

Mr. Slick, till I get a branch off of that apple-tree. Oh dear! how sweet it smells."

Well I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay.

"Don't hold me so high, please. There smell that, aint it beautiful? I hope I aint a showin' of my ankles."

"Lucy, how my heart beats," sais I, and it did too, it thundered like a sledge-hammer: I actilly thought it would have tore my waist-coat buttons off. "Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever busts like a biler; for holdin' such a gall as you be, Lucy, in one's arms aint safe, it is as much as one's—"

"Don't be silly," said she, larkin', "or I'll get right down this minit. No," she said, "I don't hear it be: I don't believe you've got any heart at all."

"There," said I, bringin' her a little farther forward, "don't you hear it now? Listen."

"No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin'," and she larfed like anythin'; "I thought so."

"You haven't got no heart at all, have you?" sais I.

"It never has been tried yet," said she. "I hardly know whether I have one or not."

"Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not."

"Yes it is," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes it is just in the right place, just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it; "where else would you have it, dear, but where it is? But, hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin' that gall fairly harnts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms."

"I'll lift *her* up to the tree too," sais I, "if you like; and then—"

"Oh no!" said she, "it aint worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks one snap of my finger," and advancin' rapidly, held out the nosegay, and presented it to the Captin.

"Ah!" sais I, gazin' sadly over her shoulder, "here comes Sorrow."

"Sorrow!" said both the young ladies at onct.

"Yes, Sorrow," sais I; "don't you see him?" and as they turned round, they both exclaimed:

"Why, it's only a nigger!"

"Yes, but his name is Sorrow, and he is the bearer of bad news, I know."

"Captin," said the darkie messenger, "Massa Pilot say, please, come on board, Sar; tide is all right fer crossin' de bar, if der is de leastest morsel of wind in de world."

"Well that is provokin'!" said Lucy