

Who pledg'd us o'er and o'er, upon the chance
To waste in regions barbarous that vintage of old
France.

XX.

The first ones of the North still tell of it :
That was the night the Lucky Swede made bold
To bid for Beulah all her weight in gold ;
And when, from mere caprice, my side she quit,
And challenged him to make the offer good,
With iron pans and a beam and a chunk of wood
A rough-and-ready balance soon was fit,
And the Swede brought up his gold where Beulah
stood,
Against her weight upon the other scale
He piled his buckskin-sacks, while I—saw red, but
watch'd the sale.

XXI.

In all my life I never felt so broke ;
But when the balance quiver'd evenly,
She threw a kiss to him—and came to me,
And my heart went all a-tremble as she spoke :
" Olè, you're a sport alright—for a Swede !
But I think this Sourdough here's the man I need ;
I only play'd to leave him for a joke ;
Let's call it off—and the drinks on me ! Agreed ? "
Since then for me there's been no other girl—
And all the boys shook hands on it, and things began
to whirl.