

honey—ef you let it run thro' a sieve, a lot of it's sure to stick. That's why it was, Mr. Digby. Ef it hadn't of been for that, the troops could ha' been paid right off out o' the duties."

"Well," said young Digby, with a slight swagger—excusable in a very young man, whose courage and obstinacy outweighed his reason—"I don't know all the ins and outs of the case, of course; but I know that 'tis always easy for a few plausible sedition-mongers to make out a story to suit their own ends, and persuade those who wish to believe it that they're monstrous ill-used——"

"Persuade 'em! Make out a story!" cried the Captain. "By heaven, Mr. Digby, this is too much! You say you don't know the ins and outs—no, I rayther reckon as you don't! Do you know, sir, that there's been nine-and-twenty laws made against our New England industries? Air you aware, sir, that we have been forbid to use the waterfalls that God gave us to be used for the service of man? Or to erect machinery? or set up looms? or work wood or iron? Look 'ee here, Leftenant Digby, I'm a-speakin' o' what I *know*—you're a-speakin', by you're own showing, o' what you *think*. My father lived down in Maine, sir," continued the Captain, less angrily, but no whit less earnestly; "and when I was a little chap, no higher nor Miss there's apurn-strings, he's took me by the hand and led me into the forests, and pinte'd out one tree after another with the King's broad arrer on it, rotting away, Mr. Digby, rotting away. There was a hunderd pound fine on whoever touched one o' them 'ere trees with the broad arrer on 'em, sir, an' yet, there warn't one in a hunderd—one in a hunderd!—there warn't one in ten hunderd, as was ever cut down for the King's use! You mark my words, Mr. Digby—the day'll come, sir, an' some o' this generation'll live to see it, when the woodman's axe shall sound on those trees in the forests o' Maine, none darin' to gainsay him. Ah! there's no forests in the world like the forests o' Maine," he said in a much gentler tone, as though the remembrance had touched him deeply. "When I'm at sea, I often fancy I can smell the scent o' the pines, same as I smelt 'em when I was a little chap, and went toddlin' after father."

"I don't suppose though, Captain," said Lieutenant Digby—who had really listened with considerable patience to this rhodomontade of a merchant-skipper, "I don't suppose you seriously mean to say as you could get on without us?"