

discover that there was a white man in the room, she stared <sup>1792.</sup> upon me with such a look of hope, of doubt, of fear, and of <sup>June 27.</sup> madness, as I shall never forget; but which I cannot describe.

“Mrs. Harley,” said I, “I am come to put an end to your sufferings, and to carry you back to your husband, whom I left well the day before yesterday.”

“Who are you, Sir? how came you here? do I dream? are you a prisoner?” No—I am come here to redeem you and your child; to take you back to your family; and to purchase of the king the island of Bulama.” “Will they let you go back? they won’t let you go back; they will keep you here.” “No danger of that,” I replied; “we are now on friendly terms, and I trust shall hereafter live in peace and friendship.”

A little more conversation passed; when I said, that I had not yet seen the king; that I must go to him, and enter on the business about which I had come; and that I would then return to her, and settle at what time I should take her on board. She instantly seized my hand, and said, “will you go away and leave me then?” No,” said I, “you shall see me again in an hour.” “I never shall see you again—you will go away and leave me—I won’t part from you.” “Be calm Mrs. Harley, and compose yourself, depend, upon my word, that the moment I have finished my business with the king I will return to you.” “No—never—never—if you go away I never shall see you again—you will desert me—I see that you mean to forsake me—and I shall be left to die among these murderous savages.”

“By the God that made me (I hope the expression may be forgiven) I will not quit the island without you.” “But suppose they will not give me up?” “Then I will stay here and

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