After the missionary was dead, Sally, who was discharged, returned to her husband, and during my stay on the island I never heard that she had behaved herself improperly. The negroes also, again under the influence of Mr. Wilson, gradually returned to their cheerfulness and former obedience, although it was a long while before they could forget the lessons which they had received on the subject of true faith and emancipation.

My narrative would now conclude, were it not that I have a little episode to tell relative to myself. I had remained some months longer at the plantation, and was seriously thinking of taking my passage for England, when Mr. L—— informed me that he expected his daughter to return by the next ship, and that he hoped that I would be present at the happy meeting. I consented to remain, and in due course of time Miss L—— arrived, and was welcomed at the plantation. Her appearance gave a fillip to the usual monotony of a colonial residence, and there was a general rejoicing. If I thought her a pretty, elegant girl at our casual and hasty meeting, my late seclusion, and the contrast of her pure red and white, hitherto not affected by the climate, with the variety of shades of color which latterly I had witnessed in the female face, made me wonder at my former blindness to her personal charms. In a week I was desperately in love, and having no rivals, was perhaps as much indebted to that circumstance as to any advantages of my own for a favorable reception. Before the first month had passed I had offered, and had been accepted by the daughter, and heartily congratulated by the father.

I have mentioned in my narrative, that I had imprudently formed a connexion with a young house slave of the name of Maria; and the reader must naturally be prepared to hear, that as my feelings warmed towards my new attachment, so did they cool towards her.

At the first suspicion, the poor girl tried every art which her fondness could suggest to secure my fidelity. She took every opportunity of throwing herself in my way, and exhausted her various arts of pleasing. So jealously did she watch me, that I seldom could be alone with Miss L—— without her interruption, upon one excuse or the other. At last she taxed me with desertion, to which I pleaded not guilty, pointing out the necessity of my paying some attention to the daughter of the house. I confess that I was moved by the poor girl's tears, which proved the sincerity of her attachment; but what love can be lasting which is not founded upon respect for the individual? I daily became more assiduous to Miss L——, and more careless of showing my indifference to Maria. One day she came into my sitting-room, apparently determined to come to an explanation.

At first, she looked mournfully at me, the tears gathering in her eyes; but her countenance soon changed. Coloring deeply, she advanced with a proud step.

'Mister Compton, I ask you but one question——only one; which you mean to have, Miss Laura or Maria?' And she panted to suffocation as she ceased to speak.

'I cannot imagine, Maria, that you have any right to ask that question.'

'I have right, Mister Compton, all the right woman can have; and I must have answer.'

'Well, then,' replied I, with a selfish disregard to her feelings, for