

every day. On Mr. Calhoun's arrival, he was almost caught in ambush, being misled, and saved himself only by splendid marksmanship. He was attacked by six rebels of whom he killed four, and riding his wounded horse over the other two he escaped. Then he set the hounds to work and the rebellion in that district was soon over."

"It was gathering strength with increasing tragedy elsewhere," remarked the governor. "Some took refuge in hidden places, and came out only to steal, rob, and murder—and worse. In one place, after a noted slave, well known for his treachery, had been killed—Khoftet was his name—his head was cut off by slaves friendly to us and his heart roasted and eaten. There is but one way to deal with these people. No gaming or drinking must be allowed, blowing of shells or beating of drums must be forbidden, and every free negro or mulatto must wear on his arm a sign—perhaps a cross in blue or red."

"Slavery is doomed," said Sheila firmly. "Its end is not far off."

"Well, they still keep slaves in the land of Washington and Alexander Hamilton. They are better off here at any rate than in their own country, where they were like animals among whom they lived. Here they are safe from poverty, cared for in sickness, and have no fear of being handed over to the keepers of carrion, or being the food of the gallinaso. They can feed their fill on fricasees of macaca worms and steal without punishment teal or ring-tailed pigeons and black crabs from the massa."

"But they are not free. They are atoms in heaps of dust. They have no rights—no liberties."

Sheila was agitated, but she showed no excitement.