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Longing.

Near in the forest
I know a glade;
Under the tree-tops
A secret shade.
Vines are the curtains,
Blossoms the floor;
Voices of waters
Sing o'ermeore.
There, when the sunset's
Lances of gold
Pierce, or the moonlight
Is silvery cold,
Would that an angel
Led thee to me—
So out of loneliness
Love should be.
Never the breezes
Should slip what we say,
Never the waters
Our secret betray.
Silence and shadow
After might reign,
But the old life be ours
Never again.

—Bayard Taylor.

THE INN AT THE GAP.

I was just starting out in the world, and was twenty-two years old. I had graduated the previous year, and had just been trying to get an appointment as an army surgeon; but, failing in this, went westward, to find a place in which to commence and make my reputation. Savannah was my native place, and from there I started to find my way into Kentucky. I should have gone out earlier in the season, but I did not get off on my expedition until the last of November. In those days there were not even regular lines of stages over many traveled routes; but parties would join together and get somebody who had a covered wagon to carry them through from point to point, and divide the expense. It was so on the special time that I passed through the Gap.

There were six of us altogether; but the only one with whom I made any acquaintance was a soldier on furlough, going into Kentucky on a visit to his relatives. He was a fine-looking, bluff fellow, with an off-hand way of telling his camp-life experiences that pleased me very much, and made me regret exceedingly my want of success in getting my applied-for surgeonship. I had not gone very far with Sergeant Beach before I confessed that I liked him very much, and agreed to go with him to his home, and look around in that neighborhood for a settlement. He, on the other side, seemed disposed to extend a sort of protection over me, for in those days I was rather a puny specimen, and looked as though I might need something of that kind.

Before three o'clock on the day of our setting out we had dropped our passengers, one by one along the road, until Sergeant Beach and myself were the only ones left. About that time it came on to snow, the wind driving it into the wagon, and making everything very uncomfortable, in spite of the warmth of our clothes. Down it came, faster and faster, until it turned out as heavy a storm as had ever been seen in that part of the country. The driver wanted to turn back, but we would not permit it, and urged the tired horses on in the hope of reaching a village. At last the effort was of no use; and while the panting horses stopped to get a little breath we asked the driver whether there was not any place about there where he could stay for the night.

The man hesitated, and then, being urged, answered: "Yes; there's a tavern just below here in the Gap, if ye like to stay there."
"What is the matter with it?" was Sergeant Beach's question.
He didn't know. Had never seen anything himself, but had heard a great deal of talk. We might stay there all night if we liked; but as for him, he'd go back a mile or two anyway, and get stabling for his horses, and come over for us in the morning. We tried to say something to the man, but it was of no use; and so we were obliged to consent to the arrangement, and the horses were once more urged forward, and in a few minutes we found ourselves hallooing in front of a large, up-painted board house, a rarity in this part of the country, without a sign of a light, for it was then after dark, glimmering through its windows.

With some trouble we aroused the inmates, and got admittance; and the landlord, a large, sullen looking man, who eyed us and our baggage very strangely, kindled a fire himself; while his wife, a slatternly woman, went about getting us some supper.

Very soon there was a smoking dish of some kind of stew upon the table, smelling rather good, and some hot corn bread. To my astonishment, though the sergeant drew up to the opposite side of the table at the same time as I did, he at once turned to the landlord and asked whether he had nothing cold in the house. Yes, he had a cold chicken. I declared I would rather have the stew; but a quick kick under the table broke me off before the preference was half expressed, and the landlord left the room to get a chicken, as well as to boil some eggs which Beach had ordered.

He had scarcely time to whisper to me, impressively, to do as I saw him do, and eat nothing but what he eat, when the landlord returned with the fowl. I did not exactly understand the matter, but I obeyed orders, and eat as I had been instructed, all the time much annoyed by the slipping in and out of the landlord and his wife, one of them, as it were, continually mounting guard over us.

At last, the sergeant, as I thought,

simply to remove the silence and restraint, spoke to the landlord.

"Anybody stopping here for the night, landlord?"
"Nobody but a traveling parson," answered the landlord, sullenly. "He's going into Tennessee to try for business."

"What's his name?" was Beach's next question.

"Name—name!" was the landlord's answer, as though thinking. "Let me see! Guess it's Graham, or suthin' o' that! Yes, it's Graham."

"May be Mr. Graham would come in and have a little talk with us."

The landlord went out to bring in Graham. In a few minutes they returned, Graham making an awkward bow as he entered, and saying something awkwardly that at once struck me as unlike a clergyman; for however uneducated were the traveling preachers of those days, they were all men who knew and practiced the amenities of life, and were at ease in whatever society they were thrown. The sergeant gave him one quick reading glance, as he came in, and then welcomed him to the hospitalities of the supper.

The evening soon passed away, with no desire to prolong it, for Graham quickly showed himself an ignorant man, without conversation. The landlord was recalled, and a request was made for our rooms.

I had scarce got into my room and commenced undressing myself, when my door, which had no fastening, opened, and in walked the sergeant, carrying his haversack, and without his lamp. I was surprised, and made some expression of it.

"Hush! man, if you know what you are about! We're in a den of thieves and murderers! I shall stay here to-night, and sit in that chair!"

I opened my eyes wide. The sergeant directly examined the door, and found it without fastening but the latch; and then the other, leading into a side room, which was in the same condition. Without addressing another word to me, he went, in a business-like way, to his haversack, and took from there, first, a pair of holster pistols; and secondly, the barrel and stock of a carbine, separated for ease of carriage. The last he put together in a few moments, and loaded with a brace of balls; the first he examined carefully, reprimed, and handed me one of them. Then taking the lamp, he set it carefully on a stool, half-way between the door and the chair on which he proposed to sit, and then coming up to me, issued his orders.

"You take up your position on the bed, and watch that door, pointing to the one leading from the side room. Don't fire until I have done so and missed, and then take the best chance you can get."

"Why, you don't think, sergeant, that those two men will attack us?" I asked, deprecatingly; for though I did not like the way the landlord acted, I had no thought there was any danger.

"Those two men!" he whispered, frowning. "Two! for all we know, there are a dozen in the house. That landlord's wife was no woman. It was a man, as certain as I am!"

A shudder ran over me at this, for I instantly remembered that the woman had a sharp and masculine look, that added much to the unpleasantness of her being in the room below. I kept still some time thinking of this, and within fifteen minutes I distinctly saw the door I had been bidden to watch open, and the shadow of a head cast upon the wall. The sergeant was within my line of sight, and with the movement of the door I could see his carbine rise, and hear the click of the hammer. A moment elapsed, and the door slowly closed, and once more all was still. I lay perfectly quiet, not daring to speak to the sergeant, and so another hour rolled past. Then, once more, that door opened as before, and once more the shadow appeared, once more the carbine rose, and the click was heard, and once more as silently the shadow disappeared, and the door was closed.

It was a long and weary night that we watched without speaking, and notwithstanding the danger, I could not sometimes avoid falling into a few minutes' doze, from which, every time that I would start up, there sat the sergeant, immovable as a statue, his carbine resting on his knee, and facing the door.

Morning came at last, the first streak of daylight, and we began to stir. The agreement with our driver was that he was to be with us at daylight, whether it continued to snow or not. The drift was deep, but it had ceased to fall, and punctual to his promise, the man was before the house with his wagon. I thought he gave a start of surprise as we made our appearance at the door. As on the night before, the sergeant declined the cooked dishes and coffee, and calling up the cold fowl and a few more eggs, we made our breakfast.

"Keep your eyes open, and your hand on your pistol all the time, but under your coat!" was Beach's whispered injunction to me, when we had finished eating, and were about going to the wagon.

No sooner were we seated in the vehicle than Graham made his appearance, and begged that he might be allowed to go on with us for a few miles to a house where he was to stop the rest of the day—a favor that, to my surprise, Beach instantly granted.

We were no sooner under way, say a quarter of a mile from the house, than I saw the sergeant begin to feel rapidly in his pockets, and about his person, a move that astonished me as much as it did Graham. Then suddenly he burst forth with: "Heaven and earth, doctor, I've left my wallet and all my money under my pillow! I must go back."

For an instant I was staggered, but I

saw there must be something in it, and kept silent.

"Can't your friend go for it?" Graham asked.

I made no response, only wrapping myself closer in the wagon blanket.
"I'll go, if you want me to," were Graham's next words, doubtfully. "I wish you would, dominie," was Beach's rather coaxing response. "You're a younger man than I am; and, you see"—this he said whisperingly—"I don't like to trust everybody."

Graham gave a rather pleased spring from the wagon, and went off rapidly towards the house, disappearing at a turn in the road. No sooner was he out of sight than Beach instantly brought his pistol to bear upon the driver, and addressed him: "See here, stranger, I don't know anything about you. You may be all right, but I am determined to look out for myself. I want you to drive on just as fast as the law allows ye, and a little faster. Go it now, and if ye slack up, or make any signs, you're a dead man. Lay on the lash."

The driver gave one astonished stare at the sergeant, and without a word in reply, gave the horses a cut that astonished them, and away we went through the snow at a rate that threw the light, dry drift all over us. That was the way we went for nearly seven miles, until we reached a village, where we had the good luck to come across a recruiting party, the officer in command of which was an old comrade of the sergeant. A few words from Beach told the whole story, and the agreement was settled to make a raid upon the house that night, and bring whatever mystery there might be within it to a conclusion.

"Are you sure you're right, sergeant?" I said, after the arrangement had been made.
"Sure I am right!" he echoed. "Do I look like a man to make mistakes? See here, doctor; I knew that fellow, Graham, in a moment. His real name is Hawkins. He has forgotten me, but I shall remember him to his dying day. He was with us at Plattsburgh, and deserted after committing robbery and murder, and I was one of the men detached to pursue him. We overtook the scoundrel, but did not succeed in getting him, though that scar that you saw upon his cheek is my own mark. I knew it the moment I saw it, the very slash of my saber."

Sergeant Beach wanted me to stay behind that night when they went down to visit the inn at the Gap, but that wouldn't suit me, so on I went. We had made all our arrangements in advance. Two new men, unknown to the landlord, were to go in citizens' dress, and put up in the inn, and when fairly housed, long enough to draw together those who operated within its bounds, we were to rush in and take the party.

The thing was well managed in all respects but that of being too quick. The alarm too quick, the result of which was we surrounded the house, and, rushing in, took only the landlord, his wife and the assumed preacher prisoners. A search through the premises at once disclosed the dread nature of what had been going on there for years. Clothing and effects of murdered men, blood stains, and papers that would only have been relinquished with life. Bedding, with the fresh blood-drip upon it, and knives that spoke positively of a murderous use.

The soldiers had not been five minutes in the house before they had turned the landlord's wife into a hard featured, muscular, grey-eyed rascal, young, but full of villainy; and we had not been ten minutes on our route with the prisoners towards some place of security before the landlord gave in and made free confession, charging Graham with being the inciting cause and working the whole thing.

Graham's mouth twitched fearfully, especially when, after an hour's travel and examination of the sergeant under the full glare of the sun, his memory came back as to who he was. Then, perhaps feeling that his life was gone anyhow, he made one dash into the swamp skirting the road, and although he was twice warned to stop, kept on, plunging desperately through the black mud. A half-dozen carbines playing on him at once, finished the matter. We saw him fall, and sink in the dark, slimy mud, going gradually all under, and after standing nearly fifteen minutes watching the spot, the conclusion came to us that he never would trouble anybody any more, and so we went on.

The landlord and his pseudo wife were carried down to the county town, where the court was then in session; and the result was that a cloud of witnesses, springing from all directions, made them responsible for a score of murders. In less than a month from the day of their capture they were swinging upon one gibbet; and the night of the hanging some quiet party from somewhere about the country took a walk over to the Gap inn and made a bonfire of it.

The Swordfish.

The swordfish is allied to the mackerel, which it resembles in form, and is a swift swimmer. The sword is a most formidable blade, consisting of a strong straight bone, sharp and flat, projecting horizontally from the nose, of which it is a prolongation. The swordfish is found in considerable numbers off the island of Martha's Vineyard, coast of Massachusetts, at this season of the year. Its flesh is considered excellent food by many persons, and the annual catch is quite large. The ordinary length of the body of the fish at full growth is fourteen feet, and its sword six feet, or twenty feet in all.

A Talking Match.

The death of Joshua George, of Warner, says the Concord (N. H.) Monitor, has revived the recollection in the minds of his old neighbors of an occurrence in which he took part many years ago. Mr. George was a very great talker. He would talk by the hour, and never seem to grow weary. But he once found his match in Mr. Ellory, Brown. He, too, was a great talker, as well as a great devourer of newspapers. These men often met and talked and argued. Mr. George was sharp, often witty, and bound always to have the last word. Mr. Brown was deep, and like the late Horace Greeley, had the current intelligence of the papers at his tongue's end. One warm summer afternoon, toward night, they met in the street near Mr. George's residence, and engaged in a friendly conversation. Mr. Brown was unusually full that day, for some political news of a cheerful nature had been received, and Mr. Brown was explaining it to Mr. George, who did not care anything about politics. Well, they talked until the sun went down. The hour of ten had come and gone, but they heeded it not. Neighbors went past them, perhaps stopped a few moments, and then hurried home, for the hour was getting late. Midnight came, and these men were there, the full moon looking down upon them. The small hours came, and still they talked. It was Greek met Greek. One was determined to stay as long as the other. In the morning, as neighbors arose and looked out to catch the cool breeze, they saw Messrs. George and Brown still standing where they had left them many hours before. Finally, as the sun was coming up, they parted, each going to his home. It is not positively known who had the last word, but the chances are in favor of Mr. George.

Anecdotes of President Lincoln.

Hon. C. M. Depew relates that when he visited Washington in 1864 to look after the army vote, he had occasion frequently to refer matters directly to Mr. Lincoln, who one day was reminded of a story, which he declared was one of the only two anecdotes original with him, notwithstanding his reputation for story telling. "I only apply the good stories others tell me," the President said. The story which he thereupon proceeded to tell Mr. Depew was to the effect that many years before, when practicing in Illinois, he had appeared for the defendant in a case of assault and battery, in which the complainant did not seem to be very much injured, although he had been through a long series of brawls. In the course of the plaintiff's examination Mr. Lincoln asked: "How much ground did you fight over?" "About six acres," was the reply. "Don't you think," asked Mr. Lincoln, "that that was a mighty small crop of fight for so much ground?"

At the recent college commencement Speaker Blaine quoted from a letter of President Lincoln to Gen. Hooker after the latter had suffered a defeat. Mr. Lincoln wrote to the general: "I don't know whether you are on the north side of the river or the south side, but don't, for God's sake, get on both sides; for if you do you'll be like an ox on a rail fence, that can neither gore one side nor kick the other."

The Lazy Daughter.

Among the worst features of a badly minded daughter, we would first single out indolence, or, to use the rough and more expressive English word, laziness. A lazy, sofa-lolling, lie-a-bed late in the morning young woman is an affront to her sex, and in her own family more a curse than a blessing to her mother. She is a burden, and to her father an object of contempt. She is also a great promoter of domestic strife, and a shocking example to her younger sisters. Such a being crawls, instead of walking with tripping alacrity, through life. She dawdles instead of works, her speech is vulgar, and altogether her ways are very bad indeed; and to add to her misdeeds, her health suffers through her folly, and thus she wantonly imposes a grievous tax on the purse and patience of her parents. For a girl to be idle in the flush of her youth is to invite any and all kinds of calamities to befall her with blistering anguish, and, depend upon it, the downward career of most afflicted women may be primarily traced to this early and wicked habit, for it is nothing else, it being as easy for a young woman to be industrious as the reverse.

About a Monkey.

I was making a cake one day, preparing for company, and the monkey followed me into the pantry and watched everything I did. Unfortunately dinner was announced in the midst of my work, and I left it, making him get out, rather against his will. I knew him too well to trust him in the pantry alone. After dinner I returned to my cookery. Having carefully locked the door, I was surprised to see my pet there before me. His attitude was ominous; he was on the top of the barrel two-thirds full of flour, and busily occupied. He had got hold of my egg-box, broken two or three dozen, smashing them in the flour barrel, with all the sugar within reach. These he was vigorously beating into the flour, shells and all, stooping now and then to take a taste, with a countenance as grave as a judge's. In my dismay and grief I did not scold him. Yet to see my materials so used up, and me living in the country, and guests coming! He had a most satisfied air, as if he meant: "Look! the main operations of the pantry are now over." I had forgotten the broken pane of glass in the window.

The Potato.

Of all products of the soil there are none, except perhaps a few cereals, whose cultivation ought to be better understood than that of the potato. It is the most valuable of our vegetables, and the most generally grown, and it is also the one which has been most often affected by serious disaster. It is, however, at intervals during the current century that the potato crops have suffered most. In 1822 much loss was felt by the potatoes rotting almost as soon as they were out of the ground. In 1831 and 1838 the "taint" destroyed the crops. In 1845 and following years murrain, or "potato disease," as it was specifically called, led to famine and much suffering. During recent years dry rot, aphides, fungi, or some unknown cause, has affected the potatoes, and in many instances destroyed them. Three centuries nearly have passed since this vegetable was introduced into Europe, and although there are recorded instances where the supply was almost ruined by frosts, it is chiefly within the last fifty years only that it has failed from disease. Whether the art of cultivating the potato has been lost; whether we have imperceptibly glided into methods of culture that are not suitable; or whether any change has come over the plant itself, are questions undetermined. But there seems little room for doubt that the subject is one which deserves the most careful attention of practical agriculturists and men of science. It is one which so intimately affects the interests of the community generally that it cannot easily receive too much attention. While, therefore, we have to record the appearance of a new form of the disease in Europe, it is gratifying to know that the progress of it is being carefully watched and all the phenomena closely examined. It appears to be very prevalent, and generally spread throughout the country. At the same time it is remarked that English varieties, and American varieties when grown from imported seed, are perfectly free. For example, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick is a row of Regents in perfect health; next to them a row of Early Rose from English seed utterly ruined, and next to them again a row of the same kind from imported seed, in the best condition.

Some Valuable Shorthorns.

A remarkable collection of shorthorn cattle is now attracting attention in New York city, where they are awaiting shipment to England for breeding purposes. They number fourteen in all, and have been selected by competent and experienced buyers from every part of the United States and Canada at the almost fabulous cost of \$125,000. They are the property of Mr. George W. Fox, the foreign partner of A. T. Stewart. Of the fourteen valuable animals three are from Kentucky, eight from New York, two from Indiana, and one from Canada. The two most valuable are from the celebrated plantation of Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Woodlawn Park, Kentucky, and for them Mr. Fox paid the sum of \$30,000. One is a bull and the other a heifer. For the former \$12,000 was paid, and for the latter \$18,000. This very choice selection of our purest and best pedigree stock cannot fail to raise our prestige in the old country. They have been chosen for personal merit, and are to join one of the most important herds across the Atlantic. It is no easy matter to ship this valuable lot of animals, and therefore Mr. Fox and his numerous agents are personally superintending the preparations made for their accommodation. Numerous carpenters are preparing stalls between decks, which will be heavily padded, so that no matter how much the vessel may roll and toss the safety of the animals will not be in danger. The animals will be conveyed from London to the estates of Mr. Fox, located at Litchfield, Staffordshire, and at Winslow, Cheshire, which are among the largest and most celebrated of cattle raising districts.

The Lord's Prayer.

Here is something curious for you. It is the Lord's prayer in the English of former times, and it shows how the language has changed.

A. D. 1253.

"Fadir ure in heune, haleweido beoth Thi neume, cunen Thi kuniche Thi will beoeth idon in heune and in. The euerch dawc bried gif us thiik dawc. And worzif ure dettes as vi vorzinen ure dettounes. And lene us nougnt into temptaoun, bot delyvorof uvel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.

Fadir our in hevenc, halewyd by Thi name, Thi kingdom come. Thi will be done as in hevenc and in orth. Oure urche dayes bred give us to-day. And forgive us oure dettes, as we forgive our dettounes. And lede us not into temptaoun, bot delyvere us of yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1582.

Ovr Father which art in heanen, sanctified by Thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven in earth also. Give us to-day our super substantial bread. And lead us not into temptaoun. But delivour us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611.

Our Father which art in heauen, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heauen. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede us not into temptaoun, but delivour us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.

Items of Interest.

Why cannot a temperance man kiss a Jewess? He has sworn not to taste Jew-lips.

A tall old fiddler, arrested in the streets of Paris, claimed to be the ghost of Paganini.

A wag lent a clergyman a horse that ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for spreading the gospel.

Gather ye roses while ye may, Old time is still a flying; And the same flower that smiles to-day, To-morrow may be dying.

When a fat man offers to bet you the drinks that he weighs over three hundred, you don't feel inclined to take him up, do you?

A minstrel manager advertises for a tenor singer "who knows how to work up a laugh when the end man is getting off a joke."

What should be the name of a lawyer's wife? Sue. A printer's wife? Em. A druggist's wife? Ann Eliza. A carpet man's wife? Matie.

All the inventive genius of the great and farnally cute Yankee nation is said to be unequal to making a firecracker. And we are mighty glad of it.

"I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a bean until she can bake bread and knit stockings; and, as a consequence, every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write.

A Chinese young lady is an applicant for a teacher's place in one of the public schools of San Francisco. She insists that she can "snatchee small boy bald-headed allee same as Malican miss."

It is an open question whether large hotels pay in the end, more especially those conducted on the American plan, which entails so much waste, no matter how careful or economical their steward may be.

After all the street car conductors who have committed suicide because their honesty was doubted, the New York companies now find that they have saved over a million dollars by the use of the bell punch.

A Louisville saloonist has "American team cocktails," "Remington cobbleries" and "Sharps' rifle whisky." The first will kill at eight hundred yards, the second at nine hundred, and the last at a thousand.

A Nashville woman hung her baby to one of the posts of a porch, and it was strangled almost to death when discovered and rescued. She had witnessed a public execution a few days before, and the spectacle had unsettled her reason.

A lady and gentleman paid their fare, including a transfer, in a Buffalo street car, but on changing cars the second conductor was not notified, and they were expelled. A jury has now given them \$200 damages against the company.

During a clerical conference, the following conversation was heard between two newsmen: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here altogether?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."

In a recent scandal case in Smith county, Kansas, a lady witness declined to answer a question, and the attorney demanded her reason. "Because, it is not fit to tell decent people." "O, well," said the lawyer, "just walk up here and whisper it to the judge."

The fourth of July is an especial holiday to the Scandinavians of America. July 4, 1825, the first small colony of Scandinavian immigrants set sail for America, where their followers and descendants now form an element in the population of the United States at once numerous and important.

When Gov. Leslie and Gov. Harlan, rival candidates for the Kentucky governorship in 1871, were stumping together, they found at one place only a single bed for the two. "Well," said Leslie, as they got comfortably under its comfortable, "one thing is certain—the next governor of Kentucky is lying in this bed."

The Taunton Gazette tells of a young man who recently conceived the brilliant idea of popping the question by postal card. Accordingly he dispatched one to the idol of his heart, bearing simply his name and this character: "I?" His feelings can be imagined on receiving by return mail a card inscribed most energetically "I!"

The audience at a French theater are never troubled by tall hats worn by ladies. The following notice was posted up in a conspicuous position, and proved to be very effective: The manager requests that all good looking ladies will remove their hats for the accommodation of the rest of the audience. The aged, the bald, and the plain are not expected to comply with this request.

Europe has five millions of soldiers all ready for fighting, with fifteen thousand cannon, and a million and a quarter of horses; its united fleets consist of 2,030 vessels, manned by 280,000 sailors, and carrying fifteen thousand guns. The cost of these immense armaments is five hundred and sixty millions of dollars annually, three-fifths of the amount being consecrated to the armies.

Macanlay used to say: There is little reason, in my opinion, to envy a pursuit in which the most its devotees can expect is that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social comfort, by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely-watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power.