

imp. Come on board here and haul him up."

So with the aid of three darkies, he was brought to the surface, and secured to the boat for towing back to the vessel. I wanted to cut him clear, but they would not listen to the proposal.

"Fine fish, Massa Cap'n! Oh gran'! Don't cut him! Darkey give you thousand oranges."

They didn't know my knife was on the brig, or they would not have pleaded so hard. To bring the story to a close, the getting back to the vessel, which constituted a couple of hours of hard towing, we'll pass by, and view the prize as he lay on the raft. He was 8 feet long, 6 feet wide, 2 feet or more thick, much the shape of a skate, with a whip-handle tail. A head in ugliness resembling what is known among shore fishermen as a "drum sculpin"—most repulsive when looked at. A mouth 18 inches or more wide, set with rows of shark teeth, and hung round with long smellers or suckers. After being cut up, he weighed nearly 400 lbs., his colour nearly approaching blackness.

With this recital, leave must be taken of my