

CHAPTER XXV

THE RISING

WHEN Alcazardo heard next morning that one of his new slaves was dead, he fell into a fit of ungovernable fury. He had spared the fellow a whipping so that he might live — and, behold, the rascal had died, thus cheating the unfortunate *don* of the pleasure of counting ten more lashes as well as of the price paid to Duval. He raved like a madman; and as for the fellow who brought him the news, he received a blow on the side of the head from a candlestick that laid him flat for half the day.

Then the *don* set out for the field in which the English slaves were at work. He carried in his hand a long and limber stick of the West Indian vine called supplejack. Upon reaching the toiling, weary fellows, he laid about him cruelly, striking their aching legs and raw backs with merciless, slashing cuts.

“I’ll soon have you all on the dunghill where your shipmate was thrown this morning,” he cried.

At that, the Virginian’s rage overcame his caution.