

" ' You young racksal—you lose he race, eh !—(whack !)—You no beat Molly Magpie, eh !—(whack !)—You no be free nigger, eh !—(whack !)—You no get a hundred a year, eh !—(whack !)—You disgrace you family, you young racksal, eh !—(whack ! whack ! whack !)' "

" ' Pomp,' cried the colonel, ' how dare you strike any of my slaves without my permission !' "

" ' He disgrace he family, massa.' "

" ' Pshaw ! untie the poor fellow ; he did his best—it was not his fault that Barebones lost. Untie him, I say, and never take such a liberty again, sir.' "

" ' Huh !—libbety !' grumbled Pompey Ducklegs, as he obeyed his master, ' debbil ! an't he old nigger's own flesh and blood, dough he be a disgrace to he family ?' "

With the wreck of his fortune, the Colonel marches off to the Western Country, and there, removed from temptation, he becomes a thriving and prosperous gentleman. Some new characters now appear on the stage, to whom we shall introduce our readers. The following account of Bushfield, will give a good idea of the hazard run by the early settlers :—

" ' I'll tell you what, stranger, if you had lived in Old Kentucky as long as I have, and seen what I have seen, you'd talk other guess, I reckon. When I first remember this country, nobody could sleep of nights for fear of the Ingens, who were so thick you couldn't see the trees for them. There isn't a soul in all Kentucky but has lost some one of his kin in the Ingen wars, or had his house burnt over his head by these creturs. When they plough their fields, they every day turn up the bones of their own colour and kin who have been scalped, and tortured, and whipped, and starved by these varmints, and are ten thousand times more bloodthirsty than tigers, and as cunning as 'possums. I, stranger, I am the last of my family and name ; the rest are all gone, and not one of them died by the hand of his maker. My grandfather fell and was scalped at Old Chillicothe ; my uncle was massacred at Ruddle's Station, after he had surrendered ;