

"Can you for a moment imagine me capable of committing such a crime?"

"Pshaw! Starvation has no law—the thing is of my own proposing; and the crime, if there be any in the case, must rest with me. Nay, I am not joking. I never was more serious in my life. For one day I will condescend to act the slave, if you will magnify yourself into my master. It is but cheating some accursed planter, who has long fattened upon the heart's-blood of the poor oppressed negro. Should our scheme prove successful, I will satisfy my conscience by taking a vow to repay my master, if ever I grow rich."

Robert mused for a moment. The scheme at least had novelty to recommend it; but he had some fears for his brother's safety.

"But, Richard, if you should be retained in slavery?"

"It will only be as long as I feel myself comfortable. If I find my situation very unpleasant, I have only to wash out the lie, and begin the world afresh. Why, man, we have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose."

"Well, well, I believe that you have wit enough to extricate yourself from a worse situation than that; but who will credit my story, or believe that a penniless stranger could be the owner of a slave?"

"When a black man is to be sold, especially such a fine, well-limbed fellow as me," continued Richard, laughing, "few questions will be asked as to the lawful claim you have upon him. Say that you were the master of the fine vessel, whose staunch timbers are this day the sport of every billow—that all your property was lost in the wreck, save this slave, to whose exertions you were indebted for your life. Do not forget this circumstance. Such an act of ingratitude on your part will give a character of probability to your story. To represent a slave owner, you cannot appear too indifferent to the claims of humanity. And hark ye, Bob—don't fail to give me a famous character for temperance, honesty, and every other commendable quality."

"As I am to be the sole gainer by this strange barter, you may be sure that I shall not fail to set you off to the best advantage. But, my dear, generous, made-up brother; what use can I make of money so whimsically obtained?"

"Buy a new suit of clothes, and advertise for a wife," said Richard. "But tell me, Bob, what you really think of my metamorphosis?"

"'Tis admirable. How did you contrive to effect it?"

"I left you to grumble over our scanty rations, and employed myself in making love to black Daphne, our beautiful chambermaid. Out of pure affection, she very kindly assisted in turning me

black, and lent me the tattered remains of some under garment to tie about my loins. Thus attired, I sallied forth into the street, blushing through my oily mask, at every dunsel of color, that chance threw in my way."

"You blush!—you were just that grace long before you turned nigger."

"I have put my face in mourning for my poverty, not my sins," said Richard; "and the sooner you get a purchaser for my new visage, the sooner shall I be able to regain my old one."

Seeing his brother bent upon this strange adventure, and trusting to his ingenuity to get him out of any scrape, into which his exuberant spirits, and love of the ridiculous, might lead him, Robert Redpath reluctantly entered into his plan, and took his way to the slave market, followed by the obedient Sambo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SONG FROM SOLOMON.

BY M. W.

Rise up my love, and fair one, hence and come away—
Through the lattice window, behold the rising day.
For, lo! the winter's past—the rain is o'er and gone—
The flowers are on the earth, the singing birds are come.

Listen to the turtle—her voice is o'er the land;
Myrrh and sweet cassia around their sweets expand.
Arise, my love and fair one, and let me know thy voice;
Come, shew thy shining countenance, and let my soul
rejoice!

I sat down by the great tree, that graced the thickening
wood—
I tasted of the apples, and they were goodly food;
Come, see the tender grapes, that cluster in the grove—
Behold! she comes—'tis she, 'tis she!—my beautiful
my love!

I know my fairest loves me—my dove I know is mine—
Dearer to me than rubies, than grapes or costly wine.
Thou art fairest among women, thou whom I love the
best,
Tell me where at noon thou giv'st thy killings rest?

The beams of my house are cedar, the rafters are of fir,
A fountain cools my garden with frankincense and myrrh.
Awaken, O ye north wind! come forth, south breeze!
and blow,
That the spices of my garden may with fresh fragrance
flow.

Enter, my beloved; my pleasant fruits O eat—
With me to praise Creation—its glorious Lord to greet.

MODESTY is the test of merit; or, rather, true merit is never found in company with vanity or an assuming deportment: the reason is obvious—the greater progress we make in knowledge, the more we discover our own ignorance. "One thing at least I know," said Socrates, "that I know nothing."