

were not disinterested lookers-on, so that when he had dragged me a mile or more away he (the mate) ordered the four darkies to man the "jolly-boat" with four oars, and go to my assistance. Seeing this movement, my courage went up fifty per cent., the fear being for getting back out of the gulf. After he had jumped out three times, it was noticeable that the spring was leaving him, followed soon by a slackening of the line, as well as of the pace. Then hope and courage rose another twenty per cent., and I saw it was necessary to gather in the line as it slackened, so that he would not be so heavy to get up to the boat when he caved in, as every moment gave evidence he soon would do. Now the boat had ceased to move, and, deciding he was dead, the line was shifted aft and hauled in over the quarter, until the weight of his body came upon me. By this time the boat sent to my assistance was near, when the old darkey hailed me with—

"Well, Massa Cap'n, you had a gran' time. Old devil-fish no chile. Hay! you got him, hay?"

"I've got something—the devil or his