

or an uran-utan, that I was in doubt whether the voice had proceeded from it, until a repetition of the hail, this time coming unmistakeably from it, assured me that it was a human.

“Massa doctor at home?” yelled the voice.

“Yes, I am the doctor; what do you want?”

“Massa sent me with a letter to you.”

Jumping in the skiff, a few vigorous strokes sent me to the opposite shore, where the singular being awaited my coming.

He was a negro dwarf of the most frightful appearance; his diminutive body was garnished with legs and arms of enormously disproportionate length; his face was hideous: a pair of tushes projected from either side of a double hare-lip; and, taking him altogether, he was the nearest resemblance to the uran-utan, mixed with the devil, that human eyes ever dwelt upon. I could not look at him without feeling disgust.

“Massa Bill sent me with a letter,” was his reply to my asking him his business.

Opening it, I found a summons to see a patient, the mother of a man named Disney, living some twenty miles distant by the usual road. It was with no good humour that I told the dwarf to wait until I could swim my horse over, and I would accompany him.