

Well, I hailed the vessel, and found she was the 'Bald Eagle,' Captain Love, of Nantuc' et. "Captain Love!" sais I to myself: "just such a fellow, I suppose, as this mate; a sort of milksop, that goes to sea in fine weather; and when he is to home, is a sort of amphibious beau at all the husken, quilten, and thankgivin' parties. It's half-past twelve o'clock with our fishermen, when a skipper's name is Love." Sweet love!—home, sweet home! I consaited I did not feel quite so well as when I left Slickville.

"Captain on board?" sais I.

"I guess he is," said one of the hands.

"Then let down the ladder," sais I; "please."

"Won't a rope do as well?" sais he.

"It would do on a pinch," sais I. "I do suppose I could come up hand over hand by it, and lick you with the eend of it, too, if I liked; but being a landsman, I don't calculate to climb, when there are a pair of stairs; and, to my mind, it wouldn't lower our great nation, if its citizens were a little grain more civil. If you don't let it down, as Colonel Crockett said, 'You may go to the devil, and I'll go to Texas.'"

"Well," sais he, "a pleasant voyage to you. They tell me it's a fine country, that."

"Push off, my men," sais I; and while they were backing water, "Give my compliments to the Captain," I said; "and tell him Mr. Slick called to see him, and pay his respects to him; but was drove off with impudence and insult."

Just then, a man rushed down from the quarter-deck, and called out, "What in the world is all this? Who did that person say he was?"

"Mr. Slick," said the spokesman.

"And how dare you, Sir, talk to a gentleman in that way? This way, Mr Slick," for it was getting dark; "this way, please. Very glad to see you, Sir. Down with the ship's ladder there, and faster the man-ropes; and here, one of you go down the first two steps, and hold the ropes steady, and back up before him. Welcome, Sir," sais he, "on board the 'Bald Eagle.' The Captain is below, and will be delighted to see you: I'm his first mate. But you must stay here to-night, Sir." Then, taking me a little on one side, he said: "I presume you don't know our skipper? Excuse me for hinting you will have to humour him a little at first, for he is a regular character—rough as a Polar bear; but his heart is in the right place. Did you never hear of 'Old Blowhard?'"