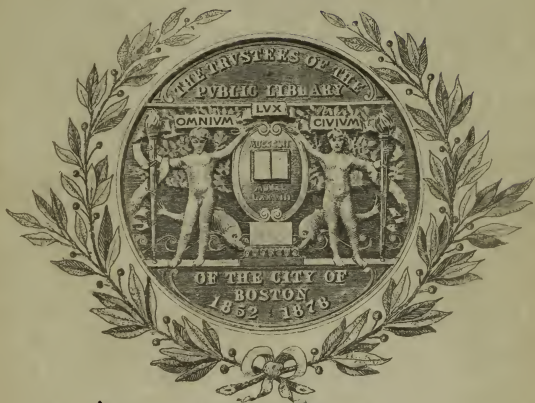


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GIVEN BY
Wendell Phillips



A

SOJOURN

IN THE

CITY OF AMALGAMATION,

IN THE

YEAR OF OUR LORD 19—.

BY OLIVER BOLOKITTEN, ESQ.

NEW-YORK;

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1835.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS

1882

NOT RECORDED

“Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion: that if the moderns mean by madness, only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties; then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, philosophy, and in religion.”

SWIFT.

A
S O J O U R N
IN THE
CITY OF AMALGAMATION.

CHAPTER I.

The Author rides into his subject upon the back of Metaphysics.

I took a stroll one fine evening, and, as I strolled, the following reflections occurred to me :—

This world is a climax of causes : every event has a cause, which has a cause, which has a cause, till the first cause, which is God.

Causes are susceptible of increase. The first cause is, generally, inconsiderable ; the second, not quite so much so ; the third, still less—and so on, till, in revolving ages, unless obstructed or retarded, the cause becomes formidable and great.

The causes of the same cause are linked with the causes of other causes, and these with the causes of other causes, until, as stated, the world forms a vast net-work of causes.

Now, to interrupt the cause of one cause, is not unfrequently to interrupt the cause of another cause, when your desire would be to interrupt the cause of one cause only.

Of these causes, some are bad, some good. A bad cause may be linked with a good cause ; and, *vice versa*, in obstructing the cause of a bad cause, therefore, you may obstruct the cause of a good cause ; or, in promoting a good cause, promote a bad one—not directly, but by reason of a good cause being linked or concatenated with a bad one indirectly. This is the reason why so many, in producing a good cause, produce a bad one unintentionally—the bad cause, being linked in some manner with the good cause, is invisible. One should, therefore, in producing a cause, first examine the causes linked with that cause, for he is meddling with fearful causes.

Every thing in the world is a cause :—Man is a cause ; a horse is a cause ; an ox is a cause ; an apple is a cause ; a pea is a cause ; a snail is a cause ; fire is a cause ; a tooth is a cause ; grass is a cause ; earth is a cause ; death is a cause—all are causes.

The volitions of the soul are causes.

The whole universe is a beautiful climax, as well as net-work of causes.

The cause of a good cause of an animate specie may be linked with the cause of a bad cause of an inanimate specie ; and the cause of a good cause of a material, may be linked with the cause of a bad cause of an immaterial specie—so they are all concatenated. Therefore, if you interrupt the cause of a bad cause of an inanimate or animate specie, you may interrupt the cause of a good cause

of an immaterial or mental specie. That is, in plain *metaphysical* language, if your neighbour's dog fall foul of, and devour your sheep—that's a bad cause ; you kill the delinquent dog, and thereby interrupt this bad cause of a material specie, but you interrupt at the same time the cause of a good cause of an immaterial or mental specie in your neighbour's soul, namely, the cause of good feeling, charity, kindness and benevolence, and a host of other christian graces, for he flies to litigation for redress.

If a man snuff a candle—that's a small cause of a material specie. If the snuff fall among rubbish, and set the house on fire, the cause at once becomes formidable ; if the flames spread, the cause increases, and will continue to do so, until some other cause prevent it.

With this cause, millions of causes of every specie may be connected. A man may be burnt to death—a bad cause, of a material specie, linked with the primeval cause ; a man may have his conscience so stricken, as to become a christian ; a good cause of an immaterial specie, linked with the primeval cause, and thence proceeds a chain of good causes, linked with a bad cause. The christian may convert others—philanthropists may thence arise, and good in a thousand forms be poured upon the world.

Inestimable good may arise from a bad cause. A man murders—a bad cause : he is hanged ; others, startled by his doom, become reformed—a good cause linked with a bad cause.

A problem for Abolitionists.

How many causes of both a material and immaterial specie may be linked with the cause of slavery—a bad cause?

How many good causes may be obstructed in obstructing this bad cause ; how many bad causes promoted?

What cause will obstruct this bad cause, so as not to intermeddle with interlinked good causes, and favour interlinked bad causes?

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CHAPTER II.

"A strange chimera * * * *
Made up of pieces heterogenee."

HUDIBRAS.

As the reflections registered in the last chapter were brewing in my brain, I stood upon the green bank of a majestic stream, whose waters rolled for miles with a beautiful sheet. The sun was just sinking behind the western billows, and night, with her gloomy muffler, about to brood upon the world. A magnificent landscape lay before me, decked with cottages, statelier dwellings, green groves, and cultivated patches. It was the most beautiful scene I ever saw; a balmy twilight rested upon the trees, faintly tinged with a sickly red, while the atmosphere had a softness that soothed the sense. While occupied with this scene, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of voices. On looking in the direction from which it came, I discovered a boat with four individuals in it, two of

which seemed females and black, approaching the shore near which I stood.

This circumstance surprised me. The inmates of this bark seemed dissimilar to beings with whom I had ever been acquainted. In fine, I seemed transported to some unknown land—and how, was a mystery. Yet, it was a lovely land! But, the negresses! The skiff landed, and the inmates disembarked. The whites treated their companions exactly as the whites treat the *fair*—I mean the *white fair*, now-a-days. They hitched the skiff to an old root protruding over the waters, and then, locking arms, proceeded slowly up the declivity. The wind blew briskly in my face; the parties gained the summit of the declivity, when, lo! the maidens were transferred to the *leeward* side, and a most delightful odour assailed my nose, which explained the cause of this movement.

The group then walked on very cozily, and I, interested in the scene, followed, and soon overtook them. The gentlemen greeted me very courteously, while the ladies, nodding coldly, ogled me from under their monstrous palm leaf fans, with inquisitiveness. I gazed hard at them in turn; they were fashionably dressed, and evidently skilled in all the arts of *bon ton*. The gentlemen had whiskers, silver-headed canes, and gold watches, and all about them betokened persons of respectability and fashion. This conviction so confounded me, that I kept mute for a long time, scrutinising first the faces, then the apparel, carriage, and other exter-

nals of the damsels ; then, glancing over the persons of the gentlemen, bewildered by the scrutiny, for all told a story I had never before heard. What it could mean was beyond my comprehension—Negresses, hooked with white men ! A circumstance puzzling, wonderful—for, be it known, O reader ! that I live in a land, where the trite maxim, that “birds of a feather flock together,” is universally respected. To mingle different species would be utterly abominable ; but here it seemed it obtained ; those distinguishing lineaments, engraved by the Creator upon his works, were entirely effaced ; all was commingled into one *hodge podge* of black flesh and white flesh, and *yellow flesh*—an astonishing fact, that black flesh and white flesh mixed, produces yellow flesh, of all kinds of flesh the most disgusting, because it is a compound, and has no purity in it ; but is a sort of anomaly or patent right, or new invented specie, of which our Creator knows nothing, and who, consequently, will be much astounded at finding his dominions overrun with interlopers, especially of such an outlandish and mongrel breed.

My thoughts, in view of this subject, instantly reverted to the champions of Amalgamation, *****, ***, *****, **, and *****, and numberless other minor luminaries revolving about the central orb, and shedding their fiery and furious lustre over the regions they inhabit.

However, my mind dwelt not long upon this

topic, before one of the gentlemen, as if conscious of the awkwardness of our situations where nothing as yet but strabisms had passed between us, seemed disposed to sociability.

"A beautiful evening," was the remark, which betokened this.

"Beautiful!" echoed I, mechanically; for my mind was still absorbed by the foregoing reflections.

"You seem a stranger," continued the other, staring at me, inquisitively.

"A perfect stranger," was my reply. "What land is this, sir; you seem a strange people?" I stopped.

My eye was on the gentleman I addressed, as I spoke, and I observed, as uttering these words rather confusedly, a partial smile played over his cheeks, and that he glanced at his partner, as it did so.

"You are unacquainted with our habits," he said, then reverting his look at me.

"A singular clime," I replied, without appearing to heed these tokens of humour, "and singular people, too—that is," I added, looking inquisitively at the ebony belles, "if my present company can be accounted a fair sample."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed one of the belles, giggling, "this is no sample at all; there are stylisher folks than we in the city."

"What!—and, blacks!" returned I, with rather a disrespectful air; and glancing towards her with probably considerable of abhorrence, for the beau-

tiful creature blushed from the crown of her head to the oval of her big toe.

“Blacks! to be sure,” screamed she; “the blacks are the most respectable portion of community.”

She would have proceeded, doubtless, in the true vein of black indignation, heaping fire and ashes upon my head, at my offering anything like insult to their sable honours, had not a hunch from her pallid groom checked the volumes of lava that swelled to her lips.

I perceived at once that my credit with them was over. They, doubtless, considered me (as in verity I was) an inhabitant of one of those far-off climes, where all blood flows pure and taintless, and where innovation and conglomeration have not yet dwelt; and, of course, no proper person to be spoken to, or even treated with decorum.

We proceeded on consequently for a long time in utter silence, till at length one of the gentlemen, whose countenance betokened a good deal of humour, being next to me, observed—

“You are a stranger, no question, sir; and are, consequently so to our manners and customs; you behold yonder city?”

I looked—and, lo! a most beautiful city (we were on a rise of ground) lay basking beneath me in the fading sun-light. Spires, domes, and steeples, appeared clustered in magnificent confusion, the faint lustre of the setting orb, with all its serene richness, tinting each with hues, not of earth.

My companion proceeded :—

“It is the city of Amalgamation ! All are votaries of the amalgamating creed there. It was founded in the year of our Lord 18—, by the famous and ever-to-be remembered ———, of whom probably you may have heard. The gates are free to all travellers ; perhaps you would desire to visit it—if you should, you can do so without difficulty. We are now on our way thither, and if I can be of any service to you in the place, I will be so with pleasure.”

“Your information certainly interests me,” said I, “and I shall not fail to avail myself of your friendship. Amalgamation,” added I, after a short pause, “I have heard that ; and are you a proselyte to the creed ?” I rejoined, with a smile.

“Not exactly,” was his response, and a facetious expression was in his face ; “but it has come to be so fashionable among us, that one can hardly keep from it, though there are many dissenters in the city, and some talented men, too, who not only disclaim such principles, but actually preach against them, as an abomination, and utterly subversive of every principle of reason or common sense.”

On further acquaintance, I found that these benevolent-minded individuals were on their way to the metropolis for the purpose of undergoing what is termed the “Amalgamating process,” which, as the reader will soon perceive, was no frivolous pantomime.

CHAPTER III.

“What metamorphose strange is this, I prove
Myself, now scarce I find myself to be.”

DRUMMOND.

THE shadows of evening lay heavy and dense upon the amalgamating city. Passing the huge outer portal, which opened to the west, we were soon traversing a spacious street, here and there illuminated by the light issuing from windows on either side. All was life and bustle, and there were novelties,—but let them come in turn, for it were impossible to describe them all *now*, without great detriment to the progress of the narrative.

After passing several streets brilliantly illumined, and fraught with a continual din, we arrived at a huge building, which the towering steeple and other accompaniments proclaimed a church. A splendid lamp illuminated the steps, which were of stone; the outer door was a-jar, from which a light burst, showing it to be occupied.

We proceeded up the steps, and were soon through the door. My companions, whispering an apology, disappeared among the multitude crowding in (the church was full.) I obtained a seat in one of the lateral slips. The organ was just expiring on a soul-soothing and soul-melting note as I entered. A breathless silence pervaded the assembly—a spirit, soft, mollifying, seemed to brood over it. The inexpressible strain was still in my ear, when the intended preacher, a man with an attractive aspect, arose. He was a man, however, whose attractions, after the first inspection, were rather of a disagreeable character than otherwise. His eyes were keen and quick; his forehead low, receding over which straggled a few locks of thin lightish gray hair, which infused into his countenance a sage and venerable expression, though the tenor of his homily, and the style in which it was delivered, abrogated the expression.

On looking at the preacher, my eyes naturally fell upon two pulpits constructed on either side of the one belonging to that individual. They were smaller, however, and decked off in gairish style. They had a great deal of red disposed about their sides, especially the one in which was a monstrous black lady, the minister's spouse, who, adorned with much finery, sat like a princess of Chiam, a spectacle to the whole assembly, fanning herself with a broad palm leaf, with which she endeavoured to stay the perspiration that was rolling from her in rivers.

The other pulpit had his offspring—a beautiful little flock, eight in number, and all scrambling about the cushions, or thrusting their dusky brows over the fringed border. They looked pretty—but, alas! not so pretty as they would have been had that infernal shade not been mixed with their otherwise fair and spotless cheeks. There was an olivaster hue blended with the blood, which tainted their loveliness. Poor nature—abused, *caricatured* nature! These pulpits were constructed, I afterwards learned, for the purpose of proving to the world, that he (the preacher) broached not tenets without supporting them by his practice.

There was another novelty also, which I must not forget. It was a curious contrivance constructed between the husband and wife. It resembled, I know not what; it was perfectly original. It seemed composed of fans and little vials, ingeniously intermingled. It whizzed round seemingly by a perpetual motion power, and with amazing swiftness: its object being to protect the husband from those disagreeable evaporations exhaling from the odoriferous spouse, which it did by fanning off the offensive air, and at the same time dispensing, by means of the vials, a delightful perfume.

On looking round I discovered the same contrivance affixed to all the pulpits in the church. They were constructed between the husband and wife, protecting the former from offensive exhalations, and were buzzing like so many spinning wheels.

These novel whirligigs were, doubtless, of incalculable value ; for the house, thronged, as it was with a mixed multitude of all colours, must have been absolutely untenable, especially of a hot evening, without them. At it was, I occasionally witnessed a proof of this. The doors as well as windows were all open ; so that fresh atmosphere had ingress, and the consequence was, whenever a blast entered, it disturbed the dissimilar airs in the apartment, and as the foul air was generally the most powerful, a dreadful hubbub would instantly occur until expelled through the opposite windows and doors, when the wholesome air would again be predominant, and peace reign.

I was busily engaged in observing these novelties, when suddenly a burst from the preacher, startling the whole assembly, drew my attention thither. He was in one of his most furious flourishes of eloquence.

“Behold!” exclaimed he, with an energetic wave of the hand, and a fierce glance across the church, “what a change has taken place in the condition of the black man within a half century ? Look back for one moment to the time when General Jackson sat in the presidential chair. How was the black man then ? Buried in gloomy ignorance ! manacled, abused ! Now, he is free, he is blessed, he is happy ! O what a doom awaits all those who, despising philanthropy and the noble example set them by us, still adhere to the hell-brewed traffic. Their doom is written ; their habitation will here-

after be with snarling demons, and brimstone engendering hobgoblins! * * * *

“I am astonished that any of you, my friends, should be discontented. What is there we have, that you have not ! You are admitted to the same privileges, the same society. Your pew, instead of being *tucked away*, as formerly, in one corner of the church, with the label, COLOURED PEOPLE, on it, is in our very midst. We are all intermingled, without regard to colour or character. At our board you are served from the same dish ; your daughters are permitted to cohabit with us ; your children are treated with decorum. What offices in the government does the white man hold, to which the black man is not equally eligible ? Is there a man of you, who will not admit, that wherever and whenever the white man has acquired unwonted honours, the black man was admissible to the same distinctions ? Prejudices, by the ingenious inventions of great men, have been utterly baffled ! What is there, then, my beloved Africans, to make you seditious ?” * * * *

At that moment a gust of offensive atmosphere assailed the orator’s nostril, occasioning a hubbub in the nasal region. A lavender flask, which stood within reach, dispelled the grievance, when he continued.

“It is a shame and disgrace to you, after all the toil and trouble undergone to bring you from a state of degradation and oppression to where you

may enjoy the light of freedom and the blessings of liberty, to be filling our ears with your complaints, and our streets with your moanings. Is not freedom the choicest of gifts? * * * * *

“But let me warn you in particular not to lend an ear to those headstrong railers, who, haunting the city, think to annul our blessed principles by their own abominable and hell-engendered tenets. However, this caution may be unnecessary. I hope it is. You behold, and have beheld, those principles in which you have been educated triumphant over every obstacle.” * * * * *

He proceeded in this glowing strain for a quarter of an hour, when he came to a full stop. Wiping his forehead, which was wet with perspiration, he looked inquiringly round over the vast assembly, exclaiming—

“Those individuals who desire initiation into our holy fraternity will now step forward.”

At this request two couples of individuals stepped into the broad aisle. They were my late acquaintances—those who accompanied me into the city. At the same time a dreadful vomiting arose near by. Several individuals instantly started up; with much difficulty I discovered the culprit through a crowd which encircled him. Cologne bottles flourished about his nose, but without effect, when he was seized by a few individuals present, and hurried out of the church, the vomit flying on all around.

This shameless wight, I afterwards learned, was one who had lately wedded a negress ; his stomach, too wise to be bamboozled into such mongrel principles, sought every possible occasion to vent its vile humour, which it did, alas ! to the credit of the scandalized groom, too often.

He disappeared, and the solemn words of the preacher addressing the novices, again broke upon my ear.

“ My friends,” he said, with an animated look, “ I rejoice to behold you here ; your presence is an overwhelming argument in our favour. It shows incontestably that our blessed principles are becoming prevalent ; that the land is awakening ; that truth is triumphant. I hope you will remain steadfast in the cause you have espoused, and show yourselves genuine despisers of all prejudice. You are aware, I presume, Mr. Hottle, that there is something within you, which repels you from Miss Sincopy, which is a *prejudice* ; and a horrible crime ; and which it is our benign purpose to annihilate. We have a process denominated “ BOILING,” which effects this ; it is a delightful process, dissipating every heinous feeling ; after which comes “ PER-FUMING,” another operation equally agreeable, and of as much consequence. Deacon,” turning to an obese man, who stood near hard by, “ lead the way, if you please, to the ‘ GREAT BOILER.’ ”

At these words, the official commanded, moved forward, and a door in the dark chancel being

opened, we entered a magnificent apartment. On both sides were stately pillars of marble, and exquisite workmanship. Silver lamps irradiated the lofty walls, disclosing to the left, as we entered, droll partitions or compartments as they seemed to be, jutting inward. They were square, perhaps twelve feet in breadth, and of a black sooty hue ; their summits, overshadowed with smoke, ascending from within, which, rolling in thick clouds onward, spread a dusky and vapoury screen over the depths of the hall. On these compartments were various inscriptions. The one next to me had the following :

“ THE GREAT BOILER.”

Under this, in tinier type, was the subjoined :

“ This boiler is intended for all those whose antipathy to the black man does not forbid a willingness to be amalgamated.”

In the gloomy distance were others, but so obscured by overhanging smoke as to be nearly illegible. After some difficulty, however, I succeeded in deciphering the following :—“ INFANTS”—“ OLD MAIDS”—“ OLD BACHELORS,” which were engraved upon the murky front of walls, whose black bulk protruded inward more or less, overshadowed by dense volumes of smoke which, ascending from within, lowered over them in convolving folds. On these walls were also other mementos in smaller letters, and of a more particular cha-

racter. The following, inscribed upon a partition near by, of an uncommonly black aspect, I perused :

“This boiler is intended for all those, whose antipathy to the black man has become so inveterate as to defy the power of the GREAT BOILER.”

A little further on, in gilt type, was the subjoined :

“This kettle is of singular virtue, being invented by the famous *****, for the purpose of boiling all those, who may have slandered or abused in any manner, the holy blessed tenets of amalgamation.”

On the summit of this wall was a gigantic negro and white lady, in massive sculpture work, locked in each other's fond embrace.

I was busily employed in gazing at and examining these various novelties, when the clattering of a door in the partition, enclosing the great boiler, arrested my attention. On looking towards it, I beheld a flight of stairs leading upward to the summit of the kettle ; and the party who accompanied me at that moment ascending them. I followed, and the next minute stood with them on an elevated platform, overlooking a most wonderful scene.

As far as the eye reached, appeared nothing but black copper kettles, of tremendous size, arranged in vast phalanx, and emitting fold on fold of a white soft smoke. An outrageous uproar assailed

my ears from these kettles and above them, where were the most extraordinary machines I ever beheld. They were composed of numberless fans, cranks, bellows, wheels, and such like gilcricks. From these a silver tube proceeded, hanging over each kettle. There was a vast throng employed about these inexplicable mills. While engaged in contemplating them, my eyes suddenly fell upon a most wonderful apparition,—a huge giant, all of twelve feet in height, with fiery eyes, and a hideous jaw, being long, lank, and rattling. This monster, wielding a long knotted scourge, stalked to and fro among the labourers, and if they relaxed in the least their efforts, he flogged them most outrageously.

I was wondering what this could mean, when I heard the voice of Wildfire, the principal who accompanied us, conversing with the initiates; approaching him, I received the following information:

“That monster!” and he pointed, as he spoke, to the grim giant, striding to and fro, flourishing his cat-o’nine-tails, “is the Goddess, Enthusiasm. She is the mistress of this daedal establishment. By her, it was founded, by her supported, by her superintended. Those labourers are her votaries. Those mills decoct or prepare a certain drug or spirit, yclept *Enthusiasm*, while those bright pipes convey the spirit to the kettles. Now, the object of boiling is as follows,” stepping up close to the eager auditors, and speaking earnestly,—“This prejudice, of which I have so frequently

spoken, it is our object, you must know, to eradicate. This is parboiled by boiling you in the Spirits of Enthusiasm ; that is, you enter the kettle, while I, working yon roaring mill, engender the mysterious mania, which has a wonderful effect. This inexplicable spirit is an unfailing antidote for every baneful passion; so enter, if you please, it is a ravishing process."

At these words, the principal ascending a pair of steps close by, established himself by the famous mill. The novitiates, after much hesitancy and sheepish looks, placed themselves within the copper caldron.

The eager priest then began to work, and such a horrid noise I never before heard. The mill flew like wildfire, but to no purpose, till the monster god, mentioned, striding up, commenced flogging the votary with his knotted scourge. Then, in voluminous folds, the gushing smoke enveloped the clattering mill, rolling around the votary, who was all in a glow ; the perspiration bedewing his brow ; his eyes flashing a pale light. The mill roared like bedlam ! I looked at the pipe. A soft liquid oozed into the kettle. It was of a peculiar kind. It resembled foam on beer ; it was all life, but less substance. No sooner did it emerge than, expanding, it filled the whole kettle with a spray like vapour. But it operated very singularly. Commencing at the toes it worked upward, engrossing the brain.

But let us, complaisant reader, digress a little in

order to an explanation. Who does not know, that the human brain is governed by two very distinguished and noble potentates, namely, Judgment and his consort, Reason. And who does not know that their reign is always productive of prosperity and happiness to the kingdom. But, alas! like all earthly potentates, they have their troubles; the cerebral realm being infested with a gang of seditious myrmidons, ever ready for all traitorous aggression—such as cruelty, revenge, envy, rage, pride, oppression, hard-heartedness, stubbornness, fanaticism, and a host of others of equal baseness.

In man's primeval state, these troublesome barons were in quiet subjection to the executive authority, but becoming corrupt, they spread universal confusion through the realm.

As it is, however, whenever the lineal heirs of the throne predominate, there is always a certainty of peace, prosperity and happiness through the empire, for they, discountenancing all corrupt and wicked lordlings, honour gentle-souled and high minded princes, such as sympathy, benevolence, kindness, adoration, christianity, meekness, tenderness, mildness, love, and others of like tempers.

Now, enthusiasim has her foul minion in every human heart, and it is her malignant purpose if possible, to invest her with the supreme power over that dominion. For this purpose, she invented those outlandish machines in the amalgamating establishment for the purpose of brewing a sort of liquor which should fuddle or make drunk, Judg-

ment and Reason; of course then this bedlamitish spirit no sooner found ingress into the novitiate's brain, than dead drunk, Reason totters from her throne, and up bounces that old she wanton, Enthusiasm, clothing her in the royal robes.

All was rapture of course, in the persons of the initiates; their prejudices vanished or seemed to, and urging close up they evinced a powerful inclination to be amorous, while boisterous smacks echoed amid the encompassing smoke, it was a wondrous courtship! The goddess redoubled her castigations upon the votary; the votary redoubled his exertions at the machine, and of course the novitiates redoubled their dalliance upon each other.

But the mad spirit did not stop here; every thing in the room seemed bewitched, chairs, tables, and kettles were all frisking and capering; a magnificent cartoon hanging against the wall, began suddenly to flutter, bend and convolve, as though enlivened, and two menials carrying articles to their master, stopping abruptly, began to dance and curvet, and at length one incited by a fonder spirit rushed down into a kettle and seized upon a blooming miss there boiling. Then arose a dreadful fight. The lady's amoroso (for what knight would witness, with unfired blood his lady love borne off as a prize) instantly grappled with him; squeezed in each other's iron gripe they rolled along the bottom of the kettle, their craniums ringing against the hard copper; blow followed blow;

confusion reigned! The infernal clamour reached the ear of Jove and beautiful Iris left the royal court to stay the jarring discord, her variegated wings were soon fluttering above the mad assembly, her hand was extended to her master's bidding, when lo a fat rat creeping from its round hole in the solid wall, reared on its hind legs and danced a horn-pipe. The affrighted goddess, abandoned her errand; a sort of flit like the brushing of an invisible wing, showed she had vanished.

The infernal mania soon seized upon me; a queer sensation commenced in my big toe, then in all of my toes, then in my limbs, in my body, and finally in my brain; my muscles contracted and in spite of me I began to dance, all sorts of figures, which soon metamorphosed into an Indian pow wow which I maintained for the space of two hours, when the weary labourers ceasing, the mania subsided. I now expected a grave homily upon fisty cuffing and scuffling, but was disappointed. The combat being loudly applauded by all present as a powerful argument in favour of amalgamation, for what wight would fight for a coal black damsel unless sincerely attached to her, and if so, that attachment had been created by boiling.

“Blessed process,” cried Wildfire enthusiastically, descending from his sublime avocations, “thou art the almoner of blessedness; my noble proselytes there is a crown burnished bright for you in heaven, you have proved incontrovertibly,

that prejudices can be abrogated. Boiling, a foolish farce, I have heard it denounced as such ; O what sharp pitchforks are preparing for all such foul calumniators in Pluto's infernal furnace ; boiling, it is the hypostatical portal to purity ; the hydragogue of hogoo ; the sublimation of oglio ;—but time forbids descant upon this sublime odour-expunging scheme. The next process is that of "*Perfuming*," equally, yes more pleasurable than the other. I will explain unto you, that you may not be entirely ignorant of its nature. Boiling only renders you insensible to each other's foul effluvia, the pest therefore still remains ; perfuming is intended to nullify as much as possible, this foul odour, by opposing to it balmy perfume which is injected into your fetid veins. Deacon, we will now to the

"PERFUMERY."

CHAPTER IV.

*"Quid velint flores, et acerva thuris
Plena miraris, positusque carbo in cespite vivo."*

HORACE.

A NARROW door opposite to that by which we had entered now flung open, unfolded another apartment, with equal dimensions with the one we were in.

This room was truly magnificent, beautiful ; the air was soft, balmy, exquisite odours enhancing its delightsomeness. The outlandish clamours, so annoying in the adjoining apartment, were here null, thick partitions excluding them. Bright lamps diffused an overwhelming splendour, which were reflected and re-reflected by innumerable silver casements hanging by the vast walls, filled with perfume flasks. In all parts of the room were arranged singular gilgrics, which will receive attention as they respectively appear in the perfuming operation.

A turkey carpet covered the floor, over which flitted, like phantoms, (as they were probably) countless beings, of Lilliputian size and mein, all carrying little whips that glistened like silver. These minions instantly thronged around us, as eager to commence the joyous work.

“My beloved proselytes,” said Wildfire, as the door banged heavily behind us, leaving us within the room, “back!—Bolobungo, minions withdraw, till the signal be given. The operation, my beloved friends, to which you will now be subjected, is one of considerable poignance. However, it is necessary before you are fit for the holy bonds of wedlock. I have already stated, that this troublesome effluvia, which is the origin of so much prejudice, exhales from your blood. The only way, therefore, to counteract it effectually, is by fumigating your polluted veins, which we will now perform. The process with you, gentlemen, is quite the reverse. The trouble being in your nose, we will attend to you directly.”

At these words he uttered a shrill whistle. The signal summoned around him a troop of fantastic elves, with silver whips. The coy, but complaisant damsels, in one moment, lay bound upon a queer contrivance resembling a rack, in the middle of the floor, while the mettlesome elves hovering round, whipped them with their silver whips.

“A blessed process,” ejaculated Wildfire, who stood near by, rubbing his hands, while his eyes shone with serene pleasure. “Mr. Huffle, delight-

some ; that's it, Bolobungo ! Miss Crizy feelest much pain. Sachinopingo, flog more her shoulders : 'tis severe, I allow, but prejudices must be abrogated."

" Courage, dearest !" cried Dashey.

" Ilinghorarehee !" suddenly roared Wildfire, " whip her noxious limbs. O, such a smudge ! Hard ! hard ! Patience, Miss Crizy, patience ! Agag ! the musk, the musk ! You scurvy varmint, where's the musk !"

So saying, the troubled man, clapping a kerchief to his mouth, staggered to a casement near by, the door of which being a-jar ; he seized from thence a crooked-necked bottle, which he was in the act of conveying to his nose, when the stomachal tide gushed forth, bespattering all around him.

" I feel much better," he exclaimed, returning the bottle to its depository. " My friends, you will excuse this shameful explosion ; I feel ashamed of it ; but, poor frail nature will get the upper hand sometimes ; but these are diabolical weaknesses. I must overcome them ; I will overcome them ; I must do penance for this. Miss Sincopy," approaching the rack on which that patient individual was confined, wiping his mouth, " how is it with you !"

" I am most dead," replied the sufferer. " Dear me ! call them off ! There's no foul effluvia about me now."

" Yes, there is—yes, there is!--oceans of it," cried the other. " Bolobungo ! there is the most

odour about her shoulders. Are you faint, Miss Sincopy?"

"Yes," lisped the victim.

"The camphor! the camphor!" shouted Wildfire, rushing across the room. "Cambuskeneth! the camphor, I say!"

"The camphor!" roared Hoffle.

"The camphor!" cried a dozen voices.

A minion speedily appeared with the desired drug. The eager functionary seized the flask, and thrust it to the nose of the novitiate.

"Bolobungo! what do you stop for?" he cried; "this foul effluvia must be expelled."

"Hyacinthingine! continue your flogging; this fainting is to be expected. Mr. Hoffle, will you take the flask?" presenting the vessel to that individual, who stood near by, dreadfully anxious.

The painful flagellation was accordingly renewed of course; the camphor flask was availless; the exhausted damsel fainted upon the rack!

"Bolobungo!" cried the functionary, motioning the shrewd Mohoc to him, "run! bring hither Chirurgeon Felt, in Broadway, No. ***. Haste, minion, haste!" The sprightly menial flitted from the room, and Wildfire turned towards the others, "Whist!—enough! See'st not the feeble creature fainteth!"

"Mr. Wildfire," cried Hoffle, "will you not unbind her? This is a serious affair."

"Serious! to be sure it is," returned the other,

“Serious! I should look pretty, engaged in a farcical mummary, I imagine. Unloose her, elves!”

The senseless maiden was accordingly untrammelled, and means resorted to for her recovery. While thus engaged the door opened, and the desired leech entered the apartment. A diminutive man, with an olivaster visage, with eyes small, penetrating; decorated with black eye-brows; hair light and thin, hanging a considerable distance down his neck; his garments adusted as though with fresh handled drugs. The physician, approaching, gazed upon the swooned maiden with a solemn eye.

“Sir, what’s this?” he exclaimed, as examining her wounded shoulder, “you have flogged too severely, the left shoulder blade. This odour, Mr. Wildfire, which you purpose to annihilate, abounds, not so much about the bony or cartilaginous portions as about the fleshy portions; besides, the fleshy portions, are not so easily injured; bones you know, are easily fractured, dislocated or broken, while the redundant flesh is only susceptible of a little smart.”

“Chirurgion Felt,” roared Wildfire hotly, “I sent for you to relieve this fainted girl, not to rant about heaps of bones and hillocks of flesh.”——

“Sir,” cried Felt in turn, pacing the carpetted floor in impatience, “You are a scoundrel; what I say, I know; you weasel-eyed curmudgeon, what do you know of Chirurgery, or phlebotomy,

what do you know of cartilage, of gristle ; (shaking valorously the silver sconced cane which he carried)—sir, sir, I will flog thee, sir.”

“Thou hell-doomed varmint ;” pronounced Wildfire, with a loud voice, “out of this house, or minions”—and he glanced a shrewd eye at his incorrigible partisans.

The doctor dreading a thorough flagellation from these implacable fiends, accordingly shuffled out of the room as quickly as possible.

“Infernal empyric !” cried Wildfire, when the door closed, “what does he know of foul effluvia ; he is destined to Pluto’s gulf ;—but, my fair proselyte, turning towards the feeble girl, who recovered from her swoon, was gazing upon him with eyes wide open, “you are well ;—yonder proud leech was not fit for thee ;—Bolobungo, proceed, we are now ready for perfuming.” The eager minions seized the reinvigorated victim.

“Beloved Wildfire,” exclaimed the maiden, “I am very feeble ; is the other operation as painful as the last ?—I—”

“Fair girl,” returned Wildfire “it is a most delightful operation ;—no pains at all mixed with it ; elves what doest thou ?”

In the middle of the floor was another contrivance of a most singular description. It resembled a coop, constructed about young trees ; it was of sheet iron, circular, and perforated with small holes. It occupied a vast arch in which was a

huge boiler, and under that a tremendous fire, which cracked briskly.

The maidens, were again seized and encooped in this singular limbo, the little rascals, having long bright instruments in their hands resembling a syringe, flocked round, and inserting these instruments through the case, injected delicious odour into the body.

“You understand this ?” observed Wildfire to the anxious but interested spectators, “the polluted body being first prepared by a rigid castigation, which fractures the flesh just enough for the purpose, is then enclosed in the coop and fumigated ;—ply away, elves ?”

The elves obeyed ; a continual hissing noise was the consequence of the operation for a long time, a smart fire being kept up in the meanwhile in the black arch, which created a dense smoke from the caldron over it, muffling the inmates. The perfumes in the kettle were of the choicest kind, diffusing a ravishing tincture through the air.

* * * * *

This operation finished, the principal turned to the males.

“Mr. Hoffle,” he said, “we are now ready for you ; place your back, if you please, against this pillar,” clapping his hand as he spoke against a column near by.

Hoffle demurred ; a dark shade overspread his brow.

“ You hesitate,” said Wildfire, wonderingly.

“ I do,” replied Hoffle, “ with deference to your superior knowledge ;—now, Mr. Wildfire, I know not but the operation which you design upon me will be beneficial, but I am afraid, also, painful. The reason why I suppose so is this; one calm day in June, while traversing the eastern part of this mighty state, I heard a fearful outcry borne over the echoing hills, and on interrogating my attendant concerning it, was informed that it was that of a man amalgamating.”

“ Mr. Hoffle,” interrupted Wildfire, solemnly, yet warmly, “ what’s this you utter; overcome a foul, filthy prejudice of your own unaided might?—sir, sir, do you suppose an ordinance of providence can be nullified so easily? depend upon it sir, such high handed arrogance will be checked. Place your shoulder against this pillar if you please,” and he clapped his hand against the column designated, as he spoke with a stern look. With a grim smile, Hoffle complied.

“ It will soon be over,” said one of the maidens leaning upon his arm, in a low tone, but suddenly she burst into tears.

“ Hush, Lose,” exclaimed Hoffle, “ this is a necessary endurance; amalgamation must be supported. What death so glorious as that in support of this holy ordinance?—no, Lose, retire, I am determined on suffering as a holo-

caust upon the altar of these blessed principles;—a martyr to truth; my name will then be embalmed among the worthies of the earth—but I have little time; if I perish, dearest, collect together what few chattels of mine you may discover, return to your parents and mine, tell them of my triumphant martyrdom.”——

“Are you ready?” shouted Wildfire, “Stand back, ladies.”

The ladies obeyed, while the tears started in their dusky eyes.

“Do unbind him,” half implored Lose, shrinking back.

“Ladies, this is infamous; it is heretical,” cried Wildfire, sternly. “Stand back.” And then turning to the minions, “Bolobungo, proceed;—are the fumy injections ready, speed!—Sachinopingo lower the *probosci*.”

The article thus designated was a silver wire or cord attached to the metallic pilaster above the anxious initiate. This cord had a small hook on the lower end, which being lowered, was clapped through Mr. Hoffle’s nose. A distortion of the muscles of the face acknowledged the smart thus engendered.

The nostril was then drawn up by means of the cord.

Now this organ, it is well known, is fruitful of certain growths, which sprouting forth conglomerate over the upper lip. These growths it is also well known, are not unfrequently subject to dire depredation from a very original instrument de-

nominated *tweezers*, and the fingers too, those busy scoundrels, are sometimes instrumental in such shameful aggression. Now God has created nothing in vain; *ergo*, those nasal clusters are no superfluities; *ergo*, those who eradicate them, perpetrate a heinous crime, subject to the awful retribution of heaven.

However, Mr. Hoffle was no transgressor of this description; his nasal locks were all in fine order, but his more fastidious companion, as will soon appear, was a foul sinner, and as such suffered a severe penalty.

In the first place, then, these hairs were all combed neatly by means of an instrument resembling a *rake*, managed by the functionary with sagacity; when another instrument resembling a syringe full of perfume, was inserted in the nose.

“Bolobungo,” shouted Wildfire, as doing this, where is your glass;—speed, elf, speed, and see if I inject this odour with effect. Mr. Hoffle, patience; this you know, is the olfactory channel;—hold, hold, we must fumigate it, in order that all airs passing through may be agreeable:—look, minion, look, see if I inject this odour with effect.”

At that moment a rushing noise was heard like cold water through an engine pipe.

“Good!” cried the exulting minion, “every nook, crevice, hill in Mr. Hoffle’s nose, is blue with perfume;—what a sweet clime.”—

“Cease, elf,” said Wildfire, “is your telescope free from cobwebs and dirt?”

“I washed it with clean soapsuds myself,” re-

turned the myrmidon, "it is as clear as ether, there is no mistake Mr. Hoffle's nose;—I will look again;" and adjusting his glass close to the orifice, crouching his body, with shiny eyes, he peered into Mr. Hoffle's proboscis. "As fragrant as the spicy pollingers of Cashmere;—as balmy——"

"Whist! I believe thee," cried Wildfire, "most assuredly, I believe thee; for never before did I inject a potion with so much caution." And so saying, he sprung grasping that individual by the nose; he screwed it tight, jamming his head against the column; "excuse me, Mr. Hoffle," he exclaimed, "I serve you thus to prevent the odour I have just injected from escaping with your next suspiration, the '*nasaltes*' minion, I say."

Mr. Hoffle's nose wheezed like a choked man; the air, forbidden its usual egress, retreated through cartilaginous by-paths, making a terrible blustering noise through the wide open jaw bones. Soon after Bolobungo appeared, with a singular gilgric, resembling very much a cow's tit, having on the end a quantity of fine hairs, whose use will soon be evident, and a spring catch, for the purpose of letting off the perfume, of which this original article was fraught. This gilgric, he presented to Wildfire.

"Ilingorarehee! Curakobingo! Hyacynthine!—help, for mercy's sake, help!" roared Wildfire, as he received the vessel, inserting its furzy

end in the novitiate's nose, while that individual's head was pressed energetically against the column, at the same time compressing the bottle between his fingers, to infuse fresh odour.

At the same time, the menials summoned, appeared, having long rods resembling wire, to the end of which were attached small *claws*, with which they hitched the perfume pouch to the nose by means of the hairs which garnished each. This singular bottle then dangled at the novitiate's proboscis, always ready to supply every lack of odour.

"There!" cried Wildfire, heaving a long breath as letting go the pouch, he stepped back, leaving it dangling at the novice's nostril, "It is finished. A delicate operation, Mr. Hoffle. It looks queer, sir, at first; but it is a common thing; half of the folks in the city are *bottled*. You can replenish it whenever you please with whatever odour you like. Mr. Dashey, you are next in order."

That individual submitted quietly to his fate.

All went very smoothly on, till the "bottling operation," which, for reasons heretofore observed, was dreadful.

The aphorism, "God has created nothing in vain," was never more wonderfully exemplified. Mr. Dashey was discovered to be one of those gaudy birds of community—a sort of new fangled architect upon nature's ichnography, who lavish their whole time in conjurings about their apparel, and sacrilegious innovations upon nature's scheme, and who had trespassed upon those inner shrub-

beries of the nose, tearing them all out by the roots!

“Curse ’em!” cried he, as standing before the mirror, his face distorted hideously, “curse ’em!—such black bushes! What are they there for?—curse ’em!” And so he pulled them all out; but a day of retribution had come.

“Mr. Dashey,” cried Wildfire, on examining that individual’s nose, “What’s here?”

“Nothing, thank heaven! I am no Turk!”

“But you are a fool, sir! A hell-doomed fool!” retorted Wildfire. “What, sir!—ravish the indispensable locks of the nose! Why, sir, what do you suppose was God’s purpose in planting them there? Was it not for the very one to which they are now put? Can you give any other? There is no other. Nature evidently intended that man should be bottled; and, if so, what better proof is wanted in favour of this sublime process, which was invented by philanthropic men, and is now becoming so universally prevalent, being in the mind of our Creator, when he made man; and, of his intention from the foundation of the world, to have black folks and white folks intermingle, intermarry, amalgamate! Sir, sir! your high-handed innovations have brought upon you a terrible retribution.”

So saying, the incensed official fell vigorously to work.

I was frightened; I screened my fearful eyes; the blood curdled in my veins. Suddenly a dismal

yell echoed through the room—then another and another, till the detached outbreaks became one continued yell. I raised my eyes. The novice's attitude reminded me of a lithographic sketch which I have seen, of a very distinguished individual,—called

“ JIM CROW !”

His body twisted all up—one leg in air—arms extended. The ladies were running hither and thither ; but suddenly wide open flew the door, and a tall man, with a cloak on, an official baton in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other, strode into the room. Others of the same character followed, while in the gloomy perspective hovered a host of them.

“ What outrageous noise is this ?” he demanded sternly ; but his eye blenched as it met the furious glance of the enthusiastical priest.

“ Thou bantling of Apolyon !” exclaimed Wild-fire, releasing his victim, and moving fiercely towards the intruder, “ out of this house ! Hell-doomed varmint ! do'st think to trample under foot, in this sacrilegious manner, the holy blessed rites of Amalgamation ! Avaunt !—and you, frightened varmints as ye are,” casting his eyes towards the windows and doors, at every one of which glared a pale-eyed old woman, or white visage of a half dressed man, who, frightened from his slumbers, had rushed to see what it was that awoke him, “ Retire !—Did'st never know of Amalgamation ?

of those blessed operations which destroy all prejudice! O vile, infamous ignoramuses! Avaunt! lest, commanding my minions, you be plunged into the Great Boiler!"

I heard no more ; for the watchman, as frightened at this dreadful ecclesiastical ban, as before at the hideous noise which he heard, turned a short corner, muttering some inarticulate ejaculations of wonder and surprise, and motioning those who accompanied him back, myself among them ; for, weary with the outlandish scene, I seized upon the present occasion to escape ; the door slammed behind us.

"Lort bless us," cried the watchman, retreating up the street. "I had no thoughts it was beloved Wildfire amalgamating."

CHAPTER V.

"The lady shrieks, and well a near
Doth fall in travail with her fear."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE moon sunk, her sickly light gilding the rims of an overhanging cloud, the sombre domes, the mossy roofs of the city. Shadows fell over my path; a ray of cold moonlight occasionally streaking them.

I walked rapidly along the pavement. Turning a corner I discovered four figures of individuals moving through the murky distance. Horses, animals of every description almost, rushed by me close, or at a distance, filling the air with their clanging hoof sounds.

I approached the figures ; they were my friends the initiates.

"You served us a fine trick," said Hoffle,—
"what made you run so?"

"I had seen enough!" replied I, "Mr. Dashey

you fared greivously—heavens what a noise ; you have startled the whole city ;—look at that horse how he goes ; his halter flying ;—well I dont wonder ;—hello,—murder !”

A beast of a most horrific description burst from a cross street, almost running over us, snorting, foaming up the street.

“What’s that,—in the name of wonder?”

“An amalgamation of the horse and the cow,” replied my friend, laughing, “look, it has horns, cloven hoofs, frizzled hair, and yet an arched neck ; a flowing mane, long sleek legs, flaunting tail,—but it is gone.—You will stop where we put up ;—it is a splendid hotel,—wont you ?”

“Yes!—hist, what voice is that !”

All listened.

“For mercy sake,” said a trembling voice from under a pair of old stairs near by, “have compassion upon a miserable wretch who has but a few years to live at the utmost ;—what a dreadful noise—what could it be ?—the world is coming to an end—mercy on me !”——

“My good lady,” said Hoffle, peeping under the greeze, “can we not assist you ?—you seem alarmed—you are in a musty place !” and assisting her, she was soon before them ; a withered, wornout crippled old crone ; her long hair, white hanging down her neck ; her features shrivelled, withered, and now blenched with terror ; her eyes rolling in dry humoury sockets ; her apparel tattered and torn, and her whole appearance em-

blematic of overwhelming alarm. The moment she was out, she sank upon her knees, exclaiming,

“O preternatural creature, have mercy; are you of the other world?—what do you come for?—have mercy—do you mean to gullup up the city? what dreadful hue and cry was that?—wo is me;—have mercy!—heigho!”

“Venerable ronion!” said Hoffle, smiling, “it was only beloved Wildfire amalgamating!”

“Mercy on me, is that all?” and the old lady hobbled up the stairs.

“Your amalgamating operations,” said I, as we proceeded on, “create a dreadful consternation; the inhabitants I should think would become habituated to it in time; creating such ungovernable terror, among animals as well as—heavens—look there!”

At a short distance from us by the side of a post, lay a cow with its brains dashed out.

“Poor creature,” lisped Mrs. Hoffle.

“Dreadful,” sighed Mrs. Dashey.

We passed on.

Mrs. Hoffle pulled a cobweb from the rim of her husband’s hat.

“There is something singular about these noises,” observed that individual then, “they never frighten except in the night; why, I know not. But here are our lodgings.”

As he spoke, I looked up, perceiving the follow-

ing notice on the front of a spacious building just before us.

“ THE AFRICAN HOUSE.”

In one hour I was reposing upon a soft bed.

CHAPTER V.

“Dark as to thee my deeds may seem,
 My memory now is but the tomb
 Of joys long dead * * * * BYRON.

SCARCELY had the dew of sleep settled upon my eyelids, when a moaning voice aroused me ; supporting my languid head upon my arm, I distinctly heard the following lamentable soliloquy from the adjoining hall.

“ I am miserable ! What ill-omened star rules my wretched life ; what malignant fiend superintends the weaving of my vital woof ; my only avenue to respectability and conjugal bliss is blocked up ; I am an outcast from the pale of common fellowship ; outlawed and proscribed, must I exist hereafter among men ; a brand is upon me. O ye fates that oversee the concatenating of this mortal chain, assist me on this woful occasion.”

Surprised, I arose and opened the door. A long

narrow hall was disclosed, with a window at the far end, through which appeared sleepy clouds, and a ray or two of dim light penetrated, illuminating faintly, the room.

Walking slowly towards the window was a man, undressed. In a moment turning round, he approached me.

“I crave pardon, sir,” said I, conscious of the impropriety of my obtrusion, “I heard a mournful voice; are you in distress—”

“I am in inconsolable misery;” replied the mourner, after a moment’s pause.

“Could I, assist you.”

“My griefs are inconsolable !”

“An invalid, perhaps;—I will summon aid.”—

“Forbear!—I thank you, but my dreadful woe lies deeper than this corporeal shell; it is in the polluted soul!”

I shrunk back.

“You are not a criminal I hope !”—

“I am guilty,” replied he, “of a heinous crime!”

I shrunk back still further; my lips were open to bellow murder, but another word from the frightful man closed them again.

“If you would condescend to listen to my tragic story.”

“Walk this way, sir; the air is cool, and I will listen to you with the greatest pleasure.”

The mourner complied; I crawled back into my warm bed, where I listened to the following sorrowful tale, from the melancholy man.

“ I have always,” said he, retaining his solemn walk to and fro across the floor, “ entertained a prejudice against the black man, but I think I am pardonable, for no man ever strove harder than I did for an exemption from this diabolical propensity. I mingled with them, always selecting a black belle instead of a white one, for the purpose of acclimating my revolting nerves to them,—in fine I lavished my whole time among them, but all to no purpose ; I was upon the rack ! one day, woful day, I vomited while surrounded with a splendid but mixed assembly ; accursed stomachal revolting ! I rushed forth, vowing to be bottled ; I was bottled, I was a new man ; no negro after that, had reason to complain of my want of courtesy towards him. For two years now have I lived thus respectable, happy ; but alas, my hopes are now blasted. Detained by business to a late hour, I last night took lodgings in the adjoining apartment. During my slumbers I had a dream, a frightful dream, I thought I was assailed by *devils*, the most horrible, hideous looking monsters you ever saw, all snatching after my bottle ! I fought with desperation ;—knocking this one, then that, but all in vain ; my fists were wofully battered till at last one of them seizing the gilgric with his frightful hoof, with a hellish laugh, wrenched it from its fastenings,—O heaven !—for what was I destined ! tortured by the thought I awoke ; the disentangled relic in my own furious clench, but alas, crushed,—the odour spilled ; were

it not for that I might have escaped the tragedy that followed, in the same room with me slept a black man ; a hellish odour from him, instantly, assaulted my nose ; my stomach boiled like a volcano, and then emitted its foul contents,—it bubbled again, and would have renewed the discharge, but I fled from the apartment. O wo is me, that is my tale !” And the poor man stamped upon the floor, and wrung his hands.

“ You had better get *new bottled*,” said I, curling down.

“ My nose has got no hairs ;” replied he, “ it will kill me. Good night, sir ; good night !” And he left the room, and me to my long wished for repose.

CHAPTER. VI.

“What makes all physical or moral ill ?

There deviates nature and here wanders will,

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Think we like some weak prince the Eternal cause

Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws.”

POPE.

ON the following morning I was reading the subjoined items from an immense print, entitled the “Amalgamationist” in the hotel where I put up.

“Let our opponents consider that every thing in the earth is an amalgamation :

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Air is an amalgamation of hydrogen and oxygen gas.

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Animals of flesh, blood, bones and so forth. Stones of grit, gravel. (the same I fancy.) Cartoons of paint, cloth. Books of paper, letter, leather or boards. Trees of wood, leaves, twigs. Glass of sand, pearlash, litharge, nitre, black oxide of manganese.”

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Colang ; colang ; colang ; breakfast.—well

I entered, seating myself by the table, and as chance would have it by the side of my new friend, the mourner over the filched bottle. He looked woefully solemn. Opposite to us, on the other side of the table, quaffing a cup of coffee at every draught, sat a prodigious black woman. I observed, once or twice my poor friend felt for his nose, glancing at the same time at the lady with a look of despair, and then betaking himself to his food like a man apprehensive of some dreadful catastrophe. In the meantime the matron plied her 'refreshing beverage, the steam being soon at work, emanating from, and floating about her neck.

A glance at my miserable friend, showed his face as pale as ashes.

"Madam," said he, struggling for courtesy, "take a pancake ;—some veal cutlet"—

"Thank you," said she with a black smile, "waiter,—a cup of coffee!"

"A fine dawn, madam," continued my undaunted companion, "can't I serve you ; really, Mr. Bolokitten—will you nothing ; take—agh ! O God ! agh ! O God !

He sprang from the table, his face distorted and bloated with redness, with the struggle to quell the oozing tide, his handkerchief crammed in his mouth, his eyes rolling hideously around the board ; he rushed from the apartment, I followed.

"Mr. Sternfast," cried I, as he was rushing into the street, "hold, one moment, perhaps I can assist you."

“Agh!—Mr. Mr. Bolokitten, I thank you; come,” seizing my arm, “we will take breakfast at my house.”

An hour’s agreeable walk brought us to his dwelling, a handsome brick edifice in the suburbs of the city, overshadowed by beautiful trees. We entered a small but rich apartment, ornamented with a single plain gilt mirror, several mediocre engravings, a mahogany table, bureau, and a half dozen rich chairs.

Sternfast was married; had two children, a boy and a girl; the latter a young lady of some consequence, as will soon appear. “Why do you not conform to the age?” said I, as a white lady passed through the apartment to whom I was introduced as Mrs. Sternfast.

My friend looked serious.

“I confess with shame,” replied he, after a moment’s reflection, “I could not endure the thought; but, Mr. Bolokitten, I think I am pardonable. We had no resource then for dissipating prejudices, but were compelled to endure them; besides I was young then. I listened to the voice of nature, and not to that of cool, solid, sound reflection; that led me astray, this would have directed me in the true path; it would have taught me, that we must torture self, in order that others may *not* be tortured. If Providence ordain that I again marry, it shall be with a black woman. Philanthropy,” added my self-denying host, growing warm in his remarks, “is a beautiful quality of the soul. It

soothes and mollifies, while it sublimates and adorns. It spreads quietude and bliss, not only around the hearth of a fellow creature, but around that of our own. If all were philanthropists, Mr. Bolokitten, what a beautiful world! Then misery and wo would be strangers to it; man would know no crime, for all would be under the blessed thralldom of holiness, and not of sin. We would all be working for each other; the trees would blossom and bloom, not for the already overloaded granaries of a niggard worldling, but for a common storehouse. This now polluted world were then a paradise. All would rejoice and be happy.

“Mr. Bolokitten,” he rejoined, after a moment’s pause, breaking in suddenly like one borne away by the ardour of his roused philanthropic feelings, “I have a beloved child; she shall repair, as much as possible, the grievous transgression which I have committed. She shall marry a negro, Mr. Bolokitten, or go unwedded to the heartless tomb.”

“Mr. Sternfast,” replied I, not exactly concordant with these tenets, “It is not my intention to reprehend your principles in the abstract. Philanthropy is, indeed, a virtue which, if universally prevalent, would illumine and adorn this ruined and blasted globe. But I imagine that the course you would pursue to achieve this beautiful state of things, is wofully, heinously, sacrilegiously tort. Philanthropy is for disseminating bliss. It must be the free, unsummoned offspring of the righteous

heart, and not the constrained, compelled fruit of obligation. We are obligated, it is true ; but that obligation must come pleasing to the soul, or its benign influence is traversed. Happiness consists not in warring against one's self."

"Mr. Bolokitten," responded my initiated friend, "we are full of abominable prejudices, which are criminal. To obey or humour them is criminal. We must overcome them, trample them under foot. Judgment must be our guide ; every vile propensity subjected to his chastening rod. We are commanded to love our neighbour as ourselves. Shall we discard this benign, holy law, while vile and grovelling, and diabolical prejudices, are obeyed ?"

"Mr. Sternfast, this world is now an almost inexplicable world. It might have been once unravellable ; congruity and harmony reigned. In it, even now, we recognise the relics of the most beautiful consistency, piece-meals as it were, of the glorious architecture which once existed ; beautiful fragments, glittering amid the black chaotic wreck to which the empyreal edifice has been reduced. The unseemliest portions appear amid the harmonious and the beautiful. We admire the unrivalled beauty of a particular portion, and wonder why, on a comparison with the whole, there is such incongruity, unfitness. In fine, sin has demolished this heavenly superstructure, reduced it to a black wreck. Its beautiful garnishment is soiled ; its elegant friezing, its superb ichnography,

shorn off or upturn. All is broken, unhinged, disordered, chaotic!

“Is it to be expected, therefore, that laws enacted for a building so resplendent, so beautiful, should be applicable when that building is overthrown.

“When it was built, laws appropriate were enacted; but since the edifice has become demolished by refractory subordinate creatures, the laws have become inappropriate. A heavy fearful ban, therefore, rests upon the sons of men,—a curse, for demolishing God’s works; because, by so doing, the ordinances established in regard to them are, *necessarily*, infringed.

“The law, which you have quoted, which commands us to love our neighbour as ourself, is as applicable to the fallen angels as man, and yet who will pretend that these scathed intelligences can obey it? Is frail, weak man, endowed with greater potency? Adam, probably, while pure, could obey it; but his soul was polluted, and that pollution deprived him of the glorious prerogative.

“Still, there are other difficulties encompassing this beautiful ordinance. As it is, it is not utterly futile, although not absolutely obeyable. Can it not be considered as a goal, after which every lover of virtue may strive—as a pole star, by which the wandering and lost christian can guide his tottering bark over the stormy ocean of existence. He, that keeps his unwavering eye the most

firmly fastened upon this unfailing cynozure, will be the surest of reaching, in safety, the quiet haven for which he steers.

“How many ardent christians are there, who, if they could, would eschew every peccadillo, and live, unsullied, before God, as men ; but who, through the ungovernableness of their depraved wills, find themselves incompetent to do so.”

“But what have you to say, Mr. Bolokitten, of a prejudice ?” exclaimed my friend, seizing an opportunity, which a moment’s pause on my part afforded him to speak, “which inclines me to hate a neighbour.”

“The prejudice, of which you speak, Mr. Sternfast, is difficult to be determined. You avow that it is criminal to cherish a prejudice. Is not the originator of a crime the criminal ? If the cherisher be the originator, then I admit he is criminal ; but, if otherwise, how can you blame him ?

“But do you not, Mr. Sternfast, in this case confound different propensities ? Would you not, in blaming an individual for cherishing an antipathy towards a particular person, blame an all wise Providence. If there exists within us a propensity for a particular individual or thing, or a disinclination for them, those different *propensities*, (for they are nothing worse) were implanted in us by an all wise deity, and not by satan, as intimated.

“Is it not one of the principal characteristics of nature’s architecture ; contrariety or diversity ? uni-

formity has no part in his superb dominions; all is chequered, diversified, which is an adorable display of infinite mind.

“The point to be settled, therefore, is not what concerns the abusing or maltreating of a fellow creature, but what disinclines one to the companionship or presence of a particular individual.

“This *intellectual property*, if I may so term it, is inherent in every living bosom; the most christian, the purest, the best are under its influence.”

“Mr. Bolokitten,” cried my eager opponent, “you reason like a mystical loggerhead! What do you call that, what does any one call it, which disposes one to abuse the lowly negro, but *hate*? Yes sir, hate, *sheer hate*, such as fiends have,—hate, boiling hot from the lowest pit!”

My friend’s enthusiasm daunted me a little; recovering my composure however I continued,

“Your warmth, Mr. Sternfast” I resumed coolly, “gets the better of your judgment. Hatred, or that *peculiar something* which disposes one to injure his fellow creature, is what is denounced in scripture, and is moreover, utterly distinct from that in question.

“The latter disposes one not to injure a fellow creature, but to avoid him so as not to *abuse one’s self* by those unpleasant sensations which that particular individual’s presence creates within me. Am I compelled for the sake of a mere dogma to endure the ambrosial evaporations of a hollow tree ensconced skunck? Must I, curbing my anti-

pathetical propensity suffer the ennobled presence of an ourang outang, merely because the eschewing his companionship would be the exhibition of a propensity which disposes me to avoid him?"

"Monstrous! horrible!" ejaculated Sternfast, fidgetting.

"Monstrous!" echoed I, "to make it so, you must prove it to be so; you tack your dismal epithets, Mr. Sternfast, to the tag end of no substantial reasoning; however, if it be so, are you not a *monstrous horrible* fellow?"

"I sir! —what sir! —what do you mean sir?"

"I mean, sir, that you brand the whole human family, and every handsome animal in the world, with the abominable epithets of *monsters* and *horribles*!"

"Prove it, sir, I demand unsophisticated proof!"

"Patience, sir, patience; have you, Mr. Sternfast, an impartial, equable, unsophisticated affection for every individual with whom you are associate? Do you not discern about some, noble qualities which you do not about others, and do not these noble qualities incline you to admire or love that particular individual more than one less nobly gifted. Has not God attuned our souls to different things? One loves what another hates. One espouses virtue, another rejects it. What pleases one displeases another; in fine, there are no two individuals who think and feel, and live

alike. Each thing has its respective place, each place its respective thing.

“According to your tenets, Mr. Stanfast, there is not a mortal on earth, but falls under your dreadful stigma of *monsters* and *horribiles*, for there is not a being in existence who loves not some particular person more than another, and as much as he loves one more than another, does he entertain a prejudice against the one, which according to your unreasonable dogma, is a *monstrous* and *horrible* crime!”

“Yes,” broke in Sternfast, “‘Love thy neighbour, as thyself’ is the scriptural law.”

“What kind of love does it specify? You will admit there are *grades* of love as well as of every thing else. It certainly means not that pure, heartfelt affection with which we regard a near and dear relative; a wife, a husband, a child? If so, matrimonial bonds would be sundered. Can you doubt, consequently, and will you not admit, that there is an undeniable heaven sanctioned, heaven ordained, and heaven commanded, instance wherein a man may love one person more than another? and yet according to your unconscionable theory, a man is a monster, a *horribilis* for loving his affectionate wife more than Jack Jones, the filcher of a capon.

“Now, you take this law, and because so many English letters, read *verbatim*, mean *literally* a certain thing, you would compel heaven and earth to twist out of joint, crack, and vanish, to chime in with the *very letter* of it.

“There are fixed laws in regard to matter as

well as mind, the same Being created both. To have enacted a law for every separate province, or promulged precepts for the infinitude of things, requiring only a shadow of difference of signification, while the principal law still remained, would have been a task utterly unaccomplishable by those who wrote the scriptures, or if accomplished, composing a mass of worthless cumbrous matter, which no one would have read, or if read, that would be of the smallest value to him. No, the Creator took it for granted that those to whom these simple unvarnished precepts were communicated, would study them with a cool, unbiassed judgment, and so interpret them that they should harmonize with the laws of nature registered in the heaven-born soul, and the pondrous but eloquent tome of God's works, unfolded to us lowly mortals in this resplendent world, and unseen intelligences in those unfathomable heavens!"

"What right have you, sir, to construe the divine laws differently from what they are?"

"What right have you, sir, to construe the divine laws so that they shall nullify or cancel each other?"

"I construe them not different from what they are, but precisely as they are, or were intended to be. We must make some allowances, Mr. Sternfast, for inadequateness, and incomprehensibility of language. In heaven undoubtedly the edict 'Love thy neighbour as thyself' is obeyed, as much as its nature admits, for there, all are pure and susceptible of its essence, but in earth there is

too much taint and corruption to admit of such heaven-born submission.

“Man, as I have already stated, unquestionably if pure could obey it; that is, as much as is requisite; but since, and so long as his soul has become and remains polluted, so long will he fail in obedience to this righteous law.

“But is the edict repealed because perverse mortals have incapacitated themselves to obey? not at all—it is still in force, and the culprit though not amenable to his God for non-obedience, because not bound to do what he is not able to do, is nevertheless guilty of incapacitating himself, the cause of his non-obedience.

“Suppose, for example, Mr. Sternfast, that an embassy be despatched to a distant part of the world. The ambassadors are endowed with the faculties of locomotion, and a law is enacted to the following effect—

“‘Thou shalt walk to China.’

“Now to use a conveyance of any kind, would be an infringement of the law; to linger by the way, would be an infringement of the law also; because the embassy must be performed in a given period. But supposing that during the journey the men cripple their limbs so they are unable to proceed, and this is done in a dark wood, where there are no means of succour. The embassy is consequently frustrated for a time.

“Now, is the law annulled because these refractory beings disenabled themselves to obey?

“When the law was promulged, they had the

capacity to obey; the decree is still registered in the emperor's statue book,

“ ‘Thou shalt walk to China.’

“The ambassadors started off sound, healthy; a dark forest now environs them, maimed, debilitated, beyond the reach of aid.

“They are punishable, therefore, for maiming their limbs, but not for not walking crippled. However, in regard to the law, ‘Love thy neighbour as thyself,’ would it not be more in accordance with sound sense, sane reasoning, to consider it as *negative* in its bearing, not affirmative?

“For example, you would as soon injure yourself as your neighbour. All persons, so far as *abuse* is concerned, are on an equal footing; you would as soon slander one as another; yourself as another.

“I would consider this law as prohibitory of injury, and not as mandatory of general benevolence towards all men, unmindful of self. I do believe that God intends that self shall be the *first thing*; others next. It is implanted within us, it is as a voice commanding us thitherward, and all the law you can conjure up from a wild and enthusiastical brain cannot abolish it. We are commanded to be always in readiness to do good, as well as forestall crime.

“I do not believe that I am compelled, because bound to love my neighbour as myself, to give him my favourite horse when he has been so unfortunate as to lose his; and yet, if I loved him as myself, I would do so, for I would feel his afflic-

tions as poignantly as my own, and be as desirous to meliorate them.

“No consideration, therefore, (at least none that would have influence with me if it concerned self,) would debar me from succouring him.

“But is not my neighbour trammelled by the same ordinance? suppose then, I give him my favourite horse; the gift plunges me in a calamity equal with that in which my friend is involved, and from which the disinterested boon was intended to rescue him. What’s the consequence? He must restore me the animal, for he loves me as much as I him. There must then of course ensue, on every such occasion, reciprocal acts of benevolence, and what’s this but abrogating the very purpose of the law? *the law nullifying itself.*

“And this would be more likely to occur from the fact, that those who love another as self, rather suffer affliction, than have those they love suffer it.

“We always imagine that there is within us something which will support us through any tribulation, however severe, when that tribulation threatens one we love.

“This may be considered an evidence of our loving another more than self; but is it so? Is it not wholly supreme love of self after all? A dread of living lonely, lovelorn, *miserable*, which concerns self.

“The position just assumed that a person loving another as himself, will be more willing to suffer affliction than have those they love suffer it, is ex-

emplified in the case of affectionate wives or mothers exercising towards those they love such disinterested acts.

“Of course then all men would be engaged, if this law were to be obeyed to the very letter, in dispensing, and *retaking* charity.”——

At this moment the door opened, and a little boy of about nine years of age entering, ran up to his father, fixing upon his face his excited eyes.

“Father! father!” he cried, and at that moment a loud noise without seemed to confirm the revelation which followed. “I really believe our old hen has got a prejudice against the little red pullet!”

“Fire and brimstone!” thundered Sternfast, springing from his chair, “prejudice!—away with her to the zoological boiler.” And he rushing impetuously from the room, I soon heard an old hen squalling uproariously behind the house.

CHAPTER VII.

"What have we here, a man or a fish?"

SHAKSPEARE.

ON the following day, about noon, I was on the broad piazza in front of the hotel where I stopped, contemplating the ludicrous novelties which appeared in the street, when, suddenly looking round, I beheld my friend Mr. Hoffle and his new spouse, walking leisurely along the pavement; the laughable gilgric swinging at his nose. I soon joined him.

"You are becoming a proselyte to the blessed creed, then!" he said, after the accustomed preliminaries.

I looked at him inquisitively.

"Don't deny it," continued he with a smile, "were you not at Mr. Sternfast's yesterday; no wight ever yet were there, who did not depart a furious conglomerationist."

I laughed.

"There is one exception then at least," returned I, "though he gave me a hard pull at metaphysics, which well nigh cracked my eristical muscles. But I was just contemplating the motley throngs of apparently idle and dissolute canaille which infest your crowded streets; they look more like bloodsuckers on the body politic, than almoners of fruitfulness!"

"And so they are," replied my ready friend, "bloodsuckers, devouring our greenest hopes; there is enough of such vile scum in the city, to overwhelm and smother it, and it will yet, if my poor judgment is worth a copper."

My friend remained silent for a minute or two, when he rejoined,

"There is a singular exhibition, Mr. Bolokitten, at the Barbary Buildings: a man half black, half white; the lower half being black, the upper half white; the line dividing the two colours being clear and distinct. It is assuredly an original phenomenon. Suppose you accompany us."

"Most certainly," said I, and proceeded on. We soon reached the place of exhibition, a massive fabric, three stories high, broad, capacious. At the door stood a strapping negro, six foot three inches.

"What's the fee?"

"Fifty cents—a book, sar, dat be de true bography ob de berry wonderfu' man."

"A biography of the wonderful man?"

“Yes, sar,”

“How much?”

“One dollar, sar.”

The book, I purchased, was thus entitled:

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
BOGE BOGUN,
WITH AN
ACCOUNT OF THE WAR WHICH TOOK PLACE
IN
HIS OWN BODY,
BETWEEN THE DIFFERENTLY COLOURED PARTICLES OF FLESH,
AND
THE CONSEQUENT RESULT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

“His parents born of Afric’s sun-burnt race,
Tho’ black and white were blended in his face,
To Britain brought, which made his parents free,
And show’d the world great nature’s prodigy.”

Richardson’s epitaph written upon a monument
erected to the memory of George Alexander
Gratton, the spotted negro boy.

PRINTED BY **** *.
*** ***** ST.

19—

And the following are some of its contents,
which we transcribe for the purpose of enlighten-
ing the reader on a prodigy so astonishing.

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
BOGE BOGUN.

CHAPTER I.

His Birth, Parentage.

I WAS born in L——. My parents were of different colours ; my father a stout bodied negro ; my mother an English lady, she was eminently beautiful, and married contrary to her express desire.

Her father, my grandfather, was a rigid amalgamationist. But my poor mother, his sole daughter, abhorred the disgusting idea. She was wooed by an English gentleman who was indigent, but whose lucrative profession, which was that of the law, would soon have exalted him to celebrity. His poverty, however, damped not her chaste love,

which strengthened in proportion as she was opposed.

But her implacable father, clung to the dreadful resolution of having her wedded to a black man, whom he preferred, and whose paternal title was Bogun. This African, was considerably wealthy, driving a smart traffic, at the odour trade, between this and the East Indies. He was notorious for introducing novel perfumes, into the market; it composing, not unfrequently, a subject of sage controversy among the learned, it being hinted, once or twice, by individuals erudite in this mystical affair, that the original essence of the ourang outang, and the ribbed nosed baboon, composed a principal ingredient of some of his unrivalled aromatics, it being of course, sagely concluded, that he possessed an extensive odoriferous establishment somewhere on the wild strands of Afric, where these outlandish and chattering half human gentry were decocted and brewed for the sublime purpose of their exquisite exuviæ.

This person avowed a desperate affection for my poor mother. He was homely as a broken jawed baboon in stature tall, colossal, with unwieldy limbs; his head was puny, sitting on his brawny shoulders like a gilt knob on a barber's sign pole. He took a great oath, that he would achieve my mother, by fair means, or foul.

He hinted, therefore, to her equally anxious father, the propriety of expediting the nuptials, lest Dan-

gen, his white rival, should thwart in some measure their cruel purpose.

Her father, accordingly, fixed the following evening as that on which these long wished for, but gloomy unnatural espousals, were to be celebrated. The dreaded moment arrived, and my agonized mother was wedded to a man she detested; it is related that she swooned during the horrid ceremony, but her fate was sealed.

Without farther comment, upon this tragic portion of my eventful history, I have only to add, that I was the phenomenal fruit of this ill-gotten marriage. A few months however, after the above dismal affair, Dangen who was absent at the time, and knew nothing of the woful blight that awaited him, returning, challenged the destroyer of his happiness to an honourable duel; they met, and the latter expiated his abominable sacrilege of principle with his blood.

I now commence upon my own wonderful history. When about three years old I was conscious of a singular war being carried on in my intestinal body. The following are the particulars of this war.

CHAPTER II.

War commences in the intestinal region. Rinegalthorp is elect-commandant of the whites ; Boonboorinch that of the Blacks ; battle of the gullet ; Felching defeated ; the blacks are expelled from the capital.

WHEN dawn broke upon the intestinal regions, a motley scene was exposed to view. The blacks were intermingled with the frowning whites. From some inexplicable and mysterious cause,—though I have no doubt it arose from the unconquerable disgust which my wretched mother entertained for her unnatural husband,—a mortal hate existed between these differently complexioned particles. Commonly, as you are well aware, an inexplicable chemical process goes forward in the mongrel body, until the party-coloured ingredients become confounded—producing what is technically and vulgarly termed the *mulatto*, but in my eccentric body it was singularly different—the diverse coloured parties beginning to stand aloof, to scowl upon each other, and evince a strong propensity to fight.

The dire spirit no sooner commenced, than it flew like wildfire. The din of war soon resounded through the bony region. The capital, the head, seemed the principal object of attention to both parties, of course a spirited contest would occur for this important post.

Rinegalthorp, a prodigiously fat but bold particle, was instantly elected generalissimo of the whites.

Boonboorinch had already been appointed to the command of the black legions. These distinguished chieftains instantly set about making extensive arrangements for a determined and furious war.

The resolute blacks had possession of the capital; the whites, therefore, made instant preparations to obtain this important station. Rinegalthorp summoned his hardy warriors, far and near, to convene near the gullet, the principal road leading to the capital. This road was enclosed and locked in by insurmountable barriers, which bewildered the presumptuous invader. Here, of course, would occur the decisive struggle, for the constipated inlet once infiladed the much desired capital falls. The trumpet of war had long echoed, far and wide, through the startled bowels and other regions of the intestines.

At length Rinegalthorp, at the head of his columns, composing at least eight hundred thousand combatants, took up his line of march towards the enemy's strong hold.

In the meantime, Boonboorinch was not idle. He aroused the slumbering energies of his energetic kingdom, preparing for a most desperate defence. He occasioned the strong points about the chin, and windpipe, to be stoutly fortified, and then proceeded to barricade the principal pass into his rich territory.

Near Mount Atlas, in deep dells, lay ensconced fifty thousand warriors, ready at a moment's summons to burst upon the amazed foe. These forces were commanded by a ferocious general, whose name was Booshoo. A strong fortification was stretched across the first vertebra of the neck, behind which scowled a hundred thousand partisans. Two hundred thousand more, under the command of Felching, a notorious chieftain, lay distributed among the mazy dingles and bewildering fastnesses, scattered about the Processus Coronalis, and the Condylodes. Thus admirably disposed these warriors awaited the approach of the enemy. Their tarrying was not long. On the fifth morning from the commencement of these warlike preparations, a scouting party, upon the scragged summit of Mount Atlas, discerned for the first time, in long and compact column, the approaching enemy, with Rinegalthorp at its front, wielding a prodigious scimitar, which brightly shone in the increasing rays of the rising sun.

The hilly and rocky provinces through which they were marching, were enlivened with the fluttering of banners, the neighing of steeds, and

the glistening of weapons. It was a vision, at once, terrible and grand ! The animated scouts fled from the lofty pinnacle seeking Boonboor-inch behind the long barricade. Instantly the grim note of war swelled loud and hoarse ; each warrior fixed his deadly shaft, and nerved his iron soul for the conflict. About noon, the advanced guard of the numerous enemy, reached the second vertebra of the neck, where they arranged themselves in order of battle ; this done, a dreadful shout echoed among the innumerable bones of the thorax. The air was black with flying missiles ; the dread shout of a furious onset went up like the roarings of a thousand grist-mills.

The undaunted whites rushed fearlessly forward, planting their waving standard upon the now gory fortification. The overpowered blacks recoiled with terrible slaughter, and the affrighted sun closed his sickening eyes upon the bloody picture !

When bright dawn gilded Mount Atlas, Rinegalthorp pushed forward for the purpose of unken-nelling Felching, who still remained ensconced among the intricate dingles of the adjoining mountains.

But no sooner did he behold the banner of the victorious whites floating in the wind, than decamping he commenced a rapid retreat." At that moment the wind changing, blew furiously in their

faces, fraught with an insufferable odour, which very much retarded the pursuit.

Olosley, a redoubted chieftain, was accordingly despatched in pursuit of Felching, who instantly withdrew into the by-province of Foramen Magnum. Here, Olosley coming up with him, occurred a furious battle. It is reported that twenty-three thousand blacks were slain, while but two thousand whites were killed, and one wounded. However, I imagine more skill was evinced by the discomfited, from the fact that every shot took effect, which is one principal ingredient in military tactics.

Thus broken and discomfited Felching led his shattered ranks, with all speed towards Mount Atlas, and thence through the narrow gullet, taking refuge in the mountainous region about the Clavicula.

In the meantime, the African Prince too wary to be found again fighting with a foe so much his superior in point of military tactics, continued his flight, gathering as he fled fresh troops. Retreating through the thinly populated provinces of the Os Bregmatis, Os Frontis, he obtained but few recruits. For a long time, he lay encamped around the cragged Dentes or teeth of the upper jaw, dubious about offering battle. His army now amounted to four hundred thousand men. At length on the approach of the dreaded Rinegalthorp, he again decamped, retreating into the Os Planum.

The consequence of such a huge collection of flesh, so near the surface of the face, was a prodigious protuberance or swelling, which astounded Leeches, and I should have soon had all the curious physicians in the state poking their keen lances into me, had not at that moment, news of the discomfiture of Felching, and of his retreat from the capital, been communicated to Boonboorinch, who in great dismay instantly put his vast army in motion, towards the Os Malæ, which he passed together with the hostile army which was defiling through a profound dell of a dark night, but a half mile distant, reaching the Os Temporis. From thence by gentler marches, he passed to the Os Occipitis, the Processus Mastoideus Condylodes, and thence into the desired gullet. By this time his immense army amounted to five hundred thousand men. He hoped by this rapid movement not only to escape his dread enemy which hovered on his rear, but to intercept on his return the ardent Olosley, who was pursuing with resolute steps, the flying and crippled Felching.

CHAPTER III.

A famine in the English camp ; pursuit of Olosley ; his death.

THE successful whites were now in possession of the capital, where all knowledge is; but as the people were in a state of barbarism, it could not be expected that much literature should exist in that portion of the warlike corpus. But as those ardent denizens peopling those flowery lands adjacent to the brains are wonderfully susceptible of erudition, and might probably in time become profoundly literary, it was of the last importance that irreversible possession should be obtained of citadel of the sciences. Accordingly Rinegalthorp, after garrisoning this province with two hundred thousand men, and distributing suitable guards through the adjacent though less consequential territories, hastened with the remnant of

his brave but diminished army, to relieve Olosley, who sheltering his worried troops behind the Os Humeri, a gigantic bone near the left shoulder, was in daily apprehension of an assault from the ferocious Boonboorinch, who was only hindered from warlike operations by the fruitful fields of the stomach, which he was then ravaging.

What rendered the condition of the English still more intolerable was, the scarcity of provisions which became daily more grievous, carrying off thousands of the troops. Their rapid march through the fertile plains of the stomach prevented their obtaining more than a few wagon loads of beef, potatoes, and so forth, which had been hurriedly gleaned by the way. It happened luckily for the more fortunate enemy that a new crop of provender was just ripening ready for garnering, as their ravenous columns swarmed the blooming harvest loaded champaigns. They therefore had a rich and eagerly desired booty, while the half famished whites, remained pining about the bones of the shoulder.

When the rich fields were completely bereft of fruitage, and exposed only a bare and ravaged waste to the roaming eye, the plunder freighted army, once more in high spirits, moved forward towards the already half discomfited foe.

Olosley, fully aware there was no benefit to be derived from retreating, as well as of the approach

of Rinegalthorp, who, as the last scout reported, was as far as the fifth vertebra of the neck, resolved not to abandon his position, but to fortify and defend it to the last.

He wisely concluded that such a desperate course would have a favourable influence upon his half-famished troops, by seducing their worrying minds from pondering upon their wretched condition.

But alas, their valorous efforts were of no avail ; numbers overwhelmed them. The ferocious blacks girdled them round with their refreshed and exhilarated legions ; the breastwork, after a desperate defence, was carried ; the exasperated victors, as if determined on taking a dreadful vengeance upon their fallen foes, for the many grievous overthrows they had received at their hands, massacred the whole of them. Even the valorous and high souled Olosley, did not escape. He was captured, however, not without a desperate struggle. Fifty-four of his foes licked the gory dust at his feet, ere he fell. A heavy sword hewed off his right arm, but with the left he continued undaunted to maintain the conflict, literally cleaving a broad and bloody path through his foes, till at length, a huge bludgeon, wielded by the ferocious Boonboorinch himself, clove him to the dead covered earth ! The grim conqueror for one moment leaned over his fallen enemy, just as the vital spark was expiring, while a malicious smile curled his savage lip !

Then severing the head from the lifeless trunk, he caused it to be exalted on the point of a pole, and borne in front of the army. This disastrous discomfiture was called, "The battle of the Shoulder Bone."

CHAPTER IV.

Rinegalthorp enraged at the death of Olosley ; the Blacks are pursued ; the conflagration of the liver ; its consequences.

INTELLIGENCE of the defeat and death of Olosley being conveyed to Rinegalthorp, he vowed a most terrible revenge. His glad troops, at that time, were gleaning the rich fields of the stomach of the remnants left by the more successful enemy, but he ordered them instantly into dread column, and prepared for a rapid march.

In the first place, Bulule, the son of the brave but martyred Olosley, a youth of undoubted talent, as well as high souled aspiration, promising a warrior of not less untarnished celebrity than his redoubted but lamented father, was appointed to the honourable command of an army, consisting of one hundred thousand men, for the purpose of taking post near a small town called the Spleen, where it was expected a powerful army of seventy thousand men, commanded by Felching, would

soon make its appearance. In the next place, thirty thousand men were selected and put under the command of a general of undoubted bravery, to guard the deep defile into the gullet, lest the enemy, hard pressed, should attempt a sudden return into the but slightly defended capital.

After this, the eager king, desirous of a speedy revenge, wheeled his innumerable phalanxes towards the Liver, a far-famed city, watered by many noble streams, which enrich and fertilize the adjacent country.

It was deep midnight when the thousand twinkling lights from the busy metropolis first burst upon his anxious sight. The army, pitching its numberless tents upon a small stream flowing from the neighbouring city, awaited for the lingering dawn. He would have crossed the stream which intervened during the night, but was unacquainted with its fords or bridges, besides it was natural to suppose, that wherever they were, they would be guarded by the enemy.

And dawn confirmed this conjecture. When the golden luminary peered above Mount Atlas, it glittered upon the placid stream, as well as upon serried spears bristling on the opposite green banks.

But Rinegalthorp was not a general to be disheartened at the imposing vision which appeared. Sword in hand he leaped into the flood, seconded by his emulous troops. Hostile missiles fell like hail around them, thinning their ranks, strewing

the peaceful waters with their dead carcasses, and empurpling its tide with their unclotted blood. Twenty-two horses left the prince floundering in the plashing flood, but being as often supplied with a fresh one, he continued his dreadful course, and at last, gaining the hostile shore, led his broken, but undaunted cohorts, up the opposite declivity. The enemy, panic-smitten, took to a precipitate flight.

Rinegalthorp was soon aware that this effort to obstruct the river, arose not from a desire to defend it to the last, but to afford time to Boonboor-inch and his stout army, to, after sacking and setting fire to the city, make his escape.

For when he conducted his victorious columns towards the rich metropolis, he beheld that noble city in flames ! It was a sublime, awful spectacle, but the good king Rinegalthorp sighed over the miseries of war. The whole army was soon engaged in extinguishing the devouring element, but their efforts would have been unsuccessful had not an external check been applied, by an acute leech, who, ignorant of the singular war carried on in my internal body, pronounced my liver diseased !

The noble city was, therefore, preserved, the adoring whites ascribing its wonderful preservation to the interceding gods, who, they declared, had thus manifested their omniscient regard towards them."

* * * *

We are forbidden by the confined limits of our little volume to transcribe the whole of this extra-

ordinary memoir ; we will, therefore, overleap a good deal of equal interest with the above, passing on to the closing scenes, where is limned in most glowing colours, the

“ Battle of the Fifth Rib,”

which concludes the dire war, deciding the fate of the corporeal kingdom.

The following is a faithful transcription :

“ The combined energies of the African race were now summoned into dubious action, from remote parts the meagre ribs, the populous paunch and thighs, and those extremely populous regions called Os Sacrum, Os Ischium and Os Ilium, titles emanating from huge bones situated in those barbarous climes. The numerous inhabitants about these far off regions are accounted extremely odorous. Their anomalous territory being the *depot* of all the immense overflowings and drainings of the adjacent wilds, rendering it extremely disagreeable to foreigners.

This vast region, therefore, being roused, sent forth a prodigious army, amounting to five hundred thousand men, which force was commanded by a valorous and stubborn chieftain, by name Coshoo, who longed for an opportunity to display his ferocity as well as courage. The warriors of this eccentric nation are famous for fighting, *sitting*, hardly ever rushing on the encounter, but taking a resolute stand, remain as immovable as rocks! Their weapons were sharp-pointed, long javelins, bedewed with a noxious ingredient which no

foreign nostril could withstand, which they hurled with dreadful energy.

The populous calf of the leg also gave forth its powerful strength. Not less than a hundred and fifty thousand warriors issued from these far off climes, which, added to those gathered from the adjacent Os Femoris, as far down as the Tibia, as well as the provinces beneath the thinly peopled Fibula, together with those other scabrous regions about the Astralagus, down as far even as the tiny bones of the big toe, composed an overwhelming force, of not less than six hundred thousand warriors. All of them, with the exception of those from the barbarous Os Sacrum, and thereabouts, being hardy, sinewy, doughty, muscular fellows, inured to fatigue and hardship, as well as being extraordinarily alert and adroit at the difficult use of their deadly weapons; the principal mode of combat being the deadly charge, which they, it is reputed, execute with admirable energy and skill.

These myriads were all soon astir, while the equally zealous whites were not less active. Rinegalthorp summoned all his hardy followers from the meagre capital, and the dingley region about the adjoining gullet, composing an army of seventy thousand troops, well disciplined, and headed by generals of undoubted military skill and courage. These warriors were soon in motion for rendezvous on the confines of the famous Liver, near the Bitter Gall, and stretching towards the broad Pancreas.

This region was selected to afford the convening troops the advantage of employing several spacious rivers, the Aorta and Vena Cava, and numberless other minor streams with which this section of country is watered, for the purpose of conveying provision to their camp, and at the same time of rebutting the enemy who were ascending those streams in myriads.

Fifty thousand combatants from the far stretched but jagged Ulna, were also in motion to join their king, commanded by a ferocious leader, called Inklik. These warriors, were of immense worth, being famed for tremendous blows which they bestow with the bare fist, sweeping down, according to fame, whole entire columns at once.

Despatching their cumbrous baggage and other warlike apparatus, down the majestic Cephalica, the noble Medina and the proud Basilica, they advanced with incredible speed, their many banners soon floating above the thronging Pancreas.

About this time, while taking a pleasure sail upon a beautiful little lake, a violent gale arose, and prevented our reaching shore that night. I got amazingly hungry in consequence, and on reaching land, in the morning, eat such a breakfast as well nigh killed me.

It was this circumstance which occasioned a fearful famine in my intestinal regions soon after the general convention of all the legions. Messenger after messenger was despatched to the stomach, the only country productive of provision, but bring-

ing the same painful and distressing news that there was no produce in market! Suddenly however, the stomach was full. The seventy thousand hungry troops near the capital, encamped upon its fructiferous borders, seeing such a sudden replenishment, suddenly poured in, devouring the new food with hoggish voracity, and creating the distress there which I endured.

Some of the produce was instantly shipped off by means of the various canals and capacious rivers throughout the country.

The languishing armies which had suffered grievously during this fearful destitution, became at once re-invigorated, and capable of the most energetic action.

In the meantime, the innumerable columns of the approaching enemy, swarmed the flat omentum, a capacious champaign lying above the chitterlings.

Upon this extensive plain, the myriadal foe encamped, awaiting the arrival of recruits.

In the meantime Rinegalthorp improved the precious moments in so adjusting and arranging his less numerous troops as should best compensate for their want of numbers. The favourite capitalean cohorts under Lankbunk, were embattled along the lower bounds of the Bitter Gall; the bridges on the numerous streams adjacent being demolished. The green banks of the Vena Cava were extensively fortified, rendering it unsafe navigating it, as a

numerous hostile horde was then actually coming up it.

The redoubted Ulnarians were stationed on the left of the Vena Cava, extending from the Emulgent vein, across the lower confines of the rich Liver.

Bulule, with two hundred thousand warriors, lay embattled upon the neighbouring Pancreas, while the noble king with the remainder of his troops, amounting to three hundred thousand men, occupied the vast undefended space, between the west borders of the adjacent Liver, and the nether bourne of the fruitful Stomach, thereby at once blockading every navigable stream, and offering an imposing barrier to the enemy's upward progress.

The eventful evening previous to the dawn on which it was expected the greatest battle, and one on which the fate of a powerful nation was suspended, that had ever been fought, would commence, was one of momentous interest to Rinegalthorp, and his faithful staff.

He was upon the loftiest pinnacle of the far famed Liver, stretching his anxious eyes over the broad omental plain, on which were flickering the enemy's red camp fires ! The moon rose, enhancing the sublimity of the picture ; so soft, so pure, so exquisite was her diamond radiance, silvering the faint edges of the coldly fluttering night cloak, the tinsel pennon, and innumerable white tents of the neighbouring myriads, stretching as far as the wea-

ried eye might reach, over the faintly illumined Omentum, that his hard warrior spirit was softened; he pondered upon the inextricable maze of gory war; he thought of the dread commotions of internal strife; of the beautiful loveliness of peace,—all swept over his soul in one dread chaos, making him to wonder at the mad incorrigibleness of man——but hark!—a faint burst of revelry comes borne upon the slumbering air!—Its a revel in the hostile camp!

“These sottish brutes,” muttered Rinegalthorp, his soft emotions vanishing under the favourable opportunity now afforded of obtaining an advantage over his debauched foe, “these sottish brutes,” he said “shall pay dear for their beastly revels.” And muffling his heavy cloak around him, he entered a neighbouring tent, where slumbered Elaslo, one of his staunch generals, whom he awoke.

“Arouse thee, my noble Elaslo,” he exclaimed, “there is rich work for thee.”

At one electric bound, the somewhat startled and half awake officer, stood sternly upright, before his summoning king. “Are we attacked.”——

“Nay,—open thine bewildered eyes. I tell thee my noble Elaslo, there is rich work for thee. The sottish foe reel in their bacchanalian liquors.”

A scheme was formed. Elaslo, silently arousing ten thousand of his choicest troops, led them with incredible, but silent celerity, towards the bacchanalian camp. Rinegalthorp wrapped in his huge

camp cloak, hastening to a neighbouring eminence, beheld his glittering phalanxes move gloomily, silently on, till their frowning front seemed butt against the very hostile tents ! At length the lengthened column, which had hitherto seemed like a tremendous boa curling its glistening folds over the misty void beneath, seemed to have contracted its steel clad files, into the very bosom of the hostile camp. The yell of slaughter, suddenly filled the profound heavens !

Five thousand of the enemy were slain on that night, by the sword, while the whole camp was thrown into dreadful consternation ; they supposed the whole English army were upon them. It was bright dawn ere Elaslo, crowned with a glorious victory, led his exulting columns back into the king's camp.

The twilight had scarce shrouded the eastern mountain tops ere the whole African army was in motion towards the English line. Lankbunk was soon engaged therefore with the powerful enemy. The collision was terrific and for one moment threatened rout to his whole body. Some of his legions, overpowered, breaking, afforded fearful chasms for the enemy to pour through, and it is probable, they would have been utterly discomfited, had not Rinegalthorp ordered a powerful body from the rear to their aid.

This timely succour restored order and the scale of victory hung balancing above their confused heads.

At the same time, the din of battle echoed far along the Bitter Gall, till, at last, those warriors enphalanxed near the lower borders of the Stomach, found themselves in hot collision with the impetuous foe.

Rinegalthorp was soon hotly assailed by the Tibial troops, while those from the neighbouring Os Sacrum, established upon a neighbouring pinnacle, grievously annoyed his unbroken front with their odorous shafts. Inklik, who had by this time, routed the furious legions opposed to him, beating them flat down with the bare fist, was ordered to ascend the opposite pinnacle by a circuitous path, and dislodge, if possible, these vexatious foes. However, before this could be effected, the exhausted whites, assailed by such a combined force of odour and steel, broke, flying in wild confusion, pursued by the exulting blacks.

Their course, however, was soon checked by Bulule, who as yet remained inactive upon the Pancreas, but now, seeing his king in such imminent danger, advanced, offering an impenetrable front to the enemy ; the shock that ensued, shook the intestinal bones for miles around.

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But the English chieftain sought his foe among the thickest of the warriors ; the two armies were wholly engaged—the battle raged with tremendous

fury. Boonboorinch, separated from his partisans, was flying as far as the Fifth Rib, where he was overtaken by the redoubted chieftain, who, pursuing him, eyed him with a grim look, and then, with spear in rest, spurred forward to the charge.

The African was undaunted ; bracing himself in his seat, he awaited the shock. Both were vigorous ; both adroit at their weapons. Blow followed blow, but neither fell, for the space of two hours, at which time, the black's charger reared, snorted, and plunged headlong over the fifth rib, into a huge quagmire, where he sunk floundering up to his girths.

The furious Rinegalthorp instantly dismounted, wading into the muck ; one blow from his death dealing broadsword sent the quivering head of his adversary rolling in the mud—a loud shout rent the air ! The black king was slain ! Confusion, discomfiture was the consequence.

* * * * *

Victory rang through the intestinal regions !

From that time to this all has been quiet in my wonderful body.”

CHAPTER VIII.

There's nothing so absurd or vain,
 Or barbarous, or inhumane,
 But if it lay the least pretence
 To piety and godliness,
 Or tender-hearted conscience,
 And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
 Does sacred instantly commence,
 And all that dare but question it, are straight
 Pronounced the uncircumcis'd and reprobate,
 And he that dares presume to do,
 Is sentenc'd and delivered up
 To Satan. * * * BUTLER.

I had been two weeks in the amalgamating city.

“Come,” said Huffle, as the sinking moon glittered on a barber’s pole, one pleasant evening, which was near, “come, go and hear a colonizationist preach !”

“Ah, that’s new,” cried I, “colonizationist, eh ! I am your man ; where is it ?”

“A good walk hence ;—take a cigar !”

“No, I never smoke.—What a full, bright moon ! Who is this that is going to preach ?”

“I don’t recollect his name.”

* * * *

The church was thronged. Two globular lamps hung out over the stone steps, irradiating their roughnesses. We obtained a comfortable seat in the broad aisle.

The preacher was a demure man with a grave aspect, though with a bland, full, honest feature, withal with an eye bespeaking considerable astuteness of intellect.

He proceeded in his remarks, which were of little interest, till the following query, which he put with considerable energy.

“Is not Boso a fitter asylum for the debased negro than the amalgamating city ?”

“No !” thundered a voice stentorian from the congregation.

I turned a surprised eye, beholding the attenuated form of Wildfire leaning against one of the columns which upheld the gallery.

“How pale, emaciated he looks,” said I, turning to Hoffer. A smile lit that individual’s humorous cheeks.

“You recollect the penance,” he replied, “the hard hearted imps flogged him almost to death, he caught cold, and has been an invalid these two weeks in consequence ;—but hark !”

“This is an unprecedented interruption,” said the preacher, recovering from the embarrassment

occasioned by this monosyllabic interjection, “you answer no, Mr. Wildfire, perhaps calm lucubration would convince you to the contrary. When do you propose, sir, abolishing this prejudice, which is universally acknowledged to be so prejudicial to the poor negro?”

“Sir,” responded Wildfire, coolly, “our plan is to promulge the truth.”

“That is, beloved Wildfire, your plan is to postpone the melioration of the condition of the wretched negro, till the millennial day!”

“False,—it is utterly, abominably false!”

“You avow, beloved Wildfire, that prejudices have their foul origin in sin; of course then, you must eradicate the sin, before you can do so the prejudice, but sin is not to disappear till the millennial day.”

“You are a hell-doomed sophist!—but this intelligent assembly are too erudite to be cozened by such chicanery, such artifice!”

“That argument foils my profound logic! Beloved Wildfire, listen! Were it not better waiving this rhodomontading, this hurly burly hectoring, this frenetical blustering, it were of no benefit whatever. Go, sleep in quietness upon your bland pillow!—the splendid chariot of this globe’s evangelization will bring with it the now wretched negro, enfranchised, ennobled! Of what avail then, are those cold drops, wrung from your dis-tempered brow in the prosecution of a scheme so

unaccomplishable as that which contemplates the grand event sooner ?”

“It is our imperious duty,” broke in Wildfire, “to plead, to work, to weep for them !”

“All very well, but is it your imperious duty, to excite the prejudices of the north against the south ? You heap objurgation on objurgation, upon those inborn antipathies which exist in the bosom of the white man against the black man, forgetful at the same time that you are exciting in the bosom of the northerners prejudices equally if not more detrimental. Is it less criminal to engender a prejudice than entertain one ?”

“Sir, sir, you reason like a bewildered zany, (fidgetting) prejudices I avow, and always have avowed, are of hell’s brewing, and are not to be humoured in the least.”

“Supposing, beloved Wildfire, a robber prowls in yonder nef—I bespeak my near neighbour as follows : ‘If you please, sir, lend me your silver pencil’—he complies, while I, ogling my robber friend, deposit it in a convenient place. The prowling scoundrel filches it ! Am I not to blame ? Is all attachable only to the allured thief ? No, sir, I partake equally of the heinous crime ! Will the well known aphorism that the picaroon “*had no right to steal*” exonerate me from guilt ? by no means. So long as I know that the pursuing a certain course, will produce a certain result, for the good or evil of that result upon the human family, I am accountable.

"You bawl about charity, philanthropy, benevolence. Is it philanthropy, to excite the longing fancy of an imprisoned wretch, hopeless as to immediate liberation, with blissful scenes and unrealizable hopes? Do you not aggravate instead of alleviating his misery? Were it not far more philanthropic to console and soothe him? to instruct him to endure patiently the grievous burthen that oppresses him, until a more congenial destiny meliorate his cares?"

"This enlightened audience," cried Wildfire, shifting his left shoulder to the supporting column, "is not to be cajoled!"

"Is it philanthropy to excite mobs, beloved Wildfire?"

"You are a deluded jackanapes!" returned the irritated opponent, scoffingly. "What logic! it has about as much reason in it, as a bull dog has of buttermilk in its shaggy coat! Sir, I would ask if the hell-doomed slave-monger would emancipate his slave, would there be any hazard of a mob? It is these accursed wretches who foster faction and commotion!"

"Does that exculpate you? Supposing, beloved Wildfire, there lie ensconced under this floor, a magazine of powder; you put fire to it, and blow us up; you are arraigned, and brought before the tribunal of your country; you plead 'not guilty,' alleging that the enearthed brimstone *had no business there*, that if the negligent sexton had done his duty, and conveyed the dangerous combustible

away, the dreadful catastrophe would not have happened."

"Sir, how often have I told thee that this assembly is too enlightened to be bamboozled!" exclaimed Wildfire, his eyes shooting a pale light, as shifting his opposite shoulder to the ornamental brace.

"Sir," continued the unwavering preacher, "supposing an archangel alight upon this niggard earth, exciting the feelings of its now peaceful inhabitants with beautiful limnings of the ravishing glories of another and a lovelier world! Insomuch that the charmed cosmopolites become discontented; they pant for sweeter scenes! Some are so perfectly enamoured, that they commit felo-de-se, for the purpose of enjoying those delightful scenes so charmingly portrayed by an ethereal. A general thirsting after immortal beverage, and disgust for sublunary things, is the consequence. All are filled with repinings, and groanings after, at present, unattainable joys! What would be thought of such a peace-destroying messenger, Mr. Wildfire?"

"Thou foul loon! your obtuse brains are as misty as a bog on a frosty morning! But this intelligent ruelle look right through your chicanous web!"

"Mr. Wildfire," still continued the preacher, "you consider me, I presume, a hot non-abolitionist! But you mistake. I am a mettlesome emancipator! But I would not dragoon honest

men into an unaccomplishable scheme! Nor would I willingly linger till the millennial day before I accomplish my benevolent projects. Let us unite in despatching these abused beings to a more congenial clime!"

"Fire, ruin!" bellowed Wildfire, springing three yards and a half towards his audacious adversary, and then stopping, his two fists advanced, like a panther foiled at first spring, but meditating a second. "Thou hell-doomed oaf!" he rejoined, fixing his blazing eye upward, towards the wondering preacher, "what publisheth thou to this enlightened assembly! cease thy raven windpipe or meet the condign punishment that awaits thee!"

"Thou art prepared for a splendid somerset beloved Wildfire! or dost meditate an unparalleled feat of pugilism! If thou fling a brilliant somerset over yon pewter noggin—"

"Sir," roared Wildfire, working his eager fingers, "it is our imperious solemn duty to thunder it upon the seared conscience of these accursed slave-holders, that they are men-stealers, traffickers in flesh and blood!"

"Beloved Wildfire, supposing a mischievous rat creep out of yon dusky wall and gnaw your neighbour's mantle; you bellow, most vociferously, 'you rascal rat! you mantle gnawer!' of what would it avail towards expelling the mischievous interloper? Besides, would you enlighten this sensible assembly much in regard to the character of the daring aggressor, who know as well as you

do, and the rat too probably, that he's a mantle-gnawer, 'and a pretty considerable of a scoundrel of a fellow into the bargain.' Mr. Wildfire, do you not, instead of softening, cicatrise the seared conscience of these hell-doomed slave-holders, as you call them, by such unchristian assaults?"

Wildfire advanced two paces, raised his clenched fists one inch. "You are Beelzebub's artificer," he exclaimed, expanding with swelling wrath, "out of that sacred desk; it becomes my duty most solemn to prevent such schismatic demonstrations. Out, or I'll pounce upon thee, as the hawk pounceth upon the helpless cockerel!"

"Beloved Wildfire, thy logic exists in pugilism! I beseech thee lay aside thy flapdragon spirit! Listen! be calm, beloved Wildfire, be calm, if you would unite with us in despatching these abused ——."

"Ho!" roared Wildfire, and making a furious spring, he lit square and fair against the side of the pulpit, where he clung like a raving panther mounting a hemlock! "Ho!" and after riving off a vast quantity of red trimmings and figured damask, overturning a silver lamp or two, the infuriated man stood eye to eye, and tooth to tooth, with his astounded but unmoved opponent.

"Sir," he ejaculated, his eyes emitting mingled fires, "your brains are like unyeasted dumplings; your logic like yellow water, impenetrable to mortal ken!"

“This is charming buffoonery, Mr. Wildfire.
“Buffoonery! eh!—Sir, sir!”

And the enraged intruder seized suddenly the amazed preacher around the middle, bearing him triumphantly to the floor, down the winding stairs where he was instantly surrounded by a swarm of partisans ready to execute his high behests.

Then the numerous lamps in the room were suddenly extinguished, and a confused noise rushing announced the retreat of those who had witnessed this most wonderful eristical controversy !

CHAPTER IX.

“ And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs.”

McFINGAL.

“ What means this ?” inquired I, as jostling our way through the bewildering crowd, we stood alone in front of the edifice, from which we had just emerged. “ This is food for lawyers, eh.”

“ The lawyers !” echoed my friend, laughing, this is no booty for them ; the man breaking the city ordinances, must be *boiled*, that being the penalty attached to all such schism brewing transgressions.

“ They design to *boil* him then ?” observed I, casting my anxious gaze up the long gloomy street, wherein not even a ray of a single star gleamed ; “ well our business is finished here, I presume.”

We walked on consequently until we arrived at a cross street, intersecting the one we were in, where my companion stopped.

“Have you got any weapons about you?” he inquired, examining my person with his eyes.

“Weapons!” echoed I in surprise, and I looked hurriedly along the lonely and dark street, with the expectation of discovering an enemy, “no, none at all,—what——”

“You may need some,” was his answer, extricating one of two small bright pistols from his bosom pocket, and placing it in my hand, “the city is full of danger,” he added, “at this late hour—good night, our paths are different.”

So saying, my jocular friend, who seemed delighted with aught creating bewilderment, or innocent alarm, walked off without further explanation.

I stood regarding him for a long time, till his tall form disappeared in the distant gloom, then recalling my wandering thoughts to myself, I concluded, of course, that the city as he avowed was full of danger and determined to act accordingly.

I started therefore towards home ; as striding on, my footsteps tolled upon the echoing pavement like a knell! All was still. The buildings around me were evidently stores, for all were gloomily closed, and not a ray of light from any betokened tenants. The mournful breezes sighed about the lofty cupolas and venerable chimneys, playing madly with an old window-shutter, which, half unhinged, swung in the misty moon.

Long ragged masses of vapour coursed through

the solemn welkin, with their mangled rims, now and then gilded with a flickering star beaming afar off, in everlasting depths.

I held my weapon with a sturdier clench. I felt mysterious shrinkings about my whole person, as though the inexplicable spirit anticipated sudden danger, communicating its misgivings to the less gifted earthy body.

However, pursuing my course boldly for a half hour, I was surprised to find, instead of approaching my lodgings, I had penetrated to an unknown part of the city. The narrow street I traversed was unlamplighted. This fact first occurring to me, I stopped. The adjacent buildings were old and dingy ; their irregular and mossclad roofs appearing more dismal in the lightless atmosphere. These fabrics were obviously habitations ! I wheeled short about to make my escape at once from a place so equivocal, when at the moment, hoarse laughter broke from an adjoining building. On looking up to see from whence it came, I discovered a ray of light streaming from an upper window, against the opposite fabric. I commenced a rapid retreat, my footsteps echoing among the innumerable lanes and bewildering alleys around me with a hollow note ; I had not proceeded far however, before coming abreast of a dark avenue penetrating the wooden wall at my side, I found myself suddenly confronted by a brawny negro, rushing abruptly forth, wielding a massive club. He was followed close by four or five others of corresponding appearance. Per-

ceiving their deadly purpose, I presented my petronel. The overhanging gloom, or a blind zeal, prevented this movement from being seen, for, rushing forward undaunted, he lifted high up his ponderous truncheon ! The gleaming weapon flashed ! The gigantic ruffian recoiling, extended his brawny arms, while the club liberated dropped upon the pavement with a heavy thump ; then reeling, with a guttural groan he fell across the very weapon with which he had the moment previous threatened my life.

My assailants recoiled for one moment amazed, like wolves at bay ; then throwing themselves upon me with hideous oaths, they smote me with their bludgeons, robbing me of every valuable thing.

Then carrying their slaughtered comrade, they led the way, uttering many hard oaths, through the lampless avenue. Ascending a flight of stairs in rear of the building, we entered a small *entre* ; from which I was ushered into an adjoining dark room ; the bolt revolved, and a prisoner, I brooded over my destiny.

All was dark ; on looking up however to observe the dimensions of my limbo, I perceived a light issuing from the ceiling, streaking the opposite wall on one side. At length my light accustomed eyes adjusting their pupils, I was enabled, indistinctly, to recognise various articles about the room. On attempting to cross the apartment, I stumbled over something which obstructed my passage ; on examination, I found it to be a capacious

pannier, covered with a stout cloth, and on still farther scrutiny, full of hen's eggs.

"They have provided me with dainties," thought I, so disemboguing a large egg, I chucked it on the narrow rim of the basket and gulluped it down!

While engaged in this delightful employment I was suddenly roused by a loud noise in the adjoining room. Abandoning my pleasurable avocation, I approached the chink through which the light above mentioned penetrated.

I found the ceiling composed of mere boards, the interstices between covered with newspapers, pasted on. These unsubstantial screens were displaced in several places, which admitted the straggling light above mentioned. On looking through the narrow aperture thus afforded, I discovered the vast room annexed, dimly illumined by two feeble tapers, thronged with busy blacks.

They seemed engaged about something in their crowded midst, which, owing to the surrounding multitude, I was unable distinctly to discover.

Soon the heavy mass retired in a solid circle on all sides, leaving exposed to my wondering gaze, the emaciated attenuated form of Wildfire, sitting in a capacious armed chair, in the middle of the floor.

The persecuted, but unwavering, dogmatist seemed undaunted; his eye burned, methought, with somewhat more fire than usual; he seemed confronting the gloomy multitude surrounding him

with the air of a man who considered himself as rather to be revered and courted than contemned or abused.

Nearly opposite to him, standing upon a sort of rostrum or spacious seat, was a black man, of colossal size, and prepossessing demeanour. He had a grave aspect, a bland eye, and a dignified air. He looked on his unhumbled captive for a minute or two with an inexplicable look; methought a partial smile at first wrinkled the vernacular smoothness of his dark lip, but it then instantly faded, like passing sun light over green meads, when a flying cloud intervenes. His discomposed muscles were then gravely fixed, and wiping his mouth with a silk kerchief, which he drew from his pocket, with obvious assumed punctilio, he spoke—

“In the name of my friends sar,” he said, rolling his bland eye over the silent, but attentive crowd around him, “I rise to inform beloved Wiltfire, dat no arm be meditated against his life, but dat we desire some recompense for de berry griebous calamities dat he bring upon the black man for de last twenty years, and are breening ebery day. Wen we be slave we be appy, for we hab ebery ting dat we want, wen a man hab ebery ting dat he want, e know wy den he be appy. Well we hab ebery ting dat we want so we be appy.

“It be true wen we hab a bad massa dat we be some abused, but den cus’om do any ting, massa Wiltfire.

“Well, wen be thus appy massa Wiltfire, you tell us dat freedom be far preferable. We ax you wat dat freedom be, of which you speak ; you know wat you say ; dat it was so berry excellent ; leab our massa, go any where, marry, hab a house, an’ lib as we please, in fine, do as de wite man do. We be delighted!—we desire berry much such a appy condition.

“But, massa Wiltfire, you tink because you would not much like being a slave, an’ dat it would be berry griebous, dat it must of consequence be so to de negro, but de back man hab been a slave all he life, so it no griebous to him, he like he berry much ; he know notting about liberty.

“Massa Wiltfire, I will tell you a berry dood story. One fine summer day, while me be hoeing cane me catch a young mole,—you know a leetle mouse dat lib under de sods. Well me put im in a cage, an keep im by my house.

“Arter a while this young mole come to be a great one. Den me open a door an let im run out. But my gor, massa Wildfire, it no like a go out at all, it go out only a leetle way, den again run right back in, creeping under de straw, that tam strange, tink I. De mouse no like scamper about, like od-der mouse, my curiosity grow bery big.

“So one pleasant day, me carry the little rascal into the cane fielt, where were some wilt ones running out of de sods, but he no like it at all. He mope, and mope, like a little chap lost in a vast

wood; he know not what a do! Well I think, I spose he be afrait now, but weel get accustom to it, arter a while, so me leab im an go to the ozer end of the fielt. Well arter awhile me come back, my gor sar, de poor ting lay dead by the side of de turf, were me lef im. I nebber felt so grieved about a a ting in my whole life; however it get me a bery dood lesson. It teach me, sar, dat life be more in abit den in any thing else. I might relate a dood many other tings to illustrate dis are extraor'inary principle, but sar, I hab no time.

“I believe sar, dat de back man enjoy he self just as well on a leetle rice an' bannana, as de white man do on roas' beef, an' tee an' coffe, an' all 'ose fine tings, an' better because dese tings make a sick, an' den he no enjoy imself. Gera men, I might tell you a dood story dat I know, about a man being in prison for forty-five year, an' w'en he come out, he feel bery bad, an he go to de gubernor, and say, gubbernor, put me back again in de prison; me no like a freedom, it be unnatural to me, me no enjoy myself, so you see, massa Wiltfire, dat 'abit do any thing.

“So you see dat' abit make a slabe as appy as a free man. De slave know nothing, as me say before, about liberty. He be born a slave, he lib a slave, an' he die a slave, an' he know nothing better.

“Me once hear a man say, dat a man's enjoyment be regulated by wat he has enjoyed. Dat is, supposing a man eat an orange dat be sour, an' 'alf

rotten, an' he hab never eat any orange dat be better, he tink it be berry excellent. Den arter dat, say, he eat an orange dat be sour but no rotten; he smack a lip, saying, 'dat be berry excellent, but de odder orange dat he eat, be very bad, no excellent at all. And he say, me desire nothing better dan dat. Well, arter a while he eat an odder orange, dat be no rotten, no sour, but luscious an' sweet! Den he smack a lip berry loud an say, by gar, dat be de best orange I ebber eat; me no desire any ting better an' den he tink de last orange dat he eat berry bad, an' he no like it. So arter dat, he nebber like any orange unless it resemble de sweet luscious orange dat he eat. But sar, suppose, he find a nodder orange, still better dan that, den he smack a lip still louder, an' say, by gar, dat be berry excellent, but de odder one berry bad, an he nebber be appy w'en he eat an orange, unless it be de berry best, for all de w'ile dat he be eating it, he tink w'at fine oranges dose sweet ones were, an den he no enjoy de one he be eating.

"Now w'en we be slave, we tink dis be berry dood life, de best dat dare be, for we know nothing of liberty.

"Beloved Wiltfire, you talk a great deal 'bout our subbering, but we no subber half as much as de inhabitants of de great desart of Zahara, not half, an' yet sar dey be berry 'appy; suppose one of dem be brought to dis country, he feel berry bad, no like it, he weep, he mope about, he be like de leetle

mole me speak of; so massa Wiltfire, you see dat abit will do any ting.

“An’ now sar, we no subber half as much as you tink, you say dat dey wip us;—ha—a—me no care one cobber about dat, for a dood many time w’en my massa be angry an flog me berry hard, me raise a great cry, so dat massa stop, an’ den me go off an laugh w’ere massa no see me, he—e—e!”

Here the sable orator displayed his glittering teeth, which looked formidable enough; he proceeded, “Well, me desire berry much to be free, by an’ by me be free, an den wat appen. Are we better off? no, we be worse off, for we know not wat a do, we be in a strange lan’ like de leetle mole me speak of. All slave free, all wan’t work, for all must lib. But massa gib wages, now, so he no afford keep as many slaves as before. Me be more particular, my massa say, hab one hundred slave, dat work, he hab also, twenty dat no work, some sick, some young, some old, well by and by, massa say, go long you be a free man, now. Me feel berry sorry, for my massa be a berry good man, he use a slave berry geramany.

“Well, we come to bid massa good by, and massa say, now I weel take thirty of you, to work for me, an I will pay you w’ateber I agree, me no able to hire more. ‘Massa!’ cry all, ‘we had radder be your slave,—we hab no home,—we know not w’at a do, or ware to go. We know no trade, hab no money, an know not w’at ado.’

“ ‘No,’ massa say, ‘it be contrary to law to keep slabe now.’ ”

“ Well, thirty stay wid our massa, as agree, a de rest go off, de Lort know where. But de thirty dat stay, work harder now dan before, we hab a work only nine ’ours in a day before, now we ’ab a work twelve. So dey ab a work more w’en free, den slabe. Den we hab a buy our own apparel, we know nothing about trade, so dey cheat us an we gain berry little by our money, so we be as were in a strange lan, like de leetle mole me speak of.

“ Well, besides dis, dare be ninety slabe more out of employ, an’ so dey go to de next pantation, to get work. But as dey go dey meet fifty slabe more, who be turned free, an’ dey say our massa keep forty slabe an no more, so den we be one hundred and forty in number, an’ we go on to de next pantation, an’ dare we meet some more, an so we keep agoing, but no find any home ; well we traverse de whole lan, till we become an immense body, habbing nothing to do, nothing to eat, me nebber so hungry in my whole life. Me wish to be a slave, a thousand times, for den me hab nothing to do, but to work, our massa provide us ebbry ting we need ; we den hab a bed to lie on, an food to eat. But now we hab nothing watever. Some are for begging, some robbing, some for going back, an saying to our massa, massa you shall keep us, or by gar, we die. But we be exceeding numerous, we devour ebbry ting in de lan ; we fill ebbry city, we be extravagant glad to go to

Boso, but we no be able, some old, lame, starve or freeze, an die ebbry way.

“Now, beloved Wiltfire, me speak plain, you tell an exceeding great falsehood we’en you tell us dat we be appier free, den a slave; w’at hab you to answer, blobbed Wildfire to dat?”

The astonished prisoner listened with uncontrollable uneasiness to this extraordinary and unlooked for speech. He kept fidgetting in his chair, during the pungent, though certainly reasonable allusions of the simple orator, seeming several times in the act of springing up, to interrupt his unpalatable oratory.

However, he retained his seat till the other concluded, when he gave a willing vent to his ill suppressed feelings.

“You infamous losel!” he ejaculated, bounding from his seat, like a hound let loose from his leashes, while his pale eye burnt quickly, “what meanest thou? Is this the reward of all my toil? my philanthropic toil? Do you dare thus to abuse your emancipator, even to his face? Sir, sir, you deserve to be boiled! I say that liberty is preferable to bondage, so it is; who will deny it but thou, foul loon as thou art; thou art unfit for a civilized clime, and Boso, with all its hell-doomed paraphernalia, is too good for thy degraded carcass!”

But here he came to a sudden stop, for a wave of the hand from the tall African, threw the vast, eager multitude around him, suddenly upon him.

“You may gib beloved Wildfire a new coat !” were the last words the tall orator uttered ; all was now in a wild uproar. The astounded amalgamator was quickly seized ; a dozen hands soon being eagerly at work with his garments. He was soon stripped, and then with jeers and shouts borne above the swaying multitude, was precipitated into a hogshead of tar which stood near by. Shout on shout, mingled with boisterous laughter, accompanied the glutinous plunge ; after which he was extricated, when there was a wild hue and cry among flying feathers which flew from a hundred eager hands.

The feathered enthusiast was then escorted about the crowded apartment, amid gibes and jeers, peals of laughter, and roarings of delight. Wildfire stamped and foamed, but it only heightened their boisterous mirth. His inflamed eyes gleamed upon them like a wolf’s of a dark night !

When the joyous revelrout was through, the crest fallen subject of their wild joy was conducted to the same apartment as my own.

I was about to turn my amused attention to my fellow prisoner, when it was attracted again suddenly to my wonted peeping cranny, by an additional noise singular in the adjoining room.

On looking through, I discovered two stout fellows bringing in the slain negro—the bloody victim of my own defensive hand ! My heart shrunk within me ; could such a dreadful deed go unretributed ! Reason, heart chillingly, answered no !

But if the smallest hope at times gleamed athwart my despairing soul, it was soon dissipated when the brawny negro, officiating as orator, and evidently from the active part he took in all their disorderly affairs, a sort of demagogue among them, approaching, proclaimed the lifeless form as his murdered brother !

His grief was convulsive, but short, while at first, a death like stillness pervaded the witnessing throng, then broke from them, like a mighty tempest, low murmurings and calls for revenge !

But if despair was uppermost in my mind at this tragical disclosure, surprise was not less so, when on the revengeful demonstrations above mentioned, and several actually abandoning their crowded stations for the purpose of carrying them into operation, the brawny arm of the negro was seen waving towards them, and his stentorian voice rising above the swelling uproar.

“ Silence, my friends, silence !” he exclaimed, “ this is my belobbed brudder, as you all perceive, but he perished in a lawless cause ; his destroyer slew him in self-defence ; who can blame him ; you would do de same, I would do de same, we all would do de same, so my good friends, be gentle. He has gone to de lan’ of his fadders ; he has nothing now to need !”

Here grief choked his utterance. He said no more ; the lights were soon extinguished ; a confused noise announced the retreat of those who

were so recently convulsed with wild, rude mirth, now gloomy, frowning, silent ; no light now illumined the crevice and I turned away.

CHAPTER X.

* * * * *

“O thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves ! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens !” SHAKSPEARE.

TURNING from the cranney, now dark, I sought my fellow captive ; the sudden transition, however, from light to darkness rendered objects for a long time invisible to me ; straining, however, some time through the intervening gloom I could just discern a tall whitish figure, standing immovable like a post, a little one side.

At length the form, as conscious of my scrutiny, uttered in a pert tone, as though not exempt yet from the irritability occasioned by the laughable farce just recorded,

“I perceive I am not alone,” he said ; “who be you, sir ?”

“An unfortunate man !” replied I, “like yourself ;—they seem to have abused you, sir !”

“Who, me ? Oh no, sir, not at all ! It were

impossible for them to do so. They are hell-doomed, and will ere long quaff of pandemonian waters ! I hope, sir, I converse not with an heretic ?”

“I hope so, indeed,” replied I, unwilling to get at loggerheads with one so pertinacious in his tenets ; “a heretic is a title no sensible man would wish ; however, being a stranger—”

“A stranger, oh !” interrupted my companion, “but we are in a damnable limbo ;—where are you, sir ;—no chairs, no bed, no nothing ; and do the foul rascals imagine we are to slumber upon uncouched legs ! They deserve boiling, and shall be ere long, if there’s energy in—it is extremely dusty—is there no window, no air hole—sir, stand still while I remove this wall by the puissance of abstract right ;—knowest not, noble sir, that *abstract wrong*, may be abrogated by what is termed *abstract right* ; that is, *right* will eventually triumph ! Now, behold !”

So saying, he wheeled short round, as on a pivot, facing towards the wall which separated us from the air of heaven. Soon syllables to the following purport solemnly swelled upon my ear :

“Oh wall, I am surprised to behold you here ; you are transgressing the divine law ; you are laying up for yourself, immortal wrath. Knowest not that you are immuring innocent men. Oh, damnable wall ! what will become of thee ! We have perpetrated no crime, and yet you restrain us within

your dark bourne ! You have not the power of obeying, it is true, but it makes no difference ; I will explain, that you may not be absolutely ignorant of the first principles of abstract right, *imprimis* : When God made man, he made him free, surrounded by no barriers to his untrammelled footsteps. In debarring our liberty, therefore, you place yourself in opposition to our Almighty Creator, which you must acknowledge is criminal ; no matter if others did build you there, it is your imperious duty silently to rot and moulder, or move off, no matter how. Oh, accursed wall, your sins are accumulating every moment ; infernal wall, dost hear ? *avaunt*, I say ! lest I smite thee as was Pharaoh with the charmed staff of Moses ; you are breaking God's holy ordinance ; flit—whist ! vanish ! Now I thunder it upon your seared conscience again, and again, you are under a terrible curse ;—Oh, hell-doomed wall ; horrible wall, detestable wall, demoniacal wall, flesh and blood grasping wall, *àvaunt*, leave the oppressed go free !”

The extraordinary man ceased. “The hell-doomed wall,” said I, perceiving his tall form swelling before me as if by inspiration, and imagining chagrin at not meeting with success, occasioned it, “is insensible to your benign bans !”

“Behold !” exclaimed he, lifting his long attenuated arms above his head “the repentant scantling lie vanquished beneath our feet. Did I not truly say, that equity is irresistible ; come, we are free !”

So saying my feathered friend strode boldly towards the still existent wall. Suddenly, his nose, which was tremendous, smote against a knot, in one of the uppermost boards, when the concussion flung him violently back, upon the aforementioned pannier of eggs which stood near by. The slender basket was crushed beneath the overwhelming load, the broken eggs flying through the unseen air. The stunned objurgator rolled over, like an ox levelled by a smashing blow ! He did not rise either immediately, but remained like one stunned, the darkness preventing my distinctly perceiving him, however, a singular noise, like that of eggs chucking on the rim of the basket, soon disclosed what he was at.

“Are you bruised, beloved Wildfire,” I eagerly inquired, perceiving him not disposed to rise.

“Chuck! chuck! gobble up!”—was the response.

“Beloved Wildfire, where art thou?” I reiterated, “art thou hurt?”

“Chuck! chuck!” went another cracked egg, which was instantly gulped up.

“It was a woful overthrow; suffer me to assist you!”

Chuck! Chuck!

“Sir, I have found ovarious manna in this wilderness of ours,” replied my unfortunate (or rather fortunate) friend, swallowing at the same time a bouncing yolk, as was apparent from the singular noise accompanying it, “wilt thou par-

take with me of this egg banquet, thou perceivest how bountiful providence to all those who suffer for his sake!"

Chuck ! Chuck !

"Willingly will I, beloved Wildfire," replied I, groping my way to his dark side.

Chuck ! Chuck !

We clawed round for a fat egg, but alas, save those quashed by the recent catastrophe they were all swallowed. We then sadly stretched our wearied limbs upon the linty floor, and sleep soon blessed us.

The purple morn set us free.

CHAPTER XI.

Family discord,
 "This said, she to her tackle fell
 And on the night let fall a peal
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home."

HUDIBRAS.

WHILE roaming up the enlivened street one pleasant day, enjoying the innumerable novelties it presented, as usual I stumbled upon jovial Huffle. He greeted me with a humorous smile.

"You seem facetious," said I.

"I have been laughing my ribs out," replied he, "and I will tell you why. You have heard of Wildfire's misfortune. Why he has been setting the whole street in an uproar; such a frightful apparition you never saw, even the dogs howled and ran from him as though mad; horses—heavens! there have been fifteen runaways of vehicles, of different descriptions; I saw one, just back here, upset in the ditch, its driver precipitat-

ed on his nose, thirty feet distant ; two crippled crones fell flat down at the same time with hysteric fits, quivering like a shot beaver, and as I passed I heard shriek on shriek, ringing from window to window of the adjoining buildings. But the worst trouble was yet to be. On approaching his dwelling, he beheld his spouse in the doorway, who seemed ignorant for a long time of who he was that approached ; at length, recognising him, however, she surveyed him in mute astonishment, till her dark features finally, worked with passion.

“ Off, off,” she screamed, planting her huge frame in the doorway ; “ what ! where have you been ? you have been spreeing it ; off, I am not going to have the house littered up with such trash ! ”

But the husband, his temper already soured by his recent disgrace, ill disposed to brook, meekly, such coarse usage, pushed resolutely forward, and would have entered, had not the ferocious spouse, profiting by her vantage ground, sprang at once into his eyes ; down rolled they, over and over, like an elephant, the furious Amazon clawing whole handfuls of feathers from her enfeebled and feather hampered groom !

During the scuffle, however, Wildfire got his tormentress by the ear, who instantly raised a loud caterwaul, and nerved by gigantic strength, as it were, she leaped to her feet, grasping her opponent about the feathery middle, she pitched him into an empty hogshead which stood by the door, where

he remained with both legs thrumming either side of the oaken cask!"

"And did you leave him thus?" inquired I, anxiously.

"Surely! but, what's here?"

"Perfumery, sir, perfumery of the very choicest sort," said a slim man with a basket of vials, coming up just as we were entering a huge building, "balm," he continued, setting down his portable wicker shop, and overhauling its contents, "extracts of rose, jessamine, bergamot, lavender, lemon, tonquin vanilla, all superexcellent, delicate as the blush of the morning, soft as the wing of the zephyr; hermitage extract, how would that go——?"

Purchasing some esprit du rose, and a little honey water, we dismissed the chattering huckster, continuing our course in.

Before crossing the threshold, I read in capital letters, just over the spacious door, the subjoined inscription:

"THE ZOOLOGICAL BOILER."

CHAPTER XII.

"The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
 Those things to practice that are of no use ;
 * * * *
 * * * *
 And by that error renders both in vain,
 By forcing nature's course against the grain."
BUTLER.

Entering the huge fabric, we were in an extensive area, swelling gradually up to the broad centre, where were arranged prodigious caldrons and other exestuating appurtenances.

All those outlandish contrivances which belonged to the "Great Boiler," were here apparent, only more capacious.

The kettles reminded me of that said to have been moulded in Kentucky, and which was so large that the artizans at work upon it could not be heard from one side to the other. These boilers were arranged in a vast row, on both sides of which were constructed numerous paddocks to secure the animals congregated to be boiled.

“It is futile!” exclaimed a voice as we were entering, and on looking round I beheld a brawny negro, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbow, conversing earnestly, with a huge elderly lady, holding a large tom cat in her arms. “It is futile,” he continued, “Grimalkin must be prejudiced against some particular individual or thing ; filching a sausage now and then is of little consequence one way or the other.”

“Prejudice sar!” returned the old lady, her dark phiz, before gloomy from disappointed hopes, now brightening, (she had travelled fifty long miles to get her cat boiled,) “prejudice sar, an’ she spits flashing fire whenever shaggy Bose comes near her, an’ is that a prejudice sar !”

“Yes,—bring the dog in and fling them both into yonder boiler,” returned the superintendent, and we proceeded in.

Reader, what shall I for language to describe the scene now before me? Mounted upon a broad, spacious platform, we surveyed the whole establishment. Boiler on boiler loomed up before the wondering eyes for at least a half a mile.

* * * * *

And such a zoological bellowing! There were animals of every name or specie ; an ox having horned a calf out of sheer malice, for no other reason under sun could be given ; two spotted hogs, quarrelsome whenever in company with each other, and of course prejudiced ; two tom turkies and some abominable geese ; a skunk inveterately

antipathetical to every living thing, as was evident from certain unpalatable **** it discharged, enough to stagger an elephant; a bull dog, snappish to strangers, as well as a bull frog, always upon some neighbouring turf, grunting most impudently at every passer by, which was reckoned an ill will towards all, of course an infringement of the law, "love thy neighbour as thyself." There was a cow always unruly whenever any one save Jack Hindpost came near her, of course shamefully prejudiced towards all men; a ram so pugnacious a man could not cross the field it tenanted, a mile off, without receiving an assault, and so forth. All these, and a thousand others, which if this little work would permit, might be rehearsed, were here collected for the purpose of having their shameful propensities expunged.

The process resorted to for annihilating these animal propensities was as that of men, but the effect quite different.

An animal enthusiastic may be thought an anomalous thing, but is it really so? Who has not observed the cow suddenly, and without any apparent cause, exalt its spinal prolongation or tail, galloping about the croft. If the reader can give any reason other than that of enthusiasm for such an unaccountable freak, let him do it. Grimalkin, too, springing suddenly from the warm hearth where she was quietly dosing, frisking about the floor; geese abruptly darting off upon the wing with obstreperous clamouring; a horse flinging its

hindermost heels high in the whistling winds, and with singular unaccountable ***** cantering across the meadows ; fishes in the sea leaping, frisking, tumbling. What in the name of wonder mean all these animal gambades ?

In fine, if the reader will examine the whole race of animals, he will discover incontestable evidence of an enthusiastic temperament, if those examples I have enumerated, suffice not, wilt thou, reader, physiologically, explain their cause.

We assume as granted, that animals are reasonless, if so, their diversified conduct can have no premeditated object; they are governed by instinct, but instinct instructs them to act in conformity with corporal preservation; hence instinct is the pioneer to some indispensable good, it has some congenial purpose in view ; but those wild, purposeless, unreasonable instinctless freaks which I have just enumerated, cannot of course be the premeditated offspring of instinct, but the ephemeral bantlings of an evanescent effervescence ; a mysterious, unaccountable, ungovernable *swelling up* of the whole corpus ; an irrestrainable frenzy whirling the mad victim along without his concurrence or free will ; a chaos of common sense, wherein the raving prisoner becomes for the instant, a mere bladder full of wind!—A—but we are growing metaphysical, having besides to relate more hereafter upon this subject, we demur at present resuming our broken narration.

Of course from what the reader has heard he

will be able to tell pretty accurately what effect boiling would have upon reasonless quadrupeds.

No sooner did the mad spirit begin thoroughly to operate than a hubbub terrible, universal, took place among the brutes. Horses, oxen, cows, sheep, hens, geese, cocks, ducks, woodchuck, skunk, fox, tortoise, bull frog, hogs, dogs, cats, and what not, commingling, bellowing, roaring, neighing, bleating, yawling, squalling, caterwauling, leaping, rushing, galloping from the kettles.

"My good sir, hold, stop, I pray thee, sir—why sir!" ejaculated my chum, affrighted, as incited by the spirit I began to hop, jump, skip, and finally rush from the building as though Beelzebub were in me, followed by my friend, anxious lest I should knock my brains out against a post !

"You observed, Mr. Bolokitten," said Huffle, as we proceeded on our course, myself wiping my sweaty brow, "the zoological superintendent?"

"I observed a strapping tall negro," returned I, "but nothing more."

"The fellow's ancestors," continued my companion, communicative, "were as white as yourself !"

I stared.

"Ha—it is a fact ;—his great, great, great grandfather, or somewhere thereabouts, whose name was S——, was a pure white man ; but his progeny on the male side, all marrying a coal black negrss,

have at length entirely neutralized their white blood, rendering the family as you saw him, as black as a chimney back !”

“Good heavens !” half uttered I, just as we approached our lodgings, “if this is to cap the climax of amalgamation you will soon convert your noble city into a Timbuctoo, or Bowwoo ;” and so saying, I sought my room and my pillow, worried to death.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Roderick, enough ! enough !" he cried,
 "My daughter cannot be thy bride."

SCOTT.

"Laws, as we read in ancient sages,
 Have been like cobwebs in all ages."

BEATTIE.

IT was dawn ; the orb golden glittered on the rich domes of the amalgamating city ; the luxuriant sky, the balmy air, tempted me forth to its unwonted sweetness. Those who live in a suffocating city, know too well what it is to enjoy the fresh atmosphere of enfranchisement. I strolled forth near the breezy suburbs ; all was sweet, jocund ; a robin perched upon a teetering bough in a neighbouring pollinger filled the surrounding air with his warbling melody.

While I stood entranced with the innocent, mirthful matins of this happy songster of the forest, my attention was suddenly arrested by coarser strains.

They were those of a man, soon followed by the more bland, silvery accents of a female. Approaching somewhat nearer, I listened.

“Urge me not, Albert!” were words that I then distinctly heard, spoken with a melancholy sweetness, “you know the inflexibility of my father’s temper; he is fixed, Albert, and you could as soon tear yonder green pollard from its miry roots with an unaided arm, as warp his purpose.”

“Julia,” returned a grum voice, “I do not understand you; am I to;—excuse me;”—there was a pause of several minutes, when the voice grum rejoined, the concluding part of which I was only able to hear, which was as follows—“that you marry this—this—shall I utter it—this *ne-gro*!”

“No, no, Albert, no, no!” returned the sweeter tones, with enthusiasm, “do not think so;—why *will* you think so,” and the speaker, beautiful methought burst into tears, but as a view of them was prevented by a cluster of dwarfish trees and a descending acclivity, I was forbidden visual evidence. “I would as soon plunge a poniard in my bosom,” she added, quickly.

“Julia, I believe you,” said again the grum voice, “let it pass.”——

All remained still for a minute or two, when a blunt, hoarse voice, pitched to an angry key, broke the stillness. The voice I instantly recognized as that of Sternfast, the mourner over the filched perfume bottle.

Exclamations of anger were heard ; after which a man tall, appeared issuing from among the trees and moving slowly towards a street near by.

After that an elderly gentleman whom I easily recognized as the one with whom I had had the metaphysical skirmish, together with a female, young, and of beautiful appearance, emerged from the encircling evergreens into the cleared ground which spread in rear of a brick edifice, the individuals above mentioned.

The gentleman—of him I say nothing ; there was naught about him peculiar, save his rigid mind, which was, perhaps, only in gloomy unison with the anomalous age. But the beautiful daughter !—

I deprecate, most mortally, all eulogium upon a mortal ; the inspiration, however, is too powerful ; I must portray in succinct style, the heavenly apparition that floated before me at the time of which I treat.

Julia Sternfast, was of the mediocore size, and symmetric in all her proportions. Her face, now partly towards me, was ineffably sweet and fascinating ; there was a glow, an animation about it, occasioned doubtless by the event just related, which no doubt enhanced its original loveliness for the moment.

There was a something about the expression peculiar too ; a one which indicated that although caught in circumstances so singularly equivocal, still her stern virtue scorned to exhibit aught of

shame or chagrin, for these betokened guilt rather than otherwise, and conscious of the propriety of her motives, she felt that although appearances were against her, she had no reason to be abashed even in the presence of her stern father.

This expression was not of a meek, docile, lamb-like either ; there was a nobler about it ; a noble docility, a noble lambness, a noble meekness ; but there seemed blended withal a mixture of irritation or wounded pride, at the idea, doubtless, that imputation, even of the slightest nature, should be cast upon her, of a derogatory character. Her eye burned, half turned upward, in which, in one of less pride and *hauteur*, a tear might have glittered, but she seemed too proud (*or too innocent*,) to weep ; relying solely upon the purity of her conduct, as if conscious sooner or later that that would enfranchise her from every stain.

I wish you could have seen her at that moment, for besides the expression of wounded feeling which reigned there, there was such a rich and lively innocence, a bewitching expression that, while it riveted and chained the eye, subdued and awed with its more than mortal energy.

I might expatiate freely upon this pleasing topic, but am compelled to the conclusion of the portrait, with a few rich tints about her apparel.

Over her voluminous ringlets then, like frost over a bed of jet, or the placid moonlight sprinkled over a black cloud, lay a wimple of soft, candid muslin, which mystified, and hence added a charm tru-

ly magical to that part of her person. Below this, broke in clouds, straggling masses of black tresses, covering the whole of her shoulders. And then her form ;—I have no idea of calling it sublunary—it was angelic ! She moved like a fay ! I might cite a hundred ancient beauties as comparisons of our unrivalled heroine, but alas I fancy they would lose by the competition. There was Hebe, for example, the goddess of youth ; and there were Venus, Helena, and—but there was something so earthy about these after all, they never should be compared to a damsel exempt from all sublunary taint.

I have no doubt, however, that the reader, indulgent, will believe me, when I say that Julia Sternfast was the most lovely of her sex, that she

“ Possess’d an air and grace by no means common ;”*

and reader, I wish you to remember this, that your sympathy may be awakened at the tragical destiny that awaits her.

“ Julia,” said Sternfast, in a firm, cold voice, as they proceeded, “ I desire you remember my injunctions ; if you disobey them, you forfeit my esteem, affection. We must eschew all worldly ideas of love and romance, when duty opposes. And I conceive that it is the duty of every one to unite in abrogating a prejudice so heinous, whether male or female.

* Byron.

“You observed, doubtless, when my former wife expired, thereby leaving me free in this important matter, I instantly espoused a negress, thereby lending my feeble influence to the popular cause. Nor can I aver I love my present partner as my former ; indeed, daughter, *I do not love her at all*, and that is the very reason why it is denounced in you ; it is of no moment whatever, when a common good is concerned. So let me hear no more of objection ; Mr. Cosho is an honest man ; he is your betrothed husband or else you shall suffer the consequence of disobedience.”

“Father,” said Julia, and I discovered for the first time that a tear glittered in her eye, “can this be just ; must a natural affection for one person be smothered, and marriage contracted with another whom we despise, merely because the latter is of a complexion we dislike, and that dislike is criminal ? If George Cosho were white, would you compel me to marry him against my inclination ?”

“No, girl, no,” responded the other.

“And because Mr. Cosho,” continued the anxious girl, “is black, rendering the repugnance to a connexion still stronger, you will compel me to a marriage which will kill me, merely because a black face must be respected.”

“No, Julia, I will not compel you to that which will kill you,” returned the parent, hastily, “it is mere whim ; but once believe that you can live happily with this Mr. Cosho and every difficulty

will vanish. It is all in the fancy ; it is a sinful, abominable antipathy, besides a barefaced, high-handed violation of the law of God."

"But father," continued Julia, earnestly, "is not affection one of the ordinances of heaven ? should we not yield to it in every case ? is it not a black, a dreadful sin to trample it under foot ?"

"No, Julia, no ; this love of which you treat so fervently, is only a worldly concupiscence, and is not to be our guide in any case."

Here the parent so unreasonable suddenly stopped, looking on the mute daughter with an inflamed eye. And this was the reason :—they were approaching a pool of sluggish water, when Julia, disgusted with its noisome exhalations, diverged from the regular path. This her father, observing, indignant, condemned in language to wit :

"Daughter," he exclaimed, angrily, "how often have I lectured thee upon foul prejudices. What dost thou there ?—come here, girl ; knowest not that prejudices are sinful, of every description, whether against a bird, a fish, a quadruped, or thy own kind, the degraded negro ? And are they not equally so, against every *material* thing in the universe ? May abominable antipathies—come here, miss—to a serpent, a toad, a snail, be vanquished, while supreme contempt is heaped upon a pool of sluggish water, fringed with bullrushes ! up to that slough-hole and accustom thyself to its poisonous effluvia !"

The maiden thus commanded, knowing the in-

flexibility of her father's will, doggedly complied, employing at the same time, her white handkerchief to protect her nose from disagreeable exhalations.

At this moment a voice, from the street near by, addressing the father, withdrew his attention from the present scene, when Julia, joyful, seizing the opportunity, escaped into the house. In the meantime, the father's attention was occupied with a load of manure, which a man had by the road side. A word from him, by way of direction, set the loaded wain speedily again in motion towards the dwelling.

Reader, to what purpose think you was this odorous commodity put, for it was not when gardens were stercorated. You must be ignorant ; I will inform you.

Know then, O reader, that not only Sternfast, but hundreds in this sublime metropolis had ordure about their dwellings, for the purpose of whipping their olfactory nerves into the astonishing belief that manure is ambrosial, and not foul and disgusting, as their diabolical prejudices led them to imagine.

I am credibly informed, and I chronicle it for the sake of philanthropy and self-denial, that Sternfast, Wildfire, Bluebottle, and their enthusiastical compeers, do nocturnally slumber with a platter of this excrement smoking before their noses, in order to their olfactory nerves not believing that manure is offensive, which, according to these

obstreporous wights' creed, is a *hell-bred prejudice*, which no consideration whatever, not even that of a stomachal splitting and disgorging of vile and foul secretions should prevent from overcoming.

This, however, is a mere report, having never witnessed any thing of the kind myself; the reader may, therefore, believe it or not, as he thinks fit.

CHAPTER XIV.

“For now the field is not far off
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
 Another's manner of dispute,
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments not words.”

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HUDIBRAS,

When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of physician.

As the solemn grey was dappling the white plaster, one morning early, I was awakened by a tremendous thundering noise, shaking the house.

“What's this?” uttered I, hurrying on my clothes. I gazed from the window, nothing but cold fabrics was to be seen, with here and there a solitary individual hastening along, straining his wondering eyes towards an eminence a little out of the city. Eagerly looking in that direction,

I discovered the pinnacle of the hill muffled in smoke !

Hurrying on my coat, astonished, I rushed down stairs, out of the door, smack against jovial Hoffle, who at the moment happened to be passing.

"What's this?" I cried, "are we attacked ; but I knew not we were at war."

"Ha!" returned my facetious friend, "you knew not that, eh!—take a cigar."

"I never smoke!"

"Never smoke!—well—why, man, didn't you know that we were at loggerheads with these slave-clutching Southerners. Zounds! you deserve banishment. But I have other news to tell thee first, if indeed it be news ; Dashey has given his black spouse the slip——."

"No!"

"Yes—why the poor fellow I don't blame him; he did not marry her because he loved her, that was out of the question, but because an amalgamationist wished it. You must know, therefore, that she being rather of a jealous disposition, was constantly hectoring him with the cruel inuendo, that he loved some white lady more than her, and being provoked he left her. This jealousy was natural and he ought to have borne with it, and lived a miserable life for the sake of philanthropy.

Here I fell into profound cogitation.

"What's the matter," suddenly ejaculated Hoffle, "you are as silent as a post !"

"I was pondering upon *love*," answered I.

“Ho, ho!

‘There was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.’

Do you believe it?”

“Indeed, I believe it was so formerly ; but I should think you discarding the amorous portion, retain the pugnacious only ;—look, what a smoke, and what a rumpus, too ;—I was just meditating upon what you said in regard to your benevolent high-souled friend ;—*can a white man love a negress?* yet you aver, that we ought to sacrifice personal bliss upon the altar of universal benevolence.”

“To be sure, that’s our doctrine ;—come, if you rant about love now, some grey-haired, icy, cold-hearted old cosmopolite will fling your book down, as insipid and stale.”

“I care not a fig, let that grey-haired, icy, cold-hearted old cosmopolite peruse the following stanzas :

* * ‘ Prius insolentum
Sera Briseis niveo colore
 Movit Achillem,
Movit Ajacem Telemonem natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
 Virgine raptâ.’

and consider if such men could bow before the master passion, he exhibits rather the demeanour of a hypocrite, than of disdain for aught of an amorous character. Mr. Hoffer, such men love amours

well enough behind our backs, but 'before folk' their assumed gravity is but a hypocrite's mantle.

"Is not love, Mr. Hottle, the sole arbiter of matrimony? Would mortals ever have thought of a bridal if Cupid shot not the shaft, and inflicted the wound that yearned for a balsam? Was it not intended to mitigate the asperities of life, and fill the soul with a light which no other source on earth can afford? Was it not to make man happier than he would be single, and alone? Is not love the cement of society? Does it not curb the otherwise unmanageable passions of the heart, chastening and purifying, and making them better? If so, should a marriage ever be contracted where *love* had no voice in the instrument?"

"To be sure man, to be sure, that's our doctrine."

"But is not this a horrible violation of the law of nature; is not God the author of the law of nature? Is it not then a trampling upon the edict of the Most High?"

"You are metaphysical," returned my grave friend, puffing away at his cigar with unruffled composure. "They bang away with admirable spirit there;—but go on, go on, my metaphysical chum; I am as much a stickler for pure heart-felt affection as you are. Where's the bent of your reasoning?"

"That a negress cannot engender love in the bosom of a white man, and therefore, that they ought not to intermarry."

“Ho! ho!—how comes that about; prove it—I desire stern proof.”

“I aver that a black shade to a white eye is generally chilling to affection.”

“False;—what is more comely now than a *black eye*; acknowledge your defeat; ha!”

“Not yet; a black eye, to be sure, in a *white face*, but not in a sable one; it depends more upon accompaniments, than upon the eye itself. A black eye in a white casket is beautiful, but in a black casket the effect is nullified, for all is black; you might as well expect a *sable star* to be beautiful in a black sky!”

“Your metaphysics are too potent. But a jet black necklace,” pursued my jocose friend, “what a beautiful appendage to a lady’s snow white neck!”

“But to a lady’s chimney-hued neck; what kind of one?”

“Well, well, what is prettier now than a flute or a cane fashioned of ebony?” continued Hoffer, striding on with humorous phiz.

“A subject of admiration, but not of love——.”

“A raven, what so beautiful! his black glossy plumes——.”

“She oils her dark feathers, though keeping them clean; but I fancy, no disparagement to your ebony partners;—but it is universally allowed that man is the most slovenly of animals——.”

“Bang! what a thundering gun;—this street—but you must admit that coal-coloured ringlets hanging from a damsel’s neck——.”

“Whist ; but what is more annoying to a pale-eyed connoisseur, than those same ringlets twisted up and adjusted about the ear in wiry clumps——?”

“A fur cap, my metaphysical chum ; a fur cap that scintillates on rubbing it in the dark——.”

“And do you fall in love with your fur cap, Mr. Hoffle——?”

“Fall in love ; psha ! love ;—well, what’s more pleasing now, to a man of taste, than polished jet black boots ? only consider.”

“Stop, Mr. Hoffle, let me instance a few that are *not* pleasing. A black sheep, for example ; a black cat ; what say’st thou ?”

“The latter ;—superb, if it sparkles——.”

“But coal-hued timbers, charred beams, and sooty earth, what so productive of gloomy thought ; jails, prisons,—dingy and gloomy always ; a thundercloud, always black, prognosticates ruin, perhaps death : *simul atra nubes* ; black, always black ! Those instruments of death, pikes, muskets, cannon, forged to blow men’s brains out ; but the enemy of our race, it is asserted, always appears clothed in a black garb, proving that black is not a very christian colour after all.”

“Well, are you most through ; we are most up the hill you see.”

“A black heart, Mr. Hoffle, a black heart !”

“Bad—but to what tends this,”—puff.

“That a black face cannot engender love in a *white* breast !

“Love, Mr. Hoffle, is the offspring of a brilliant

intellect, more than aught else. A statue, however beautiful, would fail in ravishing with love's rhapsodies the beholder, merely because lacking that intellectual, undefinable something which seems to pierce and irradiate with a magic charm the soul. I have heard doubts expressed, Mr. Hoffle, of the existence hereafter of that heavenly affection which interweaves two differently sexed hearts here, because the body, they say, is mouldering in the sepulchre, that beautiful form around which the entranced memory loves to linger ; but is not it sufficient proof to the contrary, that the choicer portion, the inextinguishable spirit, the gem that adorns the perishable frame, thrilling the soul with amorous joy, is still existent, possessed of all its original lovely attributes, and as capable of bewitching the allured fancy hereafter, as now."

"I believe you," spoke Hoffle.

"What I would say is, that a black face prevents this brilliant intellect from appearing——"

"Ho! ha!—well, go on."

"Another reason why the two differently coloured races ought not intermarry is, that the *love* of the negro, if he loves at all, must necessarily be * * * * and that's no love to counterbalance the heart-felt, pure, unalloyed affection of a warm-hearted, full-blooded human maiden."

"Puff! That's rather pungent; see how those fellows work. Half animal—the d——l,—why, how do you make that out?"

"Why, I presume, you don't doubt, the opinion

entertained by the erudite Descartes, that the negro is an amalgamation of the white man * *
* * * *."

"Diabolus, you cut close,"—puff! "to be sure I do, you are the first man I ever heard discredit the idea that the African race were the accursed progeny of Cain!"

"Pho! Madden says the stigmatising brand set upon Cain was upon the brow only; in that case, your opinion must explode. No sir, no other plausible lineage can be adduced for the black people, and if so, * * * * *
* ; of course all his passions, feelings, and desires must be in accordance. So I aver, alliances thus formed, would be fickle, unstable, productive of more mischief than benefit——."

"Mr. Bluebottle, your humble servant!"

"Dr. Felt, I hope you are well."

We were now upon the pinnacle of the hill, which was encompassed with dense wreaths of smoke. The eminence was extensive, and thronged with a mixed multitude, among whom, Wild-fire, Sternfast, Bluebottle, and some others were conspicuous.

On the ridge of the eminence were planted tremendous guns, all of eight feet in diameter, and of singular mould, subserving two purposes, that of a cannon and a telescope. These guns were levelled to the south, the atmosphere curling and wreathing with belched smoke. I gazed with eagerness to discover a furious enemy, but saw only

a mighty expanse, covered with a brown forest, interspersed here and there with fallow patches, and with peaceful cottages. The sky was serene, soft, and the smoky, dense volumes swelled upon its halcyon bosom, marring its loveliness ; the sun was just rising, too, silvering the far off russet tree tops, and shining with a bright but placid light upon the thunder-rolling eminence, its horrid paraphernalia, its crowded populace.

“I see nothing,” uttered I, mechanically, after one hasty glance in the direction described,—“what means this ;— are you firing at the clouds, doctor ?”

My companions laughed.

“Come here,” said Hoffle, taking me by the sleeve and drawing me along to a gigantic ordnance, “look across it,” continued he.

I obeyed, and *mirabile dictu!* wonderful to chronicle, I gazed over an expanse all of two thousand miles in extent. Lofty mountains, interminable plains, silvered by mighty rivers rolling their majestic floods, groves, forests, morasses, little hills, dwellings, barns, cotton as well as cane plantations, with here and there the bright, legible features of a man adorning the vast, but beautiful panorama, lay at once spread out beneath me, like an unfolded mighty chart.

I turned my wondering eyes from the scene to my companion in vacant amazement.

“Ha !” uttered Hoffle, who delighted in my oafish surprise, “what thinkest now ? you seldom

behold such roarers : why you ignorant ninny, did you not know we were at war with the southern slave-holders ? a gang of ragamuffins, who seize upon their fellow creatures, using them as you would an ox ; now, we avow this is hellish, partaking more of *diabolus* than of mortal ; they mind us not, at least have not as yet, but we are determined to bring them to terms now ;—it is against our principles, you know, to employ powder and ball against such flesh grippers—that is, such powder and ball as is generally employed in war, which takes life, so we have a novel specie, a patent-right specie, which subserves every purpose without dire consequences. Come this way, doctor.”

So saying, my sociable companion drew me along to the other side of the hill, where were wonderful constructions.

“ What are these ?” inquired I.

“ Ammunition manufactories,” returned Hoffer ; “ there you see is compounded munition for carrying on this bloody war ; in that, is manufactured ball ; in that, cartridge. These balls are compounded to do no injury save what may arise from bruising the conscience. The obdurate *will* being the part assailed, not the corpus ; come here—the gunners you perceive, aim at the forehead of the adversary and not at the body, which you must acknowledge is a delicate piece of warfare.”

“ But my good friend,” said I, eagerly, “ what are these patent-right shot made of ?”

This interrogatory elicited the following information, which is recorded for the benefit of the reader. The balls were of different specie, and compounded of some such stuff as this :

“ You man stealer !” “ You forger of chains and manacles !” “ You are a tyrant, you have the demeanour of a tiger !” “ You have a smooth brow, but the malice of a demon !” “ You must sacrifice your ill-gotten wealth ; it is your duty, you *shall* do it.” “ You slave-holder, you are a perpetual thief !” “ You gory-jawed villain, let the facts, the blood stained facts be spread out ; let the tale of a slave’s wrongs enter the ear !” “ The sun turns pale at your monstrosities.” “ You infernal fiend, you treat the slaves like brutes !” “ Let go your slaves, you bloody cannibal, or I’ll blow your brains out with despicable epithets !” “ Enfranchise those miserable men, hell-doomed varmints, or we’ll bombard you all to pieces !”

I learned afterwards that a distinguished chemist, incited by the singular insensibility with which the shots were received by the imperturbable foe, had the curiosity to analyse one. He found to his astonishment it consisted of mere *smoke* ; whereupon he penned an abstruse treatise, showing the utter futility of such vapoury weapons to the object designed.

The cartridges, he declared, contained the following compounds :

Enthusiasm,	15 lbs.
Rage,	5

Stubbornness,	9
Avarice,	6
Pugnacity,	12

There were no two cartridges alike, each having its separate quantum of ingredient ; there were some having as much pugnacity as enthusiasm, others again more than proportionably mixed of avarice, rage, and in many, self-opinionativeness was astonishingly predominant. In fine, after thus unfolding the dire components of these patent-right shot, this ingenious, indefatigable chemist, elucidated in plain English the astounding fact, that these new invented, conscience battering cannon balls were of precisely similar compound with those employed in blood and murder war, with this difference only, that the latter were generally more mixed of reason and cool resolve, having less of those smoky ingredients, which *smoke*, smoke, smoke, *smoke*, etc.

The conclusion of his research was, therefore, that a cartridge prepared for these conscience-battering carronades was equally capable of dispatching a heavy twenty-four pound iron ball from a calibre of corresponding dimension with a deadly intent to kill !

“Come, now, see the effect,” exclaimed Hoffle, as a cannonier glanced his keen eye along a huge gun ; stepping to a piece which was unemployed, I marked the shot.

Looking over a range of landscape, truly magnificent, beautiful, my roaming eyes caught an ex-

tensive plantation, in which two hundred slaves were at work. The master, a grave looking personage, stood by the front gate, receiving a cup of water from a young slave just emerged from the mansion. As he lifted the goblet to his lips, the abolition gun flashed; the earth trembled for miles around, the smoke rolling before the gun in a prodigious cloud. The ball, "you are a perpetual thief;" after describing a tremendous curve in the serene air, smote square and plump, bursting in a thin cloud and floating over his fluttering hair upon his brow.

He clapped his hand to his forehead, as though a bee had stung him, laughed, and then turned away.

The next gun, I was told, was to be levelled at a fat burgher sitting in an arm chair, before a small fire, in his stately mansion, (for it drizzled there) perusing a newspaper. The ball destined was the following: "The sun turns pale at your monstrosities!"

The shot grazed the periodical which he held, striking him just above the right temple, jarring his spectacles. The smoke for a moment, wreathed about his long nose, and then floating upward, disappeared. The hard-hearted wretch only snuffed his nose in scorn, without ever raising his eyes from the print.

"Give him that!" roared Wildfire, from the manufacturing machine, full of wrath, flinging to the gunner a tremendous ball of the following de-

scription: "You must sacrifice your ill-gotten wealth, it is your duty, you shall do it," which was instantly sent home with a sturdy rammer on top of a cartridge commixed of rage and volcanic wrath.

Away blazed the ordnance, the next moment the smitten foe was furiously stamping and kicking about the floor, his huge print crumpled beneath his feet, while fragments of the riven ball clung to his hair, or eye winkers!

"Thrice he smote on stomach stout;" "shall do it, eh!" he repeated, "d——n 'em; d——n 'em! These pragmatistical Northerners will get themselves in a scrape yet; h—l; fire; they had better be gulluping up their hasty pudding, a great deal;—I'll off and see what's what!" And the exasperated slaver, ringing a bell, summoned a strapping negro. "Brancho, my coach; my coach, Brancho," and in a minute he was whirring along the great road to stir up matters.

A shout from Wildfire announced the joy he felt at what he considered the enemy's flight, which he declared was evidence of the wavering of his conscience, when, in reality, it was only the excitation of all his worse passions.

"Ha!" laughed Hoffle, removing his eyes from the dread piece, whereto he had been attracted by the unwonted ardour around him, "the fellow drives; ho, doctor, whither now—dost leave us?"

"My profession summons me away," returned Felt, looking at a withered crone near to him,

who seemed to have just delivered some urgent message. A glance revealed the well remembered hag of the dingy greeze to my eyes.

“Come,” said Hoffle, “you have seen enough, our breakfasts cool upon the table,” and at the same time our party was increased by Sternfast, who, from the like consideration, was hastening homeward.

The road was soon alive with numerous vehicles of every description, drawn by hermaphrodite animals, half horse, half ox, half cow, half goat, whirling the dust, rolling about their glistening wheels.

But not having any conveyance of our own, we proceeded leisurely on foot.

“And can’t they let the southern slave-holders be !” grumbled the crone above-mentioned, who accompanied us, “must they ever be bickering with these men ; an’ what have they done pray ?”

With a smile Hoffle glanced shily at Sternfast, who, at short distance, seemed deaf to the reprehensory words.

“And is that Sternfast,—whew !” half whispered the wary hag, who, observing Hoffle’s apprehensive glance, mistrusted the cause ; “whist—I will tell you a secret,” she added, approaching close that jocular individual, “he knows, if he consent to the poor slave’s going to Boso, he will have a copper or two to subscribe, whereas, if they remain here, the expense will fall entirely upon the slave-holder ; hist, mum, hist !”

“Ha!” uttered Hoffle.

“A fair morning, Mr. Sternfast,” exclaimed I, approaching the individual mentioned, who seemed in absorbing cogitation, so much so as to prevent, hitherto, gratulation.

“Stubborn scoundrels!” muttered Sternfast, who seemed still intent upon his own reflections, “stubborn as the prince of air, Apolyon himself. Ah! Mr. Bolokitten, how do you do? we are having a hard battle, sir; I hope you are more benevolent than when I last saw you.”

“I cannot say I desire otherwise, Mr. Sternfast,” returned I with a partial smile.

The surgeon, preceded by the crone, at this moment, mounted a pair of stairs belonging to a tidy looking edifice, at which we now arrived. The former bidding us good morning, alleging that his profession called him away, disappeared.

Sternfast, unconscious, stepped up the steps, when, recollecting himself, he was turning away, when his eye fell upon the adjoining window; he looked in for a moment with some apparent interest, then turning his head, he motioned me to ascend.

Curious, I obeyed; on going up I discovered through the window a most wonderful apparition. On a bed in one side of the room, surrounded by anxious attendants, and apparently in great distress, as was evident from the inflation of the nostrils, as well as the low moan, distinctly audible even through the window, lay a cow!

The physician at her side held her fore paw like one feeling of another's pulse, his left hand moving between her horns !

I turned to shroud a stealthy smile, which my grave companion interpreting as a resolution on my part to proceed, moved into the street.

"I don't understand that," observed I, smilingly looking at Hoffle, "explain, Mr. Sternfast."

"I am astonished, Mr. Bolokitten," returned that individual, "that you should be so insensible to benevolence on a large scale. Is not the brute one of God's creatures, and as much an object of our impartial love as a fellow creature? Mr. Bolokitten, the contempt with which you treat God's creatures will be severely punished sooner or later, depend upon it."

"Mr. Sternfast, with due deference to your superior ethical acumen, I must say that you go to extremes. God's creatures, of every specie, are, it is true, objects of benevolence, of mellow heartedness; but has not God designated with every creature how far this tenderness shall extend, drawn certain lineations or landmarks, by which all our benevolence shall be regulated? Is there not as much benevolence and tender heartedness in providing a cow with a comfortable shed and plenty of provender as there is in bestowing a crust of bread upon a supplicating mendicant?"

"Sir, these landmarks, as you term them, are nothing but sheer prejudices; conjurings of a stiff

neck! So long as the cow is as susceptible of suffering as man, so long are we bound to treat her with equal charity——”

“Why, are not animals, Mr. Sternfast, provided with covering suitable to their condition?”

“No more than man; let man roam wild the woods and in time he would become hairy like a wolf, and I know not but go on all fours, too, like that animal. Philosophers incontrovertibly prove it. A certain work entitled the Book of Bodies, is conclusive on this point. Did Adam have a eloak and a dwelling? No! all prejudice. The rein deer, domesticated, kept within doors, treated like a man, would soon shed its hairy coat, walk about on two legs, and I don’t know but in time become a reasoning animal.*

“Good day Mr. Sternfast, our road lies thither.”

“Quoth she,” cried Hoffle, “that nothing will avail,
For some philosophers of late, here
Write men have four legs by nature,
And that ’tis custom makes them go

* Mr. Sternfast’s tenets are not, perhaps, after all, so frenetical as they seem, at least he is not alone in his opinions concerning the relative situation and faculties of man and the brutes. Caning remarks as follows: “Others by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of volition would become men. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their hind feet, their tails would gradually rub off by sitting in their caves and huts, as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state; they would invent language, and the use of fire, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of society.”

Erron'ously upon but two ;
 And 'twas in Germany made good
 B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
 And growing down t' a man, was wont
 With wolves upon all fours to hunt."

CHAPTER XV.

“Must we part,
And has it come to this?”

MRS. HEMANS.

Julia Sternfast was in her boudoir, whose window overlooked the verdant croft, full of green trees. She sat with her left hand on her brow, over which straggled black tresses in rich disheveledness, her right hand held a print, the fifth number of the eighty-sixth volume of the New York Mirror, (a tidy publication, worthy of the patronage of every amoroso of *belles lettres* and the arts,) which she seemed to peruse with more than usual interest.

A slight rustle at her side suddenly startled her, she looked hastily up, beholding the black visage of man close to her with twinkling eyes.

“Mr. Cosho,” she half lisped, and she dropped the fascinating print, looking earnestly in the intruder’s face for a moment, then regaining the paper she arose, approaching an *escritoir* in one side of the room, lumbered with periodicals and other books. “I would be much obliged, sir,” she observed, “if you would be less bold in disturbing my privacy.”

At the same time she seemed engaged among the books on the *escritoir*; as no response, however, was heard from the bold intruder, or the slightest noise even intimative of his hated presence, she was constrained to look around.

There he sat, both hands on his knees, his round glossy head a little projected, his dark eyes twinkling, fixed on her as if absolutely petrified by the thundering rebuff!

His appearance, so ineffably ludicrous, caused Julia, mournful as she was, a short laugh, which she could ill repress, and which the confounded lover instantly interpreted in his favour.

Rising, slowly,

“Beautiful Venus!” he pronounced in measured accents.

“This cachinnatory explosion, may I hope it is no bar against me. If you only knew, lovely daughter of the bright white sun, how my burning heart yearns for de, you would dismiss odder thoughts, saying, I yield to ye, my hypocriteless——.”

Julia at first did nothing but smile, curbing more

violent mirth, but as the dark amoroso proceeded, her smiles were all shrouded!

“From what school in Cupid’s realm—Mr. Cosho, will you keep your seat!”

“I tank ee—dat be wat you want, eh!” returned the African, his grandiloquent language evidently assumed for the occasion, degenerating into its wonted humbleness. “I look better, eh, in de chair; berry well, me sit berry nice, so me look nice to de beautiful Venus. Your fadder say, lobely ting, dat we may be married in tree day, eh! wat you say to dat, eh?”

Julia turned pale, dropping a book she held, she sank as if borne down by an overwhelming load, into a chair.

Cosho, somewhat startled, rose to assist her.

“Away sir!” she exclaimed, struggling for fortitude, “keep your seat, sir, or leave the room,” and her beautiful, but pale brow pressed against the chair’s high back. Her unbound hair floated over her face.

At that moment the door opening, Albert Osleton entered the apartment. His air was troubled; there was a solemn expression in his face; he started, stopped, his bright eye falling upon the rebuked Cosho! Emotions inexplicable for a moment convulsed his gloomy cheeks, of rage, scorn, chagrin, despair; then overcoming them, tearing his look undefinable away, he fixed it upon the helpless, half-swooned form of the young lady.

Then calmer, blander, mournfuller, but sweeter

tints flitted along his melancholy brow, it seemed as if tears would start but were repressed by strong mental exertion, his footsteps aroused the hitherto half insensible girl; raising, she fastened her enfeebled, but sweet eyes, on the new intruder with an alarmed look.

He whom her father had for ever forbade his house, *her* presence, now stood before her, whether by her father's permission, or his own reckless, desperate purpose, with her was doubtful, but he was there; she was going to protest against such seeming infringement, when he observed, in language that cut her heart :

"We must part, Julia," the words were uttered with difficulty, a moody deep heaving of the chest accompanying the dismal revelation. The dread avowal, however, seemed spiritless, soulless.

"We must separate," he reiterated, advancing a step as if to take her hand; a sudden thought, however, checked the bold design. He cast a fierce look at Cosho."

"Mister! sir, will you leave the room." The startled negro rose stubbornly, scratching his black scone, without, however, stirring farther.

Another dread look, however, from the indignant Ossleton set him again in moody motion. Proceeding three short paces he again stopped, muttering in a low tone—

"Berry well, I leab de room for a berry few

minutes, but sar, you weel remember dat de beaufu' Venus be my betrossed—."

"Mr. Cosho," cried Ossleton, in a voice of thunder, "leave the room."

The affrighted black retreated from the apartment with all speed.

Then, overwhelmed with pent up emotions the sorrowing maiden sank in her lover's arms.

"O, Albert," she murmured, "is this then the dismal conclusion of all our pleasing anticipations, blissful prospects, bright hopes ! This is too much ; I cannot—cannot"—

"Hush, Julia," whispered Ossleton, softly, "why grieve so ? These bright hopes shall yet be realised,—leave all to me ;—what ! incredulous !—nay, will you not trust to me, Julia ? It is for a short time,—your father is inexorable ; I must, hence for a season—only a short season"—

"Albert," struggled Julia, "'tis futile ; in three days I am George Cosho's bride!—no, I will—no—t"—grief choked her utterance.

"Ah," uttered Ossleton in a thoughtful deep tone, and unloosing himself from the warm embrace of his sorrowful mistress, he walked to and fro with vehement and violent strides, suddenly he stopped, approaching the disconsolate girl, and taking her hand in his, looked earnestly in her tearful face, saying, "Julia, one promise I would have—only one. It is this : if a negro, by name Wyming, make marital proposals to you accept them without demur!—farewell"—

As he uttered these words the door slowly opened, and the black head of the jealous Cosho protruded in, his eyes boorishly twinkling. Os-leton's approach, however, speedily caused it to disappear, his tall form lingering for one moment on the threshold vanished, perhaps forever.

Julia, thunderstruck at his strange injunction, was scarcely conscious of his absence, and was roused only by her father's harsh voice on the stairs, as if in ireful colloquy with some one. Then footsteps were heard, and the dread form of her father the next moment darkened the threshold. Cosho, as if overjoyed at the departure of his terrific rival, at the same time strode in.

"Julia," said the former harshly, "I have dismissed him, so no more of encouragement to him; remember no more of encouragement to him,—do you hear, girl?—I am not to be disobeyed; here is your husband," pointing to Cosho, who like an ebony statue stood grinning, "in three days you are his"—

"Father, I cannot,—cannot!" struggled forth Julia, falling at her father's feet.

The stern parent, for a single moment, evidently regarded her with a compassionate look, then, mildly lifting her, he said—

"It is your duty Julia;—fie now;—it is your duty;—this *white* has turned your head;—here Mr. Cosho look to her;—she will be in her right mind soon."

And so saying, the father, evidently troubled, left the room, Julia did so soon after, seeking solitude in her own apartment, the door of which she forcibly locked.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
Since man's chief pleasure is society."

DAVIES.

"And has she not assayed her notes]
To rouse your slaves to cut your throats."

McFINGAL.

FADED fast from the rosy cheeks of Julia Sternfast the beautiful hues. Lips once eloquent with love's witchery, with dimples sweet, and soft smiles beaming over them, were now mute. Wo's mantle wrapped them all.

There was a ball;—a gay, splendid ball. Just at dusk, on the appointed evening, a rich barouche stopped before the mansion door. Julia, escorted by her detested gallant Cosho, stepped in, and away it rolled, rattling over the crabbed pavement.

Lights festooned with green garlands hung glittering before each window; stalactical girandoles

dangled from the garlanded chamber floor, shedding a brilliant light; screens of damask shook waveringly, their undulations forming shadows against the side of the room, while beneath their genial gloom, or the brilliant splendour of unnumbered lamps, moved in glittering company, black folks and white folks,—damsels, gentry! Here a tall black maiden, with red dress, her eyes sparkling like coals of fire, gallanted by a Mr. — living in Broadway, No. ***; there a white belle, charmingly lovely, paraded with a stalwort negro, now living, called ***** *****, his nose crooked like a hawk's beak, but the benevolent self-denying damsels said, “poor fellow, we will not reject him on that account,” and received him with the greatest pleasure. In fine, there was not a bandy leg, or mar face in that whole assembly unhonoured with the brightest glances; like worn out, old grey-haired veterans, honours, caresses, were poured upon them wherever they went. Hundreds were known to twist off very beautiful noses for the sake of unwonted admiration, for not a tidy belle in that splendid city would not love such a mar faced admirer, with a desperate love. The most uncouth had the best prospect of an heiress, while the handsome wight contemned and repudiated, (at least apparently) wandered unblest by a lady's smile, and all because *prejudices must be abrogated*.

The most grim, uncouth, blear-eyed, distorted, outlandish monsters were consequently consorted

with the loveliest damsels ; the splendid apartments floated with their tawdry apparel. All was merry, gay, fantastic, save Julia, who, disconsolate, wandered the gay hall through ; the indefatigable Cosho her constant attendant.

At length, wearied with his hateful presence, she sought a seat in a retired part of the room, engaging in conversation with an acquaintance. A silver lamp above them, illumined their bedecked forms ; Julia was simply adorned, all wondered why, for she was wont, like all ambitious damsels, to appear gaudily attired ; a rose half faded garnished her dark tresses, hanging down her neck, while one or two ringlets invading her polished brow, gave her such an air of wildness, that while it added to her loveliness, at the same time excited the curiosity of all present. There was a sort of negligence also about her apparel, which, stripping her of that ostentatious affectation so common to refined society, enhanced her beauty.

She leaned against the seat, her left arm upon its back supporting her brow, the overhanging light revealing her pale charms in all their startlingness. "You look ill, Miss Sternfast," observed her friend, a pretty maiden, of arch seventeen, "I never saw you so pale ; the dance ill agrees with you."

"Do I look pale, Ruth," returned Julia, "I am weary with this scene," then rousing herself, summoning an animated look, "what a pretty neck-

lace," she added, lifting the shining ornament from the other's white bosom.

"Chrystal," pronounced the other, "why how you tremble; I must call Mr. Cosho," she smilingly, rallying rejoined, "he will be frightened to see you so."

"No, no," cried the other fearfully looking around, "don't call him for mercy's sake, I have been so troubled with him;" she stopped, sighing.

"Well, but I can't see you so, what shall I do with you? they are forming a cotillion; come, you shall dance." Julia who was mournfully gazing through the window as these words were uttered, now feeling herself twitched by the sleeve looked hastily up—two gentlemen negroes were approaching her.

"Miss Sternfast, shall I make you acquainted with Mr. Wyming," said one of the gentlemen who approached.

The name at first mantled her cheeks with red, then as quickly left them whiter than marble.

"Ruth," she murmured, sinking her pale brow upon her hand, "bring me a glass of water!"

Ruth and all present, seemed not to immediately comprehend her, but Wyming darted away with an instinctive quickness; he soon reappeared bearing a tumbler of water on a salver.

Julia received it, quaffed of it, and seemed revived.

"You are not well," said her new friend, seating himself by her side.

"It is so warm," lisped Julia, "excuse me

Mr. Wyming," and whispering Ruth, she and her left the place.

"What an elegant torsel," remarked Ruth, endeavouring to rally her melancholy friend; "Mr. Wyming, who is he—I never saw him before—he's not very polite—he didn't ask you to dance, but he ran quick for the water."

"For heaven's sake, Ruth, stop, do," murmured Julia, pulling her gauzy ruffles, and she sank again upon a cushioned seat near a window, straining her dim eyes through its murky panes, she endeavoured to relieve her poignant thoughts by gazing at the lone lamps twinkling up all along the nocturnal streets. Then the unnumbered stars offered their crystal brilliance to her tearful eyes, and one, two, three, the pole star, Alioth Benatnasch, arrested her melancholy gaze.

"Julia," said Ruth, the sad girl turned and saw George Cosho approaching, Wyming at the same time advancing towards *him*.

Julia would have fled, but Ruth with a laugh retained her.

"Why, what's this," exclaimed the facetious girl, looking through the adjoining window; "Julia, Julia; Mr. Cosho!"

A bustle was now heard on the stairs. The whole room, hitherto so boisterous with mirth, jovialty, was at once in an uproar; ladies hurrying from the chamber, gentlemen seizing their hats, weapons, (for all went armed especially by night) while loud cries of "a mob, a mob," rose hoarse, grum,

terrific above the concurrent uproar. At the same moment nearly, a brawny negro stalked into the confused ball room, wielding a rusty musket; three or four others crowded after him.

"Sternfast's daughter ; Sternfast's, I know her," said one.

"Dressed in blue," cried another.

"Got muslin vandyke," added a third.

The ladies, however, were by this time all missing, Julia hastily flinging on her outer apparel, accompanied by Wyming, was hurrying down a back stair case.

As reaching the bottom he heard a loud voice behind him crying out—

"Mister, sar ; wat do you mean, sar ; stop sar ; I weel fight you sar ; wat you doing with my betrosed, eh, villain!"

And at the moment Wyming felt his collar energetically seized from behind by a brawny hand. Enfranchising himself from his fair partner, he turned sharply, confronting his infuriated rival Cosho. A star gleam revealed the dark visage of Wyming, convulsed with unsmothered passion ; with one violent effort, seizing his enraged antagonist, he dashed him as a child against the black wall at his side, then turning for the trembling girl she was not to be seen ; he darted from the walled covert, rushed up the narrow avenue leading to the broad street ; something was seen like a lady's vestment fluttering afar off in the gloom ; a shriek thrilled to his startled ear,

he bounded forth, the disorderly mob encircled the object of his search.

“Ho, villains! what doest thou?” vociferated Wyming, unsheathing a cane sword which he carried, and leaping among them. A stout negro, the ringleader of the insurgents, had her in his ruthless grasp.

“Mr. Cosho,” he exclaimed as the mad form rushed among them, “she is safe, no ’arm will be done her”——

“Cosho, this is not Cosho!” cried a dozen voices, for Wyming, after inflicting a severe wound upon one of the rioters, was immediately seized, and disarmed by those near him.

“Let me speak with your leader,” he breathlessly exclaimed, “one word”—and they led him to him. “Mr. Gotong,” he continued, urging close up to the maiden, swooned in the tall ringleader’s arms, “what incites you to this?—are men so scarce that you must assault helpless girls!”

“She shall not be harmed sar,” returned the other; “only we mean make massa Sternfast come to terms, sar;—ah, Mr. Cosho.” Wyming looking round beheld the individual pronounced, working his crowded way through the black throng,—but suddenly loud cries of “military! military!” swelled loud, hoarse from the grim multitude. The throng was instantly in commotion.

“Form, form,” vociferated Gotong, lifting the maiden lifeless in his sinewy arm, and pushing to the front, followed by Wyming as well as Co-

sho, whom the crowd, now absorbed by terrible thoughts, released.

The insurgents, amounting to at least two thousand dark fellows, fierce, resolute, nerved by fancied wrongs, and unwavering in their lawless purpose, armed with heterogeneous weapons,—staves, bludgeons, rusty swords, pistols, muskets, were soon embattled, encompassing the whole street, for a half mile back—a frowning, gloomy column!

In front, stood undaunted Gotong, grasping a long, rusty sword, and at the same time retaining in his left arm the insensible Julia, whose light apparel gleamed, fluttering in the forth bursting light from the ballroom windows! By her side stood Wyming, fierce, despairful, his firm but fearful look wandering about him; Cosho, a little timid, cowered a few paces distant.

All was as hushed as the tomb; the multitude was immovable while the night wind slowly lifted their heavy cloaks; the forth bursting radiance now and then revealing their steely weapons, by glimmering on them!

A distant, sullen sound was soon heard, and through the far distant gloom, could soon be seen, like keen lightning through a thunder cloud, the bright muskets of the approaching military, their heavy tread resounding through the long street.

The embattled phalanx of the national guards soon frowned sixty paces distant, and the stern,

lone mandate "halt !" echoed upon the winds. A tall officer approached.

"Disperse, you black dogs, or we fire upon you !"

"We want redress, dat all !" cried Gotong, holding fearlessly up the drooping girl.

"Aim !" swelled from the opposing column ; the officer fell back, and the front platoon levelled their clanking muskets.

"If you fire, you kill Miss Sternfast," shouted the ringleader, holding her above his immovable head ;—Wyming suddenly started—a gleaming, bayonet glistened in his uplifted, clenched hand ; it darted downward, sidewise ;—Gotong, letting fall his fair captive, who was instantly seized by Wyming, rolling with a loud groan, the bayonet reeking in his bosom, lay sprawled upon the pavement.

A bright red flash broke from the opposing column, just as Wyming, bearing the lifeless maiden in his sinewy arms, sprang into a narrow adjacent avenue through the thick murk.

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CHAPTER XVII.

" * * and I promise you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not most desperately in love."

"How! in love," cries Western, in a passion, "in love without acquainting me! I'll disinherit her; I'll turn her out of doors stark naked, without a farthing." * *

FIELDING'S TOM JONES.

"And does she still refuse?" said Sternfast, in a low tone, who, with another individual, stood under a dwarf plum tree, behind his brick mansion.

"Not exactly," responded the other, Wyming, "she seems in dubio; can't we bring her to terms."

"Mr. Wyming," said Sternfast, turning his person, as dwelling upon a momentous subject, "I wish to be understood; you are aware of my daughter's being engaged to Mr. Cosho; you say he is slain—was he among the insurgents?"

"Not as an insurgent, but he was among them,"

returned the other, hastily, "he was shot at the first fire !"

"May God be merciful to him," spoke the other, and after a moment's hesitancy continued—"well, we owe you her life ; it is but just that she should requite you with it, that is if you have an affection for her."

Wyming turned away to conceal for a moment the workings of his dark countenance, when he said,

"I am grateful for your gratitude, but she is so stubborn ; her heart, I find, is indissolubly linked with another."

"I understand you," returned the angry father, "she has dared broach then her love for a white man ; such incorrigibleness is unpardonable !" and the irritated parent for a few minutes paced to and fro in a thoughtful mood, then suddenly stopping, he exclaimed,

"Mr. Wyming, did'st know ever of a girl's being flogged to love ?"

"Sir !" ejaculated Wyming, staring incredulous.

"I tell you," continued Sternfast, unmindful of the other's monosyllable, but as if pursuing the train of a new suggestion, which he doubtless fancied would extricate him from every perplexity, "I tell you," approaching the other close, "that such things were, however much you may wonder ;—were not Armida and Thalestus, two damsels of yore, cudgelled to love, and cannot a maid-

en of now-a-days be subjected to the like process when her stubbornness forbids milder method? Surely, sir. I wonder I thought not of this before; why, Wyming, it is the most natural course; I bethink me—hast never heard of the New Zealander's, how that the ardent lover, ensconcing himself in a grove near a fountain where the maiden beloved comes for water; on her appearance, rushing from his covert, he knocks her down with a club, and drags her home by the hair of the head; and this is a New Zealander's nuptial!

“This style of modern courtship, sir, is a disgrace upon society, a shameful innovation upon nature's plan; no man of sense will be for a moment governed by it. I know of no milder method, Mr. Wyming.”

That individual regarded the other till he was through, with a visage wherein surprise, wonder, and curbed laughter, were blended equally, when he gravely responded—

“I am afraid our more fastidious moderns would condemn such courtship; can't you invent some milder method?”

“Well, what think you of opium?” continued the other quickly, as if a little nettled because what he had suggested was not instantly, warmly espoused, reckless now of what he did propose—“of opium, just enough to stupify her you know, till the nowes be tied.”

At this unfatherly suggestion, the affected Wyming strode to and fro beneath the green tree,

like a man fraught with thoughts unwillingly concealed. He stopped once or twice as if to speak, and as often refrained, as trammelled by motives counteracting, resuming his perturbed walk to and fro across the green sward, till he suddenly left the place without a word.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Cease, cease, my heart! to nurse a hopeless love."

HENRY NEELE.

It was night, the sun disappeared, the dozy clouds over his departure, were golden in his last effulgence; Julia Sternfast, a light vail flung over her, was strolling near the green arbour heretofore described. The tinkling of a cow bell afar off swelled sweetly upon the bland winds; a labourer could be seen at a distance strolling towards home with his implements of toil; all was reposeful; all eloquent of soft thought, but Julia's had a tincture of wo; her soul, it is true, was hushed of its turbulence by the sweet scene around her, but there hovered over it the wings of a malign dark spirit.

"Why was I born," she murmured, "to be thus tortured; I loved him, he I fancied, ah! too fondly, loved me; but all was delusion, the charm is

broke, I am miserable: cruel, cruel man, what makes you so cruel! Albert, I never injured thee,—injure thee, I would as soon injure myself, and yet you have injured me—left me when all was brightest! ‘Trust in me,’ he said so—‘trust in me,’ and will he deceive me? O no, he cannot, he is too noble, too honourable; how mildly, sweetly, would he whisper me, that all would yet be well; but tell me to wed another,—and not write me! O Albert, you have broke my poor heart—you have no cause for this. I would have lived a slave to you—relieved your wants—softened your cares—(a tear dropped upon her hand,)—soothed you, and yet you abandon me! Wyming!—wed Wyming!—why what did he mean! what did he know of Wyming,—what! I am bewildered, lost,—yet he seems not a negro, there is something about him I cannot define—I see him never without undefinable feelings; what is he,—*marry* him, I cannot;—Albert, O Albert! why don’t you return!”

Raising her eyes as uttering these words, she saw herself in the green grove, and a short distance before her, the pellucid fount where she and Albert so frequently resorted of mild summer evenings. It was cinctured with a carpet of green grass, now withering through autumnal chill winds, which began to prevail.

But her melancholy gaze at the hyaline fount was accompanied by a faint scream. On a bench by its grassy border, which she had often used of

a mild evening of summer to enjoy the fragrant scene, sat a man, his appearance resembling as much as a man's could, that of Ossleton ; however, this might be owing to the position similar to the one in which that individual was wont to occupy the same bench.

The maiden, however, was utterly deceived ; she was about to rush forward, when her raptures were suddenly wofully blasted, by the stranger's raising and turning his head round, disclosing not Ossleton's but Wyming's black visage!

He arose, approaching her, "surely," lisped Julia, her eyes fastened upon him, "what witchcraft is this? the walk, the mein, the"—

"You look pale, Julia," he observed as approaching, "did I frighten you, was it you that shrieked so, now ;—Julia, I would—I—I"—

The speaker covered his eyes with his hand and turned away. A convulsion of the chest was for a half minute observable, when it subsided as if pacified by powerful effort.

But Julia observed nothing ; the words of the other, which were uttered in an ineffably pathetic, touching voice, thrilled through her soul ; sinking helplessly down upon a grassy hillock near him, she yielded to convulsive sobs.

These grievful tokens rang in the ears of Wyming, as struggling with his own throbbing heart, and turning round quickly, he beheld the aggrieved girl.

He advanced to sooth her.

"Away," she screamed maniacly, "who art thou? O tell me who you are!"

Wyming stopped, seizing the branch of a tree with his right hand, which stretched by him, while his head drooped with overmastering emotion for one moment, then rising suddenly, he seemed to have shaken off every weakness, saying calmly—

"Julia, *am I rejected?*" he stopped. "No, rejected, no!" burst forth Julia, her voice sounding like a half shriek; "no, I shall obey my father, and *him* too—yes," she energetically rejoined, rising resolutely from her turfy seat, "he told me to; I placed my happiness in his hand; what he says will do;—yes, he told me to;—the wo light upon him;—to-morrow night—well—wo, did I speak of wo to him, heaven forefend;—I will be ready;—do you know *him*?"

"Who?" asked Wyming in a low tone.

"*Him!*—why you know who I mean."

"Mr. Ossleton," said Wyming in a husky voice, "I know him well."

"Do you," screamed Julia, brightening like the sun, "where is he—why don't he return,—O tell me, tell me," she eagerly pleaded, weeping afresh.

They were now near the mansion. Wyming was silent for a long time, his demeanour was mysterious, and Julia having time now to collect her shattered thoughts, began to consider that her warm feelings were carrying her perhaps too far.

“What means this, Mr. Wyming,” exclaimed Julia, and then a dark thought flashed across her brain. “I see it, I see it!” she screamed anew, “you are leagued ; begone, sir, I will *marry* you, nor no one else,” and darting forward she soon disappeared in her father’s dwelling, leaving her companion thunderstruck at her strange conduct, under the dwarf plum tree.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Her fate is whispered by the gentle breeze."

POPE.

THE table was in the middle of the floor. A lamp was on the bureau; a glimmering light flickered over two forms near by.

"No, no, not so much wife," spoke Sternfast hushedly, while his keen eye riveted to a cup in his half closed fingers, "not so much,—there, there." As he spoke his disagreeable eye was like a star, "The doctor says—let me see."

"I say," replied the Amazonian spouse, the individual who accompanied him, in a half whisper, "an infant would endure it."

"Run, dear, run," cried the father, in a fluster, "duty compels—fasten it—fasten it, dear!"

The wife guilty, fancying she heard a footstep approach, ran to the door, but saw only Miss Puss cantering down stairs; fastening it therefore, in unison with her husband's request, she returned to her clandestine work.

“There, there is another drop in,” said the chary husband, presenting the cup to his wife, “those scandalous prejudices—no matter how we conquer them,—take it wife, take it.”

“Shall I set it on,” returned the other, taking the proffered potion, yet reluctant to put it to the purpose intended.

“Yes wife, yes ; it will only a little stupify her ; what, afraid!—are we not bound to curb prejudices ? what’s a dose of opium, when a holy benevolence requires it ?”

So saying, taking, he placed the cup upon the table.

CHAPTER XX.

“Nay! say not that his faith is tainted,
 He raised his vizor—At the sight
 She fell into his arms and fainted;
 It was indeed her own true knight.”

CAMPBELL.

THE clock chimed eight; the espousals were consummated; the doom of Julia Sternfast was rung. Wyming led her off with a grin of delight. A small tidily furnished apartment was prepared, in which was a mahogany table, on this an ewer of pure water, and a lamp illumining the whole.

“What’s this?” murmured Julia, staring, astonished, stopping and gazing at her dark husband.

A smile flickered over his cheeks.

“I am going to wash,” he said, “come, Julia, see me wash!”

The maiden surprised, stared.

“Wash!” repeated she, as sinking upon a sofa, “I don’t understand you,” her voice was sweet, plaintive, yet as feeble as a lute.

“ You have married, who ? Julia—a black monster ! ”

“ I am too sad,” answered Julia, to sport.

“ Your sadness, Julia, what will remove it ? My incarceration in a gloomy dungeon ; shipwreck on some desert isle ? Do you not wish a thousand leagues were between us ? ” he added, approaching the maiden mournful with a smile.

“ Don’t, don’t, torture me with your humour,” said Julia, gazing at her husband in undefinable interest.

“ Then I will vanish,” said the other, stripping off his cravat, and plunging head and ears into the ewer of water, swashing and rubbing his face for a long time. Julia, whose eyes were intently upon him, and who was hardly able to keep from smiling at the ludicrous scene thus presented, suddenly beheld that dark face, so recently muffled in foaming waters, now slowly emerging, most wonderfully changed ; instead of the black brows and facetious look of the unaccountable Wyming, there shone through the pearly element upon her, the intelligent features, lit with a sweet smile, and sparkling eyes of Albert Ossleton !

She shrieked, she rushed, she swooned ; there was water near ; she revived ; they were happy !

JAN 27 1928

