

[= a new paragraph

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[The clanging of the ship's bell sounded the assembly call for the passengers. She blood rushed to Socorro's head as she scurried alone her cabin trying to pack and to make herself presentable to her aunt and uncle.

"Oh, I wish I had a new dress," she thought as she looked at the pile of clothes scattered about her. "They will think I am just a poor relation in these rags."

? [The assembly bell rang again. [A nervous perspiration broke out on her forehead as she held the dresses to her in front of the small cabin mirror. [The blue dress will never do," she sighed, "and neither will the yellow." Oh, what am I going to do? [Her eyes searched about the room and stopped at the pink dress on the bed. [I guess this is better than nothing." [She walked to the bed, picked the dress up and held it to her, ~~nothing~~ this will have to do. If I could only find something to cover the stain on the skirt. Her eyes searched the room again. That old white dress in the chair might do, she thought. She has two white hours on it that ought to fit perfectly.

[A few minutes later the pink dress was transformed with the aid of needle and thread, and she smiled in approval as she stood in front of the mirror admiring her work. It fit perfectly and the bows were just what the dress needed. She would look like no poor relation now. But her face drooped as she looked into the mirror. She had noticed something else. She had beautiful hair; she knew this and was proud of it. But the

black sheen and luster ^{had} faded by the salty sea air. She wanted to pinch herself in disgust. Why hadn't she thought about it before. Why hadn't she done ^{something} ~~it~~ when she could have had the time. She took the brush from the table in front of the mirror and feverishly began to stroke her hair. The hair didn't pull; at least she had no snags. When her brush strokes reached (98, 99, 100), the luster had returned to her hair and the black strands popped and crockled under the brush. With her comb she quickly parted it in the middle, pulled it down, rolled it and pinned it up in the back. ^{But this} she put her dainty hair out to cover away nasty imperfections.

the same occasion

Now she looked into the mirror which pride she ^{was} as ^{well} pretty enough to be presentable anywhere. Something was missing though. She thought for a second; then ^{she} went to the trunk and started digging around in the little drawers. She pulled out a small object, then returned to the mirror. She held the thing caressingly in her hands; it was a cameo suspended from two black velvet ribbons. She raised it to her throat and secured it ^{by} the velvet strands. As she gazed into the mirror at the cameo, she struggled not to reminisce. How many times had she seen it ^{on} her mother during those happy days - the days before the trouble had descended upon her and her family. The mother was dead now, and the cameo ^{was} ^{her} ^{most} ^{precious} possession. Somehow it seemed to link her more closely to her mother and to the happy memories of her child hood. She turned away from the mirror. The past was dead. It had been killed by the iron hand of Napoleon.

The knocking on the door hurried her ^{from} melancholy thoughts. ["It's the porter, miss, will be in New Orleans in

her head before drifted over the ship. They sounded so strange, so sad that she tried to worm her way through the crowd of passengers to see where they came from. She twisted and turned to get through but to no avail. She could see nothing but top hats and laughing faces.

Suddenly the slapping sound of the gang plank being lowered crashed above the noise of the crowd and Lucette pushed along in the flow of people to the wharf. She was nudged and bounded down the gang plank as she strained to see where the sad singing was coming from.

The crowds of people began to thin as each was met by carriage or friends. The ship was still noisy with activity as the big wooden cranes hoisted the boat's cargo to the deck. It was getting dark, and no

one appeared to meet her. ^{She tried to fight the cold hand of fear} ~~that gripped her~~ for

the thought of what would become of her, of what would happen to a young woman left alone and in an unfamiliar city. ^{nothing} The loud crack of a whip broke her frightened thoughts, and she turned to see a long line of sweating slaves, their bodies glistening in the setting sun. She watched them as they sang their pathetic song under the lash of the task master's whip. Perhaps it was true about what she had heard of the treatment of negro slaves in America. Time passed as she stood there watching the slaves. ~~and~~ When she looked around her it was almost dark and lines of torches began to appear up and down the wharfs. Her

Gothic lamp began to get the better of her. She didn't understand the customs of these Americans but she would be doomed if she would let herself.

precariously out onto the spars and pulled
 in the main sails, for only stone power
 was used in entering the harbor. When
 all was ready, the sailors stood still on
 deck ready to unload baggage and cargo.
 The passengers stood still also and for a
 moment everything on the boat was silent
 under the churning of the paddle wheels.
 Suddenly the roar of the signal cannon
 shook the boat and *Scuaretto* turned
 abruptly. As the ship passed the last
 few trees in the bend of the river she saw the
 golden roof tops of the crescent city curving
 around in its view. *Scuaretto*. Everywhere
 the tangled masts of ships thrust
 themselves up into the afternoon
 sky. The ship moved slowly towards
 the waterfront, passing vessels of every
 description, flatboats, keelboats, steamers, and
 gaudy river boats. Many of the boats were
 piled to the upper decks with bales
 of cotton. Passing ships sounded their
 cannon as the huge French steamer drew
 into the harbor. With a sensation that
 shook the entire ship the huge engines
 were shifted to reverse to slow the vessel
 as she edged with heavy slowness
 toward the dock. Closer and closer she
 drew; finally the huge ropes were cast
 ashore and the ship pulled in and
 moored in her berth. A deep blast from
 the ship's whistle signaled the captain's
 farewell and thanks for a good crossing.
~~scuaretto~~ I Above the chatter of talking
 passengers and the shouting of the sailors, strong
 choirs sounding like ~~music~~ *Scuaretto* led

uncle and uncle He like? Would they accept her or were they as rough and as derisive as she had heard all Americans were. She had thought about these questions on the voyage, but now they were to confront her, and she would have to face them. The fluttering of her heart increased as the trembling excitement surged forth upon her white face. She was frightened, ~~for~~ she knew that there was no turning back now, that the chain of events which had altered her life had been forged in iron, and that they were destined to lead her future to the dark lowlands of Louisiana.

[She watched her baggage being carried up the stairs at the end of the hall, but she stopped when she reached the steps. She could hear the creak creaking with the noisy activity above. She watched the dirt filter down in the sunlight which flashed on the upper steps, then she closed her eyes and whispered a short prayer.]

— She opened her eyes, raised her head proudly and clenching her white gloved hands together in the excitement and dreading fear of expectation, she ascended to the sunlight. As she reached the deck, she was quickly ushered to where the passengers were lining up near the gang plank. She stood there and gazed at the confusion spread about her. The ship had been so quiet, so peaceful on the crossing. Every thing about it had changed. The smoke which streamed from the towering stacks above her head, rose into the air, eddied, wavered and drifted down stream. — The huge side paddle wheels churned and dug into the muddy river with powerful sweeps that shook the boat with their stumbling sounds. In the rigging above her, Yankee sailors as nimble as spiders climbed

few minutes. Would you like me to get your baggage?"

[Isabelle's eyes jumped about her stateroom. The cabin was a mess. Clothes were scattered every where.

"If you could be kind enough to wait one minute, I will be ready," she shouted as she raced about the cabin grabbing her clothes and thrusting them into the trunk. When she could see no more clothes about the room, she leaned against the trunk with all her weight to shut it. Suddenly she remembered her white gloves. All ladies wear white gloves. She threw open the lid of the trunk and began to pull the clothes out again. She found, ^{alone} ~~in~~ the corner of the trunk, but the other was not to be found. She clicked her tongue in anger. When could it be she thought, she steward knocked at the door again.

"Miss Jordan will please leave your baggage to put on the unloading platform."

"All right, you could have it in just one minute," she puffed. "Can you not give a lady time to prepare her self."

[A flash of white caught her eye. There was the other glove partially hidden under the trunk. She hurriedly picked it up.

"You may come in."

[The door opened and the steward ^{entered} and with the aid of two brawny sailors lifted her baggage and carried it into the hall. She followed them struggling to put the gloves on her nervous hands. The tension gave as he watched down the hall. What would he

The sound of foot steps behind her brought her out of her moody thoughts. It was the captain.

"Well be in New Orleans before afternoon, Miss," he said as he noticed the tears on Lauretta's cheeks. "Ah, ye've been cryin'. 'Tis a good thing. 'Tis a good thing indeed when ye cry for happiness. Ye are happy, are ye?"

Lauretta wiped her eyes with a handkerchief, "Yes, Monsieur Captain, I am very happy."

She looked toward the land again. There was a new land, a new life. She had left every thing behind her. ~~She had left her~~ family and friends, all that was dear to a young woman - but she had left them in a tired and worn out country full of evil and prejudice. If God were willing, she could have a new life here and a new hope for happiness.

"Land ahoy! Land ahoy!"

Secretta ran to the rail of the ship, stretched to her hip boots, and leaned out to look. As the ship rose upon the swell of a wave, she saw the land. Her heart ^{throbbed} ~~blazed~~ for joy, for there, spread out along the horizon in a thread of yellow and green, was the coast of America.

"How good it was to see land again, she thought. Thank God this voyage is over."

The wind blew her long black hair about her neck, and the soft sea spray felt good on her face. When the swell went down and she could no longer see the land, she ^{relaxed} ~~leaned back~~ against the railing and just staring ^{thoughtfully} ~~out~~ at the water. She looked on the floating reflections of gulls passing over head. She raised her eyes to the clear sky, to the sea gulls floating above her and above the stern of the ship. How beautiful and free they seemed to be, the sea flocking upon their white wings as they sailed and dived after the schools of fish which followed the ship.

"If I could only be as carefree as those white birds," she murmured.

The happy gleam faded from her face, and tears appeared in the corners of her eyes. She was a woman now, with a woman's problems. Questions and doubts raced through her mind. She had fears that no nineteen-year-old should have. She bit her lip in anguish; the gulls were free, but she was not.

He approached her with an air of great dignity and humility, he took off his wide brimmed panama and bowed low.

"Are you Miss Lorette, mom?"

"Yes, I am," Lorette said as she eyed him carefully. "Who are you?"

"My name is Obadiak, Miss, but every one at home calls me Boss. I am one of Mr. Roberts's servants, and I have been instructed to show you home."

~~The mistress and the master did not want to leave her. I have been instructed to show you home. It's a long way back, Miss, and it's getting dark.~~

~~The negro's words were cordial and comforting. They made her feel at ease for the first time since she had left home. He was a good-looking man, probably in his middle thirties and with a tall and graceful way about him. His light brown hands showed no signs of work as they fumbled with the "his" hat. He stood there waiting for her order.~~

The winds moaned ceaselessly overhead, in a last effort to avert the storm that crept within my inner mind. Sadness, and overwhelming sadness, lurked in those winds and in the shadows that bowed grotesquely toward the hill.

I tried to consign to that specious oblivion beneath my feet, the memories of my years, the passions, the sufferings and the sadness and regret of those painful years. Time had instilled within my conscience the lasting scars of torment to painful to conceive and yet ~~tho~~ so real. Oh God I prayed, but the wind only mocked me, and the trees only laughed and the clouds only hung lower. I had tried, God only knows how I had tried, but now the end was near for me. The storm was coming, the silence was coming. How slowly an act I had conjured to end my pain. — Suicide

Oh once again to look into the starlit face of heaven and to feel ^{my} peace creeping into my soul again. Was death too much to ask after so much suffering? I stood and thought of the act I had committed, the painful act, of which only the stupid relics of its memory lay in unending silence beneath my feet. I grabbed the gun and put it to my head, but the impulse would not come and I threw away the pistol and fell weeping on the mound, my tears sinking into the cold ground, and suddenly the clouds dispersed, the heavens cleared and were more brilliant than I had ever known. My half-sick soul was slowly lifted of its weight and peace was near, and grass grew on that ground where I crouched, and I stood, free again, I prayed into the heavens then gazing at the ground I said, "Thank you my friend," turned and walked into the night.

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