The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

Chapter XIV.

It was one of those pleasant spring evenings, when the gentlest breeze seems to waft away the cares of the world. The air was fresh, and the stars were bright. The moon shone through the leaves of the trees, casting a golden glow over the landscape. The children played in the fields, their voices blending with the chirping of the birds. The adults gathered in the village square, engaged in conversation and laughter. It was a time of peace and tranquility.

The Liberator.

Chapter XV.

The news of the approaching battle reached the village. The people were restless and anxious. The soldiers were prepared, and the villagers were8