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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

THE LIBERATOR.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

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The Liberator.

THIRD DECADE OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

SPEECH OF OLIVER JOHNSON.

OLIVER JOHNSON said: Looking back upon the thirty years of personal identification with the anti-slavery cause, there is much that I see and my I felt or thirty to occupy these precious moments. But I know there are others who can more ably do the work of review, and therefore I will refrain.

Since I came to this meeting, one thought has possessed me—one thought, hour by hour, and almost moment by moment; and it is the thought of what I and Abolitionists owe to the anti-slavery cause. Something has been said here of sacrifices made for the cause. Sacrifices have indeed been made and suffrings endured by many true-hearted and noble souls—sacrifices and sufferings which I do not and cannot pretend to speak lightly; but I appeal to you all, even to those who have suffered and endured most, and to my fellow-countrymen generally, that the history of the slave's cause do not outweigh, in a balanced bill, all the trials which you have been called to endure in its behalf? Nay, if these trials themselves have not, through the overruling interposition of God, been turned into blessings? Such at least is my experience; and I am here to-day, with a sense of unworthiness which I can only, in a heart penetrated by a sense of gratitude for benefits received, to bear testimony to the fact, that I have received a hundred fold for my sacrifices and sufferings in the cause of freedom. I am ashamed to speak of them, in view of the ten-fold more which I have received in return. I am here to-day, with

ested in genealogies, and never took any pains to trace my lineage back beyond my grandfather's—a fact which I have ever found cause for very proud of it. I did not know that I was indebted for my blood to Adam and Eve, or even to Pocahontas, and I felt no inclination to be proud of certainly; (Laughter.) Yet there is a redeeming feature in the history. Our great-great-grandfather, John Tilton, who spent his fortune on the Gunpowder Plot, and got hung for it! (Laughter.) I have heard tell that a later ancestor was Peter Tilton who led the Hipocrites at Hadley, Massachusetts. I guess if he was here in the forty-year and month when Mr. Garrison was mobbed in Boston! Now, with these facts, taken together, I think we have a valid title to my aspiring inclinations! (Laughter.)

"It was a beautiful, pleasant evening, the Christian is to be sacred to the sabbath morning, of the small upper room in a black man's house in the city of Boston, thirty years ago, the accelerator of all the money was no one after another, and signed their names to their constitution of the Anti-Slavery Society. I could draw a picture not so quiet and pleasant, of the place where I made my own signature, which I do not, I think, ever to my recollection. This assembling of the Anti-Slavery Society was in Richmond. It was in the city of Richmond. This assembling was meeting here also double virtuous to my recollection of the scene. Under the red flag of a slave country, and within a state where, and I have heard an auction crying, "This woman's name is Mary—how much am I bid for her?"—and there, before my eyes, I have seen such a block as this, and a woman selling a babe at her breast, a boy standing at one side, and a girl at the other, and I have seen what became of them? The mother and her babe were sold to Nicholas Trist, who married a granddaughter to Mount. My soul flinched into my face like fire, and then there, in that slave country, I said to myself, I'll be free! Free, as Hannibal swore eternal hostility to Rome, I swear eternal hostility to American slavery! (Applause.) This my soul sight of that great conspiracy against human nature, which, breaking out into a manifest form, has crowned that capital city with a crown of crime. This, sir, is my reminiscence of the Anti-Slavery.

Now, after thirty years, what hath God wrought? The cause that I was reading, a little before Mr. Garrison's early labors in establishing The Liberator, when the pirates of the coast of Barbary, that the cities of the printer lived chiefly on bread and water; "but," said the printer, "when we hold a meeting, we have meat, we have bought with a cup of milk." That, sir, was the milk-and-water period of the Anti-Slavery enterprise! (Laughter.) Today the good cause feeds on strong meat! My friend the Rev. Mr. Sloane, of New York, said to me, when I was in that city, "Mr. Tilton, where his father's house stood always open for hospitality to all anti-slavery itinerants, a lamentable case occurred. A young man came and that it had been kicked by an egg, and one that had been kicked by a stone." "Yes," he said, "and said young Sloane. "Never mind, my lad," said the hero, "for if you rub it off, I shall not be able to distinguish one from another." (Laughter.) But now-days, an anti-slavery lecturer may go to the next house, and the next, and the next, and he will meet clean all the way! And now how sublimely has God evolved out of the small beginning of the anti-slavery cause of thirty years ago, the grand results which all men's eyes see to-day! For though the anti-slavery cause, in its beginning, seemed so little, its beginners are likely to live to see its glorious end. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Behold how much has been accomplished by the patient labors of a few brave souls, who have left the world to work with them in the same great cause! How few were the originators of this enterprise! They were only a handful! Yes, Independence Rock stone only a handful, but they shook the whole world! (Applause.) I think often of that story of Annie of Austria, "God does not pay at the end of every week, but he pays at last." Yes, sir, the end of a generation, for all the struggle, for all the toil, for all the obstacles and perils, for all the burdens borne on the head of the slave—that at last God fails to these early laborers, young then, but now gray—and generations yet to come will rise up from the dust and hopes of the future! In the beginning, the whole power of the government was against the slave, in spirit, in purpose, in action against the slave; now all these, like sharpened arrows, are barbed against the oppressor! The whole power of the spirit of History have been Commerce and War: But now Commerce and War are turned and set to arms against the slave trade; and War, no longer an enslaver, has become an emancipator. (Applause.) Parsel gave a full and beautiful designation to the great decree of the President, which crowned that year with a new glory. It was the "Jubilee year of the Lombard Street." A Lombard King who marched through the length and breadth of Italy, and ordered no horseback into the water up to the saddle-girth; when, rising in the stirrups he took a long and long breathing! He forward, exclaimed, as it fell into the sea: "True for do I extend the boundary of the Lombard Empire!" So Abraham Lincoln, drawing from the War Power the beneficent weapon of Emancipation, has said to every slave throughout States, saying, "Thus far do I extend the boundary of Human Freedom!" (Applause.)

But by what means was this carried out into the President's hands? I will tell you. De Tocqueville, who wrote of this country as it was thirty years ago, said that such was then the prevailing views of Federal Rights and State Rights, that if a Proclamation Emancipation had been issued by the President, the Union would be too weak to do anything but yield. Lambert Lord St. Abraham Lincoln, drawing from the War Power the beneficent weapon of Emancipation, has said to every slave throughout States, saying, "Thus far do I extend the boundary of Human Freedom!" (Applause.)

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A MESSAGE FOR ENGLAND.

SERMON BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The closing lecture in the regular course delivered in this season under the auspices of the Parker Fraternity, was given by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on Thursday evening, last week, in the presence of a crowded audience. There did not appear to be a vacant seat, all hundreds available thronged of stand, and yet there were numbers left in the building unable to find even a little convenience or comfort. For those present, the very proceeding the commencement of the 4th of an hour preceding the open the ceremony, Mr. B.'s discourse was delivered in a skillful manner and in general acceptable. The exercises of "Egmont," by Beethoven, and "Der Freischutz," by Weber, and "Sicilian Vespers," "Midnight Chorus," and several other equally effective pieces. The appearance of Rev. Mr. Beecher upon the platform was the signal for a Fraternity greeted great applause, which was increased materially on his rising to begin the discourse.

Mr. Beecher remarked that our rebellion and war are scarcely to be considered in three periods or aspects; and now that we are about to enter upon the last, it is eminently proper that we should pause a few moments to take up courteous remarks to those who have published a view of it, if not our friends.

"In the first place we commenced the rebellion, the war, the period of outbreak—the most dangerous, for the most of feelings, the South seeking to organize Confederacy, and the North hesitating between two opposite tendencies in becoming the masters of the contest; and though we did not then regard the time as premature, yet we did not be so in hindsight, yet we now see it was to come to pointing our national rule and authority, and we would some of us like to see intimidated; for either we underestimated the power of the South, or underestimated the power of the North

Poetry.

AN ODE,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROCLAMATION, January 1, 1864.

What time the midnight wrapped our sky,
And every star that shined on high
Delighted for the energy,
Rich streaming ray and gladdening light
Thou from the reach of mortal sight,
Fabled rather for eye in Heaven, and said,
"Oh God, art right and Justice dead,
And truth from earth banished and fled?
Let Heaven replied, with lifted eye,
"Be still, and know that I am God!"

What then appeared's power unfurled
In the day of conflict to the world?
And chants of vengeance rudely hurled,
With lip of scorn and heart of gall,
"Vengeance is mine," the Lord replied.

What time the impious battlers made
Their shameless boast of strength, and said,
"Our arm omnipotent is held in hand,
And jubilant raised the cup and quaffed,
"We stand in the heavens impregnable"

What then our brave and honored souls,
The patriot souls, the nation's souls,
By mountain gorge and stormy coast
Swept onward to the battle-hosts,
Reached to our aid by mother's life,

And struggling—ah! as oft in vain—
Left thousands of the noble slain
In sinny Hell of mortal pain,
And bowed their hands in sore defeat,
Driven to surrender or retreat,

What time our statesmen, hearing aloud,
Amid commotion ever adrift, good,
Godly Religion plant our ensign,
While pro-slavery in battle fled,
Still our hosts their banners trailed:—

Then, in the nation's sovereign name,
The call to prayer and fasting came;
And nobly answered, half fled, and fled
Ashed of the Lord, with bitter pride,
To stand upon the nation's side.

Then from Jehovah's presence spoke
This voice:—"Ye men my name invoke:
Go break the bondmen's heavy yoke,—
Let every "peculiar institution" go,
This is the fast I choose for you.

"Why in my mercy dares to trust,
Let him remember God is just;
Let no false prophet brother from the dust,
Nor stand in impious mockery there,
Yet was Jehovah with his people?—
The nation groaned in pain and pride;
With golden pens their God defied,
By Congress—*congress!*
And scorn with wrath like Pharaoh's:—"*No!*
We will not let the people go!"

O generation wrath! *God's time is come,*
He, plead for thee with even pow and tear,
And when men are so fools become,
While the grand march of His decree
Sweeps on with man's unwilling free,
Thinks twice God for whom time,
To implore the hearts of better men,
For grace to guide the instruments of pen
Which timed these lines of living light
Upon our nation's darkest night!

O darkness, ah! O night of fears!
O blessed dawn of better years,
When God for his oppressed appears,
And in the mystery of his way,
Makes the weak wrath of man his prize!

Hail! day of Freedom's second birth!
With music and with minstrelsy
Shed the glad tidings round the earth—
While dancing pensive, with merry block,
Shouts in the brightening Orient!

—Portland State Press.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Once more Old Time shakes the silent tom,
In the Past Land where his dead Years are lying,
All akin by sire and the eternal glower
For now his bat-horn in the night is dying.

He bids adieu the solemn, dark-robed Hours,
That, one, by one, bring his sleep-tide to rest,
And see the great halls from a thousand towers
Chant out the requiem—for the Year is dead.

Yet, it is a time-death blessed beyond all
Other deaths—for the wings of the Angel Death
For the thick-sleepings of this passing Year
Were still the birth-pangs of the coming new.

Yet Years are passing like flies before,
Too backward with a lock, and a long pillow;
From the mere fountain fresh Aquarius pour
Years for the old, Illusions to new.

Time bathes his dead, and from the tomb comes forth
Relics to the dress, and yellow above the dust
Shine the wings of Hope (and Faith) and Love
Shall rend and ponder through the evermore.

There is the story of the by-gone Years,
Their joys and sorrows, and their hopes and fears
And there the bitter cup of bitter tears
Stand full, forever, by the frowning gate.

There hang the sentiments of departed nations!
There grows the old year's rich growth and stalks!
There is the ashes of the final conflagration—
A world, or state, a creed, or sacred rite.

Thus grows the old year's rich growth and stalks!
There is the ashes of the final conflagration—
A world, or state, a creed, or sacred rite.

Thus grows the old year's rich growth and stalks!
There is the ashes of the final conflagration—
A world, or state, a creed, or sacred rite.

Let no dirge drown the pomp of that day!
When I have written, "arise the ashes of Time,
Time is a conqueror, and it stands for aye."

There is no injurisdiction of the past—
He ghost may haunt thee, but it lives no more!
Yet haven't mind—for the Infinite Mind
The eternal future, stretches on before.

Then then the book of the into ultra hand,
And the Old Year Time's Angel, Death, and Grave;
And what then written shall forever stand;
And what then effaced, that the end shall be.

Harper's Magazine.

THE OLD YEAR OF THE NATION.

Spread in the book whose volume-interest page
Are blurred and blotted by a nation's grief;
Spread up with the pinkness and tears of age
By Him who turned the sin its darkest leaf.

Not one that volume to review, saying
The time that hell which dead of shame were done
Nor turn the leaf from, with tender sorrow
Stands the proud record of the fields we won.

Many the slaughter dark with fear and falling,
Or helps with sorrow and with pain and pain
Those words we love the land was rent with wailing,
Blest with of mutilated sounds of pallor.

This can we fingered the with reversed sorrow,
Wilded this sadness, and the sorrow bereavement,
A footfalls light from Freedom's triumphs harvest,
Shadding dark hour-cloudy to mercy-dawn.

Yet, we have seen the Year's Angel
Illumination from by Mercy's hand
Show fifty scale burn burning out Slavery
Blue who bowed down to the ground the land.

The book is closed, and in his lofty tomb the
Years, nations, lands, a nation, free and heavy,
Sleep the sleep of the Ancient Dead.
Rehearse the tender, and rehearse the stern
Despite the glorious, the great heroic deeds
The sacrifice of Hope, the sacrifice of Love
For Freedom in the life-page written Year.
And on the last, with finger pen, "*Amen!*"
And I, *Jehovah*, Lord of Hosts, Emmanuel.

The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEABODY,
Author of "Shoulder-Straps," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE SWAMP.

Of late, the hard side of Hinna's nature had been growing harder, as if it were turning to stone. The days as she sat sewing in her room, or lay on the Slavery had to offer to one who had already sufficiently loathed it. It had been no "veiled prophet" to her, for she had seen the hideous face beneath, and cherished something of hope, a vain and ghastly semblance of hope, that these wrecks of humanity—victims of the tyrannic power of the land—in time might in some way be elevated, or at least be induced to go where their disabilities would be known no more. But this she had learned, and, notwithstanding all the generous outcry of lust, violence, lust and extravagance she had made to assist the fugitive from bondage, she had often been obliged to see the fugitive, while here, and there, one escaped, more would fall in the attempt, while the mass could not or dared not by fresh flight inadvertently betray, if not, if not delivered, what were they to those that remained? Bitter scorn towards the "rich whites," as she denominated the planters—scorn towards the Northern, verging to intense hatred; and a pity towards the slaves, strong-minded and practical, yet taking on a tenderness that lent her energy, and made her all her efforts on their behalf the energy of desperation; these were the predominant traits that were being developed in her character.

Dilly and Dora had been like sunbeams in the home of her kyrmans. Separated from them one affectionately as a side as the time from the time that winds in gradual dependence around its trunk, she loved them for the very contrast. But, since the night attempt of the bildungers, Hinna's heart seemed to be driven back upon itself, and her moodiness and reserve filled Dilly's sensitive heart with grief. The brief summer heart of Dora had fled, and Hinna was now to the gentle child, as the oak with its sides shelter by the winter's wind is to the drooping vine.

"Dilly," said Hinna one day, after breaking the silence, "the slave-hunters—may they be cursed of God forever!—are on your track, and I can't help you. I need much. There's only one place about here for such as you—but in the grave; and they'd dig up your bones there, if they could find out. Dora's gone, and I can't get their claws on you, that's all, if I can help it. Years like I wanted to keep you all my days; but there's nothing for it, but to be turned out and for me to love, and I don't see but you must go."

"Does I Hinna love Dilly no more?" said the weeping child, impulsively throwing her arms around Hinna's neck.

"Love me as well as the robbers 'll let me! But," she continued, shaking off the clinging arms, "there ain't much call to love in these times, but to hate, hate, hate! Dilly, I'm sick of it all, and I'm sick of hate to some purpose, being as they's bound to make me! They'll find out afore long that Hinna don't love 'em as she used to, well, I reckon! The time afore her first-set month deepened, and her eyes looked stony cold, as if her heart were ice.

The time came for which Hinna asked was, it is scarcely necessary to say, the Dismal Swamp. It was with a heavy heart that she thought of such a retreat for Dilly and Dora, but, it was little a darker secret, beset with many difficulties. But the knowledge of its necessity was enough for the ferrywoman, and she at once set about the preparations for their departure. She had been successful beyond her expectations; so, all things being ready, the little boat, some more necessary the child carried on her arm, and floated away on its mission of mercy.

It was night when the adventurers reached Norfolk, but Hinna knew the ferryman's dwelling by river, which was one of the many outlets to the swamp.

"The night grew black with clouds, and the boat was gathered in the darkness, save when the lightning flashed in. The wind swept and whirled over the water, and it became necessary to take in sail. The bay grew rough, and the little boat was tossed like a leaf on the frowning waves. Dilly was in extreme terror.

"Oh, Hinna, is it: it's dreadful!" said she, crouching as closely to the ferry woman as possible.

"Dreadful! no!" she replied. "If does Hinna's heart good to see the clouds rush on, and the lightnings gleam, and to hear the thunders roll and roar! hear that thunder!" she added, as a terrific peal flew away. "That's God's voice! I love such things; they sometimes glad. When I was about your age, I day, and the flowers grow, and all is so still, and go your slave is a gossamer and a crybs' and a prayer, and I feel, wishes inwardly, that I wish I was a bird, as if they's a right to everything—when I thinks on, I thinks there can't be no God, or he'd speak to me and hear me, with his 'virginia, and says 'Hinna that ha suffered so.' As then! I thinks, perhaps the Bible aint true—and it's all a parable, and I have a soul body, and what I'd never been born. But when God speaks on the water, I say, there's a God, and by and by he'll wake up, and these things 'll be righted!"

"Do you know the way now?" asked Dilly.

"Yes," replied Hinna, "I known the trees 'long the shore, and one see them at sunrise, and I feel confident, she, as there is another lighting up of the scenery, 'there's the river at last!' and after a few moments more of tacking, the little boat was rest in the comparatively still waters. The tempest increased in violence; crash after crash shook the wild woods through which the little boat was gliding way; and the roar of the waters in the bay and ocean commingling with the reverberations, the effect was sublime in sublimity. Over a clearing of a rich field struck a towering tree, whose dead branches were reaching up to the clouds as if to tempt the bolt. And then the light would come, and the tempest would be a hushed foot in belief, crackling and spattering in fiery volumes, became a shaft of fire.

"Dilly was terrified, and, as she said, "in such a place as this," said Dilly, as by the lightning she saw the mammoth trees and shrubbery standing in pools of water.

"The swamp is all about you," said Hinna, "because of the shower. But we shall find a shelter soon, for we're in the canal."

Hinna, a light glimmered on the water.

"There 'tis," said Hinna, as she piled her oar meaningly, "that's the cot. We are to stop here till morning."

"Won't they trouble us?" asked Dilly.

"Not 'fraid, said Hinna, "I'm sure of their interest to help the slaves into the swamp settlement. The more there are there, the more trade they have. And Hinna's plans to take Dilly among friends who are expecting her."

In a moment more, Hinna had moored her boat at the cabin door, and, as the ferry woman, with the large growth of tangled shrubbery, and as they approached, if was only at intervals that the light could be seen. The door was opened by a negro, who was shortly answered by a man opening a window through, and holding a pine knot in his hand, the light of which was thrown on the boat, which, having moored, entered by a chain, bounded forward as it fell on the travellers, while the window was heard growing in his hatchet.

Hinna and Dilly took a branch of a few yards to avoid the animal, while the master called out, "Be still, Growler! Down! Down, I say! Who's there night as this. Did a fire meet down? What spot north is these little folks made of, to look so bright at little cross cabin with a jab, and rolling up a big by the wide fire-place for them to sit on. Then, perhaps, dancing, the room, and put on wood. "Yes, call enough for Primary; and I guess 'twon't hurt you to dry yer clothes a bit." Thus, he, with his wife, was rejoicing up the chimney, and in the brilliant light let us darkle him.

"The hour had fled, and, in a short thirty years of age with a low perspective forehead, deep set eyes, gray and twinkling, stubbles more, with a touch of the ass-ignition, and rather better complexion, thinning brown hair, and unshaven beard. A home-made hat stood, four hours in a row, and two pedlers' trinkets, worn at the furniture visible, save a table half covered.

The man was a regular Yankee from one of the back counties of Connecticut. He peddled, he was peeping before refloruds and telegraphs, as the Indian Indes before civilization. He was the son of a rich old farmer who brought up his children to work, and, at six days in the week, go to church on Sabbath, and to school in the winter months. Eliha Woodman began to think thinking a hard thought when he was about twenty-five; and a roving spirit setting in, nothing would do but he must "peck up and seek his fortune—which, applied to a farmer's boy, in the last resort, means to engage for a term of years of somewhat tenacious digestibility with the mass of humanity, and, in a short time from the commencement, was asked from his neighborhood. None dreamed how much they would miss him until he had gone. "Eliha was a good fellow—always good natured and obliging." Pity he couldn't make up his mind to stay with us."

Eliha, meanwhile, with trunks filled with a variety of useful and ornamental articles, in the month of November took passage for Norfolk, and soon became a regular old winter, visiting planters' homes as well as the cabin of the poor white and of the slave. No traveller has a better opportunity to learn the character of a people than a peddler, other things being equal; and our hero, although quaint and uncouth in speech, was "nobody's fool." He was, in fact, as shrewd a man, and, as was natural, was often mentally contrasting the effects of slaveholding with noslaveholding. Eliha was known to the planters as a man "who's been—was more practical than theoretical; and as the planters did's expend much attention on the poor whites, there was nothing to be learned from what the institution was, and not "investigating" it "through a glass darkly."

"He was solicited a number of times to officiate as overseer, but earily declined, saying he "had n't the patience for't." Truth to tell, his sympathies were alive for the slaves, and he was considerably "put out" could serve them. "No one to try to help 'em off," thought he, "but it's mighty hard to see one man treat another as a dumb critter, and not let him make even will the least mite our gain."

Eliha's spirit was at length "unsatisfied" stirred within him. He became dissatisfied with his business, whenever he sold anything, he was paid in the gains of the system, which, to him, were "the price of blood." Impelled by these feelings, he was about leaving slave-land forever, when an incident came under his observation which gave a new direction to his plans. He had heard of the "underground" for fugitives; and concluding that he must know more about it, he kept watch for some time to parties engaged in the traffic, and once of the track, to learn how to act.

One evening, while in Norfolk, he called on a man with whom he had had a transaction traded. After finishing his business, he sat down to read a paper, and continued to read it till quite late, when, as he rose to go, he mentioned something into conversation with him, asked him how he liked the country? This was just what the Yankee was waiting for; and he promptly replied, "Pretty fair."

"First rate and a quarter! But I can't say as much for everything that's in it. A pretty curse place of slaveries in this one slave's goodness. Why, don't you see your cake is all turning to dough? Where's yer schools, yer factories, railroads, and flourishing towns?"

"We're in a hard case, that's so," said the merchant, smiling, "but what can we do?"

"Do?" replied Eliha, "*do something!* It's ruination to let things go on drivin' like spilt the wrong way. Right side face pointed, and half fallen, I'm sick of it! I like to slash away at this en noxious tree that's grown up in the way of your gain' ahead!"

"It's like to do that thoroughly," said the merchant, earnestly, "but a man can't even speak his mind here. This is n't a free country, exactly."

"Not free country, exactly! I guess, sir," replied the Northerner; "and I'll tell you how 'tis, the curse slavery has made pocky bad work. Such a fine country, too!"

"Yes!" Yay, Yankee, "and if you'd see what would make it look bright as the North. We wouldn't have any slave labor; and the way the factories would be set up would be a caution. Why, I'm ashamed to poor country, Virginny, would beat everything give all holler in twenty years!"

"Do tell!" said Eliha, in a shocking, rough-looking man, in a drab coat, worn bear-skin cap, with his pants stowed into the tops of his coarse cowhide boots, looked contemptuously, if not scornfully.

"Hello, Cummings, how are you?"—said seeing a stranger present, "Stop this ere way, will ya? He then whispered aside that he had a number of slaves and shingles lying at the wharf, and he wanted to trade, and he off before morning. Eliha's sense of hearing was as acute as ever, and he knew the slaves would have been unintelligible to another, was sufficiently audible to him.

"Very well," replied the merchant in a low tone, "Avery I'll be in shortly."

The individual named was the clerk, who was "sent for," said seeing the well-conducted a chance, and accompanied him out. All the our Yankee took note of, and when once more alone with the merchant he was at leisure to indulge in the sarcastic smile and whining his confidence, get much information from him.

"The trader that called here just now", said Mr. Cummings, "is a swamp merchant. The Great Dismal Swamp, you are aware, commences in Virginia, and extends south along the southern shore of Virginia into North Carolina. A canal, connecting Chesapeake bay with Albemarle sound, passes through the swamp. Along the canal, and all along the canal are the cabins of the swamp merchants, who make a living, and some of them get wealthy by trading with the runaway negroes."

"Trading! how in nature's that?" asked the Yankee interest.

"Why," replied the merchant, "the runaways get out slaves and sedge shingles, and sell them to the swamp merchants, who pay them in money, or, what is more to the point, Indian corn, coarse clothes, tools, and similar articles."

"My stars!" exclaimed the Yankee, "I see this ere swamp that everybody thought was thin water and, is your great safety valve? I've been a wondering so still and down so long, that I thought it was a bottomless pit, or wonderin' the whites. The cat's out now! It's these ere safety-valve operations of runnin' away that make the slaves so cussed uneasy. Why, I've heard of 'em down to Ma' mental like a pretty curious piece of business. I'd like to inquire a little more about it, if there I'd be much risk in heading the swamp, as there is a good deal of it."

"I should scarcely think it was worth your while to venture into the swamp for the sake of gain, as it would cause it, supposing it could be done."

"How many slaves is there in the swamp?"

"No census has ever been taken," said the merchant, "but it is thought that in the swamp you can find a report for them for a hundred years or more. Then there is the natural increase, and the runaways from the plantations in Virginia and North Carolina. I'm the great look-done to the profit of slavery in these States."

"How many do you guess there be there?" asked Eliha.

"Then the trade with this city," said the merchant, "it is thought to amount to more than a million and half dollars less three; in other words, the swamp must have a population of some more than."

"Why, I'm sick to hear a little little city!"

"Sometimes it is one settlement, I raise it," continued the Southerner. "They have sometimes 'Mr. Dismal Swamp' people."

"I'd like to 'pull foot' for them, ere settlements myself," said Eliha. "I'm a sneaker head at swamp settlements."

"Yes, I know this man is set foot in there," replied Cummings. "There are plenty of snakes, rattlesnakes, moccasins, adders, pattlesnakes, and what not; and then the plants and vines are half of them deadly. No, no, Mr. Yankee, you'd better keep clear of the swamp! It's reeking with miasm; and so far mosquitoes, and dragon flies, and lizards, and toads, they are more abundant than the plagues of Egypt."

"How in nature do the blacks live there then?" said Eliha.

"What's one man's meat is another man's poison," rejoined the merchant. "It does seem as if Providence, in adapting the constitution of the negro to the climate, has made it a deadly thing for a white man to approach, but the blacks can handle it without injury. I sometimes think that they are a different life."

"I'm in for the swamp!" exclaimed our Yankee. "I'm in for the Dismal Swamp—I'd like to edge amongst them. I've been homesick lest the least mite in the world, and I was just on the point of pulling up stakes for North; but you've taken me altogether by the ears, and I shall be as uneasy as a fish out of water till I explore them ere regions."

"Well, I wish you very fair out of the swamp altogether," persisted the merchant. "We have death more or less every year, from the wilful inexperience of those who venture into it. Perhaps it will not be advised, but run into danger, and, one way and another, death is the result."

"I'm much obliged to you for your advice," replied Eliha, "but I'm just like Bonaparte crossing the Alps; the greater the difficulties, the greater the attraction. Why my business is to go where the orbs and snakes, there are only pitty small enemies for a body to get sheeted at. A man of the real grit won't run the risk (pass) I'm in for the Dismal Swamp; and if you like, have the goodness to introduce me to that swamp merchant, I want a passage in his boat."

"Very well," said the merchant, "I will do so."

And that night, at twelve o'clock, Eliha was "pulled" aboard the boat, and on his way to the swamp. He found that the swamp merchant with whom he rode lived only two or three miles in the swamp. He was a poor white man, who had been a boatman on the canal, and trading, and had no ideas of anything else.

He made known his wish to visit the runaways. "What is he done, no how?" said the trader, "unless you are a slave, or his to them someway, or have done them service and are secrets a guide. Their lawt is at stake. They'd shoot a white man down like a wild beast if they found him in the swamp."

"How will I get a guide?" asked Eliha.

"There'll be one along in a week or two for provision, and then'll be the time for you to try. They'll be long here, and I'll be ready to carry you. I'll let the scons of the trailin', so' so git used to it, like. I want to leave my place, and go further down the canal, and I'm thinkin' of you, I'm in."

"Thus Eliha became a resident on the banks of the canal, more for the sake of securing an entrance to the swamp than for any other object. He was rich. He had now lived two months in the lonely way, diversified only by trading, hunting, and floundering in the bog, and he was growing sick of it. He could go down or more came to trade, Eliha found it difficult to secure their confidence. The strange wild people were suspicious of every stranger, and, if they had dared, shot