

from under the ground; for she was far gone in a consumption. If I wasn't mistaken, there was a something about *here*" (laying her hand on her heart), "that made her feel strangely when she met poor Charity. Says I, 'How do you do, mistress Kinmore? How does little Sammy do?' (That was my little grandson, you know, that she wouldn't let me buy.')

"'I'm poorly, Charity,' says she; 'very poorly. Sammy's a smart boy. He's grown tall, and tends table nicely. Every night I teach him his prayers.'"

The indignant grandmother drawled out the last word in a tone which Fanny Kemble herself could not have surpassed. Then suddenly changing both voice and manner, she added, in tone of earnest dignity, "Och! I couldn't stand *that!* Good morning, ma'am!" said I.

I smiled, as I inquired whether she had heard from mistress Kinmore, since.

"Yes, ma'am. The lady that brings my daughter to the north every summer, told me last fall she didn't think mistress Kinmore could live long. When she went home, she asked me if I had any message to send to my old mistress. I told her I *had* a message to send. Tell her, says I, to prepare to meet poor Charity at the judgment seat."

I asked Charity if she had heard any further tidings of her scattered children. The tears came to her eyes. "I found out that my poor Richard was sold to a man in Alabama. A white gentleman, who has been very kind to me here in New York, went to them parts lately, and brought me back news of Richard. His master ordered him to be flogged, and he wouldn't come up to be tied. 'If you don't come up, you black rascal, I'll shoot you,' said his master. 'Shoot away,' said Richard; 'I won't come to be flogged.' His master pointed a pistol at him, and in two hours my poor boy was dead! Richard was a spry lad. I always knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Well, he's free now. God be praised, he's free now; and I shall soon be with him."

In the course of my conversation with this interesting woman, she told me much about the patrols, who, armed with arbitrary power, and frequently intoxicated, break into the houses of the coloured people at the south, and subject them to all manner of outrages. But nothing seemed to have excited her indignation so much as the insurrection of Nat Turner. The panic that prevailed throughout the slave states on that occasion, of course reached her ear in repeated echoes; and the reasons are obvious why it should have awakened intense interest. It was in fact a sort of Hegra to her mind, from which she was prone to date all important events in the history of her limited world.

"On Sundays," said she, "I have seen the negroes up in the country going away under large oaks, and in secret places, sitting in the woods, with spelling books. The brightest and best men were killed in Nat's time. Such ones are always suspected. All the coloured folks were afraid to pray, in the time of the old Prophet Nat. There was no law about it; but the whites reposed it round among themselves, that if a note was heard, we should have some dreadful punishment. After that, the low whites would fall upon any slaves they heard praying, or singing a hymn; and they often killed them, before their masters or mistresses could get to them."

I asked Charity to give me a specimen of their slave hymns. In a voice cracked with age, but still retaining considerable sweetness, she sang:

"A few more beatings of the wind and rain,  
Ere the winter will be over:  
Glory, Hallelujah.

Some friends has gone before me,  
I must try to go and meet them:  
Glory, Hallelujah.

A few more risings and settings of the sun,  
Ere the winter will be over:  
Glory, Hallelujah.

There's a better day a coming,  
There's a better day a coming:  
O, Glory, Hallelujah."

With a very arch expression, she looked up, as she concluded, and said, "They wouldn't let us sing that. They wouldn't let us sing that. They thought we was going to *rise*, because we sung 'better days are coming.'"

I shall never forget poor Charity's natural eloquence, or the spirit of Christian meekness and forbearance, which so beautifully

characterised her expressions. She has now gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

## SO MANY CALLS—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. H. E. B. STOWE.

It was a brisk clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire, and warm arm-chair, in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow—what could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day—and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquised he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets—curtains—no end to the new things which are to be bought—I do not really see how I am to give cent more in charity—then there are the bills for the girls and boys—they all say that they must have twice as much now, as before we came into this house—wonder if I did right in building it!" And Mr. A—— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling and around on the costly furniture, and looked in the fire in silence—he was tired, harassed and drowsy, his head began to swim, and his eyes closed—he was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet asked for a few moment's conversation with him. Mr. A—— asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A—— presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to Missions," said he "you know all of the wants of that cause that can be told you; I called to see if you had any thing more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before, but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before. The hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society, have you anything to add to it—you know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means—do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A—— was very uneasy under this appeal, but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such, that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A—— became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do *nothing* more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the call upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate—now the objects increase every day, all call upon us for money, and all, after we give once, want us to double and treble and quadruple our subscriptions—there is no end to the thing—we may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled to his soul: