

258 The Wreck of the *Rough-an'-Tumble*

when I tells her to do it." And mildly: "Is you got a cup o' tea in the fo'c's'le?"

"I is, sir. I come aft for you."

It was warm in the little forecastle. In the wind that was blowing, no harm could come to the *Rough-an'-Tumble*. She tugged at her chain, as the big seas slipped beneath and ran on to their catastrophe against the cliffs; but she was berthed snug for the time, and in the keeping of the watch on deck. It was cosy below. It was a familiar place. Skipper Steve shifted his soggy clothes, sipped his tea, nibbled his biscuit; and having planned definitely, cunningly, for the last emergency, in the horrible event of it, he dismissed his concern and took his ease. And the wind rose, and the seas rolled in upon the cliffs, and the frothy rocks below the cliffs, tossing the old schooner, tugging at her, in their swift, eager rush; and the hands and the clerk yarned and laughed together, as though the *Rough-an'-Tumble* lay in the shelter of some placid harbor; and the pessimistic cook, according to his doleful custom, hummed a new ballad of the coast, made by little Toby Farr, of Ha-ha Harbor, and enjoying a run of popularity, that season, from Twillingate Long Point to Cape Chidley:

"Oh, the chain he parted,
An' the schooner drove ashore;
An' the wives of the hands
Never seed un no more—
No more—
Never seed un no mor-or-ore!"