constantly attended at the huts of the negroes, and the effects of his discourses were soon visible—the joyous dance in a few weeks was exchanged for 'holdings forth,' and even at midnight the nasal hum of 'praising the Lord' was to be heard from one or more of the huts. But this was not all. I often overheard the negroes arguing upon emancipation and the right of obedience; and before Mr. Saul Fallover had been two months on the plantation, the chapel was deserted, Mr. Wilson unheeded, and the negroes insolent, idle, and unhappy. I no longer walked down in the evening to the huts, but remained at the plantation-house with Mr. L——, who was in a constant state of excitement and alarm from the alteration which had taken place in one of the best regulated and happiest plantations in Antigua.

It is necessary for the development of my story, that I here make a confession of conduct on my own part, which I shall not attempt to extenuate. I had formed an intimacy with one of the household slaves belonging to Mr. L——, a young creature, about seventeen, of the class called Mustafina. She would in England have been considered as little more than a brunette; her black hair was long and straight, and when the color mantled through her clear skin, she might be considered more than handsome. This class of Creoles are too proud of their color to mix with the negroes; the consequence is, that they are too often induced to form connexions with Europeans, who happen to be on the plantations. Maria, for such was her name, was strongly attached to me, and from her I often obtained important information. One day I was talking about the new missionary, and wishing him at the devil, when Maria replied,

'Suppose you wish him at the devil, he very soon go, Edward, I know that.'

'What makes you think so, Maria?'

'I tell you—so long as he talk about faith and emancipation, all very well. Negro like to hear talk all 'bout that; but last night I go down, hear very fine sermon, and he talk about Obeah,—say Obeah very bad thing. Now that never do—old Nelly hear it all.'

'Why old Nelly can't hear a word, Maria.'

'Not hear, Massa Edward—Nelly hear and Nelly see more than you think. Old Nelly never forgive that missionary man.'

'What harm can she do him, Maria?'

'Do—what harm do—do all—do every thing—make him die in one minute—make him die in one year—five year—just as old Nelly please.'

'Indeed; by poison of course—but how can she give it to him without being found out?'

'Found out,' replied Maria; 'what negro tell; what negro not do what Nelly say? Look, Massa Edward,' continued she, opening my snuff-box, and taking out a very small pinch, which, as she dropped it on the table, she divided into three portions, and placed at a little distance from each other. 'See, this one heap kill one year—two heap kill one month—three heap kill one hour—no matter how little—kill in time—man must die.'

'But, Maria, you can only know this by hearsay.'

'So help me, Heaven, Edward, it all true. My mother had some, and show it to me.'

'What color is it, Maria?'

'All same dust,' replied she, pointing to the ground.

'But, Maria, your mother has been dead these three years. What became of this poison?'