

legs, and gave chase. Away went McSMUGGINS, like *Johnny Gilpin*, and away went everyone in Jarnziribar (who had pretended claims on me) after him. M'YIONYU was employed to pursue the fugitive, and as the job was made worth his while, he went for him.

In the meantime, I and the Printer's Boy put the *Arkadia* together, and in the silent night, with beating hearts full of gratitude, we entered the rowing compartment boat of our tight and trim craft, *The Arkadia*.

As we were launching it into the deep, a small crowd of brave fellows rushed down to render some assistance. They pushed us off, and we pushed them off. Then, as they clung on to the boat affectionately, we shook their hands heartily, detaching them from the boat's sides with a walking-stick and a boat-hook as quietly as possible, or, as our sail was hoisted, and the breeze was already propelling us at the rate of twenty knots an hour, the poor fellows might have been carried away miles to seaward, and Heaven knows what might have happened them—and, by the way, Heaven only knows what did, as, perhaps, like my Costa Rica Stock, they may have gone down to rise no more. They deserved a better fate: I wish they may get it.

But regrets are useless. We were away, at last, on the bounding and boundless ocean, and as with swelling sails, and bustling hearts, we went with the gale for the Bay of Biscay oh (or somewhere else), we waved a long farewell to Jarnziribar, and at one A.M., with a southerly wind, and a cloudy sky proclaiming a sailing morning, the wind blowing well from the Coast and out to sea, we felt all the joy of a moonlight trip without any of the expense,