

for I know one that can't tell sherry from madeira, but it's his bait-master-general, his cook. Ah! Prince Albert, if you want to immortalize yourself, found a bait professorship at Cambridge; and if you doubt me, ask Cardinal Wiseman, if I don't know what I am talking about; for he is a sensible man, and up to snuff; and the way he hooked Newman and a lot of other chaps, whose mouths were bigger than their eyes, is a caution to sinners. But I must get back to Eldad and the fisheries.

"Eldad," said I, "what is the difference between a Sable Island bloater and other macarel?"

"I'll tell you," said he, "providin' you promise me, if you write a book of your travels, you will set it down."

"Certainly," said I.

"Then you promise me?"

"To be sure I do," said I. "What I say I mean, and what I mean I do. That's my rule."

"Well then," said he, "I will tell you how they are so much bigger and fatter. They feed on the unburied dead there. Every storm washes up drowned bodies, and they float, for they are as soft as jelly, and full of air, and the macarel eat them, and grow, and thrive, as doctors and lawyers do, who are fond of the same food. All these feed on the dead, and are fat and onwholesome."

"I never knew anythin' so shockin'," I said; "I shall never touch, or even look at a Sable Island bloater agin without disgust."

"I hope not," said he, risin' with much excitement, "nor any other human bein'. I hope that article is done for, and out of market. The truth is, its a long lane that has no turn in it. The last load I brought from there, I got so chiseled in the sale of it by that outfittin' firm of 'Salt and Sienes,' that I vowed vengeance agin 'em, and the time has now come for satisfaction. When you print that story, see whether they will be able to sell bloaters to Boston any more. Honesty is the best policy; they won't gain much by havin' cheated me. But, here is the breeze; we must weigh anchor," and in a few minutes, we were slowly sailin' out of the harbour. We had hardly cleared the river, when it failed us again, and the vessel lay motionless on the water. "Here is a shoal of macarel," said he; "would you like to see how we manage?"

"Well, I would," said I, "that's a fact;" but the Captin objected stoutly.

"We are within the treaty limits," said he. "That is a solemn compact atween our governments, and we ought to abide by our engagements."

"Sho!" said I; "who cares for dead-letter treaties! Fish was made for food, and if the folks here won't take 'em, why I see nothin' to prevent us. It ain't their property; it's common stock for all the world, and first come first served is the rule."