

'sorry,' but I'm going to 'leave' you.' Pif's master stood for five minutes with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, his right foot forward, and gave him "one look," that was all, and turned on his heel and left him. His master's trust and confidence in "Pif" had been misplaced, and he returned to the old home disappointed and sorrowful. Pif wandered around the country, a miserable woe-begone fellow. His garment was a "top" coat and an old one. His meal, a "potato," and a "cold one." His vest grew threadbare; his pantaloons were worn out at the knee; his heavy, comfortable, *all-wool* overcoat that Mas Ellick had given him, and touched his ankles to protect them from the cold, needed new sleeves and was "tailless"; his frosted feet were shoeless. He "sighed" for the "plantation mammy" to do his Saturday night patching. Where now was the kind, provident master, to take his measure for the heaviest "water-proof" boots that could be procured in Baltimore city? Where was the good mistress, "Miss Ellin," to administer a hot draught, for a slight cold? Pif now realized that when he left his master and mistress and the comforts of his "Reed's Creek" home that he had parted "forever" from the "best friends" on earth, and if he had found the means to return, his heart would have "failed" him. Ingratitude from one whom he had always trusted had blunted the feelings of his considerate master. Pif well knew that he would never trust him again. The poor misguided man was beguiled into the "same" net that had been heartlessly cast for our happy and willing domestics. All that he could do was to "pray" for himself, and master and mistress, too, before Gabriel should summon him and release him from misery. As a freeman Pif's physical labor was far more arduous than when he was serving his master at "Reed's Creek," with his "privileges." He would "gladly" have redeemed his character and gone back—

"To where his heart was turning 'eber,
 'To de home where de old folks stay."

Some of Pif's companions still live in the neighborhood, and have a grateful remembrance of their indulgent and kind master and mistress and the "beloved home" of their young and happy days, when they knew no want or care. Pif was never known to utter a word of complaint against his good master, and would fain have occupied the old chair in the "Quarters" again, but he had