their merriment—I might almost say, to enable them to keep it up; for although I seldom observed any sensible perspiration among the gang when they were at work, yet when they danced it was most profuse; it appeared as if they made a pleasure of labor and a labor of pleasure. Half the exertion employed in the field which they expended in their amusement, would have enabled them to have accomplished their tasks before the day was half over. This slave girl was the object of admiration of many a young Othello, but one appeared to me to be decidedly the favorite. This was John Pepper, a fine tall negro, about twenty-three years of age, with a humorous expression of countenance, which he seldom lost, except when flouted by his mistress; for it must not be supposed that there is any want of coquetry in the black damseels of Antigua. 'Eh! you tink I lub you now—keep you distance, Massa Pepper,' would often be the rebuff, accompanied with a scornful toss of the head, which John would receive when he too closely pressed his suit. Now whether it was that Sally Mango thought that I was partial to her, or whether she had first taken a fancy to me, I cannot pretend to say, but certain it was that by degrees she entirely broke off with Mr. John Pepper, and took every opportunity of throwing herself in my way. At this conduct John Pepper became sullen and unhappy. One day I accosted him, and asked when the marriage was to take place. 'So help me Gad, Massa Compton, me tink it neber take place while you here. When you go away back to your own country?'

'Not for some time, John; but what makes you think so?—you do not suppose I want to stand in your way?'

'Suppose then, Massa, no wish stand in my way, why always stand about negro hut? White gentleman neber come to negro hut.'

'I come down to negro huts because it amuses me to see you all so happy.'

'Me no happy, Sir,' replied Pepper, shaking his head, and looking fierce.

'Well, then, John, I'll try and make you so; tell me how I can assist you with Sally. If I can, I will with pleasure.'

'Suppose you really speak for true, Massa Compton, you do me much good. Massa Compton, you know dat dam old hag, Nelly, what you always give pistareen to,—she like you very much—me hear her say you real gentleman. Now, Massa Compton, tell old Nelly you wish Sally marry me, and then it all come true, sure as Gad Almighty in hebben.'

The old negress to whom Pepper referred, was perhaps one of the most miserable and disgusting objects that could be imagined. Her face was shrivelled up like a Norfolk biffin, her thin hair as white as snow, her eyes nearly closed with a running sore, her mouth toothless, her frame bone and skin, her hands withered, and her body trembling. She sat upon a large stone at the door of her hut during the greater part of the day, and muttering to herself as she basked in the sun. In fact, she appeared to be a remnant of existence, a thing alive and breathing, but nothing more. I seldom went down to the huts without putting into her hand a small piece of money, which she would receive with a nod of her head as her long fingers clasped over the gift.

'And how will she bring this to pass?' continued I.

'Massa Compton, I tell you,' replied Pepper, who was standing by me—and he leant down over the back of my chair, until his mouth was