

Can light in muddiest souls quick seeds of fire,
And strain life's chords to th' old heroic mould.

11.

Yet are there other gifts more fair than thine,
Nor can I count him happiest who has never
Been forced with his own hand his chains to sever.
And for himself find out the way divine;
He never knew the aspirer's glorious pains,
He never earned the struggle's priceless gains.

Oh! block by block, with sure and sharp endeavor,
Life-long we build these human natures up
Into a temple fit for Freedom's shrine,
And Trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherein we pour her sacrificial wine.

J. R. LOWELL.

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Chronotype.

Story of Ellen Crafts.

Is a city about nine hundred miles south of Mason & Dixon's line, Ellen Crafts was held as a slave. Because we find her in this degrading condition, let it not be understood that she is a negro. Ellen Crafts, though a slave, is white; or, rather to be strictly correct, a brunette. She is now about nineteen or twenty years of age, and will readily pass in any circle as a dark colored white girl.—Girls dark as Ellen are as often met with, as those of fairer skins. We are not describing the chief attraction of a ball-room, but something more, when we say that firmness, intelligence, and perseverance are distinctly and impressively marked upon her countenance. Her hair is long, straight, and dark colored, nose prominent, eyes dark, large and expressive. We are thus particular, to show her connection with the Anglo-Saxon, and to show how little there is of any feature by which the enslaved race is so readily recognized.

In the city from which Ellen fled, she acted as body servant or slave to another young woman, possibly her sister—for our knowledge of the "patriarchal institution" leads readily and naturally to that inference.

While in this situation she married.—It is for the profit of the master that early marriages should be a law of custom. The union contracted by Ellen proved to be a happy one. The husband, William—slaves have no right to other names—has proved himself to be every way worthy of her. By his industry, and by turning night into day, he contrived to procure enough money to purchase a portion of his time from the man who claimed to own him. It cost William all he had, but it procured him privileges which enabled him, by assiduous application, to lay by another store,—a larger portion of which, the lion's share, went to swell the master's ill-gotten gains,—for new and dear-bought privileges.

By dint of saving and starving, William contrived to accumulate for himself and wife, enough to purchase for each many little comforts and privileges.—They were thus enabled to ameliorate their condition, and were for a time happy. Though not permitted to see each other often more than once a week, they had many secret meetings.

These stolen interviews were sweet and precious. Were they not, ye, who love the wife of your affections?—Thoughts of their condition, their hard lot, mingled with unavailing regrets, without doubt, were the principal ones exchanged between them. But this condition they were constrained to endure, almost joyfully, in view of the greater deprivation and sufferings of their fellow slaves.

Privileges like these, however, were destined to bear their rich harvest.—Thoughts of liberty are never long absent from a slave or prisoner. Hope beckons forever, even through sorest ills. This was the great subject, between Ellen and William. In the long lone hours of the night, that were but ushering in, to them, another day of bondage, the Spirit of Liberty visited them. Not inappropriate to their condition is the exclamation of David; "As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

It is quite certain that they could have escaped from the city in which they were. But whither could they flee?—Without a place, without means of support, hunted by every slave-catcher, "like the partridge upon the mountains," surrounded by enemies, their capture was certain; and stripes, separation, accumulated woes, would be their lot.

These considerations filled their hearts with sadness. But Liberty ever bright and fair, bade them hope on. For many weeks they thought over every plan of escape which promised success, but could find none.

They had heard vaguely of the abolitionists of the North; but they had been represented to them as monsters more to be dreaded than the slave-driver himself, and their hopes led them not that way.—Still they would inquire concerning them, and one day sufficient was learned to determine their course. They would flee to the Abolitionists.

Their Star in the East had indeed arisen, but how could they follow its glorious path? The nearest city to them was Philadelphia, a distance of 1,000 miles, a weary way for fugitives from slavery. But the determination once formed, every obstacle was to be overcome. Accordingly their sleeping and waking thoughts were given to find out the way to the spot where Liberty dwelt.

The first obstacle to be overcome was to secure the necessary funds for the proposed flight. By double toil, by a more than miserly saving, a sufficient sum

was acquired. They were, for slaves, rather rich; and now freedom or death, really than slavery, was their joint language.

The plan adopted displays a degree of ingenuity which could not have been acquired under the ordinary circumstances of life. Solitary confinement or a life of perpetual bondage are the only incentives which bring out all the latent ingenuity of the man. The thoughts of the captive are upon one point. The whole energy and strength of his mind are directed to one aim. Let such an one see but the slightest probability of success, though it be but the faintest glimmer, and that faith, which overcomes mountains, lifts the man into the paradise he would gain. That faith secures the boon.

It was decided that Ellen should personate an invalid young man, and that William should represent the servant.—The plan proposed involved a large expenditure, since young men who travel with their servants are supposed to be rich. But it secured this great, this abounding advantage. By this disguise they could take the public highway, and the most rapid conveyances. Beside, the very boldness, the originality of the plan was designed to be their greatest safeguard, for who would look for a fugitive from slavery under the hat of a pale-faced, sickly youth, pursuing his way North, in quest of health, attended by a serving man?

So far the plan. Its execution was now the great point. Could a disguise, impenetrable to the slave-catchers, whose scent is like the blood-hound's and with the blood-hound, be procured? Over this vital question Ellen and William pondered day and night, with palpitating hearts. But that genius which gave the bold scheme birth, was yet fertile in resources. The first idea was a prestige of its full accomplishment.

There was no point, however minute, in the habiliments of a young man, that was not studied with as much care as ever Newton or Herschel studied the heavens. This was necessary, for a young woman who first attempts the apparel of a boy is sure to be discovered at the first glance, by an accurate observer.—Hence Ellen practiced nightly in her new garb until she had become thoroughly trained.

But to the dress itself. A slave cannot purchase a suit unquestioned, as another person may. Therefore extreme caution became necessary, else the cherished scheme of months would have been discovered and overthrown. Then they must die, for "if hope be dead, why seek to live?"

William was the purchaser.—At various places and different times, under numerous pretexts he bought the required articles. The hat was a very high bell crowned, or as he stated it, "a double story hat." Next he bought a sack, which, on being put on, proved "a sack too wide," but Ellen thought that was no objection, as "sacks never fit!"—The vest proved to be a very long one, reaching below the hips, but fashionably cut; and as it was "all the go," was adopted without demur, especially as the sack could be buttoned over and hide the disproportion of its size. Then the pantaloons were of most liberal dimensions, and boots, more easily obtained, completed this part of the wardrobe. A pair of green glasses were procured for the purpose of making Ellen look older, for, when fitted out in her new rig, she looked exceedingly young; besides, her features might be recognized by any person whom they might meet, that knew them, while upon their journey.

These preparations having been made, a day was appointed for their flight.—That day, so fraught with all their wild-est hopes, arrived. Nothing had been omitted. Two trunks were obtained, sufficiently ponderous for the baggage of a young man on his travels. Nothing had been forgotten. As it became necessary to register names at hotels and sign a certificate for the slave, "the servant who accompanied young master," a bandage and a sling for Ellen's right arm was thought of; why? She could not read or write. As imperinent travelers might scan the young man's face too closely, a convenient swelling, which required poulticing, enveloped her cheeks. As valuable and inquisitive persons might be too particular in their inquiries, sickness, fatigue of traveling and the swelling would be a sufficient excuse against rudeness for not answering.

Thus equipped, William, having nerved his courage up, went boldly to the ticket office and purchased a "through ticket" for "young master" and myself "for Philadelphia." No questions were asked and the tickets were obtained.

Next morning the fearful and dangerous passage was commenced. At the depot, Ellen was not recognized. So complete was her disguise, a porter there, one of our early suitors, addressed her as "young master." She kindly bestowed upon him a small trifle to encourage him in politeness.

Along the road, at the various stopping places, the "sickly youth" received the blessings of many for his liberality in rewarding any slight service. Their custom was to put up at the first hotels, for they determined to travel as "big-bugs."

They passed through many perils and hair-breadth escapes, but not once did Ellen's courage fail, or her immitable and unapproachable endurance and perseverance give way, during all their journey through the Slave States. After the cars left Baltimore for Philadelphia, William, wearied with anxiety and watching, laid

himself down to sleep in the "Jim Crow car," where he invariably rode, for a slave could not presume to ride with his master. It was his invariable practice to run nervously back at every stopping place to see that "young master was safe." For this affectionate attention, he received the approbation of many passengers, and was rewarded with several presents. And from Washington to Baltimore, his devotedness to his master's health was pointed out to several Northern gentlemen as an evidence of the close bonds of affection subsisting between master and slave.

We left William sleeping in the "Jim Crow car." At Havre de Grace, where the Ferry is crossed, William remained sleeping. Ellen was called up with the other passengers to change cars. But where was her husband? Here courage began to fail and despair to seize upon her. She dreaded the worst, a woeful disappointment, so near the goal of their desires. She could not be comforted until the baggage-master relieved her, by rudely waking the "black rascal" who so neglected his master. We will not attempt to describe Ellen's feelings when she was relieved from her fears.

They arrived in Philadelphia on Sabbath morning, God's day of rest, a day of rest to them, from all their toils and sufferings. What an appropriate ending for such a journey. It was commenced on Wednesday, and they consequently traveled one thousand miles in four days and a half, through the enemy's country. An escape as difficult,—and to them far more glorious—than Bonaparte's journey from Egypt through a coast and sea studded with the British fleet.

Employing Time.

On thanksgiving day an Irish woman called at an apothecary's and wanted to know what was good for a man!

"Why, what's the matter with your man?"

"Please sir, is it castor-ile, or salts that's good for him?"

"How can I tell you unless you let me know what is the matter with him?"

"Is the matter with him? Bless God, there is nothing the matter with him; but he had a leisure day, and he thought he would take something."

Was this Irishman any more ignorant than hundreds of others who should know better, who do not hesitate to deluge their internals with medicine, when, if they hadn't too much leisure, nothing would be the matter with them?

A Great State.

Old Massachusetts, says an exchange has ever taken the lead in what is great, good, useful and profitable. She established the first school in the United States, the first academy, the first college. She sat up the first press, printed the first book and the first newspaper. She planted the first apple tree and caught the first whale. She coined the first money, and hoisted the first national flag. She made the first canal, and the first rail-road. She invented the first mouse-trap and washing machine, and sent the first ship to discover Islands and continents in the South Sea. She produced the first philosopher, and made the first pin. She fired the first gun in the Revolution, and gave John Bull his first beating, and put her hand first to the Declaration of Independence. She invented Yankee Doodle, and gave a name forever to the Universal Yankee Nation. Truly a great State is Massachusetts.

Cassius M. Clay's Son.

In the rencontre between C. M. Clay and Mr. Turner, we learn that a brother of Turner rushed to the rescue, stabbing Mr. Clay, whereupon a son of Mr. Clay, aged about 12 years, without one moment's deliberation,—rushed on his father's assailant, thrusting a large knife into him whom our readers are aware is since dead. The little hero! also procured a pistol for his father to shoot Turner, the one he had stabbed, but the father, who for the moment was speechless, heeded not his importunities.—*Cin. Com.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—One writing from California, thus expatiates on the glorious workings of the gallows in that country:

"We hang for everything. If a man inserts his digits into your sieve, or your bag, or bucket, with the intention of exacting a few scales, the penalty is hanging. Murder and gouging have the same penalty prescribed, and the consequence is, we have but little stealing and less rioting. When we have anybody to hang, we don't erect a gibbet, the way you do at home, but just hoist 'em up 'n a tree for the purpose. The system works well."

A REVEREND RUNSELLER.—The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman on his way to California, dated:

"RIO JANEIRO, April 15, '49."

We begin to discover what our company is composed of. Mr.—, who has been a minister, and who is the oldest professor of religion among us, is now temporarily engaged in a store in the city and is selling liquor on the Sabbath.—Some of our passengers stepped into the store to-day, and one of the sailors of the ship came in half drunk, went up to the counter and called for grog; Mr.— waited upon him and received from the sailor this thundering broadside in return—"Brother —, this is pretty business for a clergyman on Sunday, to be dealing out liquor to us poor devils!"