## Appearances.

Hast thou e'er seen the moon reflected-Impressed upon the azure air ? Reason, by science undirected, Would see, not one moon, but a pair.

Appearances deceive the sight,

We do not always judge aright.

Oft hast thou seen the rainbow's glow A semi-circle to thy gaze ; While these upon the mountain's brow Beheld complete a circle's rays. Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

Hast thou not seen a human face All pallid through suspended breath? Physicians eye alone could trace The signs of life, and not of death. Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

How many a villain's heart has been Concealed, through subtle management His deeper nature was not seen, Nor he held in disparagement.
Appearances deceive the sight,
We do not always judge aright.

How many a noble soul, and true, Has carried, through long years, a stain; Because one sin, to outward view, Was seen, as was the curse of Cain. Appearances deceive the sight, We do not always judge aright.

## NO RELATIONS;

## A Story of To-day.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL THE WAY BY THE UNDERGROUND. "Oh, Olive!" I cried, "what shall we do

now ?" is a great thing to begin with. They were other. trying to run the blockade from Long Bay to Smith's Island; we are, therefore, I suppose, not far from the mouth of Cape Fear his hands." River. Wilmington is twenty miles to the north, and more. He must go to Wilmington first. What will he do afterwards? consideration; "he will think we are taken prisoners by the Federals. He will make den missy start right away." for New York in hopes of finding you

there." "Then, if he goes to New York," I said, "we need have no fear for ourselves."

"Nay, my dear," she replied. "Consider. we are in a country torn by civil war; we have no means of showing that we are not spies, I myself may be arrested as a fugitive slave; we have five hundred miles and more to go before we reach a place where I may be free from that danger; we have no day we were to leave the swamp and take money; we have no friends; what will become of you if I am carried off to the state jail?"

It was time to decide on something, because figures were to be seen running backwards and forwards on the sands; a bright light shot up from the ill-fated Maryland, and boats were seen putting off from shore.

"The Federals have set fire to the ship," said Olive; "those boats are put off by the negroes, auxious to secure something from the wreck. The light of the fire will be useful to us."

She hesitated a little. "Close by," she said, "but whether to the right or to the left, is a little village called Smithville; five or six miles west of Smithville is the village of Shallotte; due helping runaways to escape. It was cournorth of us lies the Great Green Swamp. There I am sure to find a place where no one will look for us, and where we can rest, carry on the deception of being a violent Is it likely that Captain Angel's wife should though the accommodation will be rather partisan of the South and admirer of the be a runaway? Now, will you tell these rough for you. Are you tired?"

"I must be tired indeed," I said, "if I could not find strength to escape from that man."

It was still dark night. The flames of the burning ship mounted high and shed a lurid light, which was of some use to us, if not much. Olive led the way, which was over and-hills and across sandy ground, fatiguing to walk over. After half an hour's walking we came to ground which was wet and marshy.

"If we had money," she said, "I would travel openly by way of Columbia, in South Carolina, to Tennessee and Kentucky. The hue and cry would scarcely reach so far. Besides, we might disguise ourselves as boys if it were necessary. But without solitary hut in the Green Swamp and wait his breast, and looked round, with his finmoney what can we do but incur suspicions? for more. Therefore, for a second time, I will try the Underground."

"I am looking," said Olive, "for Daddy Galoon's hut. It is six years and more since last I came here; but the woods were blazed, and I have followed their guidance. And I think, Avis, I think that -- Here it

Within a little clump of pines standing on a knoll, was a hut, at the door of which sat an old negro. He was dressed in nothing, apparently, but a pair of cotton trousers and a cotton shirt. He was old and bowed, appearance. yet his eye was bright and keen. He rose slowly, as Olive pushed her way between the trunks, and stared at her curiously, but

not as if he were frightened. "Don't you remember me, Daddy?" she asked.

"I guess," he replied, "I tink for suah, you'm Missy Olive, from Squire Cassily's over dah way yander. What you'm doin' back again? Wan't anuder journey by dat Undergroun'? Ho!"

"I am back again, Daddy, because I couldn't help it. First give this young lady some breakfast."

He peered into my face and took hold of

my hand. "Dis young lady not a yaller gal; guess

she is from de Norf.' "No. Daddy; she is from England. She has enemies, and she has no money; she

will travel with me.' He gave me some simple food-cold boiled pork, with meal and honey-which I devoured greedily; and then, overcome with fatigue, I lay down in a corner, the old man covering me with a blanket, and

fell fast asleep. It was evening when I awoke. Olive was sitting beside me, patient, watching, just as she had sat beside me on board the Maryland. Nothing changed her face. It was always sad; always the face of one

who has suffered; always the face of one who expects more suffering; always patient. We made our supper as we had made our breakfast, off pork and meal and honey. Then Olive told me something of her plans.

She then told me that Daddy had gone to Wilmington to ascertain if anything had been done.

He came back next day with news which made my blood boil.

Captain Ramsay had learned that we had been put ashore; some "beach combers," some of the men who prowled about to pick up what they could from the wreck of a blockade-runner, had seen us landed go in search of us, but he was ignorant of

the country; he next proposed to organize mington just then, for it was a time when looking man-seemed to me to look at us found ourselves at Fayetteville at all. all parties in the South were anxious to more curiously than I liked. In fact, his He approved our design, and told us, weeks at latest. institution. Finally, he advertised us. | could rise and leave the table. And the old man brought us a copy of his nfamous placard:

Squire Cassily, Cumberland county. Mul- when the man who had caused me so much lady." Then he begged Olive's pardon. Then, because news of us, not being of atto, will pass for white. Black hair, terror stepped up to me and touched me on black eyes, twenty-five years of age. Also the girl Avis, eighteen years of age, mulatto, brown hair, and blue eyes. Tries to pass for an Englishwoman. Property of Jefferson Ramsay, master mariner.

Were last seen together on the shore near Smithville. Will endeavor to escape to the North. The above reward will be given to any who bring these girls together are two runaway yaller gals, advertised for only that we should not come upon any to the advertiser. Captain Ramsay afore. in the Wilmington Herald. A thousand town. Towns, indeed, in North Carolina of the story so far as he knew it—be sure

said." Would any one believe that a man could be so villainous? One of these women, his lost her head. She made as if she would tains. If I had not seen those hills, and the other the girl to whom he had offered love, and the protection of a husband. He would hunt down both by slavedealers; he would hand over one to the this young lady is an Englishwoman." tender mercies of her former master, and

"We need not ask that question, Avis,"

"What shall we do, Daddy?' she asked the negro.

"Missy bes' stay here a day or two. British consul!" No one saw us landed," she said, after Nobody gwine come here. Dey won' hunt There was no British consul in the place. in de swamp. By'm-by, forget about it; "Is there no one here," I asked, "who house. Presently there came forth to among the sailors and wild creatures who This seemed good advice, and we resolved | villain?"

> to adopt it. determined that we should make a start. at that fatal word all sympathies were was rested and felt strong again in the dried up. bracing sharp air of this strange new country. We had twelve miles to make that go. day's stage was the same. On the third other things."

would begin.

oners, what will they do next?" reward."

"Would they—would they be cruel?" "Well, my dear," she replied camly, slave-catchers are not the most kindly of men. But I doubt their daring to inflict any cruelty upon us."

town. It belonged to a Baptist minister, tell these gentlemen." who, a Northerner by birth, had long since journeyed South with the sole object of wife." timed the march this day so as to bring us this young lady?" to the house after dark. It was a wooden and we stepped over. He led the way to a and the pilot." back door, at which he gave four knocks, and a lady invited us to step in.

seemed to serve as kitchen and dining-room. | that we are runaway slaves." Daddy stood in the door-way. He came Liberty Wicks stepped to the front, and no farther with his pilgrims. Here stood before us. he took off his hat, and said solemnly, "De "Ef," he said resolutely, "any man here Lord bless de runaways!" Then he shut lays hands on these two ladies, he lays the door and disappeared, to return to his hands on me." He drew a revolver from

'who are you?"

I now became aware, though horribly tired and oppressed with a dreadful anxiety | terrible, this lanky man with the hard feaabout my boots, the soles of which were dropping off, that we were addressed by a they all drew back. most delightful old lady, comely, motherly, and kind. To be sure, it was uncommon in her experience to be asked shelter by two white girls, the elder of whom was only five-and-twenty, and the younger had not one single feature of the ordinary mulatto way to Richmond, in Virginny, where they

Olive, as usual, told the story. She told it calmly, effectively, in a few words, and so clearly that it carried with it the internal

was sound asleep.

having gone North in charge of a runaway play it that mean on her as to call her mulatto family-with changes of dress, of cussed yaller gell. Yah! I'm ashamed o which we were greatly in want. She also gave | North Car'lina. That's a fact." us minute directions as to our next restingplace, where we should be entertained and himself on to the foot-board, and we drove treated in like manner by her friends and away as rapidly as our boy dared, the fellow-conspirators.

of blue eyes and fair hair, one of his own tongue. When we were outside the town, teered this dangerous Underground Railway | his tone. business, pretending to be the minister's

slave-boy. places we stopped at; they all seemed to hunting coon. He came down here a purme exactly alike. The roads were alike; pus on the hunt for the reward. Them the country seemed the same day after day. | mean whites 'ud live on rewards if they Nor do I remember how many days we had | could. Thought you'd make for the nearest

-when we fell into our great danger.

on the road. Somehow or other we took gone to git a warrant, and he'll make tracks the wrong fork, and presently, instead of after us as fast as he can lay fut to yerth. arriving at one of the little places where we Therefore, cross country is the word, onless were to stay, we drove straight into the very | we all go to the state jail, where you town we wished most to avoid, Fayetteville, | brother Snowball, will taste the Confederate which is not only the principal place in cat, and I shall grow fat on the Confed-North Carolina next to Raleigh, but is also erate bacon." connected by a railway with Wilmington.

It was, indeed, a most dangerous place. Olive instructed our guide to say that | tracks. we were two ladies on our way to Rich. It was risky, but we were completely at ing Southern women to a Northern jail. turned, and recognized her with an oath. mond, and that he was our boy. We then his mercy, and besides, we remembered his Presently they heard, having by this time "Do not cross the bridge to-night," she drove to the hotel, and entered boldly. It whispers on board the ship. was then just after dark. It was easy to stay in our rooms that evening, and a by the Federal boat. His first idea was to couple of dimes induced one of the servants to bring some supper to us. But the morning would bring its dangers.

in which he had driven us from the last "ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD .- Run station. We brought down our luggage, away. The girl Olive, the property of paid our bill, and were ready to depart, ing his ship, his cargo, and—the young their anxiety was very great. the shoulder with his fore-finger.

"Guess," he said roughly, "that you've got to hev a word with me before you go." "Olive!" I cried, catching her by the arm; "oh! Olive!"

He laughed aloud.

dollars reward."

wife, put away by some idle form of law, tear me away and fly. Only for a moment. should have thought the whole of America ing herself, "bear witness, all of you, that having seen them, when I think of places I am the wife of an American citizen, and beautiful, my thoughts go back to the

There was a movement among the little "I know the country," she replied; "that the other-what would he do with the crowd which gathered round us, and mur-

said Olive, "because you shall not fall into | tisement, pointing out as he read the exactness of the description. Olive whispered me.

will defend two helpless women against a them a man of insignificant presence, like, haunted the Wilmington saloons. If the

"Ef you air runaways," said one man in | tidings. After three weary days in the hut, it was | the crowd; "ef you air yaller-" And It seemed there was no help but we must

day, with Daddy as our guide, through the "Na-ow," said our captor, "guess you'd doomed.

Just then, however, a rescuer appeared, to the roads and villages, when our danger a veritable St George, a Perseus, though in and papers derided the self made man, the lank shape and forbidding features of thought of the great deed he had done in "Olive," I said, "if they take us pris- Liberty Wicks, bo's'n and quarter-master of the Maryland. It seemed to me a forlorn "They would be obliged, I suppose, to hope, but Olive cried to him by name, and who, before his act, were like the cattle of take us to Wilmington in order to get the he turned, and, seeing us, burst through the the field, to be bought and sold.

> "Darn my scuppers! What's this? Beg your pardon, ladies," taking off his hat; "but what's this little difficulty?"

"Bo's'n," said Olive, quietly and with dignity, "when I sailed with you from The house which was to receive us on the New York to Havannah, four years ago third day was on the confines of a little | what was my name? Perhaps you will "You was Mistress Angel, the captain's

"You hear, gentlemen. The captain's

ageous and noble of him; how he reconciled wife. The wife of Captain Angel, of the it with his conscience as a Christian to ship Providence, in the Havannah trade. Institution, I do not know. Daddy Galoon gentleman, bo's'n, where you took on board

"Off the port o' Boscastle, on the coast house, like all the rest, standing within a of Cornwall, in England," he replied. small fence. The old man removed a bar "Brought aboard, she was, by the captain

"Now, gentlemen," said Olive, "are you which evidently belonged to the secrets of satisfied? Or shall I ask my friend here his trade. The door was instantly opened, to protect us against a man, probably a mean Yankee "-she threw infinite contempt We found ourselves in a room which into those words-"who would pretend

ger on the trigger. "I allow," he said,

"Good Heaven, girls!" cried the lady; "two minutes for that onfort nate cuss to order his coffin. He had so resolute an air, and looked so tures and the weather-beaten cheeks, that

He then called our boy. "Where, boy, was you goin' to take these

ladies?" "They was gwine," said the boat readily by the nearest way to Raleigh, on their

was to stay with their friends." "That looks like runnin' away that does, said Liberty, looking round with triumph "Goin' to Richmond. Goin' to head-quarevidence of truth. Our protector was indig. ters. Now, stand aside, lubbers all, and let the ladies pass. By your leave, ma'am, Long before she had concluded her indig- he touched his hat again, "I will go part of nant invective against our persecuter I | the way with you. Lord love us! Here's a sweet English rosebud for you." He address-We rested here for two days, and were ed the crowd, but he meant me. "A sweet provided by our kind hostess-her husband and pretty blushin' young thing, and you

We were in the carriage now. He hitched honest bo's'n hurling derision behind him Our conductor was a young negro, who in language which our would be captor no informed me, thinking that I was, in spite doubt understood. To me it was a foreign people, that he was really free, and had volun- and again in the "piny woods," he changed

"Boy," he said, "steer quick out of thi road. Take the first fork; never mind I do not remember the names of the where it takes you to. I know that slave travelled-but it could not have been many town, and be landed like a salmon in a net And he won't give in 'thout another run It arose from our guide losing his way for't. I see that in his yaller eye. He's

the main road into one of the little forest how two ladies had been taken prisoners, square hotels, away from the lights in the

We stayed in our room tillibreakfast-time, the Underground railway; that she had or any other Confederate States, that was a hunting party in the ancient fashion, with when, not being able to make any excuse, told Captain Jefferson Ramsay, alias Valen- not immediately know in New York—the hounds; this fell through because he could we descended slowly to the saloon. There tine Angel, everything before their mar. horrible news that the villain Ramsay had get no one to join him; the old pastime of the tables were crowded with guests, who riage; that we now designed to effect our taken advantage of the Southern prejudices the negro chase was forgotten in those all appeared too much occupied in the busi- escape by the same way in which she had in the matter of color to get a hue and cry days of fiercer excitement; besides, there ness of eating to pay any attention to us. before succeeded; and that it was only by sent through the country after us. If all

reports spread about the cruelty of the with terror, and was glad indeed when we Tennessee was most likely, by this time, in and we came on with the help of another the hands of the North, so that once over protector. The boy was waiting for us with the trap | the Alleghany Mountains we were safe.

"At first," he said, "he was mad at los- after the danger at Fayetteville by a sailor,

husband as well as you." laid down for us by our kind friends of that in runaways. But no one there had heard secret institution which had befriended so anything of our story. Then they went many poor creatures, and drove across the back to New York, and from there to Phila-It was the worst thing I could have said. strange forest covered country by the cross delphia, where they learned the latest tracks which we chose by compass, not news from Wilmington. "All right," he said. "Gentlemen, these knowing whither they would lead us, so were scarce.

I stood trembling. For a moment Olive At last we came to the Alleghany Moun-"Gentlemen," she said, instantly recover- was one vast plain covered with pine forests; which immediately published it. All the Alleghany Mountains. Once on the other side we were soon in

Tennessee. To our great joy, the Federals held Nash

we saw a great and splendid thing. It was in the evening; a mighty crowd, almost entirely composed of negroes and "I claim," I cried "the protection of the colored people, were gathered together in a squad before a great building, which was, I suppose, the town-hall or government was gradually followed by the very rowdiest Paul, and, like him, the bearer of good

Olive burst into crying and sobbing. It was the beginning of the end. Slavery was

wild untrodden forest land. The next better go quiet, or there's handcuffs and The man was Andrew Johnson. Two years later when the murder of Abraham Lincoln put him in the president's place, be done. Presently, as Jack heard, there Tennessee, and how he had, on his own responsibility, given liberty to the thousands

When, at last, we crossed the bridge at Niagara, we had been six weeks upon our journey from the moment when we started from the flat and sandy shore to plunge into the depths of the Great Green Swamp.

## CHAPTER X.

THE WHIRLPOOL OF NIAGARA.

At last we were on British soil. Truly there had been no danger to us since Andrew Johnson's proclamation at Nashville; but, as I have said, the country was wild with war excitement, and one longed to be away from the dreadful anxieties depicted on every face.

The train landed us at last on the American side of the Falls; we crossed over and found on the English side a small hotel, where we thought of resting for a few days before we began to consider our plans. Olive, especially, wanted rest; she was pale and anxious; she had lost hope; she felt, she said, the approach of some fresh calamity; she knew that her husband, wherever he was, would bring her new sorrow and himself new disgrace. That dreadful punishment in which the dead were tied to the living was hers; for she was eyes as he held my hands in his. joined with a man dead to all goodness.

Here our protector left us, with thanks which were heartfelt, if any ever were. In addition, rude and rough sailor as he was he had never intruded himself upon us, maintained the most perfect respect to wards us; had paid all our expenses for us; money to provide for our passage to Eng. land.

I have repaid that money long ago; bu the faithful, loyal service I can never repay. And though I know not where my protector

may be I pray for him daily. He left us, then, to make his way to Liverpool first, and, if that failed, to Nassau in order to find another berth in a blockaderunner, nothing daunted by the ill-success of the last. He attributed the disaster indeed, just as poor old Stephen did, to the presence of women aboard the ship.

The place, on the English side, was fu of Southern ladies; they did not come gaze upon the Falls, but to watch an wait. Alas for them! Their words were full of boast and promise; but the color was fading from their cheeks and the light from their eyes in the days when day after day passed and the armies of the South made no headway. Their brothers were with those armies; their sisters were starving; their slaves were scattered, their fields untilled; and they be lieved—oh! how those poor creatures believed !- in the justice of a cause mos unjust, and prayed—as only believers and faithful women can pray—for the success of arms which should never have been taken

had written every day since we left Nashville letters to my dear Jack, telling him what we were doing, and how we fared. These letters I sent to London, but he did not get them till long afterwards, for very good reason, as you shall hear. For, when the Poet told him what had happened, Jack, with no more delay than was necessary to turn everything he possessed into money—took train for Liverpool. He would cross over to America and search the States through till he found me. With him came his friend, the Poet. They landed at New York; here they heard of the wreck and burning of the Maryland off she never left her watch; he might come at Cape Fear, the news of which was received any moment. with great joy, because her captain's name was well know as that of a most successful The boy grinned, and turned the trap off steamer. They read in the papers, further, but set ashore, because it was no use carry. shop windows. She touched his arm. He discovered where to learn news from the said. "They are on the watch for you Olive told him ail. She confessed that South-and, indeed, partly from the news- everywhere; lie in hiding; you will be she had been formerly a slave in this same papers, partly from private letters, and arrested." state, though in appearance as white as partly from the information of spies, noth- He pushed her roughly from him with any European; that she had escaped by ing was done in North Carolina, Virginia, another oath, walked quickly to the toll-

were too many English and others in Wil- Only one of the company-a sallow, evil- the accident of losing our way that we went well, we might be expected in New York or Philadelphia in a fortnight or three

stand well with England, and not get bad gaze became so earnest that I became faint which was a great comfort for us, that As you know, our route was changed,

When we did not appear, and they He then went on to speak of the captain. learned that we had been carried away

"You need not," she said. "I know my interest, came slowly, they went north to Toronto, on the chance of hearing more So we changed the route which had been about us there from the people interested

Then, because publicity would now be a great thing for us, Jack wrote an account he made the most of Ramsay's marriage, and his treatment of his wife, though he knew nothing of the Indiana divorce—and sent it to one of the New York papers, other papers copied it with comments.

Everybody at Wilmington knew the truth, because you cannot silence men's mouths, and the crew talked; yet so vigorously did Captain Ramsay adhere to his own statement, and so camly resolute were The man replied by reading the adver- ville; and here, the very day we got there, his announced intentions of letting daylight into any who ventured to make assertions to the contrary, that public opinion only showed itself in a general desire to avoid his presence. This method, adopted at first by the more peaceful of citizens, captain showed at a bar there would be silence, presently the visitors at the bar "In the name of this great Republic," dropped away one after another, having he said in a solemn voice, "I proclaim you immediate and important business elsewhere. This was galling to Captain Ramsay; he could not shoot a whole townful of men for the crime of having business elsewhere when he entered a saloon; and as nobody offered him any pretext, therewas no shooting to were murmurs abroad, the citizens met and talked things over, the hue and cry was torn down from the walls, and the name of lynch was freely mentioned. At this juncture Captain Ramsay disappeared.

"I know that he will run the inland blockade," said Olive, talking over things at Niagara. "He will cross the lines and make for New York. Then he will come north. I shall wait for him here."

"Will you forgive him?" I asked. "Forgive? Oh! my dear, it is not a question of forgiveness. What have I not forgiven? What have I not endured? I must be with him to save him from worse things if I may. And --- What is it, child?" For below us, walking in the road, on the shady side, were no other than Jack and the Poet, and I was running and crying to fly into the arms of my lover. How he greeted me-with what words of affection and rejoicing-I cannot set down. When he let me go for a moment, I shook hands with the Poet, who hung his head guiltily. "It was all my fault, Miss Avis," he said; "I ought to have followed you day

and night. I knew he was a man-eater. I saw that from the very beginning." "He would come with me, Avis," said Jack. "He has never left me day or night. See what it is to have a faithful Poet!" He spoke in his old light, airy way, but

his voice shook, and the tears stood in his "You have suffered much, Avis. My poor girl; I would I could have suffered for

"I think you have suffered for me too, And then I told him of Olive, who had left us together, and of what she had done, and now, with a courtesy and consideration beyond all praise, he advanced us a sum of Nothing would do now for Jack but we must be married at once, to prevent any further chance, he said, of the man Ramsay, or Angel, or whatever he called himself, running away with me. Could I refuse my boy what he so ardently desired—the right to call me his own? We went, therefore, two days afterwards to the little Episcopal Chapel of Cliftonville, where we were married, the Poet giving me away. He gave me also, I remember, the most beautiful bracelet to be got at Niagara-it had been the property of a poor Southern lady, who sold it to pay her hotel bill-and a collection of feather fans bought at the little shops beside the falls. And when we came to England, he gave me his book of poetry, which I shall always read with pleasure,

> out of gratitude to my Jack's best friend. One morning, a week after our marriage, Olive came and told me, with tears, how she had just heard from some quarter whence she got secret information, that a warrant had been issued against Valentine Angel, alias Jefferson Ramsay, alias a great many other names, including his first, Peregrine Pickle, for piracy on the high seas. It was one of those great and gallant deeds remembered and lauded by Stephen Cobbledick, committed some years before. They had other charges against him, but this would be taken first. The little matter of kidnapping a whole crew of free blacks at Boston, and selling them at New Orleans, would also be brought up again. Meanwhile, there was reason to believe that he was making for British territory; that he would cross the frontier at Niagara; and, unless he were captured before, would be

though I prefer Tennyson and Longfellow,

taken on the bridge. Olive spent that day on the other side, watching and waiting, if haply she might

give her husband warning. The next day and the next she sat or walked. All night, too, she had no sleep;

On the fourth day he came. He was in some kind of disguise, but she runner, and this was a new and very fast knew him. It was already growing dark; he walked in the shadows of the great