

had given him at Christmas time, and was freely used to dry up the eyes that were almost blind with weeping. Every object seemed to reproach him. He was really to be pitied. He was leaving behind him the best home, where he had "truly" eaten his "white" bread, the "best master," but he "walked on." At the rising of the sun on this "eventful" morning the blast of Pif's horn, which had aroused the family servants at exactly the same hour for years, was "silent."

Consternation pervaded the whole place. "Mas Ellick" and "Miss Eilin" were in close conversation in the "old hall." What could it all mean? The "servants' bell" was loudly sounded. The house-maid was dispatched for "Pif," but "no" Pif appeared. An underservant to Pif was summoned, who made his appearance before his master and announced that Pif was "not about," his bed was empty, and his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" suit was gone, his old coon dog, "Watch," was missing. Imagine, if you can, the feeling of this confiding master. "Deserted" by one he thought could "never" deceive him—his "constant" attendant.

The world would say: "How foolish to regret an ungrateful servant." Mr. Wright was not of this opinion. "Massa" was wounded, "sorely hurt," that his right-hand man, who had been with him so many long years, could, by "any" persuasive influence, be induced to leave him. After the morning meal was over Mr. Wright ordered his white Beauty ("Blossom"), that Pif took so much pride in grooming and harnessing for his master, and started out in search of his "manager of the farm."

Rumors were in circulation that the Northern soldiers were secreting the slaves with the intention of enlisting the men in the army, but "Massa" could not believe that "Pif," who had always been so respectful and satisfied, could fall into satan's snare. The town was reached in less than an hour. Inquiry was made for the missing servant, and to "Massa's" utter astonishment, he was told that Pif was at "Sandy Bottom" with the Northern soldiers. Still doubting, the master walked down to the old "meetin'" house the soldiers were occupying, approached the captain of the band and asked if his "man Pif" was there. Pointing to an intelligent, well-built fellow, he said: "Is 'that' your man? Pif rose from his seat with the same respectful air that he had always shown his master, and could not for a moment utter a word. At last he said, in a quivering tone of voice: "Mas Ellick, I'm