

small by half, accordin' to my notions, and I *have* seen a few whalers in my day. Them bow-timbers, too, are scarce thick enough for goin' bump agin the ice o' Davis Straits. Howsome'iver, I've seen w-orse craft drivin' a good trade in the Polar Seas."

"She's a first-rate craft in all respects, and you have too high an opinion of your own judgment," replied the youth indignantly. "Do you suppose that my father, who is an older man than yourself and as good a sailor, would buy a ship, and fit her out, and go off to the whale-fishery in her if he did not think her a good one?"

"Ah! Master Fred, you're a chip of the old block—neck or nothing—carry on all sail till you tear the masts out of her! Reef the t'gallant sails of your temper, boy, and don't run foul of an old man who has been all but a wet-nurse to ye,—taught ye to walk, and swim, and pull an oar, and build ships, and has hauled ye out o' the sea when ye fell in,—from the time ye could barely stump along on two legs, lookin' like as if ye was more nor half seas over."

"Well, Buzzby," replied the boy laughing, "if you've been all that to me, I think you *have* been a *wet-nurse* too! But why do you run down my father's ship? Do you think I'm going to stand that? No—not even from you, old boy."

"Hallo! youngster," shouted a voice from the deck of the vessel in question, "run up and tell your father we're all ready, and if he don't make haste he'll lose the tide,