

for one who would rather die than shed tears. There was one comfort though, we warnt to be together long, and there were other folks on board besides him. So I made up my mind to go ahead.

The sea air refreshed me at once, and I felt like a new man. The "Black Hawk," for that was the name of the vessel, sailed like a witch. We overhauled and passed everything we saw in our course. She was put on this trade seeing she was a clipper, to run away from the colony cutters, which like the provincials themselves havn't much go ahead in them; for her owners were in the habit of looking upon the treaty about the fisheries with as much respect as an old newspaper. All the barrels on board intended for fish were filled with notions for trading with the residents along shore, and all the room not occupied by salt was filled with churns, buckets, hay-rakes, farming forks, factory cotton, sailors' clothes, cooking-stoves, and all sorts of things to sell for cash or barter for fish. It was a new page in the book of life for me, and I thought if the captain was only the right sort of man, I'd have liked it amazinly.

The first day or two the men were busy stowing away their things, arranging their berthls, watches and duties, and shaking themselves fairly into their places for a long cruise; for the vessel was to be supplied by another at Canseau, into which she was to discharge her fish, and resume her old sphere of action, on account of her sailing qualities. A finer crew I never saw—all steady, respectable, active, well-conducted, young men; and everything promised a fair run, and a quiet, if not a pleasant trip to Shelburne. But human natur is human natur, wherever you find it. A crew is a family, and we all know what that is. It may be a happy family, and it ought to be, but it takes a great deal to make it so, and every one must lend a hand towards it. If there is only one screw loose, it is all day with it. A cranky father, a scoldin' mother, a refractory boy, or a sulky gall, and it's nothin' but a house of correction from one blessed New Year's Day to another.

There is no peace where the wicked be. This was the case on board the "Black Hawk." One of the hands, Enoch Eells, a son of one of the owners, soon began to give himself airs of superiority; and by his behaviour, showed plain that he considered himself rather in the light of an officer than a sharesman. He went unwillingly about his work; and as there was little to do, and many to do it, managed to escape almost altogether. The Captain bore with him several days, silently, (for he was a man of few words), apparently in hopes that his shipmates would soon shame him into better conduct, or force him to it by resorting to those annoyances they know so well how to practise, when they have a mind to. On the fifth day, we were within three miles of the entrance to Shelburn Harbour; and as the wind began to fail, the Captain was anxious to crowd on more sail; so he called to the watch to set the