

upon : Shall the Idlewild put into Manhegan, and shall its dauntless crew seize the recreant Ogden *vi et armis*?

Ayes,—Otis and Blake, Senior.

Noes (loud and deep),—the ladies, Morton, and Blake, Junior.

The Noes were triumphant, Manhegan Light left in the distance.

During the afternoon of this day, fired by an unholy desire to wage war upon the finny denizens of the deep, and too finical to remove the article from his finger, to which it had an affinity, Mr. Tom Otis, in detaching a sculpin—a fish to which he was exceedingly partial—from his hook, threw into the raging sea a ring of considerable intrinsic and incalculable sentimental value. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. Otis.

He desired it to be distinctly understood, that he did not thereby wed the billows of Owl's Head Harbour. That they were not the Adriatic, and that he was not a Dog[e] that he should do this thing. It is suggested that, backed by the authority of the Arabian Nights, he shall offer a vast reward for the ring, and publically give notice that all cooks, stewards, and seafaring men shall hereafter exercise the utmost care in cleansing fish, lest they lose the opportunity of finding that one which wears now a precious jewel in his head.

Coming up on deck after dinner, a sudden silence fell upon our merry party, even Otis and Blake, Senior, being subdued by the magnificence of the sunset.

The Camden Hills to the northwest, Ragged Mountain and Megunticook, cold and in shadow, stood out in bold contrast against the brilliant warm sky. Silently we watched the golden glory deepen, and the wonderful rosy light that followed, and shone on the gleaming white sails of twenty or thirty little coasters lying at anchor around us, and that crept higher and higher, until its radiance was reflected in the water below, and