

their service a little black chubby *fille de chambre*, who was more frequently in the street than in her mistresses' home. This maid of darkness had performed several little errands or commissions for me, in the form of getting a washer-woman, etc., for which, of course, I had rewarded her with a silver coin or two. Her mistresses, to be sure, heard of this, and in the end I had the good fortune to be placed on friendly terms with her fair employers. These girls were full of life; they were noble, modest creatures, that no man could look upon else than to respect them; yes, and even love them. Their papa was a portly and somewhat dignified old gentleman, who would allow no male to visit his home unless he were an English naval or army officer. He was a very "high cut" gentleman. I liked him not.

Having decided to go to New York for a short season, I made the fact known among my young friends, and one night about twenty of them visited my room for the purpose of bidding me good bye. I uncorked a dozen of claret in commemoration of the event. Every bottle was emptied. It was most excellent wine. My jolly company declared that it was delicious. They were all what is commonly styled "steady young men." One month from this night, nearly the half of this entire party slept in their graves. The yellow fever had gathered them unto his great charnel-house.

I was all in readiness to embark the following morning, and retired for the night at a little over the mid hour. I was alone. My room-mates had died. I dozed half wakefully for an hour. A noise awoke me. It sounded like the hasty tramp of some frightened mortal, hurriedly stepping about the room. Then a knocking sound was heard, then all was again quiet. I arose and lighted my lamp; underneath my bed I found a soldier-crab, who had entered my apartments. I kicked him out. I was soon fast asleep. After a time I awoke feeling very chilly. Throwing a goodly blanket about my shoulders, I again sought the realms of sweet repose. About one o'clock in the morning, I opened my eyes with difficulty. I was in a burning fever. I sprang to the floor and dressed myself. I well knew what ailed me. Rushing into the dark, quiet street, I vigorously rapped at the door of a saloon keeper with whom I was acquainted. I told him that I was attacked with yellow fever. He would not believe it, telling me I was only frightened. He locked the door and shut me out. I fell fainting on the dusty road. How I found my way back to

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