

Family Circle.

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY M. E. M. CHAPTER THIRD.

Mrs. Hayne's residence was an imposing brown-stone front, with a broad piazza, and heavy colonnades. It was the finest house in the village, and Jennie was fond of comparing it to "a city set on a hill," for it was built on an elevation, that overlooked the rest of the town.

Mrs. Haynes was the widow of a merchant, who had made his fortune in the neighboring city, and on retiring from business, had planned his pleasant home here. But he had only enjoyed it a few short months, when death called him from the pleasures of time, to the unending bliss of eternity.

Precisely at the hour of four, little Jennie Martin, looking like a flower of June, in the bright crimson merino that had been made for the party, emerged from her own door, and went tripping up the steep street, to her friend's home.

She was dressed in her best, and it may please my little lady readers to know that her best consisted of a grey cloth cloak, and a beaver hat trimmed with scarlet velvet, and a long, curling plume. Very neat and tasteful was Jennie's attire, but more than one passer-by looked smilingly, not at the dress, but at the bright face, with the sparkling, brown eyes, and the dancing smiles, that seemed to proclaim its gladness to all the world.

Jennie lifted the latch of the iron gate, a little timidly, and walked very softly up the broad walk, to the hall door. For just in front of the piazza, sunning himself in the fading afternoon light, lay Leo, the big Newfoundland dog. You remember poor Christina, looking up at the House Beautiful, and longing to enter it, but fearing because of the lions that stood sentry-like at the porch. So felt the little maiden, as she passed the great dog, and, safely up the steps, rang the bell.

"Oh! you darling! I'm so glad you're come," cried Mattie, throwing her arms around Jennie, and kissing her.

"And I'm so glad that I'm in," replied Jennie, "for indeed I trembled all over, while I stood at the door, on account of Leo."

"Oh! Leo won't hurt you!" said Mattie, "dear old fellow, he can tell one of the seminary girls a half mile off, but if you came to steal, or trample the flowers, he'd be sure to see you. Leo knows as much as some men, Jennie. But here you're standing with your things on. Come see mother a moment, and then I'll take you up to my room. Oh! here is mother, now!"

Mrs. Haynes was a pale, sweet-looking lady, in deep mourning. The dark hair was folded plainly, under a widow's cap, and she wore no ornament of any kind, but she smiled very pleasantly on her daughter's little friend, and bending down to give her a welcome kiss.

"Show Jennie all your treasures, dear," she said to Mattie, and when you're tired of the playroom, come to the parlor, and I'll entertain you both."

Mattie's room was a little chamber, opening out of her mother's. It was called the blue room, for it was papered with a pale blue paper, the carpet was an oak ground, sprinkled with blue forget-me-nots, and the furniture was also blue. Even the white curtains at the window, were looped back with an azure cord and tassels. Jennie laid her hat and cloak

upon the bed, brushed her hair before the little mirror, and then said:

"Now, Mattie!" "Come!" said Mattie.

Up the winding stairs they tripped to a room that ran along the whole length of the house. Its floor was uncarpeted, but it was as white and smooth as scrubbing and polishing could make it. At one end of it stood the rocking-horse, the sleds and boyish playthings of Mattie's brothers, and at the other, there were all sorts of toys, such as grace-hoops, parlor-skates, balls, &c., which the children used in common. These were neatly arranged on shelves. Then there were little cabinets filled with bits of stone and rock, and shells, which had been brought from different parts of the earth, by Mattie's uncle, the captain, and there were curious coins, the pride of Mattie's brother. All the children's books were here too, arranged very neatly, and nicely, and there were pictures on the walls, and little chairs and footstools, standing here and there.

A curtain was drawn across one end of the room, and Mattie said:

"There's my own particular corner." She drew the curtain aside, and politely allowing Jennie to enter first, they were in Mattie's baby-house.

A rug was spread over the floor, to form a carpet for the dolls' parlor. The dolls were of various sizes, and were dressed to represent their different stations in life. Some of them were fine ladies in silks and satins, with flowers on their heads, and fans in their hands. Others were simply attired in gingham and calicoes, and some were in working costume. One, supposed to be sick, was tucked up in bed, and a handkerchief was bound around its brow.

Jennie and Mattie played merrily with the dolls; pretending that they were visiting each other, and that these were their children. After awhile they tired of all the amusements however, and went down into the parlor, to find Mrs. Haynes.

It was already dark, and the curtains were drawn, the gas was burning, and Mrs. Haynes was sitting by a center table, looking over a portfolio of engravings. The little girls went to her side, and soon became very much interested in the pictures. One of them represented the opening scene of the revolutionary war. In the foreground stood a little old-fashioned meeting-house, with a patch of green sward in front of it, on which were grouped a few men in the costumes of eighty years ago. Dashing around a corner, came a troop of mounted soldiers, in the red coats of the British. The foremost of these had raised his carbine, and had taken aim at the farmers, who stood by the church.

"Explain the picture, mother dear," said Mattie; "if you please," she added quickly. In that home, no one offended the laws of politeness, but brothers and sisters were courteous to each other, and the children were all deferential to their mother. I have seen young people who were very amiable and kind among their schoolmates and friends, quite rude and unpolished in the home circle. This ought never to be. The fireside should be the spot to which every member of the family should bring of their treasures. Gentle words and loving smiles, and the constant flow of kind, unselfish spirits make home almost like Eden.

PRINCE YOLOO AND HIS CHILDREN.

[Transcribed from an old volume.]

Little Jumbo and Zairee were two pretty negro children. Their father was a prince, who lived near the coast of Guinea, in Africa. Ships from Europe and America often go there for gold dust and ivory; and I am very sorry to say that both Europeans and Americans have sometimes stolen the negroes, and sold them for slaves. It happened that an English vessel was once wrecked not far from where Jumbo lived. Every body on board perished except one gentleman, who clung to a mast and was thrown upon the sand. Jumbo's father took this unfortunate stranger to his home, and warmed and fed him as if he had been his own son.

He lived several months with the negro prince, during which time he enjoyed himself in hunting, fishing and riding; the English king could not have treated a guest with more kindness, and generosity. The two children, Jumbo and Zairee were very much attached to the white man; they often teased Mr. Harris (for that was the gentleman's name,) to live always in Africa with them; but this he would not promise—for though he felt very grateful to his benefactor's family, and even loved them dearly, he could not conceal that his heart longed for white faces, and his native language. The children would sigh deeply when they heard him say that he must go back to England, and would ask, "May Jumbo and Zairee go too?" Their mother would say, "What! and leave me all alone!" This always made the affectionate little creatures very

sorry; and they would look up in her face sorrowfully, as they replied, "Oh, no! mother would be very sick if Jumbo and Zairee went away."

At last, a British vessel brought letters and money to Mr. Harris, and he made preparations to return home. He earnestly entreated to take the children with him; promising to send them back after they had been a few years at school. The prince was willing to have them go; for he said they would then be able to teach their people a great many new things; but the mother grieved and was so much troubled at the thought of parting with them, that Mr. Harris would not consent to separate them, but he did every thing he could to show his gratitude.

He gave the prince a beautiful sword, a pair of pistols, and a hunting horn, which he had ordered to be brought from England; to his wife he gave a large shawl and some ornaments; Jumbo had a drum and life, and Zairee a doll almost as big as herself. The children were very anxious to go on board the vessel, the day on which Mr. Harris was to sail, but as they had been several times, and as their father was absent hunting, they were strictly forbidden to go near the ship.

Mr. H. did not tell them what hour the vessel would sail, because he knew they would cry if they thought they should see him no more. He was therefore far away, almost out of sight of the African coast, before Jumbo and Zairee knew any thing of the matter. At first they cried bitterly; and when they had dried their tears a little, they thought they would run off in search of the vessel. They ran along the sea-shore hand in hand for nearly a mile, without seeing any thing of the ship. At last they grew weary, and sat down on the beach and picked up the prettiest shells they could find. While they were thus employed, they saw a boat at a distance; as it came near they perceived it to be filled with white men. The foolish little creatures were overjoyed; for they had never seen any white men, but Mr. Harris, and the crew of the vessel in which he sailed, and they were now quite sure they would hear of their friend. They forgot how often their careful mother had told that cruel white men came to steal away little negro children.

The boat came nearer, and at length the white men leaped on the beach, spoke very kindly to the children, and offered to give them some beads for their shells. Jumbo and Zairee, in broken English, asked where Mr. Harris was, for they wanted to see him. The men told them that he was in a ship, a little way off, and that if they would jump into the boat, they should go and see him. Jumbo was for going directly; but Zairee wanted to go back and tell her mother, because she said her mother would cry if she could not find them.

The sailors promised her that they should be carried back to their mother in a little while, and the poor children were tempted to go in the boat. They were cruelly deceived. The vessel on board which they were carried was an American slave ship, and Jumbo and Zairee were tied together and put in a dark hole, with a great many wretched negroes. Oh, then how bitterly they wept to think they had disobeyed their good mother by running away! She poor woman! was almost crazy when she found they were gone. All the country round was searched in vain.

At first she thought they had wandered on the shore, and had been eaten up by crocodiles. Crocodiles abound in Africa; they are very large, ugly creatures, with a monstrous mouth, and a back covered with scales so hard that it is said to be bullet-proof. They often seize upon people and devour them, and this was thought to be the fate of poor Jumbo and his sister, until a huntsman brought in word that he had seen a ship off the coast, and white men prowling about the shore.

This almost broke the mother's heart; for several days she would not taste any food. She feared that her husband would be very angry with her for allowing the children to be ought of her sight. And then she said she had rather a thousand times over that they had been swallowed by crocodiles, than to be carried off and made slaves by the white men. She hated the sound of a white man's name. She would not even allow Mr. Harris to be mentioned before her, for she could not help sometimes suspecting that he had returned and stolen her treasures from her.

When Jumbo's father returned he was very angry; not with his wife,—for she was so sick and broken-hearted that he could not be angry with her, but he vowed revenge against all the white men. Never again, he said, would he save one from death; if they ever were shipwrecked on his shores, they should perish. Many a white man was afterwards murdered by the prince and his tribe. Was it not melancholy that the cruelty of white men should thus turn the kindness of a savage heart into gall and bitterness?

As for Jumbo and his sister, they had

a wretched voyage. The want of pure air made them ill, and for many days Jumbo thought Zairee would die. Five of the negroes did die, and were thrown overboard. The hard-hearted captain did not seem to pity his miserable captives in the least, he was angry to have them die, because he thought he would lose money. You will ask me if this man was an American—one of our country men who make it their boast that men are born free and equal? I am sorry to say that he was, let us hope there are now but few such.

After a long and wearisome voyage, the vessel arrived in the port of Savannah. The negroes were tied in pairs and driven to the market place to be sold. In this hour of distress, it was a great consolation to Jumbo and Zairee that they were not separated from each other; they were put up together, and the same planter bought them both. For the first two or three years they did not find slavery so bad a thing as they had feared. It is true they were kept at work all the time; but they were comfortably clothed and fed and nobody abused them.

But at the end of that time, a new overseer was appointed, who was a very cruel man. Their master was kind-hearted, but he was too indolent to take much trouble; and he let the overseer of the slaves do pretty much as he pleased. Almost every day some one or other of slaves had a severe whipping by order of this wicked tyrant, and he made them work harder than horses. Jumbo bore his fate with patience and fortitude; but many a time, when his work was done, did he and Zairee weep to think of their beloved Africa, and of the pleasant times they used to have sitting under cocoa trees, eating yams and milk for supper.

Jumbo had borne several cruel beatings himself without complaint; but one day when the overseer ordered Zairee to be tied to a post and receive twenty lashes, merely because she had broken an earthen pitcher, he could endure it no longer. He ran to the post, seized hold of his sister and tried to prevent her being tied. This did no good. The poor boy was forced away; and Zairee was ordered to receive forty lashes and her brother seventy-five.

After this dreadful punishment, it was many days before Jumbo could get out of his miserable bed. His heart was full of fury towards the white men. Alas! can we blame this poor heathen for it? Even a Christian would have found it very hard to forgive such injuries; and Jumbo had never been taught to read the Bible; indeed he had never seen one. Not long after his recovery, he was accused of wounding the overseer in the back, with an intent to kill him, but the thing could not be proved, and as all the negroes hated him, it was likely to be one as the other.

Jumbo escaped punishment, but as suspicion rested pretty strongly upon him, he was offered for sale. Zairee begged hard to be sold with him, but her request was denied. Jumbo was sold to a cotton planter who lived about twenty miles distant. The parting of brother and sister was painful indeed. The only consolation they had had in their misery was the liberty of being together. Zairee could not eat any food the day that Jumbo left her; and when the overseer heard of this he ordered her to be whipped. "The next thing I shall hear," said he, "will be that she is ill and unable to work. I shall not allow any such nonsense."

A plate full of food was placed before her, and a man stood over her with a whip to beat her if she did not eat every mouthful. Can it be possible that such cruelty exists in this free country! History blushes as she writes the page of American slavery, and Europe points her finger at it in derision. It was so ordered by divine Providence that what threatened to be the greatest calamity to the unhappy Zairee turned out in the end to be a blessing.

Among Jumbo's new companions in slavery was one very dignified middle-aged negro who attracted his particular attention. He was very melancholy and said but little; but when he did speak he betrayed intelligence unusual among people of his color, who have so few advantages of education. He and Jumbo soon became very much attached to each other. One evening, as they sat in their hut making brooms, the elder negro said in imperfect English, "I believe one reason I like you so well Jumbo, is on account of your name. They call me Pompey, but I am Prince Yolo."

Jumbo dropped his broom and looked up eagerly—the name sounded like something he had known and forgotten. "I had a son named Jumbo," continued the black prince, "but the accursed white man stole him from me when he was only nine years old. Jumbo sprang on his feet and uttered a shriek of joy. He had found his father. A long and earnest conversation followed, in the course of which Jumbo discovered that the Ashantees, a neighboring tribe, had made war

upon his father, had taken him prisoner and sold him to an American captain.

Yolo we were like a child when he found that both Jumbo and Zairee were alive and well. The most wonderful thing he had to tell was, that Mr. Harris had bought a plantation in America, and actually lived within five miles of them. "I did not know it," said Yolo, "till about six weeks ago, when master sent me to his home on an errand. It made my blood very hot when I saw the white man whom I had treated with so much kindness in my own country, for I thought he had stolen away my children, and I have ever since been thinking how I could find an opportunity to kill him." Jumbo was glad his father had not committed such a crime, for he said he felt sure he was good and kind, though he was a white man. Yolo now felt very anxious to see Mr. Harris, for he thought he would buy him and his children, if he once knew who they were, and every body said he was the kindest master; that he visited his slaves every day, listened to their complaints, relieved their wants, and never allowed his overseer to punish them without his knowledge.

Yolo and Jumbo talked a great deal about making themselves known to Mr. H., but they did not dare to talk in the presence of the overseer, for they were obliged to speak in English, for Jumbo had forgotten his native tongue. One day, however, as they were busily at work picking cotton, a gentleman on horseback stopped and spoke to Yolo. "You seem to be a very industrious fellow," said he, "what is your name?" "My name is Yolo," replied the slave, "they call me Pompey here." As he spoke he looked very expressively at Jumbo. "Yolo!" exclaimed the stranger, "and were you a prince in Africa?" "I was." Do you remember Mr. Harris the white man?" "He lived with me many months."

"God be praised," said he, and forgetting black and white, master and slave, he fell into Yolo's arms and clasped him warmly to his bosom. Mr. Harris immediately expressed his wish to buy Yolo and Jumbo. Their master finding him eager for the purchase, demanded \$800 apiece for them. The next day Mr. H. paid the money and took the two negroes home with him. He then went in search of poor Zairee. The news had got abroad that Mr. H. owed a debt of gratitude to this family, and would pay any price for them. Zairee's master took advantage of this. He demanded \$1,500 for her, and she was purchased at that price, and in a few hours the affectionate girl was in the arms of her father and brother.

Yolo and his children expected to be employed as slaves on the plantation of their kind friend; but Mr. H. said: "Prince Yolo, you who treated me like a king in your own country, shall never labor for me; you shall all return to Africa, and with you shall go every slave in my household."

When Yolo heard these cheering words, he knelt and kissed his benefactor's feet. Mr. H. did as he promised, he gave his slaves liberty, and returned them to their native country. Two old negroes preferred remaining with him; but the others returned with Yolo.

Jumbo and Zairee found their mother still alive, and often as they sat together under the pleasant shade of their native cocoas, did they repeat to their neighbors the story of the good white man.

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