

MASTER and SLAVE

By...
T. H. THORPE

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"Because I heard the arguments in the supreme court and thought I observed their effect upon the judges and the assembled lawyers. The whole matter is exceedingly distasteful to me, as you know; still I could not well decline my brother's invitation to be present at the trial of the appeal. Zaborin made a learned and forcible effort for Quillebert, quoting authorities and drawing deductions which appeared absolutely unanswerable. But Horace, with an ease at which I marvelled, met every proposition, and his irresistible logic picked it into shreds. He exposed the sophistries of Zaborin's contention and flung them aside. With childlike simplicity of language he made Leon's case so plain that every layman understood the principles on which it rested as thoroughly as did the most learned lawyer, and with the eloquence that comes of unaffected earnestness he held up the justice and equity supporting the decision of Judge Tailleux. He appeared to carry every man within hearing of his voice, and when he concluded it seemed that all doubts of the righteousness of his case had been demolished. His peroration was beautiful and pathetic without being theatrical—in fact, was what they call a prose poem. I was as much amazed as any of his hearers could have been. I cannot divine when and where he got all the wealth and variety of learning he displayed in that address."

Laure was interested, but not pleased, by Evariste's glowing account of his brother's brilliant and masterly oratory.

"Where is M. Horace?" she asked. "He came up on the boat with you?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I only supposed he had returned with you and stopped at Estelle's. That is what he will do when he comes back."

"Laure, why do you persist in such allusions. You surely know full well how they wound me."

"Of course I do. But it is not to wound you. No; it is to make you see who they are that care nothing for your happiness. That girl is as indifferent to you as the pearl whose beauty she vainly affects. She reaches for fortune; you have none. She aspires to American ladyship; you are a croche. Stay with your kind, my friend. It will pay you best in the long run."

This speech was a whip cut to Evariste's spirit, and words of chagrin and anger rose to his lips, yet he forced them back and, consummate actor that he was, gave no sign of his suffering.

"You have not told me where your brother is," Laure said, fondling the crescent lovingly.

"I left him at New Orleans talking politics. One hears nothing else there now. The supporters of Breckinridge encourage Horace to run for congress, and he is quite willing to do so, though he tells them he is opposed to the extension of slavery. They regard the race as being entirely between Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Douglas. Lincoln's candidacy is laughed at."

"If the lawsuit should be decided against M. Horace, he will be bitterly opposed in this parish," Laure observed.

"That is a very big if," Evariste replied.

"And if Lincoln should win a great many plans will be upset. I know nothing of politics, but they say these things on the highlands." Laure smiled apologetically.

"You must make that 'if' still larger, Laure. The great heads in the city will hardly admit that Lincoln is running." "I have heard my grandfather say there were two smart men in this parish—Baldouine and Quillebert—one gifted as if from God, the other as if by the devil."

"Well?" queried Evariste.

"I have also heard that Baldouine said not long ago that if both Douglas and Breckinridge are candidates to the end Lincoln will be elected president, and Quillebert has said that he will win the suit in the supreme court." Laure had spoken with a positiveness that was not without its effect upon Evariste, and as he pursued his journey homeward he seriously revolved in his mind these possibilities and their bearing upon his own aims and interests.

Oakfell returned a week later, and his supporters set actively to work to secure a favorable delegation to the convention called to meet at Baton Rouge on the 15th day of October. They were successful, though considerable strength was developed against him. It was believed he would receive the nomination, which would be tantamount to election. His friends proudly anticipated the distinction his career in congress would give to the parish and had agreed upon three representative citizens to accompany him in a short canvass of the district after the convention. He had spent a happy hour with Estelle and was sitting in his plantation office thinking of her when Leon brought letters and papers from New Orleans just arrived by way of the Red River landing. One bulky envelope bore the card of a professional friend of whom he had requested the earliest possible news of the court's judgment. The letter said:

"I caused a copy to be made of the

opinion handed down by the supreme court this morning in the suit of Leon Queyrouze versus Quillebert for freedom and mail it by today's boat in order that you may know the result before tomorrow's newspapers can reach you. The chief justice was the organ of the court and had the concurrence of three of the associates. One justice, as you will notice, dissented."

Quivering with interest, he read the following dictum of the highest court of the state, penned by its chief justice: "The plaintiff, with his mother and other children, were inventoried as belonging to the estate of Queyrouze. One Poydre, acting as agent for the heirs, made sale of the property, with the exception of the boy Leon. He sold the mother of the plaintiff and her other children to the defendant Quillebert. Leon himself was expressly exempted from the sale, being then in the keeping of one Mrs. Wiley, to whom he had been sent by the expressed wish of Queyrouze. About nine years after the defendant obtained possession of the plaintiff and enjoyed the benefit of his labor until he ran away after the institution of this suit."

"There is testimony in the record to show that Queyrouze and his heirs intended that Leon should be free and some conversations in which he said he was free. The plaintiff, however, never asserted his freedom and never left the service of the defendant until he absconded after the bringing of this suit. On the contrary, he admitted he was a slave to a person whom he wished to bargain for him."

"However desirous the heirs of Queyrouze may have been that the plaintiff should become free, their wishes alone could not make him so. This being a matter affecting the public order, it required the action of the public authorities before it could be brought about."

"It is apparent that in this controversy it is a matter of no consequence who is the owner, whether Quillebert or the heirs of Queyrouze. The only question which we can consider is whether the plaintiff had acquired the status of a free person of color prior to the promulgation of the act of 1857, which now prohibits emancipation."

"It is quite clear that the plaintiff has never enjoyed his liberty for one week, much less the space of ten years. He has been all his life under the control of others, who have enjoyed the benefit of his labor. It matters not, so far as this controversy is concerned, whether the defendant Quillebert has acted in good or bad faith or whether he has acted against the wishes of the heirs of Queyrouze. If the plaintiff cannot show the facts on which the law declares his emancipation or freedom, he must fail in his action."

"The judgment of the lower court, which was in favor of the plaintiff, must be reversed."

Oakfell with burning eyes read again these words of the chief justice: "It is a matter of no consequence who is owner, whether Quillebert or the heirs of Queyrouze." "It matters not whether the defendant Quillebert has acted in good or bad faith or whether he acted against the wishes of the heirs of Queyrouze."

Sick at heart, he let fall the paper and lowered his head, murmuring:

"He finds his fellow guilty of a sin. Not colored like his own and, having power To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."

From his gloomy reflection he was recalled by the voice of Leon at the door, saying:

"Mr. Horace, are you sick? Is anything wrong?"

"Yes; I never was so sick as now, and something has gone wrong. Leon, the supreme court has adjudged you a slave, the slave of Quillebert."

"O merciful God!" Leon groaned, clutching a chair for support. "Save me from that man, Mr. Horace, or kill me!"

"Save yourself. Take a good horse from the stable and fly for your life. Never stop until you are where that human wolf cannot reach you. The cursed news may not be known to any one else in the parish for two days yet, and, if so, you will have that much start. Take this and go." Oakfell gave him a sum of money.

"Some day I will prove I am grateful for all your goodness, sir," said the poor fellow, retreating from the door. Soon the muffled sound of a horse speeding over the dusty road was heard, and Leon was again a runaway slave.

The newspapers of the city arrive; two days later, bringing the intelligence of the supreme court's ruling, with editorial remarks commending it as a timely check to abolitionist propaganda. Great was the rejoicing on the highlands. The cabarets had a day of business recalling that of the trial. Dede did so thriving a trade that he was put to bed early in the afternoon, leaving the harvest to the madame. At night bonfires were lighted, and bonfires clattered and flitted across the prairie, their courses indicated by the crackling of pistols and shrill cries of "Long live Quillebert!" "Down with Oakfell!"

The victor received the congratulations of his admirers at Dede's with profuse entertainment of gumbo and rum, but with the tranquillity of a

strategist who had foreseen success through feigned retreat. Pratjeau's lips and eyes were beyond control and continued to dance long after the hot rum had stilled his tongue.

Oakfell assembled his friends and, explaining that the decision could be used as an effective weapon against him in the convention, requested their leave to withdraw his candidacy. After much discussion the justness of his view was conceded, and the consent he desired was given. A formal note was received from Pratjeau demanding the return to his client Quillebert of the slave Leon, who, the writer said, was harbored by Oakfell. It was assigned to the flames. A little letter came through the local post saying, "I suffer for poor Odette's grief, but more because you suffer and through my fault." This was not assigned to the flames.

The result of the litigation was a severe shock to the young lawyer. His confidence in his fellow men was weakened. He lost respect for authorities. Ambitions seemed but snares to peace of mind. Wrong, chicanery and cruelty appeared essential to success. His brother, upon whom he had lavished so much affection, could not or did not cheer his drooping spirit. The time



"Save me from that man!" was sadly out of joint; the adjustment was that of the powerful, "brief, comfortable and wrong."

Thus dejected and gloomy, he wandered for days about the plantation, not caring to read, avoiding converse, unable to feel interest in what had formerly engrossed him, when in the early days of November came the intelligence, astounding, incredible, yet verified, that Abraham Lincoln had been elected president of the United States.

CHAPTER XIII. TURBID WATERS.

TIME now seemed to quicken its flight. Events trod on the heels of events in scramble and hurry of occurrence. Disintegration of institutions, enterprises and associations, public and social, appeared everywhere like a corroding disease, and demoralization was the ranker of growths. Secession, civil war, suspension of industries, gatherings and departures of volunteers, dissensions and suspicions, dread of the negro—dumb cause of contention—gave somber color to the life of fair Aveglies.

The first banner flung to the breeze was the flag of France, hoisted by Quillebert over his dwelling, thus warning both factions that molestation of him or his would be at the peril of his imperial master's displeasure.

Oakfell was instant to take his stand. Though discountenancing negro slavery, he was wedded to the doctrine of state sovereignty and in its defense buckled on his sword. He was chosen lieutenant of the company of horse organized under the captaincy of Judge Honore Victor Tailleux, whom Pratjeau succeeded on the 10th.

The day approached for the company to proceed to New Orleans for assignment to its regiment and brigade, to be forwarded to the front. The half brothers held a long conference in the plantation office.

"Evariste," Horace said, "I do not concur in the general belief that this strife will end in 90 days. My forecast is that it will extend into years and will be fierce and desolating. My life has known three sweet affections which have been as incense to it. The love I bore your mother still clings to her memory. All my yearnings for kinship have been centered upon you, whom I have cherished as son, brother and friend and have sought to shield from the rude experiences of life. Though absent, I wish to leave my protection with you and for that entreat you to promise that under no circumstances will you enter the military service during the coming war. I leave with you full authority to manage all my interests, and this will supply you with ample means to purchase exemption from any call which may be made for troops. Promise me, Evariste."

"Would not that be taken as cowardice?" asked Evariste.

"Not necessarily," replied Horace, "after what I will say to our friends on the subject. But, even if it should, make that sacrifice for my sake and give me your promise, for should you man me as a soldier, and should you be killed this would never be home for me again. Promise me, my boy."

Evariste walked to the door and looked out into the starlit night. Returning, he gave his hand to Horace and said, as if he had struggled:

"I promise, brother."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

You don't change much to people who see you frequently, but the man who sees you once in five years notes a great difference.

'HOW GOES THE NIGHT?'

PREACHER SCORES BESETTING SINS OF MODERN SOCIETY.

EVILS COVERED BY DARKNESS

Vulgarity and Wickednesses of a Vile Theatre Pointed Out—The Saloons and the Dance-Halls Also Come in For Condemnation—A Dance That Cost the Life of a Saint—An Eloquent Appeal.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1901, by William Bailey, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 11.—In this sermon the preacher considers some of the besetting sins of modern society and warns Christians against yielding to their allurements. The text is Isaiah xxi., 11, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Have you an active imagination? If so, you do not need to go to Palestine, the land in which the ancient prophet wrote, for an illustration of the words of my text. There are watchmen everywhere—men who at night, while others sleep, are on guard protecting property and by their vigilance foiling the plans of thieves and conspirators who prowl around in the darkness.

I was deeply impressed with this duty of the watchman by a spectacle I witnessed some years ago in the British capital. It was that of the ancient ceremony, still observed, of mounting guard at the old Tower of London. This tower, as you may know, is not really a tower, but a collection of buildings covering an area of thirteen acres. They are surrounded by a strong and high wall in which there are four gates, called respectively the Iron gate, the Water gate, the Traitors' gate and the Lion's gate. Within those walls some of the ancient kings held their courts and passed the nights in wild orgies and licentious dissipation. It was the place also where some of them defended themselves behind the barred gates against domestic enemies, as well as foreign foes. Here also many of the insurrectionists were incarcerated and put to death. The execution axes which to-day hang upon the museum walls were wetted with the blood of many victims. Upon the blood-stained block, which is still kept as a gruesome reminder of the awful past, many bodies were decapitated. The frightened eyes that looked up at the rising sun for the last time from that block did not all belong to the masculine sex. There poor Lady Jane Grey died as well as the handsome Earl of Leicester, and Lords Kilmarnock and Balmorino and Lovat.

But I am digressing from my subject. I would not have you loiter longer among these historic stones merely to see a few crown jewels and regalia, which are guarded in the jewel house. I would not have you linger longer among the breastplates and helmets and battleaxes and pikes and spears and casting nets of chivalric times which are now on exhibition side by side with the guns and bayonets, and swords and cannon of the modern British soldiers. But I would hasten you out into the open square, where the shrill flutes are calling and the rolling of the drums tell us the guards are forming to take their places by and in these watch-towers, just as the watchmen did away back in the time of William the Conqueror and during the reigns of the Plantagenet kings.

"Stand back, stand back!" cry the officials to the sightseers. "You must keep off the parade ground and give the soldiers room." A field officer in gold lace and clanking sword comes out of his quarters and takes his position on the right of the ground. "Fall in, fall in!" cry the corporals to their men. The different squads are quickly formed into one line. The sergeants report to the adjutant, the adjutant reports to the commandant of the Tower. The evening orders are now read. The bandmaster lifts his signal. The musicians pass down in front of the line and wheel back to their places. Tattoo is sounded. The flag is lowered. The sunset gun's guttural voice is heard. Then the soldiers march to their respective posts, and through the night, as on every night for well nigh 800 years on every tower and at all the gates a soldier is stationed as a military watchman to keep vigil until the day breaks.

It is merely formal routine duty that the British sentinel on the tower now has to perform, but in former times there was need of all his vigilance. From his watch-tower he might see the approach of a foreign foe, or in some part of the great slumbering city spread out on all sides below him he might witness the outbreak of insurrection. We can imagine how anxious in those quiet times might be the tone of the officer of the guard, who, visiting him, would ask, "Watchman, what of the night?" That means: "How goes the night? What is the news? Tell me what you have seen. What are the prospects ahead?"

As I see the sun sink behind the Los Angeles hills I see ignited one by one the different lights of the many places of pernicious amusement. These different lights, as destroying flames, begin to beckon the young men and the young women into their fascinating haunts. I see the stage curtains lifted before many an alluring group of actresses and chorus girls, such as was seen in the wealthy capital of Samaria on the night when a disreputable dancing girl, Salome by name, danced among the licentious guests of her stepfather, Herod, and by sinuous movements of limb and suggestive look of sin so captivated the drunken King that he promised her anything that she might ask of him, even to the half of his kingdom.

John the Baptist lost his life on account of that dance. But many a man, not like John, in prison, but in orchestra chair, has lost his head, both morally and spiritually, as the result of an immoral show on the theatre boards. There may be good theatres. I know that some people whom I respect attend the theatre. But I know there are also vile theatres. I also know some of these vile theatres are attended regularly by some so-called good people. And I also know that these vile shows are the haunts of spiritual and physical death.

When I wrote this sermon there lay upon my study desk a powerful editorial upon "Stage Abominations." It lately appeared in one of the greatest secular newspapers of the present day. This editorial was not written by a minister, but by a layman who perhaps never enters a church. It said: "It does not seem possible that the public will much longer tolerate the abominations that are constantly being inflicted upon it from behind the footlights of the theatres of the present day. Surely the vulgarities and indecencies of actors and actresses of the present day who substitute filth and vile insinuations for wit and humor are not so licensed that they can be allowed to go on forever without rebuke. The nasty and offensive jokes, the immoral action and the language of the slums and the vile resort are all too frequently forced upon the ear and seen in the streets and public places of the town without being flouted in our faces when we pay good money for a seat in the theatre. If the stage has become so impure that it must resort to dirtiness and suggestive vice to maintain itself it were better to abolish it entirely as an institution." Then this editorial goes more into detail to denounce the trend of the modern theatre which blasts the lives of its audiences by what they see as well as hear. Does any man in the face of such a powerful philippic declare that thousands and tens of thousands of men and women every year are not morally contaminated by the filthy streams of conversation which playwrights and actors and actresses roll over them in the theatres in the long winter nights?

But as a watchman I must not allow my eyes to follow only one class of people. While the theatre audiences are moving through the streets to witness these distorted and often impossible plays, through the open doors of the saloons I can see the stages on which are being enacted scores and hundreds and thousands of tragedies in real life. Each one of these tragedies is as pathetic as that of a Hamlet, an Othello, a Merchant of Venice. Each one has more of pathos within it than could ever be found in the misery and woe of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," or a Seton Thompson's "Autobiography of a Grizzly Bear." Oh, the tragedies of the saloons! As a watchman on God's watch-tower who can ever refrain from sympathizing with them and shedding tears of deepest sorrow for them? "Oh, no," exclaims some cynical man. "I have no sympathy for the drunkard. If a man wants to stop drinking he can stop. The only reason why the drunkards do not stop is because they do not want to stop." Ah, my cynical friend, you are wrong. I have no sympathy for that egotistic and self-inflated young man who to be smart loafs about a saloon and deliberately cultivates a taste for drink. But there are thousands of men who do not want to drink. They do not know how to stop drinking. They have never yet heard of the grace of God which will save them if they would only let him save them. Ah, I go further than that. I believe there are thousands of drunkards to-night who would be willing to take an axe and with it cut off their right hands if they could only be freed from the curse of drink. They are fighting drink every day of their lives, but in their own strength they cannot stop. And so to-night as a watchman on God's tower I see thousands of the finest brained men and women going to destruction through the rapids which head toward the awful Niagara of delirium tremens. I hear them shouting and cursing and see them tumbling and fighting and resisting, and yet yielding and going down, and down and down. Through the lights coming from the open doors of the saloons I see these victims heading toward eternal death.

"But, watchman," some one asks, "are these all the sights and sounds of death that you see and hear?" Alas, alas, no! For, while one crowd is passing through the hallways and ascending the stair of the immoral theatres, and another crowd is staggering slowly on with flushed cheeks, hurrying toward the bar behind which liquor is sold, which in the end will prove as fatal as the poisonous hemlock quaffed by a Greek philosopher, I see still another multitude of death seekers. These pass me not in rags or with slow and leaden steps. They are dressed for the ball-rooms and the low dance halls. They move in regular step, not with the tramp, tramp, tramp of many soldiers, but with the sliding and graceful step of the waltz, the two-step, the polka and dances which we should not and will not mention.

"Are all dances bad?" asks some young girl. "Is every one a dance of death? Are all our young people enemies of Christ and bad who ever visit dance halls?" This is a question which is often honestly and anxiously put to me by my young people. Well, my young friend, you have asked me a blunt question, and I will answer you in just the same way. First, I will say and emphatically say, that I do not believe all young people who go to our dance halls are intentionally bad. I believe, yes, I know, some of them go there without one impure thought. They go for the pleasure of meeting other young people and of passing an evening in each other's company. In the next place I will emphatically state that I believe one of the most pernicious, one of the most awful causes of spiritual death in our cities to-day is the dance hall. And in support of my second statement I will say that in all the United States you cannot find one minister or layman noted for spiritual or evangelistic power who is not an enemy of the dance hall, through and through, out and out. They all, without an exception, be-

lieve that the dance hall is the depletor of spiritual life, consequently they are, and always will be, out and out, through and through, enemies of this destroyer, this insidious foe of spiritual life.

As I spoke in reference to regular theatre goers, I now speak in reference to the regular dance hall devotee. You never saw in all your life a person who was conspicuous for her love for the dance hall who was at the same time conspicuous for her devotion to the service of Jesus. The two loves do not exist in the same heart. They are altogether incongruous. You never in your life saw deep spiritual consecration for Christ and love for the dance hall exist together in the same human heart. The modern dance is a foe to all spiritual development and a barrier to progress in the Christian life.

But standing in the watch tower to-night I see more than the gleaming lights of the evil resorts luring the victims to their fascinating but fatal haunts. I see dark shadows in the streets where no lights are. I see these dark shadows following the burglar with his pistol and knife. I see the dark and tightly closed houses from which no ray of light is coming. These houses look deserted, but they are not deserted. They are outposts of perdition, silent but haunted with outcasts and gamblers and conspirators who are flagrantly breaking the laws of the land. I see the low dives of a great city reeking with human vermin. I see also where the counterfeiters are silently doing their work in the stillness of the night. Night is a symbol of social calamity, sin and death. So we find that most of the lowest outcasts of society try to conceal their evil actions in the darkness of the night. It is the time when the devotees of sin hold their high carnival. It is when the death dealers are able to deliver their hardest blows with the least chance of detection. But with God the night is not only the emblem of calamity, it is also the harbinger of the day, for as Isaiah traveled forth into the darkness as a divine prophet he "saw the gleam of the sunrise coming over the eastern hills." Yes, he saw the time when righteousness would claim its disciples as well as the time when the enemies of God should be hurried away to their eternal incarceration. "What of the night, Isaiah? What of the night?" cries the officer of the guard. Then the prophetic watchman calls, "I see the morning cometh and also the night." That means: "I see the righteous triumph through God. I see also the enemies of God scattered in complete defeat." "What of the night? What of the night?" You call to me. I answer: "The morning cometh for the disciples of Jesus Christ. I see also the eternal night coming for those who will not yield themselves to Christ's love."

That these words of my text can truly be changed into the lightness of an eternal and peaceful day was never more impressed upon me than some years ago when I was going around the world. As I found the opening description of this text not among Syrian hills, but among the "wilderness of rock" in the London metropolis, so I will find my closing scene not in Jerusalem, but upon the troubled waters of an angry Pacific. For days and weeks we had been treading the quiet paths of the "trackless deep." The ocean had heretofore been very kind to us. It was truly pacific in every way that its name signified. But then, like some of our old friends, it changed. Its heart of kindness became a heart of hate. It seemed to have not the purpose to be loving, but only the desire to destroy. Day in and day out we battled with the tempest.

"The worst storm I ever knew," said the captain. "Many good ships have been foundered in less storms than this." The surface of the sea was a raging mob of demons. The wind, shrieking through our rigging, was like a chorus of lost souls yelling out in rage. After three days of storm I went to my berth and tried to sleep. Four after hour we were wedged in our berths, unable to sleep. At last in the darkness I arose to dress and go upon deck. No sooner did I step upon the floor than the heaving ship hurled me across the stateroom, out through the door and clear across the deck. I picked myself up, bruised and stunned; then I looked about me. What was my surprise to find the storm over and the stars out. A sailor turned to me and said: "Mate, it will soon be clear. We shall soon have a calm sea. The storm is past. See yonder star by the edge of the horizon. That is the morning star. The sun will soon be up." Yes, as I stood there holding on to the ship's ropes I knew the sea was growing calm. Soon quietly and peacefully the sun arose. The angry waves stopped their batterings; the winds ceased to laugh and yell. That afternoon we sailed into the harbor. The morning had come for the end of the tempest. So at last for all those who love Christ the night is the emblem of calamity, but of the morning. The morning with its heavenly day breaketh—the morning, with its emblem of eternal peace. Will you not to-night, with Christ's help, take the night as the emblem of the day?

Intelligent Chimpanzees.

The two young chimpanzees recently brought from West Africa for the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, London, are said to be showing remarkable intelligence in learning the lessons which they are being daily taught in eating and drinking with their hands and in many generally. Dress has been provided for them, and it is amusing, says a Scotsman contributor, to note the anxiety they show to get into clothes before taking their morning stroll or afternoon tea in the Fellows' Pavilion. They are both quite young apes, so that there is no reason why in course of time they should not, in the hands of their painstaking mentors, rival in accomplishment the famous ape Consul.