

I walked up to them and said: "Boys, does she look well?"

"Yes," answered the one that had just spoken; "a neater looking vessel than that never came into this harbor."

"Well," said I, "her crew haven't lost a watch below the whole voyage."

"Oh! that's a different thing then," said he; "if a man has watch and watch he's got no right to complain. Of course he expects to work in his watch on deck."

The next day the crew were paid off, all being sober except Murphy. I handed him his money and said, "Take good care of that and don't throw it away." Murphy was already well past a condition to take care of anything. He had indulged in one good spree the night before, and was now what would be called "ugly drunk." His thick black hair was tossed about in confusion over his head, and his dark eyes fairly snapped with passion. Holding his money in his clenched fist he brandished it aloft and said, "Cap'n, all that's going for rum," and off he went with a waiting land-shark, who no doubt sent him to sea within a week, penniless and ragged. But everybody else was sober, and on the whole the crew made a very creditable appearance, so much so that it excited remarks from many who saw them.

As I went on shore I met the shipping master, old Capt. Harding. "Your crew make a good