

for admirers, had not gone many yards before, certainly somewhat to his surprise, he encountered a couple of grinning, chattering Sambos marching straight towards him in similar costume. Before his astonishment had abated, there were three or four others coming up behind. Turning into another street, whom should he meet but some five or six more, striding along, arm-in-arm. By and bye, as the plot thickened, a score or so of others appeared on the other side of the street, crossing and re-crossing, marching and counter-marching, and exchanging salutations with all the dignified pomposity in which the negro tribe are so fond of indulging, without, however, appearing to take the slightest notice of him, till the whole street was dotted with the sable gentlemen in the scarlet "continuations." Our poor hero hesitated for a moment, till at length, as the intense ludicrousness of his situation seemed fully to burst upon him—the only white man amongst two or three score of niggers, and all with the same conspicuous decoration—he took to his heels, beat a hasty retreat, and bade adieu with a sigh to his bright scarlet leggings for ever.