

so anxious, will do my best.' He cleared a throat which had uttered and swallowed much, and with conceited gestures sung the following:

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,—
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
"Tis life where thou art—'tis death where thou art not!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.
Is not the sea,
Made for the free?
Land for courts and cowards alone.
Here we are slaves;
But on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own!
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes,

We thanked him for the song—its wildness pleased, and an agreeable feeling would have remained upon the mind, had it not been followed by this remark from the singer.—'I sung these verses the night before we sailed, to my pretty dear, ha! ha! ha!' 'Upon my word sir, you are quite a curiosity, to have forgot your love in such a short time.—Was you not vext at being compelled to leave her?' 'Why, no—I could have brought her, I believe—for she wept bitterly; but she had no money, and so it was not worth while to entreat. Pshaw! I'll get another here, who has the *ready*, and then I shall be snug. But you seem vext—pray what is the matter?' 'I am sorry (I answered,) to hear any person—but more especially a man in the garb of a gentleman, say that he cannot earn a subsistence for himself; and ridicule the fairest portion of creation—treating with sovereign contempt, a being, who, by your own account, thought too highly of a heart like yours—sir, I am sorry for you.'

He looked at me with glaring eyes—to infuse terror, and said—'you know nothing of love. The ladies would not speak to a person like you—therefore be silent.' 'Sir. I have merely to say, that you are perfectly welcome to amuse yourself with my mishapen body.—But the first man who makes a mock of the only solace here below; the only sweetener of mortality; and what I—though unable to excite, have