

the brothers had yet to learn, that the men who have acquired the largest portions of this world's wealth, have ever been forced to fight with difficulties—to win it by their own ingenuity, or by the sweat of their brows; and not uncommonly, have taken the road that led to fortune with only a few pence in their pockets. Our young adventurers were wrecked in sight of port, and narrowly escaped with life. We have introduced them to our readers in no enviable situation, without friends, without money, and exposed to the coarse jests and insults of a vulgar mulatto, who proved by his disregard of their wants and wishes, that he was a great respecter of persons, but only of such persons as carried heavy purses, and were the enviable possessors of complete suits of broad cloth. Richard Redpath, the younger of the twain, was a clever, shrewd, laughter-loving, devil-may-care sort of fellow, who bore his misfortunes with a noble fortitude, which, had it worn a graver aspect, might justly have been termed heroism. But few can sympathise in the misfortunes of a man who can laugh at them himself; and it was in vain that he endeavoured to divert his brother's mind from pondering over their calamity, by strokes of drolery. Robert was in no mood to laugh, and he looked upon Richard's mirth as mistimed and unfeeling.

"He has no thought—he never thinks," said the elder Redpath, strolling into the verandah. "Is this a time to crack jokes, when we are naked and destitute in a foreign land? Hunger will soon make him laugh on the wrong side of his face, and compel him to reflection."

This unprofitable invective was rudely interrupted by a great bustle in front of the house; and two fat, over-dressed mulatto women burst upon the scene, followed by a couple of slaves.

"Make way!—make way for de ladies—my cousins!" shouted the master of the house. "Stand back! You are a tref of a ragamuffin, you buck-ran! What business you stopping up de way wid your ugly carcass?"

Not aware that this elegant speech was addressed to him, Robert remained in the same attitude, to the great indignation of mine host, who rudely applied a long cane, which he held in his hand as ostentatiously as if it had been a general's baton, across the young Englishman's shoulders.

"Stand back! I say; I no have my verandah filled up by such dam, hungry, empty, no pay fellers as you."

The hot blood burnt upon the young man's cheek. Seizing the coloured porpoise by the collar, he snatched the offensive weapon from his grasp, and, tripping up his unwieldy legs, laid

him sprawling at his feet. His arm was lifted in the act to strike, when it was forcibly held back by a negro slave.

"No massa, no. You no play slave driver to mulatto here. He angry—massa angry. He down—massa up. Massa up, no strike massa down. Fair play's the jewel."

"And who the devil are you?" cried the angry Robert, regarding the negro with the glare of a tiger. "Unhand me—or, by Jove! I'll cut you into mince-meat."

"Massa nober heb patience to chop such tough meat into sausages," simpered the black. "Massa Robert no know me—no know Sambo, who served him much faithful so many years. Well, dat is a good joke. He! he! he!"

"Served me! You lying black scoundrel—I never saw your ugly face before."

"Neber see Sambo—oh, ho! oh, ho! Sambo born in de same house—lib all his life with massa Redpath."

At the sound of his own name, Robert dropped the cane, which he had still continued to hold over the negro in a menacing attitude, and stared at him with an expression of mingled incredulity and astonishment.

"Sambo," he said at length, "you mistake me for somebody else."

"De debil bit—I no mistake."

"But, Sambo, I was born and brought up in London, where no slaves are suffered to be kept; and never saw Jamaica before in my life. How, then, can you possibly know me?"

"As well as massa Robert know himself—perhaps a great deal better," he continued with a sly grin. "That look—that waggrish nod of the head, betrayed the cheat. Both were infinitable, and could only belong to one person. Robert turned contemptuously away."

"Disgusting folly! Is this, Richard, a time for masquerading? What purpose could be answered by endeavouring to impose upon me?"

"A greater one than you imagine," said Richard, re-assuming his natural tone. "If I could deceive you, Bob, I have but another to cheat. Leave off biting the end of that quarrelsome cane, and, instead of beating our pompous landlord, do condescend to tell me how I acted the slave?"

"Nonsense! Will playing the fool fill our empty purses?"

"I hope so. 'Tis the only way, now-a-days, for wise men to make money. Hear me, Bob! You want cash—I want a master. Take me into the slave market; and, without any further palaver, just sell me to the highest bidder."

Robert started back, with an expression of unfeigned horror depicted upon his countenance.