

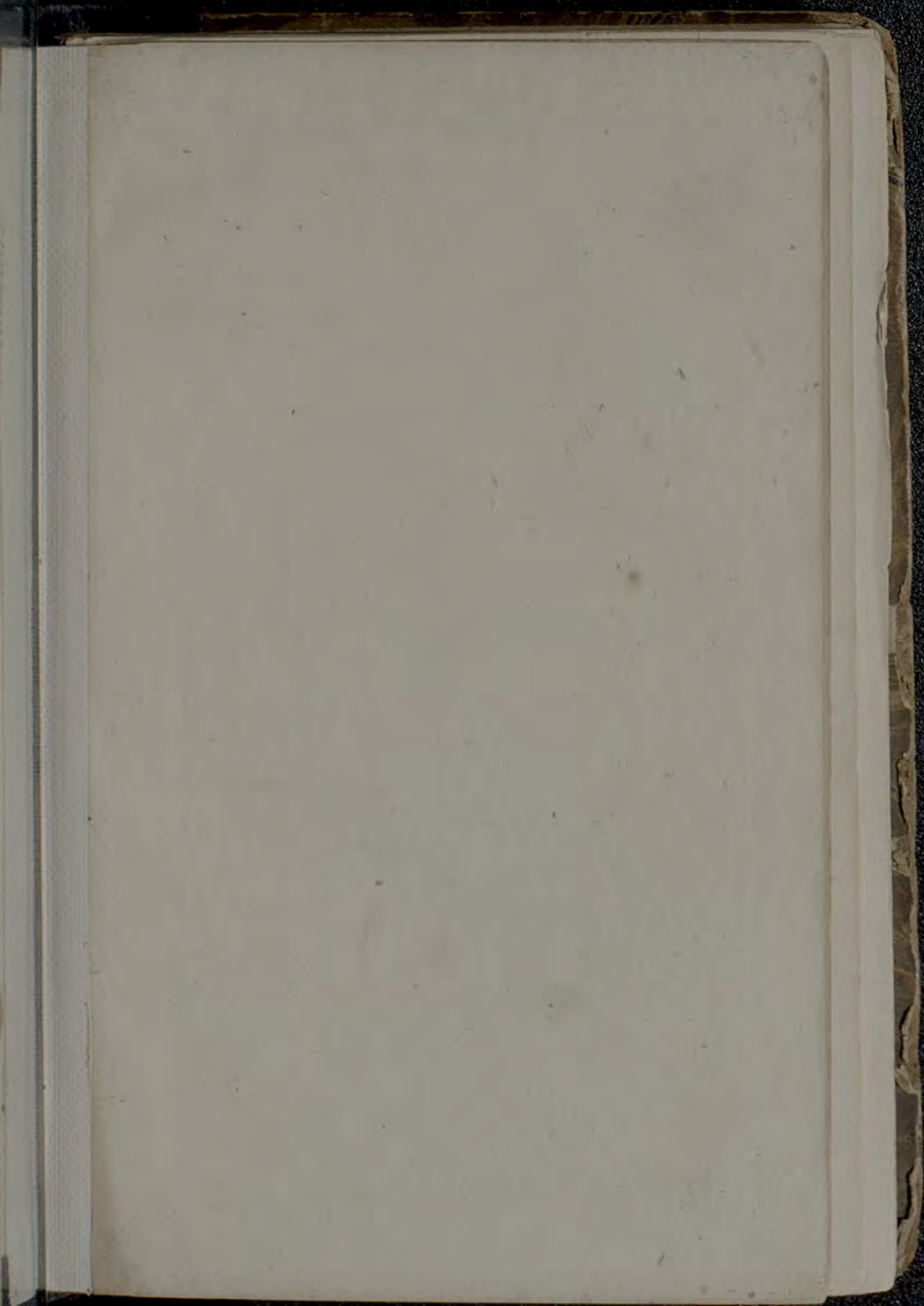
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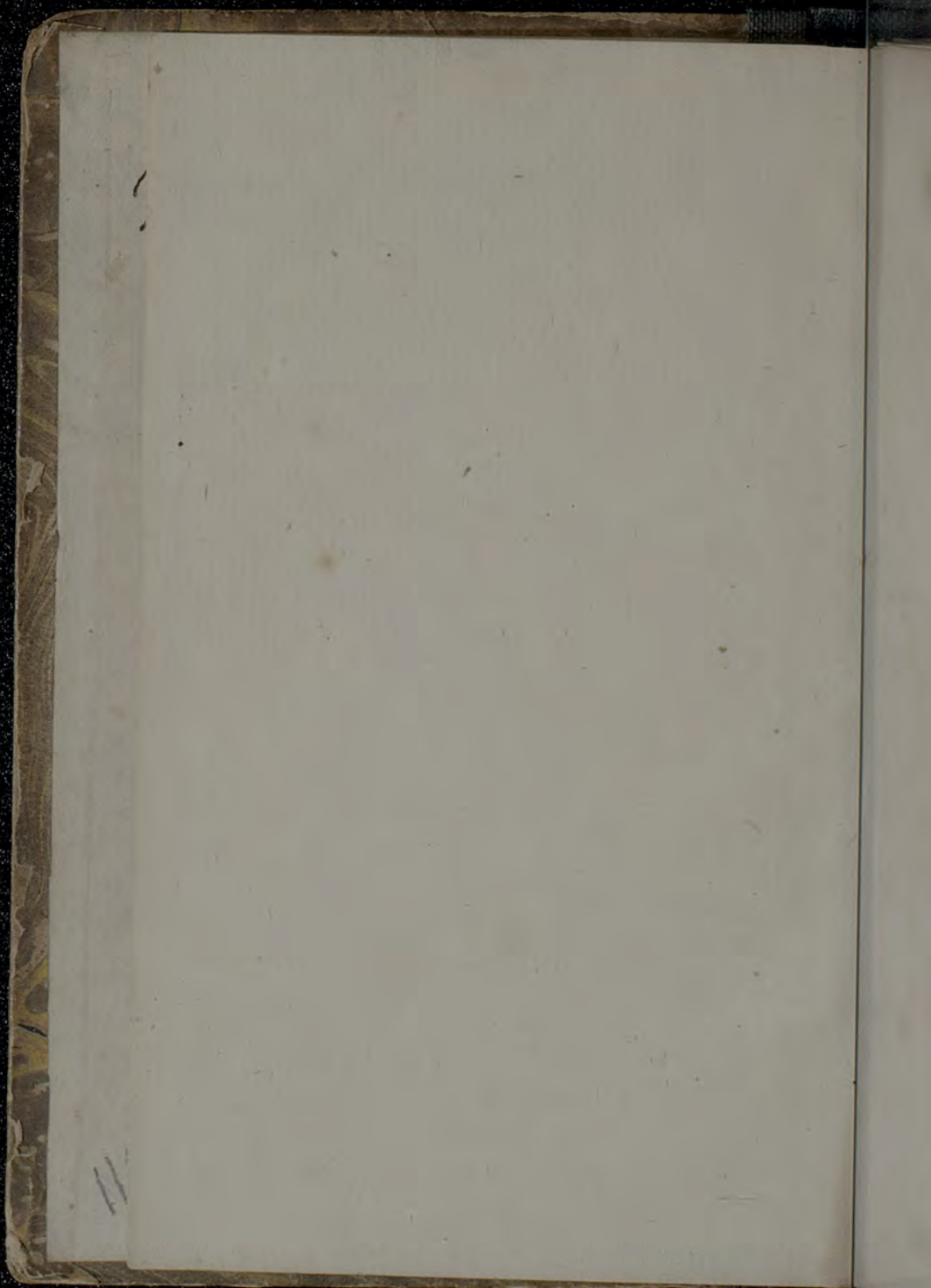
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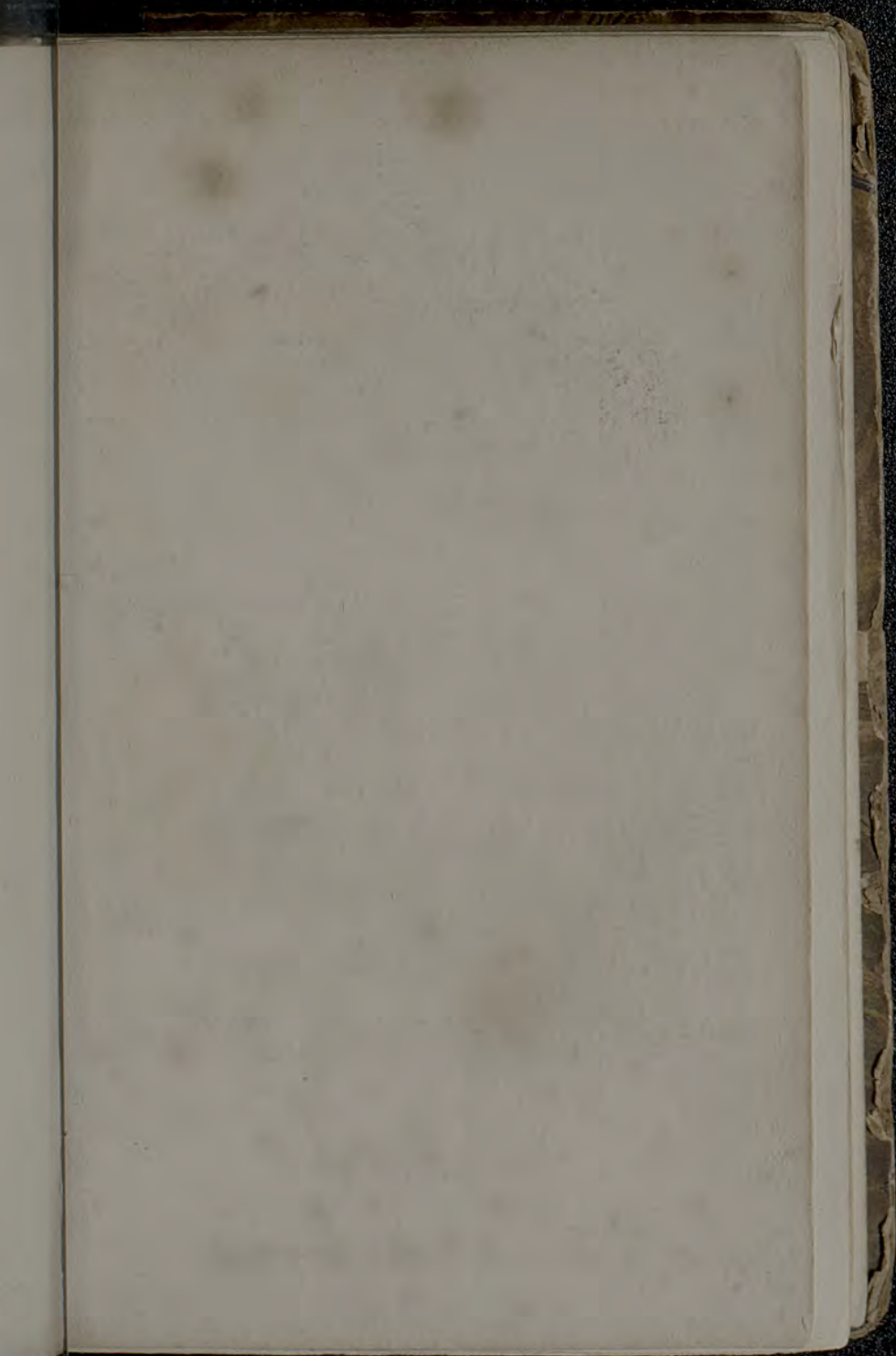
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*Pub<sup>d</sup> Aug. 1 1828 by J. Harris corner of N. East St.*

THE  
ADVENTURES OF CONGO  
IN  
SEARCH OF HIS MASTER ;

A Tale.

CONTAINING  
A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A SHIPWRECK.

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FOURTH EDITION.

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LONDON:  
J. HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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1832.

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## PREFACE.

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WELL remembering that, when I was myself a child, I always skipped over all prefaces and advertisements, I do not now address myself to the young readers for whom the following pages are written. This Advertisement is for the information of judicious parents, teachers, or friends, who, in turning over the numerous publications which crowd the juvenile

library, seek some indication of the contents of each work, before they can decide on what will suit the age or taste of the child, for whom the purchase is designed.

The History of Congo is written for children from ten to twelve years of age. Its pretensions to their favour are founded on the *facts* which it contains, and which, in a verbal narration, have entertained and interested so many children, that the writer was induced on that account to commit them to paper.

Every anecdote in the following pages is taken from real life; and all the circumstances of the shipwreck

were related to the Author by one of the sufferers, whose veracity can be relied on; and, as children early display a preference of truth to fiction, the Author has often rejoiced in being able to reply in the affirmative to the earnest inquiry, "Is it all *true* that you have been telling us?" This merit in the eyes of children will also recommend the Work to such parents as think, with the Author, that it is a great pity the young mind should ever lose its preference for truth, and that much harm has been done by allowing so large a portion of juvenile reading to consist of *baby novels*.

The History of Congo, though merely

erving to connect the various anecdotes it contains, is also intended to illustrate the force and value of a religious education ; and to shew how good principles, early imbibed, will enable even a child to resist temptation, and struggle through the greatest difficulties : and that a proper trust and confidence in God soothes the most trying hours, and has its reward even in this world.

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THE  
ADVENTURES OF CONGO.

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH OF THE HERO.

“GOOD morning, Massa! Glad see you look cleb-ber dis morning, Massa!” said the affectionate Congo, as he suddenly entered his master’s dressing-room; at the door of which he had been anxiously listening for an hour, in the hope of hearing some noise, which might prove that his master was up; so eager was he to communicate to him the circumstance which had made his own heart overflow with joy. Mr. Stewart was dressing; and Congo’s entrance, a few minutes earlier than usual, would have surprised him, had he not instantly read, in the ani-

mated countenance of his black servant, that he came to announce something, which he could hardly repress long enough to give his master his usual salutation: with the same breath he added, "Me got great news for Massa."

"Indeed, Congo! What may it be?"

"Congo got a little one."

"Ah! I give you joy! And what is it?"

"Massa, guess."

"A girl?"

"No, Massa, not a girl; guess again."

"A boy, Congo?"

"Ah, Massa! somebody tell you!"

Mr. Stewart could not refrain from laughing at this simple observation; and Congo laughed too, though from a different cause. Joy in his breast was like that of a child; and his happiness on this occasion made him laugh, dance, and sing, all the day long: nor was his mirth imputed to him as a fault by any of Mr. Stewart's family. Unlike some heartless and selfish people, who dis-



like that cheerfulness of disposition which generally characterizes men of colour when well treated, Mr. Stewart delighted in it; and often used to say, that the gaiety of a negro's disposition is a striking instance of the goodness of Providence, who gives to the most oppressed part of mankind a buoyancy of spirits, which enables them to enjoy to the utmost whatever intervals of happiness are allowed them.

Mr. Stewart was a native of Virginia, one of the most fertile and extensive of the eastern States of North America, but one in which slavery still exists. The chief production of the country is tobacco; and the large tracts of land, called plantations, on which it is grown, give the name of planters to their possessors. Mr. Stewart's father had been one of the richest of the Virginian planters, and left to his eldest son very large estates, with an immense number of slaves: the former in a most flourishing condition; the latter as happy as men can be, who, de-

prived of liberty, are entirely dependent on the will of an individual. Mr. Stewart had been educated in Philadelphia, the capital of a State where no species of slavery is allowed, and where the laws are as mild as is consistent with personal security: there he had imbibed such sentiments and opinions as made him revolt from the idea of being a slave-holder: and when, on the death of his father, he returned to Virginia, and took possession of his estates there, his detestation of the principles of slavery was not lessened by finding that the state of his father's slaves formed a happy contrast to that of the greater part of this unfortunate race. He considered, that whilst a few had good masters, and were rendered comparatively comfortable, there must always be thousands who are daily suffering from the inhumanity of their owners, or the brutality of their overseers. He knew that the dependence of a slave degraded his character, and that the exercise of power in a slave-holder hardened

and corrupted the heart; he even dreaded the effect of it on his own mind, and resolved either to procure the emancipation of slaves in Virginia, or to give up the possession of his estates there.

Mr. Stewart was at first extremely sanguine in his project of immediate emancipation, and thought, like many others, that it might easily be accomplished: he was well acquainted with the venerable President of the United States, who was, like himself, a Virginian, and deeply affected by the condition of his coloured brethren in slavery there. Numerous were the schemes which they together formed for the abolition of slavery, throughout the republic; but to each of these some objection presented itself, which was, for the present, insurmountable; and after two years spent in fruitless endeavours to accomplish his favourite project, Mr. Stewart found himself obliged to relinquish it; and, leaving to the Legislature the care of gradually doing away that

grievance, which he had vainly attempted to abolish at once, he resolved to give up his estates to his younger brother, whose kind heart would, he knew, render him a good master, though, from being brought up in a slave country, his sentiments were not exactly like his own.

Mr. James Stewart was, in fact, so wholly incapable of entering into his elder brother's feelings upon the subject of slavery, that he secretly suspected him of being a little deranged in his intellects, and could with difficulty be persuaded to accept the very advantageous propositions made him by his brother; by these he became much the richer of the two, and stepped into a situation of ease and luxury, whilst his crazy brother, as he called him, left the country, to establish himself as a merchant in Philadelphia.

This sacrifice of property to right principle and good feeling, produced a rich reward in the breast of Mr. Stewart, and was

attended, in his future career, by the Divine blessing. Successful in all his undertakings, and beloved by all who knew him, happily married, and the father of a large family,—he never ceased to bless the hour when he resolved to exchange the life of a Virginian planter, for that of a Philadelphian merchant.

It was some years after this change of residence, that the black servant already mentioned was so happy as to claim his notice; and as the circumstances under which Congo first met his future master, were such as interested the kind heart of Mr. Stewart, we shall give them at length in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

## ACCOUNT OF CONGO'S FATHER.

THE very hot weather, which, in Philadelphia, continues throughout September, had just given place to the chill gales of October; the storms, which generally prevail about the time of the autumnal equinox, had just set in; and the merchants, whose property was afloat on the broad ocean, and exposed to their influence, began to watch anxiously for the arrival of those ships which were supposed to be approaching the coast, when Mr. Stewart paid his usual morning visit to the quays.

The city of Philadelphia is finely situated near the mouth of the river Delaware; and on the handsome stone quays, one hundred feet broad, which extend along the sides of that magnificent river, are landed the various

productions of the four quarters of the globe; whilst the inhabitants of opposite hemispheres meet there and exchange the news of their far distant countries.

Mr. Stewart had taken his usual number of turns on the quay, had ascertained all the fresh arrivals, and heard the tidings of the day, when he was accosted by the master of a vessel, just arrived from the West Indies, and asked if he would like to treat with him for a fine negro, whom he had just brought from St. Jago? The question startled him extremely, and he was upon the point of returning to it a short but positive negative, when he recollected that he was not in a slave country, and thought he must have misunderstood the stranger's question. On inquiry, he found that the Captain had just come from an island where the inhabitants were suffering from a scarcity of provisions, and had brought with him several blacks, who had agreed to serve him for five years, provided he would take them away with

him ; and that it was one of these men whom he now wished to dispose of. This explanation satisfied Mr. Stewart that the Captain was not offering him for sale a fellow-creature, as he would one of the brute creation, but that he merely wished to transfer the services of a man who had voluntarily engaged himself for a certain period ; and the grief and indignation, which he had at first felt, gave place to a benevolent wish to oblige the Captain, whom he considered to have done a kind act, in bringing away some of the starving inhabitants of St. Jago. He thought it a pity that the man should be overburthened by the people he had rescued, and was easily persuaded to walk with him to that part of the quay where the vessel lay, and see the negro of whom he wished to dispose.

“Congo! you woolly-headed dog, come here!” roared out the Captain.

These epithets, though they really meant nothing in the mouth of the Captain, shocked



the feelings of Mr. Stewart, and made him look with increased interest at the fine athletic figure which obeyed that unchristian summons. As he approached, Mr. Stewart spoke kindly to him, but he understood so little of English, and spoke it so badly, that he did not venture any reply; and the Captain proceeded to make his bargain with Mr. Stewart, saying he had five years to serve, and he would take one hundred dollars for his time. On this the black turned quickly round upon the Captain, and uttered with great vehemence, a few words of broken English, which were perfectly unintelligible to Mr. Stewart. The Captain was much irritated by the interruption, and, pretending not to understand his meaning, endeavoured to silence him, but in vain; as often as he recommenced his conversation, the negro renewed his vehement gesticulations and his attempts to speak. The distress of the poor creature, at not being able to make himself understood, with his great eagerness

to be heard, and the Captain's anxiety that he should not be attended to, excited the curiosity of Mr. Stewart, and fixed his attention on the gestures of the black. He now perceived that he frequently held up three of his fingers in the Captain's face, and stamped his foot violently in token of affirmation; and this action was soon rightly interpreted by Mr. Stewart. It meant that he had agreed to serve but three, instead of five years; and a severe reprimand from Mr. Stewart made the unprincipled Captain confess that to be the truth.

The anxiety and distress which the negro had shewn, before he was able to make himself understood, and the ingenuity with which he at last accomplished his purpose, completed the interest which Mr. Stewart had felt for him on hearing him so coarsely summoned into his presence; and, paying the Captain sixty-five dollars for his time, he took him into his own family.

Congo's conduct proved him worthy of

Mr. Stewart's kindness, and he soon became a great favourite, both in the parlour and the kitchen. His broken English, and childish mistakes, were a constant source of amusement to his fellow-servants, and were often carried by the children to the parlour, and remembered amongst the family anecdotes. Amongst these, it was never forgotten, that, one morning, soon after Congo's arrival, he was sent to draw water from a water-cask: there had been a hard frost in the night, but as Congo had never before seen ice, he could not tell what to think of it; and having tried in vain to make it flow, by beating and shaking the cask, he returned to the kitchen all astonishment, and declared he had "caught the water *napping*, and could not wake him."

Long before the three years were expired, for which he was bound, Congo had forgotten all about the terms on which he had entered his master's service. Well fed and clothed, and kindly treated, he had not a

thought or a wish beyond the present. But, when, at the end of the term, he was told by Mr. Stewart, that he was free to go where he pleased, that he was his own master, and, instead of being dependent upon him for food and clothing, he was now to receive wages, and go or stay, as he pleased, his countenance fell, and he turned away in silence from the presence of his master, to hide the tears which rushed into his eyes, and to ponder on his altered situation. Congo had been so perfectly happy in Mr. Stewart's service, that he considered any change must be for the worse; and, as he did not clearly understand the nature of that change, which his master had communicated to him, he feared he was about to be abandoned by his best friend, and separated from those he most loved. Whilst this was passing in Congo's mind, the little children of the family observed that he was not like himself: instead of playing with them, he only wept over them; and carried them quietly about in his arms,

instead of running and jumping as usual; instead of being the life of the kitchen party, he was found in the evening sitting under a tree in the yard, with his elbows fixed on his knees, and his face resting in his hands. The eldest of Mr. Stewart's children, a fine boy of seven years old, pulled Congo's hands from his face, and insisted upon knowing what was the matter with him; his fellow-servants also gathered round him, and begged him to tell them what distressed him. At last, the poor fellow sobbed out, "Massa tell Congo me no longer his man! Me be free! But me got no fad, no mod, no jack, no breech! Me no want be free!"

"And is this all that ails you, Congo?" exclaimed the servants, as they all laughed aloud at his simple expression; and all strove at once to explain to him that he had no cause for uneasiness.

Little Charles Stewart had run off to repeat Congo's words to his father, who was deeply touched by them, and sent the

child to call Congo into the parlour. The poor fellow was considerably relieved by what his friends in the kitchen had said to him; but he was not restored to his former tranquillity, until assured by his master that he should remain in his family on the same footing as before, and that if he liked it better, he should still be provided with his jacket and breeches. Mr. Stewart assured him the only difference should be, that of his having it in his power to leave him when he wished it; but that privilege implied a possibility so painful, that Congo was again made wretched by the bare mention of it; and as Mr. Stewart could not make him comprehend the value of possessing a power over himself, which he felt sure he should never wish to exercise, he allowed him the pleasure of believing himself inseparably connected with the family of his benefactor: and thus was peace restored to the breast of the simple-hearted and affectionate Congo.

Shortly after this, Congo married, with the consent of his master, an industrious, well-behaved young woman, of his own colour, named Dinah; and it was on the birth of his first child, that he announced his happiness to his master in the manner described in the first chapter. His joy was then at its height, and all the family participated largely in it. The children were at first displeased by the colour of the baby, and wondered at its not being like their mamma's babies: but this novelty soon wore off; and, as neither Dinah nor Congo were half so particular about their child as their mamma was about hers, they were allowed to pull about little Congo, as they called him, and nurse him as much as they liked. The child was remarkably quiet, and was very rarely heard to cry, even when carried about under the arm of Master Charles, or in the pincloth of Miss Mary; and therefore Dinah was well pleased to let them make a plaything of him; and though

she sometimes found him left alone on the floor of the room, or pushed into the corner of a large chair, whilst his young nurses were pursuing other amusements, no serious accident ever befel him; and his mother's disposition saved her from any of the fears which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart often expressed, at seeing her child in such young hands.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### DINAH'S DEATH.

WHEN Charles Stewart was nine years old, his father determined on sending him to a school, which, though at a great distance from Philadelphia, he preferred to all others, on account of his high esteem for, and intimate acquaintance with, the gentleman who conducted it. Charles, though a boy of high spirit and good courage, was



a little cast down at the idea of going so far from home, to be entirely among strangers; his father perceived this, and as his business would not allow of his accompanying his son himself, he resolved to send Congo with him, and give him leave to stay a few days there, until Charles should become reconciled to his new situation. This arrangement quite satisfied the child, and he would have gone off in tolerable spirits, had it not been for the infection of Congo's grief at leaving his wife, though only for two or three weeks. Since Congo had first entered his master's family, he had never slept a night from under his roof; and this separation cost him a flood of tears. That weakness, however, he soon checked, on his master representing to him that it greatly increased Charles's suffering, and made him doubly regret leaving home. On their way to the vessel, by which they were to go, Mr. Stewart exhorted Congo to be a cheerful companion to his young charge: and desired him,

when about to leave him at school, to make light of the separation: and such was the real affection of Congo's heart, that he conquered his own feelings, and did exactly as his master desired.

Genuine and disinterested affection much oftener requires the *suppression* of one's feelings than their *indulgence*; and Congo's was of that description.

The day after Congo sailed, his wife fell ill of a fever, which soon assumed a dangerous character; all possible care was taken of her, and her kind friends spared neither pains nor expense to save her life. Their exertions, however, proved vain, and Dinah expired, on the eleventh day after her husband had left her, much lamented by all the family, both for her own sake and that of Congo. Her child was too young to feel her loss, but all dreaded the effect it would have on her affectionate husband; and about the time that his return was expected, Mr. Stewart spent most of the day upon the

quay, watching for the arrival of his servant, that he might prevent his hearing the sad news that awaited him in any sudden or improper manner. He knew that he possessed more influence over Congo than any other person, and that the poor fellow could better bear to hear of his loss from him than from any one else; and therefore determined, painful as was the task, to break the news to him himself.

At last Congo arrived; it was late in the day, but his master was on the quay to receive him. The happy countenance and cheerful salutation of the unconscious widower, gave a pang to the heart of Mr. Stewart; and he was glad to hear him enter instantly on the history of his voyage, and tell all the circumstances of his leaving Charles at school, as it allowed them time to reach the house before he communicated to him the fatal news.

To attempt a description of Congo's grief, on hearing that his dear Dinah was no more,

would be an useless trial of the reader's feelings; it is sufficient to say, that his sorrow, like his joy, was extravagant. For many days, he could with difficulty be persuaded to take any nourishment; and his nights were spent by the grave of his deceased wife.

Mr. Stewart knew that employment would be the best restorative for the mind of his servant; and therefore, after the first few days, which he allowed to the violence of Congo's feelings, he required from him his customary services. And this necessary exertion, together with the consolation he derived from occasionally talking of his loss with his master, and the amusement which his child afforded him, restored him to a certain degree of tranquillity. From time to time, his grief would break out afresh, and vent itself in expressions of sorrow the most touchingly simple; among the number we must record an epitaph,\* which Congo is

\* This epitaph was really composed by a Negro over the grave of his wife.

said to have spoken extempore over the grave of Dinah, on visiting it, in company with one of his fellow-servants, a few weeks after his return. This little ditty he was afterwards frequently heard repeating to himself, in his own sing-song way :

Here lie Dinah, Congo's wife ;  
Congo *lub* her like his life :  
Dinah, she die six week go—  
Congo's massa tell him so.

The little Congo throve well, and his lively prattle did much towards restoring his father's good spirits. When he was six years old, Mrs. Stewart interested herself in his being taught to read: and, preparatory to his being sent to school, she gave him a little spelling-book, telling him, if he would learn his letters, she would give him half-a-dollar, and let him go to school.

The child was much pleased, and entered cheerfully upon his task; but at the end of a week, he brought back the book to his kind

mistress, saying, in a melancholy tone, that he had rather not have the half-dollar than learn *all* his letters.

“How is this, Congo?” said Mrs. Stewart, quite surprised at his want of perseverance; “why, you knew as far as H two days ago.”

“Yes, misse, but me can never learn *all* de letters, for all de book is full of dem, and me can never know dem all.”

This was indeed an idea calculated to fill him with despair; but on Mrs. Stewart’s explaining the matter to him, he resumed, with fresh spirit, the study of those twenty-six letters, the repetition of which he had mistaken for so many additional characters.

His letters were soon learnt, but he never shewed any quickness, nor made much progress, during the period he was at school. His imagination was so lively, and his spirits so high, that he could never be made to fix his attention on his book; and, though very apt at learning whatever was taught him by

word of mouth, and very dexterous at imitating whatever he saw done, he never looked into a book of his own accord, nor wrote a line fit to be seen, until one of the young ladies of the family undertook to improve him in that branch of his education: then, indeed, his progress was rapid; for gratitude and affection had power to fix even his wandering attention.

Mrs. Stewart was in the habit of reading the Scriptures aloud to her family every morning, and then questioning the younger branches of it in what they had just heard; by this means, Congo acquired a very good knowledge of the Sacred Writings. Mrs. Stewart never failed to point out the moral and religious obligations enforced by the portions of the Bible which she read to them, and to teach her young auditors to try their actions by that unerring standard.

With these advantages, it will be readily believed that the youthful Congo acquired a just abhorrence of every thing wicked and

deceitful; and, though not exempt from the faults of childhood, he discovered few that were likely to grow up with him. His word could always be relied on; and his respect for the property of others was remarkable, in the meanest trifles. He discovered, at an early age, a quickness of repartee, which, though very amusing in the family, was rather checked than encouraged by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart; as they feared it might degenerate into flippancy amongst his equals, and impertinence towards his superiors. They could not, however, prevent their friends and acquaintance from amusing themselves with Congo's quickness, and the following anecdote is still remembered of his childhood.—When Congo was only six years old, a gentleman, of the name of King, threatened good-humouredly to throw him into the river: “You won't do any such thing,” said the boy archly, “for though you are a *King*, you have no power over me.”



This answer so delighted the gentleman, that he always told it with great spirit, and even wished to have the author of it in his own service. But Mr. Stewart hoped to make something better of the boy than a mere jester; and had he felt no particular attachment to him or his father, he would not have resigned Congo into the hands of a master, whose predilection was founded on the child's knack at repartee,—a quality always dangerous to its possessor, and particularly so to a child.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### PREPARATIONS FOR A LONG VOYAGE.

SEVERAL years had elapsed, and Mr. Stewart's family began to grow up around him. His eldest son had finished his education at school, and spent three years at col-

lege, and was now very desirous of travelling. His wishes naturally pointed towards England; and he longed to take a view of that proud little island, doubly interesting to an American, as the mother of his own country and the arbitress of Europe: nor did his excellent father deny him so reasonable an indulgence. Mr. Stewart only required of his son that he should devote one year to business, previous to the commencement of his travels; as he would then be enabled to combine present pleasure and information with future advantages as a merchant. Charles saw the propriety of this arrangement, and, though he burned with impatience to set off, he readily submitted to this delay, and endeavoured to second his father's views by devoting his whole time and attention to the transactions of the counting-house. These were at first very disagreeable to him; and he often longed to push aside the day-book and ledger, and return to those studies, in which he had

taken so much delight during the latter period of his stay at college. By degrees, however, he became more interested in the business, and found his perseverance rewarded by a growing fondness for its occupations. The year, which would, he imagined, pass heavily away, flew over his head almost imperceptibly,—the natural consequence of constant employment; and he saw with delight the spring advancing, in which he was to embark for Europe. The fondness of his mother and sisters rendered his foreign tour a painful subject to them, he therefore seldom spoke of it in the parlour; but, as it was his earliest and his latest thought, he often amused himself with raising Congo's astonishment by stories of the land he was going to visit. But as these conversations with the lad who waited on him, were more the overflowings of his own thoughts, than information adapted to the capacity of his young auditor, they produced a strange confusion of ideas in the child's mind, as will afterwards appear.

Young Congo was now about fourteen years old, tall of his age, and capable of being useful in the family, though he often suffered his love of play to interfere with his duties. On Charles Stewart's becoming a constant resident in his father's house, the boy, who was once his plaything, became his most assiduous attendant; he attached himself to his person, and was proud of rendering him those services which he saw his elder master receive from his father; and every one was pleased to observe, that since Congo waited on Mr. Charles he was but seldom to be seen lounging in the streets, or playing at childish games.

Congo did not like occupation for its own sake; he did not understand the pleasure which well-regulated minds feel in a sense of usefulness; but he possessed an affectionate temper, and the delight he felt in serving those he loved was sufficient to overcome his idleness; and Mr. Stewart hoped that in time a habit of industry might be formed.

The conversations just mentioned, which Charles Stewart used to hold with his little attendant, fired the child's imagination, and excited his curiosity; and he often begged his young master to take him with him to the land of wonders which he described. But as Charles had never given the request a serious thought, he only put him off with some vague answer; and once, when Congo had been more urgent than usual, he thought to silence him by saying, "What, Congo, would you leave your good old father, and go so many thousand miles off? I thought you were more affectionate."

Congo looked a little confused, then timidly answered, "You love your good father, and mother, and sisters, but you leave them all to see the fine things in England; and I love my father, but I leave him to go with you."

Charles was struck with this reply, and felt that Congo less deserved the charge of doing violence to his affections than he did himself.

As the time of his embarkation approached, he saw that the boy's personal attachment to him, far more than his curiosity, prompted his desire of accompanying him. Congo was constantly bewailing the fate of his young master, when he should be *alone in a strange land*; and, though frequently assured that he was going where there were thousands of people like himself, and where he would soon make many acquaintances, some of them old friends of his father; he persisted in calling a separation from his family and dependents being *alone*: and at last he succeeded in making Charles dread that kind of loneliness as much as he dreaded it for him; and Charles applied to his father for permission to take Congo with him.

Mr. Stewart felt, at first, many objections to the proposal: his kind concern for the eternal, as well as temporal welfare of all persons entrusted to his care, made him fear that Congo's morals might suffer by a foreign

tour; not that he doubted the good example which his son would set him, or the care he would endeavour to take of him; but he feared the influence of bad associations, and thought he could not escape the corruption of English servants. Charles, however, was so urgent, and promised to take such good care of him, and seemed so confident that Congo's principles and habits of candour would preserve him, even amidst temptation, that his father at last consented to let the boy go, provided his own father did not object to it.

The elder Congo so loved his own dependence on Mr. Stewart, and was so happy in feeling himself inseparably connected with him, that his first desire, on becoming a father, was that his son should be equally inseparable from the eldest son of the house; and it was in order to procure him that privilege that Congo had been made, as soon as born, Master Charles's plaything; and, so far from feeling the least reluctance to let

him now accompany him to England, he received the proposal with pleasure almost equal to his child's, and rejoiced that the separation, which he had dreaded, between his own son and that of his benefactor, was to be changed for an union more close than ever.

Never did travellers prepare for a journey with more heartfelt joy and delight, than the master and servant, whom we are now describing: the former busied in preparing his journal and sketches, the latter paying daily, almost hourly, visits to the tailor, who was employed to equip him in a new livery suit, the first he ever had, and now ordered for him by his young master; who, after duly consulting with his sisters on the colours most becoming to Congo's complexion, resolved to adopt, as his livery, a dark green turned up with yellow, green trowsers, and yellow waistcoat. Congo narrowly watched the progress of his new suit, and some private directions given by him as to pockets



and paddings were good-humouredly complied with by the tailor. Nor was the shoemaker without his instructions: Congo having observed that his master's shoes creaked as he walked, thought the noise added greatly to the consequence and style of the tread; he therefore desired the shoemaker to put a shilling's worth of "*squeak leather*" into the shoes he was making for him, as he was willing to pay as much as that out of his own pocket, for creaking shoes. Crispin pocketed the shilling and published the joke, and Congo was well laughed at by his fellow-servants.

As Congo's livery was one of his master's own inventing, that young gentleman was much surprised, on going to pay his farewell visit to a family with whom he was intimate, to see a youth in the very same livery walking with a grave and consequential air up to the back door of the same house, and there gaining easy admission, whilst he rapped in vain several times.—Whilst Charles was thus

kept waiting at the door, he wondered who could have anticipated him in his livery, and what nice looking lad he had seen in it; but without a suspicion of the truth, until the door was opened, and through a long passage, at the end of which was a well-lighted kitchen, he beheld the youth in livery dancing with a black girl of his own age, and recognized young Congo, cutting his usual capers, the wonder and admiration of a group of servants, who were begging him to be quiet that they might examine his new dress, and one of whom had reluctantly quitted the scene of action to answer the knocks at the door.

When Congo heard that his master was in the parlour, his gaiety was checked by a fear that he would be displeased at his having shewn himself, in his new livery, to his young friend Flora, before he had been seen by his master. The fact was, Congo had watched the finishing stitches in his clothes, had dressed himself in them at the tailor's,

and had come, with conscious vanity, to exhibit himself to the admiring eyes of Flora. Congo's fears were without foundation: his master was not jealous of Flora's seeing the suit before he did; but, sending for him, he took care not to feed the boy's vanity, by making any other remark, than that the clothes fitted tolerably well; and then he told him he must go home and pack them up in his trunk, as the vessel would sail at day-break the following morning, and all the luggage must be on board that night.

Congo did as he was ordered; but, having bidden his kitchen friends adieu, and taken an affectionate leave of Flora, his gaiety was gone: and, on his return home, he wondered that his father and fellow-servants should find any diversion in the change which his livery made in his appearance. When called upon to shew himself to the young ladies in the parlour, he did it with reluctance; nor could he muster a smile, when most admired by them. He brushed away the tears, which

would force themselves into his eyes, and said, by way of apology, "My eyes sweat so, I don't know what ails them." It would have been difficult to conceal the smile, which poor Congo's simple expression was calculated to excite, had not the feelings of the family party been somewhat in unison with those of the boy. The young ladies had recourse to their handkerchiefs; and Congo left the room, to pack up his trunk. The approaching separation of Charles Stewart from his family was much felt by them all, though each made it a duty to hide and repress their emotions as much as possible; by dwelling on the pleasures of his return, they passed the last evening together without being much overcome, until the moment when they took leave of him. This they did, by Mr. Stewart's advice, on retiring to rest; and, next morning, before any of the family, except the travellers and their fathers, were awake, the former were embarked.

Mr. Stewart had observed, that, amidst

all the preparations of master and servant, a great coat for Congo had been forgotten ; and his last act of kindness was presenting him with a new and very thick one, which he had had made expressly for him, and now gave him, with many charges to take great care of it, and never leave it behind him any where. The two fond fathers now embraced their sons, with similar emotions of paternal solicitude for their welfare ; and perhaps Congo's complaint of his own eyes, the evening before, might at that moment have been applicable to them all.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ICEBERG.

THE hurry and bustle attendant on getting a vessel under way generally operates very powerfully in dissipating the sorrows of parting; and Congo, encouraged to exertion by his master, was soon as busy and animated as any of the sailors.

There were many passengers on board the vessel, besides our hero and his master; but as most of them were assailed by sea-sickness, and confined to their berths the first few days they were at sea, and as the weather was unfavourable, they did not see much of each other, until the bright sunshine of a fine April morning invited them all on deck, and the cabin and steerage passengers were to be seen sunning themselves in distinct groups. On one side of the quarter-deck, sat a fine

old gentleman, a Mr. Harvey, supporting the head of his daughter on his shoulder, and listening to an interesting account, which Charles Stewart was giving his son, of certain caves, which had lately been discovered near the banks of the Ohio; whilst, on the other side, the Captain of the vessel was pacing backwards and forwards, in his narrow limits, accompanied by a young Irish officer, whose humorous stories kept pace with the Captain's marvellous ones. Farther forward, a pretty young girl was, with the assistance of Congo and other obliging fellow-passengers, placing her grandmother in the sun. She was a very fat old woman, whose weight and helplessness made it very difficult to get her on deck; but, with so pretty and amiable a grand-daughter near her, she was always sure of being well assisted. It was soon remarked, that a certain young miller on board was almost as attentive to the old woman as Phœbe herself could be. Several gentlemen and many of the sailors

amused themselves with fishing; and children were to be seen staggering about the deck, catching at every object near them, to avoid being thrown down by the motion of the vessel, or sitting in a corner, hopeless of ever moving without falling. In less than a week, however, all had what sailors term their *sea legs on board*; that is, they could run about as well on the moving deck as on the firm ground, and the children found in Congo a most accommodating and merry playfellow. By degrees, the cabin passengers became interested in those of the steerage; they heard their various histories, and listened to their future plans and prospects; and whilst Mr. Harvey, the old gentleman before-mentioned, gave the fat old widow advice how to recover for her grand-daughter the property of her late son, Charles Stewart conversed with some of the younger adventurers, correcting their expectations, and moderating their wishes. Miss Harvey administered largely to the bodily wants of her poorer fellow-pas-



sengers, by sharing with them the more luxurious fare, with which her father had amply provided her; Congo was often commissioned to usher into her cabin the rosy little rebels, his playfellows; and by making a visit to Miss Harvey the reward of good behaviour, they became more orderly and quiet.

A fortnight's prosperous sailing had advanced them a third of their voyage, when a violent storm arose, which continued three days and nights; during this time, the vessel could make no progress towards her destination, but, tossed up and down on the mighty waves, it seemed next to impossible that she should escape being swallowed up by them. The dead lights \* were in, and the trembling passengers, shut up below, kept as close as possible to their berths, in order to avoid the accidents, which were constantly arising from various articles of furniture, luggage, &c.

\* Shutters, which exclude all daylight from below the deck.

breaking loose. Congo was on the deck when the storm commenced, and continued there, until, completely terrified and dripping wet, he ran to his master, to describe the danger they were in, and communicate his terror ; but, instead of imparting his own ungoverned fears, he gained courage from the composure of the cabin passengers, and learnt from his master to rely on Providence, and be resigned, though not insensible, to his perilous situation.

On the morning of the fourth day, the storm was abated, though the sea still ran mountains high ; and the joy, which the return of fine weather would have occasioned, was damped, by finding that the vessel had been so strained during the storm, as to become leaky. The pumps, however, worked well ; and, by pumping nine hours in the twelve, the vessel could be kept clear of water. To do this, all the male passengers lent their assistance ; and, by degrees, the spirits of the company revived.

During the storm, the vessel had been driven considerably out of her course, in a northerly direction; and the severe cold which they now experienced, together with the exertion of pumping, completely disabled several of the crew; and the rest were so exhausted, that the Captain was glad to accept the proffered services of some of the passengers to keep the middle watch, and let all the sailors *turn in*, as they call going to bed.

Accordingly, at twelve o'clock at night, George Williams, the young miller, took the helm, and, with two gentlemen passengers, one landsman from the steerage, and Congo, had the charge of the ship. The vessel laid her course, and there was no shifting of sails to be done: the mate was ill, and the Captain extremely fatigued; so neither of them remained on deck. The latter, before he went below, stationed Congo in the bow, and desired him to keep a sharp look-out. This order surprised him not a little; he

interpreted it into an expectation, on the part of the Captain, that the vessel was approaching land; and he gladly flew to his post, being extremely anxious to be the first person to announce to his master the white cliffs of Old England, which he had so often heard him say he longed to see. Poor Congo little thought how far he was from discovering the Captain's meaning,—how distant they were from land,—and what a different kind of island from any he had an idea of he was that night to see! He did not even consider, that, in looking out for land, it was necessary to be placed at the top of the mast, as, on account of the earth's convexity, land can be seen from the top-mast head long before it is visible from the deck. All this was forgotten, and he took his station by the bowsprit, hoping soon to discern the white cliffs, even by moonlight. The landsman by his side was soon asleep; and one of the gentlemen passengers retired to his berth before the watch was half over;

the other, a Scottish gentleman, Williams, and Congo, were soon the only persons on board, who were not enjoying the sweets of repose. The night was clear and fine; the crescent moon gave a feeble light; the wind was fair, and the vessel moved swiftly over the calm surface of the waters; the Scot whistled sweetly one of his native melodies; and the helmsman was lost in a pleasing reverie, in which Phœbe bore a part. An hour had thus passed away, when Congo sprang from his station in the bow, and exclaiming vehemently: "There is England! There are the white cliffs of Old England!" he disappeared in a moment down the cabin stairs. Williams was roused from his reverie, and half-inclined to think the black boy was beside himself; but not at all aware of the imminent danger which at that moment threatened them all.

When Charles Stewart was awakened by Congo's assurance that he had seen the white cliffs of Old England, and that they were

just arrived, he was inclined to laugh at the boy's idea; but no sooner did the Captain catch his words, than he jumped from his berth with a face of terror, and exclaiming "We are all lost!" he rushed upon deck, seized the helm, and endeavoured to alter the direction of the vessel. It was too late—at that moment, the ship struck, and so violently, as to rouse every one on board; the sailors were on deck the next instant; the Captain ordered every thing that was possible to be done, but in vain. The vessel struck a second, and a third time, and then remained immoveably fixed upon a projection of ice under water, which formed part of an immense iceberg, the white promontories of which towered far above the masts, and almost touched the yards of the vessel. Death stared them in the face; and those on board, who understood the nature of their situation, hastened to let down the boats and escape from the ship, which must either sink or be crushed to pieces in a few minutes.

The moment Charles Stewart felt the vessel strike, he was fully sensible of the imminent peril to which all on board were exposed; and, hurrying on some of his clothes, he bade Congo take care of himself by getting into one of the boats directly, and then flew to Miss Harvey's cabin: she was already alarmed, and the manner and countenance of Charles so heightened her terror, that she only exclaimed, "My father! My brother!" and instantly fainted away. He lifted her from her berth, and, wrapping a blanket round her, carried her in his arms on deck; there, all was confusion and terror: he made his way to the side of the vessel, and scrambled into the long-boat, which was already crowded, just as it was pushing off. Having deposited his still insensible burthen, he looked anxiously around for Congo; he was not there, but stood stretching his arms to his master from the side of the ship, which he had just quitted. Charles implored the Captain to go back for

him; but this he positively refused to do, saying it would be the sacrifice of all their lives, as the boat was already sufficiently laden, and, if he again went alongside, numbers more would jump in, and then all would inevitably sink together. On the long boat's pushing off, all on deck crowded to the other side of the ship, where the sailors were securing their retreat in the jolly-boat: all except Congo; his confidence in his master kept him there; and his piteous signs to him to come for him, half distracted poor Charles. At last, he thought of an expedient for saving Congo, without endangering any other life; and, the Captain having consented to it, he with some difficulty made Congo understand, that if he would go below and get some rum and biscuit, and then make his way over the bows of the vessel, and along the bowsprit on to the island of ice, they would take him off from a little bay, which they pointed out to him. On hearing this, Congo disappeared in quest of the rum and



biscuit; and the Captain ordered those who were at the oars to pull away from the vicinity of the ship, as there was great danger, if they remained near her, of their being drawn into the vortex which she must make on going down. Charles could scarcely bear to be distanced from Congo, for whose appearance on the bowsprit he now eagerly watched. After a few moments of breathless anxiety, he discovered a figure, encumbered by a great coat, yet scrambling with great activity over the bowsprit and along the ice; the person approached, climbing the high peaks which bounded the island on that side: it was certainly Congo; he carried something in his hand, and they now pulled eagerly towards the little bay formed in the ice. But, alas! poor Congo never reached it; and the kind heart of his master was agonized by seeing his faithful servant slip, stagger, and fall into one of the chasms in the ice, that yawned beneath him. Charles shuddered, and uttered an involuntary groan;

but, fancying he heard the splashing of water, and hoping the boy had escaped being dashed to pieces among the icy crags, he begged the Captain to turn round in search of him: his request was not heard, for at that moment every ear was assailed by the shrieks and lamentations of the unfortunate persons, for whom there was no escape, and who were then sinking rapidly with the ship, as she went down stern foremost. The Captain gave orders to pull away from the vortex;— a dead silence ensued on board the boat; all were struck with horror at the fate of those whom they had just seen perish, and at the small hope which they could entertain of prolonging their own existence many hours. They had no light, nor compass, nor provisions, in the boat, and they feared they had only exchanged one mode of perishing for another. In this hopeless situation, Charles did not regret that the sufferings of Congo were probably at an end, and he now directed all his attention to Miss Harvey. In gazing on

the pallid face of the precious charge, which he held in his arms, he almost wished that the gentle spirit, which once animated it, might be fled for ever ; at any rate, he hoped her consciousness might not return until he had ascertained whether her father and brother had been saved in the other boat, or had perished amongst the number that went down in the vessel.

The happiness of others besides Miss Harvey depended on the contents of the jolly-boat ; and many were the silent prayers offered up by the fatherless, the widowed, and the childless, in each boat, that the other might contain their lost relations. After half an hour's suspense, during which time they lay in the bay before mentioned, the sound of oars was heard ; and such was the dread which the poor sufferers felt of having their last hopes destroyed, that none of them dared to ask after those who were dearest to them.

At last, the Captain hailed the boat, and

desired to know who was on board. He was answered by his mate, that he did not know whom he had got: "All I know is, that I've got too many; and I wish that snivelling fellow, who wrecked us, and a few more, were at the bottom of the sea, with the black dog, who kept such a fine look-out."

This brutal speech raised the indignation of all who heard it; and the dead silence before observed by the company in the long-boat now gave way to exclamations against the mate, and eager inquiries after their lost relations. Many were the false hopes raised by incorrect answers to their questions, and by mutual mistakes; but, at last, the melancholy truth was ascertained, that every female on board the ship, except Miss Harvey, had perished; of all the children, but two boys had escaped; and out of forty people, who were on board the two boats, then side by side, but one child found a parent, and one young man a brother. Old Mr.

Harvey was in the jolly-boat, and was with difficulty roused from a state of stupefaction, to understand that his daughter was near him. When at last he comprehended it, he called upon her to speak to him, and entreated to hear the sound of her voice, that he might be assured of her existence. She was still insensible, and answered not: despair again seized the heart of her father; and Charles Stewart exerted himself in vain to reassure him, and to rouse his daughter from her fainting. He now feared the vital spark was fled for ever; and he eagerly inquired whether any one on board either boat had a drop of spirits for a dying woman. There was none in the long-boat, but several voices answered from the other that they had part of a bottle of rum with them. Soon, however, the mate's voice was heard above the rest, swearing that he would not part with a drop of it to any one out of his own boat, much less to a woman, who could do

nothing if she lived, and was much better out of the way at once: Charles could with difficulty restrain his indignation and horror at such savage conduct; but knowing, that in order to command others it is first necessary to command ourselves, he suppressed his feelings, and calmly remonstrated with the mate on his allowing the love of life so to get the better of all other feeling, as to render him insensible to the sufferings of a helpless woman, who, with far less strength to bear them, was exposed to equal hardships with himself, and shared a common misfortune with them all.

The mate muttered, in reply, that he did not think the chance of life was *equal* for them all, as his boat was much more crowded than the Captain's.

“ I will relieve you of my weight in a moment,” cried Mr. Harvey, who now began to understand what was going forward; “ give my daughter the rum, and I will instantly jump overboard: life may still be

sweet to her, but I care not for it, deprived of both my children."

"Stop, stop!" cried the Captain, "let nothing rash be done. I only reserved my arguments, till I should see whether your's would avail, Mr. Stewart. Here," said he, turning to the mate, "give me half your rum, and I will relieve you of two of your passengers; let Mr. Harvey and the young man who has found his brother come into my boat." This proposal was joyfully accepted by all in the jolly-boat. The tobacco-boxes of the sailors in the long-boat were filled with rum,—Charles Stewart made Miss Harvey swallow the contents of one of them,—and her father was seated beside her just in time to receive her first long-drawn breath of returning animation. Supported between her father and the friend who had rescued her from certain destruction, she was gradually made acquainted with the nature of her present situation, and the loss of her brother. To the latter circumstance, both the father

and daughter were reconciled by the judicious representations of Charles Stewart, who, by dwelling on the extreme uncertainty of their own fate, and the great probability that they were only saved from one mode of perishing to die by another, taught them to be thankful, and almost to rejoice, that the sufferings of their beloved Henry were at an end.

The Captain, having now done all that was in his power to relieve the jolly-boat, considered what would be the best means of saving the twenty-six lives in his own boat. He knew that they were too far from land, to entertain a hope of being saved in any other way than by meeting with a passing vessel; and he thought the best chance of that was by running in a northerly direction, and so approaching the track of the Newfoundland fishing vessels. As they must inevitably *starve*, if not picked up in a few days, they determined not to lose a moment. The long-boat had sails as well as oars; the



wind was favourable, and not too much of it; the sea too, was pretty smooth; and, all on board being of one opinion, they made sail directly.

At parting from the jolly-boat, the Captain warned those on board against remaining in the bay, as there was great danger of their being overwhelmed by the ice island, in one of the revolutions\* which those masses of ice are continually making, and advised their following him in a northern course.

The wind was fresh, and the people in the jolly-boat had no inclination to commence rowing that night; so they merely drew off to the entrance of the bay, and laid on their oars, under shelter of the island, till morning. They had just taken up their station for the night, and nothing broke the silence that reigned, save the rippling of the

\* Owing to the part under water melting away until it becomes lighter than that above, and then it turns over.

water against the side of the boat, and the deep sobs which occasionally burst from poor Williams — when, feeling something gently touch the bottom of the boat, a passenger put his hand overboard, and discovered it to be the body of a man, wrapped in a great coat, so thick that the water had not yet penetrated it: “Here,” said he, “is one poor fellow that floats well.”

“Who is it?” exclaimed several voices at once. “How is he dressed?” — “Hold him fast!” — “He may not be dead yet!”

“He seems quite insensible,” replied the gentleman that held him; ‘but I find by his head that it is Congo, the black boy.’”

“Congo!” exclaimed the mate, with an oath, “then let him alone! That fellow must be bewitched, or he could not be floating here.”

A general murmur rose of “Haul him up,” — “Take him in!” — “If the boat be overloaded, we know whom to get rid of.”

The mate was silenced, and even fright-

ened by this threat ; and “ Take the poor fellow in !” was reiterated many times.

The gentleman who held him begged to be heard. He said, he differed from the mate as much as they could ; and thought, with them, that if any life there was less precious than another, it was that of such a brute as the mate had shewn himself to be ; but that, under present circumstances, he thought there would be no kindness in taking up the body of the black boy. “ His sufferings in this world,” continued Mr. K—, “ are passed ; if left here, he will never feel another pang ; and by restoring him to life, you will only be preparing for him another and more dreadful death.” He added, that if it were his own case, he would not thank any one to bring him back to life ; and therefore strongly urged their leaving the body in the water. This cool calculation was happily of no avail : the sailors judged of Congo’s love of life by their own ; and, attending more to the impulse of their own

feelings than to the reasoning of Mr. K—, they all insisted on giving Congo another chance for his life; and his cold and stiffened body, wrapped in the coat his old master had given him, was accordingly taken in and deposited in the bottom of the boat. But what was the surprise and relief to all on board, when they discovered, in the grasp of Congo's right hand, a painted canvas bag filled with biscuit! The humanity of those who had insisted on taking up the body was now turned into a blessing for them all: and each felt anxious that the instrument of it should be restored to animation, and partake with them of the additional chance of life, which they had thus derived from him. The sailors having the biscuit in their own possession, now insisted on the mate's giving up all authority over them; they made him take his place at an oar, and appointed one among themselves to take the command of the boat, and the care of dealing out in equal shares their scanty stock of provisions: this

arrangement made, they awaited in silence the return of daylight.

Leaving them now in deep meditation on the very awful events of the last two hours, we must here relate some circumstances attendant on the jolly-boat's leaving the wreck, and which we could not notice sooner.

Whilst the Captain and part of the crew were securing to themselves a retreat in the long-boat, the mate and six sailors were equally busy in lowering the jolly-boat into the water and taking possession of her. Several of the passengers followed them into the boat; among the number was Williams, who being on deck when the vessel struck, was one of the first to know his danger. He had, therefore, time to go below, awaken Phœbe, and take her, partly by force and partly by persuasion, from her grandmother, whose size and helplessness rendered it impossible to save her: he brought the half-distracted girl to the side of the ship, and charging her to spring fearlessly into his

arms as soon as he had his footing below, he dropped himself into the boat; but, on turning round to receive his beloved Phœbe, she sorrowfully shook her head, and suddenly tearing herself away from the side of the vessel, she voluntarily returned, to perish with her helpless grandmother;\*—thus sacrificing her life, and her attachment to her lover, to her sense of duty.

This generous act of self-devotion was not lost upon those who saw it; many of the sailors groaned aloud, as they beheld the noble sacrifice. Williams would have followed her; but they forcibly detained him; the side of the vessel became crowded, and many more having jumped into the boat, they were obliged to push off immediately, to avoid being overloaded. This account of the noble-minded and lovely Phœbe will explain the grief and sobs of poor Williams, which we have before mentioned, and which,

\* A fact.

after Congo had been placed in the bottom of the boat, constituted for some hours, the only sounds which, mingled with that of the water, broke the dead silence of that memorable night.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### REPEATED DISAPPOINTMENTS.

ON the dawn of morning, the following day, a slight noise in the bottom of the boat directed the attention of a gentleman to the body of Congo; and, discovering him to be frothing at the mouth, he raised his head, found the body pliant, and with evident signs of returning animation. A small portion of spirit was poured down his throat, and, half an hour afterwards, he was as well as any one on board the boat.

Congo's surprise was great, on recovering

his senses, to find himself separated from his master; and it was not until he had received repeated assurances that Mr. Stewart was in the long-boat, and had as good a chance of being saved as they had, that he could give any attention to that part of his own story with which he was unacquainted, or answer the questions which were put to him concerning his great coat and the bag of biscuit. Having explained the terms on which he went back for the biscuit, and his mode of escape over the bowsprit, he told them, that, in looking for a bag to hold the bread, he had seen the great coat given him by his master's father, and, recollecting his injunction never to leave it behind him any where, he had slipped it on. The sailors were surprised by such an act of literal obedience, and at such a moment, too! But they congratulated him upon it, and assured him his great coat had saved his life.

“Not so, exactly,” said Mr. K.—; “you



would have put on your great coat *in vain*, had it not been for these kind-hearted fellows ; for I said all I could to persuade them to leave you afloat, but they would not listen to me—they insisted on taking you on board ; so you must thank *thēm* for your life, if you think it worth having, with a prospect before you of starving, or drowning a second time.”

Congo’s expressions of gratitude to his deliverers convinced Mr. K— how ill he had calculated, in judging of Congo by himself ; and having explained to the boy his motives for acting as he had done, he was glad to receive from him an assurance that he bore him no ill-will for it. The buoyancy of Congo’s spirits, together with his lively hopes that they should all be saved, not only made Mr. K— rejoice that his opinion, the preceding evening, had been over-ruled, but lessened his own despair, and inclined him to share with the rest the cheering influence of Congo’s presence.

Each person having swallowed a small portion of rum, and eaten half a biscuit, they began rowing, and found the exercise absolutely necessary to preserve their limbs from becoming benumbed with cold.

Congo had now an opportunity of deliberately viewing those icy peaks and crags, which he had mistaken for the white cliffs of Old England; and so huge were their proportions, that he could with difficulty believe that the iceberg before him was a floating mass, and liable every moment to turn over. They rowed round it in search of provisions that might have floated from the wreck, but none were to be found; not a trace remained of the dreadful catastrophe of the night, save their own frail bark and its contents; and, shuddering at the fate of those who had sunk with the vessel, they pulled away from the spot in a northern direction.

The weather being fine, and the sea smooth, every exertion was made to advance

their little bark towards the track of the Newfoundland fishing vessels; and every eye was fixed on the broad expanse of water that surrounded them, in hopes of discovering the means of escape from their dangerous predicament. After some hours, the welcome sound, "A sail! A sail!" was repeated from mouth to mouth; and every one redoubled his exertions at the oar. The sail which had been announced was too far off for any but sailors' eyes to see it; but as it was directly to the north of the iceberg, they all hoped the long-boat either had reached, or would reach it, and that, on the information that there was another boat full of unhappy wretches afloat on the ocean, the vessel would make towards them.

In this hope, they pulled manfully at the oars, all day and all night too: by day they steered for the speck in the horizon, which the sailors called a vessel, and by night they steered by the stars in a northern course.

The following morning, many were of

opinion that they had lost their labour during the night ; and in this they were confirmed by discovering, far to the east of them, what they believed to be the same vessel they were pulling for the day before. They now altered their course, and rowed for many hours, in anxious silence ; at last, one of the sailors declared they neared it rapidly ; the landsmen declared they could only see a speck in the horizon, whilst the sailors fancied they could discover the course of the vessel, and that she was making towards them. With fresh courage, they now tugged at the oar, though their strength was evidently diminished. But what was their disappointment and dismay, on discovering that all their exertions had been in vain ! The object, which had lured them on from sunrise until past noon, was nothing more than a *light cloud*, which now spread itself and floated away, as if in mockery of their pains.

All their rum was now gone ; their bis-

cuit was nearly consumed ; and several on board had lost the use of their lower extremities, in consequence of the intense coldness of the weather. In proportion as their anxiety increased, they more frequently fancied they discovered vessels in the horizon ; and they so often changed their course to no purpose, and rowed after the mere creations of each other's brain, that it was at last agreed, that every one who *thought* he saw a sail should whisper to the *coxswain*, or man at the helm, what appearances it bore, and in what direction he saw it, and that the course of the boat should not be altered unless *two* or *three* gave the same description.

During the afternoon of this *second* day, the communications to the *coxswain* were numerous ; but as no two persons agreed in their opinions, they pulled steadily forward towards the north. The third night now closed in upon the sufferers ; it was cold and cloudy, and a heavy shower of rain added

greatly to their sufferings, by freezing upon every part of them as it fell. Some began to feel the powerful effects of the frost; and the better informed could scarcely persuade the rest to resist the fatal inclination to sleep. Despair had seized their hearts; and many wished to forget their sufferings in sleep, even though it should prove the sleep of death. Two or three, who were the least affected by frost, insisted on the others keeping the oars in motion; and this had the desired effect of prolonging their lives till morning. The sun then rose with unusual splendour; a gentle breeze sprang up from the south; the sea was completely smoothed by the rain, and, as the sun rose higher in the heavens, the warmth of its rays was sensibly felt by the half-frozen company in the jolly-boat. The coxswain was the first to remark the goodness of God, in thus rendering the elements propitious to them; and, dropping on his knees, he proceeded to offer up aloud, a solemn prayer to

the Almighty, that he would in mercy deliver them from their great peril, and send them relief that day ; he then divided among them the last remains of the biscuit, advised them all to trust in God, and hope for the best ; to keep a sharp look-out, and tell him what they saw.

It was not long before several of the sailors agreed in their report of a sail being in sight, to the north-west ; and soon it became visible even to landsmen's eyes ! There was no longer any doubt that a vessel was within a few miles of them ; but, unless she were making towards them, no hope could be entertained of their being picked up by her ; for they could not now pull at the oars as they had done ; and, though they could plainly see her, they must approach many miles nearer before they could be visible to any one on board of her. They, however, exerted what little strength remained to them ; and, after pulling for two hours, found that she was certainly sailing in such a direction as gave

them hopes of being very near her before sunset. Their progress was considerable, and they began to think it possible that they were seen, as they had hoisted a white handkerchief on the end of a pole, and hallooed, and done every thing to attract attention. But they were doomed once more to feel the horrors of despair: for, whilst it was yet light enough for them to discover the movements of the vessel, they beheld her *tack*, and leave them far behind her. It is impossible to describe the feelings of agony and wretchedness with which they now saw their last hopes destroyed: a change of weather, and a near prospect of being saved, was all that had kept them alive during the day; and now it seemed that they had only been mocked with false hopes, which rendered their present despair the more bitter. They had now been three days and three nights upon the ocean, without shelter or rest, or food enough to satisfy nature. The fourth night now approached, and, abandoning



themselves to despair, they refused all farther exertion at the oars, sank into silence, and courted the sleep of death. *One* only in that little band of sufferers was less to be pitied that night than at any other moment since the wreck. To Williams, death was welcome, as the means of reuniting him to his beloved Phœbe; and it was only when deprived of all prospect of prolonging his own existence, that he could at all be reconciled to the fate of the dear object he had lost.

During the preceding day, when hope presented a flattering picture of speedy relief, Congo had been much dejected, and was continually heard to lament that his dear master was not with him; but, when the scene changed to one of deepest gloom, the affectionate boy was less uneasy, and drew comfort from the circumstance of Mr. Stewart not being in the jolly-boat. During the night, he was less wretched than the rest, and his thoughts were more for his master than himself. It is true, he had had a larger

share of biscuit than any one else, and he could not so fully realize the danger of his situation, as did the more experienced persons around him.

The mildness of the weather denied the fate which misery had invoked; the moon set some time before the sun rose, and the hours passed heavily in darkness and despair. We may, however, say, with a modern writer, “*There is not, cannot be, in the affairs of man, a lot too dark to be illumined by the future.*” At the very time when this little band of hopeless sufferers considered their prayers unheard, and their fate unnoticed, they were held in remembrance by their heavenly Father; and the trust they had before shewn in His mercy, was answered, by their finding themselves, at the return of daylight, within hail of the vessel, whose near approach they had despaired of; they were so close to her, as to be easily seen by all on board of her. This very unexpected deliverance was almost too much for

their exhausted state of mind and body ; it produced such a revulsion of feeling as rendered some of them quite childish, and there was scarcely recollection enough amongst them to prompt their hoisting the white handkerchief ; the only means they now possessed of attracting notice : for no one had strength or spirit left to hail the vessel, or pull an oar. They were soon observed by the people on board the Shamrock, and Captain O'Connor, ordering the vessel to be *hove to*, hailed the boat, and desired those in her to pull alongside ; but it was not in their power either to answer or obey the welcome summons. Captain O'Connor was wholly at a loss how to interpret this strange conduct ; he, however despatched a boat, with orders to ascertain the nature of their situation, and to offer them assistance. The sailors from the Shamrock quickly comprehended the extremity to which they found these sufferers reduced, and, with looks of deep concern, and expressions of kind encourage-

ment, they took them immediately on board their vessel ; and long before they could give any account of themselves, or attempt to express their gratitude, either to God or man, for this amazing deliverance, they shared the pity and good offices of all on board the Shamrock. The Captain superintended the administering of food to them, in order to prevent their empty stomachs from being overwhelmed ; and the sailors vied with each other in stripping, rubbing, and clothing their benumbed and swollen bodies. The instruments of this great deliverance were almost as much affected by it as those whom they had saved ; and for some time after they were received on board the Shamrock, there was not a dry eye to be seen.—Congo, having been better clothed than the rest, and being of a more active and sanguine disposition, had suffered less, both in mind and body, and was now the first to describe their shipwreck, and recount the misery of the subsequent four nights and three days,

which they had spent at sea in an open boat; and the tale lost none of its effect by the simplicity and feeling with which he related it. He dwelt much on the uncertain fate of the long-boat, and though all thought it most probable that she was picked up by the first sail they saw, his affection for his master made fear predominate over hope, more than it had ever done when his own life was in danger.

This anxiety of Congo's greatly affected his spirits, and it required all the kindness of those around him to soothe and comfort him. Captain O'Connor liked the boy, and always flattered him with the hope of finding his master in England; so, without considering that, in the event of Charles Stewart's being in safety, they might arrive at very distant ports, he entertained a vague hope of meeting him as soon as he should land.

There was one among the shipwrecked band, now safe on board the Shamrock, who had no hopes from the future, no consolation

from the present: poor Williams revived a little, during the first few days after they were picked up, but he soon drooped again; and it was remarked that he never spoke an unnecessary word, and was never seen to smile. His honest friends, the sailors, who had witnessed the sad event which depressed him, often tried to rouse and cheer him; but in vain. He gradually pined away, and died in sight of land,—a victim to his affliction for the loss of Phœbe! According to his own desire, he shared her watery grave: his body was sewn up in the hammock, in which he had slept whilst alive, as is the custom of burial at sea; and the solemn service appointed for such occasions was read over it by the Captain, in presence of all on board; the remains of poor Williams were then with proper decency consigned to the ocean; nor was there wanting many a friendly tear, dropped by the spectators for his untimely fate.

The Shamrock was bound to Cork, and arrived there without the occurrence of any other circumstance worthy of notice.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.

ON a fine morning in the month of May, the Shamrock entered the mouth of the Cork river, and dropped anchor seven miles below the city, opposite a small town called Cove, where large vessels are discharged, as the river is not deep enough to allow of their going up it to Cork. All on board was joyous bustle; boats came and went—and all were busy in giving and receiving intelligence, preparing to quit the vessel, or receiving their friends on board. Even Congo caught the infection of this cheerful moment,

and gaily lent his puny aid in furling the sails and bringing all into order. Though, at every pause, he felt a vague anxiety about himself, and was overheard asking a stranger if he had seen his master, he was, as yet, far from appreciating his really desolate situation. Comforting himself with the idea that he was still too far from the city, where he supposed his master to be, to hear any tidings of him, he bore with good humour the harmless jokes to which his question gave rise. As the day advanced, however, he became uneasy at learning nothing of his beloved master, whom he had almost expected to find waiting for him on the first shore he made; and when, towards evening, the hurry and bustle of a first arrival had ceased, and the novelty of surrounding objects had worn off, when the Captain and all the passengers had left the ship, and the sailors who had suffered with him were gone on shore, Congo's spirits forsook him. He was leaning



disconsolately over the side of the vessel, when the mate accosted him, and inquired what he meant to do with himself.

“To look for my master, Sir,” was Congo’s reply.

“Well, then, the sooner you set out the better, my good fellow, for you have a long *cruise* before you; and as we begin discharging to-morrow, we shall have no room for idlers; so here are a couple of shillings for you, and you had better go on shore with the first boat, to-morrow morning.”

The mate meant this in kindness; but he did not sufficiently consider Congo’s forlorn situation, and his ignorance of the world: a little advice would have been a better gift than money; but he knew not how much the boy needed it, nor how wretched his words had rendered him.—Though Congo had no intention of remaining on board the *Shamrock*, he was hurt at being thus abruptly sent out of her; and he retired to his cot for

the last time, with a heavy heart, and a vague anxiety about the future.

The next morning, Congo landed at Cove : the sailors were fond of him, and, with the generosity belonging to the Irish character, each, in taking leave of him, slipped a tenpenny or fivepenny bit into his hand : they bade him take care of himself, and get into no mischief ; and strongly recommended his going to Captain O'Connor's, and taking his advice how to proceed. One of them repeated to him several times the name of the street where the Captain lived, and the number of his house ; and Congo promised to remember it, and to go there if he did not find his master directly.

The sailor's suit, which Congo wore the night he was wrecked, the great coat which had saved his life, and the few shillings he had just received, were all he now possessed in the world ; and, in the singular dress of a handsome cloth greatcoat over a short blue

jacket and trowsers, he began his walk to the city of Cork. As he followed the road, which winds beautifully among the wooded hills that skirt the Cork river, he cast some glances of affection at the vessel, which had saved him from destruction, had sheltered him since his wreck, and was now the only spot resembling a home which he possessed on this side the Atlantic. On losing sight of that last familiar object, his reflections took a very melancholy turn, and he continued his route in deep meditation on the sad event which had separated him from his master: at last, the idea suggested itself of how distressed his father would be, could he see him in his present situation; he burst into a flood of tears, and, seated by the roadside, wept bitterly. Having indulged this flow of grief a few minutes, he jumped up, and brushing away his tears, exclaimed at his own folly in weeping there, when his master was perhaps waiting for him in Cork. The hope that such was the case, again led

him briskly forward. He had learned, on board the Shamrock, that England and Ireland were all one kingdom; and that had reconciled him to landing in Ireland. His ignorance of geography made him believe that all vessels going to England arrived in the same port: and simply supposing that his master, if alive, must be in Cork, he advanced cheerfully into the city; and, passing through the principal streets, he eyed every gentleman he saw, in hopes of discovering the one he was in search of. After some time, he thought of going to all the *taverns*, as he called the hotels and inns, and inquiring there for a gentleman of the name of Stewart. He applied in vain at the bars of several inns; but was at last informed that a gentleman of that name was above stairs, and asked what his business was.

“Oh! Let me see him! Let me go to him!” exclaimed Congo; “he is my master, my own dear master!”

At that moment, an elderly and stern-

looking man was descending the stairs, close to the part of the bar where Congo was standing.

“There he is, sure, his own self!” said the bar-maid; “an’ if he is the master you are looking for, I can tell ye he is not worth the finding;” and, pushing Congo towards the stranger, she repeated, “Sure, there is his honour! There is Mr. Stewart!”

Congo’s heart sank within him; the moment before, it had beaten with the liveliest hope of being instantly admitted into the presence of his beloved master; and the disappointment was indeed severe. With feelings too big for utterance, he left the inn, and wandered about for some time, at random. Having inquired at all the first-rate houses, his anxiety induced him to pursue his search in those of inferior description. In one of these, the smell of savoury viands reminded him that it was many hours since he had eaten any thing; and, as the evening was closing in, and he felt himself much tired and ex-

hausted, he resolved to secure a bed and a supper, and defer all farther search till the morrow, when he intended finding out Captain O'Connor, and asking his advice.

Entering a large ill-lighted kitchen, he addressed himself to a dirty bustling hag, whose high tone of authority convinced him she was the mistress, and requested something to eat, and that a bed might be allotted him. *The mistress* eyed him with a scrutinizing glance, and begged to know if he was as well able *to pay as to order*.

“To be sure I am,” said Congo, with some indignation: and, pulling out all his money, he convinced the cautious landlady that she might safely set before him some of the Irish stew, which she was then serving up to a party of men, seated round a table in a corner of the same apartment. She was about to place Congo and his dish at a table by himself, when the party just mentioned very cordially invited him to a seat at their board. Warmed and fed, and encouraged

by the cheerfulness of his companions, Congo began to enter into their conversation, and soon brought upon himself a string of interrogations, which ended in his telling them the whole of his adventures, since he left his native country.

Congo was pleased to observe the interest which his tale excited, and bore very patiently the sort of cross-questioning inflicted on him by the eldest of the party. As the story he told was the *exact* truth, he had no difficulty in answering any of these inquiries; and his ready answers, together with his artless manner, gained him full belief with an audience not very apt to credit such narratives. Congo concluded his history of himself by saying, he was now come to Cork to find his master.

“Not the master that you lost at sea?” said one of the strangers.

“The very same,” replied Congo: “they tell me England and Ireland are all one; and as my master was bent on coming to England,

I do not doubt he is here ; for he would be sure to wait awhile for me, before he travelled inland."

Poor Congo's ignorance quite astonished and puzzled his shrewd companions, from whom he had now to learn the mistake under which he laboured. After many exclamations at the boy's wrong notions, much disputing amongst themselves, and many attempts at explanation, in which all so eagerly joined, that none were intelligible, the distressing truth broke upon Congo's mind ; and he was made to understand, that in the event of his master's being alive (on the probability of which they debated amongst themselves, without any regard to the feelings of his faithful servant), it was impossible to tell in what quarter of the world he would be found ; and even should he have been picked up by a British vessel, it would be very difficult to discover at which of the numerous ports of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, he might have



arrived. Congo's officious friends seemed unnecessarily anxious to convince him of the hopelessness of his search. The poor boy felt it in all its force; he could only reply by his sobs and groans, and piteous exclamations of love and regret for his lost master and friend. Overwhelmed with grief, he could no longer bear the conversation of his companions, who continued to canvass the subject so painful to him, and he was about to withdraw, when they became more attentive to his sufferings, expressed their sorrow for his desolate condition, and offered him their friendship and advice. Then, lowering their voices, they talked awhile among themselves: after which the eldest of the party, familiarly called by them Paddy O'Leary, addressed Congo, and offered to supply to him the place of his lost friend; he endeavoured to convince him he had better relinquish his hopeless search, and do for himself where he was. But to this advice Congo would not even listen;

and the cunning adviser, fearing that opposition would but fix the boy's purpose, soon silenced the noisy persuasions of his party, and told Congo, if he were resolved to look after his master, he would assist him in doing so ; and that, in the mean time, he had better go home with him : for the house they were in was too expensive for one in his situation, and not a very safe place for him either ; promising him board and lodging at his house, at a cheaper rate than any where else in Cork : he insisted on paying for his supper, and taking him home with him. In Congo's present distress, the apparent kindness of O'Leary won upon him, in spite of his rough voice and stern countenance, and he thankfully surrendered himself to his guidance and protection.

A miserable dirty garret, in a small house, situated in a filthy dark alley, in the worst part of Cork, was the apartment allotted to Congo ; and on a heap of dirty materials, called a bed, the unhappy lad wept himself to sleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE BEGGARS.

WHEN Congo awoke, the next morning, he could with difficulty recollect where he was, and what had befallen him: but by degrees all the circumstances of his present wretched condition presented themselves to his mind; and, with a heavy heart, but determined purpose, he rose and dressed himself. Guided by the sound of the voices, which he had heard the night before, he groped his way down a dark staircase; and, opening a door at the foot of it, found himself in a room where eating, drinking, sleeping, and dressing, seemed to have been carried on by a dozen persons at least. Seeing there two men, whose personal appearance he did not recognize, he was about to make a hasty

retreat; when a morning salutation from Paddy O'Leary discovered that person to him, so disguised in rags and filth, that he could scarcely be satisfied it was the same well-dressed and commanding-looking man, with whom he had supped the preceding evening. Paddy perceived his astonishment, and exclaiming, "Och, my youngster! sure, you don't know Paddy in his working dress!" he dismissed the person with whom he had been talking, and invited Congo to partake of an excellent breakfast, already prepared for him.

During this meal, O'Leary talked with Congo of his future plans; and, finding him immoveably resolved to pursue his search after his master, and, in the event of not finding him, to return to America, he changed his tone, and, with a contemptuous laugh, and much affected indifference, told the boy he might do as he pleased; and, if he did not know when he was well off, he had better pay for what he had had, and set

out directly on his fool's errand. A little indignant, and at the same time a little intimidated by his host's severe looks, Congo put his hand into his pocket, determined to release himself immediately from all obligation to this arbitrary adviser. His pocket was empty ! He felt in the other : his money was not there ! — He searched every part of his clothes, but in vain : not a sixpence of his five shillings remained ! A suspicion that he was in bad hands darted across the mind of Congo, and enabled him to demand, in a firm voice, whether his host knew any thing of his money ?

“ Is it me you mean ? ” said O'Leary, with well-counterfeited astonishment : “ sure, I know nothing of it, save and except that I saw you tie it up in a corner of your *eye-swab* last night ; and if you have lost your handkerchief too, you may be sure it was borrowed of you by some of the boys, that were doing honour to the new whiskey-shop round the corner.”

Congo now recollected he had passed through a mob of half-drunken sailors, on his way to his present lodgings, and did not doubt that his pocket had then been picked. Vexed and distressed, to find himself thus deprived of the means of paying his debts, he remained a few moments in silent perplexity. This was precisely the situation in which this prince of beggars had successfully contrived to place poor Congo. From the instant he first heard his story, he was resolved to enlist him in his company of beggars, or "*askers*," as they styled themselves; and he had already counted the increased gains which would arise to them from the compassion which he knew a Negro boy might easily excite.

The good feeling and high principle displayed in Congo's account of himself, would have made a less artful and daring character than O'Leary despair of ever converting him into a street beggar: he, however, promised himself success, by making

the boy dependent on him, and then working on his principles, his feelings, or his fears. He had purposely led him through the crowd at the door of the whiskey-shop; but it was his own hand that had picked Congo's pocket, though he now affected concern for his loss, at the same time assuring him it might be easily repaired. Congo eagerly inquired in what manner, and now began O'Leary's premeditated attack on Congo's principles and feelings.

He represented himself as one who had been very hardly used by the rich and powerful, and driven by their injustice to a life of dependence on their bounty; and inventing, at the moment, such a history of himself and his companions as would, he knew, be the best apology for their mode of life, he proceeded to justify the practice of *asking*, on the grounds of their thus helping the rich on their way to heaven, and injuring no man's trade; and he ended his long and artful address by recommending Congo to

try the business, at least till he had paid his debts, and had something in his pocket for his journey.

Congo's notions of right and wrong were so far confused by this harangue, that he began to think it might be right for O'Leary and his companions to beg; but when he made the case his own, when urged to join the band, he indignantly rejected the proposal, saying, "I cannot become a beggar! I can't, I won't do it! I will go to Captain O'Connor, and ask him to pay you for my lodging; but I can't become a beg—, an *asker*, like you."

"And I should like to know what's the difference between us; if *you* ask Captain O'Connor for two shillings, and *I* ask Captain somebody else for what he will please to give?—except, indeed, that you are much the boldest beggar of the two."

Congo looked confused; and O'Leary, perceiving the advantage he had gained, continued to urge him. He said, he was him-



self distressed for money to pay his rent, or he would not exact any thing from him ; but, under the circumstances, when he thought he had shewn some kindness to him, he wondered at his hesitating to do, what would not only pay his own just debt, but enable him to serve others : “ For I can put you in a way,” said he, “ to make more in a day than you have lost in a night.”

“ Indeed !” said Congo : “ I am not ungrateful to you ; and I would willingly serve you, if I could do it honestly.”

“ Och ! if you talk of honesty,” replied O’Leary, “ I wonder whether it is more honest to go away in my debt, or to accept from the rich what they don’t want, and what they give freely, to pay me with it ; so if you wish to be an honest lad, you’ll take to *holding out your hand* directly.”

Congo hesitated a moment, and then exclaimed, “ O, my dear master ! What would you say, if you could see poor Congo now !”

“He would tell you to take the best means of joining him,” replied the mendicant; “and if you will do as I would have you, I will engage to find out whether your master be landed in Ireland or not, and where you’ll be likely to hear of him.”

“Will you, indeed?” said Congo, throwing himself on his knees, and clasping those of his tempter.

“To be sure I will: and there’s never a lad in all Ireland has such means of hearing news as myself; so follow my directions, and whilst you are working for me, I will be working for you.”

Congo thanked him, agreed to take his advice, and give him all his gains. O’Leary then proceeded to detail to him some of the principal rules of the company, and required of him to take an oath to abide by them. This done, he proposed to him to spend that day in idleness, and defer till the next the commencement of his new career; but Congo, whose chief object was to obtain sufficient

money to release him from all obligation, begged to make his first essay that morning. His new master was now in high good humour, and, by making a joke of the business, he effected, without the exercise of any authority, such alterations in Congo's dress as fitted him for his new employment; and having exacted from him a solemn oath not to tell where he had lodged, or in any way to mention O'Leary or his associates, he led him forth.

On their way to the scene of action, he gave him many instructions; and, having cautioned him very strongly against telling too much of his real story, he left him at the corner of a much-frequented street, with orders to beg within a few yards of that spot, till he came for him, which he would do about dusk.

It was noon, when Congo first took his station as a beggar, in the streets of Cork. The people moved by him in continued succession; and the hours moved heavily

away; but Congo could not conquer the honest shame he felt, in that degrading situation, sufficiently to assume either the voice or manner of a beggar; and no one of the busy crowd around him suspected him of being an object of charity. So far from practising the numerous means of attracting attention suggested to him by his able master in the art, Congo felt ashamed of being seen. If a second look were directed towards him, he turned away, and pretended to be occupied: if a scrutinizing eye were bent upon him, he shrank from its inquiry; and once, when a lady kindly asked him what he was doing there, he with great confusion replied, that he was waiting for a friend, and thus made the benevolent inquirer return to her purse the shilling which she had intended for him.

Whilst Congo's better feelings were thus triumphing over the false reasoning and bad precepts of O'Leary, he earnestly hoped some one of his acquaintance would pass that

way. "If I could but see some of the passengers, or Captain O'Connor," he exclaimed, "I would ask their advice; perhaps they could tell me some way of paying my debt, and getting away from this man, without begging for him." He had scarcely formed the wish, when he saw Captain O'Connor coming down the street. His first impulse was to meet him; his next to avoid him. With a dirty face, and torn garments, and the consciousness of the purpose that had brought him there, he could not bear to make himself known to the Captain: he therefore darted across the street, and hiding himself behind a loaded cart, he lost the best opportunity of escaping from the bad hands into which he had unhappily fallen. Captain O'Connor turned down a cross street, and was out of sight in a moment. Then how bitterly did Congo lament that he had not summoned up courage enough to address him! "I must be doing very wrong," thought Congo, "or I should not be so

ashamed of myself. I will go directly to the Captain's house, and stay there till I see him, let Paddy O'Leary do or say what he will."

Congo advanced a few paces, and endeavoured to recollect the address given him by the sailors of the Shamrock: but it had escaped his memory, and no effort could recal it. He slackened his pace, but not before he had proceeded some distance down a neighbouring street, and was within view of the very man who had tempted him to become what he despised. He could not but gaze with astonishment and disgust at the altered appearance of O'Leary. Every feature was smoothed down into an expression of mild endurance and humble hope; his bent posture and stiffened gait added at least thirty years to his age; whilst the tremulous tones of his voice touched the hearts of all whom he addressed. Having watched him for some minutes unobserved, Congo returned to his station, fearful of

being known to have quitted it, but resolved never to practise the arts of deception he had just witnessed, and more anxious than ever to release himself from all dependence on such a hypocrite. He blamed himself for having listened to his proposals, or believed his promises, and he meditated an immediate escape from him. Many considerations, however, opposed themselves to this step: his just debt to him for his board and lodging, and his fear of the power which this might give O'Leary over his person, obliged him to give up the idea of running away then; and to return that night without having obtained any thing, would but increase his debt, and defer still later the moment of escape.

Thus, every consideration urged him to seek the means of discharging his debt; and as that could now only be obtained by begging, and the day was far advanced, he made a desperate effort; and, comforting himself with the idea that he only begged in

order to escape from begging, he hastened, whilst his purpose was yet firm, to address the first person whose appearance was at all inviting. His choice fell on an old gentleman, who concealed his disinclination to give under a pretended keenness in discovering imposture; and though he was never known to have sought out or relieved a real object of distress, he always said he reserved his charity for such persons.

On Congo's timidly addressing him, he called him an idle dog, and said he had no money to throw away on such as would not help themselves. Congo followed, to assure him he was most anxious to help himself, if he could. "Och, so you all say," the old gentleman replied; "but I am too keen to be caught by your stories; so be easy now, and let me alone, or I'll give you a warm jacket with this stick."

Congo needed not such a threat: he was completely repulsed; and, throwing himself down on the steps of a house, he burst into



a flood of tears. In this unstudied attitude he soon attracted attention: and of the many who idly wondered what ailed him, some gazed a moment and then passed on, and a few stopped to inquire into his case. One lady and gentleman, in particular, insisted on his drying his eyes, and telling them who he was, and what was the matter with him. He now answered readily the simple truth, and, without entering into particulars, briefly told them he had lost his master at sea; that he had no friends, no money; that he owed for his board and lodging; that he had come out to beg for the first time in his life, and had stood there all day without having the courage to ask any one for charity, till just now, when he spoke to an old gentleman, who answered him so severely, that he had almost broken his heart. This benevolent couple were touched by his story; and, whilst the gentleman continued to question him, the lady took from her purse two shillings, which she

was about to give him; but her husband withheld her hand: "You can't tell me where you lodged last night!" exclaimed the gentleman; "then I am sure you have been telling me lies, and that you do not deserve any thing."

The two shillings were before Congo's eyes, and one evasion of the truth would make them his! With them, he might hope to escape from farther temptation; and, in his desire to do so, he fell a prey to the present one. Accordingly, he explained his words to mean that he could not tell where he lodged, on account of his being a stranger in the town.

"But what sort of a place was it?" asked the lady, "was it a public, or private house?"

"A public house, ma'am."

"What was the sign?"

"I did not see, ma'am."

The gentleman shook his head; the lady gave him the two shillings, and passed on.

Congo dared not reflect on what had just occurred; but, eager to secure the means of escape from a situation in which his conscience was so uneasy, he importuned every one that passed; and though he had nothing of the usual tone of mendicants, there was something touching in his hurried manner and faltering voice; and numerous were the donations he received during the last hour he spent on his stand.

The more he obtained, the more certain he felt of satisfying his teacher, securing his liberty, and recovering his own decent clothes; and when O'Leary joined him, he found him quite elated with his success, and eager to display to him his pocket-full of halfpence and numerous pieces of silver. Paddy was not less pleased than himself; for, although the boy's gains scarcely amounted to what he had expected, he pleased himself with the belief, that Congo's lot was now completely cast among the company of askers; and he felt assured he

should have no more difficulty in making him one of his most accomplished scholars.

On their way to O'Leary's quarters, he questioned Congo very closely as to the incidents of the day; requiring him to tell what sort of people had given him the largest donations, what questions had been asked him, &c. Congo answered very cautiously, and suppressed many particulars; for all confidence in his conductor was gone: he both feared and despised him.

On their return to the room, which they had left in the morning, they were joined by the different members of their gang; all so disguised, that Congo, even on a longer acquaintance, would not have recognized them: and now he stood in silent astonishment, to see the lame recover lost limbs, the blind their sight; to see swellings vanish, and age change to youth. His grave surprise was matter of mirth to these masqueraders; but their jokes and jeers were turned to boisterous commendations, when

their chief declared the sum which their new brother had gained ; and announced his intention of giving them a *jollification* at the King's Head, in honour of the youngster's joining them.

“But I do *not* mean to join you,” said Congo in a firm voice. He was not heard.— He repeated it, and received a pull by the sleeve from one of the gang, who, having heard and observed him, said to him, in a low voice, “Don't be after baulking us of our treat : and when that's over, if you don't like our life, I'll help you to get away ; but keep your own secret, and keep sober at supper, or you are done for.”

Congo took the stranger's hint, though it filled him with doubt and apprehension ; and he remained a silent spectator of their settlement of accounts with *the master*, and their change of dress, for that of sailors or labourers. This done, they left the house, in different directions, having agreed to meet again, in an hour, at the King's Head public-

house, where an excellent supper was preparing for them.

Congo was now allowed to resume his decent sailor's dress, and his usual clean appearance. He hoped, in this return to his former character, that he should find his former ease of conscience; but, alas! that could not be! The falsehood he had uttered lay heavy at his heart, and he tried in vain to forget it.

O'Leary and his gang met at the King's Head. The best dishes of the season were set before them. They ate, drank, and caroused;—for some time, they endeavoured to make Congo king of the revel; they told marvellous and amusing stories of their own exploits, which were all intended to recommend their line of life to the young *professor*, as they called Congo; and they drank his health, and welcomed him among them, with three times three. But Congo could not bear to accept their welcome, and he was so disgusted with all he heard

and saw, that he could not even be persuaded or bullied into returning thanks, or touching a drop of their boasted whiskey punch.

He had been brought up to detest the practice of drinking strong liquors, even in moderation; and this feeling, together with the hint he had received, gave him courage to resist all the intreaties of his companions, and, what was more difficult, all their jokes and sneers; so, abusing him as a sulky dog, they at last left him to his own reflections; and had they wished to punish him for his refusal to drink, they could not have done it more effectually. He retired to the foot of the table, and laying his head on his arms, he thought over the events of the last twenty-four hours, and shed silent tears of anguish and remorse. He compared his present feelings with those of the preceding evening: he had then thought himself as wretched as it was possible for him to be; but he now felt how

much severer are the stings of a guilty conscience, than the most melancholy events in life: his sorrow for his master was sweet, in comparison with his present remorse.

The precepts of the kind mistress, who had brought him up; her Sunday evening exhortations to her children and servants; the story of Ananias and Sapphira, which she had often read to them,—all rose before him, to condemn his conduct; and he wondered that some judgment had not fallen on him that day. Wonder gave way to gratitude to God, that He had spared him from immediate punishment; and no sooner did he thus silently lift his heart to heaven, than a ray of comfort broke in upon his soul, and he was enabled to beg for mercy and forgiveness. Yes, even in that scene of riot and drunkenness, he prayed long and fervently to the Almighty, that He would graciously pardon his offences, and extricate him from his present trouble. Nor did he pray in vain:—a way of escape from the



snare that surrounded him, was even then preparing for him.

The man who had advised him before supper, being the only one, besides himself, who had the use of his sober senses, now slipped round to Congo's side, and convinced him in a few words that he both pitied and felt for him, and was willing to direct and assist him in escaping out of the clutches of *the master*. He lamented his own mode of living, but said he had been so long accustomed to that easy life, that he could not now change it for hard labour and scanty earnings. "But for *you*," said he, "it would be a burning shame to make an idle beggar of the like of ye. Now, Paddy has set his eye-tooth upon you, and, unless you can slip away to-night, there is little chance of your escaping him." He told Congo that he had remained sober, only in order to help him; for nothing, he said, silenced his conscience like a drop of the *cratur*: but as *the master* himself was sel-

dom so much overtaken as he then was, they must take advantage of it; and he promised Congo, that when they were all in their first sleep he would come to his room, and get him safely out of the house. He then advised Congo to return to his own country as fast as possible, and on no account to remain in Cork after the dawn of day.

To this Congo agreed, with many thanks for his offers of assistance; and he farther shewed his gratitude, by trying to persuade his friendly adviser to flee with him and seek a better life; but the man sighed and shook his head, observing, as he withdrew from the boy's side, "You may take the crook out of the *twig*, but not out of the *tree*—it will break first." The despairing and melancholy tone in which this was uttered, made an indelible impression on Congo's mind.

Soon after this conversation had passed, the party broke up, and went reeling home, by different ways.

O'Leary, as if fearful of losing his new

bird, seized Congo's arm with a tremendous grasp, and supported himself home by it. Congo submitted with calmness and patience, for he trusted the promised deliverance was at hand: and so it was; the beggar was as good as his word. After all in the great room were asleep, he stole up to Congo's garret, taking with him the boy's great-coat, which Paddy thought he had secured, and the key of the house-door.

Congo was anxiously waiting, and obeyed his signal to follow him in silence. The doors creaked on their hinges, and the stairs cracked as they descended them: but they effected their escape unheard. Congo's guide accompanied him down the alley, and, having shewn him his way out of the city, he wished him well, slipped some money into his hand, and turned hastily away. But Congo could not accept any part of a professional beggar's gains; after his acquaintance with the means used to obtain them, he could not in any way participate in them; and though he felt his

pennyless condition, he ran after his deliverer, and forced him to take back his donation. For a long time, the man resisted; but, at last, a suspicion of Congo's motive crossed his mind, and, dashing the money to the ground, he exclaimed, "Would to God I had honester gains to offer thee!"

Congo's joy at his own deliverance was tempered by the regret he felt at leaving the instrument of it to his evil courses; and when he thought of O'Leary and his gang, he quickened his pace, and did not breathe freely till he found himself a mile out of Cork, on the Glanmire road. There, by the light of a full moon, he discovered a farm-yard, near the road-side, and, having entered it, some clean straw under a shed tempted him to stretch his weary limbs upon it; he thanked the Almighty Disposer of events for his present freedom, and sank into a sound sleep.

## CHAPTER IX.

## BETTER PROSPECTS.

WE must now inform the reader, that Congo was not so entirely neglected as he supposed himself, by the Captain of the Shamrock and his fellow-passengers. So far was Captain O'Connor from being indifferent to the poor boy's fate, that he had been extremely angry with his mate for turning him ashore; and he had ordered his men to make diligent inquiry after him in Cork, and bring him to his house as soon as found. One of the passengers, Mr. Edward Cooper, whose father resided in one of the beautiful villas on the banks of the Cork river, had given such an interesting account of Congo to his family, that they were all very desirous of seeing him, and a boat had

been sent to bring him to Grove Hill, only a few hours after Congo had quitted the vessel. The disappointment of this worthy family was great, when the boat returned without Congo, or any satisfactory tidings of him; and they feared so much that he would get into difficulties, and suffer in his morals as well as his person, that they resolved, if he did not appear on board the vessel or at the Captain's house, in a few days, to advertise for him.

Mr. Edward Cooper had become so fond of Congo during the voyage, that he had determined, if possible, to supply to him the place of his master, whom he firmly believed to have perished at sea; but, as he lived in his father's house, and that gentleman was not one with whom even a beloved son could take the least liberty, he dared not venture to bring Congo home with him; though he knew perfectly well that, when his story was told, his father would be the first to be

moved by it, and to propose sending for the boy, and giving him a home. As soon, therefore, as the first greetings and personal inquiries between Edward and his family were over, he entered on the particulars of his voyage. This led to the mention of the unfortunate beings they had picked up at sea; and he described Congo's sufferings and anguish for the conjectured loss of his master, and the various instances he had given of his strong attachment to him, in a manner that warmly interested the whole family.

No sooner did Mr. Cooper understand that the hero of this tale was on board the Shamrock, than, blaming his son for not bringing him with him, he despatched one of his own boats to Cove to fetch him; and the kind-hearted old gentleman was no less disappointed than his son, when it returned without him. That day and the next he was observed to be extremely fidgety, and the third morning he disturbed the family at an

early hour, and announced his intention of advertising for Congo that very day.

Leaving their father and brother busily occupied in composing the advertisement, the Misses Cooper took their usual morning walk ; and, chatting of the faithful negro as they went, they turned their steps towards the lodge at the entrance of their estate, the inhabitants of which shared largely in their bounty. Stopping at the door, to make some charitable inquiries, they beheld a group of children assembled round a three-legged table, on which a heap of hot potatoes threw up such a cloud of steam as obscured some of their faces : yet Miss Cooper thought she discovered through it one that was unknown to her. The sisters entered the room.—The children were too much occupied by their new guest, to observe the ladies ; but what was these ladies' surprise on discovering the stranger to be a Negro boy, of such an agreeable countenance, that they both concluded it could be no other than *the lost*



*Congo.* A rosy girl, of three years old, was seated on his knee; a boy, of five, stood by him, with his eyes fixed on the stranger's woolly locks; while the other children were pressing him to share their potatoes and butter-milk.

Unwilling to disturb the happy group, yet longing to know if it were Congo whom they beheld, the Misses Cooper turned to the good wife, who entered at that moment under a load of turf for the fire, and begged to know what stranger was breakfasting with her children.

“Please your ladyship,” she replied, “it is a lad my youngsters met in the road this morning; and, though they are afraid of blacks in general, they took such a fancy to this one, that they brought him home to breakfast with them; and sure he's welcome, for he comes from a far country, and has lost every thing he was possessed of at sea—the master he loved and all—so he tells me, my lady.”

“Then it must be Congo!” exclaimed both the young ladies at once. The boy’s countenance brightened, on hearing his own name pronounced; and, much to the displeasure of his young friends, and particularly to the little girl, whom he now displaced from his knee, he left his half-finished meal, and came modestly forward; hoping to find a face he knew under one of the ladies’ large bonnets. In this he was disappointed; but they soon made themselves known to him, as the sisters of the Mr. Cooper, with whom he had sailed on board the Shamrock. They said, they had heard his history from their brother, and were very desirous of seeing him. Congo thanked them very properly for their kindness, and was about to beg permission to see Mr. Cooper, when the young ladies desired him to follow them to the house; and walked off themselves, in great haste, to announce that Congo was found, and to prevent the advertisement going to the press.

As soon as Congo had thanked the good woman of the house for his breakfast, and disengaged himself from the children, who pressed around him, and made him promise to visit them again very soon, he ran after the ladies, and overtook them just as they were entering the house. They surprised their brother, by ushering Congo at once into the room where he was sitting alone. A kind salutation from Mr. Edward Cooper encouraged him to express his pleasure in seeing him again; and the sisters then described the manner in which they had unexpectedly found him. Overcome with joy and gratitude for the kind interest which he found he had excited in all around him, tears rushed into his eyes, and he exclaimed sorrowfully, "Oh, Sir! if I had but known this sooner!"

"Why, Congo! What have you done since I left the ship?—Nothing wrong, I hope?"

“ Oh yes, Sir, very wrong !” sobbed out the poor boy.

“ Indeed, Congo ! I am sorry to hear it,” said Mr. Cooper.

“ I suppose,” continued one of his sisters, wishing to ease Congo in his confession, “ I suppose you had no money, and were very hungry, and so you took what did not belong to you ?”

“ Oh no, Miss, not so bad as that : Congo would rather die than steal.”

This he uttered in a manner that convinced his hearers he spoke the truth. They continued to question him, however, as to the manner in which he had spent the two days since he left the ship. The history of his day's search after his master he related with many tears ; and the Misses Cooper could not restrain theirs at the recital ; but when they came to that part of his story, which introduced him to the notice of O'Leary, he declined telling them any more.

“Then you fell into bad company?” said Mr. Cooper.

“Indeed I did,” replied Congo; “and I would willingly tell you all about them; but I *swore* I would not say a word, and you would not have me break my oath.”

“Certainly not: but I may guess what happened to you,—these people treated you, and took you to their quarters—and all day yesterday they tried to make you join their gang; and last night you ran away, to avoid doing as they would have you: so you are not to blame, I am sure.”

Congo could not take this undeserved commendation; and, again bursting into tears, he said, “Indeed, I *am* to blame; for I did as they would have me yesterday; and ran away last night, because my conscience would not let me do it again.”

“You did as they did, and yet you say you have not been guilty of stealing! Have a care, Congo, and, whatever you say, let it

be the truth. We do not wish you to break your oath."

"Indeed, Sir, I *do* speak the truth; the men I fell amongst were not thieves, though they were very bad men, and the crime I was guilty of was *telling a lie*. But oh, Sir, had I but known where to find you, or the Captain, I would never have done it!"

Mr. Edward and his sisters believed and pitied him; but they knew that this mystery in Congo's story would irritate and perhaps provoke their father, either to make the boy break his oath, or to quarrel with him for not doing so; and having talked it over amongst themselves, they resolved on cautioning Congo against telling any one else as much as he had told them. Mr. Edward Cooper assured him the real way of keeping a secret was not to let any one know he had one. Congo promised to be careful, but said he would not tell another lie, even to conceal his *secret*. In this resolution the young ladies strengthened him; and wishing

to tell his story for him to their father, they dismissed him to the kitchen, and recommended him to the particular care of the butler.

They were re-considering Congo's story, and wondering what description of men he had been amongst, when old Mr. Cooper returned from his morning walk, and heard from his children the welcome news of Congo's being found. He desired to see him directly; but whilst he waited for the bell to be answered, and for the message to reach the boy, his daughters anticipated what Congo might say of himself, by telling their father that he had been in Cork, looking for his master, whom he still believed to be alive somewhere in England or Ireland; but being now undeceived as to the probability of his finding him, he was very miserable about it, and had been crying a great deal that morning. This they knew would prevent their father from touching on the subject; and they then told him when and where

they had found him, and that he was on his way to the vessel at Cove, to inquire the Captain's address. The old gentleman was thus satisfied on every point, before the boy entered; and, as he never asked the same question twice, nor could bear to hear the same thing repeated, his children knew that their *protégé* was safe.

The appearance of Congo pleased the old gentleman extremely, as well as his clear and ready answers to the few common-place questions he addressed to him; and he told him, if he liked *him* for a master, and *that house* for a *home*, he was welcome to both as long as he behaved well. Edward and his sisters were delighted to hear this, and looked at Congo, in expectation of some expression of joy and gratitude. A slight "I thank ye, Sir," was all they heard: and the boy's face was the picture of misery. They saw that their father was disappointed in his wish of giving pleasure, and they attempted to thank him for Congo. Meanwhile, the



boy's thoughts were fixed on his lost master; and at the next pause in the conversation, he begged to be told what he had better do,—proceed to England, in search of his master, or return to Philadelphia.

The old gentleman laughed at his notion of travelling in search of his master; and Edward explained to Congo the impracticability of it, without money or friends, or any clue by which to find him. Congo looked very grave, paused, and, sighing as he gave up his darling project, said, “Then, Sir, I must return to America; my old master there will pay for my passage, if you will be so kind as to engage somebody to take me out.”

“Well, well,” said Mr. Cooper, impatiently, “we will talk of that by and by; you must stop here and recruit a while; and when there is a vessel going, we will think about parting. So now go and finish your breakfast, and tell my people to shew you all about the place.” Congo cast a

piteous look at Mr. Edward, bowed, and withdrew.

That gentleman was as anxious to retain Congo in his service as his father could be ; but he knew it could only be done by allaying the boy's anxiety, and ascertaining for him that his master was no more. So he took the first opportunity of telling Congo, that he thought he had better stay where he was for the present ; and promising him, that if he remained quiet, he would write to the chief ports of England and Ireland, and inquire if any vessel had arrived with passengers on board picked up at sea. This quite satisfied Congo's mind ; and, as he always hoped the best, he looked forward with confidence, that he should soon hear of his master ; and became, meanwhile, the same happy, lively, little chap that he used to be before his misfortunes.

## CHAPTER X.

## DANGERS OF A SECRET.

Congo contrived, by obliging every body, and by being the ready servant of every member of the household, to escape the envy and ill-will of his fellow-servants; and to be a favourite in the parlour, without being hated in the kitchen. When his livery was made, he was appointed to stand behind Mr. Edward's chair at dinner, and instructed in the business of a footman. After a few clumsy tricks, such as giving one of the young ladies a *beer bath*, and pouring soup, or gravy, over the gentlemen's coats, he became tolerably expert.

He kept up his acquaintance with the family at the lodge, who continued very fond of him; and his activity and good

humour made him the delight of the children, for whom he was continually buying gingerbread and making playthings; though he said nothing about this at home, for he soon found the honest family of Barny Burns were no favourites with his fellow-servants.

There was but one part of his duty, which he did not like; and that was, going to Cork on messages, or behind the carriage, when he always dreaded being seen by O'Leary, of whom he had an undefined horror. That object of Congo's terror no sooner saw than he recognised him, and, when he was alone, made several amicable attempts to speak to him: but Congo's fears rendered it fruitless; for, whether on foot or on horseback, he always flew by, like one possessed. By thus avoiding, he irritated the beggar, and induced him to play upon his fears, by assuming threatening looks and gestures, whenever he passed him. Whilst this was unknown at Grove Hill, it was attended with

no other consequence than making Congo the most expeditious of messengers, and preventing his ever seeking any idle pretences for going into town ; for all which he gained credit with the old gentleman.

One day, however, when Congo was attending the carriage, the coachman remarked that the old beggar shook his stick at Congo, and gave him many looks, which he did not relish, yet seemed to understand ; and carelessly asking him the meaning of them, the coachman soon perceived, by the boy's reply, that there was more between them than he chose to acknowledge. This news the coachman carried home to his fellow-servants ; and from that moment, Congo never knew any peace amongst them. His resolution not to break his oath, nor tell a lie, made it extremely difficult for him to stand the shrewd cross-questioning and ceaseless rallying, to which he was thenceforward exposed. They were never tired of joking and plaguing him about his friend the beggar ; and, by degrees,

they guessed out as much of the truth as placed Congo's conduct in the worst light : but, as he persisted in refusing to tell them the story, they imagined that he still concealed that part of it which was most discreditable to himself ; and, though they did not like him the less by supposing him fallible like themselves, they made him miserable by their ceaseless allusions to his connection with the beggar, and became also much less careful to conceal their own misdemeanours from his notice.

The whole system of plunder and deception which was daily practised by this set of old domestics, was now by degrees revealed to Congo ; and he found, with dismay, that he was now indeed among thieves. A house-keeper, who had lived thirty years in the family, and had, since the death of Mrs. Cooper, become possessed of the entire confidence of the family, and of unbounded authority over those under her, was at the head of the depredations committed on her

master's property. Her own relations were fed and clothed, and their houses were partly furnished, by what she contrived to pilfer from Grove Hill; and, in order to secure the secrecy of all about her, she winked at the same practices in them. In consequence of these outgoings, the expenses of Mr. Cooper's kitchen were double what they ought to have been; and, without any increase of expenses on his part, or that of his family, he felt his income become every year more inadequate to his style of living. But his complaints to his housekeeper were always silenced by her plausible representations, and earnest protestations of her entire devotion to his interests: thus, while his neighbours were continually changing and complaining of their servants, he thought himself the most fortunate of men, in having about him a regular and trusty set of people; and he often boasted of the number of years that the different members of his household had lived with him.

No sooner was Congo acquainted with the proceedings of his fellow-servants, than they endeavoured to make him accessory to them; and, by means of his obliging temper, to engage him in the service of depredation. In this, however, they entirely failed. Congo could not be trapped into carrying off baskets of provisions to neighbouring houses; or cramming good household linen into Mrs. Rafferty's rag-bag; or fifty other tricks, which need not here be recorded, but which daily shocked the honest principles of Congo, and rendered him so uneasy in his place, that, after much deliberation and many painful doubts, he determined to quit it. He felt it a breach of confidence on his part, to know of such nefarious proceedings, and not disclose them to his master; yet, after all he had heard the servants say of the impossibility of any one's injuring them in their master's eyes, and of one man having been turned away, and shortly compelled to quit the country, in consequence of an attempt to



betray them, he felt how useless would be any effort of his to undeceive the family; and he therefore resolved to take the opportunity of a short absence of the young ladies and their brother, for giving his master warning and leaving the place. As he was much attached to the younger part of the family, he feared their presence would shake his resolution; so, having obtained from Mr. Edward all the information he could relative to the sailing of vessels for America, and found from him that he had heard nothing of his master, he made himself very busy in assisting him to pack his clothes; and was observed by the ladies to be most affectionately attentive to them also. He had the satisfaction of helping them into the carriage, and receiving from each a kind look and cheerful good-bye, which his heart was almost too full to acknowledge: and, having followed them with his eyes down the avenue, as far as he could discern the carriage, he turned from the door with a heavy heart, and spent

the rest of the day in revolving his future plans, and making up his mind to give his master warning.

Congo felt this to be a task that required all his courage; but he was no coward in any thing but guilt. With a clear conscience, he could do any thing he was determined on; and his past sufferings had considerably increased his firmness and his powers of endurance.

The following morning, having assisted in clearing away the old gentleman's breakfast, and being left by the other footman to make up the fire and sweep the hearth, he seized the moment, when Mr. Cooper laid down the newspaper, to tell him, in few words, but with as much respect and gratitude as he knew how to introduce into the speech, that he desired to be discharged. When he had finished the difficult sentence, which he had lain awake half the night to compose, his master's astonishment found vent in—"What is it you are saying, child?

I don't understand?"—and Congo was forced to begin it all over again. He was not, however, allowed to finish it the second time; a volley of questions as to his reasons for wanting a discharge, and a severe lecture on young people's love of change, and on their never knowing when they were well off, kept Congo long silent; for to answer so many questions at once was impossible, nor did Mr. Cooper desire it—he thought his harangue unanswerable, and was much incensed against the boy, when, at the close of it, he found Congo's determination to quit him unshaken.

Mr. Cooper now asked questions that he meant to have answered, and insisted on knowing why he wished to leave him, and whither he meant to go. "I am going to America, Sir," was Congo's only reply; for he wished to avoid the former question.

"Poh! Nonsense! America! There's time enough for that! You would not be so hairbrained as to set off for that country

before you know whether your master is in this?"

"Mr. Edward tells me he has had letters from all the different ports, and that—"

"No, no, no, he has not—there are several he has not heard from: so keep your roving spirits quiet, till we are quite sure your master is lost."

"Lost, Sir!" exclaimed Congo, who never admitted the idea of not ultimately finding his master—"Lost!" he repeated with horror, and burst into a flood of tears, which at once dissipated Mr. Cooper's anger. He now soothed the boy, flattered his hopes of finding his master, and used every argument to persuade him he had better remain where he was for that year.

Congo assured him of his love and gratitude towards him and all his family; but added, positively, that he *must* quit his service.

"Then something is wrong with you in

the kitchen; and I'll break all their bones but I'll know the truth of it."

He was about to ring the bell, but Congo begged he would not.

"Then tell me yourself what they have done to you."

"Nothing, Sir; indeed they have done nothing to me."

"They have affronted you for your colour, or frightened you about turning Catholic, or some such absurd nonsense! And I *will* know what it is; so you had better tell me with your next breath."

Congo paused a moment, to consider; whilst the old gentleman muttered in soliloquy: "Do they think, then, I am not master in my own house; and that they may turn out this boy, to please themselves and vex me?"

Encouraged by these words, Congo assured Mr. Cooper he would tell him directly why he left him, if he thought he should be

believed. Mr. Cooper, in his anxiety to hear his reasons, declared he would believe any thing but a ghost story; and Congo then ventured to tell him the real occasion of his quitting his service.

“Robbed by my old servants! That can hardly be: Mrs. Rafferty would prevent that!”

“But Mrs. Rafferty is the worst of all,” replied Congo.

Painful astonishment kept the old gentleman silent; and Congo then gave him a brief sketch of the whole system of depredation carried on against him in his kitchen. Congo's simple statement of facts, with his previous unwillingness to declare them, gained him considerable belief with Mr. Cooper; and he was about to tell him how and where he might find the full proof of what he had asserted, when the door of the apartment flew open, and Mrs. Rafferty, who had been listening at the key-hole, rushed into the room, pale and breathless

with suppressed rage. Planting her tall form between her master and Congo, she drew herself up with an air of assurance, that made good the poet's words,

“ Nought so like innocence as perfect guilt :”

then, in a strain of nervous appeal and pathetic apostrophe, for which the Irish are so remarkable, but to which the author cannot here do justice, she reproached her master for allowing “ a stranger, a vagabond, a street-beggar,” to speak ill of an old servant behind her back ; and she concluded her voluble attack upon her master's feelings, by exclaiming, with much appropriate gesture, “ And is it to be ruined by that beggarly brat, that I have faithfully served ye, night and day, these thirty years ? Is it for this, that hands and feet, head and heart, have grown old in your service ? But not *too* old either to feel, think, and act, as my injuries demand !” Then clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to the ceiling,

she added, in a lower and deeper tone, "Oh! may my sainted lady in heaven be spared the sight of this! For sure, when, in her dying hour, she bade me never leave her dear children, she little thought it would come to this!" Here she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed audibly.

Mr. Cooper, quite overcome by her volubility, staggered by her well-counterfeited innocence, and moved by the mention of his departed wife, now led her to a chair, begged her to be more calm, and assured her he had no intention of condemning her unheard; and that if, after a fair investigation of both sides of the question, his judgment wavered between them, her years and past services would of course plead loudly for her. But the guilty woman was resolved to prevent all investigation, and by impeaching Congo, ruin his credit with her master, and invalidate all he had said.

Her ready invention quickly suggested the means of doing this. She remembered



the oath, which she had so often heard Congo plead, in excuse for not telling them how he spent his time in Cork ; and, knowing his strict veracity would oblige him to acknowledge it, she determined to wrest it to her present purpose.

To explain her plan, it is necessary to inform the reader, that Mr. Cooper had suffered much during the rebellion of his country, a few years previous ; and, though tranquillity had long been restored, he was ever on the alarm for new conspiracies, and nothing frightened him like oaths of secrecy, and private meetings among the lower classes. His wily housekeeper knew this to be his weakest side, and that if she could make Congo's oath to the beggars pass for one of a rebel nature, her victory would be complete : she therefore wiped away her tears, and hastened to say, " that had any one of respectability come forward against her, she would have had more patience ; but, for one of the last of God's creatures, for a

filthy Negro, who"—Here Mr. Cooper interrupted her, and insisted that he would hear no abuse of the boy for his colour; and that his education, good conduct, and faithful attachment to his former master, rendered him a very respectable witness.

"Respectable!" echoed the vehement woman; "is it respectable you'd call him? If your honour knew as much of him as I do, you'd be after changing your mind."

"I do know his whole history; and, I insist upon it, he is respectable."

"Then, if that is the case," replied Mrs. Rafferty, with affected surprise, and a hurried voice, "he must have broken his oath to the gang of rogues he belongs to in Cork!"

"Oath! Gang of rogues! What does the woman mean?"

"Why, I mean, Sir, that the lad is *sworn*—that's all!—And if you will take the word of a vagrant, that has been sworn to keep the secrets of a pack of rogues and rebels, in

the town yonder, against your old, faithful, true, and loyal servants, why then you are not the master I have been proud to serve these thirty years; and the sooner we part the better."

The old gentleman stared at his house-keeper in utter amazement, and began to think that her injuries, whether real or imaginary, had touched her brain. She, however, insisted, that the truth of Congo's evidence against his fellow-servants should be determined by his being able to deny the oath; and though Mr. Cooper would as soon have expected to find a viper under the chair he was sitting on, as to find a sworn rebel in the boy before him, he turned to Congo, and desired him to satisfy the silly woman that he knew nothing of the oaths and secrets she was talking about: "For," added he, "I am tired of this delay, and wish to proceed to the investigation."

"So you *can* turn pale, can you, in spite of your fine complexion?" said the trium-

phant housekeeper, who now felt sure of her victim.—“ Now tell the master, whether you did or did not take *the oath*.”

*The oath* meant much more than Congo was aware of ; and, supposing she simply meant his oath to the beggars, he answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Cooper could not believe that the boy understood the question ; and he again asked him if he had been sworn to keep the secrets of any set of men, since he came to that country. Congo replied that he had. Mr. Cooper started back in his chair, and pushed himself farther from the side of the table where Congo stood.

“ There, there ! condemned by his own mouth ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Rafferty. “ And now tell your faithful old servant that you don’t believe any of the lies that spy upon us all has told you ! Can you wonder, Sir, that he should want to get honest folk out of your honour’s house, and his own set in ?—Hold

your tongue, you little viper!" addressing Congo, who wished to declare that he had entirely broken with the set who swore him. "Hold your tongue! The master will hear nothing from you; and better you had been born dumb, than to have sworn the wicked oath, or forged the wicked lies you have forged against me this day."

Congo had often had occasion to repent his oath, and to declare he would never again bind himself to keep other people's secrets: but he could not comprehend how this had now operated, like a charm, against him, or why it had invalidated his testimony, and closed his master's ears to every thing he could say. He saw, however, that such was its effect; and, despairing of seeing justice done either to the housekeeper or himself, yet strong in his own innocence, he calmly awaited the moment of his dismissal. Mrs. Rafferty waited for it also, as she dared not trust the boy a moment alone with her

master, although she hoped and believed him to be irretrievably ruined in his good opinion.

After a long silence on the part of Mr. Cooper, during which he endeavoured to recover from the amazement and confusion into which he had been thrown by the scene of the last hour, he addressed Congo in terms little suited to his real character and situation; and great part of which was totally incomprehensible to him. That part, however, which enforced his not returning to his bad companions, but advised his seeking a vessel in Waterford, in case there were none in Cork, to take him back to his own country, agreed with Congo's wishes, and strengthened his intentions.

A few questions, which Mr. Cooper put to the boy, concerning the men who had sworn him, and which his oath to the beggars prevented his answering, confirmed the old gentleman in all his suspicions: and, having lectured and lamented over the boy, till he

was quite exhausted, he paid him two pounds, as wages ; and, telling him he might take away all his clothes with him, he wished him safe back to his friends in America, and motioned to him to withdraw. Congo hesitated to receive so much ; and, saying he had enough to be grateful for without that, would have returned one of the notes : but Mr. Cooper would not allow it ; he made him pocket both, observing that he hoped they would keep him out of mischief till he found a vessel. Congo now thanked Mr Cooper in such affectionate and artless terms for all his past favours, and sought with such eagerness a parting look of kindness, that Mr. Cooper dared not trust himself to meet the boy's eyes ; and had not the presence of his jealous housekeeper kept him up to the line of conduct, which she demanded as her due, the old gentleman would certainly have relented, and inexperienced innocence might possibly have prevailed at last against hardened guilt. But Mrs. Rafferty stood by

to the last, nor deemed herself quite safe till she had shut the breakfast-room door, after Congo had finally quitted the presence of his master.

Whilst Mrs. Rafferty went to report her triumph, and the safety of all parties, to the trembling culprits below, Congo collected his clothes together in a bundle, and hoped to leave the house unnoticed. But every outlet was watched by the servants; and, like a hunted hare, he was driven out through the hall and kitchen, amid the scoffs and taunts, the hisses and groans, cuffs and kicks, of his victorious enemies.

Our hero's active limbs soon released him from this low persecution; and with his friends at the Lodge he found welcome and entertainment for that day and night.



## CHAPTER XI.

## CHANGE OF SCENE.

THE inhabitants of the Lodge were too honest to be on good terms with the servants at Grove Hill; and, guessing from Congo's abrupt departure, that he had become acquainted with their malpractices, Mrs. Burns told him he need not spoil his story, to keep the secrets of the kitchen he had left, for they were no secrets at all; and having proved her acquaintance with them by various anecdotes, Congo felt himself at liberty to tell the whole story of his dismissal. The work of the house was suspended, the children's game forgotten, whilst each individual of the family lent an attentive ear to his tale. The sympathy of Congo's auditors rendered him unusually fluent, and

he went smoothly on with his narrative, till he came to Mrs. Rafferty's attack upon him for his oath; then he and his story became confused, and all the anticipations and explanations of those around him but added to his difficulties. At last, Mrs. Burns, insisting upon silence from her children, cried, "I have it sure! . . . Mrs. Rafferty accused you to the master of being a *Whiteboy*;\* and there is nothing frightens the master like the sound of oaths and unions; but sure, you could clear yourself of that, by swearing before them both that you were not a United Irishman!"

Congo was now more puzzled than ever; and replied, that Mrs. Rafferty had said something about his colour, but her master would not listen to it; and that Mr. Cooper knew very well he was born in America, and did not need to be told he was not an Irishman.

\* *Whiteboy* and *United Irishmen* were epithets bestowed on the Irish rebels.

“Och, my honey! that’s what you don’t understand now! But I can tell ye, that you may be hanged for an United Irishman, let you be born any where in the world! And even *your* complexion would not save you from being condemned and executed for a *Whiteboy*.”

Congo stared—the children laughed—and Mrs. Burns proceeded to give Congo some account of the rebellion of her country, which, in the end, explained to him the terms she had used, and the mystery of Mrs. Rafferty’s successful attack upon him. But it still remained for him to say why he could not instantly refute her charge; and to do this he ventured to tell his friends, what was already so well known to his enemies in the Grove Hill kitchen. He acquainted them, that he was bound by oath not to betray the secrets of a set of beggars, whom he fell in with the first night of his going to Cork; and that the coachman, having discovered the connexion, and told it to his fellow-

servants, Mrs. Rafferty had now made use of that circumstance to convince her master he was a rebel.

Many were the regrets of Congo, that he had not, when he acknowledged the oath, declared what description of people had sworn him ; and, in spite of Congo's scruples, it was decided, that since the beggar had first betrayed the connexion between them, he was fully justified in saying that they who swore him were beggars. Mrs. Burns would have gone much farther, and declared all obligation to secrecy was cancelled : but Congo's conscience was a better adviser, and Mrs. Burns' reasoning did not procure her curiosity the gratification she sought.

Congo pondered long on the cunning artifices of Mrs. Rafferty ; and lamented that he must appear in the character of a rebel, not only to Mr. Cooper, but to the young ladies and their brother. Mrs. Burns, however, undertook to do him justice with the younger part of the family ; and, having well

discussed the past, she began to inquire into the future plans of her guest.

Congo declared his resolution of returning to his native country ; and said he must go that moment to Cove, to find what vessels were there, bound to America.

“ Sure, then, you may save yourself that trouble,” said his kind hostess ; “ for is not the Captain coming home to-night, to spend Sunday with us ; and can’t he tell you all about every plank that floats between the City of Cork and the Turbot Bank ? . . . . Can’t he tell you all you want to know, seeing he commands the most elegant lighter in the river ? And sure enough, now we are talking of him, there is Barney Burns, as large as life ! Run, Christy, you lazy loon, and fetch some turf ; and, Judy, wash the potatoes ! Sure, we have forgotten every thing, to listen to Congo ; and here’s your father before we have put any thing straight !”

“ Well, as for the matter of that, mother,” said her eldest daughter, “ the very sight of

Congo amongst us will be excuse enough, let alone the story we have got to tell my father about him."

As soon as he was informed that Congo was his guest, the good lighterman warmly seconded his wife's hospitality; and Congo was made welcome to the best his house afforded, with some apologies for its not being so good as he was accustomed to, and much self-gratulation that all *they* had honestly come by. Mrs. Burns now repeated Congo's story to her husband, but with so many digressions, corrections, and amplifications, that the hero of it could scarcely follow the thread of the narrative. His present views and future plans were then detailed by the voluble Mrs. Burns, much more minutely than he could himself have done; and, having talked herself out of breath, the good woman called on her husband to give Congo all the news of every ship in the harbour; and left them, to attend her household concerns.

Fortunately for Congo, the lighterman

was less fond of talking than his wife, and could keep more closely to the point in question; so he soon learnt from Barney that there was not a ship in the harbour bound to the United States; but that one was then on the point of sailing for Philadelphia, from Waterford, full of passengers, and only waiting for a wind; and Barney, with many apologies for seeming to hurry away a guest, advised Congo, if he wished to sail in her, to lose no time in getting to Waterford. This advice Congo resolved to follow, though the children coaxed and the mother scolded; and Barney himself, now tutored by his wife in the rules of politeness, retracted and qualified his first opinion. Congo was firm, and, with many thanks to his kind friends for their hospitality, assured them that the best way to prove their friendship was to assist him in getting to Waterford, the soonest possible; "For," added he, "I shall never be out of harm's way, till I get back to my old father and master;

to the house I was born in, and the country where there are neither beggars nor rebels.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Burns, “I believe you are right, boy; and, if you needs must go, we must see what we can do to speed ye. . . . You have not been used to travel with much luggage of late, so what have ye got to hold your bits of clothes in?”

Congo's bundle was now inspected; and the good woman instantly set to work to wash his dirty shirts for him. After dinner, Judy darned his stockings; and his favourite Rose pricked her little fingers in making him a strong linen bag, to hold his clothes; whilst the good man of the house and his eldest son spent the evening in listening to Congo's description of his own country. As it was settled that Congo should start from Cork the next morning, by the six o'clock coach, the afternoon would have been rather a gloomy one, particularly to the younger part of the family, who could not bear the thought of losing their dear Congo for ever,



had he not occupied their attention by praises of his own country; and talked to the youngsters of going to see him in America, till they thought it quite practicable, and even probable. The conversation was certainly very interesting at the time; and Mrs. Burns supposed that it made a lasting impression on her son; for to that she attributed his emigration to America, two years afterwards.

Loaded with the blessings and good wishes of his kind friends, and quite overcome by their affectionate adieus, and hopes of meeting again, Congo left the Lodge, and walked into Cork, at an early hour, attended by Barney Burns and his son Christy. The latter carried Congo's bag; and, having renewed the conversation of the preceding evening, he continued questioning Congo about America, till he was seated on the top of the coach, that was to take him to Waterford. The lighterman had been something of a traveller in his younger days, and he cautioned Congo

against telling strangers much about himself. This hint, together with the fear of committing himself to bad people, which his own experience had now taught him, made him sufficiently reserved towards his fellow-passengers, and more inclined to listen to their stories than to tell his own; though the adventures of many a boaster there would have sunk into insignificance, if compared with Congo's. The day was fine, and the mode of travelling more luxurious and expeditious than he had been accustomed to, and he enjoyed it much.

Having now abandoned the faint hope of finding his young master in England, for the more certain prospect of meeting him in his own country, his mind was entirely bent on returning thither; and he now felt as if every step of the horses carried him nearer to his family and friends. This was a most happy feeling, and inclined him to enjoy, to the full, all the humours of an Irish stage-coach: every body was civil and obliging

towards him, and he arrived in the city of Waterford without any accident, and with a more favourable opinion of the Irish people than he had before entertained.

On quitting the coach, and inquiring for the vessel bound to Philadelphia, he found, to his great disappointment, that he was still many miles from that part of the river where she lay, which was off Cheek Point; and that there could be no conveyance thither till noon next day, when the coach would take down the passengers for the Milford packets. He could not ascertain whether the wind were fair or not for America; but, much as he feared to lose the vessel, he could not attempt to walk to Cheek Point in a dark night and without a guide; so he went to bed, determined to sleep till day-light; and, having paid his bill over night, he resolved to leave the inn at a very early hour: his fatigue, however, made him oversleep himself, and he did not set out till seven o'clock.

The morning was fine, and our hero went

on his way at a brisk pace, divided between hope and fear. He asked every one he met, not only if he were in the right road, but what distance he had to go, and whether the American vessel had sailed; until the contradictory answers he received, and the numerous questions he brought upon himself, put him out of all patience, and obliged him to change his plan and proceed in silence. On coming in sight of the mouth of the river, his heart misgave him that he was too late; and his fears were confirmed by a group of sailors, who assured him they had seen the vessel that was bound for Philadelphia sail at twelve o'clock the preceding day! This was a severe blow to Congo; he had made sure of this conveyance home; and, to his young mind, the loss of this opportunity was the complete overthrow of all his plans—the entire destruction of all his hopes. He was now near the dirty and uncomfortable inn, which has for many years given strangers an unfavourable impression of Ireland, on

first landing in that country ; and a group of stragglers was soon formed round the disappointed traveller. Congo's livery suit gave him more consequence among them than he was aware of ; and he was equally surprised by the attention that he excited, and the respect that was paid to him : he did not consider how small a matter will amuse the idle ; nor could he, with his American notions, conceive that a labouring man would consider a black servant in livery as belonging to a rank above him : such, however, was the case in the country he was then in, as was evinced by the manner in which he was questioned of his own affairs, and by the cordial invitation he received from the landlord of the inn to breakfast with him.

Whilst Congo, in spite of his disappointment, was doing ample justice to Tim Scraig's bread and butter and eggs, one of the packet Captains entered. He was a large plan of a man, as his countrymen would say, with a countenance beaming intelligence and good

humour, and possessed of all the best qualities that belong to the Irish character. He said he had stepped in to see if he knew the face, as well as the coat, of his friend Tim's guest; and to ask what part of Mr. Cooper's family were going over the water, and whether they knew it was his turn to sail that day. Congo quickly satisfied Captain N— as to the movements of Mr. Cooper's family; and, won by his agreeable countenance, he explained to him how he came there, and what had been his disappointment in arriving too late for the American vessel.

“Sure, then, since you have missed that, I think you had better sail with me; for, on the other side the Channel, I can shew you plenty of your own country folks; and if you should not like those weaned Jonathans, that have been settled there so many years that they are now but half and half Yankees, you will be more likely to find an American

vessel there than here; and the trip shall cost you nothing.”

There was that in Captain N—’s manner that was calculated to inspire confidence in the most cautious; and Congo instantly accepted the proposal, with a feeling of thankfulness that such a benevolent-looking man had interested himself in his fate.

Congo’s prepossession in favour of Captain N— was entirely reciprocal: for the Captain no sooner saw and spoke with Congo, than he was pleased with him, and resolved to serve him if he could. He now invited him to accompany him on board his packet, and spent much time in conversing with him. Congo asked many questions about the passage they were to make; and surprised and amused Captain N— by inquiring, very anxiously, if it were likely there would be any ice islands in their way.

“Ice islands!” exclaimed Captain N—, “what ever put ice islands into *your* head,

that by the curl of your hair never saw one in your life?"

Congo soon set him right in that particular; and, encouraged by Captain N—, related the whole history of his shipwreck, to which his new friend lent a most attentive ear; and Congo perceived the good Captain brush away a tear from his eye, when he told him the fate of poor Phœbe.

As the hour of sailing approached, the scene became more animated. Carriages arrived, and the boats began to ply, and Congo found plenty of amusement and occupation in seeing the passengers embark, and in going on messages for his new friend. At twelve o'clock, the mail was put on board, and the packet got under way well loaded with passengers; for the Captain was a general favourite. They had a pleasant run of sixteen hours; and Congo made himself very useful in attending on the passengers; though there was one lady, who declared she would rather die than take any thing from his hand,



and that she would never have stepped into the vessel, if she had known there was a Negro on board. This prejudiced lady, it was afterwards discovered, was the wife of a West-India Captain, and descended from the race she affected to despise.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### A CAPRICIOUS MISTRESS.

ARRIVED in the spacious harbour of Milford, Congo congratulated himself on being at last in England. He was, to be sure, rather surprised to see the brown hills and dark cliffs, so much like those he had left at Cheek Point; and he began to think the white cliffs, which he had always heard coupled with the name of Old England, were among the number of false notions, which he had lately learned, by experience,

to correct: so, turning to one of the Welsh sailors, he expressed his satisfaction in being at last in his far-famed country; and asked him if he were not very proud of being an Englishman?

Taffy's countenance had brightened up at the first part of Congo's speech; but it relaxed into its original dulness at its conclusion. Congo repeated his question, and at last obtained for answer:

"I be a Welshman, and think my own country as good as England, every bit."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you were from this country."

"Ay, sure; my father *live* in the old town there: and I never leave my own country, but just to make this passage to Ireland."

"Why, what country do you call this, then?"

"Why, this is *Wales*, Sir. You are in Wales now; though, to be sure, there be great many outlandish folk come here to live,

and they have built the new town, so that it is not like the same place as it was, and nothing but English *be* spoken in these parts: yet, for all that 'tis Wales still, you know."

Taffy's information vexed and disappointed Congo. It seemed to him that the boundaries of the country he so much desired to visit receded before him. He had scarcely ever heard of Wales; and he felt more out of his own knowledge—more lost—than ever, when a kind summons from Captain N— to accompany him on shore, reassured him: and the sight of a great deal of shipping led him to hope there might be a vessel there bound to America.

On landing, they found a knot of gentlemen near the hotel, watching their arrival; and, having seen the passengers comfortably accommodated in the inn, Captain N—, followed by Congo, approached the group. The circle opened to receive the favourite Captain; and, whilst they were exchanging

news and salutations, Congo amused himself with examining the faces around him, and endeavouring to distinguish a countryman amongst them. One young man, of small stature and agreeable countenance, struck his fancy more than the rest, though he thought him less like an American than any of the party; and he was particularly gratified, when Captain N— introduced him to that gentleman, as an unfortunate countryman of his, whom he had found at Cheek Point, disappointed of his passage to his native town of Philadelphia. Congo made his best bow, and answered several questions that were then addressed to him by Mr. Barlow. After talking apart with Captain N— for some time, he again spoke to Congo, and asked him if he would like to live with him.

“Yes, Sir, as well as with any gentleman in this country,” replied Congo.

“But not as well as with any one in America, I suppose? Well, I like you the bet-

ter for that ; and, I dare say, we shall not quarrel about your partiality for your own country. I am in want of a servant, and, as there is no vessel now in the harbour bound to America, you may live with me, till one puts in. At least, I will go home and speak to Mrs. Barlow about it, and let you know this evening, or to-morrow morning. Where will you be found ?”

“ At my house,” replied Captain N— ; who then took Congo home with him.

As they went, Congo thanked him for having procured him a service, and expressed his prepossession in favour of Mr. Barlow. This Captain N— confirmed by his knowledge of him.

“ I am sure he must be a good master,” said Congo : “ how gentle he speaks !”

“ Not half so gently as his lady,” replied Captain N—, “ for it requires good ears to hear a word she says : yet, hang me, if there is not *that* in her face, which gives the lie to so much softness of speech ; and, unless her

nerves are pretty strong,—which is only a new way of saying, unless she is in a good temper—you will not be hired.”

The following morning, however, Congo was sent for. He found Mr. and Mrs. Barlow equally well disposed towards him, and was permitted to recount to them the story of his shipwreck and subsequent adventures; which, with the exception of the beggar's episode, he did very circumstantially. He even ventured to mention his real reason for quitting Mr. Cooper's service; and finished by expressing his great anxiety to know what had become of his master, Mr. Charles Stewart. In this Mr. Barlow was much interested; for he remembered that his father had been personally acquainted with the elder Mr. Stewart; and, since he had no clue, by which to find the son in England, he resolved to write to the family in Philadelphia, and inquire after him. This, he convinced Congo, was the best method of ascertaining his master's fate;

for, if he were alive, he would certainly have written to his friends from whatever port he had reached: and Congo agreed to wait for an answer to the letter before he embarked for America; for, should his master be in any part of Great Britain, he preferred joining him on this side the Atlantic, to crossing it without him.

Congo now entered the service of Mr. Barlow under every advantage. His character stood fair, and his plans for the next three months were settled. His master was his countryman, and most of the inhabitants of the place were emigrants from America. His fellow-servants were Welsh; and, though not fond of "*outlandish folk*," as they call all strangers, and particularly jealous of the English, they had no prejudice against a poor black boy, and treated him very kindly. His colour was a great merit in the eyes of his mistress, whose pride was gratified by the idea of style attached to a black servant. She shewed him every in-

dulgence, and instructed him herself in the business of his place. She fancied herself in a very delicate state of health, and Congo's noiseless step and slow movements, whenever he saw her reclining on the sofa, quite delighted her. Mr. Barlow remarked with pleasure his wife's partiality for the boy, and only hoped it might not prove too violent to last.

All the American settlers were fond of Congo, and loved to crack a joke with him on the well-remembered peculiarities of their own country, and hear from him such stories as carried them back to former times and places.

Our hero soon felt, that no where, *out of America*, could he be so happy as in Milford; and he soon forgot to count the weeks that must elapse before Mr. Barlow could receive an answer to the letter he had written to Mr. Stewart. To crown his present happiness, and completely establish his veracity, there came a letter from Mr. Edward



Cooper to Mr. Barlow, informing him that, on his return home, he had inquired into the occasion of Congo's departure ; and, from his high opinion of the boy's principles, he had been led to a thorough investigation of the housekeeper's conduct : the result of which was, the detection of that system of plunder, which Congo had alleged against his fellow-servants, and the fallacy of those accusations by which the housekeeper had imposed on his master and screened herself. Anxious for the lad's welfare, he had traced him to Mr. Barlow's service, and was very desirous to recal him to his own ; but, sensible that it would be ungentlemanly to do so, he merely congratulated Mr. Barlow on having so faithful a lad in his service ; and only requested that, whenever he parted from him, he would previously inform him of his intentions.

On reading the letter, Mrs. Barlow declared she would never part with the boy, except to his first master.

“Not unless he wishes it, I suppose you mean, my love?” said her husband.

“No, not even if he wishes it: I like him too well.”

“But you may not always like him as well as you do now.”

“Oh, yes, I am sure I shall; for I am not at all fickle in my fancies—do you think I am?”

Mr. Barlow quietly assured her that he did not; and changed the conversation. But, alas! this lady, like many others, knew not her own faults, nor her own mind for many days together; and two months sufficed to wear off the novelty of a black servant, and entirely change her opinion of poor Congo. She began by finding much unnecessary fault with him. Her husband, wishing to set matters right, quitted his customary silence on such occasions, to prove Congo was not to blame, and made such excuses for him as naturally suggested themselves. This provoked the fretful and jealous temper

of his wife to seek fresh occasion for blame ; till, at last, nothing Congo said or did was right in her eyes ; even the gaiety of his disposition was a cause of displeasure to her. The sound of laughter in the kitchen was sure to produce frowns and rebukes in the parlour ; and the hop, step, and jump, with which Congo passed through the court, or down the yard, were at last considered as high crimes and misdemeanours. The gentle step, which had once been such a merit in Mrs. Barlow's eyes, was now called a sneaking way of creeping about ; a sure sign that he had been in mischief, and was afraid of being found out ; and, though she never once detected Congo in telling an untruth, nor found him guilty of any serious fault, she was continually complaining of him, and hinting at certain charges, which she would not explain—because she could not without doing them away. Mr. Barlow found his interference only increased the evil ; and therefore he soon relinquished it :

and, as he had no wish to investigate where he was sure to find his wife wrong, he discouraged in Congo all appeals to himself; and, by never listening to the boy's side of the question, and being constantly obliged to hear his wife's stories against him, his own judgment was at last perverted: thus Congo found himself disliked, without reason, by his mistress, and condemned unheard by his master. The displeasure of the latter pained him much: he knew him to be a reasonable and good-tempered man, and therefore feared he had done something to deserve the change in his master's manner towards him.

One day, he found an opportunity of asking Mr. Barlow, when alone with him, what he had done to offend him.

"Nothing," said Mr. Barlow. "Did I *tell* you I was offended? I am sure I never found any fault with you."

"Oh, no, Sir; but I would rather you should tell me of my faults, than look so

changed towards me. If I knew what I have done amiss, I would never do it again; and then, I hope, Sir, you would look as kindly at me as you used to do."

Mr. Barlow was affected by this appeal. He paused, and tried to recollect some of the numerous charges against the boy, to which he was daily forced to listen. At last, he recollected, and named two of them. The circumstances were founded on truth, but so warped and misrepresented, that Congo hardly recognised them.

When he did, he placed them in their true light, and clearly proved *himself* right and *his mistress* wrong. This Mr. Barlow could not bear; and he cut short the conversation, by observing his mistress must have misunderstood him; he assured him he was not angry with him, and desired him to take more pains to explain things to her satisfaction. This, however, was a vain caution to poor Congo; for his mistress would never allow a servant to reply to her

accusations, however false. If Congo ever attempted to prove his innocence, it was called insolence, and he was commanded to be silent.

After Mr. Barlow's conversation with Congo, he summoned resolution enough to speak to his wife about the mistaken views of many parts of the boy's conduct; but no sooner did she discover that he had listened to Congo's justification of himself, than the poor man was overwhelmed with a torrent of reproaches; accused of believing what his favourite black asserted, in preference to what his wife told him; and frightened out of the use of his own good sense, by a real or well-acted fit of hysterics, which Mrs. Barlow called to her aid the moment she found her husband's sound reasoning unanswerable. From this, Mr. Barlow soon recovered her; and, having soothed her ruffled spirits to a calm, he wished to fix her attention on an amusing book, which he offered to read to her: but she preferred

silence, as it gave her the best opportunity of collecting her forces and returning to the charge.

After a long pause, she began in that gentle voice which she always affected to hide a most ungentle mood, "I do not think you would so readily prefer the testimony of your favourite black to mine, if you were aware how often his head is confused with liquor."

Provoking as was the first part of this speech, Mr. Barlow only commented on the latter sentence, and declared his disbelief of Congo's being at all fond of drinking.

"Oh! as to that, all blacks are fond of it; and so is your favourite. I know it to my cost, for my nerves are often dreadfully tried by his drunken excesses."

"Drunken excesses! My dear, you surprise me. Can either of his fellow-servants say they ever saw Congo tipsy?"

"Oh, servants are all alike for that. They will never tell of each other; but I

know he must drink, or he would never make such a noise in the kitchen as he often does, and set the maids off in such violent fits of laughter. For my part, I think it great insolence in a servant to do more than smile at any time."

Mr. Barlow had not the spirit to oppose even so absurd and despotic a notion as this; and his lady continued: "It was only last evening, as I lay on the sofa, in a low nervous state, that the door of the room was burst open by the wind, and I heard such peals of laughter below stairs, and such a noise, that I was frightened almost to death, and rang the bell violently two or three times before it was answered. At last, up came Sarah, out of breath with laughing, —provoking hussey!—and said it was only Congo, who had been to see a show of wild beasts, and was mimicking the keeper's manner of shewing them off, and all the company's way of talking about them."

Mr. Barlow laughed, and exclaimed,



“Droll dog! How I should like to have heard him!”

“Then you believe that ridiculous story of Sarah’s! I tell you what, the boy was as drunk as a lord; and that is why his voice was so disguised! You may shake your head, if you like; but I am sure of it! For when he afterwards brought up tea, he crept about so quietly, and scarcely spoke above a whisper, because he was afraid of betraying himself.”

“Well, my love, it may be so. I was out last night, and did not see him. When next he is the worse for what he has drunk, I dare say, I shall perceive it.”

“I dare say, Sir, you will *never* perceive what you don’t choose to see! But if you had any feeling, any consideration for my declining health, you would never let me be thus tormented by a good-for-nothing Negro.”

“My dear, if you wish to get quit of the boy, you are at liberty to do so whenever

you please. You are acquainted with Miss Cooper; write to her, and offer to give the boy up to her brother. I know, he is very anxious to have Congo with him."

This reminded Mrs. Barlow of what she had once said, about giving him up to the Coopers; and she felt staggered in her purpose, and confused by her own folly: besides this, she did not like him to go back to Grove Hill; much less could she bear to be known as the cause of his discharge. She therefore refused to have any thing to do with the hiring or discharging of men-servants. That, she said, was a gentleman's business; and if, after all he had now heard, he wished to retain Congo in his service, she should not interfere. Panting with suppressed anger, she then walked to a window and threw it up; when the voice of Congo, singing merrily at his work, reached her ears. Thus to witness his lightness of heart, at this moment, when her own bosom was tortured by all the evil

feelings to which she had given the rein, was more than she could quietly bear. She looked into the area, and saw Congo, who had just been taking particular pains to sharpen a carving-knife for his master's use, brandishing it about as a sword or dagger, and singing part of an old song about the choice between dying by bowl or by dagger. This was sufficient to suggest a certain method of ridding herself of the innocent object of her detestation. She shrieked violently, and exclaiming, "He will murder me! He will murder me!" fell into the arms of her husband, apparently senseless.

Mr. Barlow was very much alarmed, and waited anxiously for an explanation of what had so suddenly affected her; but, on her recovery, she would give no account of what had frightened her.

"Nothing!—It was nothing at all!" or, "He would know in time!" were all the answers he received to his various inquiries

and intreaties to know what it was. She would say no more; but her actions made it visible enough that she fancied her life in danger from Congo; for every time he approached her, she shuddered, and drew back. She would eat nothing at dinner, but watched every movement he made; would not allow him to stand a moment behind her; and when he took the carving-knife from the dish, she uttered a groan and fell back in her chair, gasping as if with extreme terror. Mr. Barlow now understood her fears, and, dreading lest his wife's brain should be touched, and that these symptoms of it should be known to the world, he sent Congo out of the room, and dismissed him that afternoon from his service. This was perhaps one of the most painful tasks to which the unreasonable indulgence of Mr. Barlow's wife had ever subjected him.

Congo saw, that, in giving him his discharge, his master was doing violence to his own feelings; and therefore would not try

them farther, by making any appeal to his justice. He received his discharge in silence, and his wages with thanks; astonished his fellow-servants, by telling them what had passed, and left Mr. Barlow's house that night.

No sooner was Congo's discharge known, than it made quite a sensation in the town; and as he, from a sense of honour and attachment to Mr. Barlow, refused to tell the occasion of it, numerous and various were the constructions put upon it. As Congo was now in the daily expectation of hearing from America, he would not quit Milford till the wished-for letter should be received by Mr. Barlow; and as he had numerous friends there, who were ready to employ him in occasional services, if only as a reason for providing him with a good dinner, he was very well off. To Captain N—— and his family he told the circumstances of his dismissal: but, as they were not given to gossiping, it went no farther; and

the Milford world continued to wonder and guess in vain, until Mrs. Barlow, not satisfied with having deprived Congo of his place, wished to rob him of his friends also; and then the extravagance of her charges against him sufficiently refuted them, and convinced her acquaintances that Congo's dismissal had its rise in Mrs. Barlow's bad temper and caprice.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

SHORTLY after Congo's dismissal from Mr. Barlow's service, that gentleman had the pleasure of announcing to him the certainty of his master being alive and well, when his friends last heard from him, which they did on his landing at Havre-de-Grace. To that port he had been taken by a French

vessel, which picked him and his companions up at sea, the first day of their being exposed on that uncertain element in an open boat. The letter from Charles Stewart's family contained many expressions of surprise and satisfaction at Congo's being alive, as his friends had heard that he was certainly drowned; also an urgent request that Mr. Barlow would take care of him, and enable him to join his master in London, whither he proposed going, after making a short tour in France, and where he would be heard of at Messrs. Dimsdale and Lockhart's, Commission Merchants.

Congo was indeed overjoyed by this intelligence; and, assisted and advised by Mr. Barlow, he prepared to set off immediately for London, where it was thought his master must already have arrived. Mr. Barlow determined to send him off by coach, not liking to trust to the uncertainty of a passage by water, after the strong manner in which his old friend Mr. Stewart had

recommended the boy to his care, and requested no expense might be spared, nor time lost, in forwarding him to his young master.

Congo spent one day in farewell visits to his friends and benefactors; and then, with a present from Mr. Barlow of a new pocket-book, containing money for the journey, and the address of the house in town where he would hear of his master, he went off on the top of the coach, rather sad than merry; for he could not part from so many kind friends, and the place where he had known most happiness since he left America, without some regrets, and some painful thoughts about never seeing it again.

The coachman, as far as Carmarthen, was an old acquaintance; and not until he lost him did he feel quite alone in the world. Being a lad of much observation, he found much to amuse and interest him on the road; and after he had proceeded twenty miles, he perceived he was indeed in a country whose



people and customs were peculiar, and entirely different from the part he had left.

The settlement of so many strangers at Milford, had given to that place, and some miles round, a distinct character from the rest of the country; and the real Welsh people distinguish it as *little England beyond Wales*; and this Congo now learnt. Nothing amused him more than the small boats of the fishermen on the river Towy, called *corricles*, which are made of a wicker frame, covered with tarred flannel, and only large enough to contain one person; and whilst the coach stopped at Carmarthen, for the passengers to dine, he made his way to the river, procured the loan of a corricle, and was paddling about in it with considerable dexterity, when his friend, the Milford coachman, found him, and hurried him back to the inn, just in time to save his place by the coach. He found the humours of a Welsh stage-coach far inferior to those of an Irish one; but every one was civil though dull, inquisitive

though not communicative; and, finding it vain to attempt to enliven his companions, and being tired of their questions, he sank into silence.

As he proceeded through Carmarthenshire and Brecknockshire, he heard more of the Welsh language; and being unaccustomed to the harsh sounds it contains, and the rapid pronunciation of the people, he imagined every one whom he heard speak to be in a passion. Nothing, however, surprised him so much as the ruins of old castles and priories, which everywhere presented themselves, and were so very unlike any thing he had ever seen in his own country. His expressions of astonishment at such useless old buildings being allowed to stand, called forth some sparks of enthusiasm in the Welshmen about him, to whom Congo's want of admiration for their ancient castles was quite as incomprehensible, as were to him their sentiments of love and admiration for such cumbersome old piles. It is only in the recollection

of the past, that the feelings of patriotic enthusiasm are ever to be lighted in the breast of a Welshman; whereas an American knows no patriotic feeling of older date than his own life or that of his father; the period of their independence being the commencement of their political existence. Congo had, therefore, never heard such respect for antiquity expressed before; and he could not understand it.

On leaving Wales, and being assured that he was now in England, he felt less pleasure than he had anticipated; and it was not until he had passed Gloucester, that he saw any considerable change in the country: but when he found himself on the London road, between that city and Oxford, he felt he had never before had an idea of the excellence of English roads, inns, coaches, and horses. The second night, he was much fatigued, and slept soundly on the top of the coach, in spite of the danger of so doing; and on entering London, on the morning of the third day,

he was wide awake to all the wonders of that wonderful metropolis. The idea that he was at last in the same town with his master, and that in a few hours he should probably see him, was joy almost too big for his heart; and his impatience to quit the coach and go in search of Messrs. Dimsdale and Lockhart, made the size of London appear to him enormous. Entering at Hyde Park Corner, and passing through the numerous and spacious streets, which intervene between that and the inn in the city, where the coach put up, gave him such an idea of the vast extent of London, as was quite oppressive to him; and he was very glad to hear from the coachman, that the counting-house he was in search of was within ten minutes' walk of the place where they should stop.

Having deposited his bag of clothes in the bar of the inn, and received proper directions from the coachman, he set off the moment he arrived, to find the counting-house of his master's correspondents. The

happiness he had so long desired, and which seemed now within his reach, he could not defer grasping; so, without stopping to take any refreshment, or even to wash and dress himself, he walked off at a brisk pace.

It was a foggy day in November; the streets were very slippery, and so dark, at ten o'clock in the morning, that candles were necessary in all back shops and counting-houses. Congo was inclined to make more haste than good speed; he staggered and slid several times; and at last, as he was crossing a crowded street, in his haste to avoid a carriage that was coming very fast, both feet slipped from under him—he fell with his head against the curb-stone, and the wheel passed over him.

The poor boy's leg was severely bruised and mangled, and his head sadly cut. He was taken up insensible; a crowd immediately gathered round him; his pockets were presently rifled; and when some judicious passengers suggested the propriety of looking

for papers about him, that might lead to the discovery of where he belonged, there were none to be found; and he was accordingly carried to the nearest Hospital, where his leg and his head were dressed, whilst he was still in a state of insensibility.

Let my young readers imagine, if they can, the wretchedness of Congo, when, on recovering his senses, he found himself in bed, in a strange place, surrounded by strangers, and suffering agonies in his head and leg. Meagre faces and emaciated forms met his eye, and deep groans assailed his ears. For some moments, he thought the scene before him only a frightful dream, and he tried to rouse himself from it; but the pain he felt on attempting to move convinced him that at least his own sufferings were real. He tried to recollect what had happened to him; and, by the answers he received from the busy attendants on the wretched objects around him, he discovered what had befallen him. His heart sank within him, on being

told that he was likely to be confined there six weeks or two months; and that he had nothing in his pockets when he was brought there. Stripped of every thing, and likely by this delay to miss finding his master, he was indeed most miserable, and would probably have sunk under his bodily and mental sufferings, had he not found strength and support where alone the deeply afflicted ought to seek it—in earnest prayer to Almighty God; he poured out his soul, and derived from it the consolation he required. His mind became reconciled, in a degree, to his situation; and his body being much exhausted by long fasting and the loss of blood, he sank into a kind of stupor, which lasted all day, and from which he was only roused by the nurse to take a basin of gruel, which she kindly insisted on his swallowing. Nature was most kind; and, in spite of the pain he suffered, he slept most of the night, and awakened much refreshed at a late hour the following morning.

At twelve, the surgeons visited the ward, and pronounced that he had no fever, and was doing well. They turned from him to a dying, though refractory patient, that lay in the next bed. As the medical men endeavoured to convince him of his danger, Congo heard something in the sick man's voice, that sounded familiar to him; and with much difficulty turning himself round, he beheld, to his great surprise, the well-remembered features of Paddy O'Leary. He was pale and emaciated, and a bandage nearly covered his eyes; but he was still terrific in the eyes of Congo; nor was the hardened and insolent manner in which he was then speaking to the medical man at all calculated to lessen his horror of him. Congo withdrew his eyes from the old beggar, and considering at the moment that his vicinity to him was the worst part of his present situation, he resolved not to be the first to renew the acquaintance.

During that day, he concealed himself as



much as possible from Paddy's observation, and was glad when night came, and the dim light of one solitary lamp allowed him to move without fear of being recognized.

It was a night of dreadful agony to the poor wretch beside him, whose groans and exclamations prevented his sleeping, and thrilled him with horror and pity. Hearing him lament most grievously that he could not turn himself in his bed, Congo's compassion overcame his aversion, and he managed to get up and offer his assistance. With the strongest expressions of gratitude, did O'Leary receive it, and beg him to "lend a hand in turning his great big lump of a head." Congo exerted himself to make Paddy's position as comfortable as he could.

"Thank ye, thank ye!" exclaimed the old reprobate: "I will be obliged to you all the days of my life, though I should die to-morrow! May ye never want the like office! And if ye do, may ye never be forced to ask it at the hands of a stranger, There, I am

*asy* now, as if it was a down bed I was on, and not thinking of dying these hundred years—neither will I, by St. Patrick! This soul and body will never part company in a strange land, and unavenged, too, of the fellow that sent me here with a broken head.”

Here he uttered the most dreadful threats and imprecations on the man, under whose blows he was suffering. Shocked at such language in the mouth of a dying man, Congo involuntarily exclaimed, “Oh, Paddy O’Leary! don’t think on revenge, when you ought to be repenting of your sins.”

The sound of his cant name startled the old vagrant extremely; and he wished to know which of *his own boys* was near him. Congo was now forced to discover himself, and he felt rather alarmed than pleased by the satisfaction which the mendicant expressed at meeting him again.

“None are *all* evil,”—and this notorious thief and beggar had been touched by Congo’s strict adherence to the oath he had com-

pelled him to take. In the Irish character, a sense of gratitude often survives the loss of almost every other virtue; and no sooner did he hear of the trouble which this oath of secrecy had brought on Congo, than he set his wits to work to invent a method of exculpating our hero without compromising himself; and this he would no doubt have accomplished, if Congo's abrupt departure from Cork had not rendered the attempt useless.

He now communicated to Congo his good intentions towards him; and assured him in the warmest terms of his great wish to have it in his power to serve him: "But," added he sorrowfully, "the time is gone by now, for I feel *that* within, which tells me that I shall never be able to save or serve mortal man again."

"You can serve me still, indeed you can," exclaimed Congo, "by releasing me from my oath to you."

"Is that all?" exclaimed the beggar, dis-

appointed by the smallness of the request: "that's done already; for is not the whole gang of us dispersed? I and my company routed—parted for ever? And is not Paddy O'Leary, instead of being the first of the askers in Cork, administering oaths of allegiance and secrecy, like any king or inquisitor in Christendom, now a second-rate beggar in London, without a secret in the world worth keeping? Och, that I should ever live to be *kilt* by a Thames waterman, and die in a Hospital, without a drop of whiskey, or a bit of a howl, or a priest to rid me of my sins!"

Congo was glad that he felt he had any sins to answer for; and during the rest of the night he tried to give him some rational notions of religion, repentance, and death. Paddy's ignorance, or superstition, often baffled and astonished him: but he persevered, as well as he knew how, and succeeded in making him regret his mode of life, and cease to thirst after revenge.

Towards morning, the symptoms of approaching death increased: Congo's strength and courage rose with the extremity of the case. He prayed with and for the dying sufferer, and received with calmness the last breath of the man, who had lately been such an object of terror to him.

The dying moments of O'Leary were not likely to reconcile the youthful mind of Congo to a death-bed scene; but it taught him the value of a well-spent life, and a lively faith in Christ; for he felt that had these been the portions of the unhappy wretch before him, the passage to the tomb would have been easy, and death would have been robbed of its sting. As it was, it left a very melancholy impression on his mind, and he was glad when the body of the deceased was removed from his side.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE BENEVOLENT SURGEON.

THE exertions which Congo had made in the night, had displaced some of the dressings and bandages on his leg; and when the surgeons visited him, the following morning, they found he had brought on a considerable degree of inflammation; and though, on inquiring into the cause, they could not but admire the boy's humanity, they expressed great displeasure at the state of his limb; and one of them declared it would now be a much longer job than had been anticipated, even if mortification did not ensue.

Appearances soon afterwards became so formidable, that it was feared amputation would be necessary; and as Congo understood the stump might be healed much sooner

than the leg in its present state, he exclaimed, "Then pray cut it off at once; for I should prefer the loss of my limb to the loss of my master."

The opinion of the medical men differed as to the probable necessity of amputation; but they all agreed in admiring the boy's courage.

Mr. Wells, the surgeon in attendance for that week, thought it necessary to have a consultation on the case, the following morning; and accordingly encouraged Congo to undergo the operation. Mr. Armstrong thought better of the case, deprecated the boy's impatience, and saw no necessity for a consultation. Finding, however, that his brother practitioner was bent upon it, he determined to be present at it himself, and save the boy's leg, if possible.

Though, in a moment of despair at the probable length of his confinement, Congo had had the courage to prefer amputation, yet, when he found it agreed to by one of

the surgeons, his heart sank within him, and he felt not a little terrified by the parting injunction of Mr. Wells to prepare for the operation the next day. Already depressed in spirits by the scene of the previous night, he passed a most miserable day, and only fell asleep when quite exhausted by the tears he had shed.

Mr. Armstrong was engaged to accompany a party of foreigners to Westminster Abbey, but he resolved to forego that pleasure, and attend at the Hospital, to save the black boy's leg; he therefore called on his friends, on his way thither, to excuse himself. He found them very willing to postpone their walk among the tombs, as it was a damp day for the ladies to visit so cold a place; and Mr. Armstrong then proposed that the gentlemen should accompany him. To this they readily acceded, declaring, that in a metropolis so famed for its benevolent institutions, it would be a great omission not to visit even the painful scenes of an Hospital;



and Mr. Armstrong assured them that the order, cleanliness, and quiet, which reigned in the Hospitals of London, were such as would render their visits more pleasurable than painful ; and that, as strangers desirous of acquiring information on which to found their opinion of the nation, they could not better employ their time than in inspecting institutions so highly creditable to the British Metropolis, and so far superior to those of any other capital in the world.

On their way, Mr. Armstrong mentioned the case, which rendered him so anxious to attend that morning.—“ In the present instance,” said he, “ the patient is a negro boy ; and therefore the state of the leg is more difficult to be ascertained, and the natural colour of it may deceive those who have not, like myself, had much experience in the Hospitals of our West-Indian Colonies.”

All now partook of Mr. Armstrong's anxiety to arrive in time at the Hospital.

On entering the building, he said, they might follow him or not, as they chose ; but that he must proceed immediately to the operating chamber, lest the patient should be already there. His haste was not greater than the case required. The gentlemen followed Mr. Armstrong ; and, on entering the room, they beheld the negro boy stretched on a table, his hands over his eyes, and Mr. Wells in the very act of commencing the operation.

“ Stop ! I conjure you, stop ! ” cried Mr. Armstrong ; “ I am sorry, that I am too late for the consultation ; but, if you will allow my experience in the West Indies to be worth any thing, believe me when I assure you, that the present case is not so desperate as you imagine. I see no danger of mortification ;—the colour of the skin deceives you ; indeed it does.”—Mr. Wells shook his head ; most of the surgeons, who had been at the consultation, were dispersed, after unanimously agreeing that the leg must come off.

Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Wells supported their different opinions; until Mr. Wells, growing warm, observed that Mr. Armstrong's interference was untimely, and declared that the result of the consultation must be acted upon; and, since the patient was willing, he must proceed directly to the operation, unless Mr. Armstrong would remove from him all responsibility, by taking the boy under his own care, and removing him from the hospital.

"That is out of my power," replied Mr. Armstrong: "so you must do as you think proper; but I am decidedly against it."

Here one of the strangers, stepping forward, exclaimed, "It must not be!" and seizing Mr. Armstrong's arm, he added, "if money can be of any use in enabling you to take the boy under your own care, pray command my purse."—More would he have said, had not the trembling patient exclaimed—

"Oh, my master! My dear master! Let

me see him ! Where is he ? Now I will not have my leg taken off !”

The humane stranger was indeed Mr. Charles Stewart, for whom the surprise was too great : he trembled, turned pale, and was obliged to support himself on the arm of his friend. Every one stood motionless, and looked with astonishment at the figure of Congo, as he sat upright on the table, with his arms stretched towards one of the strangers.

No ideal spectre that ever burst upon the imagination of mortal man, could have seemed more supernatural to Charles Stewart, than the figure now before him. He believed that he had *seen* his negro servant sink into a watery grave ; and the emaciated resemblance of that individual now before him seemed nothing less than ghostly.

The alternate tears and smiles, sobs and cries of joy, uttered by Congo, with the evident emotion of the stranger whom he ad-

dressed, kept the spectators in silent wonder for some minutes. Mr. Stewart, however, soon became more composed ; and, once convinced of the reality of the scene before him, he darted towards Congo, and allowed his faithful servant to bury his face in the bosom of his long-lost master.

The question of amputation was now at rest ; and Mr. Wells slipped away, ashamed of his obstinacy and warmth of temper, and left Mr. Armstrong to dress the boy's leg.

The events of the last hour had so agitated Congo, that Mr. Armstrong prohibited all conversation between him and his master. Nor would he consent to Mr. Stewart's plan of removing Congo immediately to his lodgings : he assured him that the absence of all excitement, pleasurable as well as painful, was necessary to prevent an attack of fever ; and that the discipline of the hospital, though less agreeable than domestic nursing, would be the most conducive to the boy's recovery.

Mr. Stewart expressed some anxiety, lest

his servant should be exposed to the medical treatment of the irritable gentleman who had just quitted the room: but, assured by Mr. Armstrong that nothing of any importance would be done without his concurrence, and that the boy could no where be better treated than where he was, he consented to Congo's being carried back to his bed; though he found the boy's misery at the thought of losing sight of him again, so touching, that he could hardly have resolved to leave him, had not Mr. Armstrong seized the moment of Congo's fainting to hurry his master away from him.

Having liberally rewarded the nurse for her care of the boy, and desired her to tell him that he should see his master the following morning, Mr. Stewart returned with Mr. Armstrong to the friends he had left, eager to communicate to Mr. and Miss Harvey the strange tidings of Congo being alive, and the circumstances of his astonishing rencontre with him.

## CHAPTER XV.

## CONGO HIS OWN HISTORIAN.

BENEVOLENT actions are generally rewarded by the feelings that dictate and accompany them : but, in the present instance, Mr. Armstrong's humanity reaped a double recompense, in the pleasure he felt at having served a friend as well as saved the limb of a fellow-being, and in having been the means of bringing about such an interesting meeting as that which he had just witnessed.

Charles Stewart's heart overflowed with gratitude to his friend ; and the happiness of the day was rendered complete, by the entire participation of the amiable Miss Harvey in his feelings. A mutual attachment between that young lady and Mr. Charles Stewart had arisen out of the remarkable

events of their acquaintance with each other; and the well-regulated, though sensitive mind of Miss Harvey, could enter into all the feelings and interests of her lover, without any selfish uneasiness at not being herself their exclusive object; and she blamed not his daily visits to the Hospital, though they often interfered with his engagements to her.

Congo's second interview with his master was almost as affecting as the first; for not until he beheld him again, could he be satisfied that their former meeting was not all a dream. He counted the hours till the promised return of his master, and gave way, by turns, to such extravagant fits of joy and despondency, that those around him feared his intellects were affected. Mr. Charles Stewart's second visit convinced his faithful and attached servant that his happiness was real; and after that he recovered rapidly, so that in less than a month he quitted the Hospital for his master's lodgings. In the same house were those of Mr. Harvey and



his daughter ; Congo, therefore, partook of the kind care of all three ; and as his strength increased, he in return made himself equally useful to Charles Stewart and his friends. The hardships and misfortunes, which Congo had experienced, whilst they strengthened and improved his character, endeared him greatly to his master, and were for some time a favourite topic of conversation in the circle in which Mr. Charles Stewart moved. All his friends knew that he had experienced a dreadful shipwreck ; but, as he always shrank from relating its distressing details, they had never been made acquainted with any of the particulars of it ; and were now all eager to hear them from Congo, and to receive from his own mouth the account of his wonderful escape and subsequent adventures.

The Author happening to make one of a small party of friends, who were thus entertained, was afterwards so frequently called upon to relate Congo's story to the young people of her acquaintance, that the

idea suggested itself of committing his adventures to paper ; and as she always found her young auditors anxious to know every particular of the earliest years of our hero, as well as what became of him after he found his master, she took some pains to acquire all the information possible of Congo's birth, parentage, and education ; and also to obtain a copy of the letter which he wrote to his good friends the Burns, on his return to his native land. These materials the Writer now offers to her young readers, in the form of a continued narrative ; and trusts that, whilst the adventures of Congo excite their interest, his experience will enforce the value of a religious education and a strict adherence to truth. Without the advantages of early piety, Congo must have sunk under the accumulated trials of his situation ; and without truth for his guide, he could not have found the happy issue out of all his troubles, which was the reward of his patience and integrity.

## CONGO'S LETTER TO MRS. BURNS.

Dear Friends, Mistress Burns and Family :

I hope you *got* the little notions I sent you from London by Mr. Edward's new servant, Roper ; also the letter that I wrote you, telling you all about master's finding me in the hospital ; and how happy we were with Miss Harvey in London ; and how I was sent for by all Mr. Edward's friends, to tell them of our shipwreck, and what happened since ; and I hope, as he seemed a civil young man, that he told you a great deal that I could not get into my letter, not having time nor skill to write every thing as I could wish.

He could tell you, too, how he met Mr. Edward ; how he knew my master by seeing me with him, and what good friends the gentlemen were afterwards. I always said Mr. Edward was just such a man as my master, only not so gay-tempered quite.

Well, then, as Mr. Roper told you all this, I will tell you what he could not, as it only happened yesterday; but first I must tell you what we did in England.

When the fine weather came, we left London, with heavy hearts, on account of leaving Miss Harvey there. We went hundreds and hundreds of miles, through England, and Scotland too; and there I heard many tunes that made me think of Captain Burns's fiddle, and the ladies' harp. Well, as I was telling you, we travelled a great way, and very quick, not stopping long any where till we came to the lakes. There we met Mr. and Miss Harvey, and were quite happy again, and went on slowly, stopping at every place, for Miss Harvey to *take off sketches* of what pleased her most. Before that, master talked of going to Ireland, and I made sure of seeing you all again; but Miss Harvey was not going, so we gave it up; and, being tired of travelling, we went to Liverpool, where we found one of master's

own vessels, and sailed in her for this country. By the favour of God, we had a safe passage. Poor Miss Harvey was so frightened that she could not be sick, and seldom lay down in her berth; and when she did, she never undressed herself, thinking always of the dreadful shipwreck that happened to us before. However, we all *got* safe here, and found all friends and relations well.—Father is hearty now; but when he heard Congo was drowned, he was like to die: but we must not think of that now; for now comes the piece of news which I sat down to write to you.

My master, Charles Stewart, was *married* yesterday; and whom do you think it was to? Why, to Miss Harvey! And I am to live with them, as their only man-servant; and to-day I have begun to call her mistress, which she would never let me do before, and we had such elegant doings! Old master gave such a grand dinner, and we had such dancing in the kitchen! I danced with

Flora. Please to tell Judy, with my love, that Flora is very much grown, and she thinks me the same.—She likes to hear me tell of the shipwreck, as well as of what Judy and Rose used to do. All of us wore white bows, called favours; and I had a new livery suit made, just like the one I lost at sea; and master looked so handsome, and so did Miss Harvey!

Mr. Harvey has given us his beautiful house, three miles out in the country, to live in; and from thence I now write this, as we came here this morning, quite by ourselves; which is rather dull to be sure, and that is why I write to-day, having nothing else to do.

Please to make my duty to Mr. Cooper and Mr. Edward, and the ladies; and mention to them that my master is married, for this may put the same idea into their heads, and it is a great pity such luck should not be theirs. I hope the Captain is hearty, and that all the children are well. I sup-

pose Christy does not forget what I told him about this country; please to assure him, I find it still better than I told him it was. I shall never forget the morning Rose found me by the road-side, and all your goodness to me afterwards.

Though I hope never to cross the water again *till the chicken cuts a tooth*, I shall always wish well to the Irish, Welsh, and English, and shall be glad to see them and serve them here, for the sake of those who were kind to me.

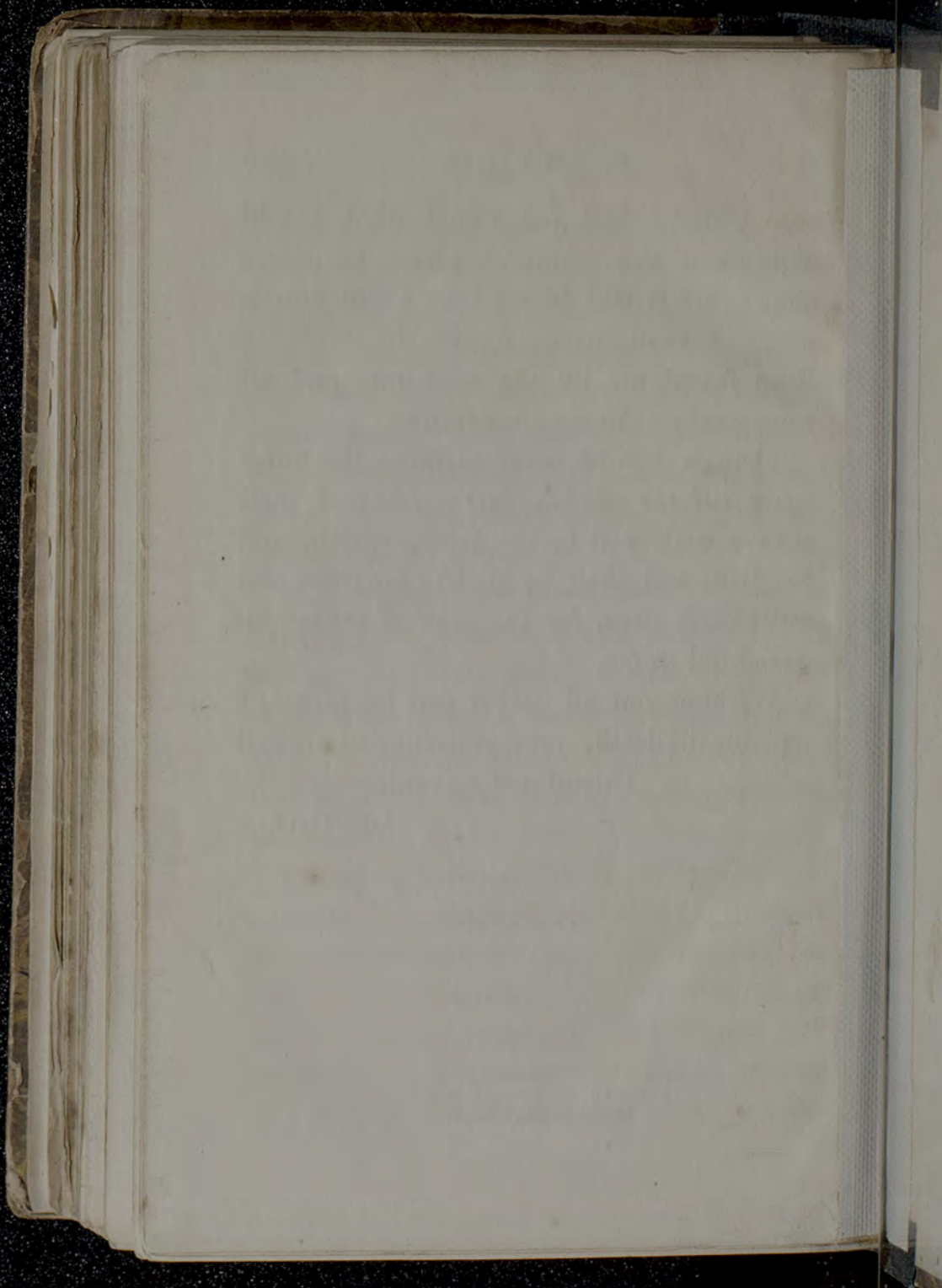
Wishing you all health and happiness, I remain, till death, your grateful and obliged

Friend and servant,

CONGO.

THE END.

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