

now they crush me into the very dust. I take an interest in the struggles of the slave for his freedom ; I express my opinions as if I myself were a free man ; and they threaten to starve me and my children if I dare so much as speak or think."

I expressed my indignant sympathy in a few broken sentences, and he went on with kindling animation.

"Yes, they would fain crush me into the very dust ! They cannot forgive me, that, being born a man, I should walk erect according to my nature. Mean-spirited and despicable themselves, they can tolerate only the mean-spirited and despicable ; and were I not so entirely in their power, Mr. Lindsay, I could regard them with the proper contempt. But the wretches can starve me and my children, and they *know* it ; nor does it mend the matter that I *know*, in turn, what pitiful, miserable little creatures they are. What care I for the butterflies of to-night ? They passed me without the honor of their notice ; and I, in turn, suffered them to pass without the honor of mine, and I am more than quits. Do I not know that they and I are going on to the fulfilment of our several destinies, — they to sleep in the obscurity of their native insignificance, with the pismires and grasshoppers of all the past ; and I to be whatever the millions of my unborn countrymen shall yet decide ? Pitiful little insects of an hour ! What is their notice to me ! But I bear a heart, Mr. Lindsay, that can feel the pain of treatment so unworthy ; and, I must confess, it moves me. One cannot always live upon the future, divorced from the sympathies of the present. One cannot always solace one's self, under the grinding despotism that would fetter one's very thoughts, with the conviction, however assured, that posterity will do justice both to the oppressor and the oppressed. I am sick at heart ; and, were