

bles. He so used to fire, he no mind dat, no more nor a bucket do a drop. What ridicilous onhansom disgustin' tings dem long beards be! How in de world do he eat his soup wid dat great long mop hangin' down his front, de way hosses hab de tails en behind. Sartin it is a debblish fashion dat."

"That fellow," said the Captain, who now came below, "may be called a regular devil."

"Ki," said Sorrow. "Now I is certain of de fac, dis here nigga, Massa, made de self-same argument to Massa Slick. But de oder debil in de carpet-bag was de wusser of de two. As I am a Christian sinner, I heard him with my own blessed ears say, 'Come now, Funuy'—dat is de name he gave Massa Slick—'Come, now, Funny,' said he, 'let's go to prayers fust, and den talk ob de galls.' De onsarcumsised, ondegenerate, diabolical willains. I is grad we is quit of 'em."

"Supper, Sorrow," said the Captain; "and when that is ready, see that the men have theirs. We are behind time to-night."

"Sorrow," sais I, a-lookin' serious, "what's that behind you?"

"Oh! Lord ab massy on dis nigger," said he, jumpin' up, and showin' two white rings round his eyes like a wall-eyed hoss. "What is it, Massa? I is so awful frightened, I can't look!"

"It's only your own shadder," said I. "Come, move quick now. Didn't you hear the Captin'?"

"I is most afeerd to go forrard to-night, dat are a fac," he said; "but dere is de mate now; he will be more wusser frightened still dan I be."

"Tell him the devil is goin' to sue him, Sorrow," sais I.

"Yah! yah! yah!" was the reply of the nigger. "I go tell him de debil is a lawyer, wid his constable in his bag, yah! yah! yah!" and the laugh composed his narves.

In the mornin' there was a light breeze outside; but we were becalmed by the high lands of La Haive, and waited impatiently for it to reach us.

"Pilot," sais I, "come and sit down here. "Was you ever at Canseau, where the great shore mackerel-fishery is?"

"Often and often, Sir," said he. "Oh! them's the Nova Scotia gold-diggin's, if the folks only knowd it; at least, that's my logic. I'll tell you how it is, Sir. To carry on the fishery, there must be a smooth beach to draw the seine on, and a place for huts, stores, hovels, and shops and so on. The fishery is nothin' without the landin'-place, and the shore lots of no value without the fishery. The great thing is to own the land; and if a sensible man owned that, it would be a fertin to him, and his children arter him in all time to come. I'll give you an idea how it's worked, and of the value of the catch and the soil too, for the man that has the estate may be said to own the fishery too. I only wish I was able for it;