

labour would be death to those of a different nature and complexion."

"This is reducing the African to a mere beast of burden—a machine in the form of man. The just God never made a race of beings purposely to drag out a painful existence in perpetual slavery!"

"They are better off than your peasants at home—better fed, and taken care of. As to the idle tales they tell you about flogging, starving, and killing slaves, they are fearful exaggerations, not worthy of credit. Do you think a farmer would kill a horse that he knew was worth a hundred pounds? A planter would not disable a slave, if by so doing he injured himself. I have had many slaves, but I never ill-used one of them in my life."

"Cesar is an example," said Rachel, "of over-indulgence. But, still, he is only a pet animal in your estimation. Do you believe that a negro has a soul?"

"I think it doubtful."

"And you the wife of a christian minister—"

and Rachel drew back with a look of horror.

"If they had immortal souls and reasoning minds, we should not be permitted to hold them as slaves. Their degradation proves their inferiority."

"It only proves the brutalizing effect of your immoral system," said Rachel, waxing warm.

"I taught a black man from the island of St. Vincent to read the Bible fluently in ten weeks; was that a proof of mental incapacity? I never met with an uneducated white man, who learned to read so rapidly, or pursued his studies with the ardour that this poor, despised, soulless negro did. His motive for this exertion was a noble one (and I believe that it cost him his life), the hope of carrying the glad tidings of salvation to his benighted and unfortunate countrymen, which he considered the best means of improving their condition, and rendering less burdensome their oppressive yoke."

"This is all very well in theory, but it will never do in practice. If the British Government, urged on by a set of fanatics, madly insist upon freeing the slaves, it will involve the West India Islands in ruin."

"May He hasten their emancipation in his own good time. It were better that the whole group of islands were sunk in the depths of the sea than continue to present to the world a system of injustice and cruelty, that is a disgrace to a christian community—a spectacle of infamy to the civilized world. Nor think that the wise and good men, who are engaged heart and hand in

this holy cause, will cease their exertions until their great object is accomplished, and slavery is banished from the earth."

Mrs. Dalton stared at Rachel in amazement. She could not comprehend her enthusiasm—"Who cared for a slave?" "One would think," she said, "that you belonged to the Anti-Slavery Society. By the by, have you read a canting tract published by that pious fraternity called 'The History of Mary P——.' It is set forth to be an authentic narrative, while I know it to be a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end."

"Did you know Mary P——?"

"Pshaw!—who does? It is an imaginary tale, got up for party purposes."

"But I do know Mary P——, and I know that narrative to be strictly true, for I took it down myself from the woman's own lips."

"You?"—and Mrs. Dalton started from the ground, as though she had been bitten by a serpent.

"Yes, me."

"You belong to that odious society."

"I have many dear friends who are among its staunch supporters, whose motives are purely benevolent, who have nothing to gain by the freedom of the slave, beyond the restoration of a large portion of the human family to their rights as men."

"Mere cant—the vanity of making a noise in the world. One of the refined hypocrites of life. Good night, Mrs. M.—I don't want to know any more of the writer of Mary P——."

Mrs. Dalton retired to the inner cabin; and Rachel retired to her berth, where she lay pondering over her conversation with Mrs. Dalton, until the morning broke, and the steamer cast anchor off Newhaven.

#### EDINBURGH.

The storm had passed away during the night; and at daybreak Rachel hurried upon deck to catch the first glance of

"The glorious land of flood and fell,  
The noble north countrie, lassie."

The sun was still below the horizon, and a thick mist hung over the waters, and hid the city from her view.

Oh, for the rising of that white curtain! How Rachel tried to peer through its vapoury folds, to "Hail Old Scotia's darling seat," the abode of brave, intelligent, true-hearted men, and fair good women.

Beautiful Edinburgh! Who ever beheld thee for the first time with indifference, and felt not his eyes brighten, and his heart thrill with a proud ecstasy, the mingling of his spirit with a