Bill came in one day in a towering rage. It was in the earlier days of the Afric-American Picture Gallery, when its quiet was seldom disturbed by visitors of any kind.

I started from my old arm-chair in much alarm, and somewhat hastily inquired what the matter was.

Bill's eyes (and I watched him closely) had all the seeming of a fiery demon. His large athletic frame seemed to expand with his increased emotion. His broad breast heaved to-and-fro like the surges of the ocean lashed with the fury of a storm; while his clenched fist continued its hold on a double-barrelled pistol (Colt's revolvers where not then in fashion) which lay hid in his left breast-pocket.

His countenance, hitherto of dark hue, was now pale, even to ashiness; and his teeth gnashed like one of the furies just let loose from the bottomless pit.

"What is the matter," said I, with increased alarm, "for heaven's sake, say what is the matter?"

"I have seen him!" said he, with an emphasis that made me shudder all over. "I have seen him!" exclaimed he again, still more emphatically, "and should he cross my path again, by the— The balance of this terrible utterance, happily, was lost on my ear; and without abating anything either in appearance or manner, and without another word, he rapidly strode the floor, leaving me to supply with my imagination what I could not ascertain by inquiry.

Bill was a product of that famous plateau bounded by Pennsylvania, Delaware, the Atlantic, North Carolina, and the Alleghany Mountains; and which gives out to the country and the world men.

He was a large, strapping young fellow, just twenty-five, with the proportions of an ox, his chest alone having the breadth of two ordinary men. His head was large, his face round, his mouth wide, as were his nostrils, and his forehead broad. A real bull of Bashan; and yet the general aspect of his countenance was mild, and even pleasant, when not under excitement.

He had formerly been one of a large plantation of ill-used, badly-fed, overworked, and ignorant slaves. I say ignorant, because they knew nothing of the world beyond their plantation home, and Bill, at the time we now speak of, had never seen beyond his native hills. But he had a pair of quick eyes, two open ears, two strong legs, and a will of his own.

These, young as he was at that time, he determined to use for his own benefit; and if denied him where he was, to seek out some other spot where he could exercise this most natural intention.

How small a circumstance sometimes will turn the point, the vital point in a man's destiny, and so it was with our hero.

White young Northern adventurers, in those days, were in the habit of finding their way, summers, down South, seeking employments which paid better than in their own sterile New England, or among
the cold blue hills of Northern New York.

One of these fellows, a carpenter, who found his way to the plantation on which Bill belonged, now and then, to the slave boys who chanced to be about him, would make occasional remarks about the North and New England, and especially his own native state, Maine. Bill, dull and indifferent, seemed always in the way. His seeming indifference to anything said in his hearing by the white help about the plantation gave him excellent advantages, and well did he improve them; for he kept up a most wonderful thinking and a strict reckoning, and in due time was fully prepared to step out and ascertain for himself if all the long yarns and handsome stories he had heard and overheard about the North were really true. Why should he not, like other boys, gratify a natural curiosity, even if he was only Bill and lived on a plantation; and though, too, it was said that he belonged to it? This latter saying, just here, we may remark, he never could, somehow or other, fully make up his mind to believe; he never could lead his mind fully to believe that he belonged to the plantation or the master thereof.

Reasoning thus, one Sunday morning, having made previously all due preparation, he obtained permission to go a distance in a southward direction, but like a naughty boy turned his face northward, not, however, till he had turned himself into a bale of tobacco, and took passage in the underground railroad. The road, then, not as now, had but one track, and it would have been a novel sight, methinks, to have seen this tobacco, alias our Bill, traveling, wheelbarrow fashion, upon the primitive underground railroad.

But such sights are, as a general thing, denied to mortal eyes, and our hero proceeded under the strict privacy of a gentleman incog; and arrived in due time North, and like a self-unwrapping mummy laid his tobacco, one night, quietly down upon the steps of a New England factory, and stepped forth to see the country.

Thus he got North; and staid North, till early one bright November morning he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a heavy hand; and on rubbing out his eyes and looking up who should stand before him but his young master and a posse of officers.

The place where he was so unceremoniously woke up was in a humble but respectable lodging in Calais, Maine; the very place he had so often heard of in scraps of story and snatches of song, by the young white employee on the old plantation, and had pictured to himself in his dreams of liberty.

Alas, poor fellow! little did he think that a betrayer almost invariably lurks under a white skin; and that the same who seemed more civil than the ferocious Southerner, would be the one to send him back to his chains and to the prison-house of bondage for a little more than a mess of pottage.

Jakes, the carpenter, in his wanderings returned to Calais, his native town, and one day discovering Bill, conceived the idea of replenishing his nearly empty purse by the betrayal of a poor fugitive youth, in which he out-Judased Judas Iscariot; for he (Judas) covenanted for thirty pieces of silver, while Jakes got only twenty-five.

Poor modern Judas! Just as the last of his twenty-five pieces was expended, he blew out his own brains with a horse-pistol, and his body falling into a stream it swiftly drifted out to sea and was made food for the fishes.

"Come, Bill! don't you know me? What are you doing here? Get up you rascal, instantly, and come along! Get up, I tell you, or by''

"Massa," said Bill, "I is so glad you come! for I is so sick and tired of this ere place."

"I is been most starved since I run'd away, and is been most naked, too. 'Tain't no use to try to get along without Mar-sar."

So saying he made ready and proceeded with all possible haste with his young master to a place of safety.

However unsound our hero's admissions and reasonings may have seemed to his real friends, they were perfectly philosophic to him, and so insured the confidence of his master that he dismissed his Northern menials, save one, who acted as a sort of lacquey, and forthwith repaired to the South with his man.

"Such complete disgust of this negro of the North will have a most salutary effect upon the rest of the negroes," said he. "He will be most valuable to the plantations round generally." Thus reasoned the master, as he sat the first morning after
his arrival home, in his dining room, after perusing the morning paper.

Whoever will take the trouble to examine so far back as our story dates, will find this paragraph going the rounds of the Calais, Portland, and other New England and many other Northern journals of that day:

"The beauties of Negro freedom."

"A negro, the property of J. D., Esq., of Maryland, who had, either through the machination of some of the enemies to humanity, or his own thick-paled folly, strayed away to the North—where the rigors of the climate and the pinching of hunger had well nigh used him up.

His master, happily, however, arrived just in time to take his too-willing slave where, ere this, doubtless, he has been restored to his wonted comfort and happiness; and can brood at his leisure over the beauties of Northern freedom, we mean negro freedom.

When will the negro learn his simple mission, and his pretended or misguided friends learn wisdom."

Bill's arrival was hailed as a great triumph by the surrounding slave-owners, especially so when they were made acquainted with his sentiments of Northern negro freedom, and its horrors generally.

Never did poor plantations ring out so many doleful changes on the horrors of the North, with Bill, poor Bill, for a standing example; and very soon he was exalted to a kind of exhorter or lay preacher among his colored brethren.

But while the masters were thus teaching over Bill's back the horrors of Northern freedom and the North generally, Bill, wide awake, and adroit in manner, was instructing far more effectively in quite the opposite direction.

Such an unusual number of slaves decamped that summer, that a convention of the neighboring masters was held to enquire into the cause, and, if possible, provide an immediate remedy.

No one, of course, suspected Bill. His notions of Northern negro freedom, and earnestness in the interest of the master, continually and publicly expressed, placed him too high in general estimation for that.

Still decade after decade of the "Boys" foolishly forsook their kind masters for the unknown regions of the hated North.

In course of time Bill was also again missing. Yes, Bill, the faithful, penitent Bill, the negro exhorter.

Nothing could exceed the consternation, chagrin and rage among the plantation owners generally, and Bill's especially, when it became fully established that Bill, the least suspected, had, for the second time, betook to his heels for parts to them unknown.

Pursuit, hot pursuit, was the cry that ran along the line of the plantations, and two of the most celebrated, wreckless and daring of the negro catchers quickly volunteered to overtake and return, dead or alive, this daring and dangerous negro.

Without a moment's loss of time these fellows set out and pushed forward.

For a correct account of what followed from this point of our story we must extract from Bill's own narrative of the affair. He says, "Time and experience had taught me many things, and I was this time fully prepared for any and every emergency. I started under cover of a stormy winter's night and proceeded many miles ere the sun of another day broke the darkness. I then refreshed and rested myself in a well-retired place, resuming my journey soon after the next night-fall. After some three hours' travel, came to a cross-bridge overhung by large beechen trees, with thick underbrush lining the sides of the deep chasm beneath.

"Just as I had got about midway of this bridge, I descried through the thick darkness two men stealthily approaching from an opposite direction, and so close upon me that retreat was useless.

"'Stand!' demanded the well-known voice of a most dreaded negro catcher, and quickly made for me, while I, with the rapidity of lightning almost, leveled my pistol at the other and remoter man, who in an instant rolled heavily over on the bridge without a groan.

"It was now my turn. Liberty or death
with me, and life or death with him. The struggle was a fearful one. It was up, it was down; it was down, it was up.

"Not a word was spoken; not a murmur, not a whisper escaped either of us. He got me round the waist, I him by the throat. It was dark; but yet through that darkness so livid and changed became his countenance, and so glaring his eyes (I can see him even now), that, though knowing him well, it seemed it was the very devil with which I was dealing.

"But I held my grasp, increasing it only in tightness. I neither could, nor cared, to do otherwise.

"There seemed to be a charm upon me as I gazed into his livid face; a spell that worked upon my fingers as I held him.

"His limbs, which, for a moment, assumed the rigidity of iron, suddenly relaxed; his eyes, like an exploded lamp, suddenly flared out; his vice-like arms which bound me fell down. A strange emotion came over me. I knew nothing but one convulsive effort.

"I then listened: I heard a loud splash some thirty or forty feet below, which told me all I wished to know.

"Seized with the same spirit, I ran to the other lifeless carcase and gave it one heave, and with another splash it followed its mate to where no tales are told, and where earthly quiet reigns supreme."

"I had decided the question of my own liberty," says he, "this time, before I left the plantation; and because God had implanted the principles of liberty in my bosom, both in seeking and maintaining that liberty, I had determined to remove every obstacle that obstructed itself between me and it.

"I did, therefore, nothing more than my duty to myself, to my manhood, and to my God."

"After the incident of the bridge which I have narrated," says he, "no further impediments came in my way, and I soon found myself North, where I had determined, come what would, to take up my abode."

It was on the morning on which our story commences, when Bill entered our Gallery under the excitement we have described, and exclaiming, "I have seen him, I have seen him," the man who claimed to be his owner passed him in the street, and fortunate for that man that he did not see Bill; fortunate for the community that they passed and did not meet.

The portrait of our sable hero, in all the flush of manhood, hangs on the north side of the Gallery, for the inspection of the curious.

The Policy that We Should Pursue.

BY J. HOLLAND TOWNSEND.

The wisest policy for us to pursue, in order to obtain our political rights and privileges under the government where we live, is a subject that needs much careful consideration. The mighty agencies to be employed in battling down the strongholds of caste and prejudice, which now operate so powerfully against us, are to be found in the more perfect development of our intellectual powers and capacities; an ability to meet and successfully refute the false doctrines, base contumelies, that have been so successfully and industriously circulated against us, and corrupted the public sentiment of our common country.

The subtle schemes of the party politicians are also to be avoided in this moral revolution; our chief dependence must be in our own inherent power to establish our claims, upon something more than the