

"I coaxed him into it, and gave him his copy; but he behaved handsum, and insisted on payin' for it. The other I put into the winder. The people were delighted with it, and I multiplied them, and sold five hundred at a great advance on the common price — for the last was in course always the only one left on hand — and wherever I went, I gave one to the priest of the parish, and then he sot for me, and I sold him in turn by the dozens, and so on all through the piece. A livin' bishop is worth a hundred dead saints any time. There is a way of doin' everythin', if you only know how to go about it."

"Mr. Phinny," said Sorrow, who just then opened the cabin-door, "Captin sais boat is ready, Sar."

"Slick," said Phinny, who understood the hint, "your skipper is not an overly civil man; for two cents I'd chuck him into the boat, and wallop him till he rowed me ashore himself. I hate such mealy-mouthed, no-soul, cantin' fellers. He puts me in mind of a Captin I onet sailed with from Charleston to Cnba. He used to call me in to prayers every night at nine o'clock; and when that was over, he'd say, 'Come, now, Phinny, let's have a chat about the galls.' Broad-cloth chaps, like your skipper, aint fit for the fisheries, that's a fact. He is out of place, and looks ridiculous, like a man with a pair of canvass trowsers, an old slouched hat, and a bran new, go-to-meetin' coat on."

Having delivered himself of this abuse, he turned to and put on his advertisin' dress, as he called it. The long beard, velvet-lined coat, satin waistcoat, and gold chains, were all in their old places; and takin' his carpet-bag and heavy cane, he ascended the deck.

"Is toder gentleman goin'," said Sorrow, "dat was in de cabin?"

"Oh, I forgot him," said Phinny, winkin' to me. "Call him, that's a good fellow."

In a few minutes, the poor nigger came back, dreadfully frightened; his wool standin' out straight, his teeth chatterin', and his body tremblin' all over. "He no dare, Sar. I sarch ebberywhere, and no see him; and call ebberywhere, and he no answer."

"He must be the devil, then," said Phinny, who sprang into the boat and pushed off.

Sorrow followed him with his eyes a moment or two in silence, and then said, "By Golly! I tink you is de debbil youself; for I'll take my Bible disposition, I see two people down dare in de cabin. Oh, dear! how stupid dis nigger is! I wish I had de sensibility to look at his foot. Oh! he is de debbil, and nuffin' else."

"You are right, Sorrow," said L. "He is a devil that." When the poor nigger was preparin' the cabin for supper, he went on talkin' aloud to himself.

"What a damnable ting rum and brandy must be, when debbils is so amasin' foud of 'em. By golly, but he ab emptied both bot