from her degraded, ignorant, and sinful state at home, and the redemption of her degraded sons and daughters in America.

My heart pulsates with joy at the thought, although I may not live to see the happy period. Hope springs up like an anchor to the soul, and says, Africa's sons and daughters shall be gathered home. The Lord designs it so, and who would or can hinder? Yes, yes; they will come by thousands, with the light of divine truth in their hearts, and the word of God in their hands, and the sacred influence will be felt. O, God speed the happy day! If it cannot be done all at once, it will be done in time. The Lord works by and through means, and if we will be co-workers with him in this work of love, in obedience to the dictates of his holy spirit, the work will soon be accomplished.

The objector says, "There is another great barrier in the way; that is, the slave-holder will not let them go." All have not so little faith in southern character as the objector. We are too well acquainted with the noble and generous feeling of the southerners to have any doubts on the subject. In my view, all that is wanting is to set proper motives before them, and they are ready for action. Let the chain be put in motion, and they will make a strong link in it; and when there are proper inducements to act they will do their part nobly. Perhaps there will be some of

the many slave-holders that will think they must have some compensation for their property, as they call them. They will not be willing to do so nobly as one slave-holder whom I heard express himself on the subject. He said, that if the colonization society would induce his colored people to go to Africa, they might go, and he would place one hundred dollars on the head of each one, to assist in their transportation. And, let me tell you, there are many such noble spirits among them; for instance, there is Colonel Bell, of Tennessee, who emancipated thirty slaves in 1853, and appropriated three thousand dollars for their transportation and support until they could raise crops, which they will do this year, as the land is fertile, and they can produce with their labor all they want for comfort and support. Mr. George Thompson, of Ohio, who had charge of the Mendi mission, in Africa, in the years 1848 and 1849, and returned home in 1850, says in his journal, that the soil, with good culture, will produce abundant crops of corn, rice, cotton, sugar, olive oil, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds. Bananas, pineapples, oranges, and many other kinds of fruit grow spontaneous through the country. Mr. Thompson says that the orange and pineapple are as plenty as the apple is in the western country in autumn. Is not this an inducement for emigration to Africa? Mr. Thompson also says that the country abounds with different kinds of minerals. Iron is abundant and of the best quality. I think Colonel Bell's colored people will do well

there, as they have been raised in an iron foundry. I have learned from the Ogle County Reporter, of February, 1854, that he intends to liberate and send eighty more this year. May God bless him in his efforts to do good, and may many others, seeing his good works, be constrained to do likewise.

Mr. Thompson says, "The natives dig holes in the ground, throw in the ore, and build a fire on it, and it produces the best of iron, equal to the steel of North America." In regard to the climate, he says it is very pleasant, and the emigrant only needs care, caution, and the right treatment, to become safely acclimated. He says there is excellent timber in Africa, of different kinds, on all the streams, and plenty of beautiful, rich prairie. He also says that the natives plead for the word of life with all the solicitude that they are capable of feeling or expressing. Their cry is, give us God's book, and send us good men to teach us and our children the things that pertain to our eternal interest. And one old chief, who lived on Big Boom river, by the name of Braw, was so anxious to know and remember when the Lord's day came, that he requested Mr. Thompson to give him something by which he might remember the Sabbath that he might keep it holy. Mr. Thompson gave him a small piece of board, with several holes bored through it, and a small pin inserted in the upper hole, which stood for Monday, the second for Tuesday, and so on. He was to move the stick every day, and the last would indicate the Sabbath. For

this Braw was very grateful, and gave Mr. Thompson land for a new mission station, and expressed a great desire to have it occupied as soon as possible.

“From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?”

No, no; let us form colonization societies, and send the colored man, with the lamp of life and the word of divine truth in his hand, that he may penetrate all parts of the continent, to shed and scatter the saving influences of the gospel in the midst of that benighted people, who are pleading for that bread which cometh down from above.

On my plan all can do something, even children, if they are careful of their pennies, and it will exert a good influence on the mind of the child who contributes; and there will be nothing lost, but a good deal gained. Let us come up to the work, one and all, and show to the world, and particularly to the slave-holding community, that we mean and feel what we say on the subject of slavery; not let them have reason to think, from our indifference and unwillingness to contribute to this noble and benevolent cause, that we speak and write on this subject because it is an all exciting and popular theme; no, in-

deed. Let us feel, speak, write, and act, in such a manner that we may give clear evidence that our hearts are deeply impressed with the importance of this subject, and our hands ever ready to contribute freely to this cause; and when we give them evidence of our faith by our works, they will be constrained to act in unison with us to carry out this great purpose.

Suppose there were some who thought they must have some compensation for their slaves. Would it not be in the power of the colonization society to give them something provided the government makes the society a generous donation, which undoubtedly would be done? Never could the government of the United States of America see her worthy sons and daughters struggling in so noble a cause and not aid them; no, indeed. It would be contrary to her general deportment, contrary to the soul-stirring emotions which glow in the breast of this great republic. The colonization society would expect help, and they would get it.

But could not this all be done by moral suasion and free volition? Yes, yes; with a will there is a right way. Away, then with compulsion; away with the idea of compelling a noble people to do a noble deed, one which they know to be their interest, duty, and privilege. For they consider it a privilege to act in unison with their government in any noble cause, and I hope the non-slave-holding community will realize that the south will meet them on

equal grounds in this benevolent cause, on a consistent plan.

Then let all come up nobly, and make a united effort, and see what will be the result. It is easily anticipated, and I hope it will soon be realized. Happy thought! the stain of slavery wiped away from this glorious nation; the slaves set at liberty, and situated where they may become a worthy christian nation, and extend a saving influence over benighted and degraded Africa.

Was there a part of any other nation under heaven, in our midst, situated as they are, without home, identity, or citizenship, and under the influence of servile slavery, would not all hearts and hands be turned to them in sympathy and relief? Yes, indeed; and there is no reason why we should not enter into this great and good work with a spirit that will do honor to the cause, and honor the instruments that may be engaged in promoting it.

CHAPTER XI.

CONROBORATIVE EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF COLONIZATION—COMMODORE MAYO'S VIEWS—LIBERIA—ITS GOVERNOR—ITS FLAG—ELECTION OF PRESIDENT ROBERTS—REV. DR. GURLEY'S LETTER—THE ROBERTS FAMILY—PRESIDENT ROBERTS' VIEWS ON COLONIZATION—JUDGE WAYNE'S SPEECH—HIS ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF COLONIZATION—PREDICTION IN REGARD TO THE SOUTH—PLEA FOR FAMILY COLONIZATION SOCIETIES—THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND SLAVE-HOLDERS—THEIR SOLILOQUY—REASON TO HOPE FOR THE SYMPATHY AND INFLUENCE OF NON-SLAVE-HOLDERS.

THE authoress would here beg the privilege of introducing some evidence to substantiate her views on the subject of colonization. From a respectable source we learn, that Commodore Isaac Mayo, of Maryland, at present in command of the United States naval force on the coast of Africa, says :

“No one who has seen the American colored emigrant in the Liberia legislature and courts of justice, performing the highest duties of a citizen, with grave and decorous intelligence ; no one who sees the ample provision for education, indicated by the numerous schools, and the signs of religious culture, attested by the many church edifices ; no one who sees the proofs of prosperity exhibited by the erection of spacious and substantial brick houses, which are fast supplanting the cheaper structures of the early colonists, will fail to find abundant evidence of the im-

proved condition of the colored man when transplanted to the land of his forefathers."

He says further: "I have the strongest faith in the bright future that awaits Liberia, and the strongest confidence that she will wield the most powerful influence in regenerating Africa." Commodore Mayo also states that the slave trade has been in a great measure suppressed, but he thinks the withdrawal of the American squadron would be attended with injurious results. He thinks the acclimating fever is but little dangerous to those of African descent, and the climate is one of unusual salubrity.

I now quote from the National Magazine, of March, 1854:

"For a number of years after the commencement of the Liberia colony, the governors were white men, and appointed by the American Colonization Society. It was always designed by the friends of that noble cause, that colored men should occupy the important post, when the proper time should arrive. It came, and Mr. Joseph J. Roberts for six years successfully presided over the destinies of the young commonwealth, as its governor.

"Under the auspices and guidance of the American Colonization Society, the settlement continued gradually to advance, its population increased, and agriculture prospered, and the territory grew. Gradually the colonization society withdrew its influence in regard to the government of Liberia. Its management was left to themselves in 1846.

“In July of the following year they assembled in convention for the purpose, and declared themselves a free and sovereign state, by the name and title of the ‘Republic of Liberia.’ A constitution was adopted, and an address published, in which they say to the world: ‘It is our earnest desire that this government may be so conducted as to merit the approbation of all the christian world, and restore to Africa her long lost glory; and that Liberia, under the guidance of heaven, may continue a happy asylum for our long oppressed race, and a blessing to the benighted and degraded natives of this vast peninsula. To secure this is our ardent wish and prayer. It is the topic of our daily thanksgiving to Almighty God, both in public and in private, and he knows with what sincerity we were conducted by his providence to this shore. Men may theorize and speculate upon their plans in America, but there can be no speculation here. Every object, every individual, is an argument, is a demonstration of the wisdom and goodness of the plan of colonization.’

“It must be remembered that Mr. Roberts at this time occupied the gubernatorial office. The birthday of the new republic was the 22d day of August, 1847, and a truly memorable day in her history. Its dawn was ushered in by the firing of cannon. At eleven o’clock the governor received from a committee of ladies the new national flag of the republic, in the presence of a large crowd of citizens. At twelve it was hoisted to the top of a staff on the most eleva-

ted part of Monrovia, beautifully floating to the free winds of heaven, amidst a salute of twenty-one guns.

"This banner is made of silk; upon one side is a blue field, and over a star is the national motto, 'The love of Liberty brought us here;' on the other side is inserted, 'Republic of Liberia.' The salute over, governor, troops, and citizens proceeded to the Methodist church, where suitable religious services were performed. The Rev. J. S. Payne, of that denomination, delivered an eloquent address.

"In the evening, a large party assembled at the new mansion of Governor Roberts, where patriotic toasts were given; but, be it remembered, they were drunk in the very best and purest cold water which Monrovia afforded, says an eye witness.

"There are six red and five white stripes, alternately, in the national standard, with a single white star in the blue field. The shield of the republic presents a dove on the wing, the ocean with a ship under sail, the sun just rising from the water, a palm tree, with a plow and a spade at its base. The motto is the same as that on the flag.

"On the fifth of October the first election took place under the new constitution, when J. J. Roberts was proclaimed president of the republic for four years."

We will here quote part of a letter, respecting President Roberts, written by Rev. Dr. Gurley, who has personally witnessed his administration of affairs in Liberia:

“WASHINGTON, *January 5, 1854.*

“*Dear Sir:*—I can never forget our intercourse and friendly conversation on the subject of African colonization, more than thirty years ago, during your residence at Petersburg, Virginia, and the deep and active concern you were pleased to express in the welfare of many free persons of color then preparing to embark in the new but great design of establishing free christian communities of such persons on the African coast. You have since related to me particularly the information you imparted to the mother of President Roberts, and the influence you were enabled to exert on the mind of this sensible woman, to induce her to remove, with her children, to Africa.

“It was my duty, as agent of the Colonization Society, to fit out the vessel in which the respectable company of emigrants from Petersburg embarked; to encourage them in their undertaking; to exhort them to fortitude, energy, and reliance upon Divine aid and protection, after they were on board the ship; and to invoke the favor of Almighty God upon the vast enterprise to which they had dedicated their persons and services. Many of this excellent company I met in Africa some time after, and saw admiringly with what spirit, calmness, and submission to the Divine will they were laying the foundation of their christian commonwealth.

“Little then did good Mrs. Roberts anticipate the distinction in which her sons were so largely to share.

To one has been again and again awarded the highest honors of the Liberia republic; the second is a well educated and distinguished physician; while the third has been long, earnestly and faithfully engaged in the holy work of missions.

“President Roberts is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, regular in his attendance on public worship, the warm friend of Sunday schools, the cause of missions, and all charitable associations of the republic. He evinces an ardent interest in the civilization of the native African population, and, as the chief-magistrate of Liberia, has, in all treaty stipulations with the people, and in the administration of laws, been uniformly governed by the dictates of justice, and a true concern for the best interest of the unfortunate and depressed children of Africa. No man is more worthy of a tribute to his worth than President Roberts.”

The correspondent of the National Magazine says: “Every emigrant is entitled to five acres of land on his arrival; if he has a family he receives a larger quantity, according to its numbers, and can purchase as much as he wishes for a dollar an acre. If he is a mechanic, merchant, or professional man, instead of a farmer, he can select a building lot in some of the villages. There are twelve millions of acres in the Liberian territory, much of which is very fertile, and most is susceptible of profitable cultivation. It has been ascertained that the production of a cultivated acre is more than enough to support a man.

“In the history of our world the establishment of this republic is an astonishing fact—one of the most interesting and important events in this age of great enterprises. We behold the settlement, having reached the thirty-third year of its existence, in some respects the most remarkable that has appeared upon the pages of history, and prosperous to a degree that must be cheering to the heart of every philanthropist and christian.

“We believe that the foundation of a great, free, and christian empire has been laid in Africa, which is equally to bless two continents. It may justly challenge admiration as a vast and successful christian enterprise, and is, at the same time, a convincing proof and brilliant illustration of the capability of the colored race for self-government. Do any doubt this, we point to Roberts, once an humble cabin-boy upon the Appomattox river—now the president of an independent, rising republic in Africa.”

In regard to the new republic President Roberts remarks: “I believe it to be the design of heaven that a nation of colored persons should be raised up in Africa; and it strikes me as being the only place where the colored man can raise himself to his legitimate position in society. Why, sir, there is no country in the world—I say it fearlessly—that offers to the colored man greater inducements and advantages, social, political, and pecuniary, than Liberia; and I am clearly of opinion that the only feasible hope of the African race, with respect to obtaining

and maintaining an equality with other races of men, is a separate and distinct nationality. I have the highest reason to believe that it was one of the highest objects of the Almighty in establishing these colonies, that they might be the means of introducing civilization and christianity among the barbarous nations of this country.

And to what work more noble could our powers be applied, than that of bringing up from darkness and debasement our fellow men, and shedding abroad over them the light of science and christianity? The means of doing so, fellow-citizens, are within our reach, and if we neglect, or do not make use of them, what excuse shall we make to our Creator and final judge? This is a question of the deepest concern to us all."

The following are quotations from the gleanings of the editor of the National Magazine, for March, 1854. He says: "Colonization in Africa is certainly desirable. The Liberia republic is a shelter for the christian missions of the African coast. It will be an effectual means of breaking up the slave trade; but, above all, it is a practical demonstration of the capability of the colored man for self-government.

"The society which founded and continues to foster this young empire, reports, at its last anniversary, eighty-two thousand as its last year receipts. It sent out nearly one thousand emigrants in that time, most of them liberated slaves. The report speaks most encouragingly of the prospects of the colony. We learn

from it that peace with the nations has prevailed ; schools have been multiplied ; the churches have been blessed, and the great law of progress is manifest.

“The fact has been clearly demonstrated that this young republic, weak and feeble though it now is, will hereafter direct and control, to a vast extent, the commerce of the western coast of Africa. The rich products of that immense tract of country lying interior to Liberia, will find their way out through her ports, and, as the nations rise in the scale of being, and begin to appreciate the blessings and feel the wants consequent on civilization, they will through some channel obtain the products and manufactures of other countries ; so that it is quite evident that whatever the foreign commerce of Western Africa may be, Liberia will control it. Her position on the coast, and her relations with foreign nations necessarily confer upon her this advantage.

“Her independence having been formally and honorably acknowledged by five of the leading governments of the world, England, France, Prussia, Belgium, and Brazil, she is fairly entitled to form treaties and establish international relations, which shall regulate the trade between her vast interior and the market of the world.”

The editor says the most interesting incident of the anniversary was, as we learn from an exchange paper, the emphatic manner in which the Hon. Judge Wayne, of the United States supreme court gave his

adhesion to the enterprise. He avowed his recent and hearty adoption of the American Colonization Society, which he ascribes to the information he had derived from the able report of Mr. Gurley to the government, and from intercourse with the honored Whittlesy, the faithful friend of the cause, speaking of both gentlemen in terms of exalted eulogy. But the gist of the speech of the honorable judge, was his argument in proof of the constitutional power of congress to serve this cause of humanity, by appropriations from the funds of the general government. He calls upon the stenographers, the telegraph, and the press to spread the fact of Liberia's success, (in which he gloried,) broadcast before the American people, south as well as north, that a public sentiment might be created which must act upon congress, and call forth early and efficient aid to this society.

His arguments were profoundly learned and instructive. He claimed for congress the same power to colonize the black man, as the red man or the white man. He proclaimed the opinion that the American Colonization Society merited the favor and patronage of the general government, the state governments, and the individual philanthropy of the whole country; and he predicted greater southern support to the society than ever, when the intelligence recently received from Liberia, and the facts of this report should be, as they ought to be, read by the whole American people.

Dear reader, these to me are heart-cheering facts,

and they no doubt will be to every philanthropist that may learn them from this or any other source. In view of these facts, and not these alone, but in view of the heart-appalling fact that there is at this time three millions and a half of Africa's oppressed sons and daughters, here in our glorious republic, trammelled by the chains of slavery in the full sense of the word, is it not time for the American people to awake and come forth in their strength, and make an effort, a great effort, to effect the relief of those sufferers? I have remarked before, union is strength, union is power; now let the American people, north and south, in unison, and in the fear of God and the spirit of benevolence, make a mighty effort, and see if that spirit will not affect our general government.

It may be possible that the plan your unworthy writer has suggested, may be one that God will own and bless, to the promotion of this object. I have reference to the family colonization system. I think this will be the most effectual plan to raise the money that could be adopted. In this way we could have access to individual persons, families, and communities, and each will have an influence with the other—all aspiring to do great good in the noble cause.

Who will not come forth in the strength of union, as individuals, families, communities, counties, and states, and say, "Let others do as they may, as for us, we will do all that is in our power to promote this noble enterprise." And may we not hope to hear the three hundred thousand slave-holders (who are said

to dwell in our christian republic) say, As for us, we will do all in our power to aid in this glorious cause of benevolence. It demands our attention, favor, and patronage, and it shall have our influence.

Yes, I will hope, I have reason to hope, when we read from the report from the Colonization Society, that there were nearly one thousand emigrants sent out last year, mostly liberated slaves—I understand liberated for that express purpose. Methinks I hear them say, many, many of them say, “Yes, we will remove these bands, and let the oppressed go free to your fatherland, where you may have all the social, civil, political, and religious privileges that we enjoy in our own christian republic. There, there is a home for you, where you may enjoy the privileges of citizenship, and aspire to the offices of a civil government, and the high privileges of a christian community. Yes, go; we will not hold you by the shackles of slavery any longer; the sins of a slave-holder shall pain our hearts no more; the stain shall not be on our garments; our hands shall no longer subscribe to this slave-holding system, and we will do all that is in our power to aid in colonizing the slaves, where they may have all the privileges we enjoy, and which we consider more dear to us than life itself.”

I hope to see our own loved Illinois (our own by adoption for more than twenty-seven years) come forth in her strength, and hold out her full and bountiful hands, and say, “Here am I, ready and willing to do anything thought best to promote this glorious

cause." She has already done something commendable ; she has a very respectable state society associating at Springfield. But now she wants those little fountains bursting forth from the bosom of every family which dwells on her rich prairies. Now, my dear readers, let them flow. Do not obstruct them by the "ifs" and "ands." Remember the Lord loves a cheerful giver. The land to which these streams are flowing will bud and blossom as the rose ; and also remember, that while you are giving you are only lending to the Lord, and he will return it two-fold into your hands. He wishes to use you, and the good things he has made you steward over, as shall promote his glory and the good of mankind.

I have learned, from many years experience, that the more I give the more I have. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Come, let us stick our stakes, and then come up to them. There is no more required of us than as the Lord has prospered. Then let us not be ashamed of small donations. Drops make the plentiful shower which refreshes and fertilizes the earth, and causes it to bring forth abundant fruit. I have no doubt but that the drops contributed in this cause will, in this world, bring forth abundant fruit, and in the world to come everlasting life.

Is there not reason to hope, when we can glean from almost every newspaper that comes to hand intelligence like this ? We learn from the Cincinnati Times that Mr. Christy, agent of the Colonization So-

ciety, has been offered a number of slaves in one of the southern states. The owner cannot emancipate them where he lives, and must remove them to some other state to effect his purpose. In view of the uncertainty attending the execution of wills in reference to slave property, and the liability of his slaves being scattered after his death, he thus closes his address to Mr. Christy: "I abhor the thought of their being sold after my death. My reasons for wishing to emancipate now are, I don't want the devil to get my soul, and the lawyers my money. Pity me, for Jesus' sake, and give me good counsel."

We learn that Mr. Christy has accepted the offer, and we do most sincerely hope that the friends of colonization will enable him to send them to Liberia. Is not this another demonstration that the south is ready for colonization, a thorough colonization? They only wait, many of them, for the example and united effort of the north, to incite and aid them, and they are ready for action.

Now, with these views, dear friends, I feel like entreating you—you of the free states—you who know what it is, after the cheering and profitable labors of the day, to lay down and take a refreshing night's rest, without the lashings of a slave-holder's conscience,—and to arise and go forth, without carrying with you a scourge to lacerate and drive a gang of poor, unfortunate slaves, or to watch an overseer to see if he does what is considered to be his duty. It is to you, the worthy citizens of the free states, that

I would say, come up, and do your duty. There is nothing like "Try, try again."

Let not the slave-holder say in eternity, "Ah! if the citizens of the non-slave-holding states had done their duty, the slave-holder and the slave might have both been saved. They knew what it was to be free from this evil; they ought to have realized what our situation was; they ought to have sympathized with and aided us to extricate ourselves from this great evil." No, never let this be said; let the free states exert an individual, combined, and united influence, and see if this will not have influence on the south, and create a public sentiment that will act upon congress, and draw forth efficient aid to this benevolent cause.

CHAPTER XII.

AN APPEAL TO THE READER.

I DESIRE to make a few closing remarks to my friendly reader, in the form of an appeal; and I wish you to let conscience have an uncontrolled influence on your heart, while I endeavor to do so.

Slavery is the forcible subjection of one human being in person, will, labor, or property, to the will of another. In this simple statement is involved its whole injustice. There is no offense against religion, morals, or humanity, which may not stalk in the license of this institution. For the husband and wife there is no legal marriage; for the mother there is no assurance that her infant child will not be torn from her bosom; for all who bear the name of slave there is nothing they can call their own. It would be contrary to the rule of right which is ordained by God, if such a system—though often mitigated by the kindness of their masters—could be otherwise than pernicious in its influences.

It is confessed that the master and often the mistress suffer not less than the slave. The whole social fabric is shaken, and totters to its center. Labor loses its dignity, industry sickens, education lan-

guishes, and every interest suffers in the land where slavery is tolerated.

Has not your well informed mind been long convinced of the evils of the slave-holding system? Do you not regard it as an evil of monstrous magnitude?

In the first place, it is an evil to the slave-holder. Yes, it robs him of many peaceful hours, and burdens him with much care and responsibility. In many cases it robs him of that peace of conscience which will be more to him, when he comes to die, than worlds upon worlds.

In the second place it is an evil to the slave-holder's family. It indulges them in habits of indifference. They are not taught habits of active industry; they are not taught to realize that they are responsible beings, and that their present and future welfare depends upon their own efforts. They are taught, at least by example, that they can lean on the servants, and that *they* are responsible, in some degree, for their weal or woe.

How often have I seen the intellects of the slave-holder's family locked up in this habit of idleness and indifference, when, if they had been thrown upon their own resources, their noble faculties of soul and mind would have been drawn out, and they would have been an honor to their family and their nation.

O, what a pity that so many of the noble sons and daughters of the south are spoiled in this way! Could they but realize what an advantage it would be to them to be their own servants; how it would

improve their health, energize their minds, enlarge their hearts and souls, and fit them for more useful lives, and peaceful and happy deaths,—I think they would pray the good Lord to remove this their greatest curse.

Dear reader, I think I know, love, and appreciate the southern character. There are noble spirits among them, and I have often thought what an improvement it would make in their habits, if they would come and live in the north, a while at least, and learn industry and economy. They would find that it would draw out faculties of mind and energies of soul, that they had never thought belonged to them, and they would say, with all their hearts, "It is an evil, this slavery system. Let us go to work with all our hearts and hands, to remove it from our nation. It has clogged us long enough, and the Lord calls them home, and now we will let them go."

In the third place, it is an evil to the slave, because it takes from him all his inalienable rights; it robs him of volition; it locks up, with its chains, energies of mind that would govern nations and astonish the world, were they allowed to bask in the sunshine of literature and social position, with all their refining influences and advantages.

Now, who is accountable for all this deficiency and degradation in the slave character? Where does the mind emanate from? the soul, says Dr. Bond. If one mind chains another down to ignorance, and degradation, and suffering, who will render to the author of

their being the fearful account? Let conscience answer.

Slave-holding is not only an evil to the slave-holder, his family, and the slave, but it is an evil to the state in which it is tolerated, for it keeps energetic, enterprising men out of those states, who would otherwise aid and push forward their prosperity. Just think how much in advance the non-slave-holding are of the slave-holding states, according to their age and opportunity! If the candid and intelligent mind will but give a mere glance at the contrast, they will concede that it is an evil to the state in which it is tolerated. It will not take a great mind to see the difference between Illinois and Missouri, Ohio and Kentucky, while passing up and down the noble streams which separate them.

Reader, is not this a heart-appalling view of the matter? It is, however, none the less true. But I think if the north will enter spiritedly into the system of family colonization, and labor faithfully to promote it and spread its influence, it will incite, aye, more, *induce* the south to enter into it; and this system may supersede the necessity of the territory of Nebraska being settled by slave-holders. Ah! methinks when they come to sum up the whole matter, they will emancipate their colored people, and send them to Africa, their fatherland, where they may be free men and women indeed, and then they can go to Nebraska's rich plains; and there methinks I see them, if ever the question should be agitated, throw-

ing their influence in favor of freedom, and against the extension of slavery over that new territory. Their cry will be, "No more slavery! We have felt its debasing influence, and experienced its accursed effects; and never shall this fair land, with our consent, be subject to its withering blight. We came here to be free from it, and we will exert our influence to the utmost to prevent its obtaining a foothold here."

That the good Lord may send multitudes of such citizens to Kansas and Nebraska, is my sincere prayer.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLAN BY WHICH THE MEANS CAN BE RAISED TO FILL THE TREASURY OF THE
COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

WE suggest the idea that each farmer in the United States cultivate one acre of small grain for this purpose, or appropriate the avails of the same to the Family Colonization Society, and see what a treasury we would have directly. Who would not be willing to tender to the Lord one twentieth or thirtieth part of the grain he may raise, and not be a poor man either. But perhaps all could not spare so much; they have their household to provide for, and wish to contribute generously to the Missionary, Bible, and Tract Societies. This should be attended to, by all means. And then they want something for religious and literary periodicals. Don't neglect these, for from them we get much to enrich the mind and warm the heart, which is necessary to promote all other benevolent causes. Then there is the Sabbath-school cause; this must not be forgotten, nor its periodicals. There is too much interest for time and eternity involved in it to have it neglected. Be faithful to that.

We will now estimate the product of one acre, supposing it to be wheat, and yielding twenty-five bush-

els to the acre, and that wheat brings one dollar per bushel. The product will be twenty-five dollars. Take from that six dollars for Missionary, Bible, and Tract Societies,—two dollars each; five dollars for religious and literary periodicals; for Sabbath-school library and periodicals, two dollars. This will leave twelve dollars for the family colonization treasury.

Certainly the literary and professional man, as well as the merchant and mechanic, can pay as much as the farmer. We think if this system could be brought to bear upon every family, or one half the families in the United States, there would be a great fund accumulated; and suppose this system should be carried out for ten, fifteen, or thirty years, and the money faithfully applied to colonizing the Africans to the beautiful shores and rich prairies of Africa, do you not think there would be many less slaves and a few less slave-holders, and a great many happier men and women in our beloved America?

With the efficient aid we might expect from government, methinks there would not be one of the sable sons or daughters of Africa left in the borders of North America; no, not one. All gone; where, and for what? To Africa, their long lost home, there to enjoy all the rights and privileges of free citizens.

Reader, let conscience dictate your duty on this subject, and be active in the discharge of it, and I will endeavor, by the assistance of divine grace, to do mine.

May the God of all our mercies bless and sanctify

the efforts that have been made, and those that are being made, and the still greater that may be made, in behalf of colonization ; and may we all be so unspeakably happy as to hear the welcome plaudit,—
“ Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord,” where we may spend an eternity in praising him who has redeemed us.

W. A. B. L.
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CHAPTER XIV.

PLAN FOR THE FORMATION OF A FAMILY COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

ARTICLE 1.—This society shall be called the Family Colonization Society.

ART. 2.—The object of this society shall be the securing of funds for the purpose of colonizing the Africans in America to Liberia in Africa.

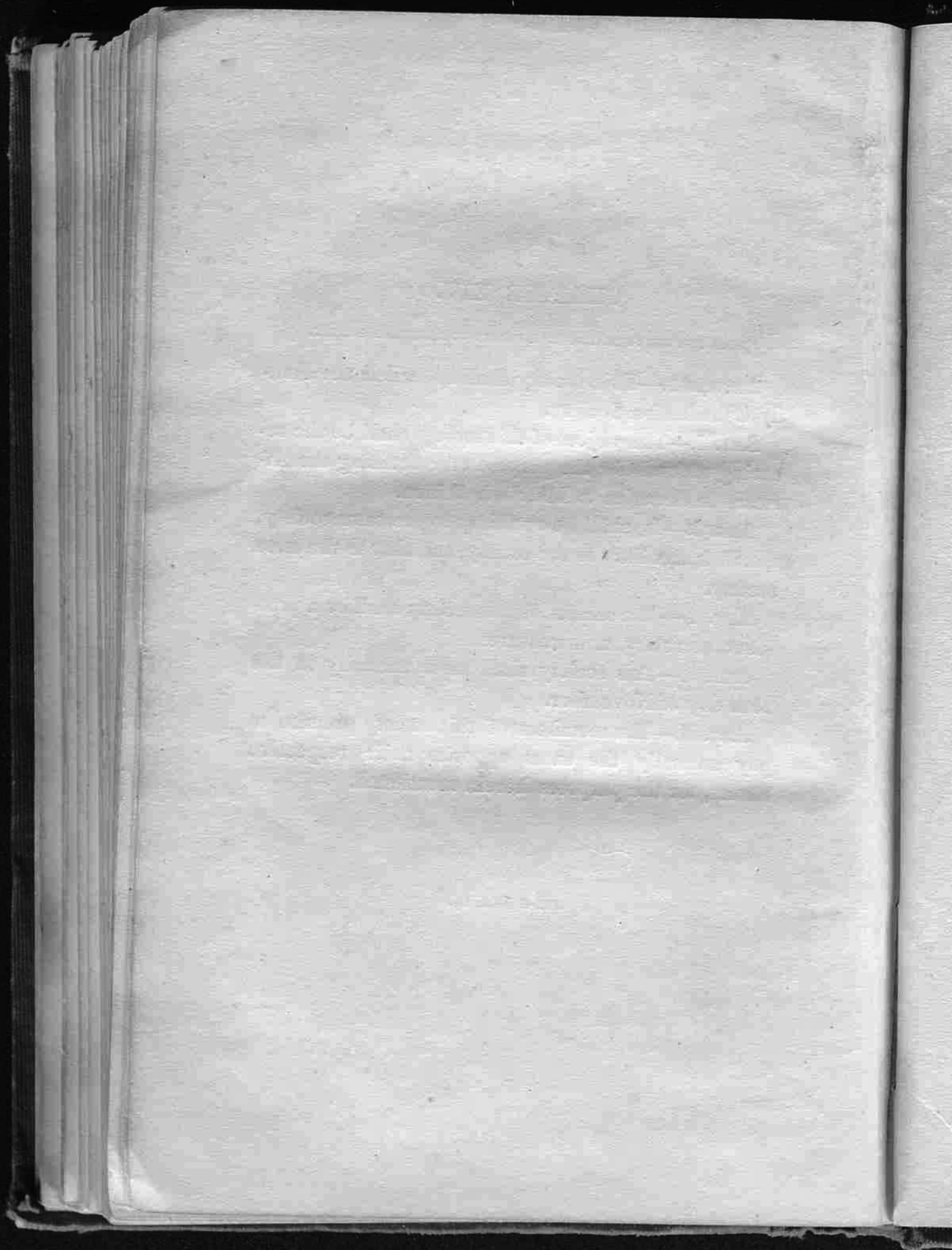
ART. 3.—It shall be auxiliary to the town society, which is auxiliary to the county, and that to the state society.

ART. 4.—The officers of this society shall be a president, secretary, and treasurer.

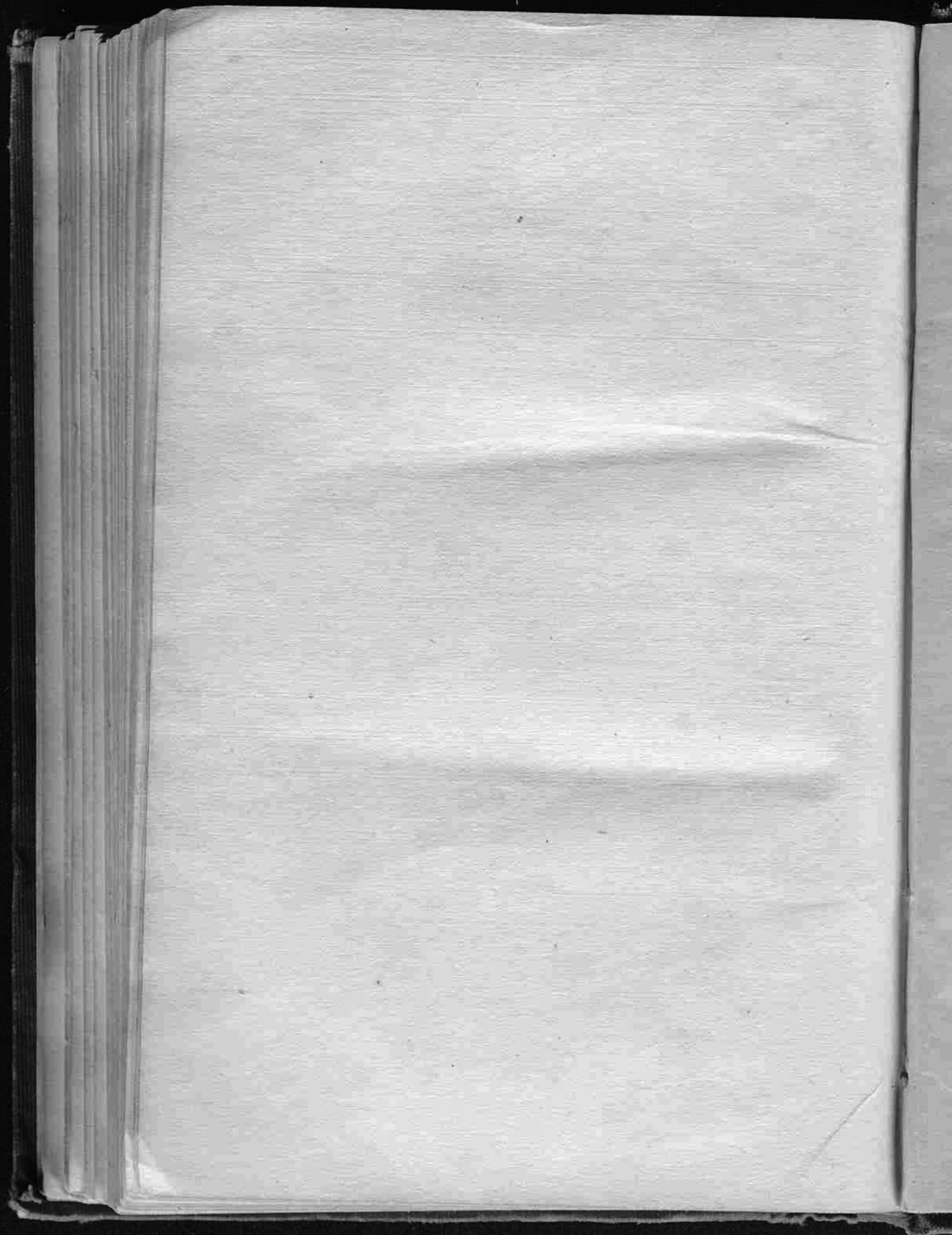
ART. 5.—This society shall meet annually on the 25th day of November.

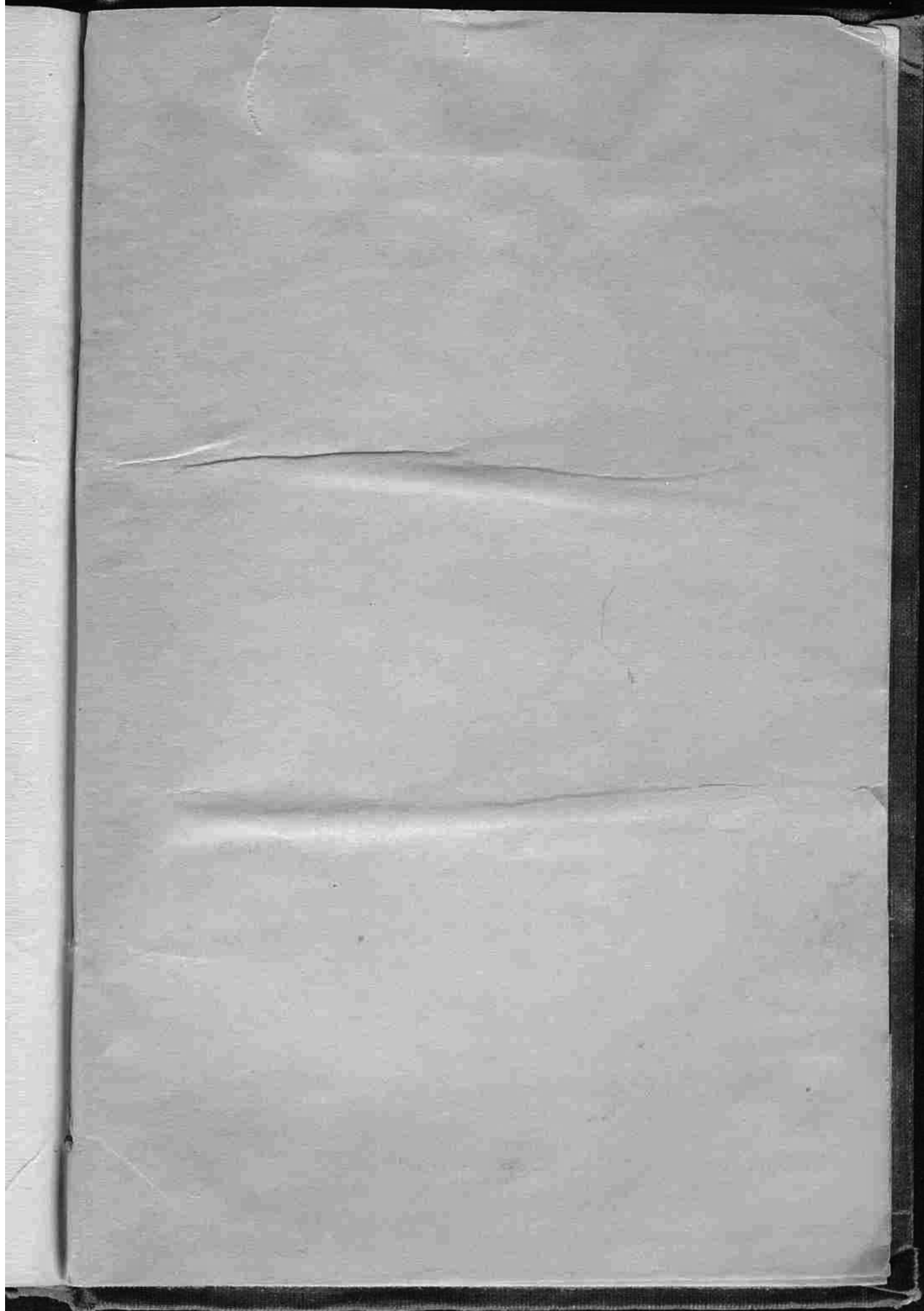
ART. 6.—The members of this society promise to pay annually the sums opposite their respective names, for the purposes herein mentioned.

THE END.



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