The Reincarnation of Mr. Caswallon

'Author of "For the Love of Lady Margaret," Etc. BY WILLIAM THOMAS WILSON.

The unusual circumstances connected with the death of Mr. Caswallon, and the many conflicting rumors which the strange manner of his death have given arise to, induce me to submit to the public the manuscript found by me upon his estate some weeks after his death.

As his nearest mend, and the only As his nearest grend, and the only person having any acquaintance with Caswallon's eccentric mode of life, I have received many inquiries from scientific and medical authorities, men of the highest standing in their respective professions, asking for any information which would be capable of throwing light upon the singular occurrences detailed in the manuscript which I have before mentioned. cript which I have before mentioned.

Knowing the fragmentary nature of the reports which have been circulated, and the proneness to exaggeration which characterizes matters of this description. I have answered one and all that I would submit, in a short time the complete manuscript to the public, together with a brief statement of such information in my ment of such information in my mr. Caswallon himself there

can be no question that he was in complete possession of all his facul-ties at the time when the alleged circumstances took place. He was a man of unusual brilliancy of intellect, of keen perception, and very little given to dreaming or imagination. Having inherited a fortune from his father, the late Chancellor Caswallon, he spent most of his time at his magnificent. magnificent country home,

Of his ancient family little need be said, for from the earliest history of the north country, stretching far back into the dim shadows of Roman Britain and connecting with the na-tive Celtic kings is the name of Caswallon. Druid Hall, however had recently been purchased by Mr. Caswal-lon, who resided there alone, with only a few servants, being a bachelor and without any near relatives.
On the night of his death Mr. Cas-

wallon had returned from a long stroll upon his magnificent cestate. and feeling somewhat tired had thrown himself at full length upon a couch in the great hall. The butler had gone to get him a glass of ice-water, for which he had called, and upon his arrival had been somewhat surprised to find no trace of his mas-Only a great pool of blood was the couch, and could be traced down the steps of the porch and for

the theories advanced by the press, the most plausible being that Mr. Caswallon had been murdered in the hall in the absence of the butler, and his body carried away by his assassins for the purpose of ransom. But the days passed, and nothing more was heard or him.

I had immediately taken charge of affairs at Druid Hall, and with the amistance of the police authorities and a score of private detectives had searched every square foot of the en-tire estate without avail. I had put all the servants through a very rigid examination with the help of my barrister, a very shrewd fellow, and had finally been forced to the conclusion that they were innocent of the crime, if any crime had been com-

I was returning late in the evening when a sudden shower caused me to seek refuge among some huge stone vards from the house, the remains, so tradition runs, of an ancient Druidical temple, hence the name of the

estate, Druid Hall. The continued downpour of rain soon caused me to cast around for some more effectual shelter, and I had almost made up my mind to break and run for the house, when peering sharply at the great slabs which stood around me I discovered a fissure be tween two of the large ones, leading

back into what appeared to be a recess beneath the columns. The cavity was only a small one, probably of about two feet in width, but without more investigation I squeezed into it, glad to be out of the pelting rain. But it had like to have had anticipated, for what I had taken to be a mere opening between the guards and every last soul in columns proyed to be a cavern of some ten feet in depth, so that inf crawling in upon the

ground as I expected, I took a head-er down into the plutonian gloom, as though I had suddenly sprouted Luckily I struck the bottom upon my hands and knees, without sus-taining any more serious injury than merely barking my shins, and springing up I struck a match and peered about me. It was a little cave of some 12 feet in dismeter in which I stood, the bottom of smooth white sand. As the light flamed up I uttered an exclamation, for there upon the other side of the cave, upon the

floor, as though cast aside in haste, lay an antique bronze sword. Now I am somewhat of an antiguarian, being chiefly interested in ing able to read fairly fluently the rude language of that gallant race. So rapidly crossing over to the other side of the cavern, I picked up the prehistoric weapon and examined it. The age was that of the first century after, Christ, and closely inspecting the pointless blade there seemed upon it

er blood or rust. I stood there for some minutes

But the noise of the storm was rap-

as hopeless, when there ran through me a sudden shock, which I can only describe as resembling that produced by a strong current of electricity. At the thrill of that strange sensation there came to me the strength of ten men. Bending over I tore the great rock from its foundation. Underneath it was something which shone white in the twilight. Snatching it up under the command of that invisible presence, I sprang upon the sverturned rock, and bolting through

bverturned rock, and bolting through the opening. I ran for the house.

The rain had ceased, and I reached the mansion in a few minutes. My first thought was of the package, and hastily unrolling it. I carried it beneath the nearest light and read slowly that remarkable document.

It was written in the long forgotten British tongue, and long in the nights have I worked upon it translating the crude language into modern English, and below I give the manuscript in full:

manuscript in full:

"Alone in the cavern beneath the temple of the Priest Caradoc, I have crawled like a stricken welf to die. Slowly, painfully I have dragged my stiffening limbs to this love spot, and as the wine of life ebbs to its dragged that comes to me vague, indrags, there comes to me vague, indistinct thoughts, which take shape and form out of the dim mists of the past—at first faintly, and then more distinctly, until finally it all somes fresh and clear before my

weary eyes, and as the garment of life prepares to slip from me I write. "I know now why I was first at-tracted to this dear spot, when my eyes beheld it some brief seasons ago before my puny mind had connected my glorious past with the dull present, and why each foot of rolling ground, each hill and knoll, even the very stones and thickets seemed strangely familiar to me.

"And the crumbling ruins of that old Druidic temple of the Priest, grim Caradoc—ha? I could have sworn that at some period of my life I had stood within that very temple, mid the silent throng of savers. Extrems and as the wild shout age Britons, and as the wild shout of joy crashed through the silent hills, had seen the luckless captives dragged down to perish under the sacrificial knife.

"But these thoughts only struggled vainty with my traitor memory, and with a sigh I was forced to turn away, perplexed and troubled. avenue.

You doubtless remember the great public excitement which the mystery of the affair gave rise to. Many were thus, le! out of the misty past there came the messenger for which my soul had unconsciously waited so

"I had discovered that there once stood upon the knoll, from which my mansion now arose, the palace of some Roman Patrician, probably the ruler of these fertile lands, when England bowed beneath the yoke of Imperial Rome. And my discovery came about like this.
"Several times had I noticed the

gentle swells and ridges which ran at regular intervals around the nouse, as though at one time there had once ran a series of ramparts or walls about the hill.

"One day I had questioned one of self-same spot, and he told me the dwelt within a lordly palace, with tribune, Tiberius Grucchus, gleaming white columns and splendid

porticees, upon this very knoll. "'Great times they' ad, sir.' murmured, pausing a minute in his work to lean upon his spade and his grimy forehead, as he looked up

"Lord, sir, 'twould do your 'eart good to hear my old daddy tell the tale. How the Romans were feasttale. ing in their gilded palace like the Egyptians of old, sir, with their wine and music,' (Giles is rther plous, and the shocked look of disapprobation upon his face was laughable to behold) and while they were sittin' there, up comes the Britons, all desperate, sir, with their woes, led by a British chief, and they crept up to white palace, and all of a sud-they busted in and killed the the white palace, and all

"Then they set fire to the building, and burned it down to the A good riddance it was, too,' and pausing a minute to see what effect the tale would have on me, he sighed meditatively, and then resumed his work of setting out a new hedge upon the lawn.

pression upon me, and picking up a mattock, which lay upon the ground, went back to the rear of the house, and selecting a place where the ground seemed to offer on inviting prospect for discovery, I began to "A good two hours I must have

labored thus, and I was beginning to grow tired and to think of hunch Putting all my strength into a great blow, which I intended should end my morning's work, my pick struck something which rang hard against the metal, and breaking through solid substance, flew from my hands and out of sight. "Bending down I uncovered

angle of an old wall. One look at the solid stone and the splendid what might have originally been eith- workmanship was enough for me. It was Roman.
"Calling Giles and a couple of

"Calling Glies and a couple of otherwise of despair. Tiberius Gracchus, as motionicas. What hand, long since of dust, had once grasped this rude upon the place, I set them to digging, and before evening they had uncovered the banquet hall of a noble Perhaps some savage warrior, atricken to death and closely pursued this hiding place in the old Druidie temple, and had crawled within it to die. The show centuries had long rince reduced his body into dust, leaving alone the old weapon as a grim reminder of the shortness of the mortal span and the uncertainty ince mortal span and the uncertainty and seem mortal face.

"Calling Glies and a couple of otherwise of despair. Tiberius Gracchus, as you drink deep of the costly wines, and post out your soft words into the listening ear of yonder black-eyed dame, who reclines beside you "But the hour has come, for the mosaic of the floor. The very fawns and the light-footed tribesmen have slolen back with the tidings that the Roman rince reduced his body into dust, leaving alone the old weapon as a grim reminder of the shortness of the mortal span and the uncertainty since they had seen mortal face.

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t that heavy stone. As well try to the shadowy existence past dear long-udge the mansion itself as that great forgotten voices, which fell upon my ears as the sublime strains of majestic music. Faces, vaguely familiar hopeless, when there ran through flashed across that mirror, which we a sudden shock, which I can only poor mortals call the mind, and ned to me with sweet

> "And I stretched out my arms to them, my cold heart warming under their gentle presence, at the dying embers suddenly flare into life at the blast of the winter gale. "A hoarse cough from one of the wondering rustics behind me brought me back into life, and with a sigh I regretfully turned from the noble

hall and clambered back to earth. "From that hour I waited for the message which would summons me back to that life which my spirit knew before it unwillingly came into the body of the Caswallon which the earth now knows.

"I had not long to walt, for one day-I know not now how long ago, for my pulsing spirit has forgotten those petty throbs by which mortali-ty measures that little round which it calls time as I sat in the grea hall of my mansion, calmly resting after a long tramp, there came upon me that same mighty struggle of my spirit. I can only describe it as a struggle between the soul, anxious to be free, and the base clay, eager to retain the spark of dull, material existence.

existence.

cred mistake, life dropped from me as the ripe corn from the withered stalk, and my sould came again to its own with a great throb of joy."
"From every knoll and morass,
from every hill and fen, there blazes we summons to the fray the fighting men of a dozen tribes. And now they gather by the pale moon, while

around glimmers the flaring torches.
"From the dark morasses of Caer Mona comes the stern Cassiar, and as he musters his wild men, he thinks of his murdered mother, who fell under the hard hand of the proud Romans, and he swears by the holy oak, which grows by the waters of the silent Hures, to spare no soul of the hated conquerors.
"From the hills of the rugged west

comes Arnwern, the bold, with hundred valiant fellows, trained in many a hard fought field, and as I step forward to meet them. my bronze chairs shining in the light of the fires, Arnwren grips my hand with both his own, and turning to his dauntless followers, he greets me as the King of Britian. "Then up there goes a great shout,

which must have startled the haugh-

ty Romans, who feast in the great house, which shines so bravely through the dark trees, and my gallant followers take up the cry a right good will, so that the very trees, and the temple of Caradoc near us, reverberate, to the sound. "Through the great throng of joyous Britons now comes Caradoc himself, and they part reverently before him, as with head bent, he crosses to where I stand, brave in my wolfskins and bronzes, and reaching his

hand beneath his mantle he lifts high above his head the golden crown of the ancient kings, and as the low my old laborers whose fathers had murmur of astonishment dies out, dwelt time out of mind upon this which the people raise when they hehold the long lost relic, he speaks: "The wise ones of the Britian was governed by her sons, foretold that the crown of her chiefs should never be discovered until she should again be free. And so

it has been, for as I stood at my altar by the sacred flames on yesterday, a deep sleep fell upon me, and wipe the drops of perspiration from as in a dream I beheld the place in which the crown was concealed. Behold I now place it upon the brow of one of her ancient blood and proclaim him king.' "Thus spoke the drivelling old do

tard, and I believed him-fool that I was to think that a handful of wild barbarians could overturn the power of imperial Rome, whose stern legions had faced unmoved the terrors thousand fields of carnage and bloodshed! And thus we feasted. while the priests slaughtered the white oxen and with solemn incarnation made propitiation for our

"The wild scene comes back as though it were yesterday, as I lie within this accursed cave and write, while around me there dances the pale faces of that gallant race, as the lamp of life burns rapidly down to the socket. "The little grassy plan, surround ed by the dark trees, within which moved the dense throng of warriors,

women and children, as they gesticulated eagerly and talked of the com-ing fray; and amid them, his long rellow locks affoat in the breeze and his sword clinking against his round shield, the chief among the throng, moved Caswallon, King of Britian. "Below us two miles away the house of Tiberius Gracchus was ablaze with light, as the haughty Roman feasted his noble guests, and in his pride dreamed of the day when he should wear the purple, and lord it over all the Britons. Little They had seen them too often before when we summoned the clans to the sacrifice or the council, and they had

"But they do not reckon upon the courage engendered by weary years of toil and the sweat and

grown accustomed to the sight long

"We are divided into two companies, one of which I lead myself, the other commanded by the traitor Cassiar—a curse upon him? For the stern Cassiar has long dreamed of the day when his frowning brows shall wear the golden crown which hes upon hy head, and even now he plots my overthrowal.

"The cool night air, laden with the seem of the deep forcests and the

the plains of Gaul, found a great one freely as even it did at the sacrificial

"Perhaps the marble halls of that great city might re-echo to the tread of my victorious legions, as with flashing awords we pass into its market place, and there receive the homage of that grand nation, whose gles had devestated the world.

Such thoughts as these were mine as with pulsing heart I neared that palace, whose familiar walls were to draw me back to it some eighteen red years after, when in altered forth, but with changeless soul, stood once more within its painted

"O mysterious Eternal One, with unwearied hand doth preside they made their last stand. over all our little comings and goings upon that puny canvass which men call life, had it not been better that echoless void which lies behind, drink for a moment of the cooling spring of recollection, and then his me back into that dark region whence I came?

"And now we neared the outposts of the Romans. Halting my men a moment,I whispered to them to await me there, concealed behind the dark undergrowth, and slipping by the olive-skinned sentinel, who, leaning upon his spenr, dreams of the cloud-less nights of his sunny land, I cautiously neared the house. Crawling under one of the great windows peered within.

"By the sacred mistletoe! noble sight at which I gazed. Down the splendid banquet hall there ran a great table, which was laden with all the dainties that Britain Rome could Turnish. Heaped upon the board were purple grapes in clusters, and the flowers hung in festoons above the heavy heads of the Romans.

"There were centurians and senat or's about that great table, and golden armor touched shoulder to shoul der with linen toga. Bold captains of mercenaries, whose hard had wrung from the despairing Britons their lost coins, now drank deep of the mellow wine, as with smiling faces they recounted their marvelous adventures among the barbarians. "Grave statesmen, their brows

knitted with the cares of state, discussed the affairs of Rome and Britain, and vowed that the chalky cliffs of the island might well bless the hour when the keel of Caesar's galley had grated upon its shore. "There were proud ladies there,

too, swathed in the rich stuffs of many climes, reclining upon the heavy couches, and the torches flamed down upon their ivory throats and bare white arms, and sparkled upon their gold and jewels, as the servants fanned them with the peacock feathers. "But as I turned my savage, British eyes toward the head of the where sat the stately Tiberius Grac-chus, I half started. For beside him there sat the queenliest lady that I have ever seen. From her black eyes there shone a deep, sweet light, which captured my wild heart upon the spot, and her long, dark hair gleam-ed like the wing of the eagle.

"A minute thus I stood, half startled by the beauty, and then I vowed that that proud lady should be mine. Mine those great black eyes, with the strange, deep light which stirred my being as never woman had done bemine that swelling throat and fore: round bare arms.

"Turning, I softly crept back to my Britons, who chafed impatiently be-hind those dark trees below me. Half the distance I had gone, when from came a loud shout of alarm, and then from out of the dark night there came that long quavering cry with which the Britons had heralded their wild charges, when in days past they met the serried ranks of Rome. "And then from out of the dark ness came my warriors, a gallant

and the slaughter of the outposts, and with me at their head they streamed down upon the palace.
"Brief as the time had been since the alarm, the Romans had poured out from the great house, and the tenth legion, which was quartered the trees immediately surrounding the

palace, had formed in some sort of order about the portiones, and there led by Tiberius Gracchus himself, they Nothing daunted, we charged upon them, with a shower of javelins, and then with our bronze swords in our our bare, hot breasts open to the night breeze we closed.

"A noble youth, his armor shining in the moonlight, had thrust at me and now with sneering lip he cried: "'What, barbarian! Think you that Rome is conquered thus? As soon clip the eagle's wings with that round shield which hangs upon that tawny arm of thine."
"But I answered nothing. Only

ed breastplate that the hot warm blood spurted up into my eyes, and then I passed on to the next foe. A few minutes later I trod upon his silent figure, as I fought and cut among those dark-haired soldiers. "Much as I hated the Romans, could not restrain a thrill of admiration, as I watched those calm ranks around me, and how coldly they met Not an inch did they give back as they sternly locked arm to arm, and though they fell thick and fast beneath our strong arms, never for an instant did they hesitate or

"Those grassy slopes frank blood that wild night, and the wide porches and steps were all thick with the the glotted gore of friend and foe. Side by side lay the Roman in his armor and the Briton in his skins. The ruddy locks of islander and the raven hair of a warmer ciline were all tangled upon the red floors.

Twice had I closed with Tiberius Gracchus himself, and twice had the Gracehus himself, and twice had the struggling foemen separated us, as the red tide of war ebbed and flowed. And now we met again, and the Roman recognized me with a shout.

"Ho, Briton, it shall not be said that a savage foeman crossed swords thrice with Tiberius Gracehus and went unscathed. For the last time have you bearded a Roman patrician in his home."

have you bearded a Roman patrician in his home."

"I answered back grimly enough:

"At least I shall beard no more Tiberius Gracchus, for my sword shall drink his blood this night."

"Angered by my taunt he thrust at me so fiercely that had I not caught the sword upon my bronze shield, it had gone hard with me. The blade snapped sheer off in his hands with the force of the blow, Gods! I can hear now that tingling sound as the bright metal broke and the fiery exclamation which came from the lips of the proud Roman, as he beheld himself weaponless at

'Back!' shouted the burly ce turian, whose deep voice rang out Caradoc. 'Back to the palace!' And the stern Romans, unconquerable in death as in life, slowly retreated, foot

by foot, to the great house, "They were sore pressed between the men of Cassiar and my wild warriors, but calmly, undauntedly they kept their ranks, and though every foot of soil was piled with their slain they at last reached the porticoss. But here they could make no further headway, and their shining ranks broke into a score of little groups. broke into a score of little groups, and there with their backs against the painted walls and fluted columns,

"I had caught sight of the golden helmet of Tiberius Gracchus in the great banquet hall, and with a score of wild tribesmen, their streamin their streaming him. There I crossed blades with him for the last time in a corner of the vast room, beneath the sneering Pan, who stared unmoved from th wall above at us.

"The Roman was a soldier and a philosopher. Back down the ages say that for you. Tiberius Gracchus and mayhap your dauntless soul shall be comforted by that word. For you lost all that wild night-home, friends, fame, and a bright lady-and yet, as you faced me you met my steel as unmoved as though you sat once more upon your curvetting charger, your loyal legions at your beck and call.

"'Jove!' he muttered beneath his breath, 'never did Roman meet savage foeman more worthy of his steel

"My tribesmen were at work cutting down the Romans one by one, but they gave us a wide berth, as the noble Roman and myself cut and slashed at each other beneath the leering Pan. Ten minutes we might have struggled thus, and then I gath-ered myself for one last thrust. Ti-Gracchus had staggered back a half pace, for he was wounded in many places and weak from loss of

"Whirling my bronze sword about my head, I cut at him with all my force. But quick as I was he was quicker. Springing aside he threw himself back against the wall, and quicker. my eager sword gashed the face of the leering Pan, and cut from his left temple the curl which hung upon it.
"With a shrill whistle there flashed by me a javelin, and as I looked it caught the Roman in the throat. Without a sound he dropped like a log. With an angry exclamation turned to my men, but as I did there rang out from somewhere in the house a loud scream—the scream

"In an instant there flashed across my mind the thought of that blackeyed lady, who had reclined by the side of Tiberius Gracchus.

"I spun around on my heel, and sword in hand rushed through those empty halls, which a few minutes be-fore had rung with the sound of the fray, but now stretched out so silently before me, the pale moonlight flashing from the bright armor, and the shining steel which lay hither and thither among those calm figures. "Another scream, which seemed to come from the room upon my right.

Pushing aside the heavy tapestry which hung above the doorway, I enby the side of a little polished table stood the old priest, there, all white and still in his rude lay my black-eyed beauty. "Gods! how that sight sent my blood boiling through my British veins, so that I was half beside myself with rage. "At the sound of my footsteps Caradoc turned his head, and none

too soon, for the times were rude and uncivilized, and I would have slain ment's compunction. At the sight of angry face he dropped the lady in an instant and plucked out his sword.
"'What! Has the cold Caswallon been smitten with the charms of the black-eyed Roman?' he shouted 'Ha! had thought him proof against such snares,' and he laughed loudly.

But I had no mind to waste precious time with him, when at any mo-ment a score of petty chieftains might burst in upon us to contend with the victor for the lady. Catching my sword by the blade, I cast it full at his throat. The sharps blade struck true, and he staggered back a pace with a cry which rang throughout the whole house.

"I could hear the stir as the sound caught the ears of the warriors, who vere plundering the mansion, the tramp of many feet as they hurried toward us. There was no to be lost, and catching up the lady sprang through the open window into the garden outside.
"It had all gone well with me.

was hurrying towards the secret re-cess behind the altar of Caradoc, which I had discovered a year before intending to remain there until the victorious tribesmen should have divided the spoils and recovered from their revelry. But the eternals had willed it otherwise, for as I turned the corner of the house, who should I encounter but Cassiar.
"Now, the stern Cassiar was even

then in search of me, thinking to remove me from the pathway to the throne, which stretched so alluringly before him, and as I ran full into him, he waited no longer than to peer into my face, and then before I could drop the lady in my arms, he had snatched the sword from his belt and stabbed me.

"At the thrust I staggered an in stant, and then as he would have turned to flee, I laid the lady gently down upon the green grass and wheeled towards him. He stood as when he had stabbed me, but his eyes were fixed far past me, and I saw that they were set and glassy, and that he swayed gently to and fro, as though he had received his death blow.

"I know not how it was, but a sudden awe fell upon me, and I turned. As the gods live, a scant six paces away stood the dead Tiberius Gracchus. The moon shone full upon his golden armor and the bright sword in his hand, and I could even see the dents upon his breastplate, where our stout swords had gashed it. "He smiled calmly at me, while my wild, untutored heart leaped throbbed within my savage bro

my trembling knees shook beneath "What, Briton?" he said, a smile lighting up his martial features. 'I had not thought to see fear upon that ruddy face. But listen, we shall meet again. Your spirit shall sleep for a season, but it shall wake once more upon this self-same spot. You know little of those who direct your footsteps,' he continued, not heeding the wonder upon my face, 'but you shall know more in the ages to come. And now—farewell!"

the end for me drew near. Slowly, painfully, I picked up from the ground the cold body. Whether dead or alive I knew not, and began my journey towards the secret recess in the temple of Caradoc.

"The great trees seemed to whisper to me as I staggered through th and the pale stars shone with a truer, kinder light as they watched my tottering footsteps. Dimly I wondered if I should reach those gray columns

which gleamed so distant.
"Every inch of ground was water-ed with my blood, and twice I halted to shift my fair burden from one shoulder to the other, as I pushed back my shaggy locks and wiped the cold death-sweat from my forehead. "But I reached the temple at last and with fast stiffening fingers, pushed back the stone from the re-cess, and passing within it I laid the lady upon the sandy floor, and then pushing back the rock I cast aside my red sword and threw myself

"There comes to me vague, indistinct shadows which pass before my sightless eyes. I lead again my tribes men to the fray and the fierce kites scream above us as they watch the dull crash as our wild ranks come to-

"The great billows crash upon the chalky cliffs as we solemnly sacrifice the white bull, and as the red rays of the rising sun touch with majes-tic splendor the shining water below us we raise with solemn chant the sacrificial hymn, and the priests cut the throat of the trembling bull, as the sound slowly merges with the deep roar of the restless ocean. Jove! I can feel the fresh salt air and the spray upon my face.

"And then there comes to me that last solemn awe which thrills the soul of-mortality, when they stand in the presence of that mighty sovereign— Death. There is no pen which could express that emotion, nor any mortal who would comprehend, could it be expressed, save only those whose trembling souls have stood within that great presence, and who with solemn dread have passed down to the brink of that dark river where awaits the hooded bootman.
"And there upon the bank stands

that sweet Roman lady, and she smiles at me as I near the end. And who raises his hand in martial greeting as I reach his side. A Moment we stand thus, as we gaze out over that boundless stream, which lies before us, and then with the lady's hand in mine we step upon

"What lies before I know not, nor the end. Whether I shall find rest and oblivion for a season, to roam again in altered guise, at some distant age this mortal sphere, or whether my sleep shall be eternal I know not. I know that with calm, unfearing soul I pass out. The pen slips from my dead fingers, and I can write no more-Farewell!

TWO VERY OLD EX-SLAVES

One Nearly Ninety-Four; the Other One Hundred and Ten-Both in Upper South Carolina.

BY EDWARD A. TRESCOT.

To the average person in the South there is always, more or less, a certain fondness or liking for the old negro of ante-bellum days, who differs so radically in nature and character from those who have come into exis-

tence since the civil war. There is something touching, nay pathetic, in the passing of the old slaves. Of them but few remain, yet they, like those who have gone fore, will carry to their graves much that speaks well for the conditions that existed in their youth: a people who understood that perhaps peculiar yet strong and tender feeling which was and is generally the case—yet the writer will refer to one just reverse—then mention one who is thoroughly respresentative of the class and conditions to which he has esp reference, and which prompts this ar-

About nine miles northeast of Pen

dicton, S. C., there is an old negro who claims to be 110 years of age and still able to pick cotton. He lives near a large house overlooking a rolling country, well under cultivation. His cabin stands just across a branch at the bottom of the hill; is not one of the log kind but a weather-boarded one, consisting of two rooms with chimney in the middle, door back and front, with windows at the ends. sides are almost covered with trailing vines, while around a clean yard are a lot of flowers. The old negro's name is Carter Martin. He was seated in a cane bottom chair near the hearth, and appeared glad to know that I was there. He is of average height and weight; a black, clean-shaven face with a fringe of white, kinky hair around a well-shap-ed head. Though apparently look-ing at one, it soon became notice-able that he could not see, yet during the conversation which followed one almost forgot such to be the case, because the expression on the face intelligent—so good-natured, and his laugh infectious.

It appeared, from the conversation which followed, that the old negree had been born in Virginia and had come to Williamston, S. C., in a drove of slaves when about 7 years old. At Williamston he had been bought by a Mr. Thomas Martin, and with him he lived for some time. Then he passed into the hands of Mr. Thomas Martin's son, Abraham, who lived near the headwaters of Beaverdam creek. Carter says it was a fine plan tation with an especially fine orchard From that place he went with Mr Abraham Martin to a place on the road between Anderson and Green-ville, which Mr. Martin had got partly from a Mr. Elrod and partly General Earle. At that place he was made free. During that time he had moved four times within a radius of but four miles. Then he moved to Mr. Watkin's place on Three and Twenty creek. When asked as to his age, he said

that he had no record of it, but that the great grandchildren of Mr. Thomas Martin (who had bought him as a child) had repeatedly told him that they had often heard their parents say that he (Carter) was about ? years of age when he was brought from Virginia and sold, which, when taken in connection with the age of Thomas Martin, if he were alive, would make him (Carter) betw (Carter) between lieves to be the case. During his life he had had three wives, thirty-one children, while as to the number

He would be given a chair s put in the row. Once there, he would move the chair along and feel for the cotton. In that way he would pick about twenty-five pounds a day and delight in it, because, during the days of sisvery, he had been a field hand.

when asked as to his conduct during playery, he said he never had had any trouble, except once. The white people of Hopewell church accused him of some offense in connection with the handling and drinking of liquor at or near the church. As a result he and six others negroes were whipped. He said that was the only time he had ever been whipped but, when asked if he liked the old slave days better than the present, he quickly said no, because they had been cruel to him; that he had upon his back to-day scars from the lashes which had brought blood, but he did which had brought blood, but he did not show them to the writer. He house but once or twice; that was just after the war and he had gone there to hear some speaking; had al-ways been, and expected to die, a Republican, because "hit wus party whut freed us niggers."

He remembers the days of reconstruction, when Federal soldiers were at Anderson. Never had any trouble, but remembers very distinctly Mance Jolly, the leader of the Ku Klux Klan, who lived near Hopewell church, and while they did not give him any trouble, there were some white men who had, and claimed to be Ku Kluxes; that a negro boy had shot a white boy, and some white men tried to make him tell something that he did not know. They caught him in a field and beat him; then carrying him to Beaverdam church they turned him loose and shot at him as he ran through the woods. (These state-ments are merely referred to in order to show how contradictory, and, therefore, absolutely worthless such statements are when prompted selfish interests).

Where Carter now lives he has been for six years and during hy whole life has never paid as much as \$5 for medicine or medical services, he being his own doctor and a great believer in the medical propor-ties of "yerb," as he terms them. He was baptized at Hopewell church and is still a member of that church, though he has not been able to attend in eleven years. He can neith-er read nor write, but is fond of discussing the Bible with any one, and with the contents of that good book he is remarkably familiar. He recognizes the fact that his end is near and wants to be prepared—yet wants to live as long as the Lord will let

Now the foregoing is only the ex-

ception which always proves the rule. Carter prefers the present condition to those of slavery, while Henry Strother, of whom I am about to write, voices the sentiments of the greater majority of ex-slaves. average height, somewhat feeble in movement, of a bronze color with snow-white hair and beard. Henry will tell you with that politeness characteristic only of good raising that he was born May 20th, 1813, about four miles above Austin station on the Spartanburg, Union & Columbia Rail-road, and the dividing line between Newberry and Lexington counties, S. C.; that he belonged to Miss Lucy S and was her coachman for fourteen years. Miss S— married Mr. George Metts. Henry was a miller for about seven years and was then given the general supervision of the plantation. In a division of the slaves Henry went to Dr. John Metts and was going to be taken by his master to Mississippi. His young master to Mississippi. His young "missus" (Miss S—), however, did not want him to go, especially because his (Henry's) wife was Miss S—'s maid, and he was, therefore, exchanged for another negro, to Mr. William Young, of Laurens county. tered the Confederate army and with him Henry went to Pocotaligo, S. C. where he remained as body servant for four months during the closing days of the civil war. made free, he went to Chester county, where he remained until about 890, when he went to Blacksburg,

S. C., where he now lives. During his younger days he was quite a fiddler and often played "fer de white foks" and also for the negroes, when permitted. never in but one fight. That was when about 20 years of age and at a corn-shucking. The trouble was about a colored damsel. He got the best of (according to his statement) the three men, though nearly killed in the fight, and finally married the woman about whom the fight had occurred. That was his first and last fight. During all his 94 years he was never in a court as defendant, witness or spectator until about April, 1905, when he was a witness in the Federal Court at Greenville, S. C., in a case where a young negro, repre-senting himself as a pension agent and special representative of Presi-dent Roosevelt, claimed that he could (for a consideration) secure a pen-sion from the government for all old ex-slaves. Henry was the first witness of about fifteen old negroes— men and women—to go before the grand jury. The impression he made was such that no other witnesses were called, and the foreman took up a called, and the foreman took up a collection amounting to several dollars, which was presented to the old negro. As he emerged from the room the expression of delight and pleasure on his honest and kindly old face was indescribable and touching

ure on his honest and kindly old face was indescribable and touching. The young negro pleaded guilty and is now serving his sentence in the Federal penitentiary at Atlants. Ga. In the Town of Biacksburg Henry and his good old wife live in an humble cabin which, with a small tract of land, they own and which furnishes them with all the vegetables and the like that they need. "Uncie Henry." as he is known, is the sexton of several of the churches of the white people, and while he appreciates the kindness shown him by the white people young and old, he values above everything else a small Bible given him by his young "missus." In that book, which he safely keeps in an old trunk, his name and the date of his birth appears in the handwriting of the young lady to whom he belonged and to whose example and training are due the good life and character of this old negro.

There is nothing that gives him greater pleasure than describing the delights and pleasures of slavery. If there is one thing that constantly enters into his prayers, it is of his young "missus" and her innumerable acts there is one thing that constantly enters into his prayers, it is of his young "missus" and her innumerable acts of kindness to him. Without a moment's hesitation, he will to-day tell you that he would gladly return to his earlier life—slavery, though it be. In politeness he cannot be outdone. For many of those of his race, born since the war, he has but the utmost contempt, firmly believing that many of those who escape death at the end of a hempen rope become inmates of the jalls and penitentiaries. To that opinion he does not hesitate to sine expression.