YOUNG ROBIN GREY.

BY BRET HARTE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

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The good American bark Skyscraper was swinging at her moorings in the Clyde, off Bannock, ready for sea. But that good American bark—although owned in Baltimore—had not a plank of American timber in her hulk, nor a native American in her crew, and even her nautical "goodness" had been called into serious question by divers of that crew during her voyage, and answered more or less inconclusively with belaying pins, marlinspikes, and ropes' ends at the hands of an Irish-American Captain and a Dutch and Danish mate. So much so, that the mysterious powers of the American Consul at St. Kentigern had been evoked to punish mutiny on the one hand, and battery and starvation on the other; both equally attested by manifestly false witness and subornation on each side. In the exercise of his functions the Consul had opened and shut some jail doors, and otherwise effected the usual sullen and deceitful compromise, and his flag was now flying, on a final visit, from the stern sheets of a smart boat alongside. It was with a feeling of relief at the end of the interview that he at last lifted his head above an atmosphere of perjury and bilge water and came on deck. The sun and wind were ruffling and glinting the broadening river beyond the "measured mile;" a few gulls were wavering and dipping near the lee scuppers and the sound of Sabbath bells, mellowed by a distance that secured immunity of conscience, came peacefully to his ear.

"Now that job's over, ye'll be takin' a partin' drhink," suggested the Captain.

The Consul thought not! Certain incidents of "the job" were fresh in his memory, and he proposed to limit himself to his strict duty.

"You have some passengers, I see," he said, pointing to a group of two men and a young girl, who had apparently just come aboard.

"Only wan, an engineer going out to Rio. Theu's just his friends seein' him off, I'm thinkin'," returned the Captain, surveying them somewhat contemptuously.

The Consul was a little disturbed. He wondered if the passenger knew anything of the quality and reputation of the ship to which he was intrusting his fortunes. But he was only a passenger, and the Consul's functions—like those of the aloft-sitting cherub of nautical song—were restricted exclusively to looking after "Poor Jack." However, he asked a few further questions, eliciting the fact that the stranger had already visited the ship with letters from the eminently respectable consignees at St. Kentigern, and contented himself with lingering near them. The young girl was accompanied by her father, a respectably rigid-looking middle-class tradesman, who, however, seemed to be more interested in the novelty of his surroundings than in the movements of his daughter and their departing friend. So it chanced that the Consul reentered the cabin—ostensibly in search of a missing glove, but really with the intention of seeing how the passenger was bestowed—just behind them. But to his great embarrassment he at once perceived that, owing to the obscurity of the apartment, they had not noticed him, and before he could withdraw the man had passed his arm around the young girl's half stiffened yet half yielding figure.

"Only one, Ailsa," he pleaded in a slow, serious voice, pathetic from the very absence of any youthful passion in it; "just one now. It'll be gey lang before we meet again. Ye'll not refuse me now."

The young girl's lips seemed to murmur some protest, that, however, was lost in the beginning of a long and silent kiss.

The Consul slipped out softly. His smile had died away. That unlooked-for touch of human weakness seemed to purify the stuffy and evil-reeking cabin, and the recollection of its brutal past to drop with a dack load of iniquity behind him to the bottom of the Clyde. It is to be feared that in his unofficial moments he was inclined to be sentimental, and it seemed to him that the good ship Skyscraper henceforward carried an innocent freight not mentioned in her manifest, and that a gentle, ever-smiling figure, not entered on her books, had invisibly taken a place at her wheel.

But he was recalled to himself by a slight altercation on deck. The young girl and the passenger had just returned from the cabin. The Consul, after a discreetly careless pause, had lifted his eyes to the young girl's face and saw that it was singularly pretty in color and outline, but perfectly self-composed and serenely unconscious. And he was a little troubled to observe that the passenger was a middle-aged man, whose hard features were considerably worn with trial and experience.

Both he and the girl were listening with sympathizing but cautious interest to her father's contention with the boatman who had brought them from shore, who was now inclined to demand an extra fee for returning with them. The boatman alleged that he had been detained beyond "kirk time," and that this imperilling of his salvation could only be compensated by another shilling. To the Consul's surprise this extraordinary argument was recognized by the father, who, however, contented himself by simply contending that it had not been stipulated in the bargain. The issue was, therefore, limited, and the discussion progressed slowly and deliberately, with a certain calm dignity and argumentative satisfaction on both sides that ennobled the subject, though it irritated the Captain.

"If ye accept the premises that I've just laid down, that it's a contract," began the boatman.

"Dry up! and haul off," said the Captain.

"One moment," interposed the Consul, with a rapid glance at the slight trouble in the young girl's face. "Turning to the father, he went on: "Will you allow me to offer you and your daughter a seat in my boat?"

It was an unlooked-for and tempting proposal. The boatman was lazily lying on his oars, secure in self-righteousness and the conviction that there was no other available boat to shore; on the other hand, the smart gig of the Consul, with its four oars, was not only a providential escape from a difficulty, but even to some extent a quasi-official endorsement of his contention. Yet he hesitated.

"It'll be costin' ye more yet," he said interrogatively, glancing at the Consul's boat crew, "or ye'll be askin' me a fair proportion."

"It will be the gentleman's own boat," said the girl with a certain shy assurance, "and he'll be paying the boatmen by the day."

The Consul hastened to explain that their passage would involve no additional expense to anybody, and added, tactfully, that he was glad to enable them to oppose extortion.

"Ay, but it's a proeeiplee," said the father, "and I'm pelegsed t' ye, sir, I'm pelegsed t'."

He proceeded to help his daughter into the boat without any further leave taking of the passenger, to the Consul's great surprise, and with only a parting nod from the young girl. It was as if this momentous incident were a sufficient recompense for the absence of any further trivial sentiment.

Unfortunately the father chose to add an exordium for the benefit of the astonished boatman still lying on his oars.

"Let this be a lesson t' ye, ma fren, when ye're are ower sure! Ye'll ne'er say a herrin' is dry until it be reestit an' reekit."

"Aye," said the boatman, with a lazy, significant glance at the Consul, "it will be a lesson to me not to trust to a lassie's gangin go, when there's anither one a-comin'."

"Give way," said the Consul sharply.

Yet his was the only irritated face in the boat as the men bent over their oars. The young girl and her father looked placidly at the receding ship, and waved their hands to the crate, which, with a labored face over the taffrail, the Consul examined them more attentively. The father's face showed intelligence and a certain probity in its otherwise commonplace features. The young girl had more distinction, with, perhaps, more delicacy of outline than of texture. Her hair was dark, with a burnished copper tint at its roots, and eyes that had the same burnished metallic lustre in their brown pupils. Both sat respectfully erect, as if anxious to record the fact that the boat was not their own to take their ease in; and both were silently reserved, answering briefly to the Consul's remarks as if to vindicate the formality of their presence there. But a distant railway whistle startled them into emotion.

"We've lost the train, father!" said the young girl.

The Consul followed the direction of her anxious eyes; the train was just quitting the station at Bannock.

"If ye had not lingered below with Jamie, we'd have been away in time and sure, in our own boat," said the father, with severity.

The Consul glanced quickly at the girl, but her face betrayed no consciousness except of their present disappointment.

"There's an excursion boat coming round the Point," he said, pointing to the black smoke trail of a steamer at the entrance of a loch. "And it will be returning to St. Kentigern shortly. If you like, we'll pull over and put you aboard."

"Eh! but it's the Sabbath breaker!" said the old man harshly.

The Consul suddenly remembered that that was the name with which the righteous St. Kentigerners had given to the solitary bold, bad pleasure boat that defiled their Sabbatical observances.

"Perhaps you won't find very pleasant company," said the Consul smiling; "but, then, you're not seeking that. And as you would be only using the boat to get back to your home, and not for Sunday recreation, I don't think your conscience should trouble you."

"Aye, that's a fine argument, Mr. Consul, but I'm thinking it's none the less sophistry for a that," said the father grimly. "No; if ye'll just land us at yonder Bannock pier, we'll be are thankin' ye the same."

"But what will you do there? There's no other train to-day."

"Aye, we'll walk on a bit."

The Consul was silent. After a pause the young girl lifted her clear eyes, and with a half pathetic, half childish courtesy, said: "We'll be doing very well—my father and me. You're far too kind."

Nothing further was said as they began to thread their way between a few large ships and an ocean steamer at anchor, from whose decks a few Sunday-clothed mariners gazed down admiringly on the smart gig and the pretty girl. In a Tam o' Shanter in its stern sheets. But here a new idea struck the Consul. A cable's length ahead lay a yacht, owned by an American friend, and at her stern a steam launch swung to its painter. Without intimating his intention to his passengers, he steered for it. "How!—way enough," he called out as the boat glided under the yacht's stern, and, grasping the companion ladder ropes, he leaped aboard. In a few hurried words he explained the situation to Mr. Robert Grey, her owner, and suggested that he should send the belated passengers to St. Kentigern by the launch. Grey assented with the easy good nature of youth, wealth, and indolence, and lounged from his cabin to the side. The Consul followed. Looking down upon the boat he could not help observing that his fair young passenger, sitting in her demure stillness at her father's side, made a very pretty picture. It was possible that "Bob Grey" had made the same observation, for he presently swung himself over the gangway into the gig, hat in hand. The launch could easily take them; in fact, he added unblushingly, it was even then getting up steam to go to St. Kentigern. Would they kindly come on board until it was ready? At an added word or two of explanation from the Consul, the father accepted, preserving the same formal pride and stiffness, and the transfer was made. The Consul, looking back as his gig swept round again toward Bannock pier, received their parting salutations and the first smile he had seen on the face of his grave little passenger. He thought it very sweet and sad.

He did not return to the consulate at St. Kentigern until the next day. But he was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Robert Grey awaiting him, and upon some business which the young millionaire could have easily deputed to his captain or steward. As he still lingered the Consul pleasantly referred to his generosity on the previous day, and hoped the passengers had given him no trouble.

"No," said Grey, with a slight simulation of carelessness. "In fact, I came up with them myself. I had nothing to do; it was Sunday, you know."

The Consul lifted his eyebrows slightly.

"Yes, I saw them home," continued Grey lightly. "In one of those by streets not far from here; neat-looking house outside; inside, corkscrew stone staircase, like a lighthouse; fourth floor, no lift, but she circled up like a swallow. Flat—sitting room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen—mighty snug and shipshape, and pretty as a pink. They own it too—fancy owning part of a house!—seems to be a way they have here in St. Kentigern." He paused and then added: "Stayed there to a kind of high tea."

"Indeed," said the Consul.

"Why not? The old man wanted to return my 'hospitality' and square the account! He wasn't going to lie under any obligation to a stranger, and, by Jove! he made it a special point of honor! A Spanish grandee couldn't have been more punctilious. And with an accent, Jerusalem! like a northeaster off the Banks! But the feed was in good taste, and he only a mathematical instrument maker, on about twelve hundred dollars a year."

"Seems to know all about him," said the Consul smilingly.

"Not so much as he does about me," returned Gray, with a half-perplexed face; "for he saw enough to admonish me about my extravagance, and even to intimate that that rascal outside had overcharged me! Talking on me. She took me to task, too, for not laying the yacht up on Sunday that the men could go 'to kirk,' and for swearing at a bargeman who ran across our bows. It's their perfect simplicity and sincerity in all this—that gets me! You have thought that the old man was my guardian and the daughter my aunt." After a pause he uttered a reminiscent laugh. "She thought we ate and drank too much on the yacht and wondered what we could find to do all day. All this, you know, in the gentlest, caressing sort of voice, as if she was really concerned, like one's own sister. Well, not exactly like mine," he interrupted himself grimly, "but, hang it all, you know what I mean. You know that our girls over there haven't got that trick of voice yet, anyhow. Very assertive, I reckon, things made too easy for them by us men. Habit of race, I dare say." He laughed a little. "Why, I mislaid my glove when I was coming away, and it was as good as a play to hear her commiserating and sympathizing and hunting for it as if it were a baby."

"But you've seen Scotch girls before this," said the Consul. "There were Lady Glairn's daughters, whom you took on a cruise."

"Yes, but the swell Scotch all imitate the English, as everybody else does, for the matter of that, our girls included; and they're all alike. Society tries to make us all of a piece, and rubbed and grooved planks that will take any amount of holystoning and polish. It's like dropping into a dead calm, with every rope and spar that you know already reflected back from the smooth water upon you. It's mighty pretty, but it's tiresome, you know." Then, after a pause, he added: "I asked them to take a little holiday cruise with me."

"And they declined?" said the Consul.

Grey glanced at him quickly.

"Well, yes; that's all right enough. They don't know me, you see, but they do know you; and the fact is, I was thinking that as you're our Consul here, don't you see, and sort of responsible for me, you might say that it was all right, you know. Quite the customary thing with us over there. And you might say, generally, who I am."

"Then," said the Consul, deliberately, "Tell them you're Bob Grey, with more money and time than you know what to do with; that you have a fine taste for yachting and shooting and racing and amusing yourself generally; that you find that they amuse you, and you would like your luxury and your dollars to stand as an equivalent for their independence and originality; that, being a good Republican yourself, and recognizing no distinction of class, you don't care what this may mean to them, who are brought up differently; their errands will take you, you don't care what life, what friends, or what jealousies they return to; that you know no ties, no responsibilities beyond the present, and that you are not a marrying man."

"Look here! I say, aren't you making a little too much of this?" said Grey, stiffly.

The Consul laughed. "I should be glad to know that I am."

Grey rose. "We'll be dropping down the river to-morrow," he said, with a return of his easy indifference, "and I reckon I'll be toddling down to the wharf. Good-by, if I don't see you again."

He passed out. As the Consul glanced from the window he observed, however, that Mr. Grey was "toddling" in quite another direction from the wharf. For an instant he half regretted that he had not suggested, in some discreet way, the conclusion he had arrived at after witnessing the girl's parting with the middle-aged passenger the day before, but he reflected that this was something he had only accidentally overseen, and was the girl's own secret.

II.

When the summer had so waxed in its fulness that the smoke of factory chimneys drifted high, permitting glimpses of fairy blue sky; when the grass in St. Kentigern's proudest park took on a less sober green in the comfortable sun, and even in the thickest shade there was no chilliness, the good St. Kentigerners recognized that the season had arrived to go "down the river," and that it was time for them to betake themselves, with rugs, macintoshes, and umbrellas, to the breezy lochs and misty hillsides for which the neighborhood of St. Kentigern was justly famous. So when it came to pass that the blinds were down in the highest places, and the most exclusive pavements of St. Kentigerners were echoless and desolate, the Consul heroically tore himself from the weak delight of basking in the sunshine and lounging and idling.

He soon found himself settled at the furthest end of a long narrow loch, made longer and narrower by the steep hillside of rock and heather which flanked its chilly surface on either side, and whose inequalities were lost in the distance of leafless birch ravine and chasm. The fragrant road which ran sinuously through their shadows depths was invisible from the loch; no protuberance broke the seemingly sheer declivity; the even sky line was indented in two places—one where a birch had cracked into a fanciful resemblance to a human profile, the other where it was curved like a bowl. Need it be said that one was distinctly recognized as the silhouette of a prehistoric giant and the other was his drinking cup; need it be added that neither lent the slightest human suggestion to the solitude? A toy-like pier extending into the loch, midway from the barren shore, only heightened the desolation. And when the little steamboat that occasionally entered the place took away a solitary passenger from the pierhead, the simplest parting was invested with a dreary loneliness that might have brought tears to the most hardened eye.

Still, when the shadow of either hillside was not reaching across the loch, the meridian sun, shewing upon little or no mirror, made the most of it. Then it was that, seen from above, it flashed like a falchion lying between the hills; then its reflected glory, striking up, transfigured the two acclivities, tipped the cold heather with fire, gladdened the funereal pines, and warmed the ascetic rocks. And it was in one of those rare, passionate intervals that the Consul, riding along the wooded track and turning his eyes from their splendors, came upon a little house.

It had once been a sturdy cottage, with a grim belligerance and inflexibility, which even some later and lighter additions had softened rather than changed. On either side of the door, against the bleak whitewashed wall, the tall trellises relieved the rigid blankness with a show of color. The windows were prettily draped with curtains, caught up with gay ribbons. In a stony pound-like enclosure there was some attempt at floral cultivation, but all quite recent. So, too, were a wicker garden seat, a bright Japanese umbrella, and a trooped hammock suspended between two Arctic-looking bushes, which the rude forefathers of the hamlet would have probably resented.

He had just passed the house when a charming figure slipped across the road before him. To his surprise it was the young girl he had met a few months before on the Skyscraper. But the Tam o' Shanter was replaced by a little straw hat and a light dress, summery in color and texture, but more in keeping with her rustic surroundings—seemed as grateful and rare as the sunshine. Without knowing why, he had an impression that it was of her own making; a gentle plagiarism of the style of her more fortunate sisters, but with a demure restraint all her own. As she recognized him a faint color came to her cheek, partly from surprise, partly from some association. To his delighted greeting she responded by informing him that her father had taken the cottage he had just passed, where they were spending a three weeks' vacation from his business. It was not so far from St. Kentigern but that he could run up for a day to look after the shop. Did the Consul not think it was wise?

Quite ready to assent to any sagacity in those brown eyes, the Consul thought it was. But was it not, like wisdom, often lonely?

Ah! no. There was the loch and the hills and the heather; there were her flowers; did he not think they were growing well? and at the head of the loch there was the old tomb of the McHullishes, and some of the coffins were still to be seen.

Perhaps emboldened by the Consul's smile, she added, with a more serious precision, which was lost in the sympathizing caress of her voice, "And would you not be getting off and coming in and resting a wee bit before you go further? It would be so good of you, and father would think it so kind. And he will be there now, if you are looking."

The Consul looked. The old man was standing in the doorway of the cottage, as respectably uncompromising as ever, with the slight concession to his rural surroundings of wearing a Tam O'Shanter and easy slippers. The Consul dismounted and entered. The interior was simply but tastefully furnished. It struck him that the Scotch prudence and economy, which practically excluded display and meretricious glitter, had reached the simplicity of the truest art and the most refined wealth. He felt he could understand Grey's enthusiasm, and by an odd association of ideas he found himself thinking of the resigned face of the passenger on the Skyscraper.

"Have you heard any news of your friend who went to Rio?" he asked pleasantly but without addressing himself to either.

There was a perceptible pause; doubtless of deference to her father on the part of the young girl, and of the usual native conscientious caution on the part of the father, but neither betrayed any embarrassment or emotion. "No; he would not be writing yet," she at length said simply, "he would be waiting until he was settled to his business. Jamie would be waiting until he could say how he was doing, father," she appealed interrogatively to the old man.

"Aye, James knew would not fash himself to write compliments and gossip till he knew his position and work," corroborated the old man.

"He'll not be going two thousand miles to send us what we can read in the *St. Kentigern Argus*, hm," he added, suddenly, with a recall of cautiousness, "perhaps you will be hearing of the ship."

"The Consul will not be remembering what he hears of all the ships," interposed the young girl, with the same gentle affectation of superior worldly knowledge which had earlier amused him. "We'll be wearying him, father," and the subject dropped.

The Consul, glancing around the room again, but always returning to the sweet and patient seriousness of the young girl's face and the grave decorum of her father, would have liked to ask another question, but it was presently anticipated for when he had exhausted the current topics in, which both father and daughter displayed a quiet sagacity, and he had gathered a sufficient knowledge of their character to sympathize with Grey's enthusiasm, and was rising to take his leave, the young girl said timidly:

"Would ye not let Bessie take your horse to the grass field over yon, and yourself stay with us to dinner? It would be most kind, and you would meet a great friend of yours who will be here."

"Mr. Grey" suggested the Consul, audaciously. "Let he was greatly surprised when the young girl said quietly, "Aye."

"He'll be coming in the loch with his yacht," said the old man. "It's not so expensive tring here as at Bannock, I'm thinking; and the men cannot gang ashore for drink. Eh, but it's an awful waste o' pounds, shillings, and pence, keeping these gowks in idleness, with no feeshin' nor carrying of passengers."

"Aye," said the father, "he should pay them for being decent and well-behaved on board his ship, than that they should be out of work and rioting in taverns and lodging houses. And you, yourself, father, remember the herring fishers that come ashore at Ardie and the deck hands of the excursion boat, and the language they'll be using."

"Have you had a cruise in the yacht?" asked the Consul quickly.

"Aye," said the father, "we have been up and down the loch. Sail around the far point, but not for boardin' or lodgin' the night, nor otherwise contesting or parteecipating. I have explained to Mr. Grey that we must return to our own home and our own porridge at evening, and he has agreed, and even come with us, as I had said, not at all to instructin', but extraordinar' extravagant."

"Ay, know, father," interposed the young girl, "he talks of fitting up the yacht for the fishing, and taking some of his most decent men on shares. He says he was very fond of fishing off the Massachusetts coast in America. It will be, I'm thinking," she said, suddenly turning to the Consul with an almost pathetic appeal in her voice, "a great occupation for the rich young man over there."

(*To be concluded.*)

HUNTERS OF MEN.

Slave-tracking Hounds of the South.

BY T. J. MACREY.

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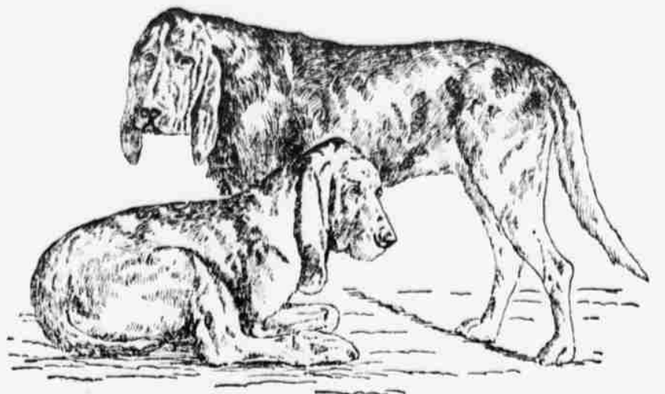
All slave owners were not slave hunters; but yet the two classes seemed identical to those who busied themselves, before the war, in assailing the institution of slavery. Whittier, in his "Voices of Freedom," those impressive poems in which he has set the pulses of the human heart to music—even represents the stately dames and high-born maidens of the South as engaged in the slave hunt, and mingling their merry laughter with

> The cheer, and the halloo, the crack of the whip,
> And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!

But although I was myself a slaveholder by right of inheritance, and therefore one of the class that he so earnestly proscribed, I forgive the dear old Quaker bard, for with the same earnestness that he pleaded the cause of the bond slave he invoked mercy for the vanquished master, and in the fires of his fervent love for all mankind he softened the hard steel of civil war.

The bloodhound was the central figure of the gathered horrors with which orators and poets in the North were wont to invest slavery in the South. He, no doubt, made an imposing picture, but he had no place in the real drama of Southern slave life. The slave was too valuable a piece of property to be given up to the iron jaws of such a canine terror, that would crush the arm of a man as easily as a boy would crack a filbert with his teeth. The bloodhound is a huge dog, fully as tall and massive in build as the Danish mines, or mastiff, frequently weighing 125 pounds. The thoroughbred mark of the species, without which a cloud is cast upon the pedigree, is a



stone color, solid without a spot throughout. His jaws are deep and hanging, his forehead somewhat flattened, like that of the Bengal tiger, and his ears rather short and pointed, their shape being very much like a leaf of the white oak. His eyes have the dull leaden look observable in those of the wolf, and are generally bloodshot. He was used in Cuba to track fugitive slaves, and was trained only to follow the human trail, and to attack when he ran down the object of his pursuit. He differed very widely from the slave-tracking beagle hound of the Southern States. The beagle was rarely over twenty-four inches in height or forty-five pounds in weight. He was generally black-and-tan in color, sinewy, with great depth of chest, and thin flanks. He was deep jawed, and had long, low-hanging ears, as soft as velvet to the touch. His hair was finer and his nostrils thinner and wider than the bloodhound's. He was also longer coupled, and his eyes were larger also, and with a gentle expression. He was far swifter, truer to the trail, and much more intelligent than the savage man hunter of Cuba. His training, too, was very different. The bloodhound was trained to follow the tracks of men only, while the beagle was taught to run down anything on whose trail he was put. He had, moreover, a much finer nose than a bloodhound, for he was known to take up a scent sixteen hours after the fugitive had left it, while the bloodhound cannot follow a trail that has had more than eight hours' cooling. The bloodhound was trained to spring at the throat, and the beagle to bite at the legs of a man. In every rural section of South Carolina there could be found packs of from five to ten beagles owned by men who made it their business to catch runaway slaves and were known as "negro catchers."

There was a standing reward of $20 offered by masters for the capture of a runaway, and the business was sometimes quite profitable. They were also employed by the authorities to unearth secret crimes by taking the trail with the hounds at the spot where the crime was committed and following it through all its windings up to the one who made it.

The most remarkable case that I know of in which beagle hounds were employed in the interest of public justice occurred in Barnwell district, South Carolina, about fifty years ago. Mr. Porteous, a childless widower, possessed of a large estate in land and slaves, lived on his plantation, where his cousin, a woman of about fifty years of age, and their nephew of seventeen or eighteen, kept house for him. He was not over sixty himself, but his health was very feeble. It was his custom to have himself called every morning at 4 o'clock by his body servant, who assisted in dressing him. One morning the servant knocked at the bedroom door as usual, and, receiving no answer, after repeating his loud knocks many times, and the door being locked, he reported the strange occurrence to his mistress. A neighbor was summoned, and at his suggestion, the door was forced, on entering the room they were horrified to see Mr. Porteous lying dead upon his bed with his throat cut. A bloody razor lay close to his right hand, and clearly indicated that he had committed suicide. He had on a night shirt, the left sleeve of which was ripped and being unbuttoned, the greater portion of his left arm was exposed. The print of a bloody hand was seen plainly on that arm, and it was very naturally supposed to have been made by the dead suicide. The theory of self-destruction was further strengthened by the fact that the door was found locked and bolted on the inside. There were three windows to the room, and although the sashes were up, as it was a warm July night, the blinds were closed and fastened for their catches to the window sill. The chimney was carefully examined, and it was seen that the flues were too narrow to admit the entrance of a man to the room through one of them. On the arrival of the family physician, who had been called for, he proceeded to make an examination of the body. As his practised eye caught sight of the finger prints he exclaimed: "Mr. Porteous was murdered! The four finger marks and the thumb mark on the left arm were made with the left hand."

A careful inspection of the window blinds showed that the catch on one of them was much worn, and did not hold to the iron cleat on the sill, and that the blind could readily be pulled open when apparently fastened. The bedroom was in the second story of the house, and it was observed that a window with the loose catch could be reached by a man climbing out on a limb of an oak tree that grew near. The ground was bare around the foot of the tree, and a shoe track was seen in the loam. The track faded out in the grass plot within a few feet of the tree, and did not appear again beyond it. Hounds were sent for, and arrived at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The day dawned at 4 o'clock in that season of the year, and as the murderer must have done his bloody work long before dawn, he had at least twelve hours start, and the trail was cold. There were five beagles in the pack. Their keeper tapped the shoe track with a stick, and they put their noses to it and seemed perplexed as they sniffed and murmured over it. He urged them on by calling out to the leader, "Hit him, Trump!"

Wellington's order to the Forty-second Highlanders, as the French infantry were closing in upon his right at Waterloo, was not more inspiriting to the gallant souls than was that call of their keeper to the hounds. They took up the trail, though slowly, and followed it about seventy yards to the border of the woods, but there it ended. As they came to the end of the trail they gave a few sharp, quick barks and looked up at their master, as if for further orders. He saw at once that a horse had been hitched to a limb of the tree at which the hounds had halted, and he stated that it was a light sorrel horse with some white spots upon it, for he had discovered hairs of those colors attached to the bark of the tree where the animal had rubbed against it. The murderer had evidently come on horseback, and after doing his fell work, had remounted there.

He put them on the horse's track, and, as it was a stronger scent, they followed it with that long gallop of the beagle hound which can tire, with its staying power, even the tough sinews of the wolf. It led through the carriage gate into the public road. Seven well-mounted men, in addition to the keeper, rode with the hounds. The sun went down and the stars came out, yet the faultless and untiring, though speechless, detectives still hung upon the invisible trail. As they swept onward in silence, they seemed commissioned from on high to bring some dark deed into the light door of that deed, against which, "the Almighty hath set his most awful seal."

They followed the trail for fifty miles. It ended at the stable door of a handsome country house about six miles from Waynesboro, Ga. Among the horses in the stable was a thoroughbred sorrel mare with a broad white blaze in her forehead. The dogs took a trail at the stable and ran it to a cabin in the negro quarter, where the hostler was found. In reply to inquiries he stated that the sorrel mare belonged to Dr. Cathcart, and that the Doctor had ridden her home the afternoon before after being out all night, and that he was then in the house. He further stated that when Dr. Cathcart returned he wore a dark brown suit with a sack coat. The proprietor of the mansion was soon aroused, and the deputy sheriff, who acted as spokesman for the party, stated that they had important business with Dr. Cathcart, and wished to see him at once. After some parleying they were shown up to his room. He was dressed, and opened his door as soon as they approached and asked what their business was with him at that hour. The deputy's answer was: "Hugh Cathcart, I arrest you for the murder of Henry L. Porteous." "Arrest me!" exclaimed Cathcart. "Where's your warrant? What's your evidence against me? Take care what you are about; you're in Georgia now!" He was informed that they were not there to argue, but to act, and that they intended to take him back to Barnwell, dead or alive.

On searching a brown sack coat that hung in the wardrobe a small scrap of letter paper was found, on which the words, "In the name of God, amen," were written in blue ink.

Although it was midsummer, a fire had been made in the room, and on searching in the ashes a small piece of shirt cuff was discovered. Cathcart well knew the resolute men with whom he was dealing, and they knew him as the nephew and heir at law of Mr. Porteous, he having resided with his uncle in their neighborhood for eight years. He had left the State three years prior to the murder, the deceased having disowned him for many dishonoring acts, the daughter of the deputy sheriff who now confronted him being his last victim. Without awaiting the slow process of a requisition upon the Governor of Georgia, they started with their prisoner at 4 o'clock in the morning for the South Carolina line, and on the same day he was duly committed to Barnwell jail. It was shown at his trial that the words on the scrap of paper found in the coat pocket were the commencement of the last will of the deceased, drawn up the year before by an attorney who identified them. The will disinherited the prisoner, and devised the estate to more distant relatives. The prisoner had learned of the will, and knowing that his uncle kept his valuable papers in a secretary in his bedroom, he decided to commit the murder to secure possession of the will. A microscopic examination of the stains found on the breast pocket of the coat and on the scrap of paper showed that they were made by human blood. Other proved facts completed the chain of circumstantial evidence. There was a seeming break at one of the links, for the boots worn by the prisoner at the time of his capture were tried in the tracks seen at the foot of the oak near the house, and their soles were both wider and longer than the tracks. The broken link was closed up, however, by what might be called the testimony of the dogs. It was proved that Monk, their leader, who was five years old, had run down the trail of two hundred men, and had never been "faulted." It was clear that the prisoner had changed his shoes after the murder. It could not be shown, directly, that he had ridden the sorrel mare on that day, for although four persons had seen him go and return, not including the ferryman who had carried him over the Savannah River on the boat to which the hounds had tracked the mare, they were all slaves, and under the law their testimony could not be received on the trial of a white man, even had they seen the murder. He was convicted and hanged within thirty days after the commission of the crime. He admitted his guilt just before his execution, but stated that he had done the deed with a scalpel, or dissecting knife, and had then smeared a razor he found in the room with blood, and placed it near the dead man's right hand to suggest the idea of suicide. He had entered the bedroom through the window in the manner supposed, knowing that he would not be heard by his uncle, who suffered from a painful malady and was in the habit of taking an opiate every night. He had torn up the will on reaching the public road, but fearing that the fragments might be found if he threw them away, he put them in the pocket, where the telltale scrap was overlooked when he burned the rest of it.

He further stated that when captured he was on the eve of starting for New Orleans, where he intended to remain for a year before returning to claim the estate.

I should add that the running time of the hounds in covering the fifty miles was ten hours. Two hours were consumed by the party in short resting spells, during which the dogs were fed on a little corn bread, cooked with cracklings, their usual food, as beagles rarely receive any meat.

There would be few murder mysteries or undiscovered crimes in our cities if a couple of these unerring detectives were held in readiness by the police department to track the criminal from the scene of his crime to his place of refuge. The slaves of the Southern plantations were wont to ponder much over the beagle hound, and regarded him as their natural enemy. He acted on them as a conservative force, for they well knew that no speed or cunning of theirs could baffle his pursuit. Like the shaft of Apollo, he never missed his mark. The negroes generally believed in the fetish or charm, and they often sought the aid of old slaves, who affected to be Voudoo doctors, that they might procure charms that would keep them from being caught by the hounds in the event of a run away. One charm described to me for that purpose consisted of the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, killed in the full of the moon, and the right foot of a goose killed in the "black night," that is, between midnight and daybreak, while intoning only on that one foot. The latter charm was supposed to confer the advantage that even if the fetish failed to work, the negro had the consolation of knowing that he had cooked his master's goose. The charm was sewed up in a small buckskin bag, and carried in a cloth belt around the waist, next to the skin, by a likely young buck of twenty-five years, once ran away bearing such a charm upon his person. He had no cause for flight, as he had been treated always with the most indulgent kindness, but he was that longing after liberty which leads man to feel in his heart that slavery is in itself a bitter thing. I was very much concerned about him, for we had been reared together, his mother being our old family cook. I feared as she did, that he had fallen off the plantation during the night, and although absenting himself without leave, he intended to return at daybreak, and that some accident had happened to him.

After waiting for him to come back until 10 in the morning, or nearly twelve hours from the time he left his quarters, I had the hounds put upon his track. There were six in the pack, all thoroughbred trained beagles, from two to three years old. I accompanied them with two of my friends, and it was my first and last slave hunt. He was a finely formed negro, with sinewy limbs, fleet as a deer almost, and of great intelligence, and he led us a long and puzzling chase. He had put on tight shoes on the soles of his shoes, and that at first caused the dogs to stop frequently and sneeze. He tramped in the mire of several barnyards, passed through a number of negro cabins, climbed up a tree, and went out on a limb overhanging a shallow creek, and dropped into the water and waded for nearly a mile. Several times I thought that the perplexed hounds had hopelessly lost the trail, but they circled for it, making wider and wider circles until it was recovered. We came up with the wily fugitive about 5 o'clock at night. It was three days before Christmas and bitter cold, and he had kindled a large fire near the edge of a swamp, some 6 miles from any travelled road, and was lying before it, sound asleep, and fast asleep. He lay with his head to the fire, according to the habit peculiar to his race, and I could see his face distinctly as I rode up within fifty yards of the spot. He was wearied with his long flight, for he had run about thirty miles, and slept so soundly that he did not hear the hounds give tongue as they closed in upon him. He was still sleeping the sleep of the just when they leaped upon his prostrate form. But there was no tragic scene, for they were licking his face when he awoke in amazement at the dead, and the Minister retired with the satisfaction of knowing that he had performed a diplomatic courtesy.

THEY WERE TALKING OF HOLD-UPS,

And a Timely Robber Dropped In and Showed Them All Just How It Felt.

From the Butte Daily Inter Mountain.

Five men were held up by one man last night. It happened about 11:30 in John Crowl's saloon. The highwayman was masked about the face with a piece of black muslin, and secured $18 and a revolver. Mr. Crowl, John Pierce, Joseph and James Broughton, and Abe Harris were having a social game of cards when the stranger stealthily appeared at the door and gave the command:

"Throw your hands up and if any one of you make a move I'll blow the top of your head off," and he emphasized his remarks with a cocked revolver pointed directly at Mr. Crowl.

Ten hands quickly pointed heavenward, the next came: "Now walk up to the bar, one by one, and empty your pockets."

The men fumbled through their pockets and produced knives, keys, and a few dollars in change. Addressing Mr. Crowl he said: "Take your wallet out of your inside pocket and place on the bar." The man said he had no wallet, and then he was told to take his vest off, but the robber found nothing.

"Let me see your watches," he next asked, "and don't any of you make a break." The watches were produced, but they didn't suit this robber, who was for the instant he had regretted that he had not suggested, in some discreet way, the conclusion he had arrived at after witnessing the girl's parting with the middle-aged passenger the day before. But he reflected that this was something he had only accidentally overseen, and was the girl's own secret.

II.

When the summer had so waxed in its fulness that the smoke of factory chimneys drifted high, permitting glimpses of fairy blue sky; when the grass in St. Kentigern's proudest park took on a less sober green in the comfortable sun, and even in the thickest shade there was no chilliness, the good St. Kentigerners recognized that the season had arrived to go "down the river," and that it was time for them to betake themselves, with rugs, macintoshes, and umbrellas, to the breezy lochs and misty hillsides for which the neighborhood of St. Kentigern was justly famous. So when it came to pass that the blinds were down in the highest places, and the most exclusive pavements of St. Kentigerners were echoless and desolate, the Consul heroically tore himself from the weak delight of basking in the sunshine and lounging and idling.

He soon found himself settled at the furthest end of a long narrow loch, made longer and narrower by the steep hillside of rock and heather which flanked its chilly surface on either side, and whose inequalities were lost in the distance of leafless birch ravine and chasm. The fragrant road which ran sinuously through their shadowy depths was invisible from the loch; no protuberance broke the seemingly sheer declivity; the even sky line was indented in two places—one where a birch had cracked into a fanciful resemblance to a human profile, the other where it was curved like a bowl. Need it be said that one was distinctly recognized as the silhouette of a prehistoric giant and the other was his drinking cup; need it be added that neither lent the slightest human suggestion to the solitude? A toy-like pier extending into the loch, midway from the barren shore, only heightened the desolation. And when the little steamboat that occasionally entered the place took away a solitary passenger from the pierhead, the simplest parting was invested with a dreary loneliness that might have brought tears to the most hardened eye.

Still, when the shadow of either hillside was not reaching across the loch, the meridian sun, shewing upon little or no mirror, made the most of it. Then it was that, seen from above, it flashed like a falchion lying between the hills; then its reflected glory, striking up, transfigured the two acclivities, tipped the

CHARMING! CHARMING!

SAYS MONSIEUR PLANÇON, OF OUR WOMEN, CLIMATE, AND COQUETTE.

Good Fellowship and Social Success of the Gigantic Basso—His Tribute to Signor Sprilla Who Trained His Voice—Operatic and Concert Parts that He Has Taken.

What may be more interesting to the general public than his artistic success is the fact that Monsieur Plançon of the Metropolitan Opera has made even a greater social success.

"I am invited out," he said to a SUN reporter, "from morning to night every day. If I should accept every invitation I receive I could not attend to my duties as an artist. And then, too, even an artist must go to bed sometimes."

The opinion of an expert who has had such opportunities to judge the women of New York, as an artist may see them, is interesting, and so THE SUN reporter asked the famous basso what he thought of the fair half of New York's population.

M. Plançon's answer went further than the question called for; but, then, it