

fusion, noise and scramble. Get a deputation to sarve a writ there, and you'll soon find out what it is. What they call to England free-trade and no protection, but main strength. If you and I owned it, it wouldn't do to be too strict either. Strictness is a game two can play at. Gulls and galls don't go near them, there are too many guns and men for 'em together, tho' both on 'em have watery mouths when the season comes. I knew a feller there onct, who lived about the handiest to the fisheries, that lost his wife. Well, he went to the next house, and borrowed a sheet to lay her out with, and bein' short o' these things, he buried her in it. Well, what does the old woman he got it of do, but ask him for the sheet, if she had done with it, and bothered him so every time she saw him, he said he would pay her, or give her one every bit as good. He was so mad at last, he went and dug his wife up, took her in his arms, walked into the house one night, and lay'd her on the table.

"Says he, good woman, I am obliged to you for the loan of the sheet, there it is. When you have taken it off, put my old lady back agin into the grave, will you," and he left her there.

If there warnt a hullaballo there then, there aint no eels in Tusket. That comes o' bein' too strict. Give and take, live and let live, that's the word. You can't do without me, for you hante got no pilot, and I can't do without you, for I want your cash, and flour, and pork."

"Exactly," said I, "Eldad. *If there is no hook the chain is no good; but the chain is always grumblin' agin the hook, though all the strain is on it.* Every critter has his place and his purpose."

"If that's the case," said he, "I should like to know what place and use Jawin' Phinny's is?"

"You oughtn't to ask that," sais I, "for you are a fisherman, and ought to know better. What use is the shark, the thrasher, and sea-monsters? There must be human sharks, thrashers, and land-monsters too. If a feller can't be coaxed to go strait ahead, he may be frightened into it. That villain would scare you into mindin' your p's and q's, I know. We don't understand those things. *There are finger-posts to show you the road, and gibbets to warn you off the common, when you leave the turnpike. Storms make oaks take deeper root. Vice makes virtue look well to its anchors. It's only allurin' sin that's dangerous.** Scriptur' don't warn us agin wolves, except when they have sheep's-clothin' on. But I aint a preacher, and one man don't make a congregation, any more than one link makes a chain. Well, then the seine, and in shore fisheries," sais I, "is worth ten times as much as what we make ten times more out of!"

* Horace was of the same opinion:

"Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile."