

To make a long story short, every time he raised up, Bent floored him. At last he gave in, hollered, and was carried forward, and a tarpaulin thrown over him. The other warnt hurt a bit, in fact the exercise seemed to do him good; and I never saw a man punished with so much pleasure in my life. *A brave man is sometimes a desperado. A bully is always a coward.*

"Mate," says I, as we returned aft, "how is the captain?"

"More composed sir, but still talking in short rhymes."

"Will he be fit to go the voyage?"

"No, Sir."

"Then he and Eells must be sent home."

"What, the captain?"

"Yes, to be sure; what in natur' is the good of a mad captain?"

"Well, that's true," said he; "but would I be sued?"

"Pooh!" said I, "act and talk like a man."

"But Eells is the owner's son, how can I send him? I'll be sued to a dead sartainty."

"I'll settle that; give me pen and ink:—'We the crew of the 'Black Hawk,' request that Mr. Eells be sent home or discharged, as he may choose, for mutinous conduct; otherwise we refuse to proceed on the voyage.' Call the men aft here."

They agreed and signed it.

"Now," says I, "that's settled."

"But won't we all be sued?" said he.

"To be sure you will all be sued," said I, "and pursued to the ends of the airth, by a constable with a summons from a magistrate, for one cent damage and six cents costs. Dream of that constable, his name is Fear, he'll be at your heels till you die. Do you see them fore and afters under M'Nutt's Island?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are Yankee fishermen, some loaded and some empty, some goin' to Prince Edward's Island, and some returnin' home. Run alongside the outer ones, and then I'll arrange for the passage of these people."

"But how," said he, "shall I make the voyage, without a captain and one hand less?"

"A mad captain and a mutinous sailor," said I, "are only in the way. I'll ship a skipper here, off the island, for you, who is a first rate pilot, and I'll hire a hand also. You must be the responsible captain, he will be the actual one, under the rose. He is a capital fellow, worth ten of the poor old rhymers. I only hope he is at home. I tell you I know every man, woman, and child here."

"But suppose any accident happened, Mr. Slick," said he, "mightn't I be sued, cast in damages, and ruinated?"

"You are afeard of law?" said I, "aint you?"

"Well, I be, that's a fact."