

IRENE THE FOUNDLING; Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Oliah, two years younger, and not quite so tall, is yet in physical strength his brother's equal. He has the dark hair and large, dark, lustrous eyes of his Southern mother.

The brothers were alike and yet dissimilar. They had shared equally the same advantages; they played together and studied together. Playmates in their childhood, friends as well as brothers in their youth, no one could question a doubt of their brotherly love. Where one had been, the other had always been at his side. No slightest difference had ever yel ruffled the smooth surface of their existence. Yet they were dissimilar in temperament. Abner was slow and cool, but perhaps more determined than his brother, and his reason predominated over his prejudice. Oliah was rash, impetuous and bold, and more liable to be moved by prejudice or passion than by reason. Abner was the exact counterpart of his Northern father, Oliah of his Southern mother.

Their political sympathies were different as their dispositions. Although of the same family, they had actually been taught opposite political creeds—one parent in a half-playful way, unconsciously advocating one idea; the other as firmly and unconsciously upholding another, and it was quite natural that the children should follow them. But this difference of opinion had bred no discord.

Sixteen years have wrought a wonderful change to Irene, the foundling. Her parentage is still a mystery, and she bears the name of her foster parents. She is just budding into womanhood, and a beautiful woman she promises to make—slender and graceful, her small, shapely head crowned with dark brown hair, her cheeks dimpling with smiles, mouth and chin firm and clear-cut, and large dark-gray eyes beneath arching brows and long, lustrous lashes filled with a world of tenderness.

Irene could not have been loved more tenderly by the plaster and his wife had been their own child. They lavished care and affection upon her and filled her life with everything that could minister to her comfort and delight, and every one knew that they would make generous provision for the little waif who had gained so sure a place in their hearts.

Sixteen years had made some change in the planter. His hair had grown whiter, his brow more furrowed with care, and he was about with a heavy ease; yet he was vigorous and energetic. He had grown more contented, and his movements were less leish than of yore. His father Time had dealt leniently with his wife. Her soft, dark hair was only with her wife. Her soft, dark hair was only with her wife. Her soft, dark hair was only with her wife.

No ray of light had pierced the darkened mind of Crazy Joe. All these long, weary years he had been waiting, waiting waiting, for his father Jacob to come down into Egypt, and he came not. He still talked as if it was but yesterday that he had been cast into the pit by his brethren, and then taken out and sold into Egypt. He spent his time in turns at the planter's and Uncle Dan's cabin. He was well known throughout the neighborhood, and pitied and kindly treated by all. His strange hallucinations, although causing pain and perplexity to his shattered mind, worked no change in his gentle disposition; his sad eyes never flashed with anger; no emotion varied the melancholy monotony of his voice. When at the home of the planter, Joe avoided his time between the stable, the garden and the library. He would have been a constant reader of the Bible, Josephus, Scortese, Milton's "Paradise Lost," had it not been discovered by Mrs. Tompkins that these books only tended to increase the darkness in which his mind was shrouded, and she had them kept from him. At Uncle Dan's mountain home he passed his time in hunting and trapping, becoming expert in both.

Sixteen years had wrought a great change in Uncle Dan, towing his tall and sinewy form. His face, which he had always kept smooth-shaven, had grown sharper and thinner, and his long hair hanging about his shoulders, had turned from black to gray; yet his eyes were as true and his hand as steady as when, in his youthful days, he carried away the prize at the shooting match. His visits to the plantation became more frequent and his stays longer, for the old man grew lonesome in his hut, and he was ever a welcome guest at the Tompkins mansion. Sixteen years had wrought a wonderful transformation in the politics of the country. The Whig party had been swallowed up by the Republican or Abolition organization. The seeds of freedom, sown by Clarkson, Brown and others, had taken root, and in the Fall of 1860, had borne to ripen into a bounteous harvest. The Southern feeling against the North had grown more and more bitter, and the low, rumbling thunders of a mighty storm had been heard—a storm not far distant, and whose fury naught but the blood of countless thousands could assuage.

In the beginning, God created heaven and the earth, and all that was in them, in six days, and rested on the seventh. The speaker was Crazy Joe, the time, mid-summer of 1860, the place the banks of a creek at the foot of the mountains, not more than two or three hundred feet from Uncle Dan's cabin.

Then the book says God made man out of clay. Josephus says he called the first Adam, because Adam means red, and he made him out of red clay. Now, if man could once be made out of clay, why not now? Maybe God will let me make a man, too.

Filling his hands with mud, he set vigorously to work. No sculptor could have been more in earnest than Crazy Joe. He rolled and patted the mud into shape, first the feet, then the legs, then the body. Occasionally the body would tumble down, but he patiently set to work again, persevering until he had body, arm and head all completed. His mud and man was a little over five feet in height, and greatly admired by his maker and owner.

Now I have accomplished almost as much as God did," soliloquized Joe. "I have made a man of clay; it only remains for him to speak and move, and he will be equal to any of us."

He went to the cabin and acquainted Uncle Dan with the wonderful work he had performed, and asked him to come and see it. The next day he went to view the object of poor Joe's two days' labor, greatly to Joe's delight. Uncle Dan then returned to his cabin for his gun, and Joe went to Snagtown, which was between Mr. Tompkins' plantation and the hunter's cabin.

Joe then informed the storekeeper, the village postmaster, and a few others, of his remarkable piece of handiwork; and asked them to come and see it. They promised to go the next day, if Joe would stay all night in the village.

Joe stayed, and that night there came a

heavy rain. The creek overflowed and Joe's mud man was washed away. He conducted a party of hunters to the spot next morning, but the man of clay had vanished. "He must have walked away," said Joe, shaking his head in a puzzled manner. "He has gone off, though I cautioned him to wait until I came back."

The hunting party explained to Joe that his mud man had become tired of waiting, and left, and went off themselves, leaving the mortified Joe searching about the oil for tracks of the missing mud man. His search for the trail took him to Snagtown.

Patrick Henry Diggs, whom we met in his boyhood as the youthful orator at Mr. Tompkins', was, in 1860, a lawyer. His parents were dead, leaving him a limited education, a superficial knowledge of law, and a very small property. The paternal homestead was mortgaged, but Mr. Diggs still kept old More, for the sake of being a slaveholder and maintaining aristocratic appearance. Mr. Diggs had but little practice, and found it a difficult task to make his own living. He was about twenty-eight years old, short and plump like his father. The most peculiar portion of his anatomy was his head. The forehead was low, and the small round head more nearly resembled a coconut painted white, with hair on its top, than anything else to which we can compare it. The hair was very thick and cut very short. The eyebrows were heavy and close together, the eyes dark-gray and restless, his nose small and straight. The most admirable portion of his physiognomy, Mr. Diggs thought, were his side-whiskers, which were short and dark, growing half-way down his small, red cheeks and coalescing with his short mustache. Mr. Diggs was exceedingly aristocratic, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles on his short nose. These glasses, which gave him a ridiculous appearance, were removed when he wanted to read or exercise his unobstructed vision. His friends tried to persuade him to give them up, but in vain. And with his glasses on his nose, his head thrown back in order to see persons of ordinary height, and his fat little hands in his pockets, he strutted about the streets of Snagtown.

Mr. Diggs, like his father, was a politician. In the campaign of 1860 he was a candidate for the district attorneyship of his county. His dingy little office, with its scant furniture and exceedingly small library, was deserted, and he spent most of his time on the streets, discussing the political issues. On the day that Crazy Joe was in search of his mud man, Mr. Diggs, as usual, was strutting about the streets, his hands in his pockets, his glasses mounted on his nose, wherefrom a very evident string extended to his neck.

"I tell you," said Mr. Diggs, closing his little fat right hand and striking therewith the palm of his little fat left hand, "I tell you, sir, I do not favor outlawry, but I do believe we would be doing our country a service by hanging every man who votes or attempts to vote the Abolition ticket."

"Oh, no, Mr. Diggs," said Abner Tompkins, who crossed that day to be in Snagtown, and overheard the remark; "the ballot is a constitutional privilege, and no man should be deprived of his right."

"You are wrong—when you see, when there is a man on the track who, if elected, will set all our niggers free, we should of just. You know—no, you don't know, but we lawyers all know—that private property can not be taken for public use without a just compensation, and still the Abolition candidate will violate this portion of our constitutional law."

"You don't know yet; Mr. Lincoln has not yet declared what he will do," replied Abner.

"Has not? Hem, hem, hem!" Mr. Diggs stamped about furiously, his head inclined backward in order to see his companion's face through his ornamental glasses, while he cleared his throat for a fresh burst of thunder. "Has not, hey? Hem, hem? He might as well. We all know what he will do if elected. And I'll tell you something more," he added, walking back and forth, his hands plunged in his pockets, while seeming to grow more and more furious. "If Lincoln is elected, there will be war!" (great emphasis on the last word.)

At this moment Crazy Joe, who had reached the village in search of his mud man, came up to the excited Diggs, and laying his hand on his arm, in a very serious voice said:

"Say, why didn't you stay where I put you until I showed you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Diggs, pausing in his agitated walk, and gazing furiously into the lunatic's face, for he suspected some one of attempting to play a joke on him.

"What made you go away before I showed you?" said Joe, earnestly, gazing down upon the furious little fellow.

"I don't understand what you mean," said the puzzled Mr. Diggs, drawing himself up to his full height, which was hardly imposing.

"When I make a man of mud, and go off and look at him, I don't want him to go off, as you did, before I come back."

Abner Tompkins, and several others, who had heard the story of Joe's mud man, were now almost bursting with suppressed merriment.

"I can't tell what the deuce you mean?" said the angry Mr. Diggs.

"I made you out of mud and clay, and left you standing by the big tree at the creek while I went to get some people to show you what, that I might convince them that man was made out of clay, but before I got back you walked off. Now, why didn't you stay until I showed you?"

The men gathered about Mr. Diggs could no longer restrain themselves, and burst into peals of laughter, which made Mr. Diggs furious.

"This is some trick you are playing," he cried, and, turning upon his heel, he strutted away to his office, where he shut himself up for the next two hours.

The joke spread rapidly, and in two hours every one in the village knew that Crazy Joe claimed Mr. Diggs as his mud man; while poor Joe, satisfied that he had found the object of his creation, consented to go home with Abner.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRANSITION PERIOD.

All Snagtown was astonished one day when a glaring handbill announcing that Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas would speak in that unpretentious little village. Their presence there was due to the accident of missing connections in passing from one city to another.

It would have been hard to say whether the citizens of Snagtown were more astonished or indignant. A public meeting was called the day before the Abolitionists were advertised to speak, to determine what means could be taken in this emergency. The Mayor presided, and the residents, not only of the village, but of all the surrounding country, urged to be present.

"I tell you, gentlemen—hem! hem!—it will never do," said Mr. Diggs, as he strutted about, his glasses on his nose, casting upward glances into the faces of those who were discussing the question. "Hem! hem! hem! I tell you it will not do at all," and he ex-aggerated emphatically upon the pavement,

"We must prevent Lincoln's speaking here, if we have to mob him. He comes not only to deprive us of our slaves, but to destroy the flag of Washington and Marion, the glorious Stars and Stripes! I, for one, am in favor of saying he shall not speak."

"So am I," said another.

"And so am I," said a third.

"And I, and I, and I," came responses from many voices.

"Hem! hem! hem!" began Mr. Diggs, shrugging his shoulders, and moving about furiously, indicating thereby how much in earnest he had become. "I tell you we must not permit it. Why, it's treason. Yes, sir; he teaches treason, and it's our duty, as law-abiding citizens, not to permit him to speak."

"Well, now, do you make them pints, when we have our meeting to-morrow night, said an illiterate Virginian.

"Hem, hem, hem!" began Mr. Diggs, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, his head on one side, kicking his feet alternately one against the other. "I will, hem, hem! I am going to make a speech just about an hour long—ha! ha! ha!—so that no one else will get a chance to put in a word, and we shall have it all our own way. The young lawyer, highly pleased with the favor that he flattered himself he was gaining politically, finished his sentence with a gleeful chuckle, and strutted about, swelling with his own importance.

All over the village could be seen groups of men, from five to twenty in number, discussing the propriety of allowing "Abe Lincoln" to speak in the village. A majority seemed opposed to it, and a few of the more reckless spirits talked of tar and feathers and fence rails.

The evening for the public meeting, which was to decide the all-important question, arrived. The town hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Tompkins and his two sons were present, and so was Uncle Dan, the mountaineer. The meeting was called to order and the Mayor took the chair. He was a man past the meridian of life, a slaveholder and a royal Southerner. The long, white beard falling down upon his breast gave him a patriarchal look.

The uproar and confusion of tongues were hushed, and all awaited the speaker in anxious silence.

A call was made on any one present to state the object of the meeting. A man sprang at once to his feet, and succinctly informed the chairman that the "object of this meeting" is to determine the question whether or not it is best to "low Abraham Lincoln, the great Abolitionist, to speak in the town. I believe them all the pints to be discussed," and he set down. Another and more voluble speaker arose and addressed the meeting. He was of the class called "fire-eaters," and was strongly and directly opposed to Lincoln's visit to Snagtown. His speech was replete with the vilest imputations his brain could conceive, or his tongue utter, against the Republican party. He regarded them as robbers, as enemies who should be shot down, and he was in favor of greeting Abe Lincoln with tar and feathers if he dared show himself in Snagtown.

Several others spoke in the same vein, and then Mr. Diggs rose. His speech of an hour proved not half so long. It was full of empty-sounding words and borrowed ideas, for there was little originality about Mr. Diggs.

As far, had been against the proposed debate, between Lincoln and Douglas, but now a man rose in the audience whose word always carried weight. It was Mr. Tompkins, the planter.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, in even, modulated tones, "I am, indeed, surprised that men of intelligence should give vent to such expressions and such feelings as we have heard this evening—men who know the law, and claim to be law-abiding citizens. Are we savages or border ruffians, that we must be swayed and controlled by mob law? Have we not a Constitution and Constitutional privileges? Have we not statute laws to protect us against wrongs which others may inflict? Then why resort to mob law? Why disgrace our fair State and put the blush of shame on all our good citizens by attacking, like outlaws, a stranger among us? Our Constitution gives us all freedom of speech, and we have no right to deny any man the Constitutional privilege."

Mr. Tompkins proceeded quietly, but forcibly, pointing out to the malcontents the error of their plans. In conclusion, he said:

"I may be the only one in the house who opposes these views, but as one I say this, though I be alone. I will oppose with violence the attempt to injure Mr. Lincoln. You are not compelled to vote for him, even to hear him speak; but if Mr. Lincoln comes here, by Heaven! he shall speak."

"So say I, and I swear if any sorry hound attempts the mob-law business, he'll have to cross my carcass fast." The speaker was Uncle Dan, and as he spoke he drew up his tall figure by the side of Mr. Tompkins, holding his ominous-looking rifle in his hand.

Abner also rose and took his place at his father's side, but Oliah kept his seat. This was the first visible difference of opinion between the brothers.

Several who had been emboldened by Mr. Tompkins' words now declared that they thought it best not to oppose Mr. Lincoln's speaking there, as it would increase his popularity in other localities.

One or two of the more fiery replied, maintaining that their case was beyond the remedy of civil law; that mob law was the only law which should be meted out to scoundrels and Abolition thieves, and if some of the citizens intended to espouse the cause of Abe Lincoln, and fight for him, now was as good as any to settle the matter. A riot seemed inevitable, but a laughable event now happened, changing anger into mirth.

Mr. Diggs, fearing that his legal knowledge would be called into question, now rose and said:

"I wish to make one other statement, in order to put myself right before the people. I knew the Constitutional law referred to by Mr. Tompkins, giving every man freedom of speech, and I can give you the book and the page."

"Oh, you need not," said a wag in the audience. "Answer this question instead: Are you Crazy Joe's mud man, and why did you leave before he came back to exhibit you?"

"Oh, stop that nonsense! I came here to talk sense, not to hear of a fool's ravings," cried the indignant Mr. Diggs.

But everybody had heard the story of the mud man, and hostile feelings now gave way to laughter. The laugh was kept up until Mr. Diggs became enraged and left the assembly, swearing that they were "all a pack of fools."

A compromise was effected. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas were to be permitted to speak in a grove near the village, but not in the village itself. The next day Mr. Tompkins and Abner, and a few others, with the aid of their negroes, erected a speaker's stand, and arranged seats for an audience of over two thousand persons. There were still low murmurs of discontent, but the most bitter malcontents had been overruled by the firm stand taken by Mr. Tompkins. Many others had caught his spirit, and defied the hostile threats of the opponents of free speech.

The occasion had been so thoroughly ad-

vertised by the meeting and the threats and opposition of those who wanted to prevent it, that the whole country for miles around turned out. People on foot on horseback, on carriages and in wagons, came until thousands were on the spot, many prompted by curiosity to see the bold Abolitionist who dared invade the sacred soil of Virginia and propound his infamous doctrine.

About ten o'clock two carriages rolled in from the nearest railroad station, bearing the two disputants, with friends of each in attendance. There was an eager craning of necks, and a hushed whisper went through the vast audience as the two opponents for the highest political honors of the country descended from the carriage.

"Who are they?" "Where are they?" "Is that big, two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder Douglas?" "Is that short, stout-built man, with big burns, Lincoln?" and a hundred other questions of a like character were asked.

A few preliminaries were arranged. Mr. George Washington Tompkins was chosen chairman, and took his place on the stand. The New York reporters were present with note-books and pencils.

The first speaker introduced was Mr. Stephen A. Douglas. His speech—eloquent, patriotic and straightforward—generously concluded with an exhortation to the audience to listen calmly, without any expression of bitterness, to his opponent, who chanced to differ from him on the great question of the day. When Mr. Douglas took his seat, Mr. Tompkins rose and introduced Mr. Abraham Lincoln, a tall man, wearing short, dark whiskers on his chin, and with hair slightly streaked with gray.

A subdued hiss from many lips was heard as the great "Abolition candidate" arose.

After a smile as of compassion upon his audience, Mr. Lincoln began speaking. He talked mildly and candidly, yet freely, notwithstanding the feeling evinced by some of his hearers. Those deep, rich tones rang and forcibly expounded the principles of the Republican party, showing them to have been either misunderstood or misrepresented by his opponent. Many who had come to prevent the hated Abolitionist from speaking now listened with interest. This was not such inquisitive doctrine after all. Every point made by Mr. Douglas was successfully met, and his own argument sprang against him. Mr. Lincoln spoke for two hours, and at the conclusion of his address his bitter enemies were forced to admit that he was a man of immense power. His oratory was so grandly sublime in effect that when he took his seat an outbreak of applause, which could not be suppressed, could not be restrained, burst from the spell-bound audience.

Mr. Tompkins went to the meeting a Douglas man, but he left with the full determination to vote for Abraham Lincoln at the coming Fall election, as did Uncle Dan and many others. This was truly a transition period, as the whole world was to learn in a few short months. The Whig party was dwindling away, and slavery was withered and scorched before the fiery eloquence of Lincoln, Sumner, and other millar orators. Freedom was dawning, but it was to be ushered in with fire, and sword, and death.

Mr. Tompkins and his sons were late in coming home that evening. Abner and Oliah sat side by side in the family carriage, yet neither spoke. Hitherto, every event had been fully discussed; every feeling shared by the brothers; but a silence that was almost coolness now sealed their lips. A thousand conflicting thoughts swept through their minds.

Abner was convicted, converted, by the new doctrine to which he had listened, and the melodious voice of the orator was still ringing in his ears as the carriage rolled homeward. He still seemed to see the tall, rugged form and plain face, lit up with something rarer than beauty by his eloquent pleading for four millions of enslaved human beings.

Oliah was in a gloomy mood. He had listened with angry impatience to the exposition of views so different from his own, and that his father should have presided over the meeting, and stood openly side by side with the Abolitionist, stung his Southern prejudices and vexed him to the soul.

The trio were driven home in silence, and parted for the night, without any reference to the events of the day.

At the table the next morning the discussion of the day before was alluded to. Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, Abner and Oliah, sat for some moments in silence—a silence both painful and awkward, and, in this family circle, unusual; but Irene entered the breakfast room, bright and unconscious, eager to know all that had passed at Snagtown the day before.

"We heard an excellent speech," said Abner.

"Yes; Douglas did well," put in Oliah.

"I mean Mr. Lincoln," said Abner.

"Douglas' speech was good, but his position was entirely demolished by Mr. Lincoln's eloquent reasoning."

"You don't call the harangue of that contemptible old demagogue reasoning, do you?" asked Oliah, astonished and indignant.

"I certainly do," replied Abner. "His reasoning appeared to me clear, and his conclusions logical."

"And I," cried Oliah, laying down his knife and fork in his excitement, "I declare I never before heard so much sophistry, and not very plausible sophistry, either."

"You are prejudiced," said Abner, coolly. "It is you who are prejudiced. Why he actually asserted we would be more prosperous if there was not a slave in the United States."

"Yes, and proved his assertion," said Abner.

"Oh, you let him pull the wool over your eyes. There was a sneer in his voice. 'I tell you there was neither logic nor reason in what he said. No logical conclusions can be drawn from false premises; no assertions can stand unsupported by proof.'"

"What did he assert that he did not prove?" asked Abner.

"What did he prove that he asserted?" "You evade my question by asking another."

"Precisely the same plan Mr. Lincoln adopted," replied Oliah.

"You are prejudiced against Mr. Lincoln, Oliah. Now, tell me what he said that any fair-minded man in the world can not agree to?"

prejudiced against Mr. Lincoln," said the father, good-humoredly.

"You may call it prejudice or what you like, father," Oliah answered, his flushed face showing how deep was his feeling; "but if Mr. Lincoln is elected you will not have a nigger when his term is over, if he should be permitted to take his seat."

"Why, my son, you can't think he would not be permitted to take his seat?"

"That is a question, father. Each State has its rights. Southern people have rights, and rather than be cheated of them they may resort to force."

"Now, Oliah," said Abner, "you don't for a moment suppose that if Mr. Lincoln should be chosen President by the voters of the United States, that any considerable body of intelligent people could be found who would be unfair enough, or foolishly enough, to attempt to prevent him from taking his seat?"

"I certainly do," answered Oliah, with an air of conviction.

"You are a Democrat; do you not hold with us Democrats that the majority should rule?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Oliah, hotly. "The North and the East outnumber the South, and they have formed a combination for her ruin, and the impoverishment of her people. They have nothing at stake in Lincoln's election; we have everything. They have nothing to lose—we, all. Our interests conflict. They see an opportu-

and growing South, and have set their inventive Yankee genius at work to compass its ruin. Our cotton fields, our rice fields, our sugar crops, our tobacco crops, are the production of slave labor, and the abundant wealth of the South excites the emulation of the cold and envious North. If they can deprive us of this slave labor, they will have killed the goose that lays our golden eggs, and may surpass us in wealth and power. This they have determined to do. They have tried it by legislation, and so far have failed. They outnumber us in votes, because there every worthless fellow's vote counts as much as that of a Governor or a man who owns a thousand slaves. How can they accomplish our ruin? By electing as president a man whose every breath is poison to slavery; a man who may, at any time, under the fancied exigencies of the moment, declare all slaves free. Their plans are deep and shrewd, but there are heads in the South as wise as their's, and we can see the danger in time to avert it."

"You are crazy, Oliah," said Abner; "your very words are treason."

"If treason, then his mother is infected with the same disease, and, in the language of Patrick Henry, 'If this be treason, make the most of it,'" said Mrs. Tompkins, with a laugh, in which all joined.

"I am sure we ought to get at the truth of this question," said Mr. Tompkins; "we have both sides represented."

"Who will judge between us?" asked Mrs. Tompkins.

"All have taken sides except Irene. Which side are you on?" asked Oliah.

"I know nothing about either side," the girl answered, lightly; "so how can I choose?"

Mrs. Tompkins' love for her sunny land was next in her heart to her love for her husband, and forced her to espouse a cause which, to her, seemed patriotic. This was the only question on which she and her husband differed, and it was avoided by both as much as possible, yet sometimes, in spite of their precautions, it would creep into their family conversations.

"Irene is the proper one to act as judge," said Abner.

"Why?" Irene lifted her eyes in wonder. "Because you know nothing about it."

"Do they make the best judges who know the least?"

"Frequently; and a juror who knows anything of the case he is to pass a verdict on is incompetent, to you are a competent juror, any way, Irene; and as one woman is equal to twelve men you can complete the entire panel."

"I beg pardon of the court," said Irene, rising from the table, "but I can not sit on this jury. I am prejudiced on both sides. I have friends on both sides, and I could not render an unbiased verdict."

"That's no excuse," said Abner.

"If it's not, the new piece of music you bought me, so I leave you to your discussion, and hope you may effect a happy compromise." She was gone.

There was a moment's silence, and then the rippling music of her voice filled the halls and rooms of the great house.

"I wish the name she bears was rightly hers, though I am glad she is not my sister," Abner said to himself. The same thought flashed through Oliah's mind, and, as usual, the mobile face betrayed his thoughts. Every one seemed almost to understand his feelings.

Irene had just returned from school, an accomplished beauty and an acknowledged belle.

No wonder strange emotions stirred the hearts of the brothers, and that thoughts gained entrance in their breasts which might prove more disastrous than mere political differences.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELECTION AND THE RESULT.

The election of 1860 was an exciting one. No means were spared to poll every possible vote. Lincoln was the Republican candidate, Douglas a Northern, and Breckinridge a Southern Democrat, and Bell the Whig and "Know-Nothing" candidate, and all four parties worked vigorously.

Mr. Tompkins and his sons reached Snagtown early in the morning. The village was already alive with the stir and excitement. The polls opened at sunrise, and men were soon crowding around them, quarreling, disputing, joking. The morning air was crisp and frosty, and the people were compelled to walk about briskly to keep from being chilled.

A dirty faced urchin, with a pumpkin under one arm and some turnips under the other, paused in front of the polls, and, stretching out his neck like a young rooster achieving his first crow, bawled out:

"Hurrah for Douglas!"

It was the first patriotic wave which had caused an undulation of his infantile breast. There chanced to be another boy, more dirty than the first, sitting on a fence near by gnawing an apple-core. His "pa" was a Breckinridge man, and regarding this outburst as a challenge, he threw away the apple-core and fell with fury upon him from the stomach of the Douglasite, he sent boy, pumpkin, and turnips into the gutter.

The enraged young Douglasite scrambled to his feet, and, leaving his vegetables behind, started in hot pursuit of the now fleeing Breckinridgeite, while shouts and cheers went up from the many spectators.

Mr. Diggs came along, engaged in conversation with a farmer whom he was trying to persuade to vote for himself and Breckinridge, for Mr. Diggs was a candidate for the office of District Attorney. On account of his small stature, the candidate was compelled to walk with upturned face, in order to watch the effect of his words upon the Virginian. The sidewalk being crowded, they had taken the middle of the street, and Mr. Diggs

struck his toe with such force against the abandoned pumpkin that he was thrown down and, falling on the pumpkin, he rolled with it into the gutter, which was half full of mud and water. Shouts and yells of laughter greeted Mr. Diggs as he scrambled to his feet and picked up the glasses which he had lost in his fall.

"By Jingo, Diggs, ye look like Crazy Joe's mud man now!" cried some one from the crowd.

This was too much for the candidate, and, with something very much like an oath, he hurried away to change his clothes.

As the day advanced, the crowd increased, and as electioneering progressed, the crowd became very noisy.

There was Mr. Snag, a direct descendant of the founder of Snagtown, who claimed political honors. He was a candidate for County Judge. He had been one of the pioneers, had bought Indians, bears, wolves, growing country, and rattle-snakes, to establish a workingman's friend, and was now ready to sacrifice himself on