

poor fellows who have fought with the winds and waves all night, without offering them food and shelter. I am strong; what you give, I can repay in work. But if you are a Christian man, for the love of God! give my brother something to eat."

Though a coarse, vulgar, specimen of humanity, the mulatto was not wholly destitute of the feeling common to his species. Telling the brothers that he was sorry for their misfortune, as his own father had been lost at sea, he bade them follow him, and led the way into a spacious room, where a motley group, of all nations and complexions, were assembled to eat their evening meal. From amidst this strange amalgamation of persons and tongues, issued, from time to time, the loud laugh, the profane oath, the obscene jest, mingled with the confused din and clatter of knives and forks, removed platters, and the ringing of glasses and bottles coming in contact with each other. The brothers took their seats, at the bottom of the long table, in silence. They were destitute strangers, and this circumstance alone contributed to render them diffident and embarrassed. They neither spoke nor looked around them, but commenced a vigorous attack on the dish before them, with a keenness of appetite which promised ample amends for their long fast.

"That's right, my hearties! eat away," cried out an old weather-beaten British tar, who had finished his supper, and was now calmly lighting his pipe. "I would rather have the keeping of you a day nor a month. By Jove! you load up so fast, the vessel will be fit for sea in no time. Why, old Tar Barrel! you ought to charge them ere chaps double fare."

"Men who eat in dat way hab rarely any ting to pay," said the mulatto, drily.

This speech was not meant to insult the strangers. It proceeded more from the brutal nature of the man than from any intention to wound their feelings, for in reality he was not displeased to see them enjoying a good meal. But whether meant or not meant, it had the effect of satisfying the appetite of the elder of the twain. He suddenly dropped his knife and fork, pushed his plate from him, rose from the table, and seated himself on a bench in an obscure corner of the room, resting his elbows upon his knees, his head sunk mechanically between his hands; and appearing to take no further interest in the busy scene around him.

The old sailor followed him with his eyes, and continued pulling away vigorously from a Chinese pipe, of which he appeared not a little vain. Taking it, from time to time, from his lips, and holding it before him, as if lost in admiration of the curious, fat, little pink mandarin delineated upon its silver mounted bowl.

Richard Redpath cast an enquiring glance at his brother, as much as to say: "How foolish you are, to quarrel with your bread and butter, and resent an unmeaning insult, from the mouth of an ignorant man. It will be many hours before we can procure another good meal." And he commenced a fresh attack upon the fine ham before him.

"That was a dreadful squall, last night," said one of the men at table. "It blew deal on shore."

"It must have done great damage," said another. "One fine ship went down just off the point. I was on the point at the time, and the hurricane came on so suddenly, that I was forced to lie down upon my face to keep my feet."

"That was reversing the order of things," said a third, laughing. "I wonder that the hair was not blown from your head. Were any of the crew of the vessel saved?"

"I heard of none."

"It's of no great consequence," returned the former spokesman. "The captain was a nigger, in the employ of old Baynes. His freight was slaves from the coast of Guinea. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,'—old Baynes knows what he's about well enough. He always employs blacks to barter for blacks."

"It will be a great shock to the old man," said his comrade. "It will doubtless bring on another fit of the gout. Black cattle are rather scarce in the market, and there has been a great mortality upon his estate. He will never survive the loss of the Queen of Sheba."

"I wish he was in heaven, with her sable majesty!" said a reckless, dare-devil, half-caste man, dressed elaborately fine,—"and I was heir to his estate."

"And his pretty daughter?—hey, mister Antonio," said the landlord. "Lubly Miss Betsy is not for do like ob you."

"He has too much of the black blood in him," said one of the former speakers, "for old Baynes to give him his daughter."

"Perhaps I may take her without his leave," said the dandy of colour.

"Perhaps not," returned the other. "Two must agree upon that subject, before the bargain is concluded."

"The old maid, her aunt, is upon my side."

"But the young maid, her niece—what does she say to it? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Time will shew—"

"It will. Pray don't forget to invite us all to the wedding."

Richard Redpath had just concluded his supper; and although the parties were all strangers to him, he felt a sudden interest in their conver-