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MIRALDA;
Or, The Beautiful Quadroon.

A Romance of American Slavery,
Founded on Fact.

By William Wells Brown

"Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, and should be
yours."

—Pope.

Such was the position in which Isabella found affairs when she returned to Virginia in search of her child. Had not the slave-owners been watchful of strangers, owing to the outbreak, the fugitive could not have escaped the vigilance of the police, for advertisements announcing her escape and offering a large reward for her arrest had been received in the city previous to her arrival, and officers were therefore on the lookout for her.

It was on the third day after her arrival in Richmond, as the quadroon was seated in her room at the hotel, still in the disguise of a gentleman, that two of the city officers entered the apartment and informed her that they were authorities that they were not in league with the revolted negroes.

With trembling heart the fugitive handed the key of her trunk to the officers. To their surprise they found nothing but female apparel in the box, which raised their curiosity, and caused a further investigation that resulted in the arrest of Isabella as a fugitive slave. She was immediately conveyed to prison, there to await the orders of her master.

For many days, uncheered by the voice of kindness, alone, helpless, desolate, she waited for the time to arrive when the chains should be placed on her limbs and she returned to her inhuman and unfeeling owner.

The arrest of the fugitive was announced in all the newspapers, but
created little or no sensation. The inhabitants were too much engaged in
putting down the revolt among the slaves; and although all the odds were
against the insurgents, the whites found it no easy matter, with all their
caution. Every day brought news of fresh outbursts. Without scruple and
without pity, the whites massacred all blacks found beyond the limits of
their owners' plantations. The negroes, in return, set fire to houses, and
put to death those who attempted to escape from the flames. Thus carnage
was added to carnage, and the blood of the whites flowed to avenge the blood
of the blacks.

These were the ravages of slavery. No graves were dug for the negroes,
but their bodies became food for dogs and vultures, and their bones, partly
calcined by the sun, remained scattered about, as if to mark the mournful
fury of servitude and lust of power. When the slaves were subdued except
a few in the swamps, blood-hounds were employed to hunt out the remaining
rebels.
Chapter XVI.

Death is Freedom.

"The dark, and the cold, yet merciful wave
Received to its bosom the form of the slave;
She rises: earth's scenes on her dim vision gleam,
Yet she struggleth not with the strong-rushing stream.

--Grace Greenwood.

On receiving intelligence of the arrest of Isabella, Mr. Gordon authorized the Sheriff to sell her to the highest bidder. To the eternal shame and disgrace of our country, there are in the District of Columbia a number of slave-prisons, occupied mostly by slave-traders, who make their fortunes by buying and selling American citizens. Isabella, on being purchased by one of Hope H. Slater's agents, was removed to one of these dismal abodes. The prison in which she was put stands midway between the Capitol and the White House, the residence of the President of the United States. Here the fugitive saw none but slaves like herself, brought in and taken out to be placed in ships and sent away to some part of the country to which she herself would soon be compelled to go. She had seen or heard nothing of her daughter while in Richmond, and all hopes of seeing her had now fled.

At the dusk of the evening previous to the day when she was to be sent off, as the old prison was being closed for the night, Isabella suddenly darted past the keeper, and ran for her life. It was not a great distance from the prison to the long bridge which passes from the lower part of the city across the Potomac to the extensive forests and woodlands of the celebrated Arlington Place, occupied by that distinguished relative and descendant of the immortal Washington, Mr. Geo. W. Custis. Thither the poor fugitive directed her flight. So unexpected was her escape that she had gained several rods the start before the keeper had secured the other prisoners and rallied his assistants to aid in the pursuit. It was at an hour and in a part of the city where horses could not easily be obtained for the chase; no blood-
hounds were at hand to run down the flying woman, and for once it seemed as if there was to be a fair trial of speed and endurance between the slave and the slave-catchers.

The keeper and his force raised the hue-and-cry on her path as they followed close behind; but so rapid was the flight along the wide avenue that the astonished citizens, as they poured forth from their dwellings to learn the cause of alarm, were only able to comprehend the nature of the case in time to fall in with the motley throng in pursuit, or raise an anxious prayer to heaven as they refused to join in the chase (as many a one did that night,) that the panting fugitive might escape and the merciless soul-dealer for once be disappointed of his prey. And now, with the speed of an arrow, having passed the avenue, with the distance between her and her pursuers constantly increasing, this poor hunted female gained the "Long Bridge," as it is called, where interruption seemed improbable. Already her heart began to beat high with the hope of success. She had only to pass three-quarters of a mile a cross the bridge, when she could bury herself in a vast forest, just at the time when the curtain of night would close around her and protect her from the pursuit of her enemies.

But God, by his providence, had otherwise determined. He had ordained that an appalling tragedy should be enacted that night within plain sight of the President's house and the capitol of the Union, which would be an evidence wherever it should be known of the unconquerable love of liberty which the human heart may inherit, as well as a fresh admonition to the slave-dealer of the cruelty and enormity of his crimes.

Just as the pursuers passed the high draw, soon after entering upon the bridge, they beheld three men slowly approaching from the Virginia side. They immediately called to them to arrest the fugitive, proclaiming her a runaway slave. True to their Virginia instincts, as she came near, they formed a line.
across the narrow bridge to intercept her. Seeing that escape was impossible in that quarter, she stopped suddenly, and turned upon her pursuers.

On came the profane and ribald crew faster than ever, already exulting in her capture and threatening punishment for her flight. For a moment she looked wildly and anxiously around to see if there was no hope of escape. On either hand, far down below, rolled the deep, foaming waters of the Potomac, and before and behind were the rapidly approaching steps and noisy voices of her pursuers. Seeing how vain would be any further effort to escape, her resolution was instantly taken. She clasped her hands convulsively together, raised her tearful and imploring eyes towards heaven, and begged for the mercy and compassion there which was unjustly denied her on earth; then, exclaiming, "Henry--Miralda--I die for thee!" with a single bound, vaulted over the railing of the bridge, and sank forever beneath the angry and foaming waters of the river!

Thus died Isabella, a descendant of Thomas Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence.

The unfeeling slave-catchers stood in deep silence for a moment, and then began to calculate their loss, while the moaning wind seemed to whisper--

"That bondwoman's corpse--let Potomac's proud wave
Go bear it along by our Washington's grave!
Ane heave it high up on that hallowed strand,
To tell of the freedom he won for our land!"

Had Isabella escaped from Austrian despotism and sought refuge on our shores in the disguise in which she appeared in Richmond, no honors within the gift of the American people would have been too good to shower upon her head. But she was a slave, and therefore out of the pale of our humanity.

Such was the life, and such the death, of a woman whose virtues and goodness of heart would have done honor to one in a higher station of life, and who, had she been born in any other land but that of slavery, would have been respected and beloved. What would have been her feelings if she could have
known that the child for whose rescue she had sacrificed herself would one
day be free, honored, and loved in another land?

Chapter XVII

Mirelda

"Come, child of misfortune, come hither—
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."
—Thomas Moore.

"Oh! I have suffered with those that I saw suffer."
—Shakespeare.

The curtain rises seven years after the death of Isabella. During that
interval, Henry, finding that nothing could induce his mother-in-law to
relinquish her hold on little Mirelda and tend with one on whom
a future fortune depended, gradually lost all interest in the child, and
left her to her fate.

Although Mrs. Miller treated Mirelda with a degree of harshness
scarcely equalled when applied to one so tender in years, still the child
grew every day more beautiful, and her hair, though kept closely cut, seemed
to have improved in its soft, silk-like appearance. Now twelve years of
age, and more than usually well developed, her harsh old mistress began to
view her with a jealous eye.

Henry and Gertrude had just returned from Washington, where the hus-
band had been on his duties as a member of Congress, and where he had re-
mained during the preceding three years without returning home. It was on
a beautiful evening, just at twilight, while seated at his parlor window,
that Henry saw a young woman pass by and go into the kitchen. Not aware of
ever having seen the person before, he made an errand into the cook's de-
partment to see who the girl was. He, however, met her in the hall, as she
was about going out.
"Who did you wish to see?" he inquired.

"Miss Gertrude," was the reply.

"What did you want to see her for?" he again asked.

"My mistress told me to give her and Master Henry her compliments, and ask them to come over and spend the evening."

"Who is your mistress," he eagerly inquired.

"Mrs. Miller, sir," responded the girl.

"And what's your name?" asked Henry, with a trembling voice.

"Miralda, sir," was the reply.

The astonished father stood completely amazed, looking at the now womanly form of her who, in his happier days, he had taken on his knee with so much fondness and alacrity. It was then that he saw his own Isabella's features combined in the beautiful face that he was then beholding. It was then that he was carried back to the days when, with a woman's devotion, poor Isabella hung about his neck and told him how lonely were the hours in his absence. He could stand it no longer. Tears rushed to his eyes, and turning upon his heel, he went back to his own room. It was then that Isabella was revenged, and she no doubt looked smilingly down from her home in the spirit land on the scene below.

On Gertrude's return from her shopping tour, she found Henry in a melancholy mood, and soon learned its cause. As Gertrude had borne him no children, it was but natural that he should now feel his love centering in Miralda, and he now intimated to his wife his determination to remove his daughter from the hands of his mother-in-law.

When this news reached Mrs. Miller, through her daughter, she became furious with rage, and calling Miralda into her room, stripped her shoulders bare and flogged in the presence of Gertrude.
It was nearly a week after the poor girl had been so severely whipped, and for no cause whatever, that her father learned of the circumstance through one of the servants. With a degree of boldness unusual for him, he immediately went to his mother-in-law and demanded his child but it was too late — she was gone. To what place she had been sent no one would tell, and Mrs. Miller refused to give any information whatever relative to the girl.

It was then that Linwood felt deepest the evil of the institution under which he was living, for he knew that his daughter would be exposed to all the vices prevalent in that part of the country. Where marriage is not recognized in connection with that class, marriage is indeed the first and most important institution in human existence — the foundation of a civilization and culture, the most intimate covenant of hearts formed among mankind — for many persons the only institution in which they feel the true sentiment of humanity. It gives scope for every human virtue, since each of these were developed from the love and confidence which here predominate. It unites all which enables and beautifies life — sympathy, goodness of will and deed, gratitude, devotion, and every delicate intimate feeling. This was the view Linwood took of the subject when one he loved was involved in the question, and the fact which stared him in the face was the probability that he would never learn the fate of Miralda. With such reflections filling his mind, was it strange that his heart should lie heavy within him?
Chapter XVIII

A slave hunting person.

"Who stole the livery of the c
To serve the devil in virtue the widows house --
In holy phrase transacted villaines That common sinners durst not meddle with."

---Pollock.

It was a delightful evening after a cloudless day, with the setting sun reflecting his golden rays on the surrounding hills which were covered with a beautiful green sward, and the luxuriant verdure that forms the constant garb of the tropics, that the steamer Columbia ran into the dock at Natchez, and began unloading the cargo, taking in passengers and making ready to proceed on her voyage to New Orleans. The plank connecting the boat with the shore had scarcely been secured in its place, when a good looking man about fifty years of age, with a white neck-tie, and a pair of gold rimmed glasses on, was seen hurrying on board the vessel. Just at that moment could be seen a stout man with his face pitted with the small-pox, making his way up to the above mentioned gentleman.

"How do you do my dear sir, this is Mr. Wilson I believe?" said the short man, at the same time taking from his mouth a large chew of tobacco, and throwing it down on the ship's deck.

"You have the advantage of me sir," replied the tall man.

"Why, don't you know me? My name is Jennings, I sold you a splendid negro woman some years ago."

"Yes, yes," answered the Natchez man. "I remember you now, for the woman died in a few months and I never got the worth of my money out of her."
"I could not help that," said the slave trader, "she was sound as a roach when I sold her to you."

"O yes," replied the parson, "I know she was, but now I want a young girl, fit for house use, one that will do to wait on a lady."

"I am your man," said Jennings, "just follow me," continued he, "and I will show you the fairest little critter you ever saw."

And the two passed to the stern of the boat to where the trader had between fifty and sixty slaves, the greater portion being women.

"There," said Jennings, as a beautiful young woman shrunk back with modesty. "There sir is the very gal that was made for you. If she had been made to your order she could not have suited you better."

"Indeed, sir, is not that young woman white?" inquired the parson.

"Oh, no, sir, she is no whiter than you see!"

"But is she a slave?" asked the preacher.

"Yes," said the trader, "I bought her in Richmond, and she comes from an excellent family. She was raised by Squire Miller, and her mistress was one of the most pious ladies in that city, I may say she was the salt of the earth, as the ministers say."

"But she resembles in some respect Agnes, the woman I bought from you," said Mr. Wilson. As he said the name of Agnes, the young woman started as if she had been struck. Her pulse seemed to quicken, but her face alternately flushed and turned pale, and tears trembled upon her eyelids. It was a name she had heard her mother mention, and it brought to her memory those days, those happy days, when she was so loved and caressed. This young woman was MiraLda, the grand-daughter of . The preacher on learning the fact, purchased her and took her home, feeling that his daughter Georgiana,
would prize her very highly.

Miralda found in Georgiana more a sister than mistress, who, unknown to her father, taught the slave girl how to read, and did much towards improving and refining Miralda's manners, for her own sake. Like her mother, fond of flowers, the "Virginia Maid," as she was sometimes called, spent many of her leisure hours in the garden. Besides the flowers which sprang up from the fertility of soil unplanted and unattended, there was the heliotrope, sweet pea and cup rose, transplanted from the island of Cuba. In her new home Miralda found herself saluted on all sides by the fragrance of the magnolia. When she went with her young mistress to the Poplar Farm, as she sometimes did, nature's wild luxuriance greeted her wherever she cast her eyes.

The rustling citron, lime, and orange, shady mango with its fruits of gold, and the palmetto's unassuming beauty, all welcomed the child of sorrow. When at the farm, Huckelby, the overseer, kept his eye on Miralda, if within sight of her, for he knew she was a slave, and no doubt hoped that she might some day fall into his hands. But she shrank from his looks as she would have done from the charm of the rattlesnake. The negro driver always tried to insinuate himself into the good opinion of Georgiana and the company that she brought. Knowing that Miss Wilson was a slave, he was ever trying to show that the slaves under his charge were happy and contented. One day when Georgiana and some of her Connecticut friends were there, the overseer called all the slaves up to the "great house," and set some of the young ones to dancing. After a while whiskey was brought in and a dram given to each slave, in return for which they were expected to give a toast, or
sing a short piece of his own composition, when it came to Jack's

turn he said,

"The big bee flies high, the little bee makes the honey: the

blacks folks make the cotton, and the white folks gets the money."

Of course the overseer was not at all elated with the sentiment

contained in Jack's toast. Mr. Wilson had lately purchased a young

man to assist about the house and to act as coachman. This slave

whose name was Jerome, was of pure African origin, was perfectly

black, very fine looking, tall, slim, and erect as any one could

possibly be. His features were not bad, lips thin, nose prominent,

hands and feet small. Brilliant black eyes which lighted up his

whole countenance. His hair which was nearly straight, hung in
curls upon his lofty brow. George Comb, or Fowler would have selected

his head for a model. He was brave and daring to a proverb, strong

in person, fiery in spirit, yet kind and true in his affection,

earnest in his doctrines. Miralda had been at the parson's but a

few weeks when it was observed that a mutual feeling had grown up

between her and Jerome. As time rolled on they became more and

more attached to each other. After satisfying herself that these

two really loved, Georgiana advised their marriage. But Jerome con-
templated his escape at some future day, and therefore feared that

if married it might mitigate against it. He hoped also to be able
to get Miralda away too, and it was this hope that kept him from
trying to escape by himself. Dante did not more love his Beatrice,
Swift his Stella, Walier his Saccharissa, Goldsmith his Jessamy
bride, or Burn's his Mary, than did Jerome his Miralda. Unknown
to her father, Miss Wilson could permit these two slaves to enjoy
more privileges than any of the other servants. The young mistress
taught Miraida, and the latter imparted her instructions to her lover, until both could read so as to be well understood. Jerome felt his superiority, and always declared that no master should ever flog him. Aware of his high spirit and determination, Miraida was in constant fear lest some difficulty might arise between her lover and his master.

(To Be Continued.)
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Chapter XXIII.

Meeting of the Cousins.

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling and decay."
--Goldsmith.

The clock in the hall had scarcely finished striking three
when Mr. Taylor entered his own dwelling, a fine residence in Camp
street, New Orleans, followed by the slave girl whom he had just
purchased at the negro pen. Miralda looked around wildly as she
passed through the hall into the presence of her new mistress. Mrs.
Taylor was much pleased with her servant's appearance, and congrat­
ulated her husband on his judicious choice.

"But," said Mrs. Taylor, after Miralda had gone into the kitchen,
"how much she looks like Miss Jane Morton."

"Indeed," replied the husband, "I thou't the moment I saw her
that she looked like the Mortons."

"I am sure I never saw two faces more alike in my life, than
that girl's and Jane Morton's," continued Mrs. Taylor.

Dr. Morton, the purchaser of Marion, the youngest daughter of
Agnes, and sister to Isabella, had resided in Camp street, near
the Taylors, for more than eight years, and the families were on
very intimate terms, and visited each other frequently. Everyone
spoke of Miralda's close resemblance to the Mortons, and especially
to the eldest daughter. Indeed, two sisters could hardly have
been more alike. The large, dark eyes, black, silk-like hair,
tall, graceful figure, and mould of the face, were the same.

The morning following Miralda's arrival in her new home, Mrs.
Taylor was conversing in a low tone with her husband, and both with
their eyes following Miralda as she passed through the room.

"She is far above the station of a slave," remarked the lady.
"I saw her, last night, when removing some books, open one and
stand over it a moment as if she was reading; and she is as white
as I am. I am almost sorry you bought her."

At this juncture the front door-bell rang, and Miralda hurried
through the room to answer it.

"Miss Morton," said the servant as she returned to the mistress'
room.

"Ask her to walk in," responded the mistress.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Taylor to her husband, "just look
and see if you do not notice a marked resemblance between the
countenances of Jane and Miralda."

Miss Morton entered the room just as Mrs. Taylor ceased speaking.
"Have you heard that the Jamisons are down with the fever?"
inquired the young lady, after asking about the health of the Taylors.

"No, I had not; I was in hopes it would not get into our
street," replied Mrs. Taylor.

All this while Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were keenly scrutinizing
their visitor and Miralda, and even the two young women seemed
to be conscious that they were in some way the objects of more
than usual attention.

Miss Morton had scarcely departed before Mrs. Taylor began questioning Miralda concerning her early childhood, and became more than ever satisfied that the slave-girl was in some way connected with the Mortons.

Every hour brought fresh news of the ravages of the fever, and the Taylors commenced preparing to leave town. As Mr. Taylor could not go at once, it was determined that his wife should leave without him, accompanied by her new maid servant. Just as Mrs. Taylor and Miralda were stepping into the carriage, they were informed that Dr. Morton was down with the epidemic.

It was a beautiful day, with a fine breeze for the time of year, that Mrs. Taylor and her servant found themselves in the cabin of the splendid new steamer "Walk-in-the-Water," bound from New Orleans to Mobile. Every berth in the boat was occupied by persons fleeing from the fearful contagion that was carrying off its hundreds daily.

Late in the day, as Miralda was standing at one of the windows of the ladies' saloon, she was astonished to see near her, and with eyes fixed intently upon her, the tall young stranger whom she had observed in the slave market a few days before. She turned hastily away but the heated cabin and the want of fresh air soon drove her again to the window. The young gentleman again appeared, and coming to the end of the saloon, spoke to the slave girl in broken English. This confirmed her in her previous opinion that he was foreigner, and she rejoiced that she had not fallen into his hands.

"I want to talk with you," said the stranger.
"What do you want with me?" she inquired.

"I am your friend," he answered. "I saw you in the slave-market last week, and regretted that I did not speak to you then. I returned in the evening, but you was gone."

Miralda looked indignantly at the stranger, and was about leaving the window again when the quivering of his lips and the trembling of his voice struck her attention and caused her to remain.

"I intended to buy you and make you free and happy, but I was too late," continued he.

"Why do you wish to make me free?" inquired the girl.

"Because I once had an only and lovely sister, who died three years ago in France, and you are so much like her that had I not known of her death I should certainly have taken you for her."

"However much I may resemble your sister, you are aware that I am not her; why, then, take so much interest in one whom you have never seen before and may never see again?"

"The love," said he, "which I had for my sister, is transferred to you."

Miralda had along suspected that the man was a knave, and this profession of love at once confirmed her in that belief. She therefore immediately turned away and left him.

Hours elapsed. Twilight was just letting down her curtain and pinning it with a star, as the slave girl seated herself on a sofa by the window, and began meditating upon her eventful history, meanwhile watching the white waves as they seemed to sport with each other in the wake of the noble vessel, with the rising moon reflecting its silver rays upon the splendid scene,
when the foreigner once more appeared near the window. Although agitated for fear her mistress would see her talking to a stranger, and be angry, Miralda still thought she saw something in the countenance of the young man that told her he was sincere, and she did not wish to hurt his feelings.

"Why persist in your wish to talk with me?" she said, as he again advanced and spoke to her.

"I wish to purchase you and make you happy," returned he.

"But I am not for sale now," she replied. My present mistress will not sell me, and if you wished to do so ever so much you could not."

"Then," said he, "if I cannot buy you, when the steamer reaches Mobile, fly with me, and you shall be free."

"I cannot do it," said Miralda; and she was just leaving the stranger when he took from his pocket a piece of paper and thrust it into her hand.

After returning to her room, she unfolded the paper, and found, to her utter astonishment that it contained a one hundred dollar note on the Bank of the United States. The first impulse of the girl was to return the paper and its contents immediately to the giver, but examining the paper more closely, she saw in faint pencilmarks, "Remember this is from one who loves you." Another thought was to give it to her mistress, and she returned to the saloon for that purpose; but on finding Mrs. Taylor engaged in conversation with some ladies, she did not deem it proper to interrupt her.

Again, therefore, Miralda seated herself by the window, and again the stranger presented himself. She immediately took the paper from her pocket, and handed it to him; but he declined taking
The ships which leave Mobile for Europe lay about thirty miles
down the bay, and passengers are taken down from the city in small
vessels. The "Walk-in-the-Water" had just made her lines fast,
and the passengers were hurrying on shore, when a tall gentleman
with a lady at his side descended the stage plank, and stepped on
the wharf. This was Antoine Devenant and Miralda.
Chapter XXIV.

The Law and Its Victim.

"Infamous wretch!
So much below my scorn I dare not kill thee!"

—Dryden.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes."

—Shakespeare

The death of Dr. Morton, on the third day of his illness, came like a shock upon his wife and daughters. The corpse had scarcely been committed to its mother earth before new and unforeseen difficulties appeared to them. By the laws of the slave states, the children follow the condition of their mother. If the mother is free, if a slave, the children are slaves. Being unacquainted with the Southern code, and no one presuming that Marion had any negro blood in her veins, Dr. Morton had not given the subject a single thought. The woman whom he loved and regarded as his wife was, after all, nothing more than a slave by the laws of the State. What would have been his feelings had he known that at his death his wife and children would be considered as his property? Yet such was the case. Like most men of means at that time, Dr. Morton was deeply engaged in speculation, and though generally considered wealthy, was very much involved in his business affairs.

After the disease with which Dr. Morton had so suddenly died had to some extent subsided, Mr. James Morton, a brother of the deceased, went to New Orleans to settle up the estate. On his arrival there he was pleased with and felt proud of his nieces, and invited them to return with him to Vermont, little dreaming that his brother had married a slave, and that his widow and daughters would be claimed as such. The girls themselves had never
heard that their mother had been a slave, and therefore knew nothing of the danger hanging over their heads.

An inventory of the property of the deceased was made out by Mr. Morton, and placed in the hands of the creditors. These preliminaries being arranged, the ladies, with their relative, concluded to leave the city and reside for a few days on the banks of Lake Ponchartrain, where they could enjoy a fresh air that the city did not afford. As they were about to cars, however, an officer arrested the whole party - the ladies as slaves, and the gentleman upon the charge of attempt to conceal the property of his deceased brother. Mr. Morton was overwhelmed with horror at the idea of his nieces being as slaves, and asked for time, that he might save them from such a fate. He even offered to mortgage his little farm in Vermont for the amount which young slave women of their ages would. But the creditors pleaded that they were an "extra article," and would sell for more than common slaves, and must therefore be sold at auction.

The uncle was therefore compelled to give them up to the officers of the law, and they were separated from him. Jane, the oldest of the girls, as we before mentioned, was very handsome, bearing a close resemblance to her cousin Mirelda. Alreka, though not as handsome as her sister, was nevertheless a beautiful girl, and both had all the accomplishments that wealth and station could procure.

Though only in her fifteenth year Alreka had become strongly attached to Volney Lapie, a young Frenchman, a student in her father's office. This attachment was reciprocated, although the
poverty of the young man and the extreme youth of the girl had caused their feelings to be kept from the young lady's parents.

The day of sale came, and Mr. Morton attended, with the hope that either the magnanimity of the creditors or his own little farm in Vermont might save his nieces from the fate that awaited them. His hope, however, was the feelings of all present se

the general wish to

the young la

throng gazed at them

purchaser examined the graceful proportions of their fair and beautiful frames. Neither the presence of the uncle or young Lapie could at all lessen the gross language of the officers, or stay the rude hands of those who wished to examine the property thus offered for sale. After a fierce contest between the bidders, the girls were sold, one for two thousand three hundred, and the other for two thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. Had these girls been bought for servants only, they would in all probability have brought not more than nine hundred or a thousand dollars each. Here were two beautiful young girls, accustomed to the fondest indulgence, surrounded by all the refinements of life, and with the timidity and gentleness which such a life would naturally produce, bartered away like cattle in the markets of Smithfield or Brighton.

The mother, who was also to have been sold, happily followed her husband to the grave, and was spared the pangs of a broken heart.

The purchaser of the young ladies left the market in triumph, and the uncle, with a heavy heart, started for his New England home, with no earthly prospect of ever beholding his nieces again.
The seizure of the young ladies as slaves was the result of the administrator's having found among Dr. Morton's papers the bill-of-sale of Marion which he had taken when he purchased her. He had doubtless intended to liberate her when he married her, but had neglected from time to time to have the proper papers made out. Sad was the result of this negligence.

(To Be Continued.)