



# The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War  
By Randall Parrish  
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Illustrated by Lewin Nyssen

## CHAPTER XI.

### The Story of Elsie Clark.

The next two hours dragged dreadfully slow, in spite of my pretense at steady work, and the fact that my thoughts were continuously occupied. A cautious whisper, sounding almost at my very ear, caused me to glance up quickly, startled at the unexpected sound. I could perceive nothing, although I instantly felt convinced that whispering voices had issued from between the narrow slats defending the small stateroom window. No one was in sight along the deck, and the rag I was wielding hung limp in my hand.

"Who was it that spoke?" I ventured, the words barely audible.

"Ah did—the prisoner in the stateroom. Have both those men gone?"

"Yes; I am here alone. You are a woman? You are Rene Beaucaire?"

"No, Ah am not her; but Ah know whar Rene Beaucaire is."

"You know? Tell me first who you are."

"Elsie Clark. Ah am a mulatto, a free negress. Ah bin helpin' Massa Shrunk, an' cookin' fer him. Yer know what it was what happened down ther?"

"I know part of it, at least—that Shrunk's cabin and found the bodies. Tell me exactly what occurred ther."

"Whut's yer name?"

"Steven Knox; I am a soldier. Rene must have told you about me."

"No, sah; she never done tol' me nuthin'. Ah didn't much mo'n see her enyhow, fur as that goes."

"Not see her? Then she is not confined ther with you?"

"Wiv me? Dar ain't nobody confined yer wiv me. Ah just ain't set eyes on nobody since Ah done got on board, 'cept de cook. Ah reckon dem white men aim fer ter tote me souf, an' sell me fer a slave; dat's whar Ah's locked up yere dis way. But Ah sure does know whar dis yer Rene Beaucaire was."

"Where?"

"Wal, sah, it was 'bout like dis: Long 'bout three o'clock in de mornin' of Bill Sikes cum up frum de lower pint, a-drivin' his kivered wagon, an' made Massa Shrunk git up out er bed fer ter git him anoder team o' hosses. Den dey done routed me up fer ter hustle up sum grub."

"Sikes; who was Sikes?"

"He lives down by de lower pike, sah; he's an abolitionist, sah."

"Oh, I see; he and Shrunk worked together. He helped with the runaway slaves."

"Yes, sah. Ah's bin called up thet way afore. So Ah just n'larly went ter work cookin'. An' purty soon dey all ov 'em cum stragglin' in ter de cabin fer ter eat. Dar was four ov 'em, sah; her voice a husky whisper. 'Bill Sikes, toffin' a gun in his han', a free nigger whut dey called Pete, an' two wimin. De bigger one was a quadroon, maybe 'bout forty years ol', an' de odder she wan't much more'n a gal; an' dar wan't nuthin' ov de nigger 'bout her, 'cept it might be de hair, an' de eyes—dem was sure black 'nough."

"You learned who they were?"

"Course Ah did. Sikes he 'splained all 'bout 'em ter Massa Shrunk; an' Ah heard whut he sed. Ah was a waitin' on 'em. We all ov us helped fer ter put 'em in de wagon, hid undeh a lot o' truck, an' den Sikes he done drove 'em out thro' de bluff. Ah done walked wif de gal, an' she tol' mor' 'bout herself, an' whar she cum frum; an' dat was her name, sah."

"Her name? What name?"

"Rene Beaucaire; de quadroon woman, she was her mother."

I could scarcely voice my surprise, the quick throbbing of my heart threatening to choke me.

"She claimed that name? She actually told you she was Rene Beaucaire?"

"She sure did. Why? Wan't that her name?"

"I do not know," I confessed. "Perhaps I shall understand better, if you go on. What happened after they left?"

"Why, we just went back ter bed, an' 'long 'bout daylight, I reckon, sum fellars cum ashore off a steamboat, an' done broke inter de house. We never done heard 'em till dey bust in de dore. One ov dem he knocked me down, an' den Ah saw Massa Shrunk kill one, afore dey got him. Ah don't know just whut did cum ov de free nigger; Ah reckon maybe he run away. Dar's a fellow on board yere whut killed Massa Shrunk; an' he's de same one whut made me cum 'long wif him. A smooth-faced man, sorter tall like, all dressed up, an' who never talks much."

"Kirby—Joe Kirby, a river gambler."

"Dat's de name—Kirby. Wal, he's de one whut was lookin' fer dis yere gal, Rene Beaucaire. He wanted her pow'ful bad. Dey hunted all 'round fer ter git her, cussin' an' threatenin', an' a haun'in' me round; but 'twan't no sorter use. So finally dey took me 'long ter a boat in de creek—a keelboat, run by steam. Most de odder men disappeared; Ah never did know whar dey went, but dis yere Kirby done shut me up in de cabin. Ah don't know much whut did happen after

up the low bank to the drier summit. It chanced to be my good fortune to escape this labor, having been detailed by Mapses to drag boxes, bales and barrels forward to where the hurrying bearers could grasp them more readily. This brought me close to the forward stairs, down which the departing passengers trooped, threading their insecure way among the trotting laborers, in an effort to get ashore.

Reynolds' troops, all militia, and the greater part of them mounted, were an extremely sorry-looking lot—sturdy enough physically, of the pioneer type, but bearing little soldierly appearance, and utterly ignorant of discipline. The men had chosen officers from out their own ranks by popular election, and these exercised their authority very largely through physical prowess.

We had an excellent illustration of this soon after tying up at the landing. A tall, lank, ungainly officer, with a face so distinctly homely as to instantly attract my attention, led his company of men up the river bank, and ordered them to transport the pile of commissary stores from where they had been promiscuously thrown to a drier spot farther back. The officer was a captain, to judge from certain stripes of red cloth sewed on the shoulders of his brown jean blouse, but his men were far from prompt in obeying his command, evidently having no taste for the job. One among them, apparently their ringleader in incipient mutiny, an upstanding bully with the jaw of a prize fighter, took it upon himself openly to defy the officer, exclaiming profanely that he'd be d—d if he ever enlisted to do nigger work. The others laughed, and joined in the revolt, until the captain unceremoniously flung off his blouse, thus divesting himself of every vestige of rank, and proceeded to enforce his authority. It was a battle royal, the soldiers crowding eagerly about, and yelling encouragement impartially first to one combatant, and then another.

"Kick him in the ribs, Sam!"

"Now, Abe, you've got him—crack the d—n cuss' neck."

"By golly! that's the way we do it in ol' Salem."

"He's got yer now, Jenkins, he's got yer now—good boy, Abe."

Exactly what occurred I could not see, but when the circle of wildly excited men finally broke apart, the big rebel was lying flat on his back in the yellow mud, and the irate officer was indicating every inclination to press him down out of sight.

"Hav yer hed 'nough, Sam Jenkins?" he questioned breathlessly.

"Then, blame ye, say so."

"All right, Abe—yer've bested me this time."

"Will yer tote them pansels?"

The discomfited Jenkins, one of whose eyes was closed, and full of clay, attempted a sickly grin.

"H—! yes," he admitted, "I'd sure admire ter dew it."

(To Be Continued.)

## SPEECH OF DE VALERA

(Continued from Page 3.)

"We are revealing that imperial power for what she is, and we are here asking the American people to stand by the principles that are enshrined in American traditions since America became a nation, to stand by the principles of Jefferson and Washington. Remember Washington's message! Washington was called a traitor, just as we in Ireland are called traitors. Washington was called disloyal, and there was more excuse for calling Washington and Jefferson traitors and disloyal than there are for calling any Irishman a traitor. (Loud applause.) Ireland is not a British colony. Ireland never owed any allegiance to any king of England. And so there is a big difference, even, and altogether in favor of Ireland, between our position, as far as loyalty and disloyalty is concerned; a big difference. It was pointed out in the debates of '76 in England's Parliament, it was pointed out by English judges there, that Ireland's case was different from the colonies. These judges held that England could tax the Colonies, because they were Colonies. The same judges held that they should really, in justice, not tax Ireland because Ireland owed them no allegiance; Ireland was a separate nation. But they did. We did not want to make any difference. We are willing to stand even where Washington and Jefferson stood—and they were called traitors. And do you not think that it was a noble name to them, that they rejoiced in it, that as rebels, as they were called, that they rejoiced in it, because they were not traitors to America? (Applause.)

Washington's Message to Ireland.

"Washington's message to the people of Ireland at the time comes to my mind. He said 'Patriots of Ireland, Champions of Liberty in all lands, be strong in hope. Your cause is identical with mine. I was calumniated and misrepresented by the loyalists in my day. You are misrepresented by the loyalists in yours. Today my enemies do me honor. I have succeeded, and because I have succeeded they do me honor. Had I failed, I would have deserved the same honor. My honor comes from the fact that I was faithful to my cause; even when it appeared to be in defeat. If you want to succeed, you must do likewise.' And the Irish people have kept to that advice of Washington's. They have been faithful, even in defeat, because they know that though they have suffered a number of Bunker Hills,

they shall yet win their Yorktown, too. (Applause.)

"And so today we are simply opposed by the same misrepresentation. We are said to be traitors. We are said to be disloyal. Oh, it looks today as if everybody who does not love to put Britain mistress of the world is disloyal. (Applause.)

Our position, then, with the American people is simply this: The Irish people have voted—the map was there, you saw the result; you have seen the case we put forward, and you know, you have stood by the principle of self-determination. We ask you: what excuse is there for denying the Irish people the right of self-determination today? What reason can you give why you should not recognize the Republic of Ireland? Is it not established clearly and well by the Irish people? These Republican representatives, when they were elected, met in the Parliament in Dublin, declared their independence, even as Jefferson and Washington declared theirs. They ratified the proclamation of the Republic which was proclaimed in 1916. Aye, and sealed with the truest seal of sincerity that ever a document was sealed by, the blood of everyone of its signers. (Applause.) That document was sealed with their life blood, has been ratified by the free suffrage of four-fifths of the people of Ireland. I ask you, how can you be Americans and deny that the Irish Republic is established on the only foundation on which legitimate government can be established, on the will of the Irish people? You have to decide whether you recognize the rule, the imperial rule, of England in Ireland, which is a usurpation and which is maintained in Ireland solely by brute force. You are the champions of right against might. Are you going now, to give your judgement in favor of might, when a case such as that of Ireland comes before you? If you do, you set back the world, far behind what it was before the recent war began. For centuries and centuries there has been an international law accepted, a law which is a glorification of brute force, a law which is a robbers' law, a law which is simply canons of expediency devised by robber nations to enable them the better to keep their possessions without disturbance one from another. That international law in the past is a robbers' law based upon might and the recognition of might. If you want to bring about a reign of right and justice, your first act must be to deny that the law no law at all. You know that it no law at all. You know that it is opposed to the fundamental human law of right and justice, which even jurists, not to say moralists, which even jurists admit is more fundamental than any positive law. You have got to destroy that law, and you can destroy it by incorporating into it, the principle that all of the plain people of the world prayed for during the war, the principle of self-determination. (Applause.) You can put that principle now into international law by recognizing the Irish republic and so establishing the first precedent to it. I mean the first—in order that there may not be a misunderstanding, I mean by 'precedent' there, establishing a principle by your acting on it the first time. You know that it is in vain to establish artificial covenants and it is in vain to establish courts, if the law which these courts are supposed to administer is an unjust law. Do you know that the more just the judges the more injustice will they mete out if the law which they faithfully administer is unjust? And so the beginning must be with this law, and the beginning must be for you to establish this principle of self-determination. If you are to want, if the world, wishing for this, were to invent a case, a better case for action could not be invented than the Irish case, and your action means for the world very much more than the freedom of one small people. It means that for the first time in history a positive step will have been taken, a positive step along the lines of justice on international questions. You will be establishing justice as the basis for settlement of international disputes. Why shouldn't you do it? Isn't it that England would be offended? Of course England would be offended. Whenever wasn't there a robber that was offended when justice came along and said that he must give up the goods that he stole? (Laughter and applause.) Of course England will be offended, but are you to be prevented from doing in your own right that which you chose, simply because England threatens to be offended? What would you think of the man who, seeing a straight course of justice before him, were going to be prevented from doing it simply because somebody had the impertinence to tell him that he shouldn't do it, that if he did this other person would be offended? Well, if the man was a weakling, if he was a small man, he might excuse himself by saying, 'I'm afraid,' and if you were a small nation I would have very little hope that you would recognize the Republic of Ireland, because I would have said, 'Well, you might be willing to do it, but you will have to face superior force, and you might be afraid.' But thank God, this nation, the Supreme Court of the world today, to whom we are coming with our case, is no small nation. (Loud applause.) You can't be deterred from doing that which you consid-

ered right, when you have adjudged it to be right. You can't be deterred from doing justice simply because you will be afraid. You are a nation of over a hundred millions. When we were asked why wouldn't we enter the war and fight for freedom, and then when the fight was over, see that we got it, I said, 'Unfortunately, we are a small nation. We, if we fought, could be cheated at the end.' You when you fight, if you are determined that you will not be cheated, you cannot be cheated. You are a power today, and you know it, so great that no nation in Europe would dare to attack you. (Loud applause.) You know that England, particularly would not dare attack you. (Applause.) An American said to me more than once, 'There is no fear that England will declare war on us. In order to fight us she would first have to borrow the money from us.' (Laughter and applause.) So that you can be just, because you can be just without fear.

What American Money is Used For

I have spoken of money. England has got much money from you. You gave it as a fight for liberty. Did you mean it to be applied, sixty million dollars of it, to be used to support a standing army in Ireland to crush liberty in the Irish nation? (Cries of No, No, No, from the audience.) Did you give many more millions of it, to maintain standing armies in India? Or to starve, in one year, thirty-two millions of Indians? Are these Indians not human beings, as well as we are? Is the Indian mother, with her dead child on her breast starving, not a human being as well as any mother here? We in Ireland know what it is to be starved by England. We too, were starved in a land of plenty, when that land was producing more than was needed for our people. Today your money is used not merely in Ireland, but it is used in India to starve these Indians that have a right to their country; and your money is used to maintain an army of occupation in Egypt—that Egypt which she got to fight for her and then as a reward became Egypt's protector. God help Egypt with such a protector! (Laughter and applause.) Aye, and the kind that protection has been, that since the armistice a thousand Egyptians have been murdered by British bombing planes. Did you give your money for that? (Cries of "No, No," from the audience.) We know that you didn't give your money for that, and we know that you wouldn't lend your money to England to fight yourselves, and certainly there is no fear that England would declare war upon you.

What I would like to impress upon you all tonight is that in this question it means the beginning of a new era if you take the step which justice and your own hearts will dictate to you that you should take. You will do the greatest thing that was ever done in history to stop wars. Your president said that the foundation of wars must be swept away, and he pointed out that that foundation was the holding by empires of nations in political servitude against their peoples' will. You see it all, then. You see that you will end wars if you do that which we ask you to do and which I think every person, fair minded, here, who has not been prejudiced by misrepresentations of Ireland and the Irish people will do: everyone of you remember that you have got British propaganda, you have imbibed without knowing it; for five years Ireland was cut-

off and cut away from the world with a ring of steel from getting her to talk to you to present Ireland's case. I had to get away through the British army, the cordons that Britain put around our Ireland, because Britain wanted to be in the position she had been in the past, to be able to say what she liked about the Irish people without anybody from Ireland to be able to put Ireland's case—and, therefore, to be fair. You will first of all have to ask yourselves: 'These things I have heard about Ireland—are they true?' And you will find that there is not one of them really true. Just the same as the flag incident will be put all over the papers of Great Britain as a great big thing here, so tiny things in Ireland by the press have been construed and lies told. For instance, the papers represent me as

(Continued on Page 7.)

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