

that Henry Ingate was in the land of the living, he felt no scruples of conscience in assuming his name; "but the necessity of the case obliges me."

Whilst Richard was indulging in the luxuries of the bath and making his toilet, Betsey flew away to inform her father that her betrothed was not only alive, but in the house; taking good care, however, to conceal from him the startling fact that Sambo and her supposed cousin were one and the same person.

"God bless me! is it possible!" exclaimed the old man, rubbing his eyes. "Henry Ingate alive and in the house! Why, Bess, I dreamed only just now that I saw him eat up by a shark, whose head and face greatly resembled Benjamin Levi."

"He must have been a queer monster," said Betsey laughing; "worse than the Yankee half horse, half alligator. But see, papa, my cousin is here."

With that air of easy assurance which was so natural to him, Richard returned the old man's warm and eager greeting. Having been on the most intimate terms with young Ingate during the voyage, he was able to answer all the old man's interrogatories with tolerable accuracy, while the planter, on his part, found out the most wonderful likeness in the handsome young man before him, not only to his daughter, but to himself.

It was astonishing to see how rapidly Richard grew into his favor—how agreeable he appeared in the eyes of the planter's daughter. Was it kindred sympathy which drew them so closely together? They appeared to the man as if they had been lovers for years.

"That's right!—that's right!" he cried; "I knew you would take to each other. When shall the wedding be?"

"As soon as you please," returned Richard, "were it to-morrow, the time would seem long to me."

"That's rather too soon," said the planter; "but it shall be on the twenty-first of September."

"On my birthday, papa? Oh that will be delightful," said Miss Betsey, "and you must not forget a birthday present."

"On the contrary, Bess, I shall make a present of you, and give you away, I hope to a good husband. But your cousin must be fatigued. Call Sambo to bring in coffee."

"Sambo is gone," said Betsey, gravely.

"Gone—where the devil is he gone?"

"I don't know. I fear we shall never see him again. He has been missing ever since you had him flogged."

"The fellow cannot have run away."

"It looks very like it."

"What!—for a flogging?—Nonsense! all niggers are used to that!" cried the angry planter.

"Something on the eel system, I suppose," said Richard, "because they can't help it."

"Ah, I see you are stuffed full of European prejudices, nephew Ingate. A few months in Jamaica will cure you of that."

Here a colloquy that might have ended in a stormy discussion on the merits and demerits of slavery, was interrupted by a servant announcing "Mr. Benjamin Levi."

There was no person on the island whom Mr. Baynes held in such detestation as the Editor of the Observer, and he greeted him with a cold nod of the head, and a very formal "How do ye do, Mr. What-do-ye-call-em?"

The little black-headed Jew cast a furtive glance around the apartment, till his eye happened to encounter the laughing, happy glance of Richard Redpath, who could scarcely retain his gravity while he underwent the examination of the Editor.

Struck with his likeness to his visitor of the morning, he said:

"I think, sir, we have met before?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Redpath; "and I am certain that your face once seen could never be forgotten."

"If I am not very much mistaken, sir, you bought a suit of clothes from me this morning."

"You are mistaken," returned Richard. "Wipe your specs, and look at me again. I have but the suit I now wear. You best know if it ever belonged to you."

"I was wrong," returned the Jew; "but the likeness is wonderful."

"And now, sir, that you seem to have decided that question," said Mr. Baynes, "I would thank you to inform me what circumstance has led to the honour of a visit from you this evening?"

"I came as a friend, Mr. Baynes," ("That's something unusual," muttered the planter,) "to inform you that your nephew, Mr. Ingate, whom you supposed drowned, is now living in Jamaica. He is sick, and attended by a very beautiful young woman, of doubtful character; and I advise you, as a friend and near relative of the young man, to look into the matter."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Levi, for the unusual trouble you have taken," said the planter. "Let me now have the pleasure of introducing you to my nephew, who, instead of being sick, is in perfect health, and in the company of one whose character, I flatter myself, is without a stain. And now, Mr. Levi, let me advise you not to meddle so much with other people's affairs, if you would wish to be distinguished for