

"Where found you them, say you?" "A bit sou'-west
Of the Cape, half-dead, clinging to a spar;
And when revived, O how the fellows pressed
Me to allow them work their passage where
Their mistress lives! And when they told me all
About the wreck my heart was touched, and I
Turned from my course, determined that I'd call
At some French port. And that's the reason why
I'm in St. Malo, just to leave them here.
About their mistress, all they seem to know
Is, she was French; and more, it doth appear,
From what they say, her name was M. Lachaux."
"And here she is!" cried Madam. "Where's my friends?
Let me their deed requite. They quelled the strife
Of angry men, and to defeat their ends
Plunged headlong in the sea to save my life."

One half-hour more each was to each restored,
'Mid cordial greetings and fast-falling tears.
The very best St. Malo could afford
Was not too good for these Senegal peers.*
A handsome present to the captain made
Marked their esteem of his most gallant deed,
And to the negroes such attention paid
As grateful hearts aye think befitting meed.
And when in after years, on festive days,
Young Master Henri bid guests bumpers fill,
He would recount their deed with highest praise,
And drink the health of Pierrot and Achille.

* Natives of Senegal.